

Like iron getting smashed by blacksmiths, silence found its place, chants, cheers, even souls left bodies. A cacophony of untuned violins danced in my eardrums, people recording even dropped their phones, the floor seemed like water, phones drowning. It seemed like time was in slow motion, the lights were the only thing in existence moving, flickering in the reflection of my eyes. The place awkwardly stood all quiet. I held my breath.

The lights suddenly turned pitch black, smoke leaking out. There was one left, yet thunder shot a bow at it, and it fell into my arms. I ran to a dark tunnel where the entry laid, though while I ran with the flickering light, but there were areas of darkness that formed to create written words, it said "Obey the thunder, then there may still be hope..."

The crowd revolved in every direction, internally on the knees, begging someone to save them from their misery along with many. Spirits tormented the people, hypnotising them as if they were baubles. Those who groaned were struck by lightning, underestimating its power. The thunder roared, "Back off, don't act like fireflies and properly accomplish your job." The spirits withdrew from the humans and stood there in a distance.

I looked around, for any other traces. Footprints. They were transparent, slowly disappearing once I followed the footsteps. Suddenly, I felt like the heavens remarked me as it was a dead end on a cliff, all that was left was sunshine, leading me up translucent stairs. Then suddenly, many scampered behind and tried to climb on the steps, but they disappeared behind me, just like my memory. But someone suddenly yelled out, "Run!"