

London Hell is Breaking Loose

Sweat ... Dripping down my neck, my body, wet and half - asleep laying on the floor halfway through the night. The irresistible scratching , step...by...step, my footprints lead a pathway to my parents hotel room, practically trudging, "1713...1713...1713". The numbers were fading out of my head. Knocking on the door as if there was a robber at the door, "Pound! Pound! Pound!" Scarily my mom slowly creaked the door open and after one look at me I could see the fear in her eyes. Dragging me to the mirror, only to find my body covered in huge, irresistibly itchy, red bumps. From the top of my neck to the tip of my toes, they blanketed me. Dropping on the bed with no motion, I felt a spirit take control of me, my mom asking me, "When did it start? What do you feel? Does your head hurt?". But all I could hear was a high pitched ringing, so loud as if you were standing next to the neighborhood trash truck while it was backing up. Two voices in my head, one telling me to scratch myself, in a red, angry, echoing voice, as if I encountered Satan in a dream. Another like an angel in heaven, with a calming, peaceful fading voice like that of a hypnotist, saying, "don't scratch, you'll only make it worse."

Though I knew he was right, the spirit took over and my hand rose to my body. I tugged with full effort against myself in order to stop it but the feeling was not controllable. Rolling over on my hand to stop it I saw two doctors and one security guard that was usually standing by the elevator in front of me. Still in the hotel bed my mind and thoughts were lost in darkness. Seeing my hand rise to my body once more, the security guard quickly grabbed both of my hands and held them to the bed. Once more helping me to the mirror, the red spots were now a pinkish orange, for some reason they had grown bigger. As if they were organizing themselves to make room for more. The illness took over, turning and twisting with all my might to escape the man's grasp and only to scratch myself, but he held me tightly, and gripped harder every time i tried.

The day after this strange night the rash like marks had grown larger and less than a few were now purple. The other remained a pinkish orange but now with an outline of red. The itch persisted, a relentless torment that stretched for two long weeks.

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