Fall 2009

Untitled Photograph 7

Sherri Quirke Bolcevic
waves of the sea washed over his face, and he struggled for air. For a few heartbeats he was entirely engulfed by the press of the water, but finally he regained his balance and floated to the surface.

Finally, the sandbar began to come closer. The faces of the people upon the shore were now visible. The odd familiarity about them forced him to stop in his tracks. Happiness blazed into his body and soul as he saw his mother and father waiting for him, faces white as death. It was impossible, he said to himself, for they had died many years ago. Then, he finally understood.

In the Dedham Institution for the Mentally Unstable, Dr. Johan Vorn looked upon his former patient. He wished he could have helped him, the man having been in such a poor state. How he had broken the bonds that tethered him to his bed were beyond Vorn. It must have taken a great amount of energy spurred on by his hysterical dreams. He stared at the body slumped over the water basin. In one of his episodes, the man had drowned himself. How the mind could play tricks on those susceptible. Dr. Vorn averted his eyes, there were reports to fill out now.