

The erupting crowd suddenly silenced as the first crack of deafening thunder slipped the clouds, then, an absurd amount of rain smashed onto the ground like shattered glass. I stood there, almost felling oddly traumatized by the splatter of the rain, thunder, lightning, all in one mouthful. A cacophony of untuned violins danced in my eardrums as if Zeus was furious and raged through the heavens. It could be Chaac, the ruler of rain, embracing his power. The stadium spotlights flicker. It seemed like time had paused, the lights were the only thing in existence moving, the place just awkwardly stood all quiet.

The lights suddenly turned pitch black, and there was one left, yet it was struck by lightning and fell to 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, murmuring like tympani's. Spirits tormented the people, hypnotising them as if they were baubles. The thunder roared, "Back off, don't make them act like dust, clinging onto you." The spirits withdrew from the humans and stood there in a distance.

I looked around, for any other traces, footprints, on the ground. Suddenly, I felt like the heavens remarked me, Zeus? Then suddenly, many scampered, someone suddenly called out, "Run."