

“And up, and down, and up, and down, and up, and down.” Your hypnotist said, punctuating each change in your mind’s direction with a snap of their fingers. Everything felt hazy. Your eyes felt so heavy, as they fluttered back down. Your thoughts were so spacey.

“And down, down, down, down down down down down.” The snaps drove the word deeper into your brain. Your body felt like a ragdoll in the chair. Your hypnotist laughed. “You look so good like this. So blank, so brainless. I wonder how many ups it takes to reverse this?”

Your mind had risen, ever so slightly, at that single up. It was like a single grain of rice, compared to the full bowl that was the depth of your mind. “Up, up, up.” Like you were hooked on a fishing line, your thoughts climbed towards the surface. Though it was a struggle.

Because that line was the only thing holding you up. Because your brain wanted to sink deeper. You didn’t want to think. You just wanted to drop. You wanted to be blank. You wanted to be mindless. You- “Down.” The line was cut, and you sank, like a stone, into mindlessness.

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