

The Tunnel

I found myself in a huge complex, I had no idea where I was. The environment was reminiscent of a sewer, yet everything was clean and there was no darkness in this environment, one could say that the lighting was excellent, despite the apparently underground position. I was on what could be called a walkway if it had been a street. However, between the right and left paths there was another path, not too deep, where the tiles were reminiscent of those in a swimming pool, and it was noticeably wider. In addition, there was water in it, which looked so pure and blue that I imagined I could drink it; yet I didn't. On the ceiling there were white glowing lamps meticulously and symmetrically lined up towards the horizon. The horizon itself was - I would say that there was nothing new to see. By that I meant that everything in this environment looked the same. Since the paths on the sides were a little narrow, I decided to jump down into the water. The water wasn't deep enough to reach my knees, and anyway, it wouldn't matter since I was naked anyway. So I started walking down the corridor, not knowing what would await me the further I went. I wasn't sure how safe I was either. I didn't know what potential dangers there might be, or where I was. Maybe something beyond my own imagination could attack me. In my uncertainty, however, I felt not fear,

but more indifference. I had no watch with me, and I didn't think about time at all. In fact, the concept of time was nonexistent for me, since there was no day and no night, and I was subconsciously a little glad of that, because I didn't know what to expect at night, if there was such a night at all. Maybe all the lights would go out, or the figures that roam around here would crawl out of their corners when their victim is helpless. But maybe I'm just imagining it. So I walked for a while - again, time does not exist here - through this corridor, and I did not feel hunger or thirst even after an eternity had passed, and this corridor seemed to never end. I had no desire and no goal, I was just strolling. But in truth, without wanting to admit it, I had a goal. I did not feel tired and so my legs did not become heavy. After realizing that I had walked too long, I became bitter in my mind. Did I really want to make this walk the only meaning of my existence? Is there even anything here? I threw myself down and lay in the water, where I had no fear of drowning, for the water did not reach my mouth. And in this state I was just thinking, I did not know what, but I was thinking. There was no one here, I felt like the only soul, and that drove me mad. Couldn't at least some beast come and hunt me so that I would not be alone? I felt no desire for anything, and that became unbearable torture for me at that moment. I got up and kept walking. After the Creation of Adam, Sodom, the

Exodus, the Kingdom of David, the Babylonian Exile, the Last Supper, the Fall of Constantinople, the Day of Resurrection, the Thousand Year Kingdom were all over, something happened. The fact that anything happened at all had become so disgusting to me, but also a fear of ignorance and fear. I saw someone in front of me, I'm not sure if it was a human, I didn't even know what a human looked like anymore, or what a human was. The creature wanted to tell me something, but I didn't understand it because it spoke in an unknown language. The creature had strange, white skin, had no hair, only on the top, and its legs were as long as the rest of its body. It made strange noises by expelling air through its lungs, and it sounded like something I would never do, yes, could never do. It took my hand and seemed to want to lead me somewhere. The hand was strangely soft but had strangely hard structures on the tips of its fingers. It led me to the right, I climbed up with it and we went to the right, where there was a corridor that was now completely different and was clearly supposed to take me somewhere. After a while, I think it was only a few minutes, we arrived in a room.

It was warm inside, the walls had brown, patterned wallpaper and there was a small tube TV that didn't play any programs, just white noise. There was also a shelf with books on it - I don't know what that was, but the term was still floating around in my head.

Maybe it was something you could eat? There was also a soft surface where you could lie down, and I laid down on it and fell asleep for the first time in years. I may have only slept for a few hours, but those hours were extremely restful, and after I got up and rubbed my eyes, I saw the creature sitting on a chair. And I realized that this being was a human being. A human being I knew. A human being I was extremely close to. But I couldn't remember anything, and I couldn't understand what she had said to me. She showed me hieroglyphs that were unknown to me, and I had no idea what she was trying to tell me. She spoke to me for hours, and for the first time I felt like my loneliness was over. There was no way to communicate, as I didn't understand any body language, but I was glad that someone had freed me. I started to feel hungry, and when I finally got up, I saw that this place was familiar to me.