



ENCUENTRO
Literario

TRANSICIÓN A UNDÉCIMO GRADO

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XXIX
ENCUENTRO
literario

NO WAYOUT

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9 years in this asylum sure feels like an eternity compared to the 5 years

I would've gotten in jail if I hadn't faked my way into this hell. My "master plan" backfired on me in a way I would've never imagined while standing in that courtroom claiming I was mentally ill, a psychopath.

Crashing that car into a wall 9 years ago wasn't even my biggest mistake. My biggest mistake was weaving that web of lies that got me from counselors to therapists to psychiatrists and finally to these endless four white walls and hospital pajamas that now make a cell and an orange jumpsuit look like a vacation.

I now have to spend my days in a cage, surrounded by crazy people, whispering, mumbling, playing scrabble, eating mashed potatoes, swallowing pills, without any contact with "normal people".

And the hardest thing of all has been trying to keep my sanity while surrounded by insanity, I'm starting to believe that maybe they are the sane ones.

No, I stand corrected; the hardest thing in these 9 years has been trying to prove my sanity, because it turns out that it's easier to fake insanity than to prove your sanity.

I have been diagnosed with "psychopathic behavior", and I have been trying to get "un-diagnosed" for years, but it's harder than it seems. Mainly because I'm being constantly analyzed, every word, every look, every move, everything gives them a reason to keep me here.

If I stay in my room (because I don't feel like being with a bunch of crazy people), doctors say I have anti-social behavior, if I refuse to take my pills (because I don't need them) they say I'm resisting the healing process and have denial issues. Everyday I have to choose my words carefully, move slowly (but not too slow), eat my peas, take my pills, so that maybe one lucky day, doctors will be convinced of my sanity and let me go home.

I still can't believe it, I could've been out, 4 years ago, but I guess that's what you get for playing with fire, I've dug my own grave.

The worst thing is that people here are starting to make sense; maybe I'm starting to fall into my own lie. Maybe I was a psychopath all along, I mean, doesn't faking to be a psychopath make you a psychopath?

It backfired, I'm losing it, there is no way out of this asylum, no way out.