

# Chapter 1: The Awakening

She opened her eyes to silence—the kind that feels heavy, like a held breath.

A strange, unfamiliar ceiling greeted her, adorned with cobwebs and forgotten dreams.

The air was thick with the scent of damp earth and ancient wood, a forgotten perfume.

She rose, her limbs stiff, a profound sense of displacement chilling her to the bone.

Through a dusty window, a town unfolded, its architecture a tapestry of forgotten eras.

No familiar face, no echo of a name, just a sea of vacant stares and hurried steps.

A whisper of panic began to stir, a cold tendril wrapping around her heart.

Fern Hollow, a name she'd never heard, yet it felt etched into the very air she breathed.

The sun, a pale disc in the sky, cast long, unsettling shadows that danced like secrets.

Every corner held a silent question, every glance a chilling confirmation: she was a ghost in her own life.