

INCEPTION

I took a deep breath, imagining my will like an iron hand reaching into the depths of my brain. Pushing harder than I ever had before, I tore at the invisible wall that stood between me and my long-lost memories. "I've got nothing," I said, seeing the frustration evident on my mentor's face.

"Are you sure?" she pressed, clinging to a hope I knew was non-existent.

"Yes" I sighed, reaching for the door.

"Oh, and Artemis dear," she called, making me pause.

"Yes?"

"Next time, please try harder"

I felt my temper rising, as I choked down a retort exclaiming I had tried! That there was nothing I wanted more than I wanted this! "I will," I replied blandly knowing better than to let my temper run wild. Seeing a look of satisfaction cross her face as I said this, I took it as my signal to leave, and finally exited the room stopping just outside the door to lean against the slick, cool metal walls. Allowing myself to breathe freely again, I soaked in the solemn peacefulness that constantly roamed these halls. I paused. Something wasn't right. The deep silence that I had been thoroughly enjoying was gone. Leaning in closely, I listened to the hushed whisper of voices that were now occupying the small room just seconds ago, I had.

"Does she suspect?" a deep unfamiliar voice asked.

"The girl? Not even close," my mentor's voice replied, as I realized with a shock they were talking about me!

"Good, you've done well," the deep voiced man responded, exiting through the opposing door from mine with a swiftness I wouldn't have thought possible for a man of his girth.

Fingering a small journal, my mentor slumped in her seat with relief, when suddenly, my heart stopped. My gaze was transfixed on the ripped, green journal my teacher had gingerly set on the desk. It was familiar..... I had seen that journal before! Snapping me out of my trance, she abruptly stood up and headed toward the door. My Door! Panicking, I slipped into the next room, and cautiously peeked out to watch her leave. As soon as she turned the hall I glided to the closing door, stopping it just before it shut. Knowing I shouldn't have, I let my curiosity take hold as I maneuvered through the door to snatch the mysterious journal.

"Hey Artemis," a voice I knew all too well asked me. "What are you doing?"

"I don't know Cole, I could ask you the same thing" I responded keeping my nerves in check, as I turned to face the tall, brown haired boy leaning against the entrance to the doorway.

"Classes" he replied, shaking it off as if it were nothing. "And you?"

"I'm just retrieving my notebook," I answered coolly, making my way for the door.

"Well then" he said, as he backed off "Don't let me get in your way"

Starting down the hallway I was getting ready to turn the corner of my escape when Cole called out, making me pause for the second time that day saying, "And Artemis?"

"Yes?" I called back in a bored voice.

"You're a terrible liar you know," He told me with amusement dancing in his eyes as if teasing me was a favorite pastime of his. "You shouldn't even try"

Fuming, I quickened my pace until at last I reached the safe confines of my room. Closing and locking the door behind me I spread out on my bed, enjoying the solidity it provided. Laying the journal on my lap, I gingerly caressed its surface wondering what secrets lay beneath its covers. Skimming through it, I noticed it was a fairly recent journal with its recordings dating only a few pages back. Unable to wait any longer I stretched open its torn surface and started to read:

Journal Entry

February 6, 2019

My dreams take me places..... At night I wake up to a whole different dimension. With new friends, new places, and a new me. I'm curious. Its unlike anything I've ever encountered. Its different. I'm different. I can test the limits in a way I've ever done before. A way no human has done before. I'm human, but advanced in every physical and mental way available. Yet still so vulnerable.....

February 11, 2019

Every new moment awake, yet asleep I have no memory. Only everything dating back to when it began. When it started. When it turned my life upside down. Like a drug I don't have the power to stay away from it. Once I'm pulled in, I'm trapped. Until dawn releases me.

February 17, 2019

I'm unsure. They keep on saying somethings going to happen. Somethings going to change. Tests. Variables. Trials. Its all been planned out. Its all becoming clearer. Like I'm only a leap away from discovering the truth. But with that my life is fading away.....My dreams are engulfing me. Becoming me.

February 28, 2019

I need to tell someone. I'm going to tell someone. I tell this to myself each and every time I enter. Each and every time I return. Some force must be acting against me. Limiting me from doing this. But each time I come closer. And in just a few more times I will have crossed that barrier.....

March 1, 2019

The end is coming.... Or the beginning. Just one more time and I'm certain I can overpower it. I can tell someone. My memories of my old life are fading. My dreams are taking hold...but they not dreams. They never were. Its not a different dimension. Only my own.

I searched the pages thinking this couldn't be it, there had to be more. But my searching was to no avail. It ended. I sat back and ran my hand across its back cover, and that's when I felt it. Flipping over the journal, I read the words, the name engraved upon its surface:

ARTEMIS SUTTON