

Chapter 4

Wherever You Are

At the Bottom of the Lake

As the dawn light filtered into the room, Susan stirred from her sleep, awakening to find herself in a strange, isolated house nestled in the woods near the state border of New York. She was far from the familiarity of home and a sense of longing washed over her as she thought of all that she had left behind. Despite feeling overwhelmed and homesick, Susan couldn't deny the feeling that this was where she was meant to be. She had never before known such loneliness, and her thoughts turned to her worried parents, left behind in the place she had once called home.

With a heavy heart, Susan had written a note before leaving, pouring out all of her feelings and experiences in the meadow that morning a month ago, as well as the dreams and hopes she had held since she was a child. It was the most honest and open she had ever been in expressing her emotions, and in it, she explained her need to see and experience everything for herself, following her intuition diligently in the hopes of answering the deepest questions and doubts that plague a young woman's life. She had asked her parents not to worry about her or to contact the authorities, knowing that such actions would only make her feel persecuted and turn this journey into a meaningless action. This was not an escape, but rather a tale of curiosity and the seeking of a deeper purpose, allowing her the opportunity to unfold the mysteries of life in a way that would bring out the answers she had ever sought.

As she was staring up at the cracked, water-damaged ceiling above her, a tapestry of scents filled her nostrils, each carrying its own set of memories and experiences. These memories, particularly those of her childhood, always hit her hard. She remembered warm and joyful summer nights where she spent playing with her dear little cousin Mary, who had miraculously recovered from leukemia as a child. These memories somehow symbolized the grace and divinity of higher powers, something that Susan couldn't fully comprehend at the moment. Yet, the feelings they evoked were so intense and profound that she felt every inch and core of their meaning. The aroma of wheat and farmland on those bright summer days also came to Susan's mind, bringing a subtle smile to her lips as it reminded her of being a carefree and happy child. She remembered the little blue dress with white polka dots that her aunt had sewn for her, with later added patches telling tales of rough play in the fields. That dress, still hanging in her closet at home, was

a symbol of innocence and playfulness, and it also marked the beginning of Susan's awareness and understanding of her own being.

From that moment on, a burning desire to grow and explore stayed with Susan, guiding her to places and experiences that she could now, as an adult, fully understand and appreciate. She also remembered the episode of her life when her mother had taken her to a nearby farm back home in Pennsylvania, where she saw pigs for the first time. The joyful expressions of the animals as they were fed and their delight in rolling around in the mud afterwards stayed with her all these years, reminding her of the universal nature of gratitude in both humans and animals and the better understanding of humanity's true nature throughout history.

The calm of the morning was suddenly shattered by a stirring awakening, a newfound understanding surging through her. Her mind was overwhelmed by powerful forces, as if a dozen fierce, determined dark horses were galloping through her consciousness. All old habits and beliefs were utterly destroyed, and she was now invited into another realm. She soon realized that she was in fact experiencing a lucid dream. Susan had jumped out of her childhood memories and into a dream world that she was first now truly ready to meet.

As Susan walked through the door, she was immediately struck by the beautiful array of colors that surrounded her. The vibrant hues seemed to pulsate with energy, creating a sense of warmth and peace in the field of wheat in front of her. Despite never having seen anything like it before, Susan felt a sense of joy and harmony wash over her, as if the landscape was welcoming her with open arms. It was like a perfect synchronization powered by the pure and

divine power of love. At the center of this magical place was an unusually large sun on the horizon, and an endless sight of wheat fields and a distant forest waiting for her to be explored.

As Susan was drawn towards a muddy path adorned with colorful wildflowers, she couldn't believe that she was now in a modern version of a storybook like "Hansel and Gretel." But as she ventured deeper into this mysterious tale, a sudden darkness and mystery made her shiver with anticipation. The air grew thicker with the scent of pine and the rustling of leaves underfoot, as if she were entering another dimension where the sky seemed to respond to her every thought and desire. But when she looked up there was no sky. It was as if everything was connected in a perfect unity and no human words were needed. The forest was alive with the sounds of nature and the presence of unseen beings. Susan could hear the sounds of small animals in the underbrush and the distant

calls of birds. The voices of the unseen beings chanting in ancient, unfamiliar languages added to the otherworldly atmosphere. It seemed as if the forest was a living, breathing entity, full of secrets and magic waiting to be discovered. Susan was drawn further into the tale, eager to explore the wonders of this celestial world she had just entered. She had never experienced anything like this before and knew that this might be the first and last time she would encounter something similar during her lifetime on Earth.

Suddenly, rain began to fall, transforming the forest into a completely different place and frightening Susan even more. At that moment, a small creature appeared out of nowhere on the path before her. It was unlike any creature she had ever encountered - an abnormal mix of a cat and a bear with thick, dark brown fur, a head that seemed almost human in its intelligence and awareness, and piercing eyes that seemed to communicate with her

telepathically. The creature looked at Susan as if it had always been waiting for her, but it was silent and reserved. However, Susan felt a sudden urge to follow and obey it, and the thrill of curiosity and excitement as she followed the creature deeper into the forest was at the same time terrifying. She knew by this point that this was no ordinary dream, but a journey of fate and adventure, a journey that would reveal the secrets of her most profound desires and the mysteries of her unconscious mind. And as she walked, she knew that she was the protagonist in this Odyssey, destined to uncover all the wonders and tales that lay ahead.

As Susan continued her journey through the forest, constantly following the creature which walked rapidly on its two back paws, she noticed the trees were changing colors and shapes before her eyes. What had been a peaceful and green oak forest quickly transformed into a rainforest in the Amazon. The humidity was so oppressive

that she struggled to catch her breath as she hurried along, but she didn't want to be left behind. For there was not only danger in what she was doing, but also a sense of unease at the thought of some unknown presence, deep within the forest or lurking elsewhere, that might be waiting for her. The unknown factors of her journey added a layer of anxiety and uncertainty, causing her to constantly look over her shoulder and second-guess her actions. Despite this, she pressed on, determined to see her task through to the end.

Finally, after walking for a long time, the path led out to another meadow, as if it were another level in a video game. The creature looked at her as if it had completed its task and began to slowly walk back into the forest. It even nodded a little, as if to say, "You are on your own now, I have done my part." And with that, Susan was now all alone, taking in the silence that made her ears ring a bit. She felt as if she was vibrating on another frequency and

had gain a different perception of reality. And with that realization she was right in front of a vast and completely calm lake. The surface of the water looked like silk had been laid and the color from the moon that had now appeared made the whole setting look like she was in a completely different saga. She could feel the coolness of the water from where she stood, so large and dark that it seemed like an ice-cold sea in the northern hemisphere. It all felt as if she were in a movie, but without any trace of human life. Just her being observed, but she didn't know by whom. Susan felt like she was the only one alive on this planet. And it was completely silent, just this sea-like lake at the end of a mysterious forest and a gigantic Fuji-like mountain in the background. The mountain looked almost like a silhouette with its snowy peak. Susan understood that the lake was somehow a gateway to the mountain, which was another story before she could take the next step.

She stood now near the edge of the lake, watching the ripples that began to form on the water as a light rain began to fall. Still, she was not sure why all of this was happening to her. As she slowly approached the shore of the lake, she was abruptly seized by a strange and powerful outer force that first gently grabbed her by the shoulders and head and then forcefully pushed her into the water. She was so surprised that she couldn't utter a single word, let alone scream. It was as if the force was taking her somewhere she needed to see, to the origin from which she had come. The event was so extraordinary that Susan felt as if she might fall out of bed and wake up. And she tried, but it didn't work, and the journey continued. She dove headfirst into the water, unwillingly, and without the ability to breathe, she quickly realized that this was fatal. She was moving at the speed of a rocket launched from a submarine, and the journey down to the bottom of the lake felt so alien that she didn't even know if she had already died and was about to leave this

earthly life. Was this really the end of her life, not just in this dream, but also in reality? Was this a spell she was under, or a punishment for some sin she had committed? And who was behind this all? But with firm determination and the last remnants of her divine faith, she put all her trust in the process, letting the force do its work as it finally brought her to the bottom of the lake.

Susan's body fell hard to the bottom, making a plunk on the sand and mud. She was in great pain and could barely see anything in the darkness. It was a black and cold inferno wherever she looked. And the water was cold, just a few degrees above freezing. But she didn't notice the cold because she was too focused on the terrifying sound that reached her. It was another telepathic wave of energy on a frequency that humans aren't supposed to be able to perceive or feel. The sound was so terrible that it could kill a person. And it was evil. For right in front of her stood what might be the greatest fear anyone could

imagine, especially in a nightmare like this: an enormous sea monster, a hybrid of a whale, a walrus, and an octopus. A horrifying sight. The head was like that of a furious and vicious walrus, and its body larger than a ship, writhing and making a loud noise as its tentacles danced in the darkness. Only the scattered light of the moon revealed its movement. And it continued to make sound, as if it were saying that this is the end. "Am I being eaten alive?" Susan thought instinctively.

Inside the monster, she suddenly heard a desperate and heart-wrenching scream. It was a voice she recognized, and it was the voice of a man. A deep, vulnerable voice crying out for help, interrupting the inhuman noise the monster was making. It was as if good and evil could be distinguished by this scene, like two worlds morphing into one living misery, presented in the cruelest possible way, and without any chance of surrendering.

The sun's rays suddenly hit Susan's eyes with intense strength, as if the rain had stopped and the sun had come out. As she looked down at her hands, she realized that she was holding a massive, sharp medieval sword in her right hand, as if it had been given to her in recognition of her trust in the journey and her continued progress. It was almost as if the sword was a reward, and that she had suddenly been upgraded in this unspoken story that was now starting to truly reveal itself. And without a moment's hesitation, Susan drew upon all of her inner and external strength, wielding the sword with instinctive precision as she plunged it deep into the monster's stomach. She couldn't believe she was doing this. The creature's scream was loud and ferocious, as if the slaughter of thousands of animals was happening all at once. Time seemed to stop in this moment, as if an era had ended. Susan's power and presence were so strong that they changed not only her own perception of time and space, but also every matter around her. This sudden manifestation and symbol of her

creation of a hero story transformed it all into a new realm, where a profound understanding of humanity and the limitations of its psyche was gained. And with this newly created law, the killing of the most vicious and harmful beings brought blessings to not only Susan, but to humanity as a whole. The water all of a sudden became warm and colorful, various exotic fishes started to appear around her, as if they were cheering and celebrating a victory.

As she made the precise cut, slicing open the monster's belly and destroying its living matter, the wound glowed with a bright, vivid light. The monster had shrunk instantly into a small pile of darkness, and it was now silenced forever. And with that, naturally the world also fell into silence, as if the sounds and actions of the battle had never existed in the first place. With this deep and sincere cut, Susan had demolished the most vulnerable and mischievous parts of the inhuman creature.

And as she approached the opening, another light so bright blinded her, as if she were looking directly at the sun. At that moment, the force pulled her back, warning her not to reveal something she should not see. It not only naturally comforted her, but also indicated that this was the end of this particular story. She had completed her mission and she could now go on.

As she was brought gently back to the surface, Susan felt a deep connection with the other side of the object, still at the bottom of the lake. And as she intuited its presence, it spoke in a tender and clear voice, revealing itself and whispered, "Thank you, my love. You are my savior." And with those words, Susan awakened from her bed, drenched in sweat and tears.

