Henry Dixon

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American Literature

Mr. Baker

Narrative #3

Tonight was the last night I would be incarcerated. That information had come from no external sources, it was merely something I had decided.

He glanced through the pile papers carefully, in complete silence. The door plugged the only opening in the room, and the doctor's lack of any commentary fostered an almost-silence. The only sound I could hear was that of the fluorescent lamps whose loose magnetic ballasts caused a distinctly audible hum. I faced him expectantly and wondered if he had overlooked about my existence. I honestly believe that he may have temporarily lost the ability to sense my presence; although he occasionally looked up from the papers, his eyes never rested on me, nor did he acknowledge me in any way. And although one normally reacts to information as he or she absorbs it, Dr. Wilder maintained a completely flat face for what seemed like five minutes. He coldly lacked any visible emotion, but his face did not appear negative to me. To be clear: the man did not seem as though he were reading something that he viewed to be averse, but he also did not seem content or pleased with anything. Rather, the doctor read through the plethora of my medical testing as you or I would read a sign designating the location of a restroom.

"Doctor, did the scans show anything of note?" I decided to force him to decide how he felt about the information by asking him directly; his features lent me no information and he did not seem liable to offer any by his own accord.

"Of course," the doctor stated without moving his eyes from the printed words on the paper, disclosing no more expression than he had exhibited in the past five minutes. He brought his fingers to his mouth slowly, licking them and turning the next page over in the pile. After perhaps thirty seconds, he continued speaking as though he had never decided to stop. "Your condition is critical, Mr. Gray. I'm confining you to the hospital until further notice."

"My condition is critical?" I could hear the instability in my voice. I glared at the man and hated him with my whole body. Previously, I found his utter apathy towards the world intriguing and admirable, but presently a felt an urge to wrap my fingers around his icy neck and wring the humanity from his lanky construction of a body. I carefully checked my expression in an effort to ensure my internal outburst had been sufficiently masked. "With all due respect, doctor: have you gone mad?" Schrödinger's mouth moved to reveal a small and cold smile.

"Not yet." I am almost positive he winked at me as he quietly closed the door behind him.