**--You choose to return to your room--**

Everything is in the correct place, but they are arranged in a neater way. Your bed is neatly made as if it was something from a magazine. Your bookshelves are neatly organized and displays some of your quirky nit-knacks you have collected throughout the years. Besides that fact that your mom definitely cleaned your room up while you were in a coma, everything seems like it was in place. However, there was something that doesn’t sit right with you. Something is off.

Despite everything being left practically untouched, it felt like something was wrong. Something that you couldn’t place. You walk towards the window and looked outside.

It was mid-morning and the sky was speckled with large fluffy clouds. The flower filled meadows swayed as a breeze rushed through it. The large oak tree still stood tall. Everything was the same outside as it was inside.

Still, something felt off. You turn around and scan the room around you, that’s when your 8-bit wall clock catches your eye. It stopped working. A wave of relief rushes over you, you have finally found what was different.

**--You replace the batteries in the clock or you decide to check up on your parents--**