

A Quiet Night At The Asylum

By Bob Lock

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The Asylum is a well of late nights; a black hole sucking in my time, my thoughts, my careerâ€™ my life.

Edward tried to escape again tonight. This time one of his toes got away. Try as I might I find it hard to believe, but he managed to somehow get his foot to his mouthâ€™soâ€™

Slowly, but surely, he disappears. Parts of him go missing. I wonder, perhaps his logic is valid? After all, who am I to judge? I just work here.

The graveyard shift taxes me so. The screams and howls that permeate the night are just the tip of the iceberg. I fear to plumb the depths beneath it, but delve I must. Madness welcomes me grinning. I smile back and bite down on my own scream. And sleep? Ahhâ€™that is a word I useâ€™ infrequently.

Shrill alarms scrape across my nerves like finger-nails upon a blackboard. Someone wants out again, it could even be me. On my monitor, a ghostly image stares at me, another patient with no hope, no cure. I reach over to turn it off and realize it already is. The alarm is now mimicked by many of our residents. A cacophony of eerie proportions assails me and the telephone upon my desk gives a falsetto ring, a vain attempt to harmonize, I surmise.

With my fingers entrenched in my ears some peace is achieved, but itâ€™s not enough. My tired eyes stray towards my pen. Within moments stillness washes over me, silence reigns supreme. And two, small pieces of bloody tissue reside upon my desktop.

I wonderâ€™ perhaps if I presented them to Edward, at least my eardrums would be free of this place. Will sleep come to me now tonight, I ponder?

Finally. A quiet night at The Asylum.

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