

White

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A white wall. Just a white wall. Nothing else. I rub my eyes, I feel tired and confused. All I can see is that white wall. I look down; my entire body is covered in white clothes. I don't smell anything, I don't hear anything, I don't even taste my own spit. What happened? I try my best to remember anything at all, but ... no, nothing there... what is my name again? David? Thomas? Am I even a male? I look down at my white pants. Yes, definitely male. I slightly chuckle then stare back into this white wall. I'm just gonna name myself... Tay. It's an easy name.

I start to look around this quiet room. Everything is white and my senses feel like they were shut off. Is this some sort of science experiment? White. That word suddenly appears in my mind. White. Again? **White**. I decide to close my eyes for a second to keep my mind off 'white'. I try to focus on my memory again. I start to see flickers, fast pictures of people I knew. A specific male appears a lot. Friend? Family? Partner? Am I gay? Guess it doesn't matter right now. I open my eyes. Luckily the 'White' voice has gone. The white room hasn't moved whatsoever. I sigh loudly, the first sound I've heard in a while. It somehow gives me strength to stand up. Behind me on a desk is a white notebook with a white pen. Heh, touché. I pick both up and start writing. Yeah, I'll write in this book right now for the next person to find so... you! Hey you! I respect pronouns so I just keep calling you, 'you' ok?

Anyway, you, back to the story. I start to look around. White. What? White. Shit, the voice is back! White. At least I can curse now? I close my eyes again. The voice stays. White. I open my eyes again. I will just try to forget the voice... Hey it worked! White. Nevermind. This is making me crazy. Well, that's probably the point here. I'm convinced this is a science experiment. Do you think so too? Well you can't answer me anyway. Oh damn. You couldn't hear it but I just let out a manic laugh. I'm really going crazy, I've gotta get out of here. ... Maybe I should stop talking to myself too... Over there is a door! Of course, you guessed it, all in ... white! Heh... I'm trying to explain everything to you. Since you can't see what I see. Down the corridor, behind the door, are more doors! All in white! Another manic laugh. Luckily you aren't here to hear it. It's like those crazy villains in movies. Heh... let's... just get going.

Hey, wait a second you! I have an idea how I can talk to you. With 'your name'. I'll just write 'y/n' and you put in your name. Good idea y/n? Great, let's get going. I start walking down the corridor, looking left to right to catch a glimpse of color anywhere. But nothing, nothing at all. It's getting slowly quiet depressing. Despite knowing you're listening to me, I feel this suppressing loneliness. I sit down for a minute. I try to get my mind straight. Then I decide to try opening doors. So I start to almost run while closing in on the next door. I open it and see ... nothing. Not even a chair like in the room I started in.

As I start running door to door, opening every single one, I start thinking that I really might just be an experiment. Like who other than a scientist would do something like this? Putting poor random people in all white rooms? I mean I just assume that there are other people like

me, for example you, since you found this white notebook you must be stuck here too ... or I got out somehow. To be honest I'd rather take the last option.

I keep going down this corridor, it seems almost endless. My legs get tired. I'm hungry, thirsty and need to pee. My walking isn't something I would call walking either, its more slowly stumbling. Heh. I wonder why I haven't fallen yet. Ugh, nevermind. I just fell. I get up as I hear a cracking a bit further away. Mindlessly I start running towards it. More cracking, louder this time. I'm getting closer, also running faster. My tiredness is suddenly gone. I arrive at the room, the noises stop. Weird. I slowly open the door. I immediately start to freeze as a cold wind blows in my face. I look inside... and see an open window: my way out? I get slowly closer. Suddenly the window shuts, so does the door. The temperature starts to sink way too fast and I just try to understand what just happened. Apparently, whoever brought me here is now trying to freeze me? Good idea though. Luring me in here for that purpose. I might just be finally able to escape this white pit of hell. The freezing cold starts to affect me. I sink into a corner, hugging my notebook as I write this. It might just be the only thing that remains of me so I should make it good.

If you're reading this you either got trapped here and died in some way or you rescued me. Maybe this is also a published story by now, who knows. I personally hope this won't be the last thing I do. I'm starting to lose the feeling my feet and legs. I glimpse down and I see that they have frozen and turned blue. Heh. At least some color before the end. I chuckle slightly as the rest of my body starts to freeze and with this, I write my last words: 'Rest well stranger.'