The Maze

The future which we all look to,A dark and gloomy wasteland who can tell the difference?

You know how your life moves forward like a straight line with one event after the next, well I never got that liberty becuase ever since I was born my abilities have tuanted, tortured and trapped me.

Clide Morrow was the name that was given to me at the second before I first dissapeared but I never use it, if I was transparent and used my real name I run the risk of changing the future exponentionaly.

So I create fakes so many as such that I've forgotten who I am any more, every night I change to someone else and live a different life until the following midnight and then midnight.

So many times to which I have traveled giving me the only blessing in this recuring torture, the knowledge of the future, at my ripe age of twelve I have a greater inteligence that einstein, Newton and solomare combined I'm a kid genius but who can tell?

The demonic roar of my alarm clock goes off and jolts me awake

"Good morning sir the stardate is 3754 and the weather is sixty five degrees farenheight with dew point of fifty two" blares artemis.

Humans decided to switch to stardates ever since they transfered to a subsolar mega ship.

My A.I keeps repeating its self until I eventualy bud in "will you please shut up for once in your existence?"

In the thousand of years that people have worked on computer they never fixed the annoyance of artifitial inteligence.

I roll out of bed throw on a tank top and start my mornng workout ruotine reaching from the nearest branch that hasn't been eaten by a Hiquantisuar, I finaly find one and reach up.

I put atremis on my wrist and start doing my pull ups as they count "1, 2, 3, 4, "

I keep going until I hit one hundred then let go and search for food, over on a neerby branch I find a slightly over ripe banana and grab it, A rubling starts below me, I look around to see surrounding shrubbery boxing me in, I turn left and right trying to find the exit.

I reach down to artemis so that I can deploy my areal survielence drone, after careful positioning I find my directions and leave Eating my prize along the way.

A blackness surrounds for a millisecond and then I open my eyes to see that i have awoken in a white grid like cube, It takes me a miute to realise but I notice the similarities of this and something i read about a few months ago.

This must be a pocket dimension, place that exists beyond space and time.

I look around the room until just as quikly as I notice it I grab a red leather book with the engravings charles glarren, Opening the book the words are engraved in my head.

*This is the diary of Charles Glarren.*

*My name is charles and I have been going around in a cycles of endless hell and wound up in here and if you're reading this you must've too.*

*Luckily in my years of expirience I have found a way to escape my abilitys If you look to the page adgacent to this you will see marking and a knife, if you pour a drop of blood on the engravings you will be set free but remember once they'r gone you can't get them back.*

The page next to the one I'm reading is yellow and has a marking of a star on it.

I pick up the knive bring it close to my hand and slice, Pulling my bleeding hand over the page I whisper "I won't want them back"

Another blackness passes through my head but this time I'm in my childhood room with my mum and dad talking I look up and run at them as fast as I can and hug them I sit down with them then look and the clock passing twelve and im still here.

I go to bed ridiculously late not willing to waste another second away from my parents.

I wake up naturaly without artemis blaring with a smile and wake into a white room with a dechevald old man that's face haunt me, "you'll be stuck here forever like I was" he said,

"wh-who are you?" I stutter,

"why I'm the man you set free, you may know me as Charles Glarren"