

Misery of Mind

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Misery of Mind

Dark clouds drew closer to Paddington square. Thick drops of rain broke as they hit the ground. A frozen sculpture of an eagle standing on the world, beneath the winter moon, stared at John with its little stony eyes. John felt an instant moment of remorse, standing, soaked, at the front door of his house. In his hand spools of suffering as the thunder roars. A moment of intense lightening. John shivered in the cold, as he dared not meet the eye of the [eagle](#). He noticed a figure run in the distance out of the corner of his eye. John saw a figure get in a car and drive off. Standing scared of his own shadow, John lifted his left hand, [agony](#) in his wet pocket, as rain drips from the end of his nose, shattering on the welcome sign at the door.

In his darkroom he was finally alone with the spools of suffering now set out in ordered rows. The only light was red, tenderly glowing as though he was in a church: John the priest preparing the mass. Solutions lie now in trays beneath his hands. Tension mounted in him as the photo processed. John waited anxiously, with a Mr Kipling cake in his right hand. His hands trembled. Features faintly started to twist before his eyes, a half formed ghost. John saw his life end in front of him. He found it hard to breath, as if his lungs were

bare. The feeling of being alone was no longer their, John felt as though he was being squeezed around his neck. The cold crept into his body through the surface of his skin. The beat of his heart was fading. He saw only one shadow, his own, as he looked round the room tortured. Then his neck was let loose. Air was now his obsession as John gasped in relief.

John looked again at the trays as twisting features slowly formed a figure of a person. Reluctantly he recognised this person. It is his Sarah. She lay before him on the floor, in the kitchen by the cupboard, pleading for her life as John held a razor-[sharp](#) knife, standing over her, his bear like shadow across her. She tries to fight back and strikes his left hand with her sharp red nails. He punches her fiercely, full force as tears of blood came down the face of Sarah.

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