

Emotional Discharge

My hand extended to the nightstand. My fingers digging for a tiny blue box, I finally found it and brought it closer to my face. Resounding plastic sounds filled the room as a single pill inside it pinballed around. I quickly swallowed the lone pill before closing my eyes and breathing in.

A feeling rose within me soon thereafter. It was taking effect. My eyes opened and quickly focused on the ceiling. It looked just the same as any other day - bare, boring, bland. I showered without intent and without any sort of memorable occasion. Slowly putting my clothes on, I adjusted my belt buckle and my blazer before gathering my keys and wallet and locking the front door behind me.

The car ride was also uneventful. Maybe there had been an accident on the road, maybe someone had been pulled over, I didn't care. The traffic was all that existed for about half an hour, and then it ceased and I was pulling into the parking lot beneath the familiar high-rise topped by a single logo. My car keys were soon in my pocket and I was in the elevator to the hundred and fourteenth floor.

As expected, there had been a stack of paper on my desk when I arrived. I thanked my secretary with a grunt and a request for coffee and no disturbances. Sheet by sheet I languidly moved my stack of paper from one end of the table to the other, dragging my eyes along each page with as much interest as I could pretend to have. My veins slowly tensed along the day until I had decided I had had enough and grunted gratitude at my assistant again on my way to my car. I pulled into the driveway hurriedly, fumbled the keys in the lock and finally found myself safe in my closet under the floorboard. I pulled the old wooden box towards me and snaked my hand inside it, searching for my prey. My fingers dug for it. All that met them was... air. My eyes wildly pulled the box open and cast light inside it. Empty.

Empty.

Empty?

EMPTY?

I dug at the corners of the box before finding them bare. The box flung itself away from me in fear. My blood began to darken within me as my emotions filled my bedroom. My bed threw itself on its side for protection. The nightstand and the closet both crouched in anticipation. Anything that could held onto the ground, while clothes and papers and smaller objects flew in random directions.

Where was it?

I needed it.

I need it.

God, I need it.