

Evan Ramseur

10/28/2022

CRW 203 001

Jordan Walker/ Sandra Lee

Writing Assignment IV

Nakagawa Sanitorium stood before us, empty and alone. From the outside, it looks like a building that never finished its construction. It was a 5 story building outside the Nerima City's walls. Back in the day, Nakagawa Sanitorium was said to be a place where people were sent to 'recover' from the White Flu, a flu that had devastated the entire world, killing around 30 million people in only 2 years. I say 'recover' with quotes because that is what the previous caretakers of the place wanted you to think.

Nakagawa Sanitorium was even ranked #1 in Nerima for best hospital back in the day due to its scenery and staff. The staff were said to be the most helpful and friendly in the entire city and the surrounding forest was supposed to add a sense of calm to the patients who lived there and anyone who walked by.

Those were all lies....

As we arrived at the Nakagawa Sanitorium, it felt like this building was trying to stand out. All the other buildings in the city were lit up by either lights inside or lights outside, but it wasn't. All the other buildings had people walking past, entering, and leaving them, but this one didn't. All the other buildings were very close to one another, but this one was all alone in the middle of a forest.

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“Are you well, Kimihito-san?” asked Sister Emi. Sister Emi was a nun from the Order of Hachikomichi, the primary religion of the State of Yamanihon. The Order has been responsible for providing peace and comfort to the masses, especially now due to the entire world being at each other's throats and increased attacks against Yamanihon. The Khoidian Khanate had been eyeing Yamanihon for a couple years now and its Khan, Shoigu Khan, had been demanding that Yamanihon become a vassal state. The Yamanihon Emperor Fuyuhito had been continuously refusing Shoigu Khan's offers, but this has led to more Khoidian attacks on some of our coastal cities. Now, many people, including some in the Imperial Government, have been pressuring Fuyuhito to submit.

But I digress, the reason I was being driven to an abandoned hospital is because of the Trials taking place deep underground in Nakagawa Sanitorium. The trials were a series of tests that the military conducts in order to turn students into soldiers of the Special Defense Reserve of the Yamanihon Defense Force. So aside from our daily classes in Mathematics, History, Language Arts, and Science, we also trained to use weapons provided by the Hachikomichi Order. These include katanas, spears, bows, hammers, axes, and firearms like rifles and hand cannons. All of these weapons were blessed by the Hachikomichi clergy in order to help fight against any and all adversaries to Yamanihon, which may soon include the Khoidian Khanate if things continue to ramp up between us.

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As I entered the building with Sister Emi, I began to feel uneasy. Not only was Nakagawa Sanitorium dilapidated and falling apart, but its history of abuse and death further added to the creepy atmosphere the building gave off.

Whilst Nakagawa Sanitorium did treat patients suffering from the White Flu, for most of its patients, the Sanitorium was the last place they ever saw. Since there wasn't a vaccine back then for the White Flu, most of the staff's traditional treatments such as quarantine, medicinal drugs and fluids, and healing magic to cure the flu in people would be in vain. This was when they turned to using their 'revolutionary' methods of curing the disease. I say 'revolutionary' methods, however, it would be more accurate to say torturous methods. Some of the heinous methods used on patients by staff was enough to make your skin crawl. Beatings, isolation (where the patients would be locked into a completely dark room with no light and fed only two meals a day), lobotomies, and even human experimentation all took place within these walls. Even though I was accompanied by Sister Emi, it did not make traversing the building any less scary.

My boots and Sister Emi's heels made echoing sounds throughout the corridors as we walked. Outside, I could hear the wind blowing through the trees, making low whistles and the occasional high whistles depending on the ferocity of each gust. As we were walking past the main lobby, I felt something grab my right hand....

"HOLY S#@T!!" I exclaimed.

I turned to head to the side and only saw Sister Emi...

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“What’s wrong! Are you okay Kimihito-san?!” said Sister Emi in a worried voice.

“I swear to the gods, something just touched my hand!” I said in a panicky voice.

“It’s ok, it was just me. I wanted to hold your hand since it looked like you needed comfort.”

“ I’m a man now! I don’t need someone to hold my hand!” I said trying to sound mature.

Though I wouldn’t admit it, I wouldn’t have minded Sister Emi holding my hand, but back then I thought that men were too old to do that.

“You know, there is nothing wrong with feeling scared.” said Sister Emi. Somehow, she had managed to see right through my manly facade

“I told you I am not scared, okay? I’m not gonna freak out, I’m completely.. Immune to freaking out... I-”.

Suddenly, a wooden board came crashing down to the floor in front of us.

“AAAAAAHHHHHH, WHAATTHEELLWASAT! WHAATTHEELLWASAT!” I screamed in a panic.

“Kimithito-san, calm down, it was just a falling board.”

“OK..... OK..... alright...” I said out of breath.

My heart was beating out of my chest at this point. So, for some reason, I looked over at Sister Emi with her caring smile and adorable face. That adorable, warm face that could melt even the coldest of hearts. Coupled with her brown hair and freckles, Sister Emi was at that moment the most perfect woman ever created. Whenever I looked at her, I got this feeling that

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everything was going to be ok, that she was someone who I could be myself around. My vulnerable, feeble self. So, I acquiesced.

“You know what Sister Emi, I think I’ll take you up on your hand-holding offer....”.

Sister Emi smiled her sweet smile that made hearts melt. She then gave me a soft hug (plus a small kiss), and then gently grasped my hand.

“I’m sorry that scared you, sweetie.” she then said.

‘Oh my God, why is she such a damn cutie?! She is too good for this world...’ I thought.

“Shall we?” said Sister Emi gesturing her head to the rest of the hallway.

I took a deep breath and said “Let’s go, then...”.

And with that, the two of us, hand in hand, walked down the corridor.

At the end of the hallway, to the left, there was a doorway to a long tunnel that descended into pitch-black darkness. Sister Emi shined the lantern she was holding close to the walls surrounding it. The words “No Trespassing” and “Yamanihon Defense Force personnel only” became visible. This was definitely the place where the trials were occurring. As I looked down the corridor, I couldn’t help but remember what this specific tunnel was said to be used for. According to legend (AKA on the internet), this tunnel was the way down to the former morgue of Nakagawa Sanitorium. Because of this, the tunnel was given the grim name “The Body Chute”. Sister Emi and I then looked at each other and we both gave a slight nod. That was our way of saying “I’m ready, what about you?”.

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As me and Sister Emi traversed the tunnel, I began to rub my hands against the walls. Instantly, I began to feel sad. Or more like a wave of sadness came over me which made me think about the people who suffered here.

I began to feel sad for all those people who couldn't be alive again due to something beyond their control, sad for all those people who were lied to think they were getting better, and sad most of all for the pain, abuse, and torture the patients here had to endure in quite possibly their final moments.

Thinking about all this, tears began to run down my face. My left hand, which was holding Sister Emi's hand, began to slightly curl up.

Why, why did that have to happen to all those innocent people? Why do illnesses exist? Why do people have to be hurt like this? Is there some outside force doing this? Why is this world so messed up?

All these questions randomly came into my mind at that moment.

I tried to stop these thoughts by holding my breath every time one came up, but that just made it worse. My breath began to speed up more and more. My grip on Sister Emi's hand was getting tighter and tighter which eventually made her notice me.

"Kimihiro-san, breathe!" she said frantically. "Look at me, Look at me!".

I could barely hear her over the sound of the thoughts.... which were now voices in my head. And then the images started....

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Images of people in pain, and children crying. There were people with scars, Doctors with aprons covered in blood. There were pained screams, bodies being wheeled down the tunnel, and money being exchanged by men with evil smiles. More and more and more graphic images flooded my vision, and my breathing became quick and heavy. My teeth started clenching, my hands started shaking, and I became filled with rage. At everything, at evilness, at this world, and at the illness. And then....

“AAHHHHHH
HH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

I let out a huge scream, the loudest scream I ever screamed.

Suddenly, I felt a warm embrace.

I was instantly snapped back to reality. I then smelled the pleasant soothing fragrance of honey and milk.

Sister Emi’s fragrance...

I then shook my head and began to cry. I cried this time just to let it all out. I was sad, I was angry, I was upset, and most of all, I was scared.

“You’re safe now, sweetie. You’re safe now.” Sister Emi said rubbing my back

I cried even more.

“That’s it, honey, let it all out..” she said.

I cried for about 2 minutes before my tear ducts ran dry and I was left a sniffling mess.

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“Thank you.... T-Thank you....” I managed to get out while still sniffing.

“It’s okay Kimihito-san, I know.”

“What... the... heck was that?”

“It must be the negative energy in this building.”

“Negative Energy?”

“Yes, it is not uncommon in places with such tragedy and misery for negative spiritual energy to linger. Negative spirit energies can often stir negative emotions such as panic, fear, anger, and sadness in people who come in contact with it.” explained Sister Emi.

“So by touching this wall, I was able to come in contact with spirit energy?!”

“Yes, and judging by that scream you made, the spiritual energy in Nakagawa Sanitorium must be extremely negative.”

“Wait, can extremely negative spirit energies cause someone to hallucinate images, hear voices, and ruminate?”

Sister Emi’s eyes grew wider after I said this.

“Yes, why? Did you experience this just now?!!” she said in a surprised manner.

“Y-Yeah.... Is that bad?!” I said with a little hesitation. I was completely expecting her to say that something was wrong.

“No, not exactly.... It could mean that the spirits trapped here could be trying to tell you something.” she said.

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“Should we do something about it then?” I couldn't even imagine the kind of torment these spirits are going through right now, but I didn't even know what to do to help.

“Look, let's get you to the Trials first. Afterward, we can discuss what we can do later on”

“Are you sure, Sister? What about tomorrow, it'll be the weekend so I'll be free by then.”

“No, you have been working and training hard this entire week. You need and deserve some rest. All we should do now is pray and hope the spirits can be patient and send you a clearer message next time.”

“Thank you...” I said, calmer than I was before. “Sorry, if I was squeezing you too hard back there. It's just the spiritual experience was very vivid and unnerving”.

“I know, I know. But it's over. Plus, I'm here with you, so don't be scared.”

“Hmm... Again, thank you, Sister.”

“Of course, sweetie.”