

Mental Energy

by kate gillespie

" You know, the cure is not worse than the disease" Leon said to his therapist for the fifth time. Any drug may have helped. He didn't expect there to be an easy way out of his particular mental issue, but he was an hopeful kind of guy.

That morning across town his neighbor's (Bob and Sally) have moved an old drawer which had once been his dad's out the the curb. It had then underwent spontaneously combustion. The fire could not be extinguished by any means. As the fog continued to rise up out of the immortally burning chest, Leon bore this fact with some inner shame. It was going to be a bumpy road trying to explain this in the next session.

When Leon was next sitting in the diner, he placed his nervous back to the wall. Across from her both. Leon watched as Sarah read the news feature he had made. She swallowed her soft runny eggs, frowned at the article, and sighed wistfully." She is so pretty, yet so lonely " went through his mind as always . Leon slurped his coffee and repositioned himself closer to her.

He decided to kick the sugar bowl over on her table, ever so gently. A mere mental nudge. Just to catch her attention, something to help with, then laugh about.

Hell ensued afterward.

