

Adam was absolutely worn out, he could not escape. Eventually, a gun was fired and a bullet went through his head.

When he regained consciousness, he gazed at the bizarre world which surrounded him. It seemed to be completely empty, filled with darkness. Adam felt as though he was vacuous. 'Is this what it's like to be devoid of life?', he wondered. Indeed, he had turned into nothing but a mere shadow.

The apparently everlasting quietude within that place was disrupted. 'I'd swear something is approaching me, yet I can't see it.', Adam thought, unnerved. He then heard a voice whose pitch was high and low at the same time:

'Those who have had their soul torn up by death will eternally wander across the never-ending corridors of hell. We have ceased to be alive, our existence no longer serves a purpose.'

As time passed, the message was repeated by more and more voices, accompanied by cries of agony in the background. 'This is madness!', Adam thought. He tried to flee, but he realised that his body was nowhere to be found. The voices became higher-pitched.

'Our existence no longer serves a purpose.'

'Adam, Adam!'

'We shall never perish, yet we are not alive.'

'Adam, wake up!'

Suddenly, there was light. Adam could now see a room with shabby furniture and everything was back to normal. Had it all been a nightmare? Adam was later told that he had been in coma for a week. Luckily, he had survived.