

The Knot of the Noose

As the cell door creaked closed, my heart dropped. The realisation of my impending death had finally sunk in. I looked around at the dim chamber. It was cramped and cold, which didn't help the fact of my prison uniform being as thin as woven strands of hair. There was a leak in the ceiling that dripped incessantly, smelling of dead mice. How sad it was, that this was where I would spend my very last night.

It was already dusk – my hearing lasted a long time. I didn't want to think about what had just happened there, so I laid down on the rigid bed, trying to reach a sense of calm. I took a deep breath; a billow of tobacco and dirt scented air filled my lungs.

This was my last night. Ever. It was a funny feeling. As if my mind was a chalkboard, and a duster was slowly wiping me away. It was a mixture of tranquility, and pure terror. I didn't know how I was supposed to sleep. Anytime I closed my eyes, I saw a noose. It swayed in the breeze, waiting patiently to wrap itself around my neck, taunting me with my forthcoming death. I could barely say the word. Death. It didn't seem right; it couldn't be right. A built-up sob burst out of me, and I immediately clamped my hand over my mouth. Showing any sign of weakness in gaol was not a good idea, whether I was to die tomorrow or not.

I tried to tame my mind, but nothing could stop it from panicking. It all became louder and louder, turning into a tangled string of haunting thoughts, like the noose was already tightening around my limp neck, strangling any power I had over myself. This all could've been avoided so easily if I'd just controlled myself, but the way my boss treated me... all of the whippings and beatings, just because he was bored. He ruined my life. I

had to make him pay. His son was just collateral damage. But, I know that being angry at myself wouldn't do anything.

I sighed and relaxed my whole body. I just had to get through this night.

As the hours went by, my senses grew numb, and I couldn't seem to move or see anymore. It felt as if I was floating in a void of nothingness. I could no longer feel what I was laying on, or the cold that once bit at my skin, or smell the metal pipes covered in mould. I should've been scared or angry, but I couldn't feel a thing, I sensed myself letting go, and as the morning sun rose, I fell, dooming myself to the void forever.

By Adele McWaters-Smith