I think I stopped drinking.

When I died, it smelled like the ocean, which was funny because I’ve never been to the ocean. As the selection began, I started losing it, losing my memories that is, my memories were selected – only some can be taken to the other side. The rest has to stay here.

I lost my best friend to a climbing trip, I don’t have to worry about that anymore. The memory is flushed, he fell and died, I think, it’s all blurry and now I don’t remember anymore. Next thing I see is the face of this girl. The face was not the only thing she showed me that night. Hurts a little to lose remembering how I lost my virginity. The smirk is washed off my face the moment I stopped remembering.

Those memories, that I can keep, are handed to me in a small shoebox. I open the box, just a tiny little. I see a bunch of pictures that symbolize my memories. Then my ability to memorize is taken away from me. Feels weird, like a cool breeze. Like chewing on a really spicy chewing gum and breathing the fresh mint through the nose.

I am categorized, numbered, I wish I could recollect where I’ve heard about that before. My number is tattooed on my forearm, my head is shaved, they put me into scratchy clothes. I see no one, I hear no one. I smell nothing. Also, I cannot remember anything anymore, and the feeling is awkward. Then they are taking my ability to feel.

A cool breeze touches my skin, I shiver and in the next moment, I don’t shiver anymore. The feeling of having no feeling can never be felt. That is the way I am going to think from now on. In definitions. Like a dictionary. Thoughts are bricks that build a wall. I start to think that I can see the wall in front of me. More and more bricks are added. Then I realize what happens. They are taking my thoughts away from me. All my abilities are taken, washed, sterilized and then put into other little boxes. I can see a bookshelf that carries my name. It doesn’t carry any books. Forms and shapes, squares and triangles float before me. I try to remember how they are called, but I can’t. Naturally, I like to think, but I can’t. It is nice to not think anymore. Thinking is a bad habit. Worse than smoking. But I can’t remember smoking. And so I pretend to think, I could start smoking all over again because: now they are taking away my organs.

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My lungs are exerted, my bladder, my bowels. My eyes look around, but the ability of looking, of watching and observing is not connected to anything in my brain anymore. In fact, I see them taking out my brain, which by the time my brain is gone, I cannot even understand anymore. Gone for good. Like the first thing they took, the second thing, and the third. But then, I cannot count anymore, because they have my brain, and my brain was not good for much in my life anyway. It didn’t hold me back from that one stupid thing I did (I can’t remember anymore). And it didn’t prevent me from doing that other really stupid thing (which I cannot remember either). And it certainly did not prevent me from saying that awful thing to that one person. The one I cannot remember anymore. But then: who cares? Along with the feelings, also the bad feelings are gone. And so it is all the same to me, or it would be, if I could remember what “the same” means. And what memories are.

I travel on.

I try to look into the box again, try to see some of my memories again, but I decide not to. I am feeling, or I would have felt if I could still feel, that they are taking my ability to decide away. But it is all the same to me now. Without remembering, and feeling and thinking and deciding, there is no need for worrying anymore.

I wish I had gotten rid of worrying when I was still alive, but as soon as this wish comes into my mind, I realize that they are taking away my ability to wish. That leaves me behind quite dull and bored, but I don’t care because I am not able to care anymore. And then, caring is what life’s about, but this is death. I try to understand what that means, but they have taken my ability to understand away, which leaves me dull and bored and stupid. But as they have taken my feelings away, I am not even bored anymore, I am just stupid. Then I throw the shoebox filled with memory-pictures away. As I don’t care, don’t feel, don’t think anymore – what use do memories have? I would have started wondering, why they left me the box in the first place, but then I cannot wonder anymore and I just stay as I were.

I am a part. A part of the army of stupid, dead people. A part of the army but apart from myself. Myself is being stored on a bookshelf with no books. That reminds me of living again. That is, if I could still remember anything.

Now that everything is gone, I am safe. I don’t control my arms, my legs, my head. I don’t control my mouth, my eyes, my hands. I would have realized, if I could still realize, that they have taken away my ability to not do things anymore. I regret that I stopped drinking when I was still alive. Turns out it didn’t make sense.