

The haunted clinic



The doors were closed. The curtains were drawn. The smoke from the chimney had come to a halt. The indication of life diminished as the voice of the world turned into a wisp. In the distance the abandoned grandfather clock struck twelve when I found myself paralyzed on the operation bed, confined from the slightest hope of survival. It was six months ago when I graduated from Cambridge University and started my medical career in a country clinic as a night doctor. I could merely say the clinic was alluring, with very few accessories.

The windows were decrepit and creaky. The carpet was stained and lacerated. The beds and wheelchairs had long since resided. The whole atmosphere communicated a sense of barrenness, as if all the liveliness were withdrawn. The desolated moor encircling the clinic enhanced the mysteriousness of the whole depiction. I speedily understood why the job was offered so instantaneously- the place was indeed so still and so lack of human activity that it could immensely discourage every most blazing heart. The most perplexing thing of the clinic was the man in bed.

The nurses and some doctors called him the 'Veggie" but his real name had never been mentioned. Throughout the decade he had been dwelling under the same duvet, without a faintest hint of arousal. There were never flowers or visitors. The man was in his late thirties, with strands of grey hair growing out of his skeletal head. Despite all the scars on his forearm, his hands were positioned in a most interesting way. The fingers were crooked, as if reaching forcefully out to clasp his prey. Each evening I situated myself in the ward to look at medical presses, trying to find a cure for this man.

Night after night I sat next to the man and his bed in grave, not long after did I notice something exceptional about the man and his hands. As the night got chillier and more candles blown out, his fingers became more bent in a very extraordinary manner. As I looked closer I saw the triple sixes tattooed on his boney palm. I gasped. My head was discharged by a current of algid air. The triple sixes were glowing in red as I laid my own anesthetized fingers on his tattoo. My finger was bleeding as if resulted from a deep cut when I withdrew my hand and hastened away.

From the silt of the door the remains of the scarlet beam glared hatred. Life continued and the season went. Summer had broken through before I even attempted to examine the man again after the horrendous night. On the sixth of June I cast my eyes upon the isolated bed in the ample room through the blinds. The bed was abandoned, the breathing aid was detached and the man was gone. I was too panic-stricken to utter one syllable. I looked through all the atramentous passageways. I looked through the dimly lit apparatus vault. I looked through the deserted injection corner.

The shadow of the man was nowhere to be seen. I inspected every single room, until I arrived at the most uninhabited chamber in the clinic-the operation room. My back is drenched from the sweat. For the first time I realized the uselessness and cowardice of myself. The red light was on. Someone was withindoors. I hesitatingly turned the doorknob, endeavoring not to produce any noise. It was all dimness and cloudiness when the door slowly swung open. The rusty hinges on one side of the door produced a most displeasing sound.

I blinked hard to adapt to the dark environment. Then I saw it. It was the man in bed standing against the wall. Slowly a simper became detectable from the corner of his sealed lips. He seemed able to stand effortlessly, despite all the years he had been lying in bed. His body stank from the months of poor sanitation. From the indistinct reflection of the polished surgery equipments I caught a glimpse of those glowering, bloodshot eyes. 'Doctor, first I must confess that I am grieved for your stupidity. ' I made no retaliation.

If not you stumble upon my most secretive affairs, perhaps you would live a long life, watch your sons walk off the house seeking their futurity, and enjoy their company. However, I must inform you that the curse of Satan was fallen on you when you allowed yourself to touch my birthmark on the palm. I despise any disguised fact. Your death is unavailing, but inevitable. Everything you do would be in vain. ' With his last words the man turned his heels and faded into the thin air. I stood there motionless, without pleading, without craving. I collapsed onto the operation bed. In the distance the abandoned grandfather clock struck twelve.