

Anderson's therapy

By everydayperson

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Anderson is finally starting to lose it.

Maxwell is losing his patients.

Dr. Hughbert is actually a name!

What next?! (F.Y.I. this is supposed to be funny)

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1 - Losing It

Okay this is my first Hellsing fanfic. To be honest with you I've only studied a little on the anime and looked at fanart. However once I get my hands on the anime I'll show it whose boss!!! (cough) Anyway if you want to, will you please tell me if I happen to make some mistakes about the Hellsing facts? For example, if I said Anderson lost his arm and said he will never be able to get it back would you kindly inform me that he's a regenerator? Okay that's about it. I'll try to make this as funny as I can. Enjoy.

^_^ "Sit down, Anderson," instructed Maxwell in his, 'oh you're going to get it now' voice. Anderson obeyed without hesitating, not wanting to make things worse. No matter how much he wanted to, he didn't dare to take his eyes off Enrico's. Maxwell gave him the, 'now you are going to pay for what you've done' expression. "Okay Alexander, let's just get to the point, shall we? What in the world were you doing on the roof?!" he demanded angrily. "Ah, eh, there was a vampire up there," Anderson answered. "In the middle of broad daylight?!" "Aye." "You do realize you're going to have to pay for the damages you've done," stated Maxwell. While on the roof, Anderson heard a bird, charged at it thinking it was a vampire and clashed into the giant cross, giving it enough force to fall right off the building. No one got hurt though but still you got to wonder how much trouble you'd be in if you go and do a thing like that. "Aye," he answered still not taking his eyes off Maxwell's. They two of them stayed silent after that. Anderson pondered. Usually right after he agreed to pay for damages on whatever he's been doing lately Maxwell would give the word and let him go. Instead, however, he just buried his face in his hands and shook his head. When he lifted his head up to look at the crazed priest again, he spoke firmly. "Alexander Anderson, do I need to remind you what all you've done these last several weeks? Face it, if we don't do something about your more psycho moments soon you are going to snap!" "Ah don't think ah'd too soon snap. Mabe' joose be a littl' out o' it but ah tell ye ah ain't crazy," argued Anderson. "Anderson," Enrico said in a sharp tone, "Let me tell you something. Now just because some man starts saying, 'I Love Lucy' does not mean they are getting ready to say, 'I love Lucifer.'" "Ah...eh....we got 'im to the hospital in time," said Anderson when he saw Maxwell's cold glance he added, "Besides ah gav' 'im flowers." Maxwell slap his forehead, a sign to let Anderson know he had just said something stupid. "Yes and as kind as that gesture was, it didn't change the fact that he was allergic and sued us extra, now did it?" Anderson couldn't think of a comeback on that one. So what if he made a few thousand dollars in damages? He was the one getting the cut in his paycheck after all. Anderson looked down on the floor. Did he finally do it this time. Would Maxwell fire him. 'Oh no,' thought Anderson, 'Nothing could be worse than that. Absolutely nothing.' Anderson stirred from his thoughts when he heard the dialing of a phone. He looked and saw Maxwell on the phone. "Excuse me, I think you will be right for the job," he said giving Anderson the sinking certainty that he was about to be replaced, "Yes he will you first thing in the morning. Thank you, goodbye." After Maxwell hung up, Anderson immediately asked who was meeting who in the morning. "That was Dr. Hughbert, he's a special doctor I'd like you to meet," he said soothingly. Anderson shot up, his body shaking in panic. "Ye....ye....Ah ain't going tae a therapist! No way!" he screamed prepared to burst out the door and run away. "Oh yes you will! And you know why? Because you are on the verge of completely losing your mind! Now on less you want me to fire you..." he threatened before Anderson interrupted. "Nosir, please. Al'ight ah'll go. But please let me keep this job," he pleaded. "Very well, now remember you have to cooperate with Dr. Hughbert. Do what ever he says, you got me? Now return to your duties," Maxwell dismissed Anderson. After Anderson left and his footsteps weren't heard anymore, Maxwell clasped in his chair. "Good lord," he said out loud, "I wasn't sure if that trick would've worked. Thankfully he didn't know I was bluffing."

2 - Love and Hate

Anderson walked into the building he saw as a manmade fiery underworld, not once liking anything about it. He hated the smell of the inside which had a coconut scent. He hated the look of the inside which had paintings of fruit on practically every other wall. Paintings of fruit, how original. He hated how quiet it was. Like this Hell was meant to be a silent, sinister epitome of torture. After confronting the clerk, he walked upstairs until he got to the fourth floor. Ignoring the elevators because he wanted the exercise and to take as much of his time getting up there. He looked at the door which led to the therapist. The possessed demon that thought it could make Anderson wrong a right. He took a deep breath and entered. "Hello Mr. Anderson," said the man in the room, "I am Dr. Hughbert. Please, have a seat." Anderson hesitated before getting the nerve to sit down on the couch. He never took his cold glare off the man and even though the therapist was aware, he acted like this was no big deal. "Okay, Mr. Anderson. To start off I think we should do some tests. First, I'm going to show you blobs of ink on paper and I want you to tell me what it looks like to you. Tell me the first thing that pops into your mind, all right?" "Yeah soore, whitever," Alexander said quickly hoping this wouldn't take long. Dr. Hughbert nodded and held up the first paper. It only took Anderson a second to respond. "Vampire," he said. The therapist nodded and showed him the next one. "Demon," was the answer. Another was shown. "Vampire," repeated Anderson. "Hold on, Mr. Anderson, you just said vampire," stated Dr. Hughbert with a little bit of concern. "Yer point?" The therapist shrugged then showed another blob of ink. "Vampire." Another. "Vampire." Again. "Vampire." Once again. "Vampire." ^ - (I got tired of typing practically the same thing over and over again) "Me fightin' Alucard," answered Anderson after the last one was shown. "Oh good, who's Alucard?" asked Dr. Hughbert almost certain he was making progress. "He's a vampire." "Then again, I could be wrong," thought the therapist. "Okay Mr. Anderson," sighed the doctor, "I can see you are awfully interested in vampires so..""Whit do ye mean?!" yelled Anderson cutting him short, "Ah'm interested in chopping their heads off that's whit ye mean. Especially that dern Alucard! Oh how ah would love to be the one tae kill 'im and send 'im straight tae..." "Mr. Anderson, please. Okay so you hate vampires. Sorry for the confusion," Dr. Hughbert said trying to set the priest back down on the couch since he jumped at the word 'so'. After settling Anderson back on the couch, Dr. Hughbert set back down on his chair and began taking some notes. "So tell me a little more about this, 'Alucard'. Is he the worst of the vampires?" asked the doctor. "Aye, that he is. Do ye realize how many times ah tried to kill 'im? And don't get me started on the time when he blew meh arms off," Anderson said with a rising temper. "Oh but you still have your arms," stated the therapist seeing now what kind of crazy man he was dealing with. "Ah grew 'em back," answered the priest the anger in his voice dropping. "I see," was all Dr. Hughbert could say. Clearly this man has been more than just out of it and the doctor can't help but wonder why would Anderson make an imaginary enemy that was a vampire. He intended to find out. "Okay then so tell me, were you ever afraid of vampires as a child?" "Me? No. Ah've always 'ated 'em. Ah can never say ah was ever afraid, though." "Can you remember anything that you were afraid of?" asked Dr. Hughbert. "Joose last week ah discovered meh fear o' anime," he answered. "Oh and what's so scary about anime. A lot of people like it." "That's whit ah mean! It so interesting fer people it must be from the devil!" exclaimed Anderson jumping out of his seat again. The doctor got up as well but just to try to calm Alexander and set him back down, thankfully with success. However this time he stayed up as he pointed his gaze at Anderson. "I can see that may be a possibility. All right on to the next test. I'm going to say a word and I want you to say another word that firsts pops into your mind, all right?" "Eh, soore," Anderson answered simply. "Hot," said Dr.

Hughbert. "Hell." "Long." "Alucard's dern hair." "Once again he says, Alucard," thought the therapist before continuing. "Good." "Children." "Football." "Kickin'." "Apple." "Pie." "Cute." "Kitties." "Speak." "With Dead." "Knife." "Weapon." "Alucard." "Dern him," said Alexander his voice shaking with anger. Dr. Hughbert sighed and looked at the test results. They were all right but could be better. "Mr. Anderson, I'm beginning to see your problem," said Dr. Hughbert. "Ah don' 'ave a problem! Now joose because ah get shot inside the head a few times..." "Mr. Anderson?" "...Or that ah dream about chopping Alucard into tiny bits and pieces..." "Mr. Anderson." "...Or the fact that ah was the one who destroyed Maxwell's computer because ah thought it was possessed an' he still doesn't know it was me..." "Mr. Anderson!" shouted the doctor to get the priest's attention, "You see that right there is the problem." "Me destroyin' Maxwell's computer?" asked Anderson. "No, your hatred towards demons and vampires. Mr. Anderson, don't you see? It's all this hatred you have that's controlling you. You talk about chopping this Alucard into pieces but think of the good children at the orphanage. How do they react to all of your hatred?" "They.....eh.....don' know," answered Anderson sounding stupid. The therapist thought it was now or never to take action. "What if they found out. That a man that acts so much like their own father had so much hatred and actually wanted to chop someone's head off?" asked the doctor his tone expressionless. Anderson was about to answer that he didn't care but stop short. Of course he cared for what the children think of him. They looked up to him. What if they actually did find out about all this hate? He was suppose to be a caring father, one who would never fight. One that vowed himself to know no hate. What would the children think? The children. "No," he said shortly, "No ah don' want them to find out." "They won't if you find something to love rather than hate," pointed out Dr. Hughbert. "Love?" "Yes, Mr. Anderson. Find something you love and stick to it. Maybe a hobby, a pet, a sport...." suggested the doctor. "Something to love. Would that work. Does all he really need is something to love? Maybe, just maybe." "Well, ah thin' that that might joose work, doctor. Thank you," he said thoughtfully.