

# THE BOX

IT WAS INVITING AT FIRST.  
THE POSSIBILITY OF HIDING IN THE BOX.  
NOT HAVING TO BRAVE THE HARSHNESS OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD,  
AND AVOIDING THE MONSTER THAT ROAMED AROUND IT.  
BUT IT WAS A TRAP.  
TRICKED BY THE FREEDOM OF HIDING BEHIND A SCREEN,  
LIKE A FLYTRAP LURING ITS PREY,  
YOU FELL IN.  
THE BOX WAS DARK.  
QUIET LIKE THE DEAD OF NIGHT,  
WITH INKY VOID SURROUNDING YOU.  
NO ONE TO TALK TO, NO ONE TO CARE.  
YOU WERE ALONE.  
THE BOX WAS SILENT.  
YOU COULD SEE YOUR FRIENDS ON THE DEW OF A WEB,  
BUT THEY WERE MERE REFRACTIONS OF THEMSELVES.  
ONLY A VOICE, OR THE OCCASIONAL VIDEO,  
BUT THEY WEREN'T HERE.  
THE BOX WAS EERIE.  
THE FEAR WAS IMMENSE.  
PARANOIA FOLLOWED,  
MAKING PEOPLE SCARED OF ANYTHING NEW OR UNFAMILIAR,  
FEARING THAT THE MONSTER WOULD BE HIDING WITHIN.  
THE BOX WAS MONOTONOUS.  
THE SAME ROUTINE DAY BY DAY,  
DROWNING IN A SEA OF EMPTINESS.  
WITH ONLY THE DELICATE CRYSTALS ON A WEB,  
AS YOUR ONLY SALVATION.  
THE BOX WAS OPEN?  
YOU WERE FREED FROM THE,  
DARKNESS,  
FEAR,  
SILENCE,  
BOREDOM.  
YOU EXIT, MASKED  
AND EMBRACING THE DAWN WITH A SMILE.