Xenopropanol:

The days of Dorian McCalister dragged on and on with no change in sight. He was forever stuck in this morbid waiting room and success had not called his name yet. Nowadays, he saw things for what they really were: an ugly excuse for meaning to hide the fact that there was none. Dr. Perkins’ adage that “meaning locks you in; futility sets you free” had not impressed the watered down mind of Dorian. He needed direction, he needed guidelines to tell him what to do so he *would* be a success. Spite and malevolence now solidified his thoughts and fear disguised as power ruled his judgment. He was destined to be a moral heathen if he continued down this path.

Therefore, he had no anxiety as the pharmacist passed over the bottle of Xenopropanol. It was an upcoming antidepressant that promised long term change. However, it had had limited testing so far, so the company was paying him a small amount to be a bit of a guinea pig. Dorian didn’t mind, though. Let it save him, let it kill him, he didn’t have any emotions left to care.

*Take one pill each night before bed. Effects should take place the next day.* The instructions on the bottle seemed clear enough, so Dorian popped a pill and headed off to sleep.

A wistful mistiness grips the city and its microcosms. Doubly tall buildings stretch and bend in non-conformative arcs, thickened air broods past bone riddled roads, people walk by with fixed eyes and stretched skin. Dorian could sense the evil that infected his home. Things move slower here, everything lasting twice as long, especially his fear. Forced to remain cemented to the road, foreign bugs creeping up his skin, dislodging one of his eyeballs into his hand so that he was no longer observing just that of the world around him, but his own image, too: a sickening, necro-medley of cystic flesh and triple jointed atrocities!

Where the hell am I! A return to normalcy. Thank god. A quick look around at his bleak room and black roads, so beautifully boring. Dorian cracked a window and drew in a large breath of smokey air, so fantastically fresh. The night’s morally lethargic spectacle still infused mad sprinkles into his mind, but the wealth of the anguish was swept away by the uninspiringly expectation-abiding material platter before him.

That first day was wonderful. He felt like Dr. Perkins’ ape, joyously consumed with a heartily shifted worldview docked on the basis of innate inspection and prismatic perspective (Of course, a scholar could note that when tallying up the utilitarian hedonism points Dorian had in fact plummeted downward, not up). In any case, Dorian wasn’t consciously aware of his downward scenario, thus dissatisfying the tripartite theory of knowledge, and thus unscathed from any natural danger.

For now, his diurnal happenings remained in a state breeching multilateral success. Xenopropanol had promised to return his reality to one of hope and happiness, and it had carried through on that. For the first time in a while Dorian’s depression deceased and he couldn’t ask for any more.

*Take one pill each night before bed. Effects should take place the next day.* Xenopropanol’s instructions lay in wait of Dorian’s heedance. So hauntingly did it oraculate the migratory malice and semi-sentient sententious severance from society that it transmitted a chilling fear through Dorian’s optic nerve and down into his vital chambers, debilitating his measure of mental fortitude and intensifying his share of centripetal sociopathy. But so heavily did he yearn for a good life that he bowed down to the bottle and swallowed another pill. Almost immediately did he return to the derelict dystopia. Once again odd silhouettes wormed their way past varying degrees of tempestuous terrors and polyhedral perplexities. Fear accumulated in unprecedented levels in Dorian, he had to get out of here. Just take me back to my beautifully boring life!

A return to normalcy. Thank god. Quickly, very quickly, Dorian made his way out to street level and into the open air. His room and bed were now marked with an eerie aura, they brought back memories of his vividly imagined nightmares, and it was all he could do to stay away. So the vicious cycle continued, his nocturnal necromancy hogging the evil he was due and procuring an enjoyable reality beyond the unimaginable. Every day Dorian would go to bed shivering and writhing from the tortuous pills, and every day he would wake up and see a little more beauty in the world around him. To Dorian’s conscious, Xenopropanol had given his reality hope and happiness. However, each night before taking a pill, his lurking subconscious goaded him into the terrifying speculation that, if reality is conceived and perceived in the mind, and his nightmares were wholly sustained on mental gatherings, wouldn’t that mean that his *nightmares*, rather, were *reality*…?