

Mystery/Detective - A Mystery

Wong Tak Ki

Jake was suddenly awakened by the loud noise of the television, and found himself alone in a hotel room with his hands tied behind his back. He had a dull pain in his head, and felt dazed and confused. Strangely, he could not remember how he got here. Worse yet, he could not even seem to remember anything about himself – his name, his profession or his friends. As he tried to move, he heard an ominous ticking sound emanating from under the bed. He instinctively realized, somehow, that it was a time bomb even without looking at it. He knew that he had to escape immediately before it was too late.

He ran for the door, locked. Ran for the windows, locked. He looked up, the ceiling was concrete. The bomb was ticking; he panicked. He yelled for help. “Break the door?” “Windows are easier.” “I’m gonna die.” “Do I break it?” He tried, didn’t work. “I’m gonna die.” He looked around for something sharp to free his hands. “I’m gonna die.” Nothing. He yelled. It seemed he was the only one to hear him, or the television. “I’m gonna die.” He was shaking and could not help it. He just stood shaking, tears streaming down his face. “I’m gonna die.” Then he wanted to see how much longer he got left to live - he turned to the bed, kneeled and looked under the bed.

It was an alarm clock.

Still shaking. He sat on the bed, panting. He looked around and noticed a note card on the nightstand. It said:
“If you don’t know who you are, don’t panic, you will regain memory soon. Full recovery in 1 hours max. You had Diazepam. This is a safe place. You are a psychiatrist. Your name is Jake Wilson. You wrote this note.
Jake Wilson 14/11/2011”

Still shaking and uncontrollably panicky. He gradually regained memory. Now he knew why he was here in this hotel room – he wanted to get better.

There was a secret compartment under the carpet, he took a razor from there and freed his hands. He took the clock out and set its alarm off – the alarm was set about one hour from now, in case he would not wake from the television alarm. From the compartment, he got a key with which he opened the closet. Still shaking.

In the closet, there was a video camera that was still recording through a small hole. He took it, played the video in it. He was mostly sleeping during the 5 hours and 23 minutes of recorded video – twice he struggled for air during sleep, each lasting about 20 seconds. He fast-forwarded to where he woke up and panicked. As he watched, he wrote on a note card:

“Acute headache
Increased heart rate
Memory loss
Sleep apnea
Paranoia
Uncontrolled shaking”

It worked but he could have easily died. He knew - he had to terminate this new treatment, which had been his last hope.

He switched off the video camera. He dialed in a four-digit safe combination and opened the safe. There was another key, with which he opened the nightstand drawer. There was a half-empty bottle of tablets. Diazepam. He took it from his clinic. He could not take any more of these – he would die. He flushed them away to make sure he would not use it under any circumstances.

He sat on the bed, shaking and thinking, flooded in his own worries: “it can hurt, or even kill me”, “it can ruin my reputation and make me lose my license”, “it can ruin my life”.

A long time passed. He got up from the bed, put the video camera back where it was and pushed “record”. He took a pen and a few note cards from the drawer. He wrote on the note card:

“I know you are here. Who are you? Tell me everything you know. Or I will forever suppress you like I have done.

Jake Wilson 14/11/2011”

He put that note card upon the nightstand and the keys and the razor back where they were. He took a rope, a new bottle of Cortisol tablets and a photo album from the safe.

He sat on the bed. He swallowed four tablets, and tied his hands again behind his

back. He could feel Cortisol working slowly in his system. He turned over the album with his mouth. It was an album full of pictures of his deceased wife - she died a tragic death three months ago.

He looked. He started crying. More and more hysterically.

At one point, the crying silenced.

He woke up. The clock said almost three hours passed since last time he had been conscious. His hands were still tied, and aching. His feet were bruised and toes sore and bleeding. The room was a mess. He looked at the note cards. One of them had big scribbles that were hardly legible: "u can kil me u noe u cant supres untie me so il talk".

He freed his hands which had cuts all over them from the rope. He looked at the video. He was disgusted; it was a horror. For him, it felt like seeing spiders slowly crawling out of his skin. He erased everything on the video camera.

He sat, overwhelmed with thoughts. He thought of going back to his suppression treatment. "I will die during drugged sleep." If he wanted to live, he had no choice.

He took the slightly wet pen and wrote on a note card: "I am Jake Wilson. I am a physician, 42 y.o. male. I apologize for being rude and I am no harm to you. Please tell me who you are and what you want. Honesty is best for us. Please.
Jake Wilson 14/11/2011"

He used some tablets and the photo album. He switched again.

When he woke two hours later, he found himself almost naked, his right hand was sticky and the room reeked of that protein smell.

The note card was full of what looked like a kid's writing.

"Lets be real. You cant get away from me i cant get away from you. i can mess up your life well. Whos gunna believe you as a doc if they noe me? You noe that. So either you go easy or i DESTROY you. i am a decent guy i can forgive you for f**king locking me up for that long. i want to live easy just like you. Tommy"

Jake sat there, helpless. "how do I live?" He also thought about his daughter, his

parents, his in-laws, his patients, his profession, his future. And himself.

Himselves.