Block

certifiableGrimalkin

They didn't know where they were. It was completely white, completely blank. They tried closing their eyes, and saw the redness of the light shining through their eyelids. They screamed. Nothing responded. They screamed some more.

They started walking. There seemed to be a floor, that they could walk on. Everything was a uniform, bright shade of white. It was tiring to look at. There was nothing else to look at. You couldn't not look at it.

Walking resulted in nothing. They sat down on the ground, and tried pushing against it. It was hard, but lukewarm. They punched against it. As expected, it hurt. Not even a scratch, not even a smudge. The floor, the white, was unaffected.

They laid down on the floor, with their face down, and closed their eyes. It was still bright. It seemed like everything was shining. It wasn't blinding, with eyes open, but, if they looked up or down, or any other direction, everything looked the same. That bright white. They turned onto their back, with their eyes still closed, and laid there.

A while has passed, and nothing has changed. Nothing, except the pressure in their mind. It needed something. All this white was driving them up the walls, That they haven't even found yet. How they longed for walls. For any kind of change. Everything was the same. Everything was the same.

They opened their eyes again. Everything was the same. They blinked a couple of times, intently. At least that way, there was some change. It wasn't so boring. They wished they had the power to change this place. They needed it. But it stayed the same, nonetheless. All there was, was this blank space. This blank, unchanging space. This unyielding space. A space that needs filling. That they want to fill. But they can't

They screamed, again. Screamed into the blank space. The space did not respond. Probably for the better.

They closed their eyes. Maybe they could wait it out. Maybe it would pass, sometime.

They fell asleep. And everything was the same.