

Publicerad 2015-07-27 20:49 av Förtär Lagerkvist

*Onykter kortnovell.*

### **Pride cometh during the fall.**

Like some long slumbering, and suddenly attentive beast he awoke in his bed.

The morning was bitter cold still – and the darkness of night was yet present throughout all the rooms in the house.

Despite the outmost focus there was not a sound to be heard; and he lay still for some moments – waiting for something to disturb him. But nothing came.

When realizing this;

eventually he sat up as usual and placed his feet on the ground.

Still sitting, squinting and rubbing his eyes, he gradually erased the darkness around him and looked up at the old familiar walls.

As usual everywhere on the walls; medal upon medal hung on its own carefully and neatly chosen space – and everywhere prizes and different cups of precious metal just as carefully stood placed.

Over there stood the soccer trophy he almost single-handedly won in fourth grade; and there was the medal for most successful salesman of 1979.

‘Time waits for no man’ he said, and with some resistance he made his way out from the warming embrace of his bed.

Walking down the hall he as usual kept his eyes fixed on the walls – and for every time his eyes changed direction and found another focus; his face became more and more crumpled with contemplating.

Eventually reaching the kitchen he opened up the fridge and removed the last treasure in its inventory; two plain eggs.

He boiled the two eggs and heated some coffee from the morning before – and waiting for it to reach perfection he sat on his chair looking at the walls.

Over there was the basketball medal he had won in 69 – god almighty that tournament was a close one; he had almost given up hope during the first halftime of the finally, before eventually finding a loophole in the opponents defense, which made it possible for him to score the remaining four goals required to win.

And look – over there’s the medal he had received for being the most law abiding citizen of 82.

‘Oh it’s going to be a long day’ he thought, while fishing the two eggs from out the boiler.

While eating his breakfast he after some thought again dared to try to remain as quiet as possible – exploring for some sound that which would disturb the silence around him.

But like before; there was nothing.

When again realizing this;

he got up from his chair and threw the pieces of eggshell in the trash.

‘Better get to it – time waits for no man’

He again as usual went down the dark hall, this time heading for his office in the back of the house.

In his office was an old fine leather chair – and all around it his prize possessions.

Over there was a cup he had won in a high school dance competition – and over here a gold medal for not taking to drink when others in his school often did.

He fetched some wood from a bucket in the corner, and lit a small fire to finally receive some light – the

glow of the medals warmed his heart enough to forget the coldness of the morning.

'It's going to be a long day' he thought.

In a tired old chest of drawers faintly he obtained a cloth rag and an almost empty bottle of cleanex.

Looking around with that crumbled look – he soon had made a decision and walked over to one of the medals.

'This is the medal I was given in 84 for winning that bowling game, oh look – "keep on rolling" it says.

When reading the words "keep on rolling" he by mistake uttered the words clearly.

Hearing himself talk for no apparent reason made him uncomfortable – and as some counter reaction he for a moment stood quiet and yet again listened for someone that would might have heard him do this. Again there was no one.

He shook his head and remembered the bowling game and the medal; and after some moments had passed he removed it from its neatly chosen space as intended.

In the light of the fireplace he sat down on the leather chair and began to shine it.

As usual he couldn't be too thorough – and in his mind he counted every benign brushstroke the cloth rag gave it. Slowly it turned more and more radiant with gold.

'Time waits for no man' he sometimes muttered in his mind, ever so focused on the circular gem he held in his hand.

'Which one's next? Hmm - I haven't cleaned the medal for most aware driver in a while. It could use some assistance these days.'

Still deeply locked into thoughts of the Most Aware Driver Medal – he was suddenly interrupted with a loud bang. And another bang – two of them.

'Where in all gods' name is that coming from?' The man was almost frightened like a child.

Another two bangs.

'This is ludicrous; who or what is that?

The man put down the rag and brought the medal with him as he discreetly sneaked out from the room – now he again moved down the hall. But not as usual this time.

Coming in small intervals the banging sound echoed through the house, and seemed to originate from the long not visited foyer – and indeed when reaching that almost forgotten room, he found that it was from here the sound came.

Yes, it was the mythical door in which disturbed his silence; and now he stood face to face with the decision to open it.

'I can't open doors today – there is still so much to do.'

Another loud knock.

'There are simply too much that is to be done – what about my medal for winning the track race 73?'

Another knock.

'Who or what would even come scrambling here without making the proper notification first? It's simply rude; I'm a busy man. A busy man, indeed.

Knock knock.

'Well gosh darn it – soon I'll shout right through the door and force them to leave me alone.'

Knock knock.

‘Okay then – if that is what you want.

Before shouting at the door – he momentarily took a second to look at his walls for some unknown symbolic purpose; and when again turning to face the door he noticed that the knocking had ceased.

‘Well thank god for that – I simply don’t have time for visitors today.’

He thought while still shaking of the nervous temper he now had been placed in.

‘Well. I better get back to it – it’s going to be a long day after all.’

As he had made half the way back to his office; the knocking for one last time appeared throughout the air.

The man felt ice move up his neck.

This time he wouldn’t do any mistakes – he would slam the door open and punish whomever stood there knowingly disturbing him.

Firmly moving down the hall he looked at the medals and the wall; golf games, napping, cooked dinners, sound of clapping, all flashed in his mind.

He slammed the door open.

On the stairs stood only an oval object covered in brown wrapping paper.

‘What the devil is this? Who or what is wasting my time? Do they not know I’m busy?’

Like he never done before, he for a while stood on the stairs thinking hard about what to do.

‘I can’t just let this thing stand out here in the dark; it’s going to attract thieves or even worse more visitors.’

He grabbed the paper clothed object and with one hand he dragged it inside.

He looked at it for a while; still upset and afraid.

Quietly he stood focused; searching for something to disturb him. But there was again nothing.

When realizing this;

he tore the paper from the object, before backing away in true horror.

Before him stood a frail old man with a thick layer of soot in his face; still in his hand holding a glimmering medal for bowling that read “Keep on rolling”.

---

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Förtär Lagerkvist med Poeter.se id #52595 innehar upphovsrätten