

As my eyes grew accustomed to the damp light, a tingling sensation burned under my soot-blistering sand. I only just noticed the blustery wind arrogantly swaying on my face when a series of water appeared upon me. To my far right, a cliff-almost mountain with great jagged peaks thrust upwards with pride. Anxiety filled my numb body, I recognised this place. But I couldn't lay my finger on it. Suddenly, my useless legs carried my body. The steep path glistened with beads of water trickling down its surface. Paralyzed by fear, thoughts overwhelmed my already disoriented mind. Again, gazing to my left, the mountain seemed to change shape, almost towards me. I question my existence in this reality. Walking mind-consciously bashed untidily into a round object. I felt it, it did not bump, just, nothing.... Glancing down with my wind-battered face, it reminded me of something, cheese. Deciding not to gaze any further, I cart-tick. With a few uncertain steps later, with further inspection, the water-tick. The water was red, sanguine. It wasn't water however, it was-tick. The smell was rather salty. It, the "ocean", stretched as far as a human eye can see.

Ring! Tock! Ring! Tick!... It wouldn't stop. Suddenly, a faint crumbling sound echoed within the vortex. Shooting my eyes from one clock to another, I-Bong!!!