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

You freeze as you stare outside. Your jaw drops open and you rub your eyes as if your eyes were playing tricks on you. There’s destruction everywhere. The sky is grey and not blue like the window had told you. There’s tons of rubble where the houses in your neighbourhood used to be.

The luscious park across the street that you and your friends used to play at is replaced with ashes from the disintegrated playground and small cracked tree stumps.

You look beside your house where your driveway should be, but that’s also gone as well. Shocked, you walk backwards back inside the house and slam the door shut.

“I don’t understand. How can that be? It looked… Everything looked normal outside the windows,” you said as you lean against the front door and shake your head. “I know, maybe it was a glitch in my mind. Maybe I’m just hazy from the coma meds,”

You turn around and open the door again, hoping to see the same scenery as the one you see outside the window. The destruction was still there. You run back inside the house and check the windows. The windows display the sunny driveway with your parents’ car. You run back outside far enough so you could look back at your house.

It was the only perfect one standing in the mist of chaos.

“Narrator…”

“Yes?”

“… You put that house there, didn’t you?”

“…”

“Answer me!”

“Yes. I did,”

“Why? Why did you d-“

“Because you asked me to create a portal back home. I wasn’t about to go explaining why it wasn’t a good idea,” Narrator replied. “I did ask you if you were sure on going back home, and you said yes,”

You stood there in silence. A mixture of emotions ran through you: anger, fear, and sorrow.

“Look. It was ultimately your call,” Narrator paused. “I’m sorry you had to find out this way,”

“You could have stopped me!”

“It’s not in my power to interfere with your decisions,”

“Well screw you! Screw this, whatever this is,” you kick a piece of rubble. It flew and bounces off a pile of more rubble before colliding into the ground and rolling to a complete stop. “What the hell happened anyways?! Where is everyone? Where is Mom and Dad?”

“I’m not sure. I’m sorry. I wish I could tell you the answers. But whatever happened, it was the reason you to ended up in a coma. I can’t say what happened to your family members,”

You squat down and groan, placing your face in your hands. After a few minutes of grief, you looked up from your hands and towards the sky. What could have possibly caused this much destruction. Just then a plane flew by in the sky catching your eye.

“A bomb. Someone must have dropped a nuke on my city. That’s the only explanation as to why everything is so totalled,”

“Alright. Well what do you wanna do next?”

**--You decide to stay and rebuild the city or you decide to figure out who bombed it--**