

Insanity

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The moment I woke up, the world seemed abnormal.

“Oh, gosh! Why didn’t you wake me up, honey? I’m going to be late!”

Through my bleary eyes, I saw my wife bouncing up. She dressed herself with a tie and a business suit. I was bewildered by the sight. Rubbing my sore eyes, I saw the hour hand pointing at about 1, and the sky was still dark. “What are you doing now? It’s just 1:00 a.m. And...why do you wear a man’s suit!?”

She looked at me with surprise and said, “I’m a man, certainly I have to wear a man’s suit. Honey, you seem a little weird today. Maybe you’re too exhausted to keep clear-headed. I’ll have my breakfast outside, so you can take more rest in bed. Besides, don’t forget to take care of Johnny. And most important of all, remember to watch our annual show.” She kissed me good-bye on my forehead and left.

What the hell was that?

I sat up stunned, staring at the door where my wife had just left, speechless. Was she making fun of me? Was today April Fool’s Day? I checked the calendar. No, it’s not. Then...what the hell was that? I walked by the window and was astonished by the scene—every road was loaded with cars. I glared at my watch to make sure that I didn’t confound the correct time. No mistake. But...traffic jam at midnight? Why were there so many people busily leaving home when it was deep in the night?

Pondering and withdrawing my eyes from this exceptional phenomenon, I took notice of my reflection from the mirror of the dressing table. To my great surprise, I was wearing a nightdress! What’s that? Why did I wear woman’s dress when sleeping? Did my wife change my clothes when I slept soundly? Did she think it was funny? It was no fun! I started to get a little bit annoyed, and all of a sudden, I heard little Johnny cried out “Mommy, I’m hungry. Can we have breakfast now?” Oh, damn! Elizabeth was not home, for the sake of the boring game, and I had to take the full responsibility to take care of Johnny.

When I walked downstairs and stepped into the dining room, with a glamorous smile, Johnny ran to me, hugged me, kissed my cheek, and said, “Good morning, Mommy.” Uniting with your mom to cheat me? I breathed hard, but finally heaved a sigh, and said, “Johnny, don’t play that game anymore. Daddy doesn’t like it. Stop, OK?”

With innocent and puzzled expression and eyes widely opened, Johnny said, “Mommy, why did you call yourself Daddy? And...what game? I’m not playing a game.” For a while his glamorous smile crawled on his face again. “Are you playing with me, Mommy? But I’m really hungry. Can we have breakfast first, and then we can play together?” After finishing the few last



words, Johnny dashed to the dining table and was seated straight, waiting for the meal. Since I was a little hungry myself, I gave in and started to prepare something for us to eat. Maybe I had to fill my stomach first so that I could have enough strength to confront their “hilarious” game.

After the meal, Johnny rushed out of the door and said, “Mommy, let’s go to see Daddy’s performance. Hurry up! Or we can’t occupy the best seats!” “Come back, Johnny! Don’t you know how late it is? You’re not going anywhere! It’s midnight! Wait! Johnny! COME BACK!” I howled loudly but the only thing I gawked at was the door where Johnny had disappeared. Furiously, I went upstairs, taking off the stupid nightdress and putting on a normal shirt and pants, and chased after Johnny hastily outside to find him back.



Once again, I couldn’t believe my eyes upon seeing the scene outside. The moon was glistening brightly and softly in the dark sky. It’s really midnight, but there were people everywhere. On my way to find Johnny, I saw flocks of men like transvestites wearing dresses, skirts, and high heels. “Yuck!” I couldn’t help giving them a despising gaze. Not only those men, but women were dressing themselves with suits or ties or anything which should belong to men. Could it be a masquerade night? As I pondered single-mindedly, I heard those men giggling and gossiping, just like multitude of sissies. What startled me the most was that one of the sissies was my colleague in the trade company. Ordinarily he was an even-tempered and mature man. How come he became a nauseous creature like this? I turned my head in order to shun the sight which made me uncomfortable, and unexpectedly an extraordinary view caught my attention. I beheld that those “vehicles” which were galloping on the road were not cars, but various kinds of “animate” animals, and people were riding on them like driving a car. There were leopards, goats, giraffes, even ostriches. A woman steering passed through me slowly grumbled, “If I had enough money, I would buy a better car, not this stupid slow panda car. No matter how early I get up, I am late for work every day and scolded by my boss. Shoot! That leopard car overtakes me! I have enough of it!” The panda tossed an innocent but helpless eye on its master, as if protesting that it was not its fault.

I began to feel dizzy. What happened to the world? It was me who had enough of it! I rubbed my temples to ease the spinning ache in my head, deciding that finding Johnny was my top priority now. I observed that all the people were heading to the same direction. Although I was unwilling to track those freaks, I reluctantly yielded because the thought that Johnny might go to the same place as they did hit me.

Striving to take no notice to the nuts, finally, I followed them into the National Theatre. Pausing at the splendid gate, I read the gilding words on the cardinal banner, “ANNUAL GLORY COMPETITION.” I stared at them awhile, a

treacherous feeling crept on me from bottom to top and made me shiver out of an unknown fear. I squeezed through the people nervously who were waiting in line to park their animals and then I went into the hall. Just as expected, I saw Johnny sitting in the first row. Upon seeing me, Johnny skipped up cheerfully, waving to me and yelling, "Mommy! I'm here! I get the best seats for us to see Daddy's show!" The sense of eccentricity and discomfort overwhelmed me, making me desperate to grab Johnny to flee and get rid of the eerie feeling flowing here.

But it was too late. When I finally jostled to Johnny's side, the curtains of the stage ascended slowly; meanwhile, the whole crowd were stirred to wild enthusiasm, shouting and making uproar. The theatre was too overcrowded for me to move at all, and the enormous clamor made me deafening and lose my thoughts. The curtain rose to the top; trying every endeavor to pull Johnny out of the madding crowd, I got a glimpse of my wife and a woman standing on the stage with swaggering expression, and beside them were rows of shelves different kinds of objects laid, such as axes, hand drills, hammers, etc. The audience seemed abnormally excited, with their eyes full of blood and craze. The smiles on their face looked hazardous and creepy.

All the people applauded and hailed upon seeing the host, all smiles, strode from the back of the stage to make a simple introduction. "Welcome to the magnificent annual show today. Let me introduce briefly the two prominent heroes of this show. The left side is...Mr. CATHARINE! The right side is...Mr. ELIZABETH." Beneath the stage, the audience acclaimed with joy and passion as the two waved and beamed. "Since everyone can't wait for it, let's start this show right now! It will be the performance of their lifetime!" A bell rang euphonically and the host receded to the back of the stage; in the meantime, all the audience lost their mind, roaring even violently. The two women on the stage suddenly were like mentally deranged monsters howling and making aggressive attack on each other by the weapons on the shelves.

I was too astounded to make any reaction to their terrifying scene at first, but as I saw the other woman cut off Elizabeth's piece of flesh by the sharp sickle, I regained consciousness, screamed and yelled at everyone to stop this brutal show. But no one seemed to notice my voice in the tumultuous condition. I hurriedly ran up onto the stage and exhausted all my strength to stop the two women's insane competition.

The instant I stopped them, the whole theatre was abruptly in dead silence. It was too tranquil that I thought if a needle dropped on the ground, the sound would be heard like a thunder cracking in the sky. I turned my body dreadfully and slowly, gasping and swallowing hard as I saw the whole spectators glowered at me with reddish eyes and grinded their teeth in anger. I gathered all my courage and shouted, "What on the earth are you guys doing?"

You barbaric lunatics!" I leaned to my wife in want of checking her wound, but she only resentfully slapped my hand back, punched me mercilessly and shrieked, "Don't bother us! What the damn thing are you doing? Get out of the stage! GET OUT!" Along with my wife, the other woman pushed me relentlessly down the stage as well. I couldn't control my body from falling from the stage; the last sensation I felt was the storm of manifold of personal stuff darting on my body from the grandstands, and the last words I heard pounded my heart severely from almost everywhere, "THIS PERSON IS INSANE! THIS PERSON IS INSANE! PUT HER TO DEATH! PUT HER TO DEATH!" Then I fainted.

When I came around, I saw throngs of people assembled around me; some of them were whispering, some were checking my body, but all of them were casting their hostilities toward me. I licked my dry lips and requested feebly, "What happened to me? Where am I?"

"How do you feel, honey? You just interrupted the annual competition! What a crime it is! Everyone is mad at you. I think ordinarily you act normally. You are only a little unusual today, so I requested the sponsor to spare you a little time to rest, or they can execute you in no time." My *husband* suspiciously looked at me, as if *he* was trying to find some clues from my reaction to confirm whether I was as normal again.

"Oh! Really? I made such a big mistake!? What the fucking thing did I do to hold back this important event? I'm so sorry...I...I don't know why I had this stupid reaction..." I harmlessly fixed my eyes on my husband, with eyes full of regretful tears. My *husband* hugged me fondly and said, "That's fine, my dear *wife*. You appear to recover from the peculiar thoughts that blocked your normal beauty." *He* gave me a gentle smile and turned back to speak to the crowd who were all observing us, "She's OK now. We can continue our competition." The crowd cried with joy and all hurried back to their seats immediately. I seated next to Johnny, who turned *her* face from the frosty look to a warm smile when hearing that I was true to form.

Later on, the two *men* continued fighting fiercely and desperately. As the whole crowd ravished with the sight of blood and savageness, I showed wild joy with them. When finally my *husband* fell down, with *his* lifeless body covered all over with cuts and bruises, I, along with Johnny and all the spectators were thrown into ecstasy. We screamed with glee, made small dances and cheered for the glorious competitors.

"*Mommy! Daddy* is dead with such great honor. How wonderful it is! I want to be like *Daddy* in the future!" *Her* face beamed in rejoicings as I gave her an

approving grin.

But suddenly, I felt a tear drop rolling down through my cheek.