

Lights of every color of the rainbow danced across the floor beneath as half a million frames swayed hips, jumped, and sang at the top their lungs in masse. It was a divine sight, everyone lost in the moment as liquor and whatever else they'd scavenged ran through their body. The best part of it all? The smiles plastered across the face of each and everyone there. From the balcony just above the stage that hosted the performing artist hung the frame of the young Ajax, noose wrapped tight about his neck. He was still alive. By some miracle, the party goer that had tossed him over the balcony hadn't snapped his neck upon the drop, but surely with each passing moment he felt the life fade from his lungs, his vision returning to dark. Just as before, he could hear each of them count down as his soul escaped his body. ".....3!.....2!.....1!"*

Ajax's neighbors likely thanked the heavens as his earth shattering snores came to a sudden halt, as he was snapped back to reality. Eyes crept open as his recurring dream came to an end. By this point, he no longer questioned it as it happened, the only thing that surprised him at this point was the fact that he didn't try to fight back anymore. Before, he would kick and scream as the partiers held him down and tied the noose about his neck. Howling and clawing, he'd desperately exhaust every method he could of to escape. All the training he'd done accounted to nothing though, as every time the dream reached its conclusion he was hanging just the same, the crowd ecstatic at the sight.

The soles of Ajax's bare feet met the cheap carpeting of the dorm floor, his frame hunched forward, elbows propped upon his thighs to hold his body up. Despite the dozen some times he'd had this dream, never had it woken him up. The first few times, he tried to analyze it, break it down to try to understand it. By this point though, he just waited for it to come to an end, bearing through it all with a smile plastered across his face. He needed to clear his mind. One leg after the next, he slid into a pair of black sweats and a white hoodie with the words "Odd Future" across the front in blue. It had some 80s design, the one from the styrofoam cups, across it.

He'd forgo his spectacles, a nighttime walk only really required his wallet with school ID, headphones, and some outer clothing to cover himself. Socks, then shoes, and draping his dreads, over his ears went his headphones. He left one off, keeping an ear to his surroundings as the other was filled *Section .80*, "Rigamortus" in specific. Out the door he went, heading towards the school building. There was no particular reason, but something drew him to it as he began his walk. He had no reason to go against it, so with the grain he went, through the halls of the dorm, and to those of his school building.