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Divine Delusion

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Divine Delusion, Color Photograph

_Elise Matlock



Farewell to Anticipation, Jewelry

_Matt Hanson

Roll For Initiative _Bianca Tellez

You're standing in a room that feels both familiar and foreign to you. There are sounds all around you, the chatter of people talking over each other and some kind of music playing in the background. When you listen carefully, too closely, you can even hear the sounds outside.

But then you look and see that there's no one around you. The room you're in is completely bare and it doesn't have a single door or window or any kind of escape. You could swear you were just in a different room. It hits you then that you don't know where all that noise is coming from.

That's when you feel it.

A pit, deep and dark, starts forming in the bottom of your stomach and it feels like there's something there trying to claw itself out. You suddenly find that breathing itself is harder in this room. Every breath you take is shorter and more staggered, and you start getting lightheaded very quickly. Your eyesight goes next. The room starts turning hazy and you're certain then that something is wrong.

Give me a wisdom saving throw.

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Nothing seems out of the ordinary. In fact, you know this feeling. It's familiar. You feel it all the time. It must be a completely normal feeling.

You feel the terrible, familiar feeling start to take over and you let it. The pit in your stomach is crawling its way up. It reaches your chest and clenches around your heart, squeezes until it's all you can feel. Your breaths get even shorter, your lungs start expanding and it feels like they could just pop like a balloon any second now. The room starts moving around you but you remain still.

Your body betrays your brain. It knows you need to get out of there despite the pain and the haze and the noises seeming familiar. But your body isn't in control. Your brain is.

It stops you and weighs down every inch of your body it can reach. You stumble. Once and then twice before you feel your body collapse and fall to the ground.

What do you do?

Five. My pink and yellow bracelet. The mismatched socks I have on. A book, I haven't finished it. My blanket on the floor. The poster falling off my wall.

Four. Cold, it's the floor underneath me. My phone in my—