

### Stimulus lost

You're lost in this reality; two of your sisters and one of your brothers have just passed due to the fever. Your father has been gone since birth. Your mother is no longer present; you see her everyday but she's not there. She has become so overwhelmed by the carnage of this world, and how she has lost three of her innocent children from causes that are inimitable to human cogency. Day after day you look for new hope, new life, at least a new day. You seek for new roads to take, new paths to lead you to the planes of Shangri- La. You no longer have school to look forward to, for you have left that luxury to take care of who and what's left of the family. What was once a cozy house of seven, is now a dismayed confinement of four.

Your hours are now spent feeding your siblings, trying to convince your mother to eat a meal, visiting the graves of your brother and sisters, praying to God for relief, questioning if your prayers are even heard and if there even is someone, something out there listening, and loathing the veritable truth that you are nothing but a toy in tale told by a toddler in mind, but a God in stature. Time to you is no longer a dimension, but just another agonizing measure of what is left to be encountered. You find bliss in your dreams, even though you wake up every time in sweat and screams. At times you find it hard to differentiate between your nightmares and your days, for all seems so unreal. Thus to you, the world could turn to flames, and come as no surprise.

You find yourself lying in bed, the vile smell of sweat and vomit no longer nauseate you. For you wake up everyday to the fetor of disease or death. The fever continues to plague the house, and everyday yet another show a symptom. You continue

to do your utmost to help your beloved little ones; even though you know it will only be to no avail. However you would die, before letting them know they would soon pass. Ironically so, you continue to die more and more on the inside. Your soul finds no respect for gravity any longer, for if we truly had a free will, it would leave this breathing corpse and find haven among the stars. Your heart now hates day, like the Dalit hate caste. You have your demons that get you through the day, but the amity you seek is one that would cut the tongue if uttered the words. As day turns to night, and night turns to day, to you, all is just a game the Sun is playing with our heads.

Today you wake up to silence; no coughing, no screaming, no purging, no cries, and no tears. Just silence. You conjure up the utmost amount of energy your body has left to offer, just to get out of bed. You walk over to the younglings room, to find them white and gone. You gasp, but find no air. Your dizzy, the walls start to spin, but you grab reality back. Tears fill your eyes in a moment of weakness, but a smile comes to face, for no longer do you have to watch your beloved ones suffer. You stumble over to your mother's room, to find her not there. You want to call for her, but words you can not find, you can barely grasp air. You stagger about the house, trying to inform her of God's merciful tragedy. You walk past the bathroom, and faint do to the sight of your Mother's willful destruction of her self-interest. You are the only one left in your home, though no longer a home, nor has it been since the plaguing of The Fever, left to walk through this valley of the shadow of death. You have been alone for sometime now, but never has it been so evident.

You crawl back to your room, as if your bed is a sanctuary. You trade your soul, for a moment of sanity, and rest. As you go to put your head to the pillow, to watch your hair fall right off your scalp. You do not scream, not because you are not scared, but because your body will not allow it. Your heart begins to race as you pick up your hair. However, that is no longer relevant now that the walls are shaking, the floors are quavering, and the ceiling is screaming. You grasp onto your bed posts for refuge. Shelter becomes present as the world stops shattering, and you briskly try to recapture your

breath.

However this moment of peace is just that, a moment, for then the walls start moving in, and the ceiling comes boxing down upon you. As the walls come nearer your feet are touching the walls, and your hands are pushing up the ceiling, you blink to find, yourself under water. There is no longer walls, nor a ceiling, only water, and water upon water. You try to swim, but see no surface. You can feel your lungs collapsing, as your legs begin to fail you. You begin to swim in darkness, when finally, you no longer care, and gasp for a breath. Propitiously, you receive that breath, but what you also find when you open your eyes is that you are falling, falling closer and closer towards the gates of Abaddon. The voices of tormented souls, the sight of flames of all colors imaginable and unknown, and the torture of inadequate breaths are what you fall victim to during this descent. You faint yet again, and awake to your skin melting. Odors of disgust have become casual to you, but this smell of burning flesh is of nothing you have ever experienced. As you watch yourself turn to nothing but bone, you fall cold. No longer are you enflamed, but are entrenched in the damnation of frost. You feel the ice bite your lips, and you know that it is the kiss from death himself.

All is calm, for all is dark. You are no longer captive to torture, you are drained of all that is and all that was of you. You find peace, for no longer do you suffer. All is dark for you, now, and forever.

After a few weeks, the authorities become aware of you and your family's missing. They search the house and find all of you, laying pale all through out the house. The children in their room, your mother in the bath tub, and you in your bed. Evidence shows the children died from The Fever, and your mother had taken her life. However evidence shows that you had died of an overdose on Benzodiazepines. In your search to find a new world, you allowed your mind to throw you into an even more morbid one. You sadly did not get to learn from this tragic mistake. Yet you now know, in your endless sleep that; to dream is marvelous, but to hallucinate is hell.