

Doc

by Ian Mallett

“I don't know, Doc. This whole talking-to-myself thing just feels wrong you know? It's like it's gotten too far out of hand.”

“Well, has it done any actual harm? I don't think it's necessarily bad.”

“I don't know. It's just . . . weird, you know? I yammer away and then I catch myself and I feel just . . . just so—”

“—awkward? Look, it's fine. Really. Lots of people talk to themselves. I wouldn't worry about it unless it leads to anything significant.”

There was a pause. Finally, a knock came on the door.

“Stacy? Who are you talking to in there?”