

There was a CRAZED MAN that nobody had noticed until the subway had stopped. He had been secluded in a dark corner of the car. When he came into the light it was a horrifying sight. The man was wearing an untied straight jacket with matching white pants. His face was worn and his eyes moved in quick jerks from one person to the other on the subway. He had said very little but kept muttering what people thought was his name, Clyde, while swaying back and forth in his seat. He seemed to have something red on his hands and his sleeves were also stained with this same crimson liquid, though nobody dared ask what it could be.