

They Still Won't Leave Part1

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A little girl ends up in a hospital- confused and having no idea what had happened. Within the recovery room, Ghosts terrorize her with the history of the Dead Gates Asylum- the hospital's former self.

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Blood ran down the white cloths of the stretcher, four people holding it up, one of them starring at the little girl who lay there. Their speedy pace came to an abrupt halt. The one who had been starring at the girl still was. The disgusted expression in his eyes was looking at her pallid face. The luster in her face was gone, she looked like a ghost.

The automatic door flung open with a loud beep. The men rushed in, pushing aside everyone who was standing- or sitting- in their way. The little girl bounced up and down from the speed her care-takers were going. She opened her eyes to see a white ceiling, bright lights, and a cold atmosphere. She lifted up one of her hands, and to her surprise, an IV was stuck on the side of her wrist, pumping in medication.

The little girl mumbled a few words out of her chapped lips; her voice was hoarse- barely noticeable. The voices from everyone- patients, doctors, nurses and visitors- came to her ears like hundreds of vociferous protestants- like the ones that had just appeared at her house only a few hours ago. The trepidation of not knowing where she was was beginning to rapidly increase with every person who stared at her bloody body.

She attempted to raise her head; she wanted to see what everyone was starring at. But what she saw was something she had never expected to see- or feel. A large, sharp piece of wood was residing in her stomach. She watched the blood pump from the main wound and- to her surprise- other punctures on her upper chest area.

“What happened here?” A vague voice appeared from the roaring.

“It seems like a homicide. The cops say that it was supposed to be a robbery, but instead I guess someone in that home decided to keep the people away from their things and they turned vicious- by stabbing this child multiple times around the abdomen and upper chest area.” Another vague voice went above the loudness. “She’s lost so much blood, and yet, we’re still getting a normal pulse from her. She can barely talk, though.”

“Wha-wha . . . what . . . hap-.” The little girl struggled to speak through the cracked lips. She reached up her hand to one of the men. “D-Dia . . . blo.” She whispered, tears broke through her eyelids.

“Diablo? Got any idea who that is?” One of the men asked, confusion bleakly showing in his voice.

“Not a clue, Jacob. Not a clue. It means devil or something in Spanish, I’m positive.”

“Como no sé eso ya, Dan.”The other man said with crossed arms.

“English, please, Jacob.”

“I suggest you learn Spanish, sir. And- Hey! Where’d that kid go?” Jacob asked, turning around.

“They put her on a bed; they’ve already gotten her a room- their trying to get that wood out her chest.”

“Why do I not notice these things?” He scoffed and threw his hands in the air. “Oh, mi dios. Debo ser persiana o tener un palmo de atención seriamente corto.”

“English, Jacob.” Dan reminded him, wagging a long finger in the younger man’s face. “I’m serious. English!”