

The rigidness came at night, when I was living in dream worlds, involved in strange adventures and stunning fights, in strong afflictions and marvelous victories, in airy formations and beautiful temptations, when I was feeling strong, bold and powerful, then it came to me and I didn't recognize it at first, only after some time was I able to realize the altered state, as arms and legs became stiff and I couldn't move

them anymore. It was like poison that crawls slowly and stealthily toward the heart but had already taken effect on its way.

Now it was crucial to wake up otherwise the iron stronghold would paralyze all my parts and finally kill me. But the problem was that I couldn't break the stiffness that easily because my legs and arms were completely numb. The simplest thing would have been to continue sleeping and to revert back to the disturbed dream, but this could mean death. In order to avoid this I had to wake up and rouse myself, but how when everything was so numb? Panic hits me and I try to move.

It doesn't work. I try harder. It still doesn't work. My panic grows. What if I couldn't move at all and the poisonous stiffness reaches my heart? Would it then stand still, stop beating? I make desperate efforts, but without success, the rigidity is too strong. But I must succeed if I want to live. Now I mobilize all my strength and with one sudden

