

Sarah L.

Doctor Irony

“Hello dear reader,” says the godly figure in front of you. “My name is Me. I need you to do something for me. It’s a very important task. There is a case named Doctor Irony that needs to be picked up.” He dragged his finger along the bookshelf to the right of you, mumbling something inaudible. “There it is!” Me exclaimed. “Here, read this,” he said as he gave you a book. “Look on page 1097.” You do as you’re told and wait for more instructions from Me. “Go on. Read.” Me instructed you. You begin reading.

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Hello! My name is Carla and I’m a childhood depression therapist. Right now, I have a client who’s suffering from depression. Her name is Jackie. She is a female with pale skin because of malnutrition. She has thick black hair and brown eyes. Every day she refuses to talk to me about her problems. I’ve tried using a calm voice, being reassuring, and even bribing her with \$100. She never talks. I even went as far as to tell her my most guarded secret: When I was her age, my mother suffered from depression. She killed herself and my father got depressed. Later he killed himself to join my mother. They never told anyone and never went to see a therapist. After telling her that story, she still didn’t speak. I tried talking to her mother, but all I get is a smack to the head and a “Do your job correctly!” in response.

It was time for her weekly therapist visit today. I checked the time. That was unusual. She was seven minutes late. I looked outside my office. She wasn’t there. I waited another 9 minutes. I was about to call her when I heard a loud banging on my door and a woman and man screaming something inaudible. I heard more banging and screaming. Someone screaming for me to open the door, and I did. Jackie’s mother and father came tumbling into my office. The mother grabbed me by my hair and screamed, “You did it all WRONG!!! SHE WASN’T SUPPOSED TO END UP LIKE THIS!!!” I calmly asked her to sit down and talk it out with me. The mother eventually calmed down but kept crying. The father patted her on the back, reassuringly. What was strange, though, was that the mother seemed to be biting on her lip and forcing herself to cry.

“What happened to Jackie? Is she late? Why isn’t she here with you? Why are you here, mister? You never come here.” I asked.

“Because...” the father responded.

“Because what?”

“You KILLED her, you MURDERER!!!” the mother screamed.

“I’m sorry but I don’t know what you mean. Can yo-”

“YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS TIME?!”

I didn't know how to respond. I didn't know what to say. What had I done wrong? Where was Jackie? Was she safe?

"Calm down honey, I'll explain it to her," the father reassured.

"...fine...but tell her everything," the mother responded.

The father began his story. "Me and my wife got back home at around 5:30PM. I went to the kitchen to make some dinner. I couldn't help but notice that the house was quiet, almost too quiet, but I didn't think too much of it. After I made dinner, I called my wife and Jackie downstairs to eat. My wife came, but Jackie did not. I called her again, but there still was no response. I went upstairs to see what was going on, and I noticed her bedroom door was locked. I went downstairs to find the key for her bedroom, and once I went back upstairs, I noticed the smell. It smelled of..."

"Blood?" I asked.

"Yes," the father answered. "I unlocked the door and that was when... she was-I-she-" he stammered.

I knew what he was going to say. I knew exactly what he was going to say. I wanted to run away from the scene right away, but I forced myself to stay put.

"She committed suicide," the father finished.

Silence. Awful, loud but quiet silence. I felt some emotion wash over me that I can't describe. The mother let out a fake, obnoxious sob. The father patted her on the back.

All I could think was, "I am a failure. I am a FAILURE. I AM A FAILURE. I FAILED and it's ALL MY FAULT!"

It should've been me, not Jackie. I'm the one who deserves to die. I'm the one who killed her. I am the murderer. I murdered Jackie.

Now here I am, looking out at the sunset on a rooftop, replaying that event over and over and over again. What a beautiful sunset it is today. As I fall, the wind flows through every inch of my body. Gravity is pulling me towards my mother and father. I'm getting closer, and I think, this is how I-

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You finish reading and look up at Me. "Grim Reaper, bring the spirit to me and I will give it peace. She deserves it," Me says.

"Umm...sir...Me, what was Carla's full name?" you ask.

"Her full name is Carla Unlucky Irony. Misfortune is spelled all over her name, right?"

"Yes sir."

"Now go fetch me her spirit before it fades. You have 24 hours. Go! Shoo!"

You hop into the mortal world to find Carla Unlucky Irony's spirit and complete your task. You land in New York. Everything seems normal, except everyone's moving in slow motion. "Oh right! Time moves faster in the spirit world," you realize. You peek at someone's phone. It says "Top Story: Therapist Commits Suicide. Dubbed: Dr. Irony". You spot a woman curled up into a ball, crying in front of a skyscraper. "Hello Carla," you say, as you give her a hand. "I am the Grim Reaper and I was brought here to help you find peace."