

I can hear those things at night, slinking around,  
scratching up against the walls, moaning like dying men.

They want us to know that the only thing keeping them out  
is the light. If anything ever happens to the breaker room,  
if the power ever goes out, then that's it. We lose the only  
thing that keeps them away at night. And then they'll get  
us just like they got James.

They called it an accident in the official report,  
but we all know that isn't true.

I can hear their screams when I'm out there. The people  
who have died, and who are dying, and who haven't died  
yet, and who will never die. Ripples through time stuck in  
place, like the rings of a tree. James is one of them now.  
Maybe he always has been.

Everything's all mixed up. Even my brain. I can't remember  
my life before I walked into this forest. I can't remember  
the faces of my brother and sister and I can barely tell  
when I'm awake or when I'm dreaming anymore. The fear is  
too much, the sound of their scratching at the windowpanes  
and her whispering in my ear. But all that matters is that  
I remember the five numbers.

As long as I follow five steps, I'll always be able to  
reach the light.

1. eTh seert ahtr deleb kile ddnouew em n.

2. maAd stol sa whcm sa het pptosde lkoc  
hnew eh ifle eelsa p.

3. hTree's thersgtn ni sunmrbe. hTe nahmer iflyma dsene ot  
eb grhtoeet ot tihlg het ayw.

4. lA1 eth siref eh iit ot ekep meth yaaw.

5. en0 kwee ofeber het ddwolona saw dndeuf0.