

If you are reading this, then I screwed up big time, and the fractal didn't transport this journal to my room. I've always figured the god damn things were too untrustworthy to be worth anything except the occasional jump from imminent death. However, more to the point, the manuscript that you have just stumbled upon is about one of the most important events that has ever happened to me, and probably the entire world.

Well...one of the versions of the world anyway.

Anyway, If I were you, I would just put this journal back where I found it and move on. There are things that ignorance are welcome to. Things that may prevent you from looking at the "normal" world that you live in the same way.

If you chose to put this away now, farewell. I sincerely hope that you live your life peacefully and happily. Count yourself lucky that you can go on living ignorant of the secrets concerning our worlds. There are countless people to meet and places to see out there. Enjoy what you have now and don't leave a single regret behind.

However, if you do decide to keep reading further, prepare yourself. You are about to fall very deep into the rabbit hole from Alice in Wonderland.

And you will not be able to drag yourself out.

Chapter 1.

The first thing I hear as I enter my dorm room is nothing. Sweet, blissful silence that flows gently through my ears where ten minutes of a lecture was previously passing through. Considering that I have one of the shortest attention spans in the school, I always treated lectures like a drive-by shooting. The words drift through my ears, shooting facts and theories randomly into my brain while passing through, not giving me enough information to tie them together. As my brain tries to tie the small factoids together into one cohesive subject, I breathe a sigh, and walk over to my desk to sit down. Opening my computer, I press the power button.

BEEP

"WELCOME BACK, TRISTAN!" blinks onto the screen in bright blue letters, along with the an icon of my face, and a password box. I log in and stare, waiting for it to load. My mind flashes to the homework that I have to complete. Voices murmur in the back of my head as I toss any possibility of a complete assignment away. As I wait longer, however, my inner voices grow louder until I can clearly hear what they are saying. My doubts and fears plague me now, using the voices of the people I love.

"You are a failure to your family, Tristan."

"Why are you even at college, Tristan? You're just going to fail out like your brother."

"Stop wasting your time with music and the Internet, bub, or you won't even be getting above a 2.0."

"You should kill yourself and save your parents the--"

With a sudden tone, my laptop has loaded completely, and the intro music plays loud enough to drown out the rest of the sentence. Breathing an inward sigh of relief, I start up my music player.

Since my senior year of high school, I had developed a love of epic music. The way some people like rock for the guitar riffs or dubstep for the intense drops, I enjoy epic orchestral music for the rush that it personally gives to me. For me, the best type of music has always been the kind that can raise your hair with a sense of energy, and give you an inward sense of power unrivaled by anything else. My heart pounds like I am about to enter a battle, my goosebumps pop up one by one as a electric wave travels down my entire body, infusing my entire soul with energy. This is the true ecstacy of music, feeling it raise my emotions up and down, and almost bringing a tear to my eye. When I listen to music with that much passion, I've always felt like a different person. Like a warrior on his way to battle, reveling in the joys of the sword.

Flipping through my storage of music, I pick one of my favorites, and close my eyes.

The beginning of the piece is somber, representing a prequel to the battle that is to come. Low tones maintain a constant sense of unease, and the sounds of a gentle beat of drums in the background. Trombones create a powerful undertone of menace for the oncoming attack.

In my mind's eye, I picture a vast plain, scorched with fire and peppered with arrows. Going of for miles, the wasteland is covered with craggs and pointed black spires of obsidian. Blackened and twisted as it is, I observe a multitude of fires to the east, marking an army more black and twisted than anything in this world, or any other. The army stretches miles across the horizon with thousands of pointed swords raised in the air. I stand observing the awe inspiring view, clad in strange black and red armor, with a long sword by my side. Of all the articles with me, the sword claims the most attention. Its blade is covered with strange runes, swirled and ragged. The blade itself almost feels to have been carved from obsidian. For its size, however, it feels light in my hands.

These details flit by me peripherally as my focus is mostly on the army.

Inside myself, I can feel energy gently rising, feel my adrenaline creeping through my veins in anticipation.

One man versus an army of thousands.

The score rises with orchestral strumming. And at the climax, the last gleaming ray of sun briefly penetrates the clouds before disappearing.

Orchestral flourishes rush through my ears, raising my hairs on end, and suddenly I charge into the fields, energy coursing through my veins. Rocks crackle beneath my feet as I race across the plain, rapidly approaching the army. A small grin flashes across my face. Trumpets scream in anticipation as I near the first of the soldiers, and with a fierce battle cry, I RAISE MY SWORD AND...

"Tristan. TRISTAN!"

Suddenly, I am jerked out of my fantasy by the sound of my roommate's voice.

"Paul, man. Do you HAVE to interrupt me when I'm listening to music?"

Considering that many people have bad luck with roommates, I counted myself lucky that I got a good guy like Paul. On top of that, he's probably one of the coolest guys I have considered a friend. With fair blonde hair, and enough looks to create an attraction with almost every girl he meets, he surprisingly was not the cocky douchebag that his appearance would suggest. He's always up to chill and play video games, and has damn good taste in stories. When I say stories, I don't mean that he just reads books. I mean that he considers himself a connoisseur of stories, regardless of what medium he finds them in. Video games, books, movies, he collects all of the good plots in that blonde head of his.

"Dude, I'm sorry, I was just wondering if you were still coming with me and the guys to go see Batman? I heard that the plot was one of the best of any of the superhero movie to date."

Additionally, he remembers every story that he has ever read, making him one of the best sources of information when it comes to any media.

I silently cursed to myself. Tonight I had promised myself that I would check out the new album *My Nevershade*, which received almost perfect reviews.

On top of that, I still hadn't done my homework.

I sighed, "When is the movie starting?"

He flashed a grin.

"Right now, my bucko."

"Fine, man. Just let me get my stuff."

With a smooth motion, I got out of my chair and grabbed my coat and wallet, and walked outside the door with him, locking the door behind me.

As we turned to leave, I felt a small, strange thought in the corner of my mind.

A small voice spoke , almost a whisper, like my subconscious mind was directly speaking to me.

"Everything is about to change, Tristan."

Chapter 2.

A large shiver ran down my back and I leaned against the wall momentarily.

"What was that?" I wonder to myself with wide eyes.

A slow canopy of static buzzed through my mind. The normal imagined noises of the brain working at full capacity. A voice, and a clear one at that, spoke to me through my brain. Hell, I have heard voices sometimes whisper in the back of my mind, but those were just fragments of memories that wanted attention. This was different. For a second, I actually felt like another being had entered my mind, and left a message. Something entirely foreign to me... The thing was... What did that sentence mean...?

"Tristan, are you coming, man?"

Paul was looking at me with concern, which wasn't really that unexpected, as I was leaning against a wall with a expression of deep thought on my face.

I considered telling him that I wanted to stay at the dorm, as something unexpected had just happened. Then I realized that telling him the reason for me staying would probably make me look crazy.

"Yeah, yeah I'm okay. Let's go meet up with the guys." I recover with a laugh.

"You sure, man? You looked really off for a second." Paul still looks a little concerned.

"Naw, I was just having a little stomach pain. I'm sure that the night air will clear it up in a second," I say while walking ahead.

As we finished walking down the stairs, thoughts on the voice quickly located themselves in the back of my mind, to be brought back later tonight so I could think on them later.

Walking over to his friend's dorm was a pain, as the weather was freezing. Even though winter break had come and gone, the weather still couldn't let it go, like a Christmas tree left up until July, rotting in the hot sun. Unfortunately, we didn't have much sun or heat.

Suddenly, I heard a chorus of greetings ahead of us. In front of the theater were two of Paul's friends, Chris and Leo.