All the women were there waiting.
All of them had been called for an appointment by a strange e-mail that said:

“If you have always the secret desire of losing all your limbs, and you cannot live with that desire and are tormented by it, come to a group session with a new and revolutionary therapy that will help you to solve your problem and to alleviate your suffering.”

The e-mail had an address and a day and hour for the session.
The nine women who responded to the message followed the instructions that they had read in a big poster that was in the antechamber.
They had to pull off their street clothes down to their underwear, and they had to store them with their handbags in lockers each one with its numbered key, and they had to keep the key as an insurance that nobody would touch their belongings.
After undressing, they had to wait all together in the other room, with the door that connected to the antechamber closed.
After some minutes of silence, some of them started to wonder what would happen.

- “Well, does anybody know what’s happening here?”
- “I don’t know, I’ve just read that e-mail and came here, but I don’t know anything about this therapy.”
- “Neither do I, but I have been so curious to know about it, I can’t sleep at night, I have dreams of being a quadruple amputee, and being care taken of by a nurse, and I feel very excited while that occurs, but suddenly I wake up, and I’m back in reality, with all of my limbs on my body. I can’t stand it any more like this.”
- “I know how it feels, I had even attempted to spend entire days with my arms and my legs tied to pretend I don’t have them, but it isn’t the same.”
- “I was doing some research, and I’ve found a surgeon in Mexico who could do the operation on me, but I wasn’t certain.”
- “Have you found a surgeon? Please, give me his phone number, I want to call him!”
- “Yes, and me too.”
- “Ok, girls, when we are out of here, I will get it from my diary.”
- “Well, at least this meeting was worthwhile, we can exchange information.”
- “But that’s not what I thought ‘Group Therapy’ would be, just exchanging data, we could do it by e-mail, or in Internet forums, something else must happen here.”
- “I agree with you, but, what can it be? There’s only one door here, the one through which we all entered, so if someone is going to come in it must be through that.”
- “And there’s no screen, no speakers, no camera, nothing, just floor, walls and ceiling, and the door.”
- “Well, maybe that’s the thing, that we could chat together and speak about our experiences, for example, who can tell us when she found for the first time that she wants to
The Group Session

be a quadruple amputee?"
- "Well, in my case, was after watching that movie, ‘Boxing Helena’, when I saw that woman without arms and legs, how helpless she was and how the man who was the responsible of such atrocity took care of her, I wanted to be that girl. And I was so disappointed when all turned to be just a dream.”
- "Oh, I saw Boxing Helena, more than that, I bought the tape and I use to watch it many times, just before going to bed.”
- "I had the best scenes converted to digital video and I have stored them in my computer, just to throw up the boring parts.”
- "Do you have clips of Boxing Helena? Please send them to me, I want to have them.”
- "I want them too!!"
- "And me!!"
- "Well, everybody who wants that I send a copy to her, just give me your e-mail addresses when we go out, and I’ll send it to you.”
- "And has any of you mentioned it to anyone?”
- "Only to my therapist.”
- "No, if my husband finds out, he’ll definitely leave, he can’t take care of me even when I have a cold.”

The conversation was becoming more and more intense, and the women, who were standing scattered around the room, as the chat was getting more interesting, were standing closer of each other, until they were standing almost together side by side in a tight circle. Suddenly, the lights went off, and ....
Plafff!!!!!!!!!!!!
The room was completely dark for a few seconds and then the lights came on again.
“Ouch!!!!, I fell!!!!”
- “What happened? I don’t,,, I don’t have arms!!”
- “And my legs? Where are they?”
- “I’m a quadruple amputee!!!”
- “I have fallen to the floor, I can’t stand up!!!”
- “No, you have fallen over me, please, move from there, you’re squeezing my left tit with your shoulder, move out.”
- “I can’t, I can’t move!!”
- “I can’t see what’s happening, I fell face down, were we all turned into quads?”
- “Yes, and I’m twisted to one side, I have a head between my legs, er, my stumps.”
- “Yes, it’s my head, and you’re ruining my hairdo, move those stumps back.”
- “I can’t move them, I’m trapped here. Hey!, don’t push with your head, you’re throwing me back!!”
- “My nose is itching, and I can’t scratch it, hey you, who have those arm stumps near my head, could you please scratch my nose? Oh, more gently, you’re pushing my head back with that stump!!”
- “I’m sorry, I’m not used to having a stump, I think I made enough effort to move an entire arm and I have only a stump now.”
- “Hey, this shirt had arm holes and now it hasn’t, how can it be?”
- “I have an entire body that had sleeves and legs and now has no arm holes nor leg holes, it covers my buttocks completely.”
- “And I had full panty-hose and now their are like a panty-bag.”
- “This cannot be happening, maybe this is a dream.”
- “A collective dream? All of us dreaming the same?”
The Group Session

- “No, I’m just dreaming, the rest of you don’t exist.”
- “Lady, I’m totally real, well not totally now I think.”
- “And so am I. This isn’t a dream.”
- “Well if we aren’t dreaming what can it be, because it’s not likely that we could have lost our four limbs without any pain, and our clothing can change to fit our new condition?”
- “I’ve heard something about collective hypnosis, maybe we are being hypnotized to make us believe that we are quads, and that’s the therapy.”
- “I don’t think so, hypnosis can’t be done just like this, it needs some preparation and the patient must agree with it, it can’t be done without consent as it occurs in the movies.”
- “But, if isn’t a dream, and isn’t hypnosis, what is it? Magic?”
- “Magic? I don’t believe in magic, there are all tricks with lights, nothing is real and I’m feeling it very real, I really don’t feel having arms nor legs, I can feel that my body ends at my buttocks, I’m seated on the floor on them and I can feel the floor below them.”
- “And my stumps are very real, I can move them, I can touch things with them.”
- “Beware with what you touch, you are hitting me.”
- “Sorry.”
- “What about witchcraft? Could we have been cursed by some sorceress?”
- “Witches? In the 21st century?”
- “Well, I can’t find another explanation.”
- “Ok, but what now? I’ve always dreamt to be like I am now, but not in this situation, I need someone to take care of me, and at this stage I don’t think that any of us can help each other.”
- “Is so strange, I was always aroused when I had fantasies of being just as I am now but I don’t feel any arousal now, I don’t want to be like this. This must end.”
- “Yes, yes, this is bad, very bad, does anybody know what time is it?”
- “Well, I was wearing a wristwatch, but it vanished together with my wrist, and with the rest of my arm.”
- “It must be getting late, and I have to collect my kid from the kindergarten.”
- “I had an important meeting with my boss at seven o’clock, I didn’t know how long would this take.”
- “I must leave here immediately, I have a date with a guy for which I’ve been waiting several months, if I don’t go he won’t call me again. But I can’t move, damn it.”
- “Someone has to try to open that door, we have to leave here.”
- “And how? None of us has a hand to open that door.”
- “Well, at least you have leg and arm stumps, maybe you can walk there, why don’t you try?”
- “Ok, but I’m trapped in the center of this crowd, if you, the blond with the patch, can move backwards... By the way, why do you have that patch over your eye?”
- “Oh, I was starting to fulfill my fantasy, I wouldn’t be satisfied losing arms and legs, I want to lose my eyes too.”
- “And why have you lost just one?”
- “Well, first I want to be a quad, and later to be blind, it’s too much getting all together.”
- “So you have only to lose the remaining eye.”
- “Now I’m not so sure about that, I feel very disabled just as I am now.”
- “Well, but now move back, so I can try to go to the door.”
- “But I’m leaning forward, I can’t move back, help me.”
- “Ok, I’ll push you back with my stump, here we go.”
- “Ouch!, you’ve pushed me and I fell back, now I feel a bump on my neck.”
“Well, at least I have the way free, now I have to move my torso backwards.”
“Caution, I’m resting my back on you, move gently or I’ll fall forward.”
“Ok, I’ll try, oops, I fell down.”
“Ouch, I fell forward.”
“Sorry, I can’t have control of my body. Well, now I’ll try to turn face down. But I have no space to the left, there are many of you there, if you, with the t-shirt with horizontal stripes, could turn to your right.”
“Me? Well, I’m trying.”
“Caution, you’re resting on my head!!”
“Sorry, well, one more turn, and…ouch, I felt to the floor.”
“Thanks, now I have place to turn, I’m doing it. Now I think I can crawl to the door.”
“Oh, you’re very funny, walking on all fours like a dog.”
“Don’t tease me, at least I can move on my stumps.”
“Ok, just hurry, my boss will fire me if I don’t show up.”
“It’s not so easy, my arm stumps are very short, you see, I can make just slow steps and my tits are touching the floor, oops, I fell, let’s try to get up, is hard, my little arms are very weak to hold my weight.”
“Didn’t you think in doing some body training before thinking in becoming a quad?”
“Ha, ha, ha, look who’s talking, you can’t even get up from the floor as far as I can see.”
“My fantasy was just that, being totally incapable of doing any movement, and that’s what I got, totally DSD and DHD. But I didn’t expect to end face down, I’m totally trapped here.”
“Well, while you’re busy in your discussions I’ve got to the door.”
“Just open it, what are you waiting for?”
“Not so easy, I have to stand up, the knob is high from here, I can’t reach it while crawling. Let’s try to support my arm stumps in the door and climb up, oops, not enough strength, I fell again.”
“Shit, the only one with arm stumps and weak as a little baby.”
“You’re not right, I have also arm stumps!! Over here, in the floor.”
“And what the hell are you doing there?”
“I can’t do anything, I have at least three of you over me, and I can’t walk, I’m DHD.”
“Then why do you interrupt?”
“Hey, doggie, what are you doing now, not time to take a nap!!”
“I’m tired, it took a lot of effort to get here.”
“As well as being weak you’re lazy, get up and open that door, we don’t have all day!!”
“Well, hrrr, let’s try to sit up, a little push from my arm stumps, hrrrrrr, well, I’m sat up now.”
“Bravo!!!!”
“But I can’t reach the knob from here, let’s try to stand up now, I’ll swivel a leg stump a little, now the other one, ooouch I’m falling backwards.. “
Plaff!!!!
“Oh, girls, I think that the lady has hurt herself, she seems to be unconscious.”
“No, I’m not unconscious, just closed my eyes after the blow.”
“Are you all right?”
“Apart of having lost all my limbs and the headache I’m just fine.”
“Well, then go to that door, girl.”
“Ok, but I don’t want to fall again.”
“Why don’t you try to stand up against the wall so you can support yourself with your
arm stumps there?"
- "Good idea. Let's crawl to the wall, ..., Ok, now I'm sitting, and now, up one stump, oops
  I'm falling, uh uh, the arm against the wall is working, Ok, now the other stump, oh, I'm
  staggering, trying to turn to the wall, oh uh, well, now I'm standing in front of the wall
  with my stump resting on it."
- "Now you have to move to the left, and reach the door."
- "Do you think that walking sideways is so easy, why don't you try?"
- "If I had your stumps, sure I would be able."
- "Well then have a better fantasy next time."
- "I don't think I'll have a fantasy from now on."
- "Well, I'm near the door, I'm trying to move slowly, I don't want to fall down again."
- "Be careful, please."
- "I do. Well, now I can reach the knob, but, that's not fair, it's a round knob!!"
- "Try to turn it with your stump."
- "I'm trying but my stump is wet, it slips over the knob but can't move it even an inch."
- "Why don't you try with both stumps?"
- "They are too short, I don't think I can hold anything between them. I'll try, let's move
  again to the left, well, now I'm facing the knob, no, I can't, uh, I'm losing balance, ...."
Plaff
- "Oh, oh, I think that this time she fainted."
- "Hey!! Are you fine?"
- "Damn it, she's not answering."
- "Can anybody do something, she must have landed very badly."
- "Wake up, please!!"
- "Who had the idea of using both stumps? It was certain that she would fall."
- "And now what can we do? Is there anybody else who could try?"
- "For what I can see nobody of us has the four stumps, those who have leg stumps don't
  have arm stumps, nobody can crawl like she could."
- "We're trapped here, help!!, Anybody can help us!!"
- "Please!!, We want our limbs back!!"
- "Yes, yes, we've got the point, we promise not to be obsessed with our desire any
  more!! In fact that's real for me, I don't want to be a quad, please!!"
- "Hey, stop shaking your stumps like that, you're hitting me!!"
- "Ouch, you've bitten me, I don't have nothing to do with your problem!!"
- "But you were the only one at my reach, Ouch!!, you hit me with your head"
- "Ouch!! And now you've bitten my tit!!"
- "Stop that, you're pressing my chest with your backside!!"
- "Ouch!! That's not a reason to bite me in my ass!!"
- "Ayyyyyy!!!!"
- "Fucking bitch, get off my hair!!!!"
- "Damn it, you've pushed me, where are you, if I can get you you'll see!!"
- "Ouch!!"
- "Ayyyyyy!!"
- "Aaaaaaarrrrghhhhh!!!!"
- "Hummmmpphhhhh!!"
The shouts were increasing in intensity and soon everybody was struggling, that continued
for several minutes....
Suddenly, the lights went off again...
The Group Session

(voice in off)
Many people spend their entire life obsessed with a fantasy that they never will be able to realise, that makes them live in a life of suffering and frustration.
But what would happen if the fantasy turns to be real? Could it be so pleasant as in the fantasy? Or could it be a torture? But don’t worry, something like that can only happen....
*In the Twilight Zone.*

The End

Based on “QuadPile”, drawing by Isabel Blake