

I somewhat managed to lie myself down, but I couldn't relax because the wheels wouldn't stop turning inside my head. I bombarded myself with so many muddled thoughts all at once that I barely recognized the sound of my own voice yelling at me. More than anything, I heard my voice literally scream at me that I desperately needed something to drink. I had to tell myself to shut up about that because there was nothing that I could do to remedy my thirsty situation. Interspersed with my obsessive thoughts about dousing the entire inside of my body with copious amounts of liquid, I sort of managed to think a little about life in general. Actually, it is more accurate to say that I thought a lot about death and only a little bit about life. I reflected on the fact that I never thought that I was going to live to a ripe old age, but I also didn't foresee myself dying at the young age of 20 either. I was thoroughly confused about when I was supposed to die, and I wasn't sure that I was going to wake up the following morning if and when I finally fell asleep that night. So, for a while, I stayed awake solely because I thought that it would be the last night I was ever going to be alive. I was thirsty, but I was alive, and, for that moment, I really felt it. Alive. Life. What did life really mean, I wondered? I had no immediate answer. Not being dead was all I could conclude. Not being dead to life while one had the chance to live it, I also thought.