

What Is Real

“Are you crazy?”

“No, you’re crazy.”

The early morning sun came into the room and cleared away the gloom. The guy in the bed slowly opened his eyes and started at the ceiling without moving. After a long time, he seemed to regain control of himself. The guy sat up and rubbed his head with his hand. The look on his face told us that he was not well. He rubbed his head and groaned.

“Damn it! My head hurts so much!” The day began with the grumbling of the guy.

The guy had just moved to the town the other day. When he came here, he found that there were not many people in the town. Maybe the guy could see one or two people occasionally, but they all hurried by, giving him no time even to see their faces. Anyway, the whole town has revealed a strange feeling.

The guy starts to wash up, eats breakfast, and the phone rings.

“Hello, this is Jan.”

“Why haven’t you come to work yet? Do you know how late you are?” there was an angry voice on the phone. The caller was his new boss, who, for some reason, was very grumpy and very different from his previous boss.

“Ok boss, I’m coming immediately!” Jan replied. The boss hung up after hearing the reply.

“He has such a bad attitude.” Jan said to himself.

Though complaining, Jan finished his breakfast quickly. Before he left, he remembered that he had forgotten something. He saw a small bottle of pills on the shoe cabinet. He picked it up and put two of them in his mouth. Then he heaved a sigh of relief as if he had accomplished something and rocked to his studio.

When he came back home, Jan came into the house with the food he bought from the supermarket after work. The house was empty except for himself. He sat down and began to think about what was going on in his day and the dream he had last night, which caused him to wake up grumpy in the morning.

In the dream, he was asked by a woman if he was crazy, even though he couldn't see the man's face, but he had a vague feeling that he must know her that she was, someone he was very familiar with. This woman keeps asking, trying to get Jan to admit that he's crazy, and it seems like he's going to be able to make this guy feel good about it.

"Interesting things." Jan smiled. Then he remembered that he had seen a newcomer to-day, someone he had not seen since he had moved in, "Why are there always newcomers? Is it all the rage to move now?"

After thinking, Jan cleaned up the room and took the medicine bottle on the shoe cabinet into the bedroom.

"Why should I take medicine?" Jan suddenly thought of this idea. But the idea from his mind immediately went out.

However, it was this fleeting thought that led to Jan’s more painful life.

Jan began to have the same dream every night. In the dream, many different people tried to make him admit that he was crazy. After waking up in the morning, Jan's

headache symptoms became more and more serious, and he took more and more pills every day. Instead, he began to encounter more and more people who were not familiar and couldn't see their faces. Jan's heart was getting more and more flustered, and there was no reason to panic, or maybe there was a reason which he could not express. He faced more and more people he didn't know, but he never talked to them. Most of the time talking to himself. Finally, one day, Jan couldn't take it anymore.

He stopped taking his medication.

He could no longer endure the atmosphere in which there were so many people around him, but he could not fit in and understand them. He was fed up with the loneliness of such a bustling scene. So, he stopped taking the medicine, deliberately not to let himself see the bottle. He didn't know why, but there was a voice in his heart telling him: *don't eat any more, don't eat any more...*

When he stopped taking the medicine, Jan felt much better. Even as he was able to see the faces of others more clearly than before, his strange dream began to recede in frequency. He began to talk to the people he met and to communicate with them, though he always felt they were both familiar and strange to him. He attributed the feeling to the fact that they had never known each other before. One thing Jan noticed was that he saw fewer and fewer new people.

Finally, a week later, Jan didn't see anyone new. He felt completely integrated into the seemingly strange but habituated town. He feels very good.

One day, Jan remembered the medicine bottle. Jan finds it and tears the wrapper off the bottle. He saw the name – ARIPIPRAZOLE TABLETS.

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"Well, that's the end of the story." The mother closed her book and looked at her daughter.

"Mom, what's 'aripiprazole'?"

"It's a headache medicine. Well, it's getting late. It's time for you to go to bed. Good night." Mother got up and turned off the light in the room.

"Good night, mother."

The mother gently closed her daughter's door and went back to her bedroom. She lay on the bed and smiled in the dark. She did not tell her daughter that the real effect of the pill was to treat symptoms of schizophrenia or multiple personality disorder.

The daughter would not know. The bottle of medicine was on the table in her mother's bedroom. On the table was a picture. There is only one person in the photo, and the gender of this person cannot be seen from the photo, but unexpectedly, it has the same face with this mother. On the back of the picture is a message:

If one day you see me crazy, you are crazy. Remember to take your medicine on time, Jan.