

It was the night of the hospital. Insomniac, again, couldn't sleep that day for a few hours. He eventually got himself out of bed. The night was long, so he needed something to spend time with. He looked around his ward, and he looked at the sword stand on the side of the wall. There were several katanas on the stand. It's time to clean them up, he thought. No matter how good a sword is, it will rust if you don't take care of it properly.

He reached his arm to the stand and grabbed one of his katanas. "This sword..." said Insomniac as he turned it over in his hand. "...is pretty old." Then he started cleaning the blade by rubbing the metal against some cloths.

As he wiped his sword, he carefully observed the shape of the katana to check if there are scratches or stains. It still had its original luster. Even though it has been used for many years now, this sword still looked like new. The blade itself was fairly simple. No decorations of any sorts were on it. Its guard wasn't fancy, too. But there was something about the way the handle fit into his hands that made him feel comfortable. In fact, Insomniac felt more at ease when holding it. Perhaps that's why Insomniac still had a special attachment to it even though it's a simple practice sword.

He finished wiping the sword. After that, he took out another katana from the same place. This one also looked old. But as opposed to the previous one, it was really splendid. Its scabbard was as black as ebony and decorated with mother-of-pearl. Its grip was wrapped in good leather strap and its round guard was golden. And it had a dragon etched upon its blade. It was the most splendid sword he had, and he brought it with him only on special occasions. As far as Insomniac could see, no other swords had such an elegant design.

He pulled the sword out of the scabbard, and admired this sword while staring at it for a while. The moonlight reflected off its surface, making the whole room seem brighter. But he suddenly realised that he took out the sword to wipe it, not to appreciate it. He gathered himself and began cleaning the sword with extra care.

Afterwards, he picked up another sword. Compared to the last two, this one didn't look very old. But just like those two before, it was well maintained. It had a silver snake head ornament in its pommel, and its scabbard had a pattern reminiscent of snake scales. The overall appearance reminded Insomniac of a viper. Even the sharpness of the blade also felt like a tooth of snake. When he held it, he felt a strong urge to cut down anything that came near him. It was quite dangerous looking...but somehow, it gave him confidence when he held that sword.

Insomniac picked his fourth sword. A shining blade, but a dull colour. It had a sturdy grip, but it lacked elegance. It did have a nice balance though. It was a sword that focused more on practicality than on extroversion. It wasn't that the sword wasn't decorated at all, though. It was adorned with red knot ornament at the end of the hilt. That was probably what made Insomniac pick it.

"This was my first choice," said Insomniac as he grabbed the sword. When he bought this sword, he was still learning from his master. At the time, he thought that the sword would suit him best. It had a plain appearance, yet it was beautiful in its own way. He recalled his memories while wiping the sword for long time.

Insomniac reached to fifth sword, and it was the last one. It was the sword he usually carries. The sword, unlike others, lay near his bed. Insomniac grasped the sword by the handle, and then he slowly turned it over.

The grip of the sword was wrapped in a purple cloth. The blade was straight, and it wasn't too long, nor too short. There was simple decoration on its guard. The sword wasn't too simple or too fancy, so it was just right to carry around. Anything in moderation is a good thing, he thought and smiled.

Finally, Insomniac was done cleaning them. He returned the katanas back to their rack. It was dawn when he looked outside. The sun was rising, and it cast a light over the city. The sky looked clear, without any clouds. The air felt fresh. The sound of birds chirping echoed throughout the garden. People's voices began to be heard little by little outside his ward. It seemed like other patients are awoken, and the doctors were starting to make rounds. He equipped his fifth sword at his waist as usual and soon prepared to see a doctor to round him.

THE END