

# We're all Mad here. I'm Mad. You're Mad!

*by* Linda Seccaspina

She heard the quick footsteps and knew where they were headed. Running down the hall she knew she *“only had 1 hour left and there was no time to waste”*. He was still breathing, but restless, and she knew he had to be guarded from those that might suck the air out of him. People had scoffed for years at the tales of *Mildred the Witch* sucking the life out of children from the movie *Hocus Pocus*, but they were wrong.

Dead wrong.

It did happen to those that were sick and terminally ill and she could not take a chance that it might happen to him.

She heard him stir and slowly walk down the stairs. The wispy shadows followed him into the kitchen, but once he turned on the light they disappeared. How did he go through each day knowing the night might whisk him into final darkness? She did all she could but it was never enough, and she always had to stay one step ahead of those that might take him forever. Confused, he slowly walked back up the stairs, and she quietly asked him if he was alright.

He looked after vaguely, like he did not seem to recognize her, and said,

*“They were right you know, the pills don't work anymore.”*

She sighed and reassured him that the pills had worked yesterday and would again today. He argued incoherently that the day was almost done when the clock had yet to strike 6 am. The sun was slowly rising in the east as she heard the patter of little feet fade into the walls. She knew she had kept him safe for another day. But how many more days would this be possible before his life was taken him by the night shadows forever?

***"And I find it kind of funny  
I find it kind of sad  
The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had  
I find it hard to tell you,  
I find it hard to take  
When people run in circles it's a very, very  
Mad world, mad world"***

***Read more: Gary Jules - Mad World Lyrics  
Title and quote from Alice in Wonderland***

