

The Chosen One

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The initial darkness that prevailed upon my scarred body slowly dissipated as a glimmer of light entered my eyes. My incapacitated hands shrouded the concrete floor as I gave myself a push back on my feet - feeling precarious. At that moment, a lurching shudder shook beneath me and down I fell abruptly on my back. Beads of perspiration clung to my torrid forehead as I dictated myself to reach upon the very opposing corner of the room that supplied a modern window of which I could answer my question that that congested more and more until my brain capacity was crammed. Where am I?

At that specific moment, another jolt occurred, and the room jerked upward like an old lift in a mine shaft. Harsh sounds of chains and pulleys, like the workings of an ancient steel factory, echoed through the room, bouncing off the walls with a hollow, tinny whine. The elevator creaked to ascension whilst every few inches the smell of odorous cabbage whiplashed my grubby face.

My drowsy eyes fixed gingerly as I introduced me to myself. "My name is Fara."

Well, that was the only thing I could remember. I then shivered sullenly in agony as reminiscing something new, something unforgettable; the very moment my aunt Ruth held me in serenity and tranquillity; that was until someone (can't remember) killed her in front of my bare eyes. I didn't cry but I knew whoever and whatever it was would soon encounter severe revenge from me. When thinking about it deeper and deeper, my fists tightly clenched; asphyxiating the particles itself that were to be imprisoned.

Trying to forget the wounded past, I focussed on how I arrived here. I didn't understand how this could be possible. My mind functioned without flaw, trying to calculate my surroundings and predicament. There I envisioned how the world works; the myriad of colours connecting together into a picture. I was starting to understand more fluently about life, of existence. But suddenly waking up into a reality-like dimension was too surreal to comprehend.

And yet I was clueless to the idea of where I came from. Images of people darted in my mind but declared no recollection, their faces replaced with haunted smears of colour. The hesitant chains were still rattling ceaselessly to ascent. Minutes stretched into hours, although it was impossible to know for sure because every second seemed an eternity. No. I was smarter than that. Trusting my instincts, I knew I'd been moving for roughly half an hour.

An ultimate clonk halted the lift and hesitantly the two dilapidated doors which were of egress to enter the exact imagery which I was hoping for but instead was the incompatible antithesis to the charismatic visualisation of mine. Sure there was life and

vegetation but the sight of it being so undersized made me dumbfounded. You may as well ask that how would I know whether the world is so miniature or I might be hallucinating for an abundance of years? Well an answer to that is I could simply note the difference between the size of a football stadium or a titanic land, and this area ticks the box of a size of a football stadium.

Anyways, I began to approach out perplexingly, but the elevator pushed me inside and shut-closed. There I backed into the corner once again, folded my arms and shivered, and the cloak of fear entrapped me. I felt a worrying shudder in my chest, as if my heart wanted to escape, to flee from my body.

“Someone ... help ... me!” I screamed; each word hanging in the air as if it was my very last. Now where was I going? An even more smaller replica of the previous sight? Perhaps so. Suddenly, the sense of feebleness engulfed me whole so that every muscle ached, every rashes stung, and I was helpless enough to capitulate for agony to conquer me until the very end. As I thought into further details, I heard loud voices encompassing me talking in a lull tone but as soon as the elevator crept more upwards, I heard a cacophony of mingling noises that was austere deafening as if they were all foghorns but it did not really matter at all about the sound, it was a pleasure to see more humans like me. Abruptly, the elevator screeched to a halt and once again hesitantly opened itself.

I briskly jumped to my feet and with a sigh of relief, I witnessed ample individuals - all teenagers, some younger some older, staring at me-gobsmacked. Maybe I could fire all of my questions to them. As I was about to speak, one tall kid with blond hair and a square jaw sniffed at me, his face devoid of expression and disrupted my interrogation.

“Another one.” He groaned as if he knew and despised me. “Who are you?” He then, in a slightly gentler tone changed his expression.

I whispered as a response ‘Fara – Fara Moor.’ Just As when I said my surname, they all rose up, stood tall and alert and saluted me.

“The chos-chosen one?” One fat kid (looked really young) appeared. They all nodded and once again bowed towards me. I was confused. The chosen one? Am I the chosen one? Am I chosen to be doomed?