

SOMETHING WEIRD HAPPENED THIS MORNING. I'M GOING TO document it, then do a normal entry.

First, I woke up too early.

In the pale-blue dawn light, I felt confused and dizzy. I tried to rise but couldn't. My legs did not respond the way I expected. My fingers fumbled on my bedside lamp, the familiar motions an unfair request. I started to panic. Desperate to accomplish anything, I pressed my dulled hands against the light tiles mounted to my wall. I've never used them before—they're just there for emergencies. The harsh orange glow filled the room.

Despite my alarm, I thought of the painting. Yes, the painting would reorient me. I crawled over my covers to the foot of the bed and stared, waiting for the points of color to speak to me. I've been drawn to it before like this, usually in the middle of a calm routine, but now I hunted for relief. My eyes roamed the features of it, the details in the flowers, the grass, the sky.

A small house on the horizon, unnoticed before. Is there a window there? If there is a window in that darkness, is there someone there, watching me? Is she disgusted by me? Or does she cry out, slamming her silenced fists against the glass, trying to get me to see? To see what she sees, to know it now, and become more?

I tried to rise, to get closer and hear what she was say-

ing. My legs did nothing. I fell to the ground. Something was very wrong. Was it the vitamins? I imagined all the shit that could go in a vitamin. I crawled to my small waste bin and tried to force myself to vomit. Nothing but bile. What do you do for poison? I immediately thought of the milk in the fridge. I'd never make it. An impossible distance in that state.

The glass of water on my nightstand waited for me. I gulped, a cascade down my chin and throat and chest as I drank it down in terror. The coolness in my gut was refreshing.

That was all I could do. I couldn't save myself. *What if I rest, I thought. I'm so tired.*

*Perhaps I'll die in my sleep.*

*Would it be so bad, to rest on my cool pillow and never suffer again?*

I tried to climb back onto the bed. Too far, it was too far. My head rested on the floor. I slept.

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Other than aches from sleeping on the floor, I feel like myself. I don't know what happened. I looked at my reflection with distrust. Nothing like this has happened to me before. Somehow, my body betrayed me. I dumped my current bottle of vitamins into the toilet. I had a new bottle waiting, with a different batch number. Enough to last until the next delivery anyway. I didn't know who to call for the refill. Jennifer usually handled that for me. I held the phone and nearly texted her.

No. I don't want to tell her about this. I feel ashamed, somehow. Like a child that needs closer oversight. I'll take care of it myself. I'll walk to the coffee shop. I'll get a pastry and coffee from Brendan.

I can't do this. I don't want to write anymore.