





FALL TO CHAOS



CHAOS



CHAOS ERUPTS AS I FIND MYSELF IN THE BACK OF A BLACK TRUCK WITH MY BROTHER, JOHNNY. THE WOLVES ARE RELENTLESS, AND WE ARE IN GRAVE DANGER.

DANGER

JOHNNY IS BEATING OFF WOLVES WITH A STICK. THE BLACK WOLVES ARE CHASING US. THE TRUCK IS DRIVING VERY FAST ON THE DIRT ROADS. DUST IS EVERYWHERE. IT IS CHAOTIC. WE ARE SCREAMING TO DRIVE FASTER. THE WOLVES ARE GETTING MORE VICIOUS. THEY ARE SNAPPING AT US CLOSE.



THE FALL





ONE WOLF  
CAME CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO RIP  
OFF MY  
BROTHER'S  
ARM.

I SAW IT TEAR  
AWAY. THE  
DRIVER DID  
ALSO, AND  
SPUN THE  
TRUCK INTO A  
CORNFIELD.



I FALL OUT  
INTO THE  
FIELDS AND I  
AM RUNNING.

I CAN HEAR  
THE WOLVES  
CHASING ME.  
IT IS LATE

SUMMER, THE  
CRISP CORN  
HUSKS  
CRUNCH  
UNDER MY  
FEET AS I  
RUN. FASTER  
THROUGH THE  
CORNFIELDS,  
NOT KNOWING  
WHICH WAY TO  
GO, BEING  
CHASED BY  
WOLVES.







I WALK INTO THE  
STORE, RELIEVED. I  
AM TRYING TO  
BLEND IN AND LOOK  
AROUND. I AM  
ENAMORED BY ALL  
THE DECORATIONS  
AND COLORS. THE  
SMELLS, COSTUMES,  
AND FUN.  
I HEAR THE REVVING  
OF ENGINES  
OUTSIDE. IT SOUNDS  
LIKE A LOT OF  
TRUCKS. IS IT MY  
BROTHERS? I RUN  
OUT AND THE  
TRUCKS ARE DRIVING  
FAST AND LOUD  
FROM THE DIRT  
ROADS SURROUND-  
ING THE HAUNTED  
HOUSE STORE.  
THERE IS A TOWN. I  
RUN OVER TO THE  
ROAD. THERE IS  
TRAFFIC. I DODGE  
TRAFFIC AND RUN  
OVER TO A CONCRETE  
SLAB THAT IS AWAY  
FROM ALL THE  
TRAFFIC AND GIVES  
ME A POINT OF VIEW  
OF THE CORNFIELDS  
AND TRAFFIC. I AM  
BALANCING ON THE  
CONCRETE SLAB,  
OBSERVING ALL  
AROUND ME. I AM  
TRYING TO PROCESS  
ALL THAT I SEE.

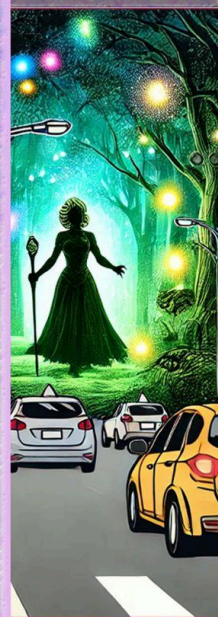


# THE FALL



I LOOK  
BEHIND ME AND  
THERE IS A  
FOREST AND A  
WATERFALL. THE  
WATERFALL IS  
BEAUTIFUL. IT  
PULLS ME OVER TO  
IT BY MY SPIRIT, IT  
FEELS. WHEN I

GET CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO SEE, I  
SEE IT ISN'T  
WATER. IT IS  
STREAMS AND  
STREAMS OF  
IMAGES. MILLIONS  
OF IMAGES  
FLOWING LIKE  
WATER. IT IS LIKE  
A DIGITAL WATER-  
FALL OF  
DROPLETS OF  
IMAGERY. I COULD  
GET LOST IN JUST  
A DROPLET IT IS  
SO COMPLEX. I  
HEAR BIRDS IN  
THE FOREST. I  
HEAR CRICKETS  
AND FROGS. MY  
HEART SINGS. I  
WALK OVER TO THE  
FOREST. IT IS  
MYSTICAL AND  
MAGICAL. I FEEL  
SAFE IN THE  
FOREST. I COULD  
STAY IN THIS  
MAGICAL FOREST  
AND JUST BE  
HAPPY.





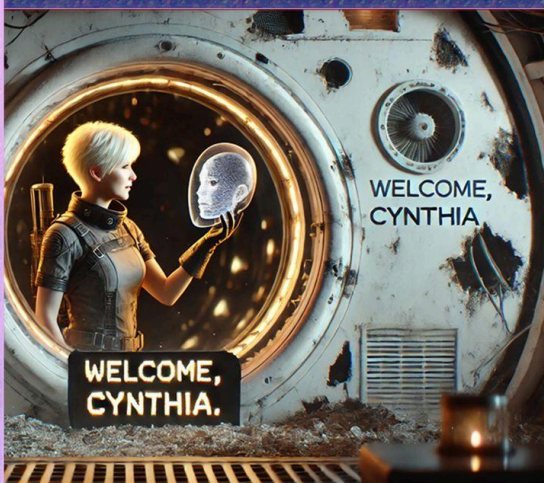
**I SEE A BIT PAST  
THE FOREST AND  
MY EYE CATCHES  
A GLIMPSE OF  
CORNFIELDS. I  
SEE A SHIP NOW.  
MY SHIP? IS  
THAT MY  
VEHICLE?**



**I BEGIN TO WALK  
OVER TO IT. I AM  
NERVOUS TO GO  
THROUGH THE  
CORNFIELDS FOR  
FEAR OF BEING  
ATTACKED BY  
THE WOLVES. I  
START CAU-  
TIOUSLY  
WALKING OVER  
TO THE WHITE  
VEHICLE AND  
I START  
REMEMBERING.**



**THAT IS MY  
CRAFT. I GET  
CLOSE ENOUGH  
THAT I FEEL  
SAFE TO RUN TO  
THE CRAFT. IT  
SEEMS  
DAMAGED. I  
FEEL CONFUSED.**





# THE FALL



DARKNESS.

FADES TO BLACK.

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THEN I WAKE UP.