The sharp, agonizing sounds of my alarm pound at me out of the darkness. I reluctantly look over at the offender only to see what resembles a 4 shining out of the black. Struggling I arise. As painful as it is, I recall that there is a remedy, an elixir, a cure for the lethargy that plagues my body. Stumbling, I navigate myself to the edge of a cliff. I do not seem to care for the danger as I descend, barely holding on to anything.

Then the most precious ingredient of all. Sealed in a sacred container and hidden from all light I carefully bring it to the device for which it is intended. Judiciously measuring the proportions, as this substance is rare and acquired from far across the globe, I add precise amounts to the machine.
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I bring the container to my lips. Ouch! It burns me. No matter. The substance begins its potent revival. At last, I begin to feel life.

I secure the doors and light the fire that drives the mechanism that will soon revive me to life. Now, agony, as I wait a minute, five, ten, an eternity until another alarm sound signals the completion of the all powerful substance.

I reach for a small vessel and extract some of the now steaming liquid. The floating aroma is about all I can stand now.