

Endless 194

Chapter 194: Friday Hotline

Palmer, being an accomplice to that night's events, found himself under house arrest as well. However, this guy was completely unaware of it. Palmer believed that Lebius had finally had a change of heart and was giving him a long holiday.

"It seems our boss isn't as heartless and rigid as I thought," Palmer remarked about Lebius.

Bologue couldn't bring himself to shatter this poor devil's illusion and tell him that this wasn't a vacation but house arrest, and who knows, by tomorrow the two of them might end up in the Black Prison together.

Lately, Palmer has been eating and sleeping a lot, blissfully happy. Bologue, who could barely be considered his roommate, discovered that Palmer was truly carefree. So carefree, in fact, that Bologue wondered if this guy had some intellectual issues.

"Hey? Why are you standing there dumbfounded?" Palmer frowned. "You're reading first thing in the morning? You're just too studious."

"N-no... nothing."

Bologue put away his books, with the black book pressed at the bottom. Palmer was too carefree, but the black book seemed to carry a curse, and no one knew what would happen if Palmer ever read it.

The eerie coldness and oppression vanished, as if everything a moment ago was just an illusion. To Bologue's surprise, it was Palmer who ended up saving him.

"I don't have much of an appetite, you eat up," Bologue said, picking up a pile of books. "I'm going out for a walk."

"Oh."

Palmer nodded, completely unaware of what had transpired.

The Border Sanatorium mainly treated employees injured in the line of duty, but it wasn't every day that there were urgent tasks, nor was it every day that someone got hurt.

Thus, there weren't many patients in the Border Sanatorium. More often, its role was to conduct medical research.

Palmer, leaning on his crutch, passed through one empty ward after another. Inside, there was no one. He heard from the nurses that including himself and Bologue, there were barely ten patients in total in this building.

To the nurses, they were like rare animals. Sometimes the looks they received were disconcerting, but more often than not, the treatment they got was exceptional.

"Hey! Good morning, everyone!"

Entering the white hall, Palmer waved and called out.

This was the medical department's cafeteria. The huge white hall could accommodate hundreds of people dining simultaneously. Typically, many events were also held here, though Palmer only knew this from what the nurses said. He didn't know the details.

"How did you sleep last night?"

"Here's what's for breakfast today."

"How's your body feeling?"

Compared to Bologue, Palmer was very popular with the nurses. This guy always had a cheerful face, and he could hop around on one leg while telling everyone jokes, making everyone laugh.

As for Bologue, even though he had become more cheerful, his demeanor was still gloomy, like a cold piece of iron, which made the nurses hesitant to speak with him.

Palmer had mentioned this to Bologue several times, but Bologue didn't care about these things; he was always detached from his environment.

But Palmer was different. In every new environment, the first thing he did was blend in and become one of them.

At Palmer's current pace, he'd be wearing a lab coat and making rounds in just a few days.

After he was full, Palmer wandered leisurely through the sanatorium, leaning on his crutch. Such a leisurely time was rare, and he had to make the most of it.

After walking a few steps, Palmer realized something and asked a passing nurse for the date, only then realizing he had almost missed something important.

The pace of life in the sanatorium was so slow that Palmer's mind almost turned into a comfortable blank, with nothing to think about, nothing to do, just eating and drinking every day, and then sleeping until dawn. It was wonderful.

In the ward, Bologue had already left. Looking out at the garden, he didn't see him either.

Palmer, like a thief, looked around furtively, pulled the curtains tight, closed the door, and plopped back onto his bed.

To facilitate communication with the doctors and receive information, the doctors had put telephones in their wards. Palmer looked at the phone beside his bed, and his ever-present smile faded for the first time.

"Ah... even comedians have to remove their makeup. It's always hard to endure these moments."

Palmer's face completely fell, his tone full of dejection, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Leaning against the wall, he hesitated a little but eventually reached out and dialed the number.

After a brief busy tone, the call was connected, and the dejected look was gone. Palmer's face was full of smiles again, though it seemed a bit too forced this time.

"Va-si-li-na!"

Palmer called out her name, deliberately dragging out the syllables, like an announcer in a boxing ring, cheering for the next fighter to enter.

Before his voice faded, the other end of the line responded in kind, though compared to Palmer's booming voice, the response was undeniably weaker, but she still shouted.

"Pal-mer!"

It was like two mischievous kids shouting at each other over the phone. They burst out laughing, having done this many times before, almost like a weekly ritual, and they never tired of it.

After the usual greetings, Palmer spoke to the person on the other end of the phone.

"Vasilina, how have you been? Is your health getting better?"

"Better, I can go out for walks now, but still can't walk too long. Too long and I'll be dragged back, locked in the room," Vasilina complained.

"Listen to your family, the Wind Source Highlands is a ghostly place, the wind is strong, be careful of catching a cold," Palmer expressed his concern.

"I know, I know. Oh, by the way, I recently learned the kazoo. Want to hear it? This thing doesn't take much energy, so nobody opposed me."

Asking Palmer's opinion, but not waiting for his answer, a series of wonderfully rhythmic farting sounds began to ring out.

Palmer could imagine that guy with the kazoo in his mouth, blowing and wriggling at the same time.

"Do you have gastroenteritis?"

"This is music, music!" protested Vasilina.

Palmer couldn't stop laughing, speaking in fits and starts, "You're really something, no matter how I try, I can't achieve your natural comedian vibe."

"Same to you."

After laughing enough, Vasilina asked again.

"How are things with you lately? How's your new partner?"

"Pretty good, he's a tough guy, the type who kills without a second thought," praised Palmer, "Wow, acting with him gives you a sense of security overload, okay."

"Isn't it difficult to get along with him?" Vasilina asked.

"No, although he's a maniac, he's actually quite neurotic."

Palmer tried to describe to Vasilina how he saw Bologue.

"This guy is always so serious... very serious, but sometimes he says weird things, and with his serious attitude and deadpan tone, it's just funny."

"For example?"

Palmer thought about it, imagining such a scenario based on his understanding of Bologue.

"For example, before taking action, he always dresses clean and neat, but once he gets blood on him, the whole person goes out of control like a mad dog, telling cold jokes while smashing bones.

If you ask him 'What did I do wrong', he might answer 'Your fashion sense is terrible' or some odd reason."

At this point, Palmer couldn't help but laugh, but Vasilina on the other end was laughing even louder, until he coughed from it.

"Sounds like a very interesting person."

"He is indeed quite interesting, probably the type of introverted exhibitionist, cold on the outside but full of inner drama."

Recalling Bologue's neurotic speeches during stormy nights, Palmer said, "He also has a performer personality, constantly on stage wherever he is."

Palmer remembered something and continued.

"When I get some time off, I might bring him along for you to meet."

"Sure... When do you think you'll be back?" Vasilina asked.

"Well, maybe I can come back soon, don't worry. I'm quite lucky, won't die."

Palmer pondered his words, using his set of comforting phrases.

"You too, remember to take care of your health. If you're dead, nothing's left."

"I know, I know."

After a few more exchanges, Palmer hung up the phone, ending the weekly call.

But Palmer didn't seem happy after hanging up. He felt that sometimes life is like this; you immerse yourself in another aspect of life and forget many worries.

Yet the worries aren't solved, only ignored or avoided.

Palmer's expression relaxed, as always. He felt both happy and sad, with emotions so complex he didn't know what to do.

If Bologue were here, seeing Palmer like this, he would undoubtedly gasp in surprise.

Palmer rarely had quiet moments, but now he had a bewildered look, quietly huddled in the corner, resembling the depressed philosopher he spoke of.

"Ah... guess it's time to find a moment to go home."

Palmer lifted his head, murmuring to himself.