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5/8/19  
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### Hospital of Horror



The day started like any other day. I woke up, got dressed, had my morning cup of coffee, and left my house. Today would be different though. Today was the day my 2 friends Nick and Demetri and I planned to go to building 93. We had heard much folklore and rumors surrounded the hospital building 93 and why it inevitably closed in the 1960's. There were stories of murder, forced lobotomies, electroshock therapy, and even paranormal hauntings which piqued our interest. We did not believe them, which I admit now was our greatest fault. At around 4:00 P.M, we entered the area which was now designated as a state park. We spent around 30 minutes scoping out the area for cops or other unwanted visitors who could become a hinderance to our plan. When the coast was clear, we made a run for the fence which had a hold big enough for us to fit. One by one, we entered the gated area. Upon entering we noticed a ladder perched just below an open window. We all climbed through the window only to be met with completely darkness, completely contrast to the bright and sunny day which we had left behind us. There was no turning back now. Fortunately for us, we had planned for this exact occurrence and had brought flashlights. We turned them on and were met with a dilapidated interior and a staircase which had looked as if someone took a jackhammer to it. Carefully, we walked up the staircase step by step as to not fall and possibly injure ourselves. We climbed to each floor, exploring each room with an intense sense of wonder, yet we began to realize that the various preconceived notions we had were most likely wrong. This thought changed once we reached floor 12,

the top floor of the building. As we reached the final landing, all our flashlights died in what seemed like the exact same time. All we could see in front of us was a dark hallway with a singular naturally lit door at the end of the hall. We entered, only to find a metal operation table with a scalpel and various metal medical tools. The table was stained with crimson red. We surrounded the table to examine out intriguing find, and within an instant the door slammed closed and we heard a blood curdling scream. At that moment we began to panic, scrambling for a plan. What were we to do?