

Moon Madness

I sensed the movement even before I became aware of anything else. A subtle shifting of weight. Peeping through my eyelashes, my heart skipped a beat. Donny was sitting cross legged on the bed, his body outlined by the moonlight coming through the window. He sat facing me, vacant and trancelike. Were it not for the twitching of his jaw and the tautness of his posture, one could be forgiven for thinking he was meditating...but I knew better.

Every fibre of my being was screaming at me. Beads of sweat broke out over my body. What was I still doing here, I asked myself as terror forced the bile up from my belly. I had seen him like this before, like a wild animal ready to pounce, but now, I was becoming alarmed at the increased frequency of these episodes. How long had he been there? What seeds of madness were germinating in that tortured mind of his?

I kept my eyes shut, feigning sleep. I tried to mimic the steady rhythmic breathing of slumber, hoping that I would fool him. I forced my body to remain slack as he took my arm, held it suspended in the air for a few seconds, then let it drop. I could feel the intensity of his stare. My mind ran amok. What would he do next? Would he hold a pillow over my face? I stifled a gasp as I imagined myself struggling for breath. Would I feel the sharp sting of cold steel pierce my body? I could almost feel the pain. Or would he snip large chunks of hair from my head as he tried to rearrange my hairstyle?

My head was spinning as the questions went around and around in my mind. He appeared so normal sometimes, and yet at other times he clearly belonged in the nut house. I chided myself, each time I vowed to pack my bags and disappear...but I never did.

He reached for his mobile phone and tapped the touch screen. The soft glow lit up the space around us. He hovered it over my face, over my eyes, checking to see if I was still asleep. His craziness always came in cycles of the moon.