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Escaping the Smoke

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Escaping the Smoke

It starts like any fire does. A small spark of panic lights a fire

You've seen it all before. You just have to blow it out.

But something is different this time. Blow as you might, the fire resists.

Billowing smoke fills the room like a dark cloud, obscuring your vision

Not only your vision

Can anyone even see me? Can they really even SEE me

The impending sense of doom, billowing, swirling, filling every room you enter

You try to resist. Don't let it in.

But as it expands, so too do your lungs

--- Expanding full of doom and suffocating you with terror.

Shaking

heart racing

suffocating

You're exhausted even though you've done nothing. You're not eating. You're not sleeping.

You tremble and shake.

Headaches

Nausea

Stomach aches
Diarrhea

"You don't have anything to worry about"

"People have it way worse than you"

They whisper. You worry more. they saying?

What else are

But all you feel is the growing fire, ever expanding until your entire body is on fire.

An uncontrollable

Raging

Fire.

In all the smoke where do I look? Where can I look?