

creative

1. Verb - Past Tense
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Verb - Past Tense faded, the high pitched ringing sound consumed my mind whilst my face felt numb. All memory had faded, but the sight of a lucent light. One which awakened, as consciousness was regained like a child awakening from a surreal dream. Yet, the imagery of the blank, open space consumed my utmost vision, immersed in a space of emptiness. As the irritating ringing sound faded away, my aching cries of help, left with no response. "Hel... Hello?" Ponderously fatigued, locked away in a suitcase, my only hope was to chisel away through the hinges. As I methodically stumbled towards the light I could feel the deterioration in my body. My knees worsened and lungs contracted. Ominous whispers were in the distance, and the illumination was fading. Constant thoughts in my mind, "What the hell is happening". Whispers lurking in the distance became much more intense, as haunting, yet constant "this way" led to the belief that a lifeguard was there, guiding me in breaking off the locks and hinges. Yet, they only drew me back eliminating my ability to break free.

Pain and agony consumed my inherent nature. Amidst this setting, from what seemed to be enclosed from civilisation, a distant faded reflection of myself was uncovered as I stumbled a magic 8 ball in this torturous enclosure. The 8 ball was old, rusty and had lost it's colour, like it was destined to be used by myself alone. Yet, it's directions were misguiding as after three attempted shakes the same phrase repeated, over and over again; "Turn back now". The environmental scheme to chain me towards my past did not go in it's favour as I slashed at the chain in order to be at my own free will. Determination was rushing through my veins, striving to reach towards

the light in the far distance. Attempting to crawl towards the light, the enclosure dampened as the hinges were sealed. Then the enclosure began to shake, as if an earthquake has led the ground to move at radical speeds. I tumbled on the floor and lost consciousness.

The ringing sound returned, but unfamiliar noises were still lurking in the air. I felt sharp pains on my knees, my eyes in agony, I was restrained. The locks opened again as the light quickly spread in the vicinity, with a soft sea breeze left me gulping for air. My vision cleared. Senses returned, however mysteriously, four magic balls rolled in opposite ends coming closer, steadily but surely. Aggression was taking over, a natural defence mechanism against the unknown, "What do you want with me?". A ball rolled even further and displayed a particularly unusual response; "knowledge, wisdom, this is the power we seek."

My confusion and anxiety levels rose beyond any extent. Their alternate paradigms of a typical 'Yes, No, Maybe' 8 ball was unusual. As the balls forced my crooked back into a fixed position, all four displayed a message, as if a man on the outside was imploring me to get out, by using mysterious balls as a communicative mechanism. In a determined voice they shouted "we have no time to waste, we're getting out of here, and you need to run." With my clear senses, but aching bones running was a hurdle in my race to break free. Gushing towards my escape, I struggled to keep pace with the speed of the round objects. However, as we raced to escape the grimy landscape, the closer we were to the light the smaller it would be. This was the final hurdle to break free as all my strength was placed into the final jump, throwing myself into the tight squeeze before the gap closed. The enclosure was no

more, as the only thing far and wide was the yellow sand in between my feet. Engulfed with confusion, I asked, "What the hell just happened?" The balls rolled away as a man approached me from the far distance. He responded, "memories have fought back as chains have tied civilisation to live in their shadows. However, you've overcome the challenges of your past life as you and I have overcome the normatives of this incarcerated society. We have broken free". The shift in the night sky was dark, and the clouds had faded. I had gained knowledge of the power of our distant memories.

Society had lost its sanity.

This new world isn't safe.

Whilst they were incarcerated, we were held captive, trapped within ourselves, and we were a species who could never be free. Deception consumed the minds of society, turning humans on each other. It was different now. We are in control of everything we put in our minds, yet now our minds as separate entities are being controlled. Generations dispersed, reality evaded, we now merely existed, and life on earth had diminished. The battle had been fought and we were merely soldiers awaiting our inevitable fate in this new world.