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Finding You

by Brandon H.

Chapter 1

Will

"**W**ill." A strange ladie's voice in my head murmured. Huh? What was going on? I gently arose and stood up in a strange wasteland. "Houston, Texas." There it was! The strange voice in my head. But this time it was different. It had almost seemed like a man's automated message. I couldn't make any sense out of this situation.

"Hello there." a woman spoke to me. "**Clarice Wallman.**" the strange voice spoke in my head again. I repeated it out loud for the lady to hear. For what reason, I don't know but I felt like an urge to repeat it. "Yes, that is my name. How did you know?" she spoke in a surprised tone. "It just came to me. In my head." I said confused but all of this. The lady had a look on her face like I had never seen. It was a mixture of surprised and horrified. "You're... you're the..." at that moment she fell dead on the ground.

Chapter 2

The Speaker

None of this had made sense to me. I showed up in a strange land, apparently named Houston, Texas and it seems as though I knew everything. Then a lady drops dead on the ground. What did she mean by I was...? All of this was starting to freak me out. In the horizon of the setting sun, I saw a group of people heading towards me. Would they help me, or would it all turn out worse? My fate might as well depend on it. Making sure I was safe, I hid behind a nearby dumpster as the strangers walked towards me. "Where is he? I swear I could smell one of 'them'." One of the strangers spoke. What did he mean by 'them'? He had said it like it was a bad thing. Who was in danger, I didn't know. Me or them? They creped up to the road, like mice scavenging for food. And the scary part was that I might be their food. "He's been here before, I can tell." The leader?
"Let's leave this dump. There is clearly nothing here, and if they did show up here, they clearly would have left already." Somebody from the crowd shouted out. That was too close. If I wanted to survive then I was going to have to figure things out.

Chance of Survival: 32.76%

It seemed as though there was a built in screen to my eyeball, with words appearing on it. Now that I thought about it, every time that automated message voice spoke, a screen seemed to show up. Could other's see it? And with only 32.76% of survival, according to the strange screen, then I would need to find some shelter.

Turn Right on Grand Parkway: Marriott Hotel

As if it was a GPS, the words popped up, and pronounced out loud, but it felt as the words were only audible to me. I followed the signs to an old rundown building. The words, Marriott

Hotel, barely legible were written on a sign at the top of the roof. Well here goes nothing, I thought as I entered the abandoned building

Chapter 3

What are you doing?

"*Stop it Will! They took you away and now you are one of them!*" The same lady voice as before spoke. The words seemed to pound against my forehead, giving me a major headache. What was this lady talking about? And was my name Will? She seemed to be sobbing in her words, as if she had been hurt.

Go up to Level 23; Room 473

It would take long to go up to the 23rd floor, but if this gadget in my eye was correct, it may even save me. Going up the stairs, it felt like a little fog had lifted up, and off my mind. Images of a lady dragging a younger me along the crowded hallways screaming my name appeared across my mind. What was that? Did that actually happen to me, or was it just a figment of my imagination. I couldn't remember anything about my past, or even before I came to Houston, but why could I identify everything? I finally reached Room 473. It had seemed like the only door that I had walked by that wasn't torn up or weathered. It in fact looked brand new. The door was cracked slightly ajar, as if someone had forgot to fully close the door. I silently opened door, inch by inch, expecting the worst.

"Hello Will. Looks like 'The Speaker' has arrived now hasn't it." A man in all black close chuckled. "You are the first person to function The Sight correctly. You should be proud of yourself." And with that, we vanished from the hotel room.

Part 1