

Unhinged!

By Mark Edgemon

It was a dreary, somber evening in the castle of Baron Count Von Hitchercock. Thunder could be heard most any night rippling through the silence, reverberating through the walls of his diabolical laboratory, which could be found in most castles of that day. Century 17 realtors wouldn't consider selling a castle without one.

In the darkest corner of the castle, was a lone figure who amused himself with imaginary thoughts that were as real to him as reality is to the rest of us. He rarely bathed for filth was one of the few things he could call his own.

Morley existed. He had no ambition, no purpose and no passion for anything except for the momentary exhilaration with each new curiosity he discovered. He separated himself from reality, exploring his musings as if the rules of society did not exist for him.

Like a trained animal, he bolted from the warmth of his own company whenever his master summoned him.

“Morley” the evil one called, “Bring me the plans for the village orphanage.”

Von Hitchercock was entertaining the charming Ingrid DeWeathermeister, Lady of Downspinster Township with stories of his generosity toward orphans and the financially deprived. He knew there were no such plans, but it sounded good in the telling and he wanted to impress her right down to her corset.

Morley came into the room without the plans, for there were none and to the surprise and shock of the Count, with his manliness hanging out. Obviously, the Count had interrupted him at an awkward moment and Morley did not have the presence of mind to give much attention to things of that nature.

“What were your plans looking for?” Morley mumbled. “Not enuff nuff nuff” he said incoherently.

The Count became anxious that she might turn around and become incensed by the total absurdity of the predicament, so he would position himself between Morley and Lady Ingrid in order to prevent the disaster that was seemingly begging to happen. Then suddenly, Morley walked over to the wall with his back to both of them appearing to be off in his own world. The Count thought Morley was just talking to himself, however in actuality he was relieving himself against the wall.

The Count whisked Lady Ingrid toward the door in hopes she would not find out about Morley's indiscretion. It might have worked, if the Lady had not slipped in Morley's urine and fell backwards hitting her head on the hard stone floor. She finally awakened and left the castle some hours later with a bandage tied around her head and her dress reeking from the foul stench of Morley having used the ballroom floor as a chamber pot.

After the lady was out the door, the Count screamed out to Morley in rage. "Morley, get your ass in here now!" Then, with the visual image of Morley walking in backwards sporting his naked ass, he changed his summons to, "Just come in here!" Then realizing another possible misunderstanding he called out to him politely and said, "Morley, may I see you for a moment?"

In the calm of the castle dark, there was only silence. The Count began a room-by-room search throughout the castle until he found Morley focusing intently on drops of water as they cascaded down the stonewall in the castle's cellar. He watched the beads of water with fascination until the Count touched his shoulder and Morley changed his focus from the drops of water to the hairs on the back of the Count's hand.

The Count sent Morley to search for a recently deceased person to use in one of his mind control experiments, thinking this would keep him busy and out of the way while he hand mopped the ballroom floor.

Within the hour, Morley was back with the corpse draped over his shoulder and anxious to get back to his water watching. As the Count inspected the body, he noticed that it had no eyes, just sockets where the eyes should have been. He asked Morley, "What happened to the eyes?" Morley said to the Count, "They're in my pocket," proud of himself that he knew the answer to that question. With that, Morley removed the two eyes and held them up so the Count could see they were in good condition. "Why did you cut out his eyes and put them in your pocket?" his master asked angrily. "So they wouldn't get dirty," Morley answered with indignation.

The Count should have figured on something like this happening. Upon further inspection of the corpse, he noticed that the eye sockets were filled with graham cracker crumbs. He pointed this out to Morley, who looked at his master like he was stupid and said in exasperation, "Where else was I to put the crumbs that was in my pocket." And with that, he walked out of the room feeling unappreciated.

The Count decided to use Morley as the next specimen for his experiment seeing that it was always his intent to do something about Morley's mental inconsistencies. He strapped Morley to the laboratory table and placed the brain wave alignment apparatus on his head and the second one on himself. The outcome was supposed to be that Morley's lack of mental prowess would be replaced by a copy of the Count's brainwave patterns, giving Morley stronger focus and reinforcing his mental capabilities. He thought that maybe if Morley had a more efficient brain, he could serve in a more intelligent way without the usual mishaps.

The Count pulled the switch to his mind transference machine only to have Morley's mentality transferred to him and Morley's mind to remain unchanged.

Now, with both of them having the same mentality, they decided to do the only thing that was left for them to do...they went into politics.

The End