

CHAPTER ONE

Chapter

Blinking his eyes violently, he awoke. Dazed and confused about the events that had led up to the point in which he had lost consciousness. His vision still blurry, he gripped the loose dirt beneath him and pushed himself up on to his feet.

Holding a hand to his head to stabilise his vision, he took in his surroundings. He seemed to be in a rather derelict looking neighbourhood. He could hear the ocean. He could smell the fresh sea breeze too.

"Where am I?" he said beneath his breath. Hoping that saying it aloud would trigger something. It didn't.

As he adjusted, the use of his legs became fluid again. He walked

towards the sound of the ocean. Taking a path between two buildings, he walked for a minute or two before reaching the beach front. The seemingly abandoned neighbourhood was positioned right by the ocean.

Making his way to the point where the ocean crashed upon the shore, he looked outwards. For as far as he could see, there was nothing but ocean. No buoys. No boats. No towers. No planes. Nothing.

Turning around, he took in his position. Abandoned buildings scattered around the place, some close together and others very randomly far apart. They looked like blocks of flats. Windows were smashed in. But there was strangely no graffiti.

"If someone's going to smash up buildings, surely they would tag it as well?" he thought to himself. Shaking off the thought, he walked towards one of the buildings that seemed the least damaged.

The door looked relatively new and fresh. It didn't squeak or creak as he pulled it open. Walking into the building, there was no discernible difference in smell or air quality. The building, despite its rather worn appearance on the outside, seemed quite clean.

As suspected, the building did appear to be a block of flats. He started to climb the stairs, looking for any open doors or signs

of civilisation. He counted 4 flats per floor. They must've been pretty big considering the size of the building.

Having climbed 6 floors, he was tiring out. Slumping down on to the stairs, he took a moment to evaluate. There was no sign of anyone there. No open doors. No noise. Just the sound of the waves on the shore & the breeze through the windows in the landing of every floor.

"There's only 4 floors left. I might as well check them all," he said as he pulled himself back to his feet. Dragging himself up yet another flight of stairs. He wasn't exactly in the best of shape. He was hungry and dazed too. It seemed herculean.

With each passing floor, he grew a little more desperate. He didn't know where he was, why he was there or how he got there. He needed someone to speak to. Someone to help sort out his thoughts. Someone to tell him what the fuck was going on.

Reaching the final floor, with still no sign of anything or anyone, he sighed heavily. In 40 flats, across 10 floors, absolutely no one to be found. He wasn't expecting to find anyone until he actually got inside the place anyway. It looked abandoned on the outside.

There was a stairway up to the rooftop. After a few moments of rest, and calming himself, he pulled himself to ascend that staircase too. The door out on to the roof was stiff. Throwing himself into it to open it, he got through.

The sight immediately hit him. The beach, the buildings, the jungle-like terrain just beyond the derelict neighbourhood -- it was all so beautiful. So serene. So incredible. He gasped, overcome with a world of emotions as he looked out upon it.

He was stuck here with no supplies, it seemed. Not only that, but he had no idea where here was. Yet, this place was beautiful. If he had some water and food, he wouldn't have a problem being stranded here for a while at least.

He chuckled. His acceptance of the situation amusing him to some degree.

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