I awaken in the centre of my bedroom. I find it odd that my bed is not under me as it usually was, but I do nothing of it. I only stand and absorb the room's image, for it seems strange to me; everything is the same with a few exceptions. The room was very confined and with walls colored as a rotted lemon as opposed to the typical lavender, my bed lies far from the door and my floor is among the only things in this room that is different from the way that my room typically was. Instead of the mess that my room usually is, I find it only half as bad, only clothing is in a scattered state. But the paperwork that has its place here as well seems to have simply vanished. That is when I turn to my bed in case the paperwork had found its way there. I do not see my paperwork, but I see a woman lying on my bed-- it is me, she is sound asleep with her head on the pillow. I stagger backward at this discovery of astral projection and cover my mouth with shock. "Where am I?" I question myself without anticipating an answer, and after some time, curiosity gets the best of me and convinces me to explore.

This is when I turn towards my door again, but my attention is stolen by my closet, I find that it has undergone a transformation of sorts. It is pitch black on the inside as a child would imagine it; all texture is gone from the interior to the point where it seems a black curtain was draped over. I can hear whispers from the inside, I feel a presence so overwhelming that I can only back away from my closet with a sense of terror before I hastily open my bedroom door and exit.

I instinctively shut my door before I turn to my staircase. The staircase seems to flee from my presence as the miniscule distance from my bedroom to it becomes an elongated hallway that, to my human senses, goes off ad infinitum and in infinite darkness. I can only view that which is right in front of me. I look both to my left and to my right as I reluctantly and cautiously step towards the staircase. My sight tells me that the walls change and warp, almost as if being destroyed and reconstructed by a phantasm before my very eyes. Murals being painted before me, they appear as I approach and as I look upon them. I can only see the murals that flank me, pictures of my life, pictures of my tragedies and of my sorrows, my fears and those who I loved where also portrayed in these paintings! Then I come across a mural of myself, overrun by the monsters whom I fear so greatly; in this image I have been torn apart like paper and pieced together as an abomination. I stare at this particular piece and drop to my knees for this is my ultimate fear, for those around me to see me for what I truly am, a coward. I then inhale and blink before I discover that this infinite hallway was now in a state of illumination; however, not by a lantern or a flashlight, but by a flame which engulfs my surroundings and destroys them. In a movement without thought, I run as quickly as I thought possible. I hear the splintering of the support beams in the walls, the falling of wood and other building pieces; and, I can feel the rush of my own heart while I look desperately for the staircase.

Soon after this ordeal I can see the staircase that starts to my right. As I grip onto the railing, I look behind me and feel a sensation of shock as the hallway had obviously taken no damage, the area that appeared so vast just a moment ago is now an insignificant distance that I had traveled. I am still short of breath as I would be after running that distance. I then begin my descent as the stairs grow narrow, the railing getting closer to the wall and pressuring me between the two objects. I then get to the midpoint and look to the lower floor of my house.

A mass of people, about one hundred and twenty five cluster in my home. As I take another step they all turn their gaze at me, their faces feel nightmarish to me. They were almost normal; to me they seem as a threat with the possibility of not being so. Their faces tread the uncanny valley with the purist of white coating their eyes and illuminating their faces in this plane. They make whisperings among each other but I do not hear the words being uttered. At the same time I do not know if I want to, and the uncertainty is something I find troubling.

I continue my descent and I grip the railing. The people at the base of the stairs begin to step backward, forming a human hallway in a sense, fit for only me to walk through; they still sway ever so slightly as if they are palm trees in a tropic wind. I take the first step and instantly they stop all motion. My heart beating is the only sound that plays as I feel the eyes of a hundred locked onto me. My walk becomes more of a linger to what I can only wish to be an exit at the end. My anxiety peeks as I reach the middle of my path and I turn around, these people now guard my way of return. I see that I must go forward, and I do so. Every step is followed by these people blocking my route of return. I feel their presence growing closer and the heat emanating from their bodies and at one last moment before I reach the far wall a woman stands in front of me, she appears exactly how I do. I reach out to her and she steps back before fusing into the wall and a grand iron door forms in her place. I extend my arm to the handle and grip it. I push the door open and a flash of light blinds me, the door fades from existence and I'm left here in this room of featureless white and when the blindness leaves me I find four entities surrounding me.

In front of me to my left I see a large centipede, about five meters in length and of a mahogany color. It is facing away from me but quickly turns to reveal a face that matches mine almost exactly. Light brown skin and long hair, full lips and a slightly wide nose; the only difference was this creature's eyes. Its eyes illuminate a golden color and gaze into my own, the entity crawls up the wall beside it and a constant tapping sound accompanies every step. I quickly look away from this being, but at this moment I find my focus on another.

This being is in front of me and to my right, he stands an average height and wears a business suit as garments. Most of his visible skin is slightly tanned and his hair is of an average cut. At first glance I think that this man wears a clock mask; but, after some seconds do by and I continue my stare I find that it is no mask. This man truly has a clock as a face. I can hear the constant ticking from him, but not even the second hand moves with time. The centre of the clock is fixated on me. My body turns to avoid the sight of these entities only to find the sight of two more.

The one to my left was an apparition of shadows. It haunts the area in which it lie and a black mist of sorts comes out from it. The being itself is not what frightens me, what frightens me is the feeling and anticipation that the being is coming closer even though it does not visually do so. I want to stay as far away from this being as I can; however, the presence of those behind prevent me from doing so.

And lastly, that which stays in the area beside the shadowy being. An eyeball, about a meter in diameter and staring into my center. It makes no sound, it only floats over the floor below. This one gives me unease greater than the people who are outside this very room, all of these beings do so and things remain static for the longest time. I know not what will happen.

My mind freezes with my body as I sweat heavily before the eyeball moves forward. In this moment all tension erupts as the beings start to argue, the centipede shouts in a deep tone first. "She belongs to me! She is guilty of the pain and suffering that her existence causes to other humans!" The centipede rushes to me and stops only inches from my face with a sinister grin.

As it does this I feel a human hand on my shoulder, I turn around to find the clock faced man in front of me. "She is mine, she knows that her life of mundane and routine tasks will get her no where and that if her potential is met, then she may soar." The words come in a very calm, yet loud voice. Tears start to fall from my eyes at this moment. Then in the back of my mind I can hear an oddly hysterical voice. My eyes go and stare into the pupil of the giant eye behind me as the words are heard.

"She is mine, she is jealous of what she cannot have. She is aware that it will never come and this breeds hatred for those who do." I back away from the eye and feel the shadow try to consume me.

"She is only afraid. She fears the day that she exposes her true nature as a coward in front of those who are held dear." Says the apparition as all four beings grow closer and I go into a defensive position. I close my eyes to embrace my death before I begin a descent before a force that is not physical covers my body and I feel strain on my insides. My organs moving inside of me is a sensation I do not want to recall. As I feel the tension, the argument escalates into a language I do not recognize, the dialect seems inhuman. My lungs feel a form of drowning. The entities turn their attention away from my presence. As their attention leaves me so do my ties to this plane, the floor below me slowly fades from my touch and I begun to accelerate downwards as if I were falling through the cloud layer.

Trees and tall grass inhabit the area below and the sun shines from the west. I land on my back and writhe from the impact. I stand as the pain abandons me. I am on a trail of dirt and on both ends is the unknown. I walk uphill and frequently peer to my surroundings. I feel almost as if my vessel may attacked at any moment, I hear nothing but my own feet being pressed on the dirt floor. I walk faster then I normally would and in a miniscule amount of time I find myself at the mercy of darkness. Everything around me was black and my uneasiness engenders further than the surfaces of my mind. True terror occupies my mind for these hours as I wander the unknown. Soon I feel tall, dry grass at my feet. I was no longer on the trail, I now tread a different world. In this unknown I feel a claw wrap around my leg and I trip into what felt like a bush of sorts. I feel pain on all ends of my body as I tumble through the foliage. The grunts of pain fall through my lips as my descent reaches its end. I place my hand on the cold and hard floor before pushing myself up and realizing I am on a marble floor. My head anxiously rises and I examine the area that I find myself in. It appears to me as a Greek library with more books than I could imagine. My fascination leads me to a shelf and I pull a children's book from its place. I then open it and allow its words to be heard by myself.

"September 8, 1999. A child born at 8:01PM." were the first words read before I place the book down and stagger back. The day the book mentions is the day of my birth. I stare at the shelf. These books all seem to be made for infants. I still; however, find myself intrigued of their contents and in obligation to explore the cardboard pages of these books. In doing so I learn my first word is "duck" and that I truly did meet my father at the age of two! Oh what a great man he is! My first steps unassisted were at the age of five and

After this aisle of books I find more, these ones talked of my school days! The bullies who I encountered and the work that I received is all in record here. When I was six I first met my father consciously. As I find myself in a state of infatuation with these writings I stumble upon, I run from isle to isle. I find beauty in reading my own stories, I then realize that terror should overwhelm me. Who is the entity that records my life? How does it know where I always am and these things that even I do not? I look at the novel in my hands, it was a description of times to come, it was my marriage. I find my mind too clustered to read in my mind, so my mouth opens.

"Athena wore a dress of white on her wedding day that glided over the red carpet floor with a gracefulness that matched the love between her and the groom in magnitude..."

My heart escalates and I shut this hardcover novel with no title as I shelf it again. My feet frantically take me away from the shelf. Everything in the books thus far is correct, I do not want to learn of my life. I stare at the shelf before me, my mind begins to process my options here. I wonder if I should open these novels and read more, what will I learn of myself and where will that knowledge take me? I stand and contemplate this fork in my road quite visually. My hand seems to raise itself and my grip tightens around a leather bound book. I soon, after my thoughts act indecisive for many minutes, pull the book from its place and gaze upon the words written in blue ink.

In the book, I find no trace of happiness, I find no tranquility in the book. The only words written were of death, many deaths haunt the pages of this novel as I widen my eyes in terror of the truth in this nightmare I find myself in. My heart feels almost as if dynamite were combusting in it as a direct cause of the beautiful descriptions of my own deaths. I almost sweat that I can see myself in every one of these scenes. Tears overwhelm my eyes while my lungs feel as if someone clogged them. I drop this book on its spine and the pages flutter before it all shuts before me. I stutter in my movements dramatically while processing the information I had just taken: Every possible death I may experience is in those covers, but only one of them is correct. I wish this realization would sky me away from looking at any more pages, but curiosity and my want overrides my logical knowledge as I look at the iron bound book that was directly to the right of the previous work. I snatch this one greedily and without rational thought before I gaze at the carving on the cover, a casket was the only image on this book. I can hear whispers from this novel while I examine it's cover.

"She wasn't there for us..."

"She was an idiot..."

"She was a coward..."

These are the only words that I hear emitting from the iron novel as I try to decide. I make an effort to pry at the cover before I hear another in the halls I travel. I look around me with eyes on paranoia. "Who's there?" I call out, waltzing to the end of this shelf and leaning my head over the corner. I see no one in front nor behind, only the seemingly infinite mass of other shelves on both sides of me. I begin to step out of my own shelf, but as I do this I can hear the whispers from the iron clad novel grow more aggressive. With haste, I try again to open the covers of this book that haunts me, but after half of an hour I admit that the effort to be abortive. After a time of acceptance, I hear the same footsteps as before. This time I can distinguish the sounds from behind me and I turn to find an odd being that stands before me. This entity is humanoid, but featureless in texture, the only things of it that is unique were its eyes: They were violet with lavender swirling in them, a white wiring seeming to lay in the background; they pierce through my mind like an arrow. The pressure this being releases from its body crushes me mentally and I drop the book on the floor. The sound of the marble chipping echoes through the hallway.

"You, Athena, are a human..." Says this featureless entity. It has no mouth, yet the voice comes from it, the voice is not from the entity. The voice feels it is part of the entity, the voice is a part of the entities presence. "And yet, here you stand. You have come further than most humans. And you must leave, for you have seen too much. But you may not remember it, for that will cause confusion in your world."

"What do you mean?" I ask this being, flustered in my mannerisms as I stumble back from the entity. "Who are you? Where am I!?" My voice grows as frightened as my body language at this moment as the entity stares at me blankly.

"I am the Narrator, this is my library, be gone from this place." Says the entity before they wave their hand at me dismissively and a man appears from the thin air. This man is large and dresses in a similar fashion to a western hero, this man then draws a revolver in his grip and points at me.

At this moment I back up and turn around, I hope to run but after the first step I feel a metal bullet rip through my left shin before I fall in agony. I look up and roll on my back. "Please....don't..." I beg the man. But as if he were an android, cold and lifeless, he points the revolver at me and pulls the trigger. As I feel myself broken from the bullet, I can still see the eyes of that person who called themself the Narrator; they will forever haunt me. I reach upwards to grab to gun with a shaking hand and he fires at me again, I writhe in the pain and try so desperately to stay alive. This only brings forth another gunshot. Then all things turn black. I don't feel dead, but at the same time I am far from living.

I awaken on my bed with a grand sense of anxiety and terror, I find myself in a sweating fit and with a bloody nose. I curl up as I fear those things that were seen, it couldn't have been a dream. I knew what I saw and what I felt! But no one will believe me. So I continue on with my day. No one will ever tell the difference.