Run Away

February 3, 2015 By Nicole Lemelle

"We don't create a fantasy world to escape reality. We create it to be able to stay." ~ Lynda Barry

I've been thinking.

I hate MS!

I know what you are saying. That's pretty obvious. Who in their right mind likes MS?

But you don't understand. I mean I really hate MS. I hate writing about MS. I hate talking about MS. I hate every part of having MS. The hate is so strong it consumes me.

I use to just want to run away from everything and everyone. But now I know I just want to run away from my illness. Just breakout and leave MS behind.

But I can't.

My friends always say they need a vacation to get away from their jobs, their kids, their spouses. I tell them to do it, just run away for a little while. Everyone needs a holiday from their problems and troubles.

Too bad I can't take my own advice. It's impossible for me to escape my problem. It goes with me everywhere I go. It's a MonSter that lives inside of me. He makes my body tingle. I can feel him in my feet. Like a tyrant, he controls my hands and makes me drop things. He constantly laughs at me and my confusion makes him bold.

Some days are so bad; I begin to feel like a trapped animal. On those occasions, when I just want to crawl out of my MS cage and be free, I close my eyes and fall into my dreams. My dreams tend to rescue me from the beast. They keep me alive. I just bow my head, clear my mind, and run away.

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