“It can slip off of the body in sheets”

 A man is lying on a hospital bed writhing in pain. His skin is a haunting black and he looks like he ran through a wall of fire. From his lips escapes a howl. He sounds like an animal in distress, a hunting dog whose leg has accidently been caught in his owner’s trap.

 His relatives are surrounding him feeling completely and utterly helpless. They know that it is just a matter of time before his body surrenders to this horrible disease, as this type of small pox is always fatal.

 All of a sudden, a child screams in fright. His mother, who had been looking out the window whips around to see why the screaming is now coming from someone else. The child is still shrieking and pointing to the bed where a large graft of skin, about the size of a piece of paper, has slipped off of the body.