

## Wilderness House Literary Review 17/1

*Phillip Temples*

### **Better Living Through Chemistry**

It was a peculiar, unpleasant sensation. An emptiness in her inner being. She knew she had been robbed of a basic ability—like smell, or touch, or feel.

One moment she was fine, and then the next she couldn't do it anymore. She knew immediately the source of her disability.

*It's those damn pills!*

The doctor had written her a prescription for the medication earlier in the week. That morning she took two tablets with a glass of orange juice and immediately felt that it was a mistake. As far as she was concerned, there was no particular medical urgency for her to start taking the drug regimen. Her physician had suggested months ago she should start, but she knew that the pills wouldn't fix a thing. She supposed it was more to humor him than anything.

She tried once more. Then she willed herself a second time. A third time. Nothing. The woman sighed heavily. She walked into the bathroom, grabbed the almost-filled pill bottle, and flushed the contents down the toilet.

Ziprasidone Hcl had robbed Alexandria of her exhilarating ability to levitate off the ground.