

Through the barred window, she gave up her further speculation of the room's color. She had calmed down enough to want to lay down and sleep. She relaxed on the bed, ~~and~~ kicked off her tennis shoes and closed her eyes. She could still faintly hear the mocking bird singing in the garden. The bird's song seemed endless and tireless and it took her spirits back into the bare garden to the weedy roses and yellowing fig trees and back to the artist. He seemed to be such a nice man. He seemed to be so normal, not diseased and stale as everything else within. She wanted to go back to the garden to talk with him, to make friends, if it were possible through the nurse's grace. If they could only forgive her for her conduct with the nurse. She would be good and ~~should~~ try to get along with the nurse and she wouldn't yell back at him or say dirty things any more. She knew that she wasn't well yet, but for the first time she wanted to be well, she wanted to be free like ^{the} that mocking bird singing in the asylum ^(which she goes to stay, according to the nurse, that's all) whether or not she would ^{be} able to do it. She ^{could} ^{at} become well if only she could have another chance. She would apologize to the nurse. She would beg if need be but she had to have another chance. She had to show them.

The sound of footsteps stopped outside the door. Much time had passed and the ~~the~~ jingle of keys and ~~the~~ the click in lock. It was dark in the room and a man bashed through door and stopped. He stood there silhouetted by the hall lights as he talked to a nurse outside. Their mumbling conversation ended and the doctor said, very well and closed the door. The girl sat on the dim overhead light as he turned around to look at the girl. He smiled.

"How are you tonight, he said gently."

"I'm all right I guess," she answered. "You had a little trouble with one of the nurses here today."

"Yes ~~and~~ did. But I'm sorry for that and I want to apologize."

"There will be time for that," he said. But tell me now what problems that you have."

"What do you mean — problems?" she asked, trying to be as rational as possible.

"Oh the usual things. Do you get along with the other doctors ~~there~~ and nurses?"

"Well I must admit I've been a little nasty to them but not without reason. Many of the nurses put pretty nasty too. They like to say bad things to you when if you say anything back they curse your arm or slap you or something, and you run the risk of getting electrified or put in ice water. Oh doctor you are not going to let them do that to me are you. I'm sorry for slapping the nurse but she called me a — idiot."

"Did she say that to you?"

"Well not exactly, but she said I was trying to tell myself to that nice artist man in the garden."

"You know that you are not supposed to speak to the men don't you?" (5)

"yes, but he seemed so nice."

That could very well be. In fact I know the man in question but think of the discipline problem that we would have if nobody obeyed our orders.

"Yes, doctor, I know and I'm sorry." But that nurse didn't have to say what she did to me. She must hate me for some reason and now she's going to have me electrocuted. I know she is. ~~I know she is.~~

Her hands were wringing the handkerchief again in a feeble effort to keep back the tears. They come anyway.

"Calm down," said the doctor gently. "You are right the nurses are cruel at times. I understand and you won't be harmed. And no one is angry at you."

The doctor's words were like medicine. They soothed and comforted her. She trusted him. She put her life in his hands. Some how, she thought, that the doctor reminded her of her father. Frankly she didn't know why, because she couldn't remember her father. If she could remember ^{him} ~~him~~ she would like him to be just like the doctor. This man didn't remind her of the institution's doctor. Then she recognized why. ^{He} ~~He~~ did not have on one of those white starched uniforms. Instead a loose lined jacket hung about his shoulders. In the coat pocket protruded the hole of a pipe which only heightened the fatherly image projected by his whitish grey hair and mustache. He did not seem as dogmatic as the other doctors. He smiled gently and did not pose questions at every opportunity. ~~He~~ ^{He}

They talked pleasantly for a few minutes while the usual chilly atmosphere between doctor and patient evaporated. Before an hour was up she was telling him every thing that she could possibly imagine. ~~He~~ ^{He} troubled her but not ~~confronting~~ ^{confronting} the bad sanitary conditions or the other discomforts of the asylum. He asked her where she was from and of her life before she became ill. She was surprised when one of the youngest young doctors intervened. He with notebook in hand. It was that notebook which always made her nervous. She always felt that if she ever made a slip, and opened would only be recorded in the notebook.

"Oh," she said, "did I tell you that you reminded me of my father?"

"No, but I'm flattered. In what ways do I remind you of your father?"

Just the little things I guess. I like the pipe in your pocket and your jacket. It reminds me of him.

"Did you know your father well?"

"Well - she had talked herself into a corner. She couldn't arouse his suspicion. Let's just say he was my father."

"All right."

"Since you like my pipe, do you mind?" He made a motion toward his coat pocket.

Wow - go ahead.

He pulled out the pipe which was already stuffed with tobacco. He lit it and puffed on it as the room filled with the sweet aroma. He sat back in the wooden chair and relaxed with puffs of smoke rising to the light bulb above. All was quiet except the breaking of the wooden chair.

Suddenly the girl thought she could hear the mocking bird still singing outside. The sweet notes echoed as if from far away.

"Isn't the mocking bird song pretty?"

The doctor looked up from his private thoughts as if half comprehending what the girl said.

"What?" he asked.

"The mocking bird's song."

"What song. I don't hear any song."

"Try real hard. It's very faint but very beautiful. The bird is singing on the weather vane and has been since this afternoon when I was in the garden. I have never heard one call at night have you, Doctor?"

No, No, I guess I haven't and I guess I'm too old to it, one now.

"But it's singing its heart out Doctor. The bird is singing for people to hear."

"No. Don't" answered the doctor who who took a quick check of his watch.

They both said nothing. The doctor seemed to be thinking to himself. The girl was concentrating on the beautiful song. She noticed his troubled expression when he checked his watch but only misinterpreted it as an unwillingness to leave. She liked it all even if the room was bare and ugly, even if the only light came from a dim ceiling light or through the barred window. It was silent here away from the screams in the ward with only the sound of the singing of the bird. She doctor rubbed his chin nervously with his hand. He checked his watch again. Suddenly the sounds of footsteps stopped outside the door. There was a chilling silence. The girl made no move ment but just stared at the door. The doctor still seemed to be ^{staring} ~~staring~~ at the door. The knock sounded a gain - an echo of clear impatient sound. The doctor rose to the door. The nurse was standing there. The girl did not move. She gripped the sides of the bed.

"Wow?" said the nurse impatiently.

"Yes," he said. "Wow."

The nurse motioned quickly and two assistants brushed past her and the doctor.

The girl made no movement. They stood there over her like to gigantic white statues. Their arms shot out and clomped upon him. He screamed and with a frantic push shoved them away. She fell back upon the bed and gripped her frail white hands on the bed frame. The assistant, pulled at her with silent, deliberate force - a force which quickly overpowered her. They lifted her from the bed. She was a screaming bronchec, they gripped her small arms and thrust something over them. The fist buckles being secured behind ~~her~~. Then with two powerful jerks her arms were pulled across in front of her and secured behind. She stopped her screaming and just cried. She wanted the doctor to reach out his hands and free her from those bonds but he only stood there as they bound and buckled her ~~up~~. They quickly pushed her through the door and out into the hall. A bed on wheels was waiting her and she was picked up and put on it. She tried to look back to see the doctor. ~~But~~ her many exhausted breathing she ~~discovered~~ ^{could} hear the doctor's words. But both the ~~and~~ that hated ^{nurse} approached her and looked down upon her. The nurse coldly, the doctor warmly and sympathizingly. He put a cold hand on her perspiring forehead and he smothered her vain look away from her eyes. The doctor turned to the nurse. "She won't need the cold water baths, the shock treatment will be enough. Good-bye."

"But doctor - - -"

"Do as I say nurse!"

"Yes, sir."

The girl managed a frightened smile. She still trusted the doctor. As he drove away he was defending her from that nurse. She tried to blink the tears away from her eyes. "Why doctor, why?"

The doctor looked down at her and smiled. "To make you well again. To make ^{you} well and happy. To make ^{you} make your mockingbird sing forever. The doctor patted her on the head again then gave the signal to the assistant. As they wheeled her away from she cried ~~a~~ ^{at} the doctor but he did not answer. She watched the lights sweeping by her closer to the that room - the hell of the insane. ~~But~~ she was sad but not very afraid. Tears turned ~~that~~ vision to mere waves of light and dark - no smog. She almost smiled when she had heard the doctor's words. ^{Now} she knew that she would be well. She read that in the doctor's gentle eyes but she knew that she could not hear the ~~smothering~~ ^{smothering} ^{bird} again. Singing of the mockingbird.

(A) She felt dizzy. The room seemed to pitch and sway and whirl in around ^{like} a storm ^{in fact} blowing back on her. She reached out her hand for something to steady herself. There was nothing to hold on to. She fell towards the bed and she sunk her face into the pillow and cried. She was all alone and abandoned, ^{there} ~~considering~~ ^{nothing} ~~that~~ ^{like} an animal. ~~She~~ ^{But} she pushed and shouted at ^{the kind and generous} to be pleased up and at times beaten. The outside world ^{was} ~~was~~ a fragment of her imagination, not even a memory. Even the smile and the kind face of the artist had brought her pain.

She stopped her crying and sat up and wiped her eyes with a dirty ~~hand~~ handkerchief. She felt condemned. ^{But} If she hadn't ~~been~~ been in the garden today, she would have forgotten that the world even in the plant-strewn courtyard could be beautiful, and that the ~~clear~~ ^{clear} ~~ring~~ ^{ring} the mockingbird which flew over the courtyard walls had brought with it a touch of beauty from the outside world. Her heavy perspired breathing relaxed and slowed. She had calmed enough to want to lay back down and sleep. She relaxed back on the bed, kicked off her tennis shoes and closed her eyes. A faint sound fell softly upon her ears. Was she dreaming or could she hear the mockingbird still singing. Whether ~~its~~ ^{its} music came through the barred window or not she thought she could hear and to her such thoughts were reality. The bird's song seemed endless and tireless, and it took her spirits back into the bare garden, to the weedy roses and the yellowing fig trees and back to the artist.*

{ much time had passed and the afternoon light had dimmed and had ~~turned~~ ^{turned} to evening. She was awakened by the sound of foot steps ~~which~~ ^{which} stopped outside ^{the} door

Just description (work done)

Person
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