



Dedicated
to all women who are
struggling for a better world!

...Emotions – The Last Puppet-Tear



Emotions

The Last Puppet-Tear

Book 01

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TIME TRAVELLER

Chapter One.

The car stopped in front of a huge mansion's entrance somewhere in the northern parts of the United Kingdom, close to Scotland's borders. It had a cast-iron gate with a variety of human figures in various states of despair.

Two people stood between the car and the entrance. A tall old man in a black costume and a short, chubby middle-aged woman in a white dress.

The contrast they created was comparable to the mansion itself. The mansion was exotically beautiful with excellent architecture but it had the most psychologically disturbed human conditions inside.

The driver turned off the engine, got out of the vehicle and opened the back door.

"Doctor," the driver said with reverence great respect, bowing to the guest.

A leather travel suitcase appeared first and then a very elegant woman followed. She was wearing a dark blue tuxedo, perfectly fitted to her size, with a white shirt and white stockings. Her blond hair was in a tight bun and perfectly suited to her absolute, blue eyed expression. Lastly, under her shirt collar, she was wearing a white silky scarf with a silver family crest embroidered on the corner.

"Welcome to Dermekon asylum, my lady," the old man said, mimicking the driver by bowing too.

"Doctor Linda," said the middle-aged chubby woman walking with outstretched arms to the spot where she stood. "We've heard a lot about you, it's an honour!"

"I could say the same for this place," she replied with a strong, pitchy voice, looking around but shaking the woman's hand.

"Please, come on in," said the old man and opened the metal gates.

The woman didn't respond to his welcome. She wanted to finish with looking at the exterior before she moved on. When she felt ready, she grabbed her leather suitcase and started walking inside.

The mansion's yard was extremely big, totally covered in green with a lot of trees and shrubs, all well cared for. Perfectly aligned, rocky alleyways and some wooden benches had been placed about.

The mansion itself was a medieval construction with big beige coloured stones and two towers -one on each side- and it stood two floors high. The towers reached four floors high.

While the group was walking toward the main entrance, three children appeared from the inside -running and laughing- all followed by nurses. They looked more like normal children in any school than patients in an asylum.

When the children and Dr. Linda crossed paths, they became petrified and looked at her gloomily. It was obvious that, whoever visited them, it only brought unpleasant changes for them and their daily routine.

When they arrived at the main entrance, Dr. Linda's first thought was that the inside was as fabulous as the outside. She hoped that she would feel the same about her patients.

It had wooden walls, well-polished marble floors, wood and velvet furniture, armouries in glass cases and a statue on each staircase. Chandeliers hung under the frescoes on the ceiling and, of course, many framed portraits decorated the walls.

"What do you think, Doctor?" Asked the chubby woman with a sweet voice.

"Impressive," she sharply replied, "but as you all know, I'm here for the tenants of this place, neither the decoration nor the architecture!"

"Of course, my lady," the old man stammered, hastily bowing once again.

"Shall I show you to your office, Doctor," offered the chubby woman, now slightly annoyed.

Dr. Linda nodded affirmatively, and the chubby woman moved immediately, something quite impressive considering her built. They turned right, passed through the first big hall, and stopped in the second, - which was the last one. Two caracole staircases stood there, - one on each side- one door on the left, a marble fireplace at the far end and a fully furnished living room.

"The right staircase leads straight to your room and office," she started.

"Then--"

"The second staircase," she continued having taken a big breath, "leads to the tower, which is locked for obvious reasons, but there is a library in the hall where you can find some interesting books!"

"Good to--"

"Through that door," she interrupted her rudely again, "you can go to the basement, while from the previous hall you can jump off to the first floor."

"Jump off?" She wondered as she hated modern expressions.

"Whatever you need, you can--"

"Call you, I know," she interrupted her this time.

Dr Linda never cared about sympathy, only the kind that came from her patients. She dedicated herself to those with psychotic, chaotic and metaphysical brain illnesses, trying to find a way to cure them. But, to reach this achievement, she first had to under-

stand them and in order to understand them, she needed to find out the root cause of their illness. This was the most difficult part of her research.

The chubby woman didn't say anything else to her as she had been offended so she just turned her back to Dr. Linda and started moving away. She then went to the caracole staircase which led to her new room. When she reached the top, she found only one door with the key in the keyhole. She unlocked it and entered.

The room was spacious but nothing fancy, perhaps because it had changed owners so often. A single bed, a wooden desk with a chair, one small wardrobe and a bedside table. Between the desk and the only window was one more door, which led to a very clean bathroom to the point of being sterile.

"Lucky me" she said to herself as she hated dirt.

Her next move was to place her leather suitcase on top of the bed and open it. First, she took off her clothes, which she hung in the wardrobe and then a second pair of shoes, which she placed next to the entrance door along with the ones she was wearing which she had taken off when she entered.

She then removed five different notebooks, a pen and a pencil, which she placed in perfect alignment on the right side of the desk. Finally, she left a photo album on the bedside table before she tucked the suitcase under the bed. It was time for her to get undressed, slowly, like a ritual. She folded everything as she took it off, carefully spreading it on the bed. Lastly, she took off her underwear and brought it to her face, smelling it.

Scent was her weak point, especially those pertaining from the human body, - and primarily her own. Her belief was that, from human scent, everything could be perceived, especially emotions and mental conditions. Someone's character could be worn as armour, a shield that would help them survive. Also, human scent could be covered by perfumes, but the original smell always re-

turns, - sooner or later -, to conquer the body once again and reveal the truth.

She left her underwear between the other clothes, locked the door, placed the key to the desk and entered the bathroom -leaving the door half open.

Dr. Linda turned on the hot water tap and looked at herself in the mirror. She unbound her blond hair, shook her head and started caressing her scalp to help her hair stretch from the bun it had been holding for hours.

As she saw vapor in the mirror, - blurring her image -, she knew that the water was at the right temperature for her, just hot enough to redden her white skin.

As long as she was underwater, her mind thought about absolutely nothing. The hot water acted like a remedy to her system, clearing everything from before her arrival, - except the knowledge of course -, and preparing herself for this new beginning.

Wrapped in the towel as she was, she left the bathroom and sat in a desk chair. Immediately, she grabbed the first notebook on top of the pile, opened it and surpassed all the pages that had been filled. When she found the first blank page, she took out her pen and wrote:

11/09/1991

Day one at Dermekon Asylum.

When she finished, she lightly blew on the page until the ink completely dried. Then, she closed the notebook and placed it in the left corner of the desk, creating a whole new pile.

Her next move was to take the second notebook from the right pile, change the pen for the pencil and do the same. When she found an empty page, she started drawing a basic floor plan of the asylum.

When she finished with the plan, she filled in all the areas she already knew with very small letters. She closed the notebook and placed it on top of the left pile -the rest remained as they were.

She stood up, arranged the clothes she was wearing in the wardrobe and unhooked a long suede cypress-coloured robe. This robe had two pockets near the waist and one on the left side off her breast, while on the right side was her name, embroidered with black thread in calligraphic letters:

Dr. E.J. Linda

After she had put on her robe, she dried her hair and braided them. She put the pen into her breast pocket and two notebooks into her waist pockets, one in each. The notebooks were from the right pile. Then, she put on her second pair of shoes which were a well-polished Oxford type, and unlocked the door. She left the room, locked the door again and chucked the key into her breast pocket.

When she arrived at the base of the caracole staircase, she found the tall, old man in his black costume waiting for her, bowing once again.

“What would you like for lunch my lady?” he asked her, facing the floor.

“An extra share,” she replied instantly and sharply.

“Pardon me, my lady?”

“I don’t need special treatment, others do! Whatever you cook for them, I’ll also have!” She said.

“Of course, my-”

“Who’s going to be my tour guide?” She interrupted him.

“Me, Dr. Linda,” said a new male voice behind the tall, old man, full of sarcasm and confidence.

A second later, he appeared in her visual field. He looked slightly older than her, almost forty, well groomed and stylish. It was obvious, - from his demeanour and self-confidence -, that he

was a high society man, perhaps the offspring of some great businessman or a kinsman. The only sure thing was that he was in charge.

"Very well," she said and approached him.

He smiled at her sardonically and made a U-turn the moment she stopped next to him -he was a bit shorter than her. They walked side by side to the next hall and the stairway leading to the upper floor.

"Our asylum consistently accommodates twenty patients," he started his usual speech in a sarcastic manner. "Each and every single patient has its own nurse to take care of him or her."

"I already know those details, I did my homework!" She replied.

"Very well," he said offended. "Do you know for how long you are going to stay with us?"

"Does this question pertain the tour?"

"No, but..."

"What has professor Dermekon said?"

"That you can stay as long as you please."

"And you?" She asked without hesitation.

"I say it's better for you to leave when you feel threatened, the last one..."

"Who's going to threaten me?"

"Your patients and their hallucinations!"

"Do you remember why I'm here Mister..." she said, snapping her fingers.

"Edmond."

"Do you remember why I'm here mister Edmond?"

"I do, but the last one said the exact same thing!"

"And? What made him leave?"

"Oh, he didn't leave... well he did, but in a coffin!"

"Excuse me?"

"He committed suicide a week after, screaming in fear and asking from an invisible man, - or woman -, named Sandy to forgive him!"

"Sandy?" She wondered.

"Do you know anything about it?" He asked her, fully interested for the first time.

"We will see. The only sure thing is that I won't kill myself, I've seen a lot, believe me, that's why professor Dermekon chose me. I'm an expert in all kinds of extraordinary cases!"

"The truth is that your work has been heard of all over the country in almost no time, the Professor was very excited that you agreed to join us! I hope he, - and you -, are right, because it won't be easy for me to cover another suicide in such a short period!"

"Shall we?" She nodded showing the way.

Dr. Linda didn't answer to his last words, only because she had nothing to fear. From day one, as a doctor, she has been looking for cases to build a career, cases that most other doctors would fear to shoulder. That's why everybody knew her name in no time.

"Eleven of our patients are hosted on this floor," he started as soon as they stepped foot on it. "Three on the second floor and the rest in the basement."

"Can I know the method of separation?" She asked immediately, while hastily taking out the notebook from the left pocket. She opened it and started writing down every detail she needed to remember.

"Sure," he replied for the second time with interest in his voice. "On this floor are the simplest cases, with slight outbreaks who rarely display violent behaviour. Most of your colleagues talked about imaginary mind diseases..."

"Let me judge that," she rudely interrupted him.

"Yes, of course," he replied immediately trying to hide the shocked surprise that she created by interrupting him. "On the second floor are patients with zero communication with reality, last time one of them talked was three and a half years ago!"

"Interesting!" She mumbled.

"What's so interesting Doctor?"

"There's no psychologically disturbed patient who hasn't externalised his thoughts or emotions, especially for that long!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed excitedly, thinking for the first time that she might be able to achieve something.

"Basement?"

"Basement? Oh, basement, yes. Well, in the basement are our most dangerous patients, who often have outbursts and many attempts at hurting themselves, even trying to commit suicide! Most of them have a straitjacket as a best friend!"

"Straitjackets aren't good," she mumbled again.

"But, Doctor..."

"Let's have a quick look, the first day is always dedicated to creating records."

"Are you going to see them all today?" He asked, bemused.

"Yes, I need to collect evidence and details that will help me prepare myself, in order to create a proper schedule before I start seeing them one by one!"

Edmond was stunned. In less than two minutes she managed to change the whole image that he had created for her. It was obvious that she had nothing in common with all the previous doctors that had passed by. Perhaps professor Dermekon was right, if not her, then no one!

They arrived at the first door on the left, which was wide open. Inside was one of the kids that she had seen in the yard, running around with his nurse standing at the door observing him.

"James Kermuth Jr," Edmond started, "or 'the son of the wind', as he calls himself!"

"Has he been calling himself like from the first moment he arrived?" She asked.

"Well, he came to this asylum four years ago and..."

"How many years has he been here?" She interrupted him.

"As far as I know, at least seven."

"Are there any records of the patients?"

"They are in the file cabinet next to my office. They're not only for these patients but also for the previous ones, before my time."

"Excellent!"

Doctor Linda wrote down everything that he told her, along with the patients first conclusion: «Capgras?»

"We can proceed," she said and raised her gaze.

The two of them moved to the next door, the first one on the right. When Edmond opened it for her, she faced a completely different scene. A young girl of around thirteen was sitting on the floor, her head between her legs, hugging her knees. Behind her was a large mirror.

"Erica Tarkoff."

"Quasimodo syndrome."

"Yes, that's what the others said too!" He exclaimed excitedly, once again.

"We will see," she said passively.

This time he felt insulted. He still respected her, but he couldn't stand the way she acted and talked to him. That's why he wanted to find an excuse and suspend the tour, at least for today, to teach her a valuable lesson.

They kept on moving from door to door, tirelessly. In each case she had something to say, always a conclusion, never a result. All of which were meticulously written down with a question mark at the end.

When they arrived and finished with the last patient on that floor, they prepared for the second floor. Then, suddenly, screams

were heard from the basement, echoing throughout the whole mansion. All the nurses came out of their rooms, locked their doors and ran straight down to the basement. That was just the excuse that Edmond had been looking for.

"Our tour must be interrupted," he said, trying hard to hide his smile.

"Won't you go to the basement to help?" She asked right away.

"No, but--"

"Then we continue! I'm sure by the time we get to the basement, everything will have quieted down again."

Edmond was ready to explode. He couldn't find a response, he had no other excuses and of course, there was no chance of going down. Better with her than with the psychopaths!

"Very well," he said and led the way to the second floor.

As they walked, Linda looked at everything on their way, especially the portraits on the walls. None of them were familiar to her, but she knew that she would find something in the asylum's files. Anything that could help her research.

"Oh, I just remembered," he said, stopping to face her, "all doors are locked, the nurses..."

"I'm sure you have spare keys," she replied immediately and without second thought. "But despite your cheap excuse, and because I don't want you to be embarrassed, I'd be satisfied with a quick description without actually seeing them!"

The man already felt embarrassed, and this was starting to create a huge hatred for her. She was as smart as she was annoying. Edmond had no other choice but to finish his job and disappear.

"Behind that door" he said when they arrived at the first door, "a young lady named Gabriela Crow is hosted."

"How do you spell her surname?"

"Is this important?"

"Everything's important!"

"Like the animal, the bird, C-R-O-W," he spelled it out, confused.

"Good."

"Can I continue?"

"Please."

"She was the last one to talk, of the three patients of this floor. For the past three and a half years, she has been repeating the same word again and again with fear, horror ... and despair"

"What was them word?"

"Seal!"

"Hmm, interesting."

They both moved from the first door to the second. Dr. Linda was skeptical, trying to figure out if the patient was talking about the animal or the stamp. Most possibly, the second option was the right one, but she still wasn't sure, she needed more evidence.

"In that room lives the oldest of all the patients, perhaps one of professor Dermekon's first patients , if not the first."

"Age?"

"Sixty plus!"

"Hm," she mumbled once again writing down every word.

"He's the quietest patient we have, always smiling, he looks like he understands everything but he never replies. The only thing that puts him among the other psychopaths--"

"Patients!" She corrected him.

"Yes, patients, is his look, glassy and lost, especially, when he turns his eyes on you!"

He immediately started walking to the next and final door, while she stood still, taking notes. When she finished the description, she realised that something was missing.

"You forgot to mention his name."

"Adrian Latto."

"Very well." She replied.

"And finally, our newest patient, Lyra Vermont. She arrived at our asylum one and a half year ago with her parents."

"Excuse me, what?"

"What's wrong?" He asked, confused.

"Her parents brought her here?"

"Yes."

"Without a doctor's recommendation?"

"No."

"Paperwork?"

"Nothing, they just asked us to host her and for our nurses and doctors to take care of her!"

"And you accepted that?" She asked in shock.

"They paid well!" He replied, smiling.

"Has it ever, even once in the past one and a half years passed through your pousy head that she could be perfectly healthy?" She shouted at him.

"Pousy?" He wondered out loud.

"Full of pounds, thinking only about money!" She answered disparagingly.

"Well, she's in a better condition than most of our patients, that's for sure, but she's not a hundred percent healthy."

"What are her symptoms?"

"Other than she has never talked to any of us..."

"No wonder why!"

"She doesn't respond to any help-"

"Because perhaps, she doesn't need any!"

"When somebody, anybody, tries to go near her, she starts screaming hysterically! As long as she is left alone, everything's perfectly fine!"

"Loneliness is the best remedy for abandonment!" She mumbled.

"Is this an illness," he asked stupidly.

"Let's move to the basement," she said sharply, avoiding an answer.

"You don't want to know more about her?"

"I don't think there's anything useful you could share with me about her, I prefer to learn by myself!"

"As you wish," he said, shrugging.

Once again, he led the way and she followed, all the while filling the pages of her notebook. When they arrived in the basement, everything seemed to be back to normal, as most of the nurses had returned to their original positions.

"What was the incident?" He asked the first nurse he saw in front of him.

"Attilas, sir, another aggressive incident!" She said nervously.

"Attilas Senteroglou," he started, grabbing the opportunity. "A man around thirty, with repetitive outbursts of anger and a desire to hurt whoever goes near him!"

"Hmm."

"The thing is that his room is totally empty, he only has a mattress in there. That means that he ends up hitting the walls with hands, legs or head, hurting himself!"

"Does he utter any specific name before his violent behaviour?"

"Before, between and after, until he faints or is injected, but never just one word, always many different ones!"

"I see."

"Should we proceed with the last five patients?" He said without caring whether she has finished writing or not.

"Yes, but there is no need to look at the doors, we can go to the living room under my office, I need something stable to write down everything. It's the first time in my entire career that all patients deserve my full attention and intensive research!"

"We didn't get such a great name by accident!" He replied proudly.

"Let's go," she said and turned her back on him.

"I would like to-"

"Inform me, I know, that you have wanted to leave, from the very beginning, that's why you don't have to stay any longer!" She interrupted him without facing him.

"Are you punishing me?" He asked annoyed.

"No, but I know that I won't see again, soon at least, so I need you to answer some of my questions in order for me to be able to do my job properly, like a professional psychiatrist!"

She emphasised the word professional because he didn't act like one. Whether he liked her or not, he had to inform her about everything in the asylum and try not to find stupid excuses for the fact that she didn't treat him like a good pet! They both had a job here, and it wasn't to be friends...