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Abandoned Airplanes

Replaying the events through my head, I could not believe I was stumbling to this place that I had promised myself I would never go. The place that I used to call the looney bin. The place where all the “special” people went. The building that everyone walked by, but they never did not know what was inside nor did they care. This was the building that gave meaning to that awful color, brick red. This was the most unwelcoming building I had ever walked by. This was the place that people go to when they have problems. When you wake up on a playground or in front of a toy store or with an ice cream sundae in your hand and you cannot figure out why, this is the place you go. Trust me; I would know.

Forget the horrifying thoughts that were spinning through my head. I need to keep reminding myself that this is for my girlfriend, my fiancée. If I don't do this then I will have no fiancée. I would be left to wake up from those nightmares in a park with drug dealers. Each and every time I will have to ask myself, “How did I get here? Where is the girl I used to fall asleep next to in our crisp white bed?”

Shaking my head of these awful thoughts, I attempted to steadily climb up those stairs, but they seemed to be miles long. My legs twitching with anxiety as I stumbled up each and every step. My mind replaying my original thoughts when Brooke asked me to come here, “Not

the looney bin. I can't do this." But I had to, I reminded myself: this is for Brooke, for our future. Forget my tough, cocky attitude towards life. I need to let my guard down and figure out what is wrong with me.

I pounded the lion door knocker as if I were a little kid trick or treating at some dark, dreary house on Halloween. I staggered through the mahogany wood doors like it was my lifeline, the only thing that was going to save me from this awful nightmare I called life. I walked up to the unwelcoming doctor's counter.

"Name. Why are you here." These were things that were supposed to be questions, but the witch of a nurse stated these as though they were commands rather than questions. Forget being friendly, I was officially in the looney bin.

"Lord, help me," was the only thing that went through my mind. It raced from ear to ear and back again a million and one times.

The scrawny, short, bean pole of a receptionist escorted me to my room.

"Here you go, Mr. Julian Baker," the bean pole presented me with a surprisingly bright room. There was a bright bay window with a window seat, a nice crisp bed, and television that had pay-per-view. Wow, this place isn't too shabby. But why am I getting so excited, I do not know because after tonight hell welcomes me into its flaming torture chamber. The crisp bed isn't as crisp as the one at home. The bean pole woman isn't the bean pole I left at home. The TV, ha, that wasn't nearly as the good as the one I left at home.

Nine o'clock at night. The sun has just settled wherever it goes when the stars come out, and I am ready to call it a night. A night that I never want to wake up from. A night that I never wanted to come. And a night that was never supposed to come. But in all honesty, I am kind of happy that I know I am going to bed in a safe place. A place where I will be able to sleep. And a place where I won't have to worry about waking up on a merry-go-round.

Before I knew it, I was out cold on that semi-crisp bed, and I woke up to a brisk knock on the door. Groggily getting out of bed, I staggered to the door to find that with standing in front of me.

"Morning, Mr. Baker. Time for you 7 o'clock appointment with our psychiatrist," yet another emotionless greeting from the receptionist.

So, without thinking I followed her out of my room and down the hall way and into the elevator and into the uptight waiting area of Doctor Delfino, the psychiatrist. I zoned out while reading one of those wrinkly, weary, and worn-down magazines that are donated by people who are too good for places like this.

"Julian. Mr. Baker?"

I refused the urge to cuss him or curse the day he was born, but instead I let that annoying, scratchy voice of his wake me from my trance.

"Yea, huh, what? Oh, sorry. Yes sir?"

"Come on back and we can talk."

“Oh gosh,” I thought to myself, “It’s another game of follow the leader.” But instead of acting like a three year old and complaining, I obeyed him and got up and followed him to the doom room.

“Mr. Baker, Julian, if I may. What brings you to our facilities?”

Okay, this is way too formal for me, I am out of here. No, this is for Brooke. “Well, I am sure you know. But if I have to tell you, where do I begin?!”

So I began, “Okay well as you may know from my file, before Brooke, there was someone else. Her name was Quinn. She was amazing. The most beautiful woman I had ever laid my eyes on. She had those sparkling blue eyes, the coffee brown hair, and that smile. Oh when she smiled, her eyes twinkled and her teeth shone. She was perfect. She was caring, charming, and courageous. She put everyone before her and nothing ever got in her way.

When she was down, she didn’t let that stop her. She got up and went to the soup kitchen or the homeless shelter. She was my rock. Quinn was always there for me.

After about five years, a psycho lady came around. She looked just like Quinn except she had platinum blonde hair. And that psycho bitch made her goal to take Quinn away from me. She made my life, our life a living hell.

Quinn would go grocery shopping, and she would be there buying cheese. I would go get my car fixed, and she would new her tires rotated and that very moment. And then one day, Quinn and I were enjoying a morning on the beach. We were talking about pens, pens for heaven’s sake. And then I turned for a split second and Quinn shrieked. Within moments, her

evil twin was in front of me with a gun and Quinn was on the ground coated in blood and sand. Bright red blood. Gold sand. She shone in the sun like a vampire does in those dumb chick flicks.

And after that I can't remember what happened. All I remember is kneeling down beside her and then sprinting to the house and..."

"And what Julian? What happened next? What was at the house? Was someone there?"

"I cannot remember. All I know is that I went to the house and then I was at the church planning her funeral. I can't remember what happened next."

Getting frustrated with the so called doctor, I began to pace back and forth. Right foot in front of the left. The room was closing in on me.

"There is nothing in this world that can make me relive that day. I hate to say this out loud, but not even Brooke. I can't do it. That day was an all-time low in my life. There were gun shots. Boom pow. There was the sound of the ocean waves. Swoosh ahh swoosh. And there was the sound of the bitched voice. The snarky, screechy, shrill voice of hers. That voice will never leave my head. 'Have a nice day.'

Those were the last words that psycho barked at me. I am not sure what she meant by that. I do not know why she said those words. And I sure as hell do not know why she made it her goal to make my life awful. She did it, and she was the one person, the one thing, that I was afraid of.

Oh how I ran away from that voice. I ran and ran and ran. There was no way I was letting that girl run my life. I ran far away from her.

And now, now she shows up in my dreams. That snarky voice biting at me from my own thoughts and dreams. And when I have those dreams, I wake up in the playground or with ice cream or with toys that a three year old boy would love to play with. I don't know why, nor do I understand it, but if uncovering this evil part of my past means uncovering new issues in my already messed up life, I am not up for the challenge."

"Now Julian, is this honestly what you want? Do you want to screw up your life? Your life with Brooke? Are you willing to give...?"

"Jill," I interrupted him so he wouldn't have to utter the words psycho bitch.

"...Jill power over you? Is this girl really worth your current relationship?"

"No its not, but I do not know what happened after I ran. I just know I ran. And now when I have those horrifying dreams with her voice squawking, I wake up at childhood places. And every time, I wake up with something that has an airplane on it. I woke up with a model airplane from the toy store, with airplane sprinkles on my sundae, and on the airplane on the playground. I don't understand why, but there has to be something."

"Well, did you and Quinn ever do anything with planes or when you were a kid were airplanes symbolic? What do airplanes have to do with your life?"

"Airplanes. Airplanes. Airplanes. When I was little maybe three or so, my dad and I would play with model airplanes for hours at a time. They were our life. That was how we

bonded and spent out time when we were together. The airplanes were the best part of my childhood. My teenage years were awful, but then I met Quinn. She made everything that much better. We would sit there and watch planes fly through the skies. We would go to the Air force plane shows that they would put on in the park. And then she died, and planes had nothing to do in my life. Until now, those weird moments when I would wake up with airplanes. Maybe...no. There's no way I would leave a son in a house or without a father. There is no way in hell I would do that. Is there?"

"Julian, there is a possibility. These things all add up to your childhood, to a childhood that you loved. You were going back to those amazing memories that you had. You want to provide the same thing for your son."

"Are you kidding me?!" I began to pace again. "There is no freakin' way that I abandoned my own son. No. This is not happening to me."

"Julian, calm down. Take a few deep breaths and calm down. Take a seat."

I did as I was told and sat down. I took a few deep breaths and began to talk, "This all makes perfect sense now. I ran into the house to look at my son. He was lying in the crib watching his airplane mobil spin with wind from the fan. He was dressed in a blue onesie with an airplane on the front. Airplanes. Airplanes. Airplanes. Wow. I left my own son. A kid that was given to me. A kid that I was supposed to take care of. A kid that was my responsibility. How the hell could I let myself do this? I do not understand how I could this to my son, to me, to Quinn.

How could I be living my life when I know that my son is out there without me to raise him? Strangers are raising him.”

“It’s okay, your body was blocking out a horrifying incident. Its only normal for your body to react like this, to a loved one being murdered. You didn’t want to think about it anymore. Therefore, your brain blocked out the one thing that reminded you of Quinn the most, your son. I know it is hard to comprehend this now, but you have to accept it and continue living your life. There is no way that you could have controlled what was happening; the brain is the control center of the body, and your brain chose to block him out. You had no control over it what-so-ever.”

“But he is my son. I should have known that there was something missing, something of Quinn that was gone, but I didn’t. I didn’t know that my own son was gone. I need to leave. I need to go talk to Brooke.”

Once again forgetting the thoughts that congested my head, I clumsily walked out of the brick red building. The building that is no longer for looneys, but the building that is for people like me, people who have lost loved ones or people who have blocked astounding memories from themselves so they could continue living their lives. Instead of going straight home and to see my lovely fiancée, I went to the park. I fell to my back on the gracious, green grass covered with dew, and I watched the airplanes fly above my head. Boom, swoosh, ahh.