

The Silent Type

"One Last Bedtime Story"

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His steps are unsure. He walks to the closet, a bear in his hands and a prayer on his lips. The darkness deceiving, his clothes are all goblins, the chair is a castle the bats hover 'round. 'Please Mom will you save me, your heart's sleeping sound. Dear Dad, you are stronger than anything.' Ran to the bathroom, tripped on his shoes. 'Where is my brother? They found him first.' He'll lock the door 'til the ghosts are all far away. He's safe if he's pure, the minister promised. These devils can't touch him if he starts to pray. He's clasping his hands, he's making a promise, but just as he speaks, sleepy eyes...

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