

The Horrors in the Reality of
Quarantine



By [REDACTED]



The clock was running. The clock was running.

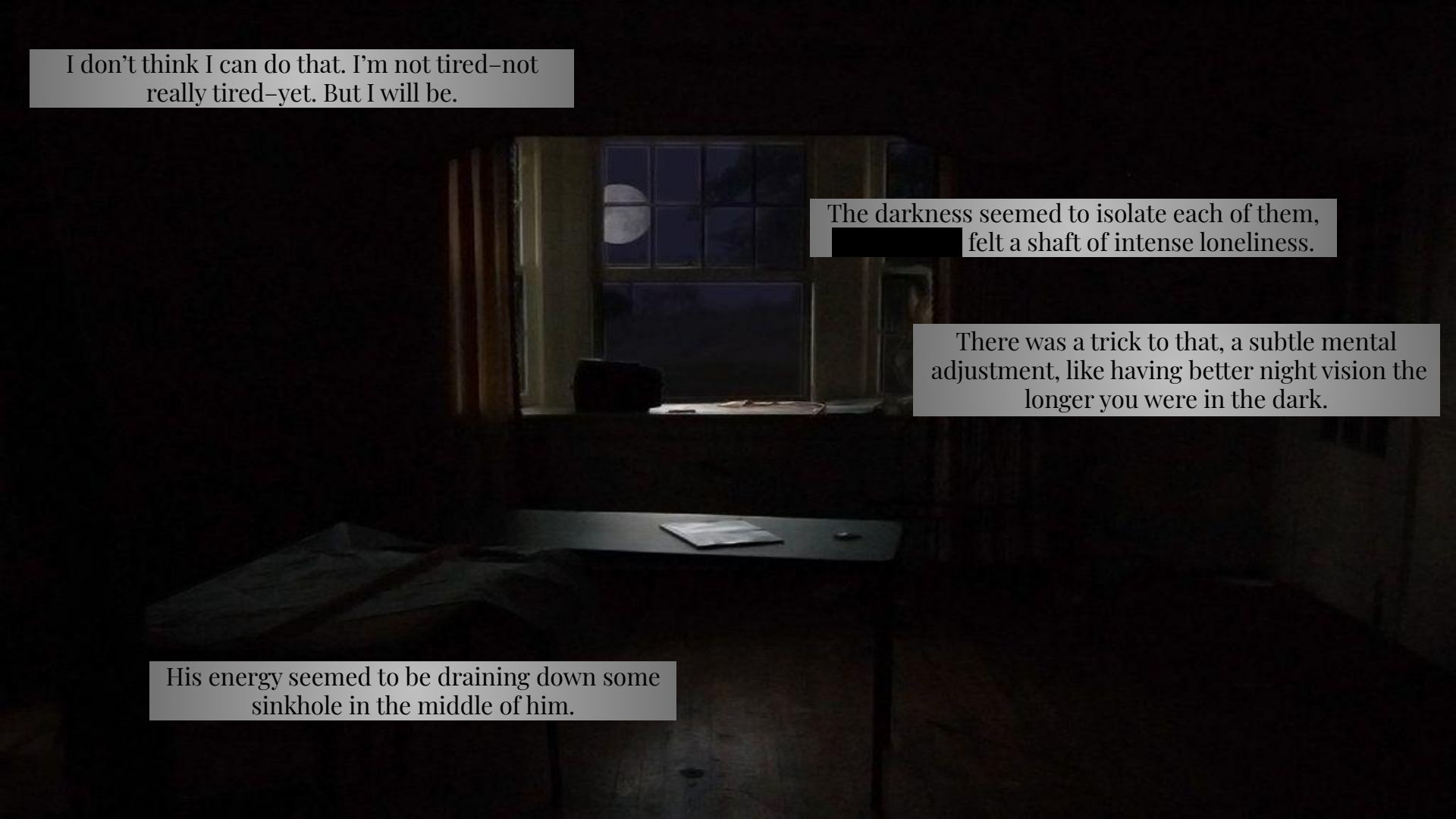
The clockface was gone.

In its place was a
round black hole.

It led down into forever.

It began to swell.

The clock was gone.

A dark, dimly lit room, possibly a study or office. In the center, a window looks out onto a night sky with a full moon. Below the window is a desk with a chair. In the foreground, another desk is cluttered with papers and a laptop. The overall atmosphere is somber and isolated.

I don't think I can do that. I'm not tired—not really tired—yet. But I will be.

The darkness seemed to isolate each of them, ██████████ felt a shaft of intense loneliness.

There was a trick to that, a subtle mental adjustment, like having better night vision the longer you were in the dark.

His energy seemed to be draining down some sinkhole in the middle of him.

showed no sign of wanting to go outside, not even to the garage. He had changed.



There was no sane way to deal with it.

Trying to analyze it only made him feel dizzy.

All he could remember for sure was that curiosity changed swiftly into a feeling that somewhere something had gone badly wrong.

Perhaps it was ultimately for the better that he had changed.

It seemed right to do it this way, because the rite of passage *is* a magic corridor and so we always provide an aisle



just hopping along toward whatever this was supposed to mean

we thought it was right that it turned out to be harder than we had expected. Events had turned it into what we had suspected it was all along: serious business.



...the paramedics were a friendly white force counterbalancing the confused evil that he perceived in the world; when people got in trouble they were helped out of it, they were fixed up.

They did not have to help themselves out of trouble.



SCAN ME

At some point we were able to exercise some sort of group will.




**STAY
HOME
SAVE
LIVES**



At some point we achieved some special understanding, whether conscious or unconscious.