

As I hiked through the rugged mountains of Colorado, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. The trail was treacherous, and I had to be careful not to slip on the loose rocks and gravel. I was on a mission to find lost mines and undiscovered caves, but as the hours ticked by, I began to doubt my ability to find anything of value.

But just as I was about to give up hope, I stumbled upon a cave hidden behind a dense thicket of foliage. The cave appeared to be naturally occurring, but as I approached, I noticed strange symbols etched into the rocky walls. They looked ancient and otherworldly, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding.

As I stepped closer, I realized the opening of the cave was abruptly cut off with a large slab of dense, heavy material. But just to the right of the entrance, I saw a shallow hole in the wall, slightly larger than a fist. Peering inside, I could see a stone-like mechanism that could be manipulated by hand.

Without thinking, I reached inside and began to work the device. Suddenly, I felt a jolt of electricity surge through my body, and everything went black.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself on a small, barren moon. The landscape was flat and desolate, with no signs of life anywhere. But the strangest thing was the sky. There were no stars, no sun, nothing but darkness and the faint glow of distant galaxies.

As I looked around, I realized I wasn't alone. There were four other people with me, all equally bewildered and confused. We were from different parts of the world, with no connection or reason for being there.

We soon realized that we could breathe without any difficulty, but we had no idea where we were or how we got there. There was no sign of food or water, and hunger didn't seem to exist in this place. We were stranded, alone, and utterly powerless.

As the days passed, we began to notice something strange. The darkness wasn't static. It was moving, like a living entity that was devouring everything in its path. It seemed to be getting closer and closer, and we could feel the ground trembling beneath our feet.

We tried to find a way off the moon, but every attempt ended in failure. We were trapped, and it felt like we were slowly being consumed by the darkness.

As we huddled together for warmth and comfort, we realized the truth. We were not meant to be here. This moon was not a place for humans, and the darkness was a force beyond our understanding.

We were doomed, and there was nothing we could do to escape our fate. I realized that we had stumbled upon something far beyond our comprehension. Something ancient, powerful, and

utterly terrifying. As the darkness engulfed us, I couldn't help but wonder what other horrors lay hidden in the depths of that cave, waiting to be unleashed upon the world.

The next thing I knew, I was back in the cave, shivering and disoriented. The stone mechanism was gone, and the symbols on the cave wall had faded into obscurity. It took me a few moments to collect my thoughts, and I stumbled out of the cave, gasping for fresh air.

But something was different. The sunlight streaming through the trees seemed to have lost its warmth, and the surrounding forest was eerily silent. I couldn't shake off the feeling that something ancient, powerful, and utterly terrifying had attached itself to me during my brief stay on the desolate moon. And I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being watched.

As I made my way down the mountain, the feeling only grew stronger. I became convinced that I was being followed, that something was lurking just beyond my field of vision. When I finally reached the trailhead, I was practically running, my heart pounding in my chest.

But when I turned around, there was nothing there. Only the empty trail, winding its way up the mountain. I tried to convince myself that it was all in my head, that the experience on the moon had just rattled me more than I realized. But deep down, I knew that something had changed. And I knew that I could never forget the terror that lurked just beyond the edges of my vision.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks into months, but the feeling never left me. Everywhere I went, I had the sense that I was being watched. Shadows seemed to stretch and twist in impossible ways, and even the familiar faces of my loved ones took on a sinister aspect. I tried to push it all away, to convince myself that it was just my imagination. But I knew that wasn't true.

One night, as I lay in bed, I heard a faint whispering just beyond my bedroom door. It was a language I couldn't understand, full of clicks and hisses and guttural sounds. But somehow, I knew that it was the same language that had been carved into the cave wall, the language of the ancient mechanism.

I tried to ignore it, to tell myself that I was just hearing things. But the whispers grew louder and more insistent, until I couldn't stand it anymore. I threw open the door, ready to confront whatever was lurking in the darkness.

But there was nothing there. Only the empty hallway, bathed in moonlight.

That was when I realized that the moon had followed me back. Not in a physical sense, of course, but in a way that was much more insidious. Something had attached itself to me on that barren rock, something that I couldn't shake off no matter how hard I tried.

As the days wore on, the whispers grew louder and more constant. I found myself unable to sleep, unable to eat, unable to do anything but listen to the incessant murmurings that seemed

to be coming from all around me. I knew that it was only a matter of time before I lost my grip on reality completely.

But even as I felt myself slipping away, I couldn't help but wonder what was causing all of this. What had I brought back with me from that accursed moon? Was it some kind of ancient entity, a being so old and powerful that even the vastness of space was nothing to it? Or was it something even worse, something that had been lurking in the depths of the universe since the beginning of time, waiting for a chance to escape?

As the weeks turned into months, I began to see things. Shadows that twisted and contorted in impossible ways, shapes that seemed to defy the laws of physics. And always, always, the whispers. They grew louder and more insistent, until it felt like they were inside my head, crawling through my thoughts and infecting my very soul.

I tried to seek help, to find someone who could understand what I was going through. But no one could help me, no one could even begin to comprehend the horror that was slowly consuming me. And so I was left alone, trapped in a world of darkness and whispers.

I was a different person when I returned from that barren moon. Something had changed inside me, and it wasn't just psychological. My body was changing too, slowly but surely, as if it was becoming something else entirely.

I started having vivid dreams of the void, of the ancient and powerful force that had taken hold of me. The dreams were so real that I could feel the weightlessness of the vacuum and the chill of the emptiness. I knew then that the void was not just a physical space, but also a state of mind that could drive one to madness.

It wasn't long before I realized what was happening. I was becoming the herald of the void, the harbinger of its inevitable arrival. It was my purpose to bring about the end of everything, to snuff out all existence like a flame.

But even as I embraced this fate, a small part of me resisted. I couldn't let go of the memory of Earth, of the people I loved and the life I once had. And so, in the end, it was that tiny spark of resistance that saved us all.

I was stopped, whether by my own will or by an outside force, I cannot say. But I was institutionalized, deemed unfit to live among society. And so I write this account, not as a warning, but as a confession.

For in my heart, I still long for the void, for the emptiness that promises an end to all suffering. And I fear that one day, I will give in to that longing and once again become the herald of the end.