

Nathan awakes in an unknown void. Nothing but a sinister darkness can be seen.

“Wh-Where am I?”

The formless darkness envelopes Nathan. He knows he’s moved, feels it, but the surroundings look the exact same

“H-hello?”

The chill of a cold and dry gust blows through, taking away Nathan’s breath. It’s unlike any normal winter wind Nathan has ever felt. It carries a hopelessness never meant to be felt by man.

Héi! Chĩd

An unfathomable number of voices come from all around. No two are alike, almost like every human ever born were all speaking. Each voice staggers off of eachother, an endless echo in the dark. The all encompassing noise tears at the soul. Weak minds would crumble at the sound. Nathan screams out in agony.

“Wh-Who are you! What are you!”

”=The question is how we
are, how what we are, it is
what we are, not

Out of the inky black, white figures appear. Faces rise as they try to escape their cruel fate and fall as their once again realize the uselessness of it all. An unending tide of horror from beneath. Untold numbers of them emerge. All are so close together yet separated by the everlasting darkness of void they seem infinitely far apart.

Nathan scrambles back, tries to run. Even swats at one that gets too close, and misses, only to see that it is truly so far away. The effort is futile. They are all encompassing.

You can not run from what
was, is, and will be. You're
futile, it's what get you

hỏi hè?

“What are you talking about?
Nothing you say makes any
sense!”

Strange, Impalpable, What is

hè? No, is hè? Perhaps,

Incóncéivable

The voices all seem to start arguing, and then suddenly, one lone voice calls out.

'He is different. Resistant.'

All at once with a newfound purpose the voices focus on Nathan. They speak as one for the first time.

YOU WILL CONFORM

The forms seem to rush at Nathan all at one

“Stay away from me!”

Nathan falls back on the one thing that he knows best. Since his military days only one thing has never failed him.

BANG!

A revolver lays unholstered. 6 empty shell casings remain. 6 bullets fly forever into nothingness.

See where you're falling gets

~yōû-Chiêd'~Mh̃y/đỏ.ýo'~

Is̃trũ/g'g'le'so'?

The darkness crawls slowly up Natha_’s suit. As it climbs, Natha_ disappears into the darkness. Swatting at the darkness staves it off for a fleeting moment. More is always waiting to continue from where it left off. Relentless. Unending.

“I won’t let you just take me!”

He'stũl'ne'si'st's'cõn'fõrmĩty'?

Cũrĩõus'He'wĩll'be'mãde'tõ

Isũb'mĩt'

*Memories seem to go with the void every time it's swatted away. Nath... 's very being is leaving him.
The sea continues rising undeterred.*

“DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM! I’VE
SURVIVED WORSE THAN THIS
AND I’LL SURVIVE THIS TOO!”

*Tendrils snake further up the white fibers of the suit forever tainting it black as a clear night sky. The
void permeates Nat... to the bone.*

You will become one with us.
It has already been so since
you entered this place.

“I WILL GET OUT OF HERE AND
PUT YOU ALL IN A BOX YOU
WILL NEVER ESCAPE FROM!”

*Na_____’s hands are stained more and more as he continues beating at the darkness. Its up to his chest now. Escape is not possible anymore, if it ever was. The void is tugging at his feet, trying to pull him deeper. **THEY** close in on the struggling creature. Their voices grow louder.*

“WHAT ARE YOU?!”

The sea of black has reached N_____’s head. The only way his face remains above is by tilting his head back. As _____ is pulled below one final line is heard

We who exist out of memory

Those that not even the earth

recalls We are the forgotten

You are forgotten

The Celebrated

A flash of white light suddenly. A buzz of noise can be heard all around. _____ curls up instinctively. After several seconds he gains the confidence to look around the room. Researchers run to the machine he has just emerged from swatting at fires. Parts of it are destroyed and coolant leaks from disconnected hoses. A few medical personnel rush to check on him.

“WHAT’S HAPPENING!? WHERE AM I?!”

“Well we just pulled you out from... wherever you were. Do you feel ok? What’s your name?”

“Oh finally real people! My name is _____.”

“What?”

“_____. Look right here on my keycard!”

The researcher looks at the keycard of a site director. The name cannot be made out

“Where did you get that! Give it to-”

The doors slam open and a group of Alpha-1 step into the room

“Leave that keycard alone. Everyone back away from that person. They will be coming with us.”

_____ is escorted from the room to a helipad. Silence dominates the entire trip

“Where are we going?”

“That’s not something you need to know. You have some questions to answer.”