

Floodwall Magazine

Volume 2 | Issue 2 Article 5

2021

Asylum

Madison Knoll

How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Photography Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Knoll, Madison (2021) "Asylum," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2: Iss. 2, Article 5. Available at: https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss2/5

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Floodwall Magazine by an authorized editor of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact und.commons@library.und.edu.

Asylum

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

The noise was maddening. All it did was *tick tock*. There was no end! On and on it went, hours upon hours every single day with no break. Why couldn't it stop, when would it stop?

Oh. Seven years, thirty-two days, eleven hours, four minutes, and thirty-eight seconds. That's when that infernal ticking would stop. That's when the quiet would take over, when I wouldn't have to wait, wait for someone who may or may not be.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

Why won't it stop! I can't wait seven years, thirty-two days, eleven hours, three minutes, and thirteen seconds for it to stop. What proof is there that it will stop once I meet that someone? It's all bullshit! What proof do they have? What proof is there of anything they tell us?

Tick. Tock.

I need to stop it. I won't be part of their plan, I won't be. Fuck them! This damned clock hasn't been around since the beginning of time; it's only been around since *they* decided it! When they decided to create this "soulmate" bullshit, that's when they won. That's when they finally got control of all of us! I won't be a part of this!

Tick. Tock.

Fuck, this hurts! But I have to, it's the only way I can be free. They'll finally let me out. I can have my own house, get a pet fish or something. Anything is better than this hellhole. Fuck, fuck, this fucking hurts! But I'm almost done, I'll be free soon, I'll be free. No more seven years, thirty-two days, eleven hours, and ten seconds.

Tick. To-

[&]quot;Someone get the medic! There's a lot of blood here!"

"Holy shit, what happened?"

"Didn't you know? That patient was known for going into frenzies. Honestly, I'm surprised it took them this long to remove the clock."

"But why would they do that? The day they meet their soulmate is a special one. Who wants to ruin that chance?"

"Not everyone understands. And what do you expect in a place full of nut-cases?"

About Madison Knoll

Madison Knoll is a senior at the University of North Dakota pursuing a Bachelor's in English with a minor in Chinese Studies and Certificate in Writing and Editing. She will graduate in the fall and then continue to pursue a Master's in English at UND in the spring.