

# **ONE TICK MADNESS**

A Work of Fiction...  
Maybe... Maybe Not

By  
Roy

*"The goat looked at the butcher, and pleaded to tell its tale.  
Hoping, it would change his mind,  
Upon hearing the tale, the butcher didn't waver,  
And struck the goat's neck with his dagger,  
Leaving all pity behind."*

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

**TABLE OF CONTENTS** ..... 3

**DISCLAIMER**..... 5

**PROLOGUE**..... 6

**ONE**..... 7

**The Anomaly** ..... 8

**Chapter One** .....

**Chapter Two**.....

**Chapter Three** .....

**TICK**.....

**The Anomaly** .....

**Chapter Four**.....

**Chapter Five**.....

**Chapter Six**.....

**MADNESS**.....

**Chapter Seven** .....

**Chapter Eight**.....

**Chapter Nine** .....

**The Anomaly** .....



Copyright © Filmtracks Titles 2015

All rights reserved by Filmtracks Titles. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any forms or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of Filmtracks Titles, or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate reprographic rights organization.

The author's moral rights have been asserted.

Cover designed by Filmtracks Titles.

## **DISCLAIMER**

All the fictional and non-fictional characters in this novel have been presented in a fictional setting. Any resemblance to the past, present or future is purely coincidental.

Serendipitously, imagination struck me like lightning bolts, which then stringed itself together to become this saga. Please note, that it is my earnest endeavor to get rid of that enigma which is clouding your belief system, of what is true and what is real.

You are to remain focus, never to lose sight of that genuine wonder, which is hidden beneath your eyelids. In order to experience it, you need to close your eyes first.

## PROLOGUE

I am the sanest in my insane world. I float through time and space, shadowing through my past, present and future. The intimate insights of the people that touched my soul, I know, unspoken words, cocooned up overtures, unbeknownst to an otherwise habitual soul. I am the ultimate knowledge of my life, yet I chose to remain in the platitudes of disbelief. I am cognizant to the clouded surroundings in which I breathe. Yet, it is an allegory to the dissent of my lunacy.

Time has been the ultimate denominator of my life. It is time that has displaced me, muddling my present state. I possess the power to look back and forth, far and wide, yet I remain unsure of my projections, which is now forever sutured on a putrefied fabric, I call Life.

At what cost, shall I parlay my prodigy to regain my sanity. I feel deeply obliged to the pain I caused, while living the lie, claiming inebriety.

# ONE

*The world is a circle, alongwith our lives*

A human brain can retain at the most, nine sets of information. Any other information seepage is nothing but an anomaly, we are told. All that separates us is our punctuated selves, punctuated by time.

The gavel strikes, resonating the sound of a thud, providing the perfect countdown for the emancipation of my lost soul, while loitering outside the confines of veracity. Three... thud, two... thud, one.

## The Anomaly

Theo caresses the canvas with his gentle brush strokes capturing the tranquil vistas, and within which she arose amongst the swaying and swishing blades of the mustard meadow.

The wind was strong, her dark hair was long, floating akin a river over the sea of yellow. She stood there valiantly, shedding her inhibitions, unveiling her naked torso and protruded belly to satiate his lust for a magnum opus.

The tattered clothing was somehow hanging onto his skeletal framework. His unshaven bristled beard, caved-in cheeks hid a striking face. His compassionate blue eyes were fixated on the strokes, as he diligently merged them in myriad hues. A penurious man, hoping to earn a fair living amongst the hounds and sharks by peddling his artwork.

He waited for the sun to peak beneath the gray skies, to shower its warmth on his finished artwork. Droplets of rain, his efforts would go in vain, he prayed to the almighty for the culmination of his deed. His prayers were heard, and the milieu mutated to golden.

In the era of acute depression, work, there were none. The scoured couple traversed the market to find potential suitors, but there was none. Helpless with hunger, she needed the vitamins for her child. Theo went to a fruit-monger, and begged for a handful of oranges. He declined. When Elena pleaded through her sorrowful eyes, he agreed to trade a crate for the painting in return. They had no choice but to accept the offer. Years from now, the art magnifique, shall be gleefully accepted by the highest bidder.

She went into labor, he could only manage a nurse. She delivered a healthy baby boy. Caressing his chest, she lovingly looked at him. Not willing to submit his fate in their destitute lives, she chose to part away from him. Without a thought, Theo dismissed her request. He chose

to fight the uphill battle of poverty and provide for his wife and son. But his deteriorated health, and the surrounding depression left him stranded, he finally had to succumb to the inevitable.

With heavy hearts and teary eyes, they put their son in the same crate which held the oranges captive, and left him in the foyer of an orphanage. She placed a note atop his chest. Written in it, were his name and a poem, her last words to him. Theo cursed his morbid reality. “I am not a man, for I cannot provide” he thought. Elena hugged him, as if his thoughts found a way in her. The parents looked into the gleaming eyes of the newborn in a gloomy world, and blessed him with success and glory when he attained maturity.

Months passed, the sun didn't dawn upon them. She whispered to him, “I am pregnant”. The words were like thunder, piercing his heart. He could find no one, but to blame himself. They had again consummated their passionate love, as strife gripped the forlorn souls. His only way out from this treacherous world was to be inside her.

As the pain of labor got the better of her, she told him, “We didn't mean anything to the world.” The words were cryptic to him.

The nurse held the newborn, it was a girl. The mother left them behind, to never return again. Theo broke down, and cried profusely for Elena's resurgence, but she was gone, and no prayer or pleading would bring her back, such was the norms of the universe.

With no jobs in sight, such was his desperate plight, with the only outcome in sight. He put her in the same orphanage where he kept her brother. The distraught man had high hopes to make a name for himself, in the world of art. But with her gone, his world fell apart. He couldn't endure this struggle any longer. He was done with life. He sketched Elena on a small piece of paper, and cried in the dark. He was left with two cents. Two cents was enough for the journey that he was about to commence. The ticket to heaven, the ticket was, poison.

On the tenth day of December in Nineteen Thirty Nine, after an hour past midnight, Theo emptied the bottle. As the poison started taking its effect, he saw a recumbent Elena next to him. They were in his improvised setting where he sketched her amongst the golden blades. Their moistened eyes met at tear-drops.

As his life was slowly crawling to an end, his ephemeral vision manifested her again. She lovingly looked at him, as he painted her. Then she slowly faded into the golden mist, and his eyes forever closed, only to never open again.

\*\*\*