

Junior Division, Prose
Megan Williams, Bauline
Tick, tick, tick. (an excerpt)

He flicked on the kitchen lightswitch, bright lights once again infuriating his eyes as he had forgotten to cover them. He stumbled into the room as unseen blood dripped from his knuckle to his elbow, then to his shoulder. He reached for the clock above the cupboard. This one was patterned with red and green roses, a gift from his mother. Oh, how he missed her dearly. She had left him with her house and valuables, all to his lonesome.

He grasped the clock in both hands, running his fingers across it gently, before launching it with great force to the other side of the room, its insides littering the floor.

The ticking, once again, continues.

He held his head upon his palms, his fingers gripping the little hair he had left on his scalp. Could it be..? No, surely not. Maybe it was only in his head, maybe he *had* gone mad. Maybe it wasn't real, he was just asleep.

Tick, tick, tick.

He hurled a shrill scream from his parched throat, voice cracking and aching from his fury. The ticking continued on, unbothered by his rage.

He continued down the hall, head swirling. Maybe it was not left or right, but up. There surely had to be an unseen clock within the attic right? Something he had missed? With strength he didn't know he had, he hauled down the attic steps from the ceiling. A large dust cloud came down upon the crown of his skull, coating him entirely as he began to cough. He climbed the almost vertical steps, each step echoing through the narrow hall.