**--You decide to check on your parents--**

You open up your bedroom door. It opened up a lovely clean hallway with clean white walls. There’s a small desk sitting along the wall, and on top of it is an elegant cream vase filled with slightly wilted colourful carnations. You stare at the poor flowers as you make your way into your parents’ bedroom.

“Hey Mom, hey Dad!”

You swing the door open, hoping to surprise them with your unannounced return back home from your coma. But they weren’t in there. Not to mention, their room was just as neat as your room. Their king sized bed was perfectly made and the pillows were arranged in a style that you would only see in a house magazine. Maybe they’re in the basement watching movies and can’t hear me.

You shrug and walk back out into the hallway and head towards the stairs.

“Are those picture frames?” asked Narrator.

“Hm?” you look towards the wall beside you as you descend the stairs. “Oh, yeah my mom is a photographer, she loves taking photos,”

“Oh, they’re blurry. Did they fade?”

You pause on the step you are currently on. “Faded? What do you mean? Photos don’t fade,”

“In this world you say they don’t. In others they very much do. I believe there was one world where the photos could move around different frames and talk to you,”

You lean closer to one of the gold frames. The photo was indeed blurred. In fact, you can’t recall what photo the frame held before. You look towards the black frame sitting beside the gold one. The photo was also blurred as well. You continue down the stairs staring into all of the frames, each one of them were beyond recognizable.

“Huh, I guess you’re right? They are faded,” you press your hand against your chin in great thought. “I was pretty sure photos don’t fade, but guess I was wrong,”

Once you get to the bottom of the stairs, you make your way into the kitchen to grab some food from the fridge. You enter in the kitchen from the east side and walk around the island, towards the fridge sitting on the north wall. The kitchen had a shiny granite island and granite counters to match around the walls. There is a window on the west wall, above the kitchen sink.

You peer out the window above the kitchen sink, as you open up the fridge door. You can see your parents’ car sitting in the driveway. They definitely must be in the basement watching movies or something. You look into the open fridge and it’s empty.

“Huh, parents must have not went grocery shopping, yet,” you say as you close the door.

You walk back towards the stairs and open the door leading to the basement. It’s dark. Maybe your parents are watching a scary movie or something. You flick on the light switch and the lights buzz with energy. The wood creaks under your weight.

“Your basement is a bit creepy,” Narrator whispers.

You flinch at Narrator’s voice in your mind.

“It’s not too bad when you get used to it,” you reply as you reach the bottom of the stairs.

You turn right and stare into the darkness. It’s clear that your parents aren’t down here. If they were, the television would be on. You flick on the light switch to the living space anyways. The light revealed what you knew already. An empty sofa and a blank television screen. You shake your head.

“If their car is here, but they’re not here, where else could they be?” you ask yourself.

“Do you have neighbours? They could be visiting them,”

“I guess so. I’ll go over there and ask them,” you reply. “Good suggestion,”

You head back upstairs and make your way to the foyer. You put on your shoes. Since it’s a pretty nice day out, you decide that you don’t need a sweater or jacket.

**--You open the door--**