

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a **horror** of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of **birth** or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, **something** indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of **disordered** sensual images running like a millrace in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an **unknown** but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more **wicked**, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in **that** moment, braced and **delighted** me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.