

The room is dark, dank, and dismal. I look above and see a stringed light that hangs above my sweaty brow. Before me is a gelatinous ball of sugar, yet I wait for another. There are no windows, no clocks, no nothing; a cell encapsulating hell. My hands rub against each other like two sticks creating fire burning my hands. I try to look away from the mellow, but how can I think when the bright white takes my view from the black surrounding my limp body. I fall to the ground gasping for air. "Is this how I die?" My eyes shut, my hands clench, my memories leave to be broken. I grasp the marshmallow and then perish. I awaken in a narrow grey hallway that expands for miles upon miles upon god knows how long. The walls close in and reverberate nostalgic noises that claw at my eardrums like a tiny cat. The piercing, booming reverb grows louder and louder until a light ding admits and a door appears on the blank grey wall beside me. I reluctantly enter while dragging my feet behind, anxious about what lays ahead. The golden doorknob is frozen to the touch and looks very similar to something long forgotten. The room I enter is a house that makes me wistful; I breathe in a long aching breath filling my lungs with an unbelonging smell. A horrific odor fills the room so I search to find the source except it only follows. I look at my arm and it's different. My skin peels while turning a swampy green; a mirror attached to a wall shows that my face is nothing but a skull. "What is this who have I become?" I shout however no one hears. Opaque matte black clouds my view then I am shaken awake by a lady in a lab coat.

"Looks like you passed here is your second marshmallow!"

“Mrs. I have traveled beyond human eyes, now you expect me to be delighted by your sick
games.”

“What?” She stares with stinky eyes.

"You demand proof from a 5-year-old, now you have it, have a good day you can have these
mellows of rot." I march out and demand my mom to get ice cream.