

## The Chapel

A small, pale white church sits alone in the silence. A skinny, tall white pole sticks out from the top of the front entrance to the church, and at the tippy top of the pole, a white crucifix stands tall. The cracked ground is dry as dirt with cracks criss crossing over the terrain. The sky shines a bloody red with ominous cumulonimbus clouds covering up the fading sun. A dry thunderstorm creates crackles high up in the clouds and fades out as they softly sink into the ground. Nothing is in the line of sight but that pale, weathered church. No interactive humans, no rambunctious animals, no thriving plants, not even a single hill. It is like living in a vacant dream.

Lucid, a sixteen-year-old boy, carries a hiker's backpack on his bulky shoulders. His skinny athletic legs and mountain shoes move over the salt dry terrain. He walks in the direction of the church, half a mile in front of him. Suddenly, something halts him in his tracks. He slowly lifts his head up towards the ominous, dark sky as a body falls from the thick clouds. The body seems to fall as if it were in slow motion, but its fall is obstructed as the crucifix's blunt point impales the body. The arms and the feet dangle in the thick air but are completely still.

Lucid's eyes are drawn in as the blood from the body drips down the crucifix and the white pole. He looks toward the front entrance of the church and notices the dark brown wooden door is cracked open. Lucid walks to the door and opens it more, letting the faded red light shine inside of the small, vacant chapel. Everything is perfectly silent. Not a creak within the wooden frames nor the wooden benches. In the room hung the faintest scene of old, decaying books.

The church has painted glass on both sides of the room but the ones on the left side poorly illuminate in the fading sunlight. Flat white tiles cover the floor, but a black skinny carpet

leads to the front podium. Lucid walks the black carpet to where he can see an open book sitting on top of the podium.

A clear dripping sound stops him in his tracks again. The darkness filling the back of the church does not help him visually see what is dripping, but he can see dark thick drops dripping onto the open book below. Drops lead his eyes to the ceiling where the red blood over-saturates the white wood from above. The ceiling begins to slowly cave in as the blood begins to soak the book below more and more. The church acts like wet paper, easily capable of being torn to pieces. The ceiling quickly gives out as the blood-soaked ceiling shreds float in the thick air above the church. Lucid finds the blood is soaking up the surrounding walls and the ceiling above him as the wooden shreds of the church silently float above its base. Blood rain pours from the sky and onto the shredded chapel. The terrain surrounding the chapel is still salt dry as the blood rain only pours into the church.

Lucid pulls out a sketch pad and draws a sketch of the floating shreds of the church and the bloody moisture that falls onto its white wood. He finishes the bloody pencil sketch by drawing the floating, bloody book which is the only item floating in the room beside the church's foundation itself. He shuts his sketchbook which sits on a wooden desk. The title on the sketchbook reads *dream journal*. Lucid is sitting in his bedroom where the eerie rainy weather pours a flat grey light through his window. He gets out of his chair and pulls his sheet and blanket to the head of the bed. He exits his bedroom and shuts the door behind him.