Hero’s Journey

Introduction

You wake up in total complete darkness. It's very clear to you that you are no longer in your room. Since you are enshrouded in darkness, you figure it would be a good idea to explore your surroundings, maybe you’ll find some light somewhere. High hopes if you ask me.

You freeze at the realization that some of these thoughts are not your own.

“Who are you!?”

Who am I? Why, I’m the voice inside your head. Well more specifically, I’m the Narrator for this story. I’ll make proper introductions soon, so why don’t you finish up what you were trying to do and we’ll get started, alright?

Your legs tremble as you try to stand up. It's as if your legs forgotten how to stand. You thought it was a bit strange how your body has forgotten how to stand. You figure it was just the odd place that you were in.

“Where am I?"

Suddenly a bright spotlight appears, shining upon the floor a few meters away from you. A little girl stands in the spotlight wearing an oversize wizard hat and robes to match. She steps closer to you and the spotlight follows. You instinctively step back.

“Ahh, ahh. Don’t worry, I’m not going to hurt you. Now, I am the Narrator. I’m the voice inside your head!” The little girl stops and materializes a set of papers within her hand. “Hm, let’s see here. Ah! It appears the paperwork is incomplete. Can I have your name please?”

**--prompt user name—**

“<MC NAME>. What a nice name you have. You can call me the Narrator. I had many names in the past, however, I have learnt to like being called Narrator.”

You clear your throat. “Where am I? Where is this place?”

“Oh yes. This is Origins. It’s where your story will start again,”

“Again?”

“You’ve been in a coma for a very long time <MC Name>. Origins is a place where people like you start off in before they wake up and return back to their lives.”

You nod slowly. You are unable to fully grasp the entire situation. The whole thing seems insane to you. How could you have been in a coma? The last thing you remembered was saying good night to your parents and heading off to bed. You decide to brush those thoughts aside and listen to whatever nonsense Narrator was sprouting.

“Anyways, so here’s a chance to start a new life if you wish. You have two choices.” Narrator said, as she waved her left hand spawning a portal to the right of you. “You can choose to enter a new world. A world filled with magical creatures, monsters, and great adventures. Or you can choose to return back to your current world,” She waved her right hand this time, creating a similar portal to the left of you.

You look at the portal to the right of you. It allowed you to see what was on the other side of it.

A neat dirt path leads away from the portal and alongside the path stands a row of lush emerald trees. A breeze travels through the trees causing them to sway away from the direction of the wind. You can hear the soft baaing of sheep, yet you can’t see them. Not yet anyways. Soon, a flock of sheep emerged from the trees on the right side of the dirt path. They begin trotting across the pathway. Suddenly, a dragon roar breaks the tranquil environment of the fantasy forest. The sheep scatter, but it was too late for one of them. The dragon swoops in and carries off the sheep back to its lair. Wherever that might be.

Your body tenses up and you take a deep breath. “Does that happen often?”

Narrator places her chin in her hand. “Yup, dragons love sheep. But don’t worry, they rarely make off with humans. And if they do, you can always fight them off.” She grins at you.

You turn to look inside the portal on your left. It’s a bright room with white walls. There is quite a bit of medical machines around the portal. It didn’t take long for you to realize that it was a hospital room. The better question would be whose.

“It’s yours,” Narrator replied as if she heard your thoughts. “I can read your mind. I’m synced up to you.”

You pause.

“Wait. What do you mean synced up?”

“I am the narrator. One assigned to you to monitor your journey. It’s a requirement that we are synced up by thoughts. Once you decide on a portal, I will be within your mind. I’ll see what you see, and be able to hear what you hear. You’ll be able to hear me talk to you as if I was your thoughts.”

A large frown stretches across your face.

“You’ll get used to it, not to worry,”

“Easy for you to say, you’re not the one that feels invaded,” you mumble under your breath.

“Have you decided on your portal yet?”

“Somewhat. If I choose the left portal, I don’t want to return to my hospital bed. It is possible to return back to my room? I’ll feel more comfortable starting there,”

Narrator pauses to think. “Alright, I can do that, but are you sure about this?”

You nod. “I’m certain,”

She waves her right hand again and you can see the portal on the left changing in location. Now it points to your room. Just the way you left it.

“Thank you,”

Narrator smiles. “No problem. So which portal shall you be taking?”

**--Go back to your room or Enter the fantasy forest--**