

## Reality.

I remember when it happened. It was about near the end of spring, reaching into summer ever so slightly. I had just finished playing Fahrenheit, I got up to the part with the Indigo Child and the main character Lucas Kane had to fight off an oracle of an ancient religion. I could never press the analogue stick in the correct order (even though it felt like I had done it perfectly), that or it was a glitch that meant I could never get past it. Which was odd because I remember completing it before.

I decided to stand up and have a look outside as a quick break from my constant gaming. Everything felt so 2d, so fake. I remember thinking to myself “damn, this is just like some game. As though I’ve been in it for all my life and it’s started to wear thin”. I then felt something, it’s hard to describe it. It was like a fuzzy shock all over my body. I felt like throwing up so I pushed the window open wider and sat down.

I finally threw up. All over my controller as well. I kept throwing up all these... Weird things. It was orange with small purple bits. I hadn’t touched sweets in ages nor had I eaten or drunk anything that could show up orange or purple. Between the constant puking, I just stared at them, wondering what they were. The purple parts looked paper like while the orange had bubbles of air and reminded me of curry which I was meant to be having yesterday... This made me puke more.

I then collapsed on the floor, started shaking. I wanted to stop, but I couldn’t. I was shaking all over my puke puddle and was throwing up more orange liquid. The world started appearing fuzzy, with small horizontal lines of where the screen was fuzzed beyond recognition. The lines slowly drifted to the right while my vision seemed to have small circles where my vision seemed lighter. I then heard voices. “Quick, we’re going to lose him”. “Let’s get him out”. “Hurry you idiot”. “Careful with that, you’ll hit something”. “Are you insane?! You’ll fucking kill him if you use that”.

I heard a gush of air and the small picture of my world faded to see a metallic roof and a couple of people surrounding me. Looking at me. I jumped in shock to my ass and looked at these four people slowly. I was shaking in fear. “Wher-... Wha-... Wh-...” Is all I could mutter out. I was just about to quickly throw myself off the table if it wasn’t for the large series of things plugged into me from everywhere. My arms, my legs, my chest, my neck, even my head. I looked at them all, I looked at my body. I was a thin man with no hair at all. Not even on my head or around my penis.

One of them laughed at me shaking as if I was cold. “This never gets old!” one of them spoke before going back into his laughter. “Shut up you” the only female said. An older man told him “yeah, I remember when you first came out. You ended up screaming for days and you took over a year to get over it”. I was still in shock, I couldn’t comprehend what they were saying or what was around me.

They finally unplugged all the many plugs in me and pulled me into a robe. “Can you walk?” One asked. I stared at them blankly, I couldn’t understand what they were all saying. He sighed and picked me up. He carried me into a cell like room and told me “when you get yourself together, just let us know”. The man walked out and locked the door.

## Chapter 2.

It took me a good day at least to start drinking and eating on my own. It must of taken me a week to finally realise what had happened. But... How could it? It felt so real, I had been it all my life. It was like... But not quite. I finally spoke to them as a thin frail black man in a light grey jumpsuit came in to give me the usual food. Which consisted of soup which looked very dark red. It reminded me of something, it took about two days for me to realise what it was. Blood.

I said to him very quietly with a voice I couldn’t recognise “I’m ready”. He smiled weakly and left the room with the soup. Before long, he came back and asked me “can you walk?”. I tried to stand up but fell down again. He walked over and put one of my arms over his shoulder. He then carried me out the metal room. I knew the floor was meant to be cold, but my feet went numb about four days before.

After a long stretch of corridors which I couldn’t make sense of anything around me (which I didn’t even try because I knew it would only end up confusing me), he sat me in a room with plain metal walls

which showed evidence that someone...Or something, was here and had scratched at the walls. The table made of plain metal. So was the chair. The floor was also metal with small dark red marks which I didn't even want to try working out what it was.

A well built pale man then entered the room with a tight jumpsuit which was made from a material I couldn't recognise. He dragged along a chair and held a metallic clipboard in one hand. He sat down opposite me. He looked at the clipboard and then at me. "Christopher Darrel Chambers. Is that what they called you?" he asked in a harsh voice. My voice came out shaky "Y...Y...Ye....Yes". The man studied the form up and down closely. The man mumbled to himself about something, I could only hope it wasn't a bad thing and it wasn't about me. He finally then let out a "hmmmm" as he turned back to me. "Now, believe it or not, everything is going down the shitter. Not only is your world going downhill with the amount of people who is realising the world they're in is fake increasing slowly, not to mention other faults in your world that needs correcting, but our world is going sharply downhill. So please do us a favour and stay out of trouble".

He ripped me a piece of paper off his clipboard and then passed the document and a thick book both to me. He leaned back lightly and put his hands together, putting his index fingers and his thumbs together in a L shape. He placed his index fingers just under his lip for a second and then placed his hands on the table. "Now, you have two choices right now. You can help us repair your world and help us with ours here and there, or you can take that document and book, study them well, leave here and try to fit in outside. But I must warn you, neither is easy. Helping us will be hard as you may die and the outside world is a lot worse than your fantasy world. Believe me on this one. Any second now, the GRP may burst through the front doors, kill us all and get rid of your world; and that is far from the worse as your book will clearly say. What is it going to be?"

I looked at the document first. It was a plain black and white piece of paper. It had two columns, one was my fantasy details and one was my details in this...World. I have managed to attach the document to this but was unable to get any part of the book in.

I looked at these details in shock. They had everything. Even down to my sexuality which I always kept secret from everyone and an exact I.Q. I looked up to the man who was still watching me. I asked him "how did you know all this about me?". He let out a small laugh and then told me "the details of you in your other world? Oh, that was easy. We have a database on everyone in your world, we programmed the entire world. We still do to this day, adding small updates here and there and just making sure it runs ok. In other words, we are your world's gods. We run it how we see fit and change it to how we like it."

"But if you run it to how you like it, then how is it that you need my help to change my world?"

"I'm not allowed to tell you unless you're willing to help us."

I looked to the contents of the book:

1. Introduction. Page 1.
2. General life. Page 4.
3. Government. Page 109.
4. Groups. Page 170.
5. Basic Rules And Regulations. Page 220.
6. Other information. Page 260.
7. Index. Page 290.

I flicked to the last page to see a lot of words with numbers next to them. I looked at the bottom right and the page number was 320. "A little thick" I commented.

"We know, some of you guys call it The Bible Of Life for more than one reason." I laughed weakly. I didn't feel like laughing much but this was a comment I found rather humorous considering the size of the book. The only difference between this book and the bible was this book was all real facts. The bible on the other hand...Which reminded me...

"By the way, what religions is there?"

"All the answers you want is in that book or in another book that is mentioned in that one".

I now had to make a decision.

Attached document:

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**Subject 2016554.**

Detail.	V.R.W.V.8342	Real Details.
Name.	Christopher Darrel Chambers	Unknown.
Age.	17.4166666666666666667	Unknown.
Gender.	Male.	Unknown.
Nationality.	English.	Unknown.
Skin Colour.	White.	Pale white.
Hair Colour.	Brown.	N/A.
Distinguishing Features.	Scar on thigh.	None.
Sexuality.	83% Straight. 17% Gay.	Unknown.
Occupation.	Student.	N/A
Skills.	Computer Gaming and Bass Guitar Playing.	Unknown.
Status.	DIA.	Alive.
I.Q.	109.256	Unknown.
Notes.	Was under surveillance until his death. May be the figure The Desterous wants. Must prevent this.	He found out that he is in virtual reality so we ejected him. He is currently in room 25aa95. Must get permission off HI-MSTR-SG-F Drail Pestist to see him. Is currently being fed solution AXB to see if it speeds up recovery. His officer in charge is RM-SGT-J Priskin Quail.

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