Towers

Goes into a full dream state. Everything seems out of place. Walks nowhere. Not understanding what to look for. Looks for a familiar building nearby but there’s none. Everything floats around whilst walking by a glowing, white path along with many other paths that only make things more confusing. Try to go along with it and explore the place. Sees a friend talking with his parents, everything is blurry and hard to recognise, but he seems happy, although his house seems to be falling down anytime soon. Looks down and sees itself freezed, falling for eternity. Towers are far away from here, but it doesn't matter how much to walk to get there. Everything looks blue, everything quite dark. Walks and walks and never gets anywhere nearby. Feels like the path is avoiding to be walked on. It’s strange. Jellyfish floating around the place. Everything goes blank. Checks for a wall, needing to check something but nothing can be felt. Everything feels static and empty for some reason.

I recognise it. Here I am falling off a path, I start to swim up, as if air was a pool of oxygen. I get close and grab the edge of the path with my hands. I can feel the weight of the gravity now pulling me down, but I get lucky and now I walk on that path. I hear pitched down screaming and yelling, that keeps on pitching down more, that screaming slowly turns into a beautiful choir. The path starts to fade away and so I have to start running. I run as fast as I can but I feel I’m going too slow, everything feels slowed down. I look down and I can’t seem to run anymore, I can move my legs but not move anywhere, my feet turns into something of a raccoon-like, I see a mole in front of me

who waves at me to come by, I go running in four legs now as fast as possible, I get to that mole, there we are the two of us standing there.

The mole talks to me but I can't understand anything of what they say, I try to get closer but something pushes me far away, and I am now floating in this surreal space, I guide that mole to come here, the mole does and we now both float along with each other, making new paths and I start to have fun with it, drawing curved, invisible lines as I move, as if I had some kind of strange force that I can move by my own without anything pushing me, the mole goes and does the same as me, I can't really see the mole's emotions or anything, but it doesn't matter to me, I move further and further away until the two of us can't see anything, we're now somewhere else, I hit with an invisible wall and I start to go to the right side, making sure I'm still against the wall, the mole disappears, but it doesn't really matter that much. As I go I see a button, I look at it, I stare at it for a while, and I carefully press it, everything goes white and empty.

The mole appears there once again, but it's static, I cannot touch it, it doesn't move, it's static, it looks 3D and out of place there, it doesn't go along with the rest of the place, it feels surreal, my hand goes through the mole as if it was some kind of hologram. Now I can't tell if I'm floating or walking, but as I look down, the floor is just as white as the rest, and I'm walking, but at the same time I can't feel the floor, better say, I can't feel anything at all really, it's numb, my body feels numb. I bump myself against something, what exactly? No idea, it seems to be fully invisible. I walk for such a long time I lose the sense of time, that I really don't know if it has been like 2 minutes or 4 hours, I feel trapped and lost. Beyond that there I see far away a door that kind of camouflages with everything else, just as white as everything, but I can certainly see it, barely, but I can. A couple of minutes later I get there, I open it.

Everything is in black and white, everything looks a bit blurry and grainy. I see people walking and all of them with formal clothing, fedoras and long coats. And I've turned into one of them too, so I pretend I'm like them.

Everything's black and white, I see old cars and old small trains passing by once in a while, everything feels rocky and dirty sometimes. I followed one of the men there walking, without knowing where he was going to go, as I was clueless about what I was doing there, I still can't hear anyone, just a blurry noise that I don't know if that's the chatter of the citizens or the vehicles, or both. I can't tell if someone's talking to me, I look behind and there was indeed someone talking to me, he talks, but I can't really understand him, so I pretend I'm deaf, and say in sign language "I'm deaf, sorry", He clearly doesn't understand what I said exactly, but he was able to understand why I wasn't answering him, so he shaked my hand as an apology and left politely. I kept moving forward.

I lost the track of the man I was following, so I decided to go somewhere else, as I hadn't had to go anywhere else but anywhere to look for an exit, it clearly seemed to me at this point I was going to be here for a long time, but the mood started to change—it seems—as I was hearing from far away music, it still was not recognisable whatsoever, so I tried to follow the sound, and to my surprise, as I got closer the clearer I was hearing it, I could hear various instruments—a saxophone, some drums—. A club was nearby.

Part 2

I quickly enter there as soon as I know I can grab the door and open it. It's very crowded and I see a load of people there dancing, and some others at the bar drinking and chatting, I hear a lot of music, I can hear the double bass player hitting the strings softly, the drums being played with the brushes as well the piano doing a solo and the sax appearing loud once in a while. I still can't hear people, just unintelligible chatter, I look here, there, up, down, left, right and repeat again a couple more times, everything has colours now, a soft colour palette hits my ear, intimate colours get my eyes wet with every colour hitting my retina, but I try to not get distracted and once again go on my mission to look for an exit, I keep saying to myself it's just a dream and that I must do something in order to go back again to wake up. The music now seems to calm down after the first few minutes where everything felt a bit chaotic and with a lot of energy, I see couples dancing and laughing softly, although those laughs can't be heard by me.

I stay there for a while, I almost bump into other people by accident but I try my best to not to and avoid them at all costs, as I try to calm myself down.

Finally it seems that I've found what I was looking for, a backdoor, I open it and it just leads me to somewhere else I wasn't expecting, once again. It's the same club, I do it again, and again, and again, enter from the same front door and enter back again from the backdoor. I realise I can't escape from here. I sit on the floor and by the minute a lady comes to me, he sees the way I feel—I'm guessing—so I try to pretend I'm doing okay and tell her.

"Howdy, I'm just taking a break here, and there are no seats! So uh…"

The girl smiles at me, she doesn’t speak, but she lends me her hand and I get up, she’s a bit shorter than me, but looks to be about the same age as me. By the way she expresses herself with just her looks, I can tell she wants to dance with me, and so I accept and go on the dance floor.

A song that had already started. We join in the middle of it, just as it starts to get in the mood. Not knowing what to think about from that moment, I just go with it and start to dance with her. I don’t know this girl, where she’s from, I don’t know if she can hear me either, I start to question if she knows me from somewhere or not. Why did she even invite me to dance with her in the first place? She has bright brown hair that's pretty neatly tied. She isn’t wearing a dress, but a suit, which does fit her pretty well, her face is pretty much just about average, I can’t tell if she’s wearing makeup or not, not sure. I see myself dancing without much problem even if I never had dancing classes… I remember a long time ago my parents did take me to one and remembering how I already failed the very first day. To my defence the teacher wasn’t there with us at all, he would go back and forth for a smoke and barely paid attention to us… The musicians were starting to increase the tempo more and more and more and then… a pause. Me and this unknown girl stop, confused, but at the same time surprised since it all finished so suddenly, I get to take a better look at her now.

A new song starts to play, it begins slow, I don’t know where it’s gonna lead to, just the same way I feel as of now, lost, I feel like a child, who has gotten lost more than once at a forest and doesn’t know what to do but to wait for something to happen... I remember getting lost in the woods once, and I had to wait for my parents… but that’s all I remember, I don’t ever remember them coming back, I stayed there for hours and nothing had happened yet, so I went to sleep, wondering and hoping they were there

searching for me, calling the police to find me as soon as possible, was I ever found?—The song starts to increase a bit more its intensity and I keep dancing as I think about it—I do remember during my sleep hearing some yelling, hearing the sounds of the forest animals, maybe looking for their mate, maybe talking, I remember this happening just a few days after going to dance class…

Everything goes blank back again, everything looks unrecognisable. Nothing makes sense and nothing will be. A kid on the horizon appears, it looks familiar. Paths appear once again leading to many other paths that lead to nowhere to what it seems. Back behind a forest there is, looking dark. Trees floating by in the abyss, not going anywhere. Everything goes dark. Everything feels static and empty for some reason.