

Prompt #4:

When I saw the Chief standing there, I didn't want to bother him. Something about the way he stared out of the window made me pause. It didn't look like he was looking at something important, but seeing something important. Most nights, it's simple to ignore these men, to stick to protocol and get the job done, but the Chief has this peculiar and strange aura that surrounds him. At this moment, he seemed... calm... relaxed almost. It was like he had discovered something that the rest of us were unaware of. He was staring out over the lawn as if he was viewing another world that the rest of us couldn't see or imagine. "Should I have left him alone?", is one of the many thoughts that raced through my mind at that moment. It was unusual to see this much peace in a place like this.

But rules are rules, and the nurse was watching me. She didn't have to say anything — I knew what that expression meant. "Go on, and get him back to bed." I then let my facial expressions let out a huge sigh as I stepped closer, being careful not to startle him. Stepping closer I could see the glistening moon light up his face.

"Ay come on Chief ", I said hoping he'd come out of his daze. He didn't move right away, he just kept staring. I wonder what he saw out there? An animal of some sort maybe? Or possibly those geese I heard earlier. I don't know, whatever it was he looked like he belonged there at that moment. Like he was the night? Then finally. He went ahead and turned around as slow as a dying dog.

He didn't fight, but as he turned around, I could see it in his expression. It was all there. But I just couldn't explain it. Sadness? Disappointment? Not at me perhaps but at the situation. It was bigger than me. It was bigger than Mz Ratched. It was bigger than him even. When our eyes met I froze. I don't know what to think of this. I felt like a zookeeper pulling away the Giraffe from its family. I hated having to drag him away from that. But again rules are rules.

"It's chilly at the window there Mr. Bromden" the nurse tells him. "Don't you think we'd better climb back into our nice toasty bed?" He doesn't move.

"He can't hear," I told the nurse. "I'll take him. He's always untying his sheet and roaming 'round." He still doesn't resist as I pull him either. It was like a moving statue of liberty. Except every step I'd take away from the window I felt like I was taking something from him that I couldn't give back. When we got to the bed they laid down. Speechless and looking like there was so much he wanted to tell us. I wanted to say something, but what could I say? "Sorry for ruining your moment." That just doesn't make sense. Maybe I could have said something like "What were you thinking abo—"

"You just get him tied in bed Mr. Geever, and I'll prepare a medication.", The nurse said, which made me lose my thought. I then just pulled the blanket over him and stepped back. As I walked away I struggled with that feeling that I had done something wrong. Not by breaking the rules of course but on a different level. It seemed like I had crossed a societal line. Of course I

didn't tell any of this to Mz. Ratched. She wouldn't care, and I didn't want to give her another reason to look at me like I was a deformed animal in her zoo. I still think about Chief that night though. I'll never know what it was that he saw, but I'll never forget the eyes he had. It was as if he knew nothing good ever lasts in a place like this.

For this Lit Log I decided to write about a scene in particular from page 142 -144 of over the cuckoo's nest which featured Bromden's strange sights when looking outside the window at night. I chose to write this from Geever, one of the black boys who was there at the moment and was given the task to put him back to bed. I decided to choose his perspective because I wanted to properly highlight the troubles the workers possibly go through when trying to balance emotion and rules at the same time. I decided to use metaphors such as animals or even the statue of liberty to describe bromden's appearance but also give another perspective of the animals bromden was seeing in his vision.