

I can breathe. I'm alive. So I made it! I made it to the other side. I open my eyes and I see the sky. I expected it to be, I don't know, pink or something. Somethink surreal and a bit kitsch. But the sky isn't pink. Just regular blue sky with white clouds. And there's the moon. This one must be the other side of the moon. Looking just the same to me.

I'm floating on water. It's hot. Warm water. Feel tired. I'm in the middle of a lake. My instinct tells me that I have to move. Quickly. They might be watching me already. I'm getting scared. I look around. The shores are quiet. Deserted. No one seems to be watching me.

What the hell? Am I tied up with ropes? Calm down. I'm tangled in underwater plants, that's all. I'm floating right in the middle of the lake. I should swim to the shore. The lake is surrounded by high mountains. Just stones, no vegetation. And there's a cave, or maybe a tunnel right there, dug into the mountains. I look around and see no other way to get out of here. Just the stones. No place where I could hide. How can the water be so warm? How come this place is so deserted? Isn't it supposed to be watched?

I can see some things on the shore. Is it rubbish? No, it's clothes. Left by those who left. That's convenient for me, considering I'm naked. I get out. I'm freezing. There's a big black thing. A raincoat. It has a hood. I find some sport pants. Too big for me, but I don't have a choice. A t-shirt. This actually fits me. It must have belonged to a girl. She came here and left it, before diving in to get to the other side... or die trying. Another guest for us. Did she ever come back? Guess not, since her clothes are still here.

I'm dressed now. It is a tunnel. Blue electric lights. It's pedestrian. Enough space for two or even three people to go side by side. Inside it smells like musk. This is the only way I can go. I have to move on. Someone must have seen me on the cameras. There are at least two people coming in the other direction. Should I hide or should I risk it? Where the fuck would I hide? I have no other choice but to pass them. Will they see my Antichrist aura? I cover my head with the hood. They might be guards. Or, if they aren't, they might alert the guards.

But they don't. They both glance at me while talking loud. It sounds like Russian to me. They're arguing. One says something to me, and I move my head. They didn't bother about me. Of course not. They're just about to risk their lives going to the other side; why would they care about me?

I keep walking as if I know where I'm going. Now I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. There's a billboard at the end of the tunnel, where the road begins. It's placed right at the end of the tunnel. What next? I don't have a plan. I'll keep walking even when I'm out in the open, trying to go unnoticed, if that's possible. Now I see the billboard more clearly. There's nothing written on it, it's just the picture of a guy. He's making a sign. He's giving thumbs-up. I come closer so I can see his confident smile.

The man is Ty.