

The human mind is a delicate thing

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The human mind is a delicate thing. At times it can create such wonderful ideas: beautiful art, drama and works of fiction; scientific tools to enrich our lives. Yet it has a dark side, a side people prefer to keep hidden. However there are events which can bring this to the surface; My name is John Frederson; this is my tale...

It was about ten years ago now, I was at the height of my childhood and life was wonderful. My parents were wealthy aristocrats who owned a vast estate, one that easily spanned the length of three football pitches; it was like our own private country. The garden brimmed with greenery; there were shrubs and trees everywhere, enhanced by the beautiful roses, tulips and foxgloves creating a living rainbow. If you listened close enough I'm sure the flowers sang along with the chorus instigated by the angelic doves and nightingales; the heavenly tune was comparable to that of any church choir. Now the house, or I should say mansion, we lived in was not as magical as the garden, just a large house, not quite a mansion. There were everyday appliances and creaky floorboards which added to the character of the abode; it was almost like a grandfather to me, providing comforting warmth and security. But that was nothing compared to the loving embrace of my parents. Both of them hard working, honest people: they cleaned the house, tended the gardens and cooked the meals all themselves, they didn't believe in maids or butlers. I loved them more than anything in this world, and thanks to my home tutoring; they were the only friends I had. Then one day it happened.

" Miles! Come here my boy!" my father called to me, so at once I hurried over as fast as I could (he was not a man you kept waiting). " Yes daddy what do you need?"

" Well your mother is away in the car so perhaps you could cycle down to the store and fetch a jar of coffee and pint of milk for me?" I wasn't sure whether that manner of speaking was put on or if he really did speak so exaggeratedly. But I quickly dispelled these thoughts and sauntered off down the country road to the local supermarket. Looking back, I realise that I was very lucky father sent me out that day. I can't help but wonder, did he know what would happen?

I returned to the living room to find my mother and father had been murdered, slaughtered mercilessly by something not human; no one but a demon could commit such an atrocity. Their bodies were sliced up, chopped like vegetables, their heads no longer attached; this was instead all displayed upon our finest dinner service, the heads retaining their tragic expressions of fear. As if that wasn't enough, the neurotic bastard had also drawn, in blood, a gigantic, smiling face across the wall.

I honestly didn't know how to react. I kept a tight hold of the plastic handle of the bag. My hand was ripe with sweat. My eyes gazed, unblinking, upon the scene. I look back now and wonder why I didn't shed any tears then. Maybe my emotions were so mixed. Feelings of anger. Feelings of sorrow. All of them trying to claw their way to the surface but in vain. I didn't express what I felt. In truth I didn't know how to. My head was doing somersaults and there was little I could do. I just remained in the doorway, gripping the bag,

all the while glaring at the gruesome scene. I regained control of my body and at once proceeded to inspect the atrocious face. Before I could get close enough, crash! The mirror above the mantelpiece fell to the floor shattering into a million fragments.

Days, months and years passed yet I retained my youth. The house did not; it was still standing, but withered and decayed. I still showed no sign of expression. The feelings were getting stronger; I felt myself becoming unstable.

" No! I am not going insane!" I said to myself over and over at the time, ironic really. " The important thing is to get help. Then everything will be better, much better." Speaking aloud was one of the few comforts I enjoyed. But where could I get help? " The police think I'm dead; I can't let them to know I'm alive. All my hard work would have been for nothing if that were the case. After-all, a dead boy cannot kill..." I was proud of having such a wonderful idea, father was proud too. Since I was declared dead in absentia I was no longer a person. As far as the law were concerned I was a corpse in the ground. I would be their last possible suspect. " It's brilliant! Now to hunt my prey and make him suffer for what he's done. Then I'll be all better isn't that right mummy?"

Rummaging through dusty furniture and cobwebbed walls I searched for the perfect weapon, brutal yet stylish. Something like... a sword. That would be perfect and deliciously ironic; the killer murdered by the same weapon he used. " Father did you keep any swords? In the study you say? Oh marvellous!" I skipped to my father's old work room filled with a great sense

of anticipation: I would have the key to freeing my mind from these shackles. Once I entered the room there it was, displayed upon the wall in all its glory, yet the blade was sullied by a deep crimson stain. I took it down and grasped it strongly in my right hand. It felt pleasant, almost warm. It offered protection and redemption, yet also wrought pain and suffering: never was there such a poetic weapon. Smiling manically but happily, I left the house. It was time to have my revenge.

Rain. Wet and miserable, it shrouded Belle-View house in a haunting grey mist.

" DoctorRobertson, may I have a word?" Jeanne, the carer, called out.

" Yes? What do you need?" the tall old man replied, his face was covered in a fine fur; he was clinging religiously to the little hair that still occupied his head.

" Patient number 33: John Frederson. He hasn't had any medication for three whole days now and people are starting to become disturbed by his screaming and detestable giggling. Permission to tranquillise him before he hurts himself?" she seemed stressed although she would never admit it.

" Yes... yes go ahead," he took a deep sigh, " if only they knew the truth."