

Dead End

mind.in.a.box

can you hear me? is this working?

ok, good.

I just arrived at the position the informant indicated.

I have a clear view of the entrance to the club and the bouncer in front.

there is someone talking to him, but it's a guy.

more people arriving.

okay... no she's not one of them.

he said she would be here ten minutes ago.

I'm going in.

you block out all doubts, and focus on a single purpose.

you dive into the scene before you,

your senses assaulted from every possible direction.

you can hear the blood throb in your veins,

the familiar pang kicking in to keep you calm and make you forget everything else.

you feel as in a dream, floating through the huge room, scanning. scanning.

it should be easy now, your state keeps you focused.

but you are still aware of the music, boring into your mind,

a strange pressure you have never felt before.

your focus starts to waver.

you have to find your target, she is the only lead.

she is the only one who knows what happened in the back of that bar.

you cannot lose her again.

you feel the cold inside of yourself,

people scrambling desperately to get out of your way.

then you see her, exhilaration breaking your icy calm,

a raging fire, driving you on with incredible speed.

but the music is still there, and the distance doesn't decrease.

there is a flight of stairs, an endless corridor.

pressing through a window, running in the rain.

feeling a sudden burn in your flesh.

she is still there, in front of you.

you can see her, but the music sticks to your mind.

you're skidding through the rain, getting desperate,
darting through another back entrance.

dashing through a corridor,

spilling out into a room full of people, and music.

the music. it's burning in your mind, driving you mad,

there is only the music. the music.

there is nothing else. nothing else.

only the floor rushing toward you.