

The incandescent shine of the moon called her name in frantic whispers as she ran madly through the lake, streams of blood oozing from her prickled feet. It was picturesque in every way that it unnerved the naked eye of man, unworthy of seeing such a suffering beauty unravel in the wake of time. The moon, however, was no simple man. He was her lover. He cradled her and promised her fortunes of the greatest kind. "My love, my love, my love," He whispered to her through silk veils, and she whispered back, "I love thee."

One foot after the other, the world blurred into shades that should be deemed impossible to see, yet the watercolours flowed freely in the sky as though paints splattered on a canvas. As her knees fell to the ground, all desires and wants went from her soul except to be united with him forever. Oh how romantic it is, to die together with the one she loves, a Shakespearean tragedy scribbled with charred black ink, and a smile plastered on her face. It should be freeing, really. Hearing the seconds ticking by, her life flashing before her marble eyes as her lips quiver and silence falls upon the universe. Yet her body betrayed her in waves of sweat and the world was still there, taunting her; showcasing her pain like she was a haunted Russian doll sitting upon an exiled Queens lap.

Instead of a pretty, poetic death, she was met by a strangling sensation as she lay there, counting the seconds between every tortured breath. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale-

"He's not here," She breathed out, whispering to herself in a soft voice as the realization of reality dawned on her, crashing down with the sound of thunder. Her soul was disintegrating into thin air, feeding the grotesque creatures who longed for her body and mind, preying upon her. In the end it was all for the moon, bleeding to death for a man with nothing in return.

Suddenly, a bright light erupted all around her, embracing her in her misery. It curved in waves of smoke, weaving its ubiquitous fingers around the fragile girl. She closed her eyes, accepting defeat when the sound of beeping ran in her ears, trying to wake her from the peace she longed for. Restless voices of angels poked at her ribs endlessly, yelling at her for something she wasn't sure she could give

them. Hesitantly, she opened her eyes a fraction to see nurses swarming around her in a painfully white building. A vulture-eyed woman walked over to her, shoes tapping anxiously on the tiled floorboards.

“You haven’t learned your lesson have you, Alcestis? Running away like that! I’m sorry honey, but you will be prescribed a new treatment to help with... your outbursts.”

“I’m sorry, it won’t happen again.”

Alcestis looked down at her shaking hands strapped to a bed. She closed her eyes as the doctor pulled the switch. The shocks convulsed her brain.