

Dr. Hyde

Smile. Nod. Be friendly. After all, you're a doctor. A hero in white. A miracle healer. Messiah. Loved and respected by patients and subordinates alike.

Everyone worships you. Even the scatterbrained little nurse who dropped the bedpan. You would have loved to push her into the stinking dirt, the stupid cow. But you smiled kindly and even appeased the angry PTA.

The grateful puppy-dog look the girl gave you, made you want to burst with rage. So much shit!

You go home. There you find relaxation.

You open the front door.

An anxious silence greets you. 'Honey, I'm home.'