

Magwitch's feelings about dying



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I am going to die.

Going to die I am.

I am to die going.

Five fluttering little words, whirling round and round my head. Death. The Grim Reaper, Lucifer, the Great Crow, the Black Cat, Anubis, the Pale Horseman. Humanity's greatest mystery, oldest fear, the Hourglass we all try to run away from, finally to be unmasked; I am no longer afraid. Suddenly, there is so much I want to say, so much I want to do, but in my sudden rush of adrenaline, I am confined to these four walls, this hard, rough mattress, eyes fixed on the blank, white ceiling. I want to move, say something, let the world know that this is it, I'm through, I'm done... but then again, who will care?

It hits me; what are we, foolish human beasts? Did we really think we could cut the marionette strings that link us to Time's fiddling hands? Is it possible, that we once believed we were safe from the sharp edges of the Fates' scissors? Surely we didn't, couldn't, once imagine that we would be prepared to die, that we would know when our ferry through Acheron would embark. No, surely not; before you know it, the obolus is stuffed down your throat and Charon's dark paddle begins to glide through the gloomy waters of the underworld. I repeat I am not afraid, just mystified by the mists of the Unknown that follow behind the curtain. I can see it, flimsy little thing; a roughly cut, black silk sheet, full of whispers and buzzing voices. Who's there? Can I touch it? I'm going insane. No Magwitch, there is no curtain, there's just the blank white ceiling, get some sleep.

I don't want to sleep! I want to go! I want to touch the curtain! What does it feel like? It looks so soft... too soft.

Something isn't right. It's not beautiful anymore, in fact, as you get closer to it, you can see it really isn't silk, they're dirty rags, intertwined in each other's filth... I don't want to pull this curtain anymore, I don't like it. Pip!

Come back! Come back and tell me about my daughter! May I know more of her before I die that the mere fact that she is alive and the woman of your dreams! Please... the Lord won't be merciful to me! Please... don't leave me...

I am not ready for this, but I let it happen anyways; with one last sweeping action, the curtain engulfs me in its sea of black.

I am going to die.

I am dead.