

The sun fell warm and comfortable on her shoulders, and the air was cold and crisp and ~~very~~ fresh. Compared to the stifling heat and odor that she had just left. It was like being born again or like waking up from the darkness of a terrible dream. Yes, it was like waking up from darkness into the cool freshness of a sunlit world. Her eyes were still squinting from the light and were tightly forming faintly crinkled at their corners. She smiled, perhaps for the first time in months, perhaps since the time hidden back in her memory, that the sun had shined on her. She wanted to laugh at herself. She felt like a mole which had just crawled out from the darkness of its burrow.

He was getting well, she had to be getting well, she thought. so she took a seat by the dried up fountain topped by a rusted statue of Diana. He had to be improving on the doctor's wouldn't have stopped giving her the shock treatments.

Her thin hands lightened into a white fist. The cruel memories of the electric pain shooting through her body in an unguessed effort to rip apart that curtain which separated her from the outside world of the same made her shiver even in the warm sun. She remembered her unhealed pain still rung in her ears. Every time they rolled her into the dreaded treatment room she knew that it would be her last - but she could not possibly live through any more. The impatient doctors always assure her that no harm would come of it, but it was weeks or months, she had no real conception of time, before she became convinced that they were not going to execute her for some crime that she could not now remember.

A mocking bird flew over the uncared court yard wall and landed atop a weather vane on the asylum roof. It flapped its wings and sounded out in a warbling song that echoed through the large court yard. Every thing seemed so beautiful and bright under the shadowy echo of the bird. She pink ~~of~~ of a few stunted and stunted roses ~~attracted~~ ^{attracted} her with their still beauty. She walked over to the bushes and picked one of the ~~blossoms~~ ^{flowers} dainty vase of shell pink. She slipped it into the button hole of her ~~new~~ uniform and then proceeded around the court yard to explore her new world.

He was ^{surrounded} ~~in the~~ ^{by the} ~~enclosure~~ enclosure of brick walls and narrow side walks that led under yellowing fig trees and high arching clumps of cane. A ~~copy~~ ^{copy} were ~~fence~~ ^{fence} separated the ~~way~~ ^{way} from the ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~which~~ ^{which}. But she could ~~yard~~ ^{yard} ~~apparently~~ ^{apparently} ~~not~~ ^{not} see it. She walked calmly around what was left of the garden listening to the sweet notes of the mocking bird. The garden appeared to be empty except for one inmate who sat quietly on ~~one of~~ ^{one of} the benches under a fig tree. She staid straight ahead and the wind blew her fine straight hair into her eyes. ~~She didn't see him~~ ^{She didn't see him} ~~until the girl approached her.~~

"Hello," said the girl. The inmate on the bench made no move.

"I said Hello." Still no movement.

She left the girl ~~sitting at the bench~~ and ^{stroled} ~~strolled~~ ^{over to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~unfence~~ ^{unfence}. There seemed to be ~~no body~~ ^{no body} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~either~~ ^{either} but as she turned about to walk to the other side of the garden she noticed a man bending over on his hands and knees ~~and~~ ^{and} scratching something into the dirt. ~~He was drawing something~~ ^{He was drawing something} ~~she approached slowly over to him~~ ^{she approached slowly over to him}.

"What are you doing?" she asked?

He looked up at her and smiled. "I'm painting," he said, then he shook his head. "No I'm not painting, I'm sketching. You know - drawing in the dirt."

She leaned against the fence to see ~~the drawing more~~ ^{the drawing more} ~~clearly~~ ^{clearly}. There was ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} to speak of - only smooth curves and lines. She watched him out of the corner of her eye as she looked at the lines and curves. She could see that he was studying her face very closely.

"You know," he said, "you have an el Greco face."

"Oh really? Is that good or bad?"

"Your face is saintly. It has smooth, long lines. It is very beautiful."

She ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} smile and she liked him. He seemed ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~normal~~ ^{normal} for a place like this. ~~On~~ ^{On} ~~uncomfortable~~ ^{uncomfortable} ~~silence~~ ^{silence} resumed. The man was very pleasant and she wasn't a bit surprised when she heard his voice saying -

"Do you work here or are you crazy too?"

"I'm afraid I have my troubles too," he laughed.

"But you don't seem like those nuts in there," she pointed to the asylum building.

"I'm getting well, they tell me."

"That is good. That makes me very happy."

"Are you getting well?" he asked.

"I guess so," she said, "if they wouldn't have let me out in the garden. If I could keep having this sunshine and the blue sky and flowers I know I would get well."

"We must be friends" he said.

The mockingbird gave forth with a new warbling imitation and both looked up at the weather vane to watch it. The bird was lost in its own sunny ecstasy, fluttering gaily and down upon the weather vane, its shrill notes sounding ^{both} through the bare court yard. Suddenly the girl's eye ^{was struck by} a devilish idea. She bit her lip and peered over her shoulders for ^{the} ^{contaminated} ^{the} ^{angelic} ^{the nurse} ^{the artist} ^{could catch it.}

Do you have any cigarettes?"

"yes"

Please, could I just hold one?"

"Do you have a match?" she asked

She took a deep inhale but caught it back out. The smoke turned and irritated.

"Watch it! he said" He turned away and hurried ~~away~~ across his half of the court yard.

"No-No I didn't, I didn't know," the girl cried.
"What were you doing?"

"What were you doing with that man. Trying to sell yourself to him for a cigarette?"

A cloud of rage swept over the girl. She had never been called
that before. She swung back her hand and slapped the nurse
but defiance, the nurse ~~had~~ grabbed her arm and ~~had~~ twisted
it behind her. She screamed as her blow was wrenched in
she did not hear the nurse's words; she could only feel that
ceased and she smelled the sweat and ~~pink scent of disinfectant~~
of the ward again. She was swept or pushed into a ~~dark~~
cell like room ~~and~~ ^{and} told to wait. The nurse left, halting the
door behind her. (A) She looked about the dingy room
from her seat on the cot, hands gripping a handkerchief like
the sinny claws of a hawk. ^{It} ~~She~~ couldn't quite make her mind
up if the room was white and just dirty or if it was grey, grimy
dark, slopily and no one come back to the room. She felt
lonely and abandoned. Perhaps they were going to leave her
here for ever to starve and die in loneliness. Her stomach began
to twist with hunger. Even if she did starve it would be a better
way a die than to be electricuted. She tried to shove the shock
treatment back into her mind but the memory of that shivering
pain seemed to manifest itself in everything she looked at. The room
was bare, though, with only a sink ^{and} a wash basin flushing their
while in the slowly darkening room. As the light dimmed (1)