



## Coma

A faint light shimmers through the veil that covers my eyes. A crushing heaviness keeps my eyelids down, as if weighed by blocks of concrete. An eerie silence weaves a dark carpet of fear around me. My fingers, lifeless and cold, don't respond to my mental commands. A boundless terror wells up from my subconscious, and the question racing through my mind is both simple and terrifying:

"Why can't I move?"

Inside, I scream—a desperate cry muffled by the invisible walls that trap me. My consciousness clings to fragments of reality, but the realization hits like a thunderbolt:

"I'm trapped in my own body."

The monotonous beeping of an unknown machine pierces my hearing, followed by muted, shadowy voices. No matter how hard I try, no sound escapes my lips. My soul feels confined, as though I float between two worlds. Then I hear the whispering, cold and foreboding:

"Remove the bandages... look at the damage..."

My mind races, trying to piece it all together. The thought of my disfigured face, hidden beneath the bandages, sends a shiver down my spine.

Slowly, the darkness unravels, contours becoming clearer. I feel the presence of others, watching, judging.

"Possible brain inactivity," says a neutral voice, eerily reminiscent of a ghost's whisper. My soul wants to scream, to fight back, but my body won't comply. Then everything changes. My surroundings feel different. The ceiling above me looks new. There's a flicker of hope: maybe, just maybe, they've seen that I'm still alive inside. But that hope is quickly crushed by the sinister conversation that follows.

"The lights are on, but nobody's home."

With a subtle shift in tone, the doctor addresses the mysterious visitor who seems to melt into the shadows of the room.

"His body rhythm now follows the natural cycle of day and night. He lies on an advanced bed, designed to minimize any physical discomfort. We meet his basic needs: food and necessary care. But his condition..." he pauses, searching for the right words, "is otherworldly. His body needs no assistance, but his brain, particularly the prefrontal cortex, appears completely inactive."

From the darkness comes a response, laced with a strange, almost alien accent.

"His body functions, but the mind is absent. Like a machine without a driver." There's a hint of mocking amusement in his voice.

"Do you have any information about his origin?"

The doctor audibly flips through a file.

"It's strange. He seems to come from far away, beyond our known boundaries. No identification, no trace of his past. The strangest thing of all? No one has inquired about him since his arrival."

The cold words cut through the air, planting a sinister realization in my consciousness. This is no ordinary hospital, and my situation is far from normal. I'm determined to stay awake, to catch every sound, every clue, hoping for a sign of rescue. But deeper than that hope, in the dark recesses of my mind, I know that the real horror has yet to begin.

On the twelfth day, as I've instinctively begun to call it, time ticks more slowly. In this boundless silence, in the vacuum of my mind, moments of awareness are the only clocks. Dusk must be falling, as the world always seems to settle into stillness at that

time. As the walls of my thoughts close in, audible footsteps enter the room. These footsteps carry no rhythm of care or compassion—they are strange and not from the hands that tend to me.

"Finally in our possession. This corpse will come to life in the lab," grins a man, whose voice is drenched in an ominous self-satisfaction.