

A necessary errand. I was on my way to the local pharmacy, for my mother had told me to get her a certain medication. The problem was clear. The name of the drug began with a letter that I couldn't pronounce. My mother knew nothing about the depth of my problem, and even if she had known, I don't think she would have cared much. This was of no consequence to her. And I could never have spoken to her about it. I was paralyzed by fear.

How should I ask the attendant for the medicine that she needed? I couldn't bring out a single tone. How humiliating. Especially in front of the entire staff,

not to mention the other customers. They would stare at me and think what a stupid child I am. Too silly to get his mother a needed medication. Not smart enough to do such a simple thing. At best they would consider me forgetful, in any case unable.

Now, what would you like to get? The question would come as inescapable as death. And with it fear and horror. The answer! They wait for your answer. I'd like a G... . No, I couldn't say it, although I'd made every effort. My throat would close up completely, unable to form even the very beginning of the word.

What should I do? Not go to the pharmacy and tell my mother I lost the medicine, or that I had gotten into a quarrel and the others had taken the medicine from me? No, I didn't want to tell a lie.

I feverishly tried to come up with a solution. Yes, I could write the unspeakable word on a little slip of paper and simply give it to them. This would definitely be acceptable. Nobody could really expect a boy my age to remember names of medications. Thus I could solve my problem.

I could even put the little slip of paper on top of the sales counter as if I didn't have much interest in the whole thing and just couldn't wait to

be done with this annoying errand. This would be considered natural for a boy my age and would give the whole trip a certain harmlessness.

It was a risky game every time to pass through the dark corridor's entrance.

The passway led away from a secure existence into the realm of darkness.

It required courage and despair to enter that way, a certain recklessness. The first steps were quite harmless, because the entrance area was connected with the staircase of the basement, and therefore in the safe zone. But the further one went into the corridor, the more uncertain and dangerous it became. The first steps didn't

require much courage though my skin started to crawl. But when it went further into the darkness and insecurity, extra caution and boldness was necessary. Because here the ghostland of fear began.

I stopped to breathe and listened intently for the slightest sound. My muscles became tense and the blood boiled within me. Slowly I felt my way into the darkness – step by step. It smelled of stale air and a scent of death lingered. My heart felt like it would come out of my chest.

It could happen at any time, therefore one had to be very careful.

They could come at me at any moment and play their cruel game trying to scare me to death.

Therefore I conquer my not stand firm  
had to be on fear. If I did I would lose  
the alert and  
the battle. I felt the                      Soon there was no  
crippling effect of fear                      inside  
course through my                      and no outside,  
entire body paralyzing                      everything was filled  
me. Their thorns                      with their  
pierced mercilessly                      frightening  
into my skull                      presence and  
and the poison                      somewhere along  
took                      the way I  
effect.                      no longer

Soon there  
was no inside  
and no outside,  
everything was  
filled with  
their  
frightening  
presence and  
somewhere  
along the way

I no longer  
existed  
somewhere  
along the way  
I no longer  
existed  
somewhere  
along the way  
I no longer

existed. Only  
the  
**MIG**  
**HTY**  
**OMNI**  
**POT**  
**ENT**  
**TER R O**  
**R.**