The haunting melody of her lullaby song, words long forgotten, and the only reason she
remembers anything of it, is because of her brother. Sitting by her side, humming it as loud
as he can.

She finds words of her own to fit, fabricates a new song as she goes along. She isn’t good at
it, far from it, but she does it anyway. Makes it so that it’ll suit her better, one that won’t
pollute the air with his presence.

“The world would be a better place

If nobody thought of war.

It would be a better place

If people didn’t want more

It would be a better place

If all of this were true.

It would be a better place

If it just wasn’t for you...”

He sits beside her long after visiting hours are over, and nobody comes to take him away.
She finds it hard to sleep with the tune constantly there, but she knows that he’ll be gone by
morning, just like always.

“I brought flowers,” he says, and nods towards the flower-vase where three decaying
flowers are hanging over the rim. She stretches her arm over to grasp one, and brings it
back, directly in front of her face.

It feels thin and dry and damp in her hand, but also like it isn’t even there.

(He should leave, stop mocking her; she can’t accomplish anything like this)

She eats her meal quietly and without complaint. They have given her a plastic fork and
knife. She grips the latter tightly, clutters it, but it doesn’t feel right in her hand. It doesn’t
have the same satisfying weight as the one she used. Neither is it sharp enough, it’s hard to cut up her meal.

Lamb, cow, horse or anything else, the flesh doesn’t feel the same either. And it’s impossible to stab it with the knife’s rounded edge.

(Shoot will most likely never get another chance.)

Her parents visit her, they try to make small talk, something to fill the silence of the white room. Plain and boring conversations, repetitive.

No, she hasn’t heard anything. No, nothing has changed. NO, she has not gotten any better, neither is there any date of release planned in the near future!

Before, it had always just been her, her mother, father, younger sister and elder brother. But people said that she was never quite there. She quietly disagrees. How she despises them.

When she asks why not everybody is there, they answer that her sister stayed over with a friend, while they visited her.

She asks why they didn’t bring her with them, when they take too long to answer the unwanted question, she asks out of politeness where her brother is.

She is happy he isn’t there, that they replaced the disgusting flowers he brought.

Again, they don’t answer. “Is he back at the hospital?” As she says that, a wide smile stretches out over her face. “No, he is not,” her mother pauses to swallow, so loud and annoying. “It’s been a long time since he last was there, don’t you remember?” She continues with a strangled voice. Her mother had always been of the emotional type, powered by her feelings to ask the most obvious questions.

Oh, she remembers clearly all right. Every single second is as clear as glass, every sensation, sound, smell and colour. Even the metallic taste her fingers had acquired. The day she finally let her true feelings out in open daylight. It’s really a shame she didn’t get to finish properly.

“Oh, yes, I remember. Shame they interfered, really.” Her mother’s eyes get teary, and she turns away and buries them in her husband’s shoulder. Silence once again comes forth.
Visiting hours aren’t even over before a man comes in and makes her parents leave, not that they resist in any way. The walls are thin, and she can hear her mother talking to her father. Is she screaming? Crying? Loud sobbing, low mumbling and an authoritative voice politely asking them to go outside the building.

“You’re disturbing the patients. Please be quiet, some of them gets set off by loud sounds.”

(She had him right where she had planned to too.)

Pills shouldn’t be made this big. The lay on her tray, untouched, until someone comes in and asks her to take them. Commands. When she finally does, they leave her alone for the night, in the white, white room. Under the white, white sheets and in white, white clothes.

(She is sick of white. For once in her life, she wants her brother to be there, just for a moment, so she can make it red, red, red!)

“...It would be a better place

If you didn’t exist.

Yes, dear, dear brother

The world would be a perfect place,

So let me give it a fix.”