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Creative Writing
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The other day

This day was not like every other day. Henry was in a good mood, this doesn't happen a lot after sitting in this nursing home for about 6 years since his wife died and his kids talked him into living there. There's no reason though for Henry to be there. Even he is 81 years old, he can do everything on his own; he can eat, use the bathroom, shower, read, write and even dance. All that works perfectly fine compared to almost every of the other seniors living there. Henry doesn't like the other old people. There's one group of them, mostly old women, sitting in their wheelchairs in the entry area and just judging everyone who's coming in, even kids. Another group of old guys just sitting in front of the TV, while arguing with another group of couch potatoes, whether they are gonna watch football or baseball. And then there are the board game players and the sloths, whose days just comprise eating, sleeping and peeing, and last but not least the invisible, who can't do anything at all: the caregivers need to mash up their food, so they can "eat" it; they need more than just one caregiver to help them using the bathroom, and the other time, they are literally invisible.

Everytime Henry passes those groups he notices over and over again that he can't fit in here. Everytime he tries, he realizes it.

I'm nothing like this old bats. I don't belong here.

But this day was different. Henry said "goodmorning" to each and everyone in these groups. He hadn't seen his kids, both having their own families now, in a couple months and today at least his son John was coming to visit him. Even though John and Becca might not care about him as much as Henry does and his kids made him living in the nursing home on Plaza Del Rio Boulevard, he still wants to see them and wants to be part of their lifes. Henry's kids thought the Freedom Plaza Care Center was a good idea, but for Henry it doesn't feel like freedom at all.

When John finally comes his Dad already sat in the cafeteria for 45 minutes. Henry wanted to be early so he came 10:45, instead of 11, but he wouldn't have needed to worry about that, since John showed up 30 minutes late.

"Kindergarten emergency" he explained himself, considering that this "emergency" was just his daughter Lilly forgetting her lunch.

Whatever. At least he showed up.

"So how is it going?" John asked.

"Mmh", Henry chunters, "not any better. The caregivers are grumpy everyday and not very nice. Don't care about us at all. I told them I can eat by myself, but no, they just stuff my mouth with such gross food. And when I tell them I can do it by myself, they're not even listening."

"Well, sorry 'bout that."

"I just don't wanna be in this oh so not freedom care center anymore. I'm already stuck here for six years and there's no need for me to be here!"

"So do you just wanna break out one night or what?!", John laughed, not even looking at his Dad, just staring at his phone. "Since Mom is gone, there's no need for you to have your own apartment. Here they take care of you and you don't have to worry about anything."

"No, you don't understand. I mean I just wanna have my own apartment, John I might be 81 but I don't feel like it at all. Help me get out of here, let me talk to Becca. You and your sister don't have to worry about me at all, just help me get out of here, please!", Henry almost begged his son.

"Dad, that wouldn't work. You're crazy!!"

And with these words John got up and was about to walk out the door. Because Henry sat on the other side of the table was closer to the door, so he tried to stop John: "John, please! Just listen to me, you don't underst!"

"Dad, I gotta go, Mel texted me. It's an emergency and you know how wives can be. I'm sorry, there's no need to get out of this nursing home. It's good for you."

And with another "emergency" he just made up, John walked out the door without even looking back to his Dad. Henry was sitting there all alone again. Waiting for something to happen.

But nothing happened.

Henry is not usually a super happy person, but not this sad, either.

He was just sitting there, in that small dining room, staring at the wall. Not knowing, what time it is, not caring if he would miss lunch or if people would be worried, because apparently not even his kids care about him anymore.

Somehow Henry made it back to his room that day. Now it's almost night, but all his happiness from this morning was gone. It just left him, like someone opened a window on a windy day and just how the wind would go through the whole room and whirls everything around, just like that, his happiness and hope leaves with the wind. And just with this feeling Henry falls asleep.

He finds himself on the streets in Rio on a hot summer night, almost morning. It didn't feel like he was sleeping for a long time. He didn't know what he was doing there, but somehow as soon as he saw the piece of paper in his hand he knows what to do: R. Sá Ferreira, 38 - Copacabana. His feet start moving, past bars and drunk people, he sees people passing out and other people going to work. 10 minutes later, he's there: windows nailed up with wood, door ajar. He's not sure if he should venture to be seen but no one even notices him. Everyone's too focused on themselves to see him, a 24 year old American man. Not even Henry himself notices him being so young again.

He doesn't even notice the newspapers, which are laying around all over saying:

September 23rd, 1960.

It feels so real that he doesn't notice he's dreaming, like all this already happened to him and he knows exactly what to do. But neither Henry himself or anyone else knows what's going on or even notice him. And even it's not very common for Americans to be in Rio, nobody even realize Henry being there. They're all too busy, whether it's finding their way home from drinking all night or making their way to work through all these people.

Henry Parker looks at his watch, it's 4:27 am. 3 minutes before the planned meeting. Well, it's not really a meeting for him since the other people don't even know he's gonna be there. But it's one of his biggest and most important jobs so far. Parker was born with the talent to even hear the softest noises. And in a night like this, in a night with people yelling and screaming, he's able to hear the sound of the chains on Hernandez' boots making a clanking noise every time his feet hit the ground. He's coming closer.

Parker knows it's time; time to hide and especially not to make any mistakes. Fabio Hernandez is not just a guy like every other, no. He's that kind of a guy you should fear.

Henry only has one try, not even knowing if he's sweating because it's almost 100 degrees or because he is scared.

But no, Henry Parker is not scared and knows exactly what to do. It's not even that hard of a job.

Parker sees Hernandez' walking through the door, Henry's 10 feet away from him, hiding behind another house. He knows, if he does one mistake, which might even include breathing, everything's ruined and not only Parker will be in danger, the whole secret agency.

He looks over to the door, but no one's there anymore. Hernandez and his three fellers must be in the building already. As soon as Parker sets his left foot on the porch he sees Victor Lewis, not too far away from him, but far enough, that Henry has time to sneak in the house and hide in one of the small chambers in the corridor. That's what he at least assumes. From this point he can see the stairs which they would need to come up from and the two open doors to the kitchen and living room.

Through a little gap he can see Lewis and his two fellers walking up the stairs. They're going through the door on the right: living room. Henry can hear two different voices: Hernandez and Lewis. He can hear them telling each other jokes and talking about old times. Hernandez and Lewis are old friends, they once used to work for the same agency Henry works for now, but they decided to start going against them.

Can they now please talk about the important stuff ? This is gonna take forever.

Henry must've fallen asleep or something because when he woke up he couldn't hear a single noise.

God dammit, dammit, dammit!!

Henry knew he made a big mistake, but as soon as he got out of the chamber, there were voices again. Henry jumped back in the chamber and not even 20 seconds later he can smell Hernandez' and Lewis' cologne

Definitely too much.

Henry knows he is more than lucky; getting this second chance of them coming back after almost ruining the mission. Henry can't tell anyone about this. At least he's totally awake now and can concentrate. He can still smell their perfumes and just notices now that Hernandez and Lewis are standing right in front of the chamber Henry's hiding in.

"So we're sending our men to the church right away ?"

Deeper Voice, definitely Hernandez.

"Yeah, let's say, just six of them first and then later, when we know we have it, the others can follow them. We should be safe with that."

Oh how much I hate Lewis.

"Great! I always love making plans with you. Hahahahah!", Hernandez deep, mean laugh fills the whole house. "I can't wait to solve the mystery of the triangle in this church, I want the treasure!!", chills are running down Henry's back. He shivers.

“A week from today. 12 am. Centro Cultural Sao Francisco da Penitencia.”

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Henry waits a little bit, he has to leave without being seen. He can't hear anything, so he sticks his head out of the chamber. Henry can't hear a single noise but the squeak of the chamber door. He tries to open the door as slow as possible, so the noise won't be too loud. But as he steps out the chamber not only its door squeaks. Earlier this morning Henry didn't even notice the old wooden floor squeaking. He was in such a hurry he just focused on finding a good spot to hide. He didn't hear a single thing this morning, but right now, him creeping through the floor, its squeaking sounds like a horde of elephants running through it.

Henry looks down the stairs, at which end the frontdoor used to be. But now the only thing he can see is wooden planks nailed up at exactly that spot. Actually every single spot, where windows or just a little gaps used to be are now all the way shut. It even looks like all the inside walls and even windows are covered by plastic foil.

Weird. I can't remember this being there when I first came in here. But I might be wrong since I was in such a hurry to hide.

Henry feels that something is weird about this, but he doesn't actually realize it. He just wants to find the fastest way out.

He runs in the kitchen, no way out.

He runs in the living room, no way out.

Bathroom, down the stairs, another kitchen, living room, bathroom.

No way out.

He finally realizes that something is going on.

Did they notice I am here ? No they can't. No way, they noticed I am here!!

Panic overcomes Henry. Chills running down his back, even he's sweating.

There's a noise: a quiet noise, like a leaking pipe.

Some kind of gas is coming in this house.

"Omg!! That's why everything is sealed up with plastic. So nothing can get out! So the gas can spread in the whole house. They are making sure, no one was here and if, then no one's gonna be alive anymore!! Their fellers must've done that while I was sleeping", Henry is now screaming to himself.

He has to get out of there.

Henry is trying to cover his mouth while running through the whole house figuring a way out of it. He can't even find the smallest gap.

Just in the moment Henry wanted to keep going, he notices something. Henry was so focused on finding a way by just looking at the ground, he didn't even think of looking up. There is hatch with a short strap right above him. He pulls it and it falls half way down. With it comes a bunch of dust and with a bunch of dust there's also a ladder coming with it, right next to Henry. He runs up the ladder as fast that his feet can move. Up there is one last window, all the way open. One last thing they forgot.

Henry runs.

He jumps out of the window.

Everything's black.

Henry cast up his eyes. He's laying in bed and his clothes are sweat-soaked. Slowly he realizes what happened. This was more than just a dream, it was a memory to his times as a secret agent. Henry realizes that he dreamed about this for a reason:

And after six years in this miserable nursing home he finally made a decision.

I gotta get out of here.

And with that, at 4:27 he walked out the front door.