

Day one

Hello, it's nice seeing you. Somewhere I can put down my thoughts. It's weird seeing something new down here, let alone something so magical as a notebook, to let my mind float free from this endless cell. Perhaps if someone outside can read this, I don't know. After all you just appeared, fell from the sky. What ever you mean, and whatever you'll do, maybe I should tell you how I got here, and maybe what's it's like here

It all seemed too bright when I met her as if a halo flew above her head. Maybe it wasn't so perfect, possibly though that halo was an illusion. After all, this world isn't as nice as it used to be, at least to me.

Her face was such beautiful cinnamon, the eyes so pristine in their hazel perfection, ears standing large and tall. Oh, how I missed having her.

Long ago I first held Buttercup. Her playful personality rubbed off on me, both improving my feeling and sociability. Perhaps childhood energy went back on her, bringing the feelings of youth to an animal who never had an opportunity to feel those joys, youth disappearing amongst several weeks. If only things could have stayed that way.

In the end, we did so much together. We played together. We explored together. We grew together. Perhaps that we, it began to fade,

and I began to become a part of her. That's where it probably began to crumble.

“Sigh, that's enough for today” Mary let out in a whisper.

So she, holding on to her book, wandered for a bit before settling down and going to sleep for what her body said was the night.

Day 2

I've understood fate is never fair, but what happened between us felt so wrong, unequal, and just wrong. The love I've had for what felt like so long just vanished. I remember that time, back when things were bright and hopeful...

Weeks before a good 30 odd days if this place hasn't tarnished the feeling of time beyond my *physical* body. Oh, the Joys I felt with hope towards the future, the next generation in line. The joys I had with her, playing dress-up, and the little girl in me was swirling with ideas and hope of the future that was sure to be. Yet as if a cruel joke layed out by the grip of death. It was all for naught, kaput. So that young girl's dreams became destined to burn as that world isn't fair to anyone.

So when the inevitable day came, we looked eagerly in the nestbox, where we saw 1 very plump baby. whilst next to it was Buttercup. Poor, poor Buttercup. Now as I left for school, they were fine, and up until school ended I was, still innocent of the tragedy upon me.

, That day was nothing above the ordinary, just a dreary overcast day. When the first bell rang, we all lined up in front of our classes, orderly, peacefully.

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“I wish I could feel those joys again” she sighed as she wrote that, reminiscing about the days she long missed now even if she wished for those drab November days to close at the time.

Oh, how she missed 3rd grade.

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So we would be let in at about 8:31(it was very consistent I know). Then like any other day, we went in and sat at our desks. There we would pull up our warm-ups, one problem I remember is $2*0+(3*2)3$. That would be reminiscent of the Universe that day. After that, we opened *Charlotte's Web* where we would read chapter 3. Then we had recess. After we came in we started social studies. All was normal, similar cases occurred with lunch and math. All of it seemed ok, and I continued forth, oblivious to the battle occurring just out of

view. So went the bell of youth. The last school day I would have the joy of living through, coming to a close.

Now as I remember upon getting home, the news, oh so terrible news. Ma sat me down and said, “Hey, can you sit down with me for a minute, I have something to tell you”

A little uneasy I replied, “Sure”

“I’m sorry to tell you this but... we don’t think Buttercup or her baby will make it”

With this, a rush of adrenaline came through me as my emotions swelled. I tried to rush to my room but she blocked me.

“We tried everything we could but I don’t know if things will come out ok”.

And then I broke free. In this flood of emotions, I didn’t know what to do. So I locked myself in my room and cried. After a good 30-40 minutes oh that my mind began to look through dark places, wishing to be reunited with the half I thought I’d lost.

Those dark crevices in my mind had led me to think and go against God's will. I knew Ma had a gun and where it was, along with the ammo. I don’t know what happened but I felt like I had lost control as I crept towards Ma’s room, sure not to cause a stir in the kitchen. As I sat there I knew I shouldn’t do it and did the right thing and let my finger off the trigger. As it went from my head and back where it was supposed to, I heard a series of bangs out of my control, then it all

went like a flash before I came here. Alone. I listened to the sirens of the realm above before I heard Ma. Yet I stood powerless, amongst the endless hall, my cries for help merely echoing.

Now it's been a lonely while, wandering towards the light at the end. I have gone oh so far, only for that light to get smaller. Through this all, my only way to keep track of the time down here has been the consistent beep, beep beep from above. Oh, long walk, may it end, I should Reunite with my missing half, my Buttercup. To join the chorus and be free. It is nice having something else to do whilst on my journey.

I guess I should say bye if nothing else.

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As she finished and tucked away from the pen, shutting the book, her eyes began to blur. She then curled up in a ball and cried. Alone amongst the darkness, all she knew to do was cry.

Day 3

In that puddle of tears, a new hope was to be born, yet she lay crying, unseeing of the path being made. She cried yet longer, unseeing of her path, instead of keeping on the route she so tried to get off of. Yet I can not help her, her heart still beating and soul, however so lost, still rooted.

With my options drained, all I have to do is watch, and hope that she finds her way back to the world. Each day that hope is drained bit by bit now, half by half. All I can do is set her to rest for the night, help her have some semblance of time besides the mind-numbing beep by the bed.

As what was for me dusk turned to night, turned today, and I lifted my hand from her soul so the dim glow in the distance could bring her up once more.

With that, her eyes wet and salted from tears began to open and crackle, crusted salt breaking away from the skin. There she sat looking around her, mind still in tatters as I watched and hoped her mind may consolidate as that light got a little further. Further for each tear that fell. Further. Further for every sorrow shared amongst the world. Why does it always drift further?

I saw as her eyes begin to clear of the memories of the day prior and she went to grab her notebook. It is so nice to see her reach for that thing in the morning, sprawling over the workings of past days as I saw her pen go along the page as I had gotten a bit used to over the past couple of days. I wonder what she writes in there from time to time.

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Hello, again it's nice to have you by my side when everything else is so barren here.

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As she wrote that she started to look around as the glimmer of water and salt caught her eye and to my pleasure, started towards the shape, the path. Hope-filled me that they would return and I could do my work on those beyond the bounds of life. I watched, I hoped, I felt energy fill me just as it did her, as she neared the stairs. Maybe it wouldn't be an eternity for us to be free, at least if one has not passed already. Yet she stopped short, to sit down and think. "Whoh" With that, the pen came out and words began to pour.

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Maybe this place is deeper than I thought. Intricacies are yet to be seen. I wonder what could be throughout this place if it's more than an empty hell.

I'll write more later once I've looked throughout this place more.

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Deeper down the tunnel I followed keeping sight of her so she may not get lost. Deeper down, past the turns we came to a hall, its end glowing a faint orange. Feeling worried about its end I rushed past her, my mist going past her face. And when I got to the end, by that room of color, I heard a thump behind me. As I looked behind me, back to the white and black, I saw her lay, out in fear, at what she saw of me.

I then brought her up safe and sound and lay her to rest where it would be safe.

Day 4

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“Yawn”

I saw her sit up, and arch her back, as she got up at what was above, a new day. Inside was no different than another day, with that constant, consistent beep, beep, beep. Surely she should be driven mad by this, I know I would've been, back long ago when I was more than a soul sent to be the messenger for those long gone.

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So weird are the nights here, maybe that's just how it is always, but we found more than I thought there could be in this place. I went turn by turn, feeling the weird symbols on the wall, then we came across a hall, with a LIGHT, I was so excited I began to run towards it. Then it overtook me, my unseen companion. In a moment what looked to be death was in front of me and my heart stopped for a second, then like an instant black, before I awoke, right by the entrance. I don't

know why he is following me but I'm getting worried. After all, if this isn't hell or purgatory, what on earth is this place.

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I watched her write, from a distance, and as I turned my head towards the light, it grew a little brighter.

As I looked back, I saw her run into the labyrinth once more. With that a chase had begun, me searching for her, and her chasing the light. The oh-so-promising glow. Turn after turn I went, right behind her toe, right after every corner. Until we reached the hall, the light. I grabbed her, and pulled her back, knowing something was wrong. After all, why should there be a hall of light about the darkness amongst all the darkness? I turned back around and looked at her, my being lit from the back, the light. As I did I heard a scream from behind me. At Least this time she didn't fall.

I opened my mouth, or at least what I had in place of one, and calmly asked her why she was screaming. Trimming, she said, "wha, what are you"

"I don't really know,- maybe you could call me the reaper, but I merely guide those already gone, I don't... actually... kill people."

"Then why are you here?... And what am I doing here!?"

"I honestly don't know, for either of those answers"

"I'd assume you would know, how long you... and I have been here for so long."

"Well, I guess I've been focused on making sure you're ok, I don't know what happened to you but I have never seen something like this, never have I been brought here, never seen this place either."

"Well, why don't we go reach the light then?"

With that, we had gone down the hall, to the light, to see color.

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You would never believe what happened just now. Today I spoke with death.

So long is it shown in all the movies I could never see, have I overheard that of death, heard so menacing, dangerous, evil. Always made out to be evil, someone who cuts their heartbeat short, and tears many apart. Maybe he does do that, perhaps he does kill people, what would I, or you, be able to do about it. I wonder though, and maybe you're wondering too, what is their purpose if not to bring down the scythe upon others. Why on earth do they need a guide to get to wherever people go when they die. Perhaps I shouldn't know, maybe I may never know where they go, but they must go somewhere.

After I talked with death, we went down the hall, and my eyes felt like I saw the sun; after being in the dark for a century. It took more than a moment, unlike what I was told, it took closer to a few minutes. All spent just standing there, while our eyes adjusted. And once they did, once my eyes could see, I swear, it was the happiest I had felt since I first held Buttercup. Well maybe it was more exciting, but it didn't, couldn't last long, as the realization dawned upon us both: this was torchlight and torches can't burn forever.

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Upon that realization, I pulled her with me, knowing there must be a reason behind this hidden place, and I didn't like it. So quickly I took us, so much the walls blurred, so well was I when I saw the blank, empty plain, the same one we so much wished to escape; and so worried I felt that night, for if who-what ever made that hole came out, and I don't know what would happen if they were to find her. Even then, no one can go forever without sleep, even me.

Day 5

“Yaaaauuuuun”

“Ah, you and me, so nice was it?”

She walked away from death, towards the darkness, towards curiosity.

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I don't know if I've told you yet, about how weird it is having talked to death, it feels unnatural. A force of nature that is arguably an individual. I don't know why he'd be stuck here, or why he took so long to reveal himself? So much, so much to ask, what do you think?

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As she came back, her step wandering like her stroll, she approached the Reaper once more and tapped their shoulder. Drawing them awake.

“Should we... keep going or are we done for the while.”

“Eh, I think we should stay here for a bit, go explore or whatever you kids do these days”

When she went off she grabbed you, walked for a distance, then stopped. And sat down.

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How, I wonder did he get here, if he hasn't been here before, and how did I even get here? A gunshot, then white, and I never have seen that room again. Is this a coma, but then where is the noise. I've heard stories where people have heard things that they shouldn't have heard, like their parents wanting to shut off life support or the like. And yet all I've had is a beep, constant, and degrading. No conversations, no rumors, just beep beep beep, and silence.