

Maathín



SAMPLE

David J. Rouzzo

CHAPTER 1

“How do you feel?”

“Fine.”

“Any better?”

The man smirked as he looked at Dr. Andrews in disbelief.

“Same as yesterday.”

“Your feelings?” The doctor asked.

“Your questions. They are the same as yesterday...and the day before.”

“Look...”

“I come to you because I am trying to get help. I am trying to find the answers to who I am, and where I came from.” The man sighed as he stood up from the couch that he was laying on. “Any word about my past?”

“The lab hasn’t sent back any information regarding the fingerprint tracking. Keep in mind, you came to me only weeks ago, and I have not only done what I can to be a friend to you and help, but I have also offered to be a psychiatrist to you at no cost.”

“It’s been two months.”

“Yes, I suppose it has. It should be any day now.”

“Any day now? With all due respect, Jon, you’ve fed me that line for a week and a half now. For the past eleven days, all I’ve gotten from you is that response. Jon,

you can't help me if you're not going to be completely open and honest with me." The man expressed with desperation.

"I'm sorry. I can only tell you what I know. I'll tell you what. I'll call the lab personally this evening and request them to speed up the process. Have you started your journal yet?" Jon Andrews asked, hoping the man had taken his advice.

"Yes, I just started it last night before I went to sleep." The man answered, nodding.

"Good," Jon replied, "it should help your memory."

"Thank you." The man stood to his feet, shook hands with Dr. Andrews, and slowly left the office.

As the man walked out of the psychiatrist's office, he glanced around at the empty lobby. He remembered the family that he had seen sitting in the lobby the day before. He remembered the brown-haired girl who sat in the old rocking chair in the corner, rocking back and forth, with a still look on her face. He remembered the man sitting on the couch, mumbling random words and staring at the floor. Last, he remembered the little boy who was sitting at the table, playing with a small toy car. He began to visualize the family sitting in the lobby once again. The image suddenly changed, as the man on the couch turned pale. The vision became frightening as blood began to run from the girl's mouth and her eyes rolled to the back of her head. The image of the little boy changed as his face became covered in blood.

The man stared at the horrifying images that he was visualizing in the room and he began to scream. Dr. Andrews ran out of the lobby and began to shake him.

“What’s wrong?” he yelled as the man continued to panic.

“The family! Save them! Help them!”

“There’s no family. Nobody’s here!” The doctor exclaimed.

“Save them!” The man screamed again.

The doctor continued shaking the man, until he finally fell backwards, lying on the ground. The man looked up at his doctor with confusion.

“What happened?” The doctor asked.

“I saw them.” The man answered.

“Who? Who did you see?” The doctor asked.

“There was a boy, a girl, and a man. They were sitting here. The blood...”

“There’s nobody here. There hasn’t been anyone here all day. You were my only patient today until later this evening.”

“It was...the family who was here the other day. The man and the children.”

“Young children?”

“No. The boy was young, but the girl was older. She was in the rocking chair.”

“Nobody was in the rocking chair. Nobody was here.” Dr. Andrews said, trying to understand what was going on. The man stood up and stared at the room. He sighed, as he stared at the table where the little boy was playing. He was soon distracted by the ringing of a

telephone. Doctor Andrews began walking toward his office.

“I have to answer that. Don’t worry, you are okay now. You should try to get some rest. Come back tomorrow. We’ll see how you’re doing, alright?”

“Alright.” The man nodded before leaving.

The man walked out onto the sidewalk, and made his way around the street corner. As he walked past an alleyway, he caught a glimpse of a young boy who looked very familiar. He walked up to the boy and realized that he recognized the boy from one of his visions. He remembered the vision of the three boys staring at the old house. This was one of those three boys!

“Who are you?” He asked the child.

“Your sign of hope.” The boy answered. Confused, the man decided to ask the boy more questions.

“How do you know me?”

“All of us know you, Hathin.”

“I’m sorry, what did you call me?”

“Hathin; that is what we call you.”

The man stared at the boy curious and confused about the name. The boy looked at him, with a look of understanding.

“Your ignorance was expected.” The boy informed him. “The name that we call you is a name given to the one who holds the power to start the resurrection of this town against the darkness that hinders it.” The boy reached his arm out and pointed his finger at a box lying nearby. “Inside is a gift we have made for you. The image you will find can show you who you are. You must learn about the symbol, and study it. You must learn about yourself. The past holds

no answers, but you still must remember it, for it will help you understand your future. You must allow your faith to guide and carry you.”

The man began to grow more curious and more confused by what the boy was explaining to him.

“Faith? Faith in what?” he asked.

“Faith in yourself.” The boy answered.

“I don’t understand.” The man replied. A lady walked up behind him.

“Sir, who are you speaking to?” she asked him.

“The boy.” He answered her.

“There’s no boy around here, sir. I think you had better go home and get yourself some good rest.” She shook her head and walked away. The man looked back at where the little boy was standing before, but no one was there.

Confused, the man looked over at the box that the boy had pointed to. He walked over to the box and carefully opened it. Inside the box there was a black cloth. He pulled the cloth out of the box and unfolded it, revealing a shirt. The black shirt had a mysterious symbol on the front of it resembling the letter H, with a few noticeable differences. The man placed the shirt back into the box. He picked up the box and headed towards the old church he had first found himself in. He had been sleeping in this church every night, and leaving early enough so that nobody would come in and find him.

Back at the church, the man set the box down underneath a chair. He then sat down with his journal to write down the events and emotions he had gone through

that day. After writing, Hathin laid down on some blankets that he had gathered together, and slowly fell asleep.

JOURNAL ENTRY #2

More visions have appeared to me today. My current emotions are bewildering and confusing at the same time. I feel afraid, but at the same time, I feel prepared. Then again, perhaps I am just crazy. Perhaps I have lost all my sanity, and that is why I am seeing these visions. Either way, I can't help but wonder if there's something more, something big, behind all of this. I just can't help but ask myself why I am the only one who is able to see these things. Nothing makes sense anymore.

One benefit from these visions is that I now have a name for people to call me. The boy in the alleyway called me by this name, and the way he explained it made it sound to me like there are others who know me by that name as well; others who look to me as some sort of leader. How am I to lead people who know me and expect something of me, when I do not even know myself? The only thing I know about myself is the name that I have been given from my visions. From this point on, I will learn who I am, and I will learn who I am supposed to become. I will learn the meaning of the symbol that was on the shirt that I was given. From this point on, I will be known as Hathin.

*Signed,
Hathin*