

Mind Altering

by Cerrid Wynn

She was done. It was over. The medication had completely and totally altered Taryn's life. She was not herself anymore. She couldn't write. None of her characters would breathe a word to her.

Conjuring a scene for a story was like walking through a dry valley in the desert, where the wind rattled dried dead plants, and blew sand around so that it half covered everything that had expired there.

She'd become insipidly happy with her life... her real life. That was a good thing, right?

It was one night going to the restroom she realized how utterly she'd changed. She sat on the toilet thinking about slipping out to the living room to do exercises in order to wear herself out, because she was having trouble sleeping. She realized on any other given night she would have instead masturbated without thought to induce that drowsy feeling. The meds had taken away orgasms. So why bother? Exercising was a better option anyway wasn't it?

She felt like she was turning into someone else, someone who appeared normal. She would be inundated with everyone else's ideas, morphing into an insipid lemming, smiling and bantering about mindless things. She wouldn't even care she had changed, as if the medication were an alien life form infecting her body and controlling her mind. She would comply with the expectations of happiness society expected because of it, and her passions would be left in the dry valley, their skeletal remains showing half naked above the blowing sand. She wouldn't even shed a tear.

