

## Mary Wyatt

**The doctor couldn't look me in the eye.** I know what you're thinking. He was cross eyed...right? Or, had a glass eye. Actually, he would never look anyone in the eye, ever again, because he had no eyes. I'd enucleated both of them.

It all started a year ago. I had a comfortable life – married with two kids, branch manager at the local bank, fit and healthy. And then things changed.

I'd been bike riding competitively on weekends and noticed that I was struggling on hills, and more concerning, had this niggling pain in my chest. Tests revealed that my heart was grossly enlarged and failing to pump adequately. The doctors put me on the heart transplant list as my condition further deteriorated. Every day I was a little worse, until one evening the long-awaited call came.

“We have a heart for you John. It's a match. You need to come to the hospital now.”

The operation was long and my recovery slow. I'd read up on the transplant experience beforehand and knew to expect changes as my body adjusted to an unfamiliar organ.

Nights were the worst. My dreams were exhausting. I would wake in a lather of sweat, my heart pounding, feeling I was being chased. In other dreams I was the pursuer, a knife in my hand, blood everywhere and screams in my ears.

After one particularly bad night, the nurse had given me a sedative and as I was drifting off to sleep I overheard her whispered conversation.

‘You know what happened with John's heart? There were two matches that night, the preferred one from a young healthy male and as the surgeon was being handed it he dropped it on the floor so it wasn't viable. There was talk of alcohol later in the tea room. Anyway, the other one was used. You might have heard about it? From the Broadmoor axe murderer? He was a lifer there and died unexpectedly so they harvested his heart. So, mixed blessings for John.’

A white-hot fury engulfed me. There would be no sleep tonight as I plotted my revenge.

The next morning the surgeon did his rounds. Full of bonhomie, and a slight whiff of alcohol, he unfolded his stethoscope to listen to my heart. As he leant forward I grabbed the dessert spoon hidden under my pillow, grasped him around the neck and dug out his eyes.

Of course, I was committed to Broadmoor, after all who in their right mind would do such a thing?