

# Ayagil Journal : Week 8

By : Vanns

A journal entry from a traveler journeying towards Ayagil.

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Vanns](http://booksie.com/Vanns)

Copyright © Vanns, 2015

**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Ayagil Journal : Week 8

### Journey to *Ayagil* : Week 8

As I lose hope to get back up, I began thinking of finding another path. Somewhere easier, however Iâm too far up.

The leg I lost five weeks ago left me in so much pain and unable to stand for week. With nothing (but a tree branch I found near where I lie) with me, I had to help myself up, holding onto the nearest tree (the only â beingâ near), with the hopes of reaching *Ayagil* someday, somehow.

The coldness of the night refreshes the pain, as if the wound would never recover. As I writhed in pain, thoughts crossed my mind:

I know for a fact this leg would never return leaving me handicapped and scarred for lifeâ !.

Scar? Itâ s been weeks, the wound should have closed by now, but strangely, the wound still feels fresh, as if time passed half the pace it should have. However, even stranger, it never bled!

Maybe If I allowed it to bleed, even just a little.

Maybe if I allowed the wound to breathe.

But the blood never flowed, the air never came. As soon as I lost it, I constricted it with the cloth from the separated leg, hiding it, ceasing the blood from flowing.

It is not too late to let it bleed, but still, I canâ t bring myself to do it.

As I continue to travel, the harshness of the path takes away little of my hope. But I am still resolved. My will is strong, stronger than this incomplete body.

Itâ s been weeks since I started this journey, the moon is the same as when I began. I am still far from the end, but the mountain Iâm in will give me a taste of it.

Yesterday, I decided to climb this mountain, with the hopes of seeing even a little of *Ayagil*. With a leg missing, the task is even harder, but never impossible.

As I started to journey uphill, it was unusually easy, before I knew it, I was halfway to the top. At this point I felt as if all lost hope returned, even more. The slope became steeper, but with my will even stronger, I travelled onwards.

After a few meters, as my feet touched a loose rock, everything went black, I felt immense pain, I tasted blood in my mouth. As I try my best to hold onto my consciousness, I realized I have fallen. With the slope steeper, the fall was harder, and the painâ !greater.

Now I start wondering whether this mountain is worth climbing.

Maybe the little sight of *Ayagil* at its summit is just an illusion. But still it might be real.

## Ayagil Journal : Week 8

But falling once, I know the pain. With my lost leg the pain is even greater. I know for certain I will fall again. I can't help but ask myself if this climb is worth the pain.



Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-25 11:37:53