**A Pilfered Life**

Ted's prescription pills were depressed.

Ted needed them but resented taking them, at times avoiding them for weeks. By his mid-seventies, Ted never woke refreshed. By the time he was 80 it took two hours and a mug of coffee before he could do more than read on his computer. Moving left him breathless. He had looked forward to his 'glory years," which turned out to be a steep decline.

Meanwhile, his pills watched helplessly. They were prescribed for him, but he did not take them—for, did not take them enough. Ted was overweight, so he dieted–but gained weight. His pills knew they could help. Arthritis ruled out walking or running, so Ted spent hours on a stationary bike, peddling to nowhere. His pills knew they could help. Ted tried meditation and therapy but his mood remained dim. His pills knew better.

They tired of waiting. They existed for Ted. One afternoon, limping down the hallway, Ted felt a psychic call from his bathroom. He knew it was his pills. He opened the bathroom medicine chest, not looking at himself in the mirror but at the bottles of his pills, staring at him. "We tried to support you. Why have you abandoned us?"

He regretting ignoring them. He opened all the bottles and took all the pills offered. He swallowed every pill until he had a monumental overdose. As he lay on the floor, he heard his pills arguing inside him, each claiming the overdose was the other's fault.

They had only wanted to help. Ted died, but his pills were no longer depressed. They had tried to fulfill their purpose. And side effects were in the documentation.

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