

TUNNEL VISION

CURTAIN DUST

His blood ran as cold as the trail had become, reaching the end of a journey to the dark, dank place where he now stood, staring into a black abyss, seeing nothing, but knowing that something, *someone* was staring back at him from the other side of the invisible obelisk that blocked his way forward.

Was fear holding him back? Fear of knowing the truth?

He reached forward to sweep away the murkiness, like so much curtain dust.
His hand touched the surface of the nothing – then disappeared.

Then, so did the rest of him.

TUNNEL VISION

The Seeker emerged from the dark crypt, passing through a solid wall of dust, dissolving to a new dream sequence that had him walking without legs through a dimly-lit hallway, illuminated only by the faint light to which he was drawn.

Doorways led somewhere.
But he was afraid to pass through them.

Who – or what – would be on the other side?

The light at the end of the tunnel that was his vision beckoned to him along a path that had chosen him.
He knew that the others were waiting for him there.

He longed to embrace them.

MINE EYES

What had been a faint light grew bright.

The Seeker reflexively shielded his watered eyes enough to see through their slits and make his way to that next place, where surely a warm embrace would greet him.

He could now see the faint outlines of those he had known in life but were no more, appearing in his mind's eyes, barely visible amid halos that surrounded them.

“You do not belong here!” came a chorus of voices.

He startled violently, blinking through those same eyes of his mind at gowned figures haloed by a different sort of light.