

**THE MANIC
ADVENTURES OF
IDBA RUN**

ABDIRAHMAN NUR

IDBA RUN WAS AN AVID DOER. HE WAS A DOER IN THE WAY that one breathes, as the completion of tasks provided a feeling that he relished in. He did because he loved to do. Obstacles that limited Idba's ability to do, well, would not do.

At the break of dawn, he arose and began his daily ablution. He scrubbed tirelessly until he was completely certain that any grime from the previous night's rest had been utterly decimated. A wave of accomplishment washed over him, as though an item on a mental agenda was marked off. He left the bathroom, strolling toward his cabinet. After a few moments of shuffling, Idba successfully collected his clothing for the day. He carefully scrutinized the articles, verifying that the clothes were spotless. He then returned the washroom and switched out his resting attire for the fresh set.

He paused as a loud commotion resonated. He slowly turned and began to scan for the source of the interference, but failed to locate it. Slightly frustrated, Idba opened the door to the washroom and searched his room, desperately attempting to pinpoint the noise. He wandered exasperated, checking underneath anything and everything, indifferent to the lack of light. Underneath his mattress, beneath his drawer, and between his cabinets he frisked, slowing becoming more and more agitated. "Beep... beep... beep...", the sound reverberating across the room. He slowly stood up, and once more examined the space. "Lord!", he shouted. "A once perfect order... ruined by a mere... beep?". His face slowly contorted, his once calm demeanor vanishing and replacing itself with frenzy. "A beep? A beep? A BEEP!", he shrieked. He took a step toward his bed and gripped his mattress. "A beep... A BEEP! A BEEP! A BEEP!". He lifted the mattress and slammed it into the wall in an excellent show of strength. Idba began laughing hysterically. He scampered toward his chair, raising it high above his head and hurling it onto his desk, cracking it in half. Wooden shrapnel flew from the chaos, a shard insert-

ing itself into his palm and drawing a great deal of blood.

Idba stopped and stared into his cupped hand, slowly dripping as a result of his injury. He glanced up and regarded the destruction caused by his impractical madness. He sat, positioning himself on the floor. He began collecting his thoughts, yet as he did so, he was sent back into mania by the very noise that caused the prior hysteria. Idba rose and sauntered through the room, muttering nonsense. He quickened his pace, taking long strides to traverse the length of the expanse. "I can hear it!", he declared. "It's so close... so very close!" He giggled feverishly. "I know it's here. I know I can find it! I know..." Idba reached for his wrist to mend to irritation that had begun to bother him, but his fingers hit a barrier. He glanced down and found a watch staring back at him. He brought it close to his ear as a hunch overcame him, and as he did so, he let out a whimper. "Beep... beep... beep...", the watch sounded. Idba, overcome with his own stupidity, fell to the floor in a state of desperation. He glanced once more at the damage caused by his own foolishness, but he quickly looked away and held his face into his bloody palms. He sat for a moment before collecting himself, returning his mattress, bandaging his hand, and retiring to bed. *