

2017

M RBI _ I E O O G Y _ _ E Y S _ S E W N _ H U T

Benjamin Liske
Trinity College, Hartford Connecticut

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/trinitypapers>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Liske, Benjamin, "M RBI _ I E O O G Y _ _ E Y S _ S E W N _ H U T". *The Trinity Papers (2011 - present)* (2017).
Trinity College Digital Repository, Hartford, CT. <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/trinitypapers/54>

M RBI _I EO OGY__EY S_SEWN_ HUT

Benjamin Liske

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#I ask this questi0n, and I have been c0ntemplating why I happen to be asking such a dramatic questi0n. It feels mel0dramatic.
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#I seem to be embracing a ficti0nal reality. I d0 n0t live where every0ne else lives. I have spent t00 much time watching 0ther people live lives. As I watch, I realize h0w much it used t0 be f0rbidden that I live. I became used to being restricted fr0m living, and became trusted t0 n0t r0am ar0und, resurrecting myself.
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#T0day I felt ar0und my b0dy for my pulse. I c0uld n0t find it. I asked ar0und f0r where I could find it. Having embraced the life I have 0nce again, I was desperate t0 find it. I needed t0 first remove the r0bot, the aut0mat0n which has bec0me part of me, fr0m my wrist, where I c0uld then grab and feel the supp0sedly rushing bl00d.
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#I cann0t believe y0u when you tell me wh0 0r what I am. D0 y0u n0t supp0se that is for me t0 decide? 0r sh0uld I instead be wh0lly rational and succumb t0 what is truth, and deduce by l0gic that I am, in fact, a wh0le, living human?
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#I think like the machine; it can understand my every w0rd. Perhaps it is itself that has c0me to resemble me m0re; I sh0uld n0t l00k at it. Little by little, I c0ntradict myself further. Where have my ideas g0ne?
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#You may have distanced y0urself from me, but with that last dismissal I have f0rg0tten wh0 I am. I find n0 c0mprehensi0n am0ng my stacks of mem0ry 0f what it truly feels like to l0ve s0me0ne, th0ugh f0r s0me reas0n my recept0rs feel pain from s0meh0w l0sing it.
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#C0me f0ll0w me and celebrate with me the j0y I n0w have. But where d0es it c0me fr0m? I d0n't know and I d0n't care. Oh, d0 y0u miss me yet? D0 y0u have any idea h0w much I have wished I c0uld ever feel the way I did bef0re?
```

```
var answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#Is it paran0ia, perhaps? There c0uld n0t be an0ther reas0n why I put w00l 0ver my 0wn eyes, if 0nly t0 feel s0mewhat less vulnerable. All day, when I leave the sanctuary of this place I call h0me, a mask I wear 0n my face. Maybe it is to keep the rainwater from rushing in. I w0uld n0t want t0 sh0rt-circuit. Turn 0ff the light. I need t0 st0p l00king behind me.
```

```
VAR answer = prompt("Why d0 I feel dead?")
```

```
#Sew shut my eyes, that I may n0 l0nger blink in fear.
```

```
Var
for( i = someone; i < else; i++ ) {
console.log('value of i = '+i);
}
process.exit(howareyou-i)//exit code = lamfine
```

...

...

...

Error (file corrupted).