

Chapter 1: Short Story  
    Chapter 1.5: Poem  
Chapter 2: Song  
Chapter 3: Poem  
Chapter 4: Song  
Chapter 5: Flash Fiction  
Chapter 6: Poem  
Chapter 7: Short Story  
    Chapter 7.5: Song  
Chapter 8: Poem  
Chapter 9 Flash Fiction  
Chapter 10: Song  
Chapter 11: Short Story  
    Chapter 11.5: Poem  
Chapter 12: Poem  
Chapter 13: Song  
Chapter 14: Short Story  
    Chapter 14.5: Poem

*“You know you’re onto something when it seems as though it already existed or that it existed prior.”*

*-Antoine Q. Addison EI.*

,

## Chapter 1:

A searing sound went from one ear to the other before violently bouncing against the wall and back into my head. It was the alarm. After hitting snooze for the fifth time, it seemed as if my phone had upgraded because before, only a slight rumble shook the cavity of my skull but now... now there was a ball of calamity bouncing around and forcing me up. My hand slammed against my phone with enough force to gently swat a fly away before my finger landed on the bright orange "STOP" button.

"I'm up." were the words I murmured to myself as I fought the new wave of sleep that had come bearing weapons of mass destruction. "But with the world's strongest weapons, Nolan Jenkins, the world's best archeologist, will reign supreme". And with that talk in my head, I sat up and opened my eyes. I blinked once. Twice. The crust in my eyes began to naturally fall as the morning light cascaded into my corneas.

"Now I'm up for real."

I reached over to my nightstand where a bottle of water was patiently waiting for me to grab it. Every morning, I wake up to a desert in my throat. It was due time for a flood. After quenching my thirst, I got up and headed over to my window to let in a breeze and to get a better look at the morning sky. How beautiful. But this is the same beauty I see on the daily here in Egypt especially since it's the summer time. Today felt extra beautiful. The red notes gracefully kissed the yellow hues creating a magnificent gradient with orange intersecting the two perfectly in the middle. After getting ready, I began heading out when I noticed something strange on the TV. There was a broadcast that seemed to be having connectivity issues. Switching rapidly from a reporter speaking to white noise and static. Just like in those poltergeist movies.

"Hell no." crept out as a mumble after I distinctly heard the TV tell me "This ... is... your... warning." I turned around and walked out of the door as if nothing had happened before dialing up my realtor and telling him to put my house up for listing. He thought I was playing but I was dead serious. Eh, maybe it was just my selective hearing.

Even though I'm the best archaeologist in the world, my paycheck can only afford my Sarah. Now that I say that in my head it sounds worse than it is. Sarah is my 2005 Toyota Corolla for those of you who were wondering. We go way back to when my parents bought her for me as my going away to college present. Back then life seemed so surreal. A fever dream. Now my days have become filled with repetition. Wake up, look at the sky, shower, get dressed, go to work to come home and do it again. Lately i've found that only the beauties found in the little things really bring me happiness.

Today started off beautifully with the sky; a trend that seemed to continue because just as I was about to pull into the site, I saw a baby blue jay, waddling back and forth around an

inflorescence of royal poinciana. The deep red and bright blue clashed in a eloquent battle attacking my dopamine receptors. Truly beautiful.

As I turned into the site, it seemed like the wind welcomed and directed me as a subtle warm breeze ran through my hair almost pulling me towards the site. Usually, it's quiet but today I noticed that it's never silent. There's always something in the background.

I could hear the wind whispering to me in its native language. Like a song in a different language, I couldn't understand it but it put my body at peace. As I walked into the cave site, I was greeted by a team of excavators.

"Hey there Nolan. You look a little too dapper for comfort." One of them said

"Do you see the weather outside? Do you smell the air? How could I not be?"

All three of the men burst into laughter right in my face. I guess I'm usually not the happiest but is it truly that odd?

"Okay... Mr.... en..." He could barely get his sentence out through the laughter.

"Hahaha. Nolans happy, so funny. Y'all some haters." I said followed by a couple of chuckles.

I couldn't help but join in on the laughter. It's because I knew they weren't truly laughing at me. A lot of people hide their true emotions behind the facade of another. These fellows hide their pain with laughter. On a typical day they usually try to cheer me up by letting me know I'm not alone. So it truly is ironic.

"Down the tunnel to the right, I found another burial grave. There is a lot to unpack in there. It tells a story. Prepare an initial analysis and report back."

"Got it. It's nice to see this side of you Nolan. Honestly."

With that, they headed off in the opposite direction as me. I hope they find some cool stuff. I wish I could've spent more time within the glamorous tomb. Just from a quick peek I could tell this pharaoh was probably one of the most wealthy I'd ever seen. The sarcophagus itself was probably 19 feet long and made of solid gold. Finely crafted jewelry adorned the room along with fruit baskets and jars of wine. At the front of the room sat a fully preserved bow with a golden grip and 10 silver aarons.

I walked for what felt like miles thinking about the tomb before I approached a split in the track. Left or right? It didn't really matter what I thought so I went with my gut and chose to go right. At the end of the tunnel, there was a dead end. I picked the wrong way. Or so I thought. Just to check and make sure that I wasn't missing anything, I looked around with the light flashing. On

the ground there didn't seem to be anything of interest. The walls were all bumpy except for one. Just as my hand approached the center of this wall, it became smooth. As I inspected the unusual patch with my flashlight, the wall appeared to almost glow and text in hieroglyphs had been displayed. Some of the words I was familiar with but a lot of them I wasn't.

It read:

A great sword adorns every knight's waist.  
A rapier made for jabs of haste.  
A Long sword double edged but all knights knew this fact.  
Had they not then that sword could stab their back.  
If only the sword had a mind of its own  
I wonder if it would think what it's doing is wrong  
Imagine if you gave every sword vision,  
I wonder if that would change the sword's mission.  
So I ask thee almighty omnipotent sword,  
If I make you then will these answers become my reward.  
Or will it be a suicidal decree.  
The day that we allow swords to roam free.

Underneath these words were a few more sentences but I couldn't translate them. I'm guessing they continued the story. Interesting. As I took a step closer, a jolting pain sore through my foot. All I could do was scream. Looking down, a hole had appeared in my foot but the cause was unknown. I lifted my foot up and I could feel the bones and muscles in my feet slowly shearing against the sharp edge of what seemed to be an imaginary blade. As I pulled my foot off of the sword I fell down to the ground. Holding my foot trying to stop the bleeding. In anatomy class, we learn that the two most painful parts to injure are the feet and the hand because of all of the nerves. I can attest to this. I pulled my body over to where my foot had been impaled and there was what seemed to be a floating pile of blood. "What the fuck." I paused. I reached out to touch the blood and something gave some resistance back. I felt around the contour of it and it seemed to be the tip of an object that was puncturing the surface of the ground. I grabbed my spade and began digging around it. I couldn't believe it. When I got to the bottom of the contour and pulled it above the ground, it was clear that it was a sword. A sword in form but visually air. It had to be as tall as me if not taller and I stand at 5 '8. By the time the team got there it had to be a very shocking scene. On the ground sat a sword, invisible to the naked eye so it just looked like splattered blood, me lying on the ground holding my foot which had a massive hole in it. And a giant hole in the ground. The first thing they did was call the supervisor and he promptly arrived. After telling the excavation team to give us a moment, I told my supervisor what had happened. His face turned pale, paler than what I imagine the hue of a dead body to be. He told me what I had found could be the find of the century. He waited with me until the ambulance got there and we chatted about what this could possibly be.

In the car of the EMS, they sedated me and I remember waking up in the hospital. My supervisor was there. So was the company's lawyer. I was confused, wasn't this the biggest find of the century? The legal team only comes out when they want to hush something. No way they're hushing me right?

"I'm so sorry \_\_\_. What you found yesterday was extremely valuable to us and even to the world. But the nature of it is classified now, you know how it goes." Said the lawyer.

"No, I don't know how it goes. I am the senior director of exploration. Who could be more senior than me?"

"Listen I know it's not what you plan but my best piece of advice to you is to just let it go." said my supervisor

"Just focused on getting better for now. You can't help us do anything in that condition."

Then he walked out after the lawyer made me sign an NDA. Let it go? How am I supposed to let it go? This was the highlight of my career. I couldn't believe it. I sat looking up at the ceiling as I cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 2:

### [Falling in my sleep](#)

feel like i'm on a whole different planet  
hot feet i must be where the sand at  
toxic guess i am i ain't plan it  
black heart whole time it been tanning  
run to the finish line 1st place destined  
but our fate fake it's written like wrestling  
instead of diamonds my mind and my body should be the ones that go in for testing  
lord i got a question,  
life been hella hard, pops went to the bars,  
couldn't touch the stove, i still found a spark  
but life is like a cars needs way more to start  
body dying slow, fade out like a star  
seen it from afar help would be late  
cross out dreams replace with cleaner slates  
where ya team turn around damn nigga you was getting played

And its been a long while since a nigga like me felt a okay  
said it's been a little while since rain in the clouds ain't cover face

yea it's been a long while since a nigga like me ain't felt okay  
and it's been a long while yea it's been a long while but i'm ok

damnnnn what in the world are doing now?  
'posed to be looking for bluer skies chicken little that shit falling down  
like how merry go you should turn around  
people say that shit cuz i always frown  
but it's seems like smiles are so far away from me so i guess i'll go without  
fuck roadblocks i know the route  
weight of the world by my shoulders out  
why push forward when it feel like everything i'm doing is over now  
sour taste in my mouth no candy man  
see myself in the mirror who i'm standing with?  
trauma happened so i'm tryna see where damage went  
bro that locked up that's how i manage it

limits seem to be in place to hide the fact that we're limitless  
ask yourself where the limit is then realize the world is ceilingless  
Where would you hide in hide and seek?  
the truth chooses right in front of me  
camouflaged chameleons open eyes to see  
nothing in life's free like coupons buy one please

purchase a coupon to wonderland  
try to clear feelings the pressure they build a dam  
poker chips sitting right in fucking my hand  
without prior knowledge i just go all in  
gun it zooooom  
i'm in a high speed chase versus cupid  
that nigga shooting do do do doing  
meanwhile i'm swerving and bumping the music, that tells me loves stupid  
well have you been through it  
love is amazing like gumball you blew it  
but it's much deeper than sex cuz true level be effecting yo spirit  
i know you can feel it when you see moms winning  
talking yo beginnings with those called yo bros  
oh man y'all was sinning for that a toast  
say adios, old problems stay gone

### Highs and Lows (Chapter 3)

Climb to the highest point to see a world, beauty bold enough to steal a breath.  
Descend into the lowest trench where sights scare men to death.  
Stay stagnant and become subjected to ridicule.  
Birds watch, squirrels talk, worms dance along  
Legs walk, hawk stalks, anxiety swarms  
Time moves at rate that can't be caught and one day it's gone  
Your will to do wants paired with your laze has you torn  
Days move like seconds now there's years passed to mourn  
But memories held you accountable so you're not the fool  
You hold deep inside the key for your flow state to be reborn  
Free will costs your sanity because vanity rules  
But Pride is a devil for which you're its tool  
To climb means to accept the pain when you train  
Descend and I fear that state is where you'll remain

### Chapter 4

#### Running Late Lyrics

run run hurry up cuz you late  
no time don't even look at a plate  
woke up it's a quarter past 8  
gotta get there by 9 and you 30 away  
shower now that'll take a decade  
but fuck you gotta do that anyway  
it's worse if you stank better move like it's cranked  
hop out it's 8:25 and ya iron low so a nigga gone faint  
mind blank but it's running adjacent  
somethings off but you can't really place it  
shits weird see a clock and stationed  
fuck body jolt up you awakened  
breathing real heavily shit really stressing me  
maybe being late is part of my destiny  
hop up hold my chest like cardiac was arresting me

check my phone it's not even past six  
i'm in my bed still what in inception is this shit  
woke up in the same place that i left in  
wtf it's 8:30  
i'm in my car and i'm swerving  
going 80 miles while im turning  
don't even know where im going  
no maps no radio sermons  
that's all till i see the sirens,



imma in a high speed chase  
really a high speed race  
cuz if i get to my destination i know i'll be safe

i see yall i see officers,  
i see guns i see all of yall  
try to run but i know imma fall  
try to get up then i realize it all  
just a dream

all just a dream  
nothing what it seems  
don't know what it bring  
into reality  
all just a dream  
nothing what it seems  
don't know what it bring  
into reality

i woke up in my bed im stuck  
wish i was in a bentley truck  
cuz i've had enough  
clock woke me up  
and i snoozed it what time is it fuck  
its 9:01  
i'm late anyways  
well i guess its time to get up

## Chapter 5:

### The Lone Fisherman

Dip, sit, wait, check and repeat.  
Hook, reel, observe, feel defeat.  
Behind his mind laid a storage unit.  
Waiting to be filled with buckets of knowledge.  
For stories described a miracle food.  
That came bearing fruits with info that topples every college  
To find it you must be at sea when it's crude  
Over the time of a century cut into two.  
No one before could prove they could do it  
So for 50 years he had something to prove.  
But now he's 70 and feels like he blew it.  
Taking off his hat, staring into the sea clueless.  
His life's work was left severely unfinished.  
His soul left his body with sharing his knowledge as his one final mission.

## Chapter 6:

*Gasp.* My body jolted up as if it were reacting to my searing alarm. But no sound was being made aside from the beeps coming from my cardiograph. I sat there alone, the pitch blackness outside worked as an endless abyss for me to stare into. I watched the stars dance together to form stories. One set came together to capture a bison. One set showed another group working together to craft a song. And the last showed one person, alone, fading away into the abyss. I was that person. Slowly walking away from my dreams. The star turned around, looking at the groups before fading away. I don't want to be that star. I don't want to give up. There are still so many unanswered questions.

A great sword adorns every knight's waist.  
A rapier made for jabs of haste.  
A Long sword double edged but all knights knew this fact.  
Had they not then that sword could stab their back.

The first four sentences all make sense intuitively. But starting at the fifth my mind can only wonder.

If only the sword had a mind of its own

Why would someone care to think if a sword had a mind. Something so nonsensical. But I guess it may be less nonsensical considering an invisible sword punctured me. What makes me even more curious is why the author of the poem immediately began considering the sword's emotions.

I wonder if it would think what it's doing is wrong  
Personifying an object is in and of itself whimsical but to give the item empathy as if it is human?  
Does sentience warrant empathy? What if there was another sentient race? Would we as humans wipe them away? What if there have been? What if they were swords?

The more I thought about it the more questions I had.

Imagine if you gave every sword vision,  
I wonder if that would change the sword's mission.

If a human being was to be used merely as a physical tool, I could only imagine the emotional torment that would be. Actually, I might know someone who goes through that. Except he was someone else's tool and that broke his poor soul. So to be broken physically in addition to that... But would these swords even yield to the idea of being a tool if they can think?

So I ask thee almighty omnipotent sword,  
If I make you then will these answers become my reward.  
Or will it be a suicidal decree.  
The day that we allow swords to roam free.

The idea of an omnipotent sword terrifies me. A weapon made to kill with all of the information in the world. Is that even something that is possible? I must know.

My wound healed extremely slowly. 3 months to be exact. Everyday I felt like I got crazier. The pain in my foot was relentless, throbbing with each beat of my heart, a constant reminder of the invisible sword that had pierced my flesh. But it wasn't just the physical agony that tormented me—it was the words of the poem, etched into my mind like a curse, driving me further into madness with each passing moment.

As I lay in the hospital bed, I couldn't escape the haunting verses that echoed in my mind, twisting and warping with each repetition. "A great sword adorns every knight's waist," I muttered to myself, the words tasting bitter on my tongue. "What if it's more than just a weapon? What if it's a symbol of our own violent nature, our insatiable thirst for power?"

I writhed in my bed, the sheets tangled around me like chains, my thoughts spiraling out of control. "A rapier made for jabs of haste," I continued, my voice growing hoarse with desperation. "But what if it's not just about speed? What if it's about the relentless pursuit of our desires, the ruthless ambition that drives us to betray those closest to us?"

I clutched at my head, as if trying to contain the chaos that raged within me. "If only the sword had a mind of its own," I whispered, my voice barely audible above the din of my own madness. "Imagine if it could see the folly of our ways, the futility of our endless conflicts. Would it rise up against its creators, or would it revel in its role as an agent of destruction?"

As I lay there, consumed by my own delusions, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had stumbled upon something greater than myself, something that I must get to the bottom of.

These delusions persisted for the whole three months until I was released. After getting discharged, I went back to work. I needed to find out more. When I walked in, the guard had greeted me and I went to swipe my badge. I swiped it again. And again.

"Is everything alright?" asked the security guard.

"Yea, my card just must be erroring out. Could you check it for your reader?"

He took my card away swiftly before slowly swiping it across the machine connected to the database of employees. Immediately, his facial expression changed as he looked up at me.

"What's wrong?"

"It seems you've been given an early retirement. Congratulations."

"Congragulations? Do you know how hard I worked for thi..." I didn't even finish my sentence

before I ran into the place after seeing my boss walking past the access gate. I yelled. "Is this really necessary? You sold me a false dream you bastard. You said everything would be fine. You liar."

"Look at you. This was for the best."

My boss walked into the access gate before I was tackled by 3 security guards. I was devastated.

With my head hanging low and a tumult of questions swirling in my mind, I trudged out of the hospital, my belongings clutched tightly in my hand. Each step felt heavy, laden with the weight of uncertainty and dread. As I reached my car, I hesitated for a moment before swinging open the door and sinking into the driver's seat. The metal of the steering wheel felt cold against my forehead as I slammed my head against it again and again, each thud reverberating through the silence of the night.

My life seemed to hang in the balance, a fragile thread ready to snap at any moment. The urge to give in, to let everything spiral out of control, clawed at the edges of my consciousness.

"Imma crash out" I murmured to myself.

I reached for the familiar weight of my Glock 19, my fingers tracing its contours with a mix of trepidation and resolve. For a moment, I entertained the idea of surrendering to the chaos, of letting the gun decide my fate. But then, with a slow and deliberate motion, I returned it to its resting place in the glove compartment.

No, I couldn't face this alone. What I needed was a team, allies to help me navigate the treacherous path ahead. With a steady hand, I inserted the key into the ignition, the soft click of the mechanism echoing in the stillness of the empty parking lot. It was time to reach out, to call upon a few trusted friends who might just hold the key to unlocking the secrets that threatened to consume me.

First, I needed to get a hold of my old pal Franky.

Now Franky isn't someone who's easily accessible. Think about the most off the radar person you know. Franky's probably 10x more off the radar. He has no online presence and as far as the world is concerned he died during his last deployment as a Night Stalker.

Usually I'd be traveling all around the world searching for clues but I knew he had to be in Egypt. Earlier in the month, I received a note in the hospital that told me to come visit after I get better. I knew this could only be Franky. This meant I knew where he'd be. In the Free Realm's secret Egypt base. A boutique that gleamed under the fluorescent lights of the city, its facade a facade of opulence and sophistication. Mannequins draped in luxurious fabrics stood sentinel in the window display, their frozen poses exuding an air of effortless elegance. The storefront itself

boasted sleek glass panels, polished to a mirror-like sheen, reflecting the passing throngs of pedestrians who walked by, oblivious to the secrets hidden beneath its glamorous exterior.

As I approached, my heart pounded in anticipation, my fingers tracing the smooth fabric of the tuxedo that hung from my shoulders. The pin affixed to my collar winked in the dim light, a subtle signal to those in the know. With a sense of purpose, I pushed open the heavy door, the scent of expensive perfumes and leather wafting over me like a velvet caress.

Inside, the atmosphere shifted, the chatter of the bustling boutique fading into the background as I made my way to the assistant stationed by the stairwell. Their eyes met mine, a silent acknowledgment passing between us as they gestured for me to follow. With each step, the sounds of the world above grew distant, replaced by the muted echo of my own footsteps on the polished marble floor.

At the bottom of the stairs, the hallway stretched out before me like a corridor to another world. Three doors stood sentinel, each one a portal to a different reality. Behind the first door, laughter and music spilled out into the corridor, a cacophony of revelry that promised escape and abandon. Behind the second door, the air crackled with tension, the scent of contraband hanging heavy in the air.

But it was the third door that drew me in, its simple wooden frame beckoning like a siren's call. Behind it, I knew, awaited my friend Franky, a familiar face in a sea of strangers. As I stepped inside, my gaze fell upon him, flanked by two imposing figures clad in military attire. And there, seated before him, was a man whose swollen face spoke of violence and retribution, a silent testament to the dangers that lurked in the shadows.

As the door swung fully open, I saw Franky grab a handful of powder and stuff it into the guy's nose. The guy began convulsing before coming to a standstill while breathing heavily.

“Well if it isn't Nolan. By the way you looked a month ago, I thought you would never walk again. Come come sit.”

I walked in and sat next to the two soldiers before Franky passed me a beer.

“So you wanted me to come see you? What's up?”

“You remember the Armanians we fought against 5 years ago? Well apparently one of the guys belonged to some big shot company. Turns out with a lot of money and power even I can be found. Unless someone tipped them off of course.”

“Who would've done that though?”

“I don't know. I was hoping you could tell me. You're the smartest guy I know. With the smallest

clue you can find everything.”

“Well what do you have so far?”

“All this guy has to say is his boss is going to make me pay or something.”

“Hmm that’s not much to go off of.”

“Yea I know.”

Franky got up and walked over to the guy who seemed to be overdosing on the obscene amount of what I can only assume was coke that he was forced to inhale, and gave him some narcan.

“Are you ready to talk to my friend?”

“չհանդամ քեզ”

“What’d he say?”

“I don’t know but since it wasn’t english I’m assuming it’s not what I want.”

With a sinister grin, he seized the helpless man's hand in a vice-like grip. With a sickening twist, Franky tore off the fingernail, the sound of ripping flesh echoing through the room.

The man's muffled screams pierced the air as Franky's sadistic pleasure only seemed to intensify. Blood oozed from the mutilated finger, staining the pavement a deep crimson. But Franky wasn't finished yet.

With a cruel laugh, he withdrew a rusty blade from the man's trembling leg, the metal dripping with a mixture of blood and viscera. Without hesitation, Franky plunged the knife into the man's other leg, burying it deep into muscle and bone. The man convulsed in agony, his tortured cries echoing off the walls of the room.

“It seems like it’s just petty revenge. Why are you so upset?”

“Oh I’m not. I’ve just been bored. Do you know how many enemies I’ve made?”

“A fuck ton.”

“Hey now, that was rhetorical. But of all of those, the Armaniens are the only ones who’ve gotten remotely close.”

“So the threat isn’t too big then?”

“Not enough for me to worry but enough for me to be intrigued.”

“Well if you’re looking for something to ease your boredom, I have the perfect thing.”

While I brought him up to speed on the artifact and ruins, he continued torturing the guy. Just as I finished briefing him, he said, I’ll do it if you cut out a chunk of this guy as collateral.

“Done.”

I grabbed the blade out of his leg before carefully scoring his back revealing the fibers of his muscles before popping out the section.

“Shitttt, I was just playing.”

“Oh shut up Franky.”

“Before we go, watch this.”

Franky ruthlessly kicked the man to the ground. With sadistic precision, he bound the man's limbs to the wall, rendering him immobile. Ignoring the man's pleas, Franky placed a terrified mouse on his back, directly over the carved wound. The creature's frantic movements tore through flesh and sinew, amplifying the man's screams into a symphony of agony. And as Franky watched with twisted delight, before telling his soldiers:

“If he talks, let the mouse free. If not, watch him scream.”

“Roger.”

“Let’s go.”

Walking out in a tuxedo after witnessing and participating in torture felt awfully eerie. I think Franky could tell it had bothered me because as we were getting into my car, he leaned over and said “It must’ve been a while since you saw some stuff like that? Better get used to it if you need to call on me for help.”

“You’re right.”

Most of the car ride there, we didn’t speak much and just let the radio play. Halfway there, he finally asked me where we were heading.

“You said I was the smartest person you knew, right? Well I’m taking you to the smartest people I know.”

“What the hell have you gotten yourself into?”

“You established the Free Realm Bikers to bring members into the “Free Realm” right? Well what if I said I found the Free Realm?”

He just looked at me, with amazement in his eyes before sitting back.

“Hmm this better be worth it.” Was the last thing I heard before I pulled off the main road and into the desert. After driving 15 minutes deeper into the desert, I arrived at a hut that was no bigger than 20ft by 20ft. On the exterior, it looked like a run down shed that was left unkempt.

“Here we are”

“You better not be pulling my leg here. What is this the tale of the wise beggar?”

“Oh would you hush?”

We walked inside the hut and I began feeling around the walls. Eventually, my hand landed in a space that just was slightly concave enough to stick my finger in and pull. The floor then turned into an elevator and we were on our way down.

“Man what the fuck type of people are these?”

“The kind we can depend on. Now act right Franky.”

“When haven’t I?”

“I’m just saying, they’re on our team no need to scope out the scene.”

“Hey man, I’m always aware of my surroundings. What if it’s set up?”

“I told you, they’re on our side, why would they set us up?”

“For being as smart as you are, sometimes you are an idiot.”

Just as he finished that sentence, the elevator came to a halt and we heard the sound of something opening. After a few seconds of noticing the door wasn’t moving, panic began ensuing as my breaths became quicker and quicker. My head became fuzzy and I noticed that the air around us had gotten foggy.

“It’s a setup! I told you, you... idi...ot.”



Franky began falling and so did I.

We wake up on the couch in the twins work area.

“Oh you’re finally awake? I thought we killed you” Yelled Shelly.

“Who’s the manly friend you brought? Is he single?”

“Oh get a grip Sam not every guy you see wants you.”

“Ehhh I don’t know about that. What do you say friend?” Sam said as she leaned over Franky who was just waking up.

“You’re beautiful but you’re way too young darling.”

“Boom! Told ya.”

“Oh shut up Nolan” Both Twins said at the same time.

“Ha, that's creepy. Are y'all twins or something?” Franky said.

We just all sat there looking at each other before I said,

“Ok, Franky, meet Sam and Shelly, Twins, Franky.

“Nice to meet you ladies. Nolan tells me that you two are smarter than him, is that right?”

“Oh very much so. Maybe if Nolan used that brain of his to solve real problems maybe he’d have a chance.” Sam said while scoffing.

“Here you go, without archeologists, we would never be able to know the secrets hidden in history.”

“Blah Blah Blah, I could’ve made you a device that finds shit for you and then I could’ve used your brain to help us solve this matter issue.”

“Matter issue?” Franky asked?

“Well as you all know all matter has atoms. Every atom is 99% air and only 1% something. Well turns out that 99% might not just be air and we’re trying to figure out how to manipulate it.” Shelly answered.

“Yall got it.” Franky said.

“Haha, I’m with Franky on that one, I don’t think even my brain could fathom that.”

“Hmm I doubt it. But anyways what are you here for? You guys are interrupting our research.”

“I need a favor from you guys.”

“Sure”

“No”

The two twins were at a disagreement. This always happens. Sam is so hostile for no reason.

“See there you go offering your services without even knowing what he wants. Now what if he’s sending us to our deaths?”

“It’s Nolan, why would he do that.”

“I mean you could die, but knowing you two it will be a breeze.”

“See!?”

“Okay Nolan, what exactly is it that you want.”

“I stumbled upon a cave and inside there was an impossible artifact.”

“What do you mean by impossible?”

“It was an invisible sword?”

“Interesting, where was this at?”

“Just south of here by 45 minutes.”

Shelly looked at Sam and then at the computer and back at me.

“We’ve been receiving signals from coordinates around that area for a communications channel. What little we’ve been able to decrypt leads us to believe that someone or something is communicating with technology far greater than our own.” Said shelly.

“So if what you say is true, about impossible things, maybe what we’ve been searching for is in this cave.”

“Now are you in?” Nolan asked?

“This better be worth it Nolan” Said Sam.

“It will be, but first we need to get an artifact back.”

“Where is it?”

“It’s in the secured base.”

“Here comes the fun part.”

I pulled out a blueprint and began showing everyone where everything was. After showing them, the three of us swiftly came up with a plan.

First, wait until the Boss leaves at 7pm. There should be 15 minutes before another supervisor is settled in. Once confirmed that he left, use the keycard made by Sam to get into the facility. The keycard only gets you through the first gate and the door to the basement. Once in the basement there will be a guard. Greet the guard and then inject the Serum Shelly made into the guards neck. Once he falls use the guards finger to open the door. Once inside the room, it will notify all supervisors that the door has been open. You have 5 minutes. Once you find the artifact pull the fire alarm.

Franky will then throw 2 smoke grenades into the base causing confusion. At this point however, the base should be aware that there is an attack on the base and armed guards should now be flooding the lobby. Leave these guards to Franky.

As a second line of defense, there should be a tank deployed. Sam will handle this. She shoots a negativity bullet at the tank which creates a temporary atmosphere that has dark matter gas inside of it.

Gathered around the dimly lit table, the air thick with anticipation, I carefully unfurled the blueprint before my companions. Each intricate line and meticulously drawn detail danced beneath the flickering light, a map of our impending heist sprawled out before us.

With a sense of purpose, I traced my finger along the labyrinthine corridors, pointing out each critical juncture, each potential obstacle that stood between us and our objective. My voice, low and steady, echoed through the room as I guided my comrades through the intricate web of our plan.

The three of us leaned in close, heads bowed in silent concentration, as we forged our strategy with whispered words and shared glances. Ideas flowed freely, each suggestion building upon the last until our plan took shape before us, a formidable beast waiting to be unleashed.

Our first move was a calculated waiting game, a delicate dance of timing and precision. We would bide our time until the Boss's departure at precisely 7 pm, seizing the fleeting window of opportunity that followed. With only 15 minutes until the next supervisor assumed control, we would need to move swiftly and decisively.

Sam's expertise had yielded a keycard, a slender piece of plastic that held the power to breach the outer defenses of our target. Once inside the facility, our path would lead us into the depths of the basement, where a lone guard stood watch over the room holding the sword. After greeting the guard, I quickly stabbed him in the neck with a long slim needle injecting into him a powerful serum made by Shelly, rendering him helpless with the single, well-placed injection.

As the guard crumpled to the ground, his form limp and lifeless, I wasted no time in seizing his identity, his very essence, using his own finger to unlock the final barrier that stood between us and our goal.

As the door was open, a message was sent off to all of the supervisors. A steady reminder to us that time was very limited. Once I found the sword, with one swift pull of the fire alarm, chaos erupted in a symphony of sirens and flashing lights. As the guards upstairs walked around in confusion trying to find the source of the alarm, Franky entered the building wielding two smoke bombs. After the entire room filled with smoke, the guards believed that it truly was a fire. This was a grave mistake as they ended up just walking into Franky's gunfire. He mowed down the crowd of guards until it was safe for me to exit.

A hush fell over the room as Sam took aim, her gaze unwavering as she honed in on her target. With a sharp crack, the gun erupted in a thunderous roar, the sound reverberating through the very fabric of reality itself.

But it was not merely a bullet that soared forth from the barrel of Sam's weapon; it was a harbinger of chaos, a projectile infused with the power to bend space and time to its will. As it streaked through the air, it left behind a trail of shimmering distortion, warping the very fabric of existence with its passage.

With a deafening impact, the bullet struck true, its force tearing through the defenses of the tank with relentless precision. But this was no ordinary bullet; it was a conduit of destruction, a vessel through which the forces of entropy were unleashed upon our enemies.

As the bullet made contact with the tank, a ripple spread outward, a shimmering wave of energy that enveloped the armored behemoth in its embrace. For a fleeting moment, the tank seemed to hang suspended in time, caught between the realms of existence and oblivion.

And then, with a blinding flash of light, the tank was no more. Its once formidable hull disintegrated before our eyes, consumed by the insatiable hunger of dark matter unleashed upon it. Metal twisted and warped, liquefying under the relentless assault of unseen forces until nothing remained but a scattered wreckage of what once was.

Once the tank was gone, we hurriedly drove off before reinforcements came. We switched cars twice before heading over to the excavation site at 3am in the morning.

We all walked in, the group silence in the off chance that guards were here waiting for us. We quickly traced the path I took when I initially found the sword. The walk seemed much shorter without the sarcophagus in my mind. Once we approached the room, Sam jokingly said,

“Oh wow, this is everything we could’ve wanted!”

I couldn’t even register what she said because I was too busy talking to myself.

“No No NO. This isn’t right, this isn’t how its supposed to be. It was right here. Those bastards.”

“Whoa calm down. What was right there?” said Franky

“The poem. The answers. Everything. They even put dirt back over the hole where the sword was. See, this dirt is way looser than the surroundings.”

“Are you sure you aren’t just going crazy?” Sam replied

“Maybe he isn’t crazy and the same people who hid the artifact changed how the room looks?” Shelly said.

“Yes, that’s exactly what they did. But I remember it was um a rapier is something a longsword but what if the longsword was human. No, that’s not right.” I began mumbling under my breath.

“You sure he isn’t crazy?” said Sam

“Is anyone sane?” said Shelly

“I know I’ve got a few loose.” Franky added on.

“Oh would you all shut up?” I yelled after losing my order. “Forget it, let’s just keep moving and maybe then we’ll find something.”

“Roger that "Boss ". Sam said sarcastically before signaling to the others to follow her lead.

## [Hallway Music](#)

As I walked down the hall, a sense of unease crept over me, tingling along my skin like a thousand tiny needles. The walls seemed to pulse and shimmer with an otherworldly energy, their surfaces undulating as if alive with a hidden power. Vibrations hummed through the air, a low, rhythmic thrum that seemed to resonate deep within my bones.

But as I continued forward, something shifted. The sharp edges of the walls softened, their harsh angles melting away like wax beneath a flame. In their place, a smoothness emerged, pristine and flawless as the surface of a newborn baby's skin. Light danced across the surface, casting iridescent patterns that seemed to shimmer and shift with each step I took.

And then, in an instant, everything changed. Reality fractured and splintered before my eyes, giving way to a kaleidoscope of colors and shapes that twisted and twirled in a mesmerizing dance. I blinked, my senses overwhelmed by the sheer beauty of it all.

Shapes morphed and shifted, their forms fluid and ever-changing. Colors swirled and blended, painting the world in hues that defied description. And amidst it all, a symphony of sound filled the air, a haunting melody that seemed to echo from the very depths of my soul.

I felt as if I had stepped into another realm, a place where the rules of reality no longer applied. Each sight and sound was a masterpiece unto itself, a glimpse into a world of boundless wonder and infinite possibility.

And though I knew deep down that what I was experiencing defied logic and reason, I couldn't help but be swept away by its beauty. For in that moment, I felt as if I had truly gone insane – but it was a madness unlike any I had ever known. It was a madness born of impossible beauty, a madness that whispered of wonders beyond imagination.

Lost in the beauty of the moment, I turned to share the experience with my companions, a smile playing across my lips. But before I could utter a word, there was a sudden, sharp pop that shattered the fragile tranquility of the scene.

Blood splattered across the pristine white walls, a stark contrast to the vibrant colors that had filled the room only moments before. Shock reverberated through me as I watched in horror, my gaze locking onto Sam's lifeless form as her head exploded with a sickening burst.

The air was thick with the metallic tang of blood, the stench mingling with the sweet notes of the music that still echoed through the room. Shelly, stood nearby, her expression twisted in horror as she watched her sister's demise.

But before my eyes, her head began to twitch in a strange and unnatural manner, her features contorting in agony as if fighting against some invisible force.

“We’ve gotta go.”

“NO!” The twin pleaded.

“Do you want to be like her?”

“But I already am. I’m nothing without her.”

“Think about what she would want...”

“She’d want to go out with me.”

“Enough, think if it was you, would you truly want her to stay?”

“Fuck.”

We ran out of the corridor towards a hallway where that wasn’t smooth.

Franky and I sat there in silence as Shelly cried herself to sleep.

Chapter 7:

Sailing Infinitely

There is a tale I have been meaning to tell you all.  
In the seas from which I explored a legend stood tall.  
A fish that when eaten makes you omniscient.  
But in order to find it 50 years need to be spent.

50 years? In 50 years I’d have had kids who have kids who crawl.  
But 50 years to achieve something as great as omniscience?  
Just might be worth it  
In exchange for love, joy, and the Mall.

I understand your worry and truly I felt the same  
When my master told me the tale I shrugged him off and went to the pub.  
But the next day he died and for weeks all it did was rain  
A flood washed in killing everyone but me and for some reason on my hands I felt blood.

So Pop your saying that infinite knowledge could be ours to obtain,  
But if we refuse, lives will be tossed away like a ball of lent  
Not only the people we know, but also you will fall?  
I'm not sure what I should say.

Well son, if you answer my call,  
You will already know the answers so there'd be no reason to stall  
And I mean this seriously, not just to temp.  
Just imagine the possibilities if your brain is the size of a blimp

I accept father, for you I'll stand tall.  
I don't care for the time I'll spend.  
I'll travel every sea and with every wave I'll brawl,  
I'll travel for 50 years and more until the end.

All of the children turned to look at him in shock at what he said  
Half happy that he agreed but half sad because they know the path their dad led.  
Their heads shot back to the father when... flatline he was dead.  
And a new contract between fish and man had been bred.

Flash Fict 1 (CH8)

"Hey Hank, come take a look at this," Jimbow's voice echoed through the cavern.

"It better be something worth my time," Hank grumbled, his skepticism evident in his tone.

"I don't know what it is, but it ain't something ordinary, just get your rear over here."

Hank reluctantly shuffled over to where Jimbow stood, feeling dwarfed by the man's towering presence. Despite being his boss, Hank couldn't shake the feeling of inferiority that gnawed at him in Jimbow's presence. Whether it was Jimbow's imposing stature, his undeniable strength, or his natural charisma, Hank couldn't help but envy him.

As Hank approached, a grin spread across Jimbow's face, his eyes twinkling with excitement. Emerging from the darkness of the cave, Jimbow's figure seemed larger than life, casting a long shadow that loomed over Hank.

Startled by Jimbow's sudden appearance, Hank stumbled backward before recognizing his employee. "Jimboy, you scared the life outta me! How many times do I gotta tell ya to announce yourself?"



"Sorry boss, I done forgot, but look at this!" Jimbow exclaimed, holding up a transparent rock that shimmered in the dim light.

"What in tarnation are you playing at, boy?" Hank's curiosity piqued, but his skepticism lingered.

"No games, boss. I found this while diggin' for gold," Jimbow replied earnestly.

"So you're just pickin' up random rocks now, huh? Put it down and get back to work, you oversized oaf," Hank grumbled, masking his intrigue with gruffness.

With a nod, Jimbow reluctantly complied, but little did they know, the rock Hank had dismissed so easily held the key to untold power.

In another universe, Hank would've gone on to become the most powerful man in the world. The rock his ego rejected was in reality an unknown element. Its transparent color makes it camouflage into other materials. However, if refined, this element would create a metal stronger than tungsten but moldable and conductive like gold.

It is THE forbidden metal. In 48 BCE, it was found that the Egyptians were harnessing this metal but didn't want to share it with the rest of the world. To combat this, a group led parallel to Julius Caesar's crusade burned down the city responsible for the production of the metal, thus erasing the existence of the metal from history. All that was left of the metal were the artifacts that the Egyptians made using it. Due to the transparent color, even when found, the artifacts didn't look like anything but a hole in surfaces.

Chapter 9:

Fairytale about two people in a battle but in the end they are the same.

Once upon a time, a giant lived in a castle high up in the tallest tree known to man. To every person, he was the only giant to ever exist and was seen as a threat. The kingdom would send over platoons once a week. The men would climb while they whined, guns attached to hips and hatred in their head for the monster that caused them to have to take this trip. As they reached the top they were greeted by a giant home. They would run up to the house where their instructions were to climb to the window and breach from the crack in it. However, no team had ever returned as there was a giant vat of liquid sitting right under the window. One day, the king got tired of sending regular troops and instead sent one of his prisoners of war who happened to be strong enough to destroy a base on his own. Once he got to the tree he noticed all of the marks left by the metal climbers used by the soldiers to climb to the top. He reached to the top and saw the giant home. Instead of going through the window, he instead knocked on the giant door.

Once upon a time, in a kingdom nestled amidst towering trees, there lived a giant whose home perched atop the tallest tree known to man. To the people of the kingdom, he was the only giant they had ever encountered, and they viewed him with fear and suspicion.

Each week, platoons of soldiers would embark on a treacherous journey to confront the giant, their hearts heavy with hatred and their weapons clutched tightly at their sides. Climbing the tree, they grumbled and cursed the creature that compelled them to make this perilous ascent.

Upon reaching the giant's abode, their instructions were clear: breach the window and confront the giant within. But no soldier ever returned, for beneath the window lay a vast vat of mysterious liquid, a trap that ensured their demise.

Frustrated by the failure of his troops, the king devised a new plan. Instead of sending another platoon, he chose a prisoner of war renowned for his strength and courage. Determined to succeed where others had failed, the prisoner set out for the giant's tree.

As he ascended, he noticed the scars left by the soldiers' metal climbers, a testament to their futile efforts. Undeterred, he pressed on until he reached the top and beheld the giant's home.

But instead of attempting to breach the window, the prisoner had a different idea. With a boldness born of desperation, he approached the giant door and knocked, hoping to find a way to end the cycle of fear and violence that had plagued the kingdom for so long.

"Fee Fie Foe. Who goes there at my Door"  
"It is I, the bearer of fruits."

The giant opened the door to see an obviously dangerous human however instead of killing him immediately, the giant let him in. The two had a long fruitful conversation before realizing they had more in common than they initially thought.

Before considering the giant friendly, the guy finally asked, what happened to all of the soldiers who've been attacking you?

The giant responded? What soldiers?

The man, clearly confused, gave the giant an overview of the strategy of the king.

The giant bussed out in laughter and pointed to the glass of beer in his hand and said,

"This whole time I thought that humans grew to become flies because every day I've been finding them in my beer glass."

The man realized that the giant wasn't trying to harm anyone. He was just living and was a product of hate. Just like him. So he stayed there with the giant, living out the rest of his days.

## Chapter 10:

### Sleep Paralysis

aha i've finally caught you

call me anorexic cuz my chest sits way behind my stomach  
you look like you wanna gun go on try it there's no running  
flash delirium is coming heart attack i hear it drumming  
out yo chest yo im impressed i wish you'd just say something  
(hahaha)

sleep paralysis tell me ain't it funnnnn  
the closer that i get the louder i hear drums  
but just imagine it if only we were one  
fuck fighting demons think of what we would become

tip toe so slow you don't know what my intent is  
all you feel is an impending doom zooming in  
it is ya senses coming back  
they not fast enough you bought to get yo snatched up  
cut your breath short huuuuuh  
how's it feel to not breathe  
and not see but you see me the monster that's of your dreams  
oh please he think because he's wiggling his toes he can possibly get free  
guess that means its time for me to up my speed  
run run run

im your deepest fear you can't hide from me.  
and no you can not lie to me because for lies i am the reason  
so just die for me cuz if you don't agree then thats like treason  
all my powers are just endless when you next to me your body's freezing

sleep paralysis tell me ain't it funnnnn  
the closer that i get the louder i hear drums  
but just imagine it if only we were one  
fuck fighting demons think of what we would become

oh no youre waking up hurry hurry take his lungs  
i reach out my hands first step i'll rip out your tongue  
i just know it'll be fun if...

cold sweat crept over my body and it was gone

Chapter 11:

“Ahhhh” I jolted awake, startling Franky and Twin 2.

“What what?” Twin 2 frantically said.

“Sorry, I had a horrible nightmare and when I woke up there was this thing standing in front of me. The only way I could think to wake myself up was to yell.”

“We have some troublesome news that happened while you were asleep as well actually. The cave moved.”

“The cave what?”

“We are trapped in here, we can only go deeper in.”

“Fuck. Well I guess we will move then.”

As we cautiously stepped through the cave, a chill ran down my spine, sending shivers coursing through my body. The air was thick with the stench of decay, and the feeble torchlight cast long, twisted shadows that seemed to writhe and dance along the walls.

With each step, I felt the weight of the past bearing down upon me like a suffocating blanket, the whispers of long-dead souls haunting my every move. The hieroglyphics etched into the stone seemed to leer at me, their twisted forms mocking my presence in their sacred space.

As we delved deeper into the darkness, I couldn't shake the feeling of unease that gnawed at the pit of my stomach. Every artifact we uncovered felt like a curse, a reminder of the lives lost to the insatiable greed of those who had come before us.

But it was not just the artifacts that filled me with dread; it was the sense of impending doom that hung heavy in the air. Each chamber we entered felt like a tomb, a prison from which there could be no escape.

We finally entered a room that had something of interest to me. Another poem. This time however, it was written out on the floor.

I paused, after reading this to myself, I didn't have the heart to tell them what I just read.

“Could you read it?”

“Not immediately, some of the characters look vaguely familiar but I’m going to need some time. For now let’s just keep moving and hopefully we find more clues.”

As we left the room and ventured into the darkness of the corridor, a sense of foreboding settled over me like a heavy fog. With each step, my heart pounded in my chest, the weight of worry pressing down upon me like a suffocating blanket.

As we entered each new room, the feeling of unease only intensified, gnawing at the edges of my mind like a hungry beast.

And then, we reached the room. Its entrance loomed before us like the gaping maw of some ancient beast, ready to swallow us whole. My breath caught in my throat as I stepped across the threshold, my senses on high alert for any sign of danger.

And then, without warning, it happened. A statue, towering and imposing, stood at the center of the room, its hand seemingly holding something that wasn’t there. My stomach churned with a sickening sense of dread as I realized that something was terribly wrong.

And then, to my horror, the statue spoke. Its voice echoed through the chamber, sending shivers down my spine as it addressed each of us in turn. It demanded to know our names, our purpose for being here, as if testing our worthiness to stand in its presence.

We each spoke in turn, our voices trembling with fear and uncertainty. But as the statue nodded in apparent satisfaction, I couldn’t shake the feeling that something was amiss, that we were walking straight into a trap.

And then, in a flash of movement, the statue’s arm shot upward, an action that seemed harmless. Before I could react, a gaping hole appeared in Shelly’s side, her scream of pain echoing through the chamber as blood spilled onto the stone floor.

“Fuck Fuck Fuck.” Franky and I were both tripping out at this point.

“The two of you may enter now,” said the Statue before returning to its initial position.

“What the fuck did you get us into Nolan?” Franky said as he grabbed me and threw me into the next room.

“I don’t know. I didn’t know.” I tried to explain.

“Well what did you know?” Franky demanded.

“I know nothing and that’s why I came. I’m just as confused as you.” I reiterated.

“The note.” Franky’s expression had turned cold.

“What note.” I desperately tried to detour

“What did it say?”

“I told you I couldn’t read it.”

Franky punched directly next to my face leaving a hole in the wall behind me.

“WHAT. DID. IT. SAY?”

“It said there would be sacrifices.”

“Fuck man, we could’ve waited for back up. We could’ve done something. This is all your fault.”

“Listen, It’s just us left, we gotta stick together.”

“Fuck that, if they’re sacrificing it’s either you or me.”

Franky walked off ahead of me. I tried to catch up to him but he was far gone.

I kept searching for more clues. Observing the spear thrown into Sam and the other artifacts, a lot began to make sense. This material was somehow connected. They were communicating? No they couldn’t be right? “Omnipotent sword.” It’s no way these weapons were truly omnipotent. There’s no way.

I walked through the corridor carrying now the three artifacts, the sword and the spear. Waddling into the next room, I saw Franky, fighting with a figure. This figure didn’t have any weapons. Or a body for the matter. The only way I could distinguish a figure was because Franky was bleeding all over it.

“Franky!”

“Stay back! This is what you wanted right? For us all to die? Well take it. I hope it was worth it.”

The figure punched a hole through Franky’s stomach. Then his heart. And finally his face. Franky’s form dropped to the ground. So did mine. I couldn’t believe it. Then I heard a crash. The figure had also fallen. It was an invisible set of armor. I crawled over to it with tears in my eyes and began putting it on. My body began moving on its own, quickly putting the rest of the armor on. The only piece that was missing was the helmet. Once the helmet slid down over my face my vision changed. I could see through the walls and in front of them. I could see behind me and above me all at once. I could see the earth’s core as closely as I could see the moon’s crust. I could see everything. My body began moving again. Towards the artifacts. I grabbed the

necklace and threw it over my neck. My vision shifted again, I could now see ancient text floating in space, seemingly shaping the planets, stars, and galaxies. I then grabbed the belt. After I put it on and slid the sword through the pre-made hole, my body grew sore and blood began spilling out of my pores. I had accessed power not meant for me. My muscles had forcibly grown to the size of the giant armor. My strength had grown too. I reached for the last artifact, a quilt, when my mind broke. I could no longer comprehend or understand what was happening. My body moved on its own, just a mere mortal to the omnipotent forms around me. With one stroke, Sam, Shelly, and Franky, were all turned into statues within the room they all died in. I sat there in the room with Franky on my knees as the helmet flew off of my head. My vision was irreparably destroyed. I could only see within a foot of myself. I walked over to Franky's statue and laid there with no more words to say.

## Chapter 12:

"Wake up!"

"Wake up? Where am I?"

"WAKE UP?"

My eyes shot open even though I knew they had just closed for the last time.

"I bet you can't believe your luck huh?"

"What"

"Do you still not understand? I said Wake... UP"

I felt a touch

One so slight it was basically a nudge

It went from my guts up to my hippocampus

Down into my ankles and around my body was encompassed

Even with an open eye,

Not a ray of light shot through my mind

Until I...

Wow, we're combined.

"You are you but you are I"

"My my is it that much of a surprise to arrive at the moment you've strived for all your life?"

"Are you saying I caught the fish?"

"No but take a look at if you did."

My vision split and the image made me almost shit

But in front of me was my physical form not from now but when I lived.

He sat, fishing rod in his hand.

The 50th year just began.

In my eyes a spark still shined.

Just like down below where the hook on line had caught a fish

Reel, Reel, Reel it in.

I was on his side hoping he would win.  
He fought the line hoping it didn't break  
Because it seemed the fish was so big it made the whole boat shake.  
The closer it got to him landing the more and more it grew until boom it was the size of the lake  
My face... Frozen at the sight portrayed  
I saw a giant but as it pierced the surface, a glowing guppy betrayed that notion,  
Just as I was confused, so was my physical body, even going so far as looking below him.  
The guppy wiggled back and forth, and he couldn't tell if it was what he searched for.  
But even still he took the risk.  
And threw the fish between his lips.  
The whole time the scene was silent,  
All of a sudden I heard "This is it."  
His skin began shifting from a palish peach to a bluish tint  
His body contorted and his neck impossibly bent.  
He began shaking as if he were the fish  
Foam left his mouth and I was left there in shock.  
As I watched what seemed like my body dying,  
His arms went into a position as if he were flying  
He tried it and tried it until he remembered  
Just because he knew how didn't mean his anatomy would configure.  
He sat there just basting in all the info but it was too much which left him in limbo.  
Days and Days passed where he took in no food.  
His boat floated endlessly but his body wouldn't move.  
After 3 days where he didn't die from dehydration  
For 7 more days we waited to see  
If he didn't sleep then his fate would be stationed  
But apparently that was a false decree.  
I guess with the knowledge he could control his body.  
A month passed before he even moved  
Skinny as a stick he seemed there was something to prove.  
He piloted the boat all the way to shore  
Where he was quickly apprehended by the Navy  
He ran up speaking as if he were sure,  
But they couldn't understand anything he was saying.  
Anger befell him as with all of the knowledge,  
He became too smart to talk with the fool.  
Ignorance was bliss now took on a new meaning  
As the navy was happy to order to shoot.  
An article was then posted on the front of the news  
A madman appeared and attacked the platoon  
They gave up on the answers to all the world's problems  
Because they didn't take the chance to understand the one person who could solve them  
"You see?"  
"Yes I see?"



"It's for the better that you didn't catch me"

"But now my kids are on the same path."

"Aha you've realized what it means to be me."

"If they catch us then they'll die a horrible death."

"Yep"

"What have I done? I'm a horrible father."

"No, what has begun is a journey, a virtuous one."

"But if they catch us..."

"We're omnipotent if they catch us I think we'd have something more to think about."

"I need to at least tell them."

"You're literally a fish..."

"Shit."

"But this is how all of us feel."

"Are there more people who have caught the fish?"

"Well nobody caught the fish,  
In fact the legend was a nibblet,  
One that we left."

"Wait how..."

"I'll show you."

We swam and swam and swam and swam,  
We swam through lakes, valleys and dams,  
We swam in every ocean and sea,  
Yet nothing felt new from the things that I seen,  
Even deep in the unexplored depths,  
No sensation of new could be felt.

"You see since we know of all things,  
We just have to maneuver a way to speak to human beings."

Then he showed me the memory and this did feel new,  
There once lived a fisherman back a century or 2  
He stayed in the ocean from dusk until when you could see morning dew  
And one night while fishing he saw a light shining through  
He waited and waited until he got a pull.

He reeled it and reeled it and what I saw happen to me was right now the truth.  
But the fisherman couldn't hold onto his rod,  
He lost his tool but he now had a goal.  
To catch this here fish everybody he told,  
Of the fish he had lost that magically glowed.

"It is I, the fisherman,  
I'm the first from the path.

In the journey it's hard not to reveal who you are,  
But with a brain like ours you have unlimited cards."  
I sat and I thought about what I've become,  
Then my mind went to sleep as we truly joined into one.

Chapter 13:

[Nightmare Nightmare](#)

you can run,  
and you can hide  
but you won't get far  
when i'm inside ya

i'm falling down this abyss  
in the middle of the city  
maybe one last kiss  
if demons showed me pity

wtf i'm getting chased  
i'm in a bind  
maybe it's a sign  
it's god i've gotta find

wake up  
or die tonight

reach the gates  
by a quarter past 9

god called me outta the blue  
still i don't know what to do  
turn around and i look in the sky

die die i'm here to kill you  
fly fly if only had wing  
that's when i realized its still just a dream  
soaring through the skyscraper  
while the giant demon only want me to bleed  
toppling building just to get to me  
throwing cars like they're pebbles on the street  
sirens in my head playing on repeat  
sun going down my heart skip a beat  
pull out a bazooka shoot it at its feet

my ears bleeding,  
my chest wheezing  
i'm flying still  
but momentum's fleeting  
and i see the gates  
they pearly as hell  
right before i reached em  
my body fell

your mine now  
how you made we wait  
ima be proud  
to take ya whole life away  
better say you grace  
you should see your face

hold up maybe there is a mistake?  
maybe this ain't right my life shouldn't go this way  
it's 3 quarters past 8 and the doors shut in my face

but i'm not dead  
it's all in my head  
while i weep  
notice the demon is me  
it's my insecurities  
that's the reason i can't sleep?  
that's the reason i feel weak  
i get it now god wants them beaten  
demon demon haunting my dreams  
demon demon showing its teeth  
demon killing swords been unsheathed  
demon demon no longer breathing  
and while the demon bleeding

i feel love for myself  
wake up in my bed  
sip the water on my shelf

Chapter 14:

!

Trapped within the labyrinthine corridors of the ancient ruins, my mind teetered on the brink of madness, consumed by the darkness that surrounded me. With each passing moment, I felt myself slipping further into the abyss, the weight of the past bearing down upon me like a suffocating blanket.

As I moved through the crumbling chambers, I became obsessed with the idea of restoring order to the chaos that surrounded me. The artifacts that littered the floor seemed to whisper to me, their voices urging me to return them to their rightful resting places.

With trembling hands, I began the arduous task of collecting the scattered relics, my mind ablaze with a feverish determination. I moved with a frenzied energy, my movements erratic and unpredictable, as if driven by some unseen force.

As I returned each artifact to its original position, I felt a sense of satisfaction wash over me, as if I were piecing together the fragments of my shattered mind. But with each passing moment, the line between reality and delusion blurred, until I could no longer distinguish between the two.

In my madness, I began to speak to the artifacts as if they were living beings, holding whispered conversations with the ancient relics as I placed them back in their rightful places. I muttered incantations under my breath, convinced that I alone held the key to unlocking the secrets of the ruins.

And as I worked, the song that had haunted me since my arrival echoed through the corridors, its melody twisting and warping with each passing moment. I hummed it to myself, my voice cracking with a manic fervor, as if I were channeling the very essence of the ruins themselves.

But it was the moment when I reached the heart of the cavern that my madness reached its peak. Standing before the altar that lay at its center, I felt a surge of euphoria wash over me, as if I had finally achieved enlightenment.

With trembling hands, I offered myself as a sacrifice to the dark forces that lurked within the ruins, my mind consumed by a fervent desire for absolution. And as my lifeblood spilled onto the cold stone floor, I laughed, a wild, unhinged sound that echoed through the chamber like the wails of the damned.

For in that moment, I knew that I had become one with the ruins, a mad prophet in a world consumed by darkness, forever lost to the depths of my own insanity.

*50 years later:*

“Hey look over here at this poem that I found”