

I awoke.

I stood on a platform that was underneath a red sky and was in a wide, flat sea of grass plains, and the grass was a red wine color, quietly waving in the breeze. In front of me laid a road of black stone, smooth and dark like obsidian, and like a mirror it reflected the red-violet grass and the red sky. I did not know where I was, I did not recognize the place, however I felt like I've been there for my entire existence, patiently waiting for someone or something to arrive.

There was only the sound of the wind sweeping through the flat wine fields to accompany me.

I stood there, on the pink concrete platform, for a long while. I didn't get off the slab, even though I wanted to walk through the fields. Something stopped me inside from doing it. After a while, coming from the right side from me was a car. It was the same color of the the grass, that purple color, and it was a far older model of car than what I usually see; I'm guessing that it was from the 1950's.

The car stopped in front of me, and the window rolled down.

Driving the car was an old man in a suit. He had thinning white hair, a face of wrinkles, and a long, white beard going down to his belly. "I'll take you wherever you need to go, you just gotta tell me where you wanna go, okay?" I didn't know where I wanted to go, but I felt my lips move and I heard the words "drive me to the lake" come out of my mouth. He nodded in a quiet and solemn understanding. I opened the door to the back seat and sat down. There were no seat belts, which confirmed my thoughts on how old the car was. He looked in the mirror at me and said ;

"You ready?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go, buddy."

We drove for quite a while, the wind blowing in through the windows, until we reached a small hill with a tunnel through it. We drove through the tunnel, and out the other side was a parking lot to a sunset sky in an evergreen forest, with the wind blowing through the coniferous' needles, and in that forest was a crystal clear lake, a small muddy pond, an empty, short creek bed that stretched between the two bodies of water, and another old man grasping something in his hand. He was standing by the opaque waters of the pond. Next to the pond was an old, vine covered bench. It looked like summer, but the wind was a biting cold.

I went to go sit on the bench, and I got a better look at what was in the old man's hand; it was a beautiful, gold wedding ring that shone in the golden sunlight, with leaf covered vines engraved into the metal. The old man looked at me, then at his hand, and then back to the waters beneath his feet. He struggled to put his hand over the brown, murky water, and with a tear in his eye, he dropped the ring into the water and it made but a small, barely significant splash. However, that puny splash caused the waters of the pond to rush through the creek bed and connected the pond to the lake, and the pond slowly became almost as clear as the lake that it conjoined with. The old man shifted into the figure of a far younger man, and the man sat next to me, and when he sat down, he blew into the wind as a pile

of dust and ash. I had no words.

When I walked back to the car, the driver was silent, and when I got back into the car, he merely asked; "Are you ready?" "Yeah." "Let's go," and I fell asleep on the car ride.

I awoke.

I stood on a platform that was underneath a red sky and was in a wide, flat sea of grass plains, and the grass was a red wine color, but this time there was no breeze.

This time there was only *silence*.