

5-1-2016

Untitled

Kaylee Witschen
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag

 Part of the [Photography Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Witschen, Kaylee (2016) "Untitled," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 22 , Article 16.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol22/iss1/16

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

FIVE //

The author complains of his condition. He no longer wishes to write. He is uninspired. Couldn't we at least give him more time? His ankles have nearly been rubbed raw. Could we be so kind as to loosen the fetters?

We do not agree. After all, it is agony that makes a true author.

The author should be well on his way.

SIX //

Today we have decided to remove the author's extremities. It is an unfortunate decision, but he will no longer be needing them, and we cannot afford superfluous limbs.

We, of course, leave his right arm intact, for it is his only asset except for his wonderful brain.

To accurately craft tales of sorrow, an author must permanently mourn the loss of something once his own.

SEVEN //

We have decided to get rid of the author. In the middle of the night, we sneak into his chamber with a knife. As he sleeps, we plunge the blade into his chest, letting it sink below his ribs. He sputters, coughing up blood.

Why are you doing this? he stammers.

We do not answer; we do not feel guilt. The author knew what his job would entail.

We pile his decaying body on top of the others'. The room reeks of stories never told. Some flies buzz around, clinging to the brains and entrails of decaying words.

We return to the author's chambers, pocketing the author's pages. We shall alter them just enough to make them our own.

It is now time to find ourselves a new author.