

The Corridor

A bullet. A whizzing sound, sharp yet muddy at the same time, passed my ear. I jerked my head away. I was running. Running from something, someone. I had no weapon, no plan, just the need to *run*. The corridor stretched before me. But no, it didn't. The walls... they shifted, changing, fading. Flickered in and out of existence, as if the walls themselves didn't *want* to be there. The ground felt like it moved beneath my feet. Was I running? Or was the floor moving me? I couldn't tell. I could have sworn the corridor was shrinking, no, growing, was it changing? Another shot. Another bullet, one that shouldn't have missed. But it did. I shouldn't be here, but I was. The walls, the air, nothing was right. Everything was wrong. Everything felt like it wasn't real, it felt like static, like the entire world was out of sync. I squinted. Everything was dark, almost eerily dark. But still, I ran. There was a glow. It flickered, but it was there. Maybe? I had seen it before. In a book? No, a movie? What is a movie? I couldn't remember. I needed- why was I running? I grabbed it. I held it, the Weapon. I had studied it. The air shifted, the metal of the gun feeling cold, yet hot. A laugh sounded. Not my laugh. Was it theirs? The assailant was gone, wasn't it? I couldn't tell anymore. They were there, or maybe not, but I needed to act. I raised the weapon. My mind was empty. I pointed it, and I fired. There was a flash, bright, too bright. Blinding. The sound of the shot echoed. The walls shook, the ground deformed. I was falling, falling fast. I blinked. The walls were gone, filled with the familiar walls of my small apartment. I stumbled backwards, shaking. I looked at my hand. The gun was still there. My fingers burned. I trembled. What had I *done*?

The Coffee Shop

I was in a coffee shop. My coffee shop. Nothing felt right. I was awake though, wasn't I? The walls closed in, the counters turned to liquid. I heard a sound, a scream, maybe. I looked around, I was the only one there. Was it my scream? The room had turned to nothing, everything was black. Something cold and familiar was in my hand. I looked down, it was the Weapon. I screamed. I looked down again, the weapon was changing color, everything just slightly wrong about it. I heard a sound, a voice, and I was back in my coffee shop. The gun was gone. A customer was talking, ordering. Nothing felt right, a slight buzzing sound everywhere. I looked at the man. He spoke, said something. It was cryptic, and I couldn't understand. It was like he was speaking another language. I looked down. The floor was gone. But, no. Maybe not? I couldn't tell. I spoke to the man, but I couldn't hear what I was saying. Was anything real? I couldn't remember *real* anymore. Who am I? I blinked. I glanced at the man. His clothes were different. His face... looked vaguely familiar, like someone I had once known. Or, like me? He was wearing rags now, but no, now a well-tailored suit. Everything was changing. He was talking. I felt like I should know what he was saying, but something was just *off*. The man spoke again. Time changed, he sped up, then slowed down dramatically. I felt strange. He said something again, but his mouth didn't move. Or maybe I hadn't noticed. Sound changed. Everything making noise stopped, and I heard other things, things I shouldn't have heard. A conversation, but nobody was talking. Footsteps, but no one was moving. I looked at my hands, they were holding coffee. I had been making coffee. The cup distorted. The coffee bubbled, changed its color, and turned into something that wasn't a liquid. A drop spilled onto the counter,

burning a hole through it. Revealing something underneath. An emptiness, a void. But, no. Something moved deep within it, something *old*. I felt like nothing, yet everything. My mind blanked. My other hand was empty, or I thought it was, but it felt like the Weapon was still there, a familiar weight to it. It was warm, like something was there. But it wasn't, was it? I looked back at the coffee, and saw a reflection of me. But, I was holding the gun. I quickly looked at my hand, still empty, though it didn't feel empty. I looked around, everything was wrong. Colors turned to sound, sound turned to smell. Everything was very wrong. I took a step back. The floor rippled beneath my feet, like sand. The buzzing in my ear grew louder, too loud, deafening. It changed into... a laugh? A voice, a familiar voice. The customer's maybe, or maybe mine. I couldn't remember. I looked up. The customer was gone. Was he ever there? I couldn't remember. Then everything **snapped**. I was in mid conversation with a coworker, everything was normal. I couldn't remember anything. The customer walked out the door. But no, he was sitting there, at a table, staring at me, smirking at me. Like he knew something I didn't. Relief filled me, though I couldn't remember why. I checked my hand one more time, still empty. But it felt like it remembered something, a warmth, a feel, a *gun*.