

Room # 23

by Gyanban

Isabelle walked out of her hotel room # 23.

She stood for a moment to think about what happened inside.
She had just killed her husband of twenty three years. He lay there in
a pool of blood.

Her hands were trembling as she stood under the air conditioner
vent.

'I will give my self up - whats the use of living now?' she said.
No sooner did she say this - the duct above opened and sucked her
in.

'Isabelle come back' a loud voice screamed from behind.

The doctor's voice echoed in Issac's ears - 'Its acute amnesia - don't
take her out of the hospital.' as he drifted back into reality.

A dejected Issac, went back to his ward number 23. He opened his
eyes to see the familiar grilled windows and padded cell.

