



FORK

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Drip, drip, drip the sound of crimson liquid pooling at Rhea's feet from the sharp, cold metal of the fork in her left hand was swallowed by the white padding on the nauseatingly small cell of the asylum. Blood pooled around the guard's cold corpse almost seemed like a halo as she stared into his hollow eyes, unmoving, the green iris beautifully in contrast with stark white, it was surreal—a masterpiece really, created by her. The metallic stench of blood filled the entire cell and Rhea couldn't help but inhale that intoxicating smell because for her it was the most glorious smell of all. She couldn't help but touch the open gash on his neck, blood was oozing out of it like a fountain, a marvelous red fountain sculpted by her with just a fork! It was art really, but nobody appreciated her skills here, everyone around her was nothing but a bunch of imbeciles really. They don't understand the herculean task of killing with grace. "She's a psychopath" "She's crazy" "you psycho!" all her life people have restricted her with these three phrases, they lack creativity, she thought. Their words don't matter to her because all she ever saw was

the eyes, everything else would just fade away but the subtle fear in the eyes was what made them a fascinating canvas for her art. They never meant anything more than that because all they ever do is fear, just like that squirrel she chopped in middle school, she could still almost see its eyes as she made the first incision, the fear of the squirrel, the adrenaline and the pleasure from the gushing blood was heaven to her. The fear in the victim's eyes establishes a relationship that is beyond this world, it is so intimate and so hypnotising. She remembers all of them, even the animals, all of them share an other-worldly bond.

Her skills have obviously improved now because she would never make the mistake of starting at the belly, she has learnt that the neck is the way to go, way more aesthetic. She could still see the shock mingled with terror on the guard's face as she plunged the fork that she managed to sneak in from the mess into the side of his throat, the sound of skin tearing, and his scream mixed with the gushing blood was just so satisfying. She allowed herself

to close her eyes to recall and enjoy the memory of the guard desperately trying to stop the blood flow with his hand and how his body was convulsing in a mesmerizing rhythm until he bled all out. As she sat there admiring her masterpiece everything went black, she was sucked into a dark oblivion.

She woke up to the sharp sting of the overhead disgusting fluorescent light, blinking her eyes rapidly to adjust her vision to see her surroundings clearly. She was on her bed and there was no guard or blood it was just the same, yellow-tinged padded cell—huh what a marvelous dream, shame that it wasn't real. Oh, how she missed the feeling of holding a knife, even a fork would do and plunging it in the supple flesh. She tried sitting up, but it was a bit difficult because of the straitjacket, and her body was really exhausted, it was almost painful really, but she finally managed to sit up on her single bed covered in a solid grey bedding, depressing shit. She could tell by the movements outside that it was bath time, they always made a big deal out of bath days and visiting days, “they don't let us bathe daily or alone for that matter and we are the ‘sick ones’” Rhea mumbled to herself. The door to her cell was opened by a big bulky guard and he stared at her impassively and Rhea couldn't help but no-

tice his beautiful neck, it was impeccable almost like a Greek statute. “Bath Day get ready,” he said and stretched out his hand and wrapped it around her elbow to escort her out of the cell and towards the long hallway. It was difficult to focus on walking when her mind was occupied with the thoughts of converting this guard into a beautiful cold artwork if only, she had her scalpel with her. The posters on the hallway walls were even more depressing than the people in here, just as she was getting annoyed with the long walk in that damn jacket, the guard announced, “We're here” and he passed her to a freakishly large woman. The woman Guard led her to a shower stall which was new to her, and it was empty except for her and the woman guard. The guard started unbuckling the straitjacket—finally, Rhea blew a sigh of relief. The guard gave her a nod and Rhea went into the stall, closed the curtain, and started to strip out her clothes. Today really was an exhausting day, once she was fully naked Rhea stretched her right hand out to turn on the shower just as she was about to rotate the faucet, she froze looking at her hand and a devilish smile curled on her lips. She turned the shower on and washed off the blood on her hand with a Cheshire grin.