

Josef Mengele stares blankly at the ceiling of his room in Solahutte Cabin. The ceiling stares back at him. He didn't know how long he lay there before he started to see those weird, swirly patterns and rainbow colours one usually saw prior to falling asleep. He could hear the clock ticking away slowly on his bedside table. It was so annoying; all Mengele wanted to do was reach over and turn the blasted thing off. The sky outside was turning from dark blue slowly to pale purple before dawn finally broke over the horizon. Still Mengele could not fall asleep. Giving up on sleep, Mengele sighs and gets out of bed to get dressed for the day.

Mengele's foot collides with one of the feet of the bed, sending him hurtling silently through space until his forehead smashes into the windowsill. It must've been a pretty loud bang, because at that moment there was a rather worried knock at the door and a concerned, slightly nasal voice cried out from the other end.

"*Herr Mengele!* Are you alright?!" Clutching the left portion of his forehead in his hands, Mengele quickly contemplates the damage to his frontal lobe. He answers back between clenched teeth.

"I'm fine," strains Mengele. This seems to be enough for whoever it was behind the door. Mengele hears them leaving, exhaling in relief. I really need to stop drinking so much coffee late at night, thought Mengele to himself. Slowly and carefully, he navigates his way around the bedroom, gliding on the narrow wooden floorboards like some sort of demented penguin.

Fastening his Iron Cross medals to the left side of his chest, Mengele fumbles around with one of them. It drops to the ground with a loud "clunk!" sound, ricochets off the floor at a 45 degree angle and shoots under the bed. Seething with frustration, Mengele sighs bad-temperately, lowers himself to the floor and looks under the bed.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
!!"

"BRAAAMMM-CHHHHHHRAAAAAAM-  
CHHHHHHHHRAAAAAAMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

A rabid chipmunk charges out from under the bed, latching onto Mengele's face with its needle-like claws, simultaneously biting his fascia with its rodentia incisors. Mengele does a rather impressive impersonation of a sow giving birth, squealing around near the supersonic margin whilst somehow managing to fling his body away from the bed, colliding simultaneously with the standing clothes rack which falls down upon him. The chipmunk, desperate to scalp Mengele, screeches in fury and begins to wriggle furiously under the heavy SS uniforms and casual dress Mengele had hung up on the clothing rack earlier upon his arrival.

Mengele struggles violently too, somehow entangling himself within his own spotless white lab coat and putting his head through the potential space of a clothes hanger. He jerks his body multiple times in a furious attempt to free himself of the the excessively salivating rodent, which ends with him painfully jarring his shin on the sharp corner a bed foot. Mengele swears loudly, instinctively drawing his injured limb closer to his body whilst attempting to rip off the raging face paedophile. In fury, the chipmunk bites Mengele painfully in between thumb and forefinger, causing him to scream in a perfect A#.

Several doors all along the long corridor outside of Mengele's bedroom slam open and worried footsteps can be heard rushing down the hallway stopping just outside the bedroom door and knock worriedly.

"Herr Mengele! Do you need assistance?!"

"WHAT DO YOU THINK???!!" Roars back Mengele. Scrambling around desperately, Mengele finally manages to untangle the (now tightly wrapped) lab coat. He attempts to stand up, nearly coat-hanging himself in the process and lifting the clothes rack half-way off the floor. Shaking with excessive adrenaline, Mengele wrenches the clothes hanger over his head, throws it rather forcefully onto the floor and makes a spectacular rugby dive towards his bedroom door. He throws himself up and makes another dive for the doorknob.

