The boy falls. His eyes opening. He manages to look around him. A deep black void surrounds him as his anxiety rises. "No.. No...NO!" he yells. He turns around to see below him. A fiery pit with silver, sharp spikes, adding to the anxiety. He closes his eyes.

And he jumps up off his bed. "Wait... what?" He exclaimed.

"Pete, shut up can you?" someone yells arcoss the house.

"Oh," he sighed, "just a dream." His sister, Sarah, barges into the room, her face became pale red.

"I said be quiet!" She shouted. "I'm doing very important business right now." she said as she lowered her voice. Pete got back onto his bed, with a smug face.

"Like what? Texting with your facebook friends?" He questioned sarcastically. She frowned, fists clenched together, phone in one hand. Pete looked to the side of her, and tried to see what she was doing on her small phone. He had guessed right. She turned off her phone as soon as she noticed, now her face was as red as a tomato. She grunted and trudged out of the room, slamming the door so hard that is felt like an earthquake.

Pete looked at the time, his digital clock blared '11.00' . His eyes widened. He swiftly got out of his bed and got prepared to go outside.

He got out of his room, wearing a bland, white hoodie and jeans, to complement his hoodie. He ran out the door, "See ya sis!" he exclaimed.

"I'm doing very important business Pete!" she shouted, again. His father was mowing the garden, wearing a cowboy-like hat and sweating a bit too much. He noticed Pete going out of the maroon, front door and down the brick steps.

"Hiya son! Watcha doin'?" He asked, turing around to see him. "Looking so fancy eh?"

Pete stopped at the front gate, also turning around to see his dad."Dad, it's the US. There are millions of people here without an Australian accent." he sighed. Without hesitation, Pete took off running through the dilapidated gate and out onto the sidewalk.

Pete took off, through a bustling city filled with towering buildings and hundreds of people in front of him. Noise filled the air as the only thing he could hear were people talking and he couldn't even think properly.He ran on the cobbled sidewalk, and managed to trip over a stone that laid in front of him. "Omph!' he said. Face flat on the floor.

He got up, dusting his knees. But... as he looked up, something didn't seem right. Everyone was gone. The building that almost blocked the sky became missing. He looked back down on the sidewalk he was on but it had vansihed. Leaving a patch of grass that he stood on. He looked up again, now that desolate land turned into a lush forrest, filled with bright green trees and tall plant. But then again, there wasn't any form of life other than that. "Another dream huh? No one can fool me!" He slapped himself in the face trying to force himself to wake up. But it...didn't... work.

He was startled. He looked around for something to wake himself up with, but he saw something else peculiar.

A path.

He paced forward, hoping to find a way out of his place. He followed the path, it went straight, so he did, it kept going straight, so he did too. Until he noticed that there was a split path. A sign had said, 'choose the right one and you would be free. But choose the worng one, and you would be stuck in a loop.'

"Darn, missed an opportunity to rhyme it there." he chuckled. But that didn't help with his situation. He had to pick a path. Which would be choose? Would it be the path leading to the left or the path leading to the right? How could I choose? 'Eenie meenie miney mo.. the one on the left I guess?' he thought.

He paced onward to the left path. His anxiety started to grow. Did He choose the right one? Did he choose the worng one? Why did he choose it in a sloppy way? Or was it in a good way?

Pete couldn't think. His hands trembled, his eyes were watering but he didn't know why. He only just felt nervous, not sad. The path lead to a wide hole. He turned around, a wall blocked the path. So he jumped into the hole and closes his eyes.

The boy falls. His eyes opening.