

Episode: The Chronicle of an Unintentional Bipolar Adventure

Chapter 11: Fairy PD

SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Initial Call Type: **PERSON IN BEHAVIORAL/EMOTIONAL CRISIS**

Initial Remarks: **OUTSIDE .E.R. HOSPITAL UNABLE TO ASSIST. 23 YO DAUGHTER IS OUT OF CONTROL & HAVING MANIC EPISODE**

Call Times:

Received: **Jun-20-2104 22:27:50**

Dispatch: **Jun-20-2104 22:30:17**

On Scene: **Jun-20-2104 22:33:35**

Manic Lily still loved my mom and my dad and my friends. My actions spoke otherwise, but I did. I just found their unwavering refusals to listen and believe me deeply frustrating. We just didn't see eye to eye. This discrepancy made me feel like *they* no longer loved *me*. And the pain that supposed rejection caused manifested as anger.

I couldn't risk telling any of them about the fey though. My first goal once I'd transformed would be to catalyze their metamorphosis too, but I couldn't let them know. If I told anyone now, I'd put us all in danger.

My mom and I ate dinner at a restaurant downtown after the IUD removal. I left her alone for most of the meal and meandered around the area, smoking cigarettes and reminiscing on my time with the King.

I hardly remembered my encounter with him, which was no doubt the King's doing. His presence had overwhelmed my mind so my memories existed solely as flashes. He'd chosen the glamour of a very tall woman wearing a yellow shirt tucked into a short sunflower-patterned skirt. He'd said his name was Tracy or Stacy or Gracie, but that was likely for my mom's benefit. I knew he'd allow me no sideways glances through his glamor, like the fey nurse had, so I didn't try.

I'd laid back, my feet up in the awkward stirrups and felt none of the pain or discomfort I'd felt when getting the IUD inserted. The King came in and out of the room several times and seemed almost startled by my calm demeanor. My tranquility was no facade. No amount of bustling could have shaken the peace I felt.

I'd found my people. Rather, they'd found me.

Either way, I was home.

I returned to the restaurant as my mom was paying for her meal and my boxed up entree. She followed me out of Etta's Restaurant and across the street to my Mini Cooper. In this time, I'd somehow managed to forget about this fairy world I'd soon join. My Reality Roll-a-Dex was forever flipping. I was full of otherworldly determination nonetheless.

"Lil, please listen to me," my mom pleaded. "I'm trying to help you."

"Mom, help is only help when you need it," I said as I opened the driver's side door. "I've told you how many times now, I don't need help!"

I rolled my eyes with a drama teenagers aspire for as I plopped into the driver's seat.

Not even one drop of alcohol had entered my system since Sasquatch, but you'd never have guessed that from my driving. When you learn to drive in a city like Los Angeles, "aggressive" wasn't an option unless you'd prefer to never actually get anywhere. Tonight, "aggressive" would've been a kind descriptor for my driving. I was undoubtably the most reckless driver on the road.

I shot up Madison Street, skipping between lanes like a toddler playing hopscotch. Madison would be an easy drive if not for its trajectory which, seen from a side view, looked like a child's drawing of the back of a sea monster. It rose and fell and rose and

fell. A particularly long stretch of elevation started near the restaurant and only leveled out near my mom's Sorrento Hotel.

I might not have plans with the fairies as I'd temporarily forgotten them, but I did plan to get this nagging woman who refused to accept me out of my presence.

"Lily, please drive more carefully," my mom said.

I ignored her and switched lanes abruptly, closely cutting off a black SUV.

"Lily, this is crazy driving. Slow down!" my mom said, more firmly.

I stopped at a red light in the rightmost lane which became a row of parked cars on the opposite side of the intersection. When the light turned green, I floored the pedal and cut left into the continuing lane in the middle of the intersection.

"LILY!" my mom yelled.

"WHAT, MOM?" I yelled back.

Her irrational worry infuriated me which I channeled into further wild lane weaving.

"You're driving like a maniac. Pull over and I'll drive so we survive!" my mom shouted.

"NO!" I shouted back. "You think YOU know this city better than I do? As if!"

I zoomed onwards up the hill, zigzagging through vehicles with the audacity to travel the speed limit. Without warning, I turned left onto a side street to take what I deemed a short cut but clearly wasn't based on the geography.

"Pull over! *Pull over!* Pull over NOW!" my mother screamed.

We were only three blocks from her hotel, but I veered the car over the opposite lane, and pulled up against the curb in a red zone, car facing the wrong direction. I couldn't understand what she was losing her head about.

My mom burst from my car as soon as it stopped, tears streaming down her face. She dialed a number with her shaking hands. I emerged after her, insanely irritated and insane. She begged into the phone, pleading with our family doctor, Daniel Knutson, for help.

"Daniel please!" she sobbed. "She needs help! / need help! I can't get through to her!"

My mom pulled her knee length puffy jacket tightly around herself with her free hand. The summer night was rather warm so the coat likely served as more of a security blanket, something to cling to as this monster in her daughter's skin shattered the foundations of her world. She punctuated pauses with mews of distress as though reacting to unceasing punches to the stomach.

Her audible agony didn't so much as ding my armor. It would eventually destroy me as much as it destroyed her, but not tonight.

I'd pulled over on a street running between two massive hospital buildings. They loomed above. A half a block east, a bridge connected the two. Light from the windows of the buildings lit the sidewalk so effectively, it rendered the sporadic street lights obsolete. The brightness of the buildings and the immediate return to night at the end of the block gave the stretch of road the feel of a tunnel.

I walked from my Mini to catch up with my mom. I left my car parked illegally with the key in the ignition and the windows rolled down.

"She's in danger, Daniel. I don't know what to do," my mom sobbed. "She needs help!"

“No *she’s* the one who needs help” I yelled essentially into my mom’s ear in my attempt to reach Daniel.

Sadly, psychosis permits nothing less than wholehearted conviction. I didn’t have to convince myself of any convenient rationalizations; whatever I realized was rational. Whatever I realized was *real*. Psychosis could solidify any casual whim or passing fancy into incontrovertible truth.

As the words left my mouth, I knew my mother really did need help and not with me. I sincerely believed my mom needed medical attention. Her obsession with *my* mental health had finally explained itself.

It didn’t take long for people to notice our scene, each of us screaming that the other needed serious medical help. I’d pulled over on the north side of the Virginia Mason Hospital but somehow we eventually wound up in the Ambulance Bay on the south side of the building. The bright lights in the Ambulance Bay swam in and out of focus and emergency room staff flitted around us.

The next sirens that arrived belonged to two police cars. Their arrival dragged the reality which had briefly vanished back into sight. I returned from my sojourn back in the human realm to the fairy reality so rapidly it should have caused whiplash.

One officer approached my crying mom some twenty feet from me. The other headed my way.

I knew who the officer walking toward me really was: another messenger of the Fairy King come to proctor another test. The scene needed to echo my exam at the clinic. I knew that he knew, he knew that I knew, but we must never reveal this knowledge to anyone not in the know.

I acquired records of this encounter from the Seattle Police Department. Thanks to the audio files, the following dialogue is exactly as spoken. I've provided translations for the merely mortal.

The man strolling toward me looked like a perfectly accurate description of a police officer. He had the short classic hair cut. His heavy tan polyester shirt was tucked into his heavy black polyester pants. The belt around his waist carried a variety of weapons.

"Hi there. Are you Lily?" he asked.

Translation: I know who you are. I merely ask this for the benefit of any prying human ears.

"I am Lily," I said through my impressive grin.

Translation: I am humbled by this recognition

"My name is Officer Turner," he said then tapped his shoulder. "Just to let you know, everything's being audio and video recorded in accordance to state policy."

Translation: Your assessment of our presence here is correct. This is the next phase of your testing. Many more than we two are privy to your answers.

"That's fine. No big deal. I've nothing to hide! I'm a photographer and that's everywhere anyways!" I said.

Translation: I understand and I will mirror your facade to ensure only those already aware of the reality will hear the true conversation.

In hindsight, the opening alone warranted sanity suspicion.

"Let's go over what's going on tonight. Why did the police get called here today?" the fey officer asked as he pulled a notepad from his pocket.

Translation: This phase of your testing has officially commenced.

“Because my mom won't let me drive my car home to feed my cat is the short answer. And really we're having a big family crisis this month. And none of us really know what to do about it,” I said.

Translation: I have grown impatient with human beings and this manifested too dramatically in front of someone still unaware of anything but the human realm.

“Well, your mom called us because you might not be on your medication that's prescribed. I've never met you. So I don't know. I'm just trying to find out.”

Translation: Her distress might have spoiled this potential existence for you as well. We know you well enough to offer this additional opportunity.

“The short of it is: mother misdiagnosed me for 10 years, started getting me on meds when I was going through puberty. I'm now probably going through puberty part 2 with a capital 'P,’” I said and chuckled at my own wit. “The short of it is she can't drive my car for me, she can't tell me where to go in my own neighborhood, and she can't call the cops on me because I am not sick.”

Translation: She cannot see the true reality and I swear she never will. She sees someone who needs help, but I know better now. I will do a sounder job maintaining the facade.

“Well, she can call the cops on you,” the fey officer said. “If you're having any type of episode tonight. I've never met you before, so I'm just trying to find out who you are and why I'm here.”

Translation: We shall see. Much still lies before you.

“I’m not having a manic episode. Okay? The fact that I can control my voice and bring it back down here. That proves that I am not having a manic episode,” I said, my words accompanied by a matching hand gesture.

Translation: We both know an episode is the most reasonable explanation for a human. It's the assessment anyone not in the know would logically make. I don't know I can convince her otherwise at this point.

“Okay, so what’s going on tonight?” The fey officer said. “Why are you upset? Because it sounds like you're pretty angry with your mom, which we've all been.”

Translation: Are you prepared to say farewell to her, to your family and friends in order to undergo the transformation from mortal to fey being?

“It's the ‘mother wound,’ you know,” I started. “There's a lot going on. And my mother was trying to manage my mental health, more than it needed to be managed. I'm just now being like, no, no, you don't get to take that away again.”

Translation: I will always miss her unbearably but I cannot deny my destiny, if this proves to be my destiny. She doesn't know she's standing in its way. I bet she wouldn't move aside even if she knew.

“I think she’s trying to bring it back to here and she says that you're not taking a medicine that makes you feel well,” the fey officer said with a gesture that mirrored the one I'd made.

Translation: A human mother would never relish the thought of a farewell to a child. It's required by her human biology.

“I’m not taking the medicine she’s prescribed me anymore, but I am taking medicine. There's a woman that prescribes me some named Dr. Talya Pinnum. She's a woman.

My mom is trying to get me to see a male doctor who can't know my mental health. And I'm like, sorry, I need to see a woman. That's just like who I am. You're the one who has daddy issues. I don't. Like, that's just who we are. And that's okay. But you have to acknowledge that's what's going on. And so, I dunno, I guess it really scared her that I'm seeing clearly when I was always the one who was the crazy one. And so I've just finally made it through an identity crisis. And I guess now she's having one. And like, I don't think that people should go to jail if they have identity crises," I said with impressive speed.

Translation: I don't relish the thought of farewell either.

"Well, who's going to jail? I don't know if you've broken any laws. Have you?" the fey officer said.

Translation: Are you afraid?

Lily: No.

Translation: No. I'm ready.

"Your mom called saying that you're having an episode, that you're off your medication. So how do you, when you're off your medication, how do you feel? You told me a lot of stuff that really I'm kind of..." the fey officer said, trailing off.

Translation: Have you any fear you will regret continuing along this path?

"Yeah, sorry," I said. "I've thrown a lot of information at you! I mean, I'm not off medication is really what it is. It's just simply the medication she doesn't believe in. It's been an emotional day, but she's been an amazing mom and I just want her to be healthy and happy and home. Cause she's not home now and I am."

Translation: I'll never know for sure. I can't predict the future but I also can't deny this fate I may be fortunate enough to fulfill.

The two minded conversation exhausted me. I tried to keep my meanings clear and straightforward but it was wearing. Fey Officer Turner eventually drew attention to the fact.

“Um,” he started, clearing his throat. “What's concerning Lily. I don't mean to keep on interrupting, is that I've asked several direct questions and you never really directly answered them.”

Translation: You are doing rather well, but I caution you to speak less tangentially or the humans fluttering around might notice something amiss, which will not bode well for you or your mother.

“Okay, can you ask me the direct question one more time?” I asked.

Translation: I will be more careful, I swear.

“A couple of times you've said you were diagnosed with bipolar OCD. And you're not off your meds, but you are on some meds,” he said, which I noticed wasn't exactly a direct question either.

Translation: I am appearing tangential as well to throw anyone off the trail of suspicion, to mirror and therefore obscure. I will not extend this kindness on a frequent basis. Proceed with caution.

“I changed medicine. I changed doctors. I changed doctors was a direct answer. I changed medicines. It doesn't mean I don't *have* doctors. What I'm saying is like, I really don't know because I haven't been diagnosed yet by my new doctor. But I'm on the way to a true diagnosis and I just want my mom to be patient and trust me. I'm just trying to

take her home and then trying to take me home, that's all. I'm not trying to drive around Seattle, I'm really not, I promise. I'd never want to endanger anyone, myself, my mom, or anyone else," I said.

Translation: I appreciate that aid and shall air on the vague side so as to also deflect suspicion. But my audible words are true in that I do want the best for my parents and I'd never willingly hurt or harm anyone!

We talked a little longer in this dual dialogue manner. Eventually, I spoke to a different police officer but the strength of his magic overwhelmed me even through his human disguise. I wondered if he might even be the King posing as an inferior to conduct his own direct interview. When I spoke again to Fey Officer Turner, I felt dazed. I gazed up at him from a wheelchair I didn't remember sitting down in.

"I just think that going home is the right thing," I said. "Other than my mom being safe, obviously. I need to calm down because this whole situation has required all different kinds of emotions. I just don't want my mom to be lost and I don't want to be lost either."

Translation: To be honest, this test has me very near drained. I am still human, after all. I will keep fighting to maintain an appearance of composure, but I'd be grateful to know where I stand in terms of progress.

"Sometimes talking to strangers can help as much as people you can trust. I'm gonna go talk to Officer Smith real quick. We'll figure things out. I'll be right back, Lily," he said and walked over to the other fey officer.

Translation: We have questioned you enough to satisfy prying human eyes and ears. A final human charade where we will appear to confer will conclude the examination officially.

I relaxed back into the wheelchair. I'd done all I could do.

Fey Officer Turner walked over to the other fey officer. They exchanged hushed sentiments and then Fey Officer Turner walked back toward me. I stood up out of the wheelchair.

"I'm going to follow you to your house. Make sure you get there safely," fey officer Turner said and handed me the keys to my car that someone had moved from where I'd left it.

Translation: This test is now officially complete. We will escort you to safety to await our verdict.

"I appreciate that," I said. "When I get home, I'm just going to sit in bed with my cat. I'll charge my phone so I can call my doctor and then go to sleep. Believe me I know that I need to reconcile with my past."

Translation: I will not make another scene, even an accidental one such as tonight. I will sit tight and wait patiently.

"Everybody's got a past," the fey officer said.

Translation: It is a rare fey who has a past existence as a human. We seldom elevate a mortal to an immortal.

"Absolutely," I said "I'm so grateful you understand."

Translation: I dearly hope to have proved worthy.

“Here's my card,” he said, extending a perfectly boring business card. “If you're feeling just not yourself, there's nothing wrong with calling us up. We can always try to calm you back down or try to rationalize things. We can just be an ear to listen.”

Translation: We must confer. But here are the direct means to reach us provided any mortal danger threatens you in the meanwhile. We are not ignorant to the cruelties humans are capable of.

“Awesome!” I said, taking the business card. “I think that all that information I threw at you was just a long and convoluted way to say that I'm resetting my internal clock.”

Translation: I swear to you, I will not abuse this honor.

I got in the drivers seat and waited for Fey Officer Turner to get in his own. The scene looked like this:



I turned on my headlights when he turned on his. I drove more cautiously than I ever had in my life. So much more than “arriving home in one piece” rested on my driving. Fey Officer Turner drove about ten feet behind me, turning when I turned. It was 1:30am, thirty minutes before bar close, so people spilled out onto the sidewalks outside the bars. I idly wondered what this two car caravan read like to those drunken fools, a staple of the world I’d gladly leave behind.

I turned up my short, steep driveway and parked in my spot. I walked back down the driveway to where Fey Officer Turner had stopped his car across the entrance to the driveway.

“Thank you for the card and for safely guiding me home and for making sure that my mother is okay as well. I’m fighting my family, but I’m fighting the wrong people. So I’m gonna find my way to sleep. I’ve just wanted to be in a darkroom, but obviously I don’t want to be in the wrong darkroom,” I said as I approached him.

Translation: It’s difficult for me to vocalize the overwhelming gratitude I feel for having this chance at all.

“Okay,” he said and stood up keeping one foot in the car. “Well, you’re welcome. You take care.”

Translation: We shall, in all likelihood, see one another again soon. Wait for us. Stay prepared.

“You as well,” I said with a polite smile.

Translation: I’ll always be ready.

I smiled and skipped towards the front door, pushed the code on the keypad, and darted up the stairs.

Fey Officer Turner got one thing right: I'd see police outside my apartment building again very soon, forty hours to be exact. And I'd spend less than one of those hours asleep.