

Deadly Delusions Excerpt

Annabel first saw her patients in the morning before the team met to discuss the day and go on rounds. First she went through Mr. Blake's chart and noticed Dr. Washington had increased his risperidone the day before to 8 mgs a day. She remembered Dr. Keeton mentioning that as the upper therapeutic dosage as she walked into his room.

"Mr. Blake," she said, "good morning."

Victor grimaced. His arms went up in a wild gesture, as if shooting a bow and arrow at the floor in front of her.

Startled, she jumped back. "What are you doing?" she said when she collected her wits.

"They told me to do it."

"Who told you to do what?"

"The voices in my head. They said a snake was on its way to get you. I planned on protecting you just in case. But I know one isn't in here because I haven't been seeing them."

Annabel calmly sat down by the door. "Victor, this is important. You are not seeing any snakes or other living things in your room, are you?"

"No. Maybe not since yesterday or the day before."

"Does that make you more comfortable?"

He nodded.

"But those voices are still talking to each other, or to you, in your head?"

"A little bit. At least they are not jamming up my air waves like before."

"Do you mean you hear them less?"

"Maybe yes. I am getting to think more without them interrupting me."

"I am happy for you. We need to continue to make progress. Okay?"

"All right," he said with a flat affect. "When can I be with those other people again?"

"Do you mean the therapy patients like you?"

"Yes," he answered as he finally sat down.

"In a few days."

He moved his head back and forth as if rocking to music; he must enjoy group dynamics with his own peers, she thought.

“We’ll see you shortly on rounds,” Annabel added.