Prisoners of Time

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Chapter 1: Cosmic Ambitions

It seems like only yesterday that i was just a young foolish boy,so innocent,so kind,and so very alone.I desired to be older as every child does--What a foolish desire-- .I wished to be free of mundane and constricting rules,so that i may be left to my own devices. I questioned everything,holding no fact as such,without first having evidence to support it.This led to many an evening with large stacks of Encyclopedias and Atlases searching for the truth.

My dreams and desires made me a social outcast-- life was never easy. As I began to grow older,I Avoided small talk for fear of what ridicule;what lie may be stricken upon me next. I avoided interaction with the outside world. Often i would be judged as slow or mentally incapable as a result. As time passed I began to see myself as unfit and undeserving of anything or anyone in this world.Accepting the very lie i had been told so often by others.I spent countless hours trying to escape this reality and I eventually learned to cope with the ridicule that i so often faced.

I spent my time looking up fascinated by the wonders the sky play host to. The bitter cold air biting at my face. The mountain only making it colder with every step forward.However this did not bother me. For the stars demanded my focus. They were pulsating as if they were ready to blink out of existence at any moment.Like a symphony marching on. Only persisting that they might capture a listening ear..It's daft but sitting there;staring up at the sky it seemed that moment would last forever. I was drawn forth by the universe,it seemed as though it was calling my name.

I became obsessed with astronomy;Finding hope and inspiration in the ways of the universe.My desire to learn became something more.I longed to see the earth suspended in space, a planet at the mercy of the Cosmos.Realizing the scale and difficulity of the goal i now held in my mind;i sought out to find the ideal location to realize my goals. The list was long and the choices were..difficult but after months of searching i finally found it.

With the troubles of my youth seemingly coming to a close; and a new chapter in my life beginning i was for the first time in a long time,happy.I looked forward to my day of graduation so that i may leave this town and forget the disparities of my childhood.The state of massachusetts was to be my home for the next few years,as i became versed in the practice of physics and advanced mathematics.I made arrangements for my departure with the nearest airport in Anchorage,Alaska.

The Night before i was to leave Alaska. I took a trip up the mountain one last time. As i sat and gazed upon the night sky my mind was filled with hope for the future and what opportunities it may bring.-- Even now looking back i can't understand such a cruel fate has been laid upon me-- I gazed at the wonders the universe held. Baffled by the scale of it all. The night grew old and the air thin so i descended back down the mountain.When i arrived home, I walked quietly into my room.

The next morning i awoke early excited for the day's events.As i packed the last of my things. My mind was silently tormenting me.Turning first to that of tragedy that the plane may fail, leaving me power less ,and quite deceassed.I fought back with every ounce of my will to this thought.My mind with an almost willing disregard for my peace of mind.Continued to torment me, and as i bid adue to my family.A silent storm was cascading through my mind.Making my way to the airport a welcomed sense of peace finally drifted over me.

The Airport was bustling with activity,people rushing from one gate to the other excited for the coming events in their life.With no one to converse with i turned my mind inward.I contemplated what these next few years may hold in store for me.I seen myself being held in the utmost hierarchy of society--A role model for the masses-- Of course the dreams and desires we all hold rarely..if ever come to fruition.The time had come for me to leave my home and for the first time be completely free.With all my hopes and dreams hanging in the balance.I left.A storm of emotions brewing inside me.Little did i know what lie ahead.

Chapter 2:Dreams of the wicked

I arrivied in Massachuests with more hope for the future than ever before.Summer had just begun and i had the next few months to myself to try and rebuild my life.To make friends with those that call this town home.I spent the day familarizing myself with the locale.It became quite apparent to me that this place while so far from that small alaskan town i call home; carried an air of familarity.Something shared even across such great distances.As the day drew to an end i checked into a local hotel. Exhausted from the days' travels i couldn't help but feel something unexpected rising up deep inside me.

The first night i spent away from home i missed it dearly so. Not however, for my friends or family but for the stars i had become so accustomed seeing.The glow of the street lights obscuring my view of the cosmos. Denying me of the only constant in my life.I spent the night troubled by the echoes of my past. It was as if the universe denying me any chance of escaping it. Every word that had ever been said to me. Every word never spoken echoing through my soul tearing me apart keeping me from the sleep i desperately needed. I struggled with my mind for the next several hours, until my body could no longer stand it, all at once declaring that it could take no more of this tedious torment. I began to weep. perhaps from exhaustion. Perhaps from the overwhelming grip that sorrow had on me this lonesome night. With one final sob my body gave in to the call of sleep no longer capable of withstanding the pain.As sleep drifted over me i felt comfort knowing that sleeps embrace would calm me.

To my dismay,I found myself transported into a land of horrors'. The sky was a horrid color, stained with the blood of the innocent, the guilty, and the hopeless.The home i found myself in was colored that of the sky.its structure barely capable of supporting itself. Let alone hold out the horrors that may lie amongst the ruins.Inside this old seemingly innocent home the dead lay at my feet.Even they seemed to have an expression of disbelief on their faces. Those left alive were crying out for help.The horrid screams of humanity echoing through my mind,and i realized that none of these screams would find an ear to play host to yes help would never come for, amongst this barren and hopeless landscape lay something far more sinister than the apocalypse, Something that could never be reasoned with, convinced,or even stopped.

As i sit inside the old home confused and bewildered as to what could have happenned I heard something at the door demanding entrance into the ruins.As i realized the only thing it could be. A sense of horror drifted over me. NO! NO! PLEASE! not me! not again! Please! Suddenly a voice penetrated this horrid world. A sweet and forgiving tone echoed through my mind:Wake up,Wake up, sir! I awoke in an instant. My heart and mind racing.As my mind entered reality a most joyus sight lay upon my weary eyes.She was perfect, a beauty the likes of

which i had never seen.Sitting next to me calmly,He..hello, i'm sorry if i disturbed you from your rest. No matter: she said. "May i ask, what is your name?" Alex Fletcher,Mam. Well Alex you seem to be troubled this night.May i ask what is bringing your mind such unrest? Calmy i replied. Certainly.May i ask however, what the name of one so pretty may be? Klaudia. Well Klaudia i must admit my mind led me down a dark and disturbing path this night. With a slight almost.. knowing concern: "Go on." As i recanted the troubling dream that had gripped my mind..she was acutely listening to every word.When my story had reached its end i couldn't help but wonder why a stranger would pay such close care to me. With a slight crack in her voice: "I..I see My grandfather had many a similar incident..but he had seen war and violence to which the likes i would rather leave unseen. Curious then..that someone so young should have such symptoms ."In any case" she continued "I should like to see you again.." She gently slipped a piece of tattered manila paper in between my fingers.As she pulled them gently away dragging her hands across my skin i couldn't help but a feel a slight spark in the air."See ya around" She said in a teasing playful voice.She may have left that small hotel room..but she had not left my *mind*.

Chapter 3:New Beginnings

When i woke the next morning i couldn't help but wonder if Klaudia was but my mind playing a cruel trick on me.I began looking for what she had given me. I looked in constant struggle.Without it I would have no way to contact her. No way to find out what she had meant with that slow caress of her hands. In a fit of anger i tossed the pillows from this sad excuse of a bed. Flying from my hands striking the curtains . Falling from where they had been barely been held to begin with. Light Filled the room. Revealing what i had been failing to find all morning. I picked it up. With Quivering hands i read "See you soon,My troubled traveler" I looked closer my mind struggling to accept what was missing. After several minutes i found what appeared to be the beginning of a number..But alas It had been smeared and was indecipherable.

I walked around town and inquired if anyone had seen her.I walked by so many shops that i couldn't help but think that she might be inside one of them.Awaiting my call.As the day moved on i grew ever more weary and dissapointed. When i thought i exhausted all of my options..I needed a moment to rest and just..think. The local park bench was calling my name.I found a strange sense of stillness there. As if time refused to move for me. I stared across the horizon. And i eventually got lost inside the hues and shades of the ever fading sun. Soon. The sun had vanished and the glow of the street lights was upon me once again.The town was barren and silent. I closed my eyes to rest them after a long day of searching."Ya Know," Interrupted a voice "Most people give up."I couldn't believe what i was hearing. " Oh my weary traveler don't speak. Not now." Chills raced down my spine "She took my hand so gently and yet. With a lead of intention to which even i understood. "Come on..I know just the place."As we walked on and on. I begin to wonder just what this place was. The lights of the town began to fade. And still i dared not speak a word.

We passed what appeared to be miniature forests at one patch imparticular she pulled my hand in the general direction."In here" Whispered Klaudia. As we entered the woods the trees were bent in a manner which made them appear like the entrance to a home belonging to that of

a giant.One of the first things that became obvious to me was a large cabin..in a state of seeming ill repute. “ This cabin was a fur trading post back in the 40’s” she continued “ The locals have all but forgotten about it now” Gathering all the courage i possessed “Then what are we doing here” I Inquired “ I’d been fixing the place up meaning to reintroduce it to the town” She stopped. We’d reached the entrance by this point. “ I figure that i could use a second opinion on my work” As we entered the cabin it was dark. A small table directly to the right of the entrance held an old oil lamp. Which Klaudia took up to lighting. “ What do you think?” She inquired. With the light now revealing the structure i could plainly see to the left of the entrance stood a vintage wooden fireplace still in a state of disrepair. “ The Fireplace could use some work” I thought to myself. The main room was rather unassuming. She asked me if i could enter the bedroom and tell her what i thought needed fixed.’ I am not much for handy work” I replied entering the room.She followed me in with the lamp placing it on a table in the corner of the room. I noticed something strange..I had little time to pinpoint what it was,for when i turned around she quietly whispered “ That’s alright. It’s not your handy work i’m looking for” Gently pushing me onto the bed.As i fell back i was questioning if this really meant what i thought it might. Looking up I saw her pulling off her
dress.She laid down next to me. The light from the oil lamp reflecting against our skin.Casting shadows against the opposite corner. “ What do you think” She said. “ I think the cabin isn’t the only thing needing your magic touch.”I said smiling. She dragged her hands against my face. I welcomed the embrace. As our shadows melded into one.. i couldn’t help but be amazed that one of those shadows was mine. Klaudia and I had been seeing each other for the past few weeks. I started to forget about my life before.It was easy to stop looking back when I could keeping looking at her.One night as the sun was taking its journey past the horizon she looks at me and whispers “Traveler,you never did tell me what got to you the night we met.” “What was at the door. What you begged for mercy from’ “You never did tell me how you got in my room either” I Respond nervously. “No Really. Tell me.I want to know” “Time.” Confused She replies “sorry,What?” “Our minds are like the pages of a book all jumbled up and pressed together.We take down notes and write passages all throughout our life.” But as time moves forward we must erase the notes and write new passages. We forget.” But time remembers.” “ At least we remember in time.” Is that what got to you?your mind?” “No not its. let’s just its the passages i thought i had rewritten”Kissing her forehead gently “I much prefer the story we’re writing now”

Chapter 4:Old Friends

The Chinese had a method of torture they quite liked.Water Torture.A period of rhythmic drops of water would fall on a victim’s forehead until it drove them insane.Which wasn’t quite as cruel as letting bamboo grow through someone’s finger nails.I reminded myself of these ancient techniques each morning. Not because I fancied them. However,in thinking of these the constant droning drip of the coffee maker from the tenant directly across from me seemed almost bearable.With a large sigh i rolled from bed and got dressed. I was heading for Klaudia’s place. Today was special.

We had been together a month. Not exactly an amazing thing. But to me. It meant the world. I told her to pack a travel bag.When i arrived she met me with open arms.As i leaned in she

whispers “Where are we headed ,Traveller?” I loved when she called me that,as if we still have somewhere to go.As if this is only the beginning. chuckling and making a motion towards the car: “You’ll see..” With a smirk she climbed inside. “If you won’t tell me where can I know when..?” “Bout an hour..” with a slight sigh she faded off to sleep. I spent the next hour thinking how lucky I’d been. How strange it is that i should be afforded a chance to have someone care about me.Checking the map i could see that we were getting close. As the miles dwindled and the distance grew shorter I gently nudged Klaudia “Honey,wake up, we’re almost there.” We pulled up to what appeared to be a perfectly circular patch of forest. It wasn’t of course the side facing us spanned a great enough distance so that you couldn’t tell where it ended or..where it began. "how about now, traveller, where are we now?" smiling I took her hand. "Klaudia.. where we are is the only place I want to be.With You." motioning "In here, I know just the place." walking for a half mile until the cabin and Lake revealed itself through the vast thick woods. "Is.. Is this ours?"..." For the weekend yes. Come on, something better is within. " As we entered the large king sized bed was just where I'd placed it. Sitting in the center of the room with a night stand on either side.The lamp was of..significance. Tapping me on the shoulder "You could of told me to pack something to swim in" "Hmm?" I say with a smirk. A knowing grin comes over Kladuia's face "And we're all alone ya?" "Completely" The notion I thought could be taken offense to. If it had been anyone but her. "What's in this other room?"her voice trailing away as she enters it. Following behind her I respond "Food for our stay." I hear the refrigerator crack open. The fridge was filled with a myriad of food. Notably lobster. "How about we eat the lobster tonight?" "sounds good." Turning around and caressing my lips with hers she asks "do we have any more lamps?" "Two, ya,why?" We're going need to just a help lighting up the night."