

5-1-1995

## Domicile, Part Five

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### Recommended Citation

Foreman, Alan (1995) "Domicile, Part Five," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2 , Article 56.  
Available at: [https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol2/iss1/56](https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol2/iss1/56)

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## Domicile

### Part Five

*Alan Foreman*

“Look!” That was the biggest clue he had been given and it came from the very source of Paul’s pain and delusions, his insanity. The eye. The human eye was the source of this. . . this creature’s power. The human eye was his control device. When he did not have the human eye, he had the mechanical eye, the camera. Crowds of people writhed in the flames below. Paul glanced at them. They had all lost their eyes.

The young man had a burst of power and pressed the knife closer to Paul’s face. Paul then had a closer look at the handle. The eyes of the snake were rubies, and they glowed. Paul grabbed the man’s wrist, breaking his hold on the knife. Paul recovered the blade and lunged at the young man in black, plunging the sharp blade into the man’s left eye.

The young man fell to the floor of the terrace as blood poured from his wound. He was old now, very old. His fingernails had grown, his skin had dried up and formed scales, and his eyes had died. They no longer glowed as the snake-like pupil closed to a sliver. The flames died, and Paul no longer felt his pain. He glanced up to regain his strength, and when he looked down the old man was gone. In his place were a puddle of water, a plant, and a newborn baby.

THE END