Library:

You enter a giant library. Books line the shelves for as far as you can see. The library is eerily silent, you can’t even hear your footsteps beneath you. A stale musk fills the air, like the air has not moved in centuries. You make your way through the seemingly endless library, looking for anything, something. Somebody is in the room with you…

Reception:

You find yourself in an office reception. The desk is deserted, and nobody is in the room. You try ringing the small metallic bell on the welcome desk, and wait. Nobody appears. Looking around the room you spot a small TV in the corner, but it is not tuned to anything, the sound of white noise makes the room almost deafening.

Outside:

You step outside. It is a brisk winter evening, and the cold seeps into your bones. You catch your breath and consider the sky. It’s bleak and dark, with a mountain of grey clouds rolling off towards the horizon. You look around you and notice you are in a city centre. But something is wrong, there is nobody here. There is a silhouette leaning against one of the buildings…

Café:

You step into a small, cosy café. The bell above the door chimes sweetly as it closes behind you. You instantly realise how pleasantly warm it is inside and you can feel your worries melt away. The aroma of freshly ground coffee and baked pastries makes its way into your nose, and you gratefully take it in. You take a short break in one of the comfy seats, before continuing on your way.

Windows Lab:

You are in Windows lab. The faint glow of computer monitors illuminates the room. After surveying the room, you do not see anybody else here. You peak at one of the monitors, but it just shows a log in screen. Being in here brings back memories of staying up super late in labs like these to ensure you finished your coursework on time, after you had procrastinated it for two weeks. But you shake it off and continue.

Corridor:

You find yourself in a long corridor. The walls are dark, and they seem to get darker as you make your way down the corridor. The soft carpet gives way beneath you, and it feels as if you are sinking deeper with each step that you take. You try one of the many doors lining the corridor, but the handle doesn’t even seem to turn. You spot someone standing in front of the door at the end of the corridor…

Bottom of the stairs:

You are at the bottom of a staircase. You peer up at the stairs, they seem to last an eternity and you feel dizzy just looking at it. There are several exits surrounding you. You feel trapped at the bottom of these stairs, so you start making your way towards one of the exits. But you feel uneasy, as if somebody is watching you. Out of the corner of your eye, you realise someone is here with you…

Kirill’s Office:

You step into your office. You instantly feel at ease being in familiar surroundings. You switch your light on and look around the room. Looking at the bookshelf, you recognise all your books sitting there neatly, but you cannot remember any of them. A stack of papers is sitting on your desk, but you do not remember putting them there. As you step closer, your desk chair spins around. Somebody was sitting in your chair…

Sengehennydd:

You are in Senghennydd Court. It is a cold morning, with the sun scattering the sky a crimson red. People are walking around, and you try to get anyone’s attention. Nobody takes notice of you, as if you were invisible. You sigh out in frustration, but you notice something. There is someone in the crowd you has been looking directly at you, without taking notice of anybody else…

Lecture Theatre:

You enter the lecture theatre; the large doors close abruptly behind you. You didn’t realise a place you have been in so many times previously, could make you feel so nervous. You take a deep breath, and you make your way down the steps. After all you’ve been through, you are ready to get this over with. You cannot believe who you have to fight, but you are prepared for the final fight…

Win paragraph:

You awake soundly in your bed. The sunlight creeps into the room, as the birds sing their morning chorus. You sit up and stretch, feeling more rejuvenated than you have felt in a long time. You pause to think about the dream that you had last night, but you can’t seem to recall what it was about. However, you are sure that it was a wonderful dream, and you get out of bed with a grin.

Lose paragraph:

You awake in your bed with a start. Rain pounds against your window, as the wind howls horrifically. The bed sheets stick to you as you try and get up. You realise you are caked in sweat, although your bedroom is unbelievably cold. You try to think of the nightmare that had woken you, but the memory slips away. You roll over, praying that the nightmare doesn’t return and hope that sleep takes you once again.