

The water is warm.
 As you descend, you start to wonder how long you can hold your breath.
 Whether you'll make it to the bottom.
 You count.

Twenty nine. Thirty. Thirty one.

Shapes seem to pass by just out of sight, like prehistoric creatures from an alternate timeline.

Fifty six. Fifty seven.

You can feel the weight of the water above you, increasing with each stroke you make.

Eighty one. Seventy two. Or is it? You're losing track.

You can't tell if you're swimming vertically or horizontally anymore. Your vision is totally useless now. Your only reassurance that Ori is still there, swimming downwards beside you, are the soft currents in the water formed by her movement.

You're struggling to hold your breath. The water is dense, weighty, and it's getting harder and harder to force yourself further.

You can't tell if the dancing lights you're starting to see are just your imagination.

Like fairies, dancing in the dark.

Everything...

Feels....

Distant...

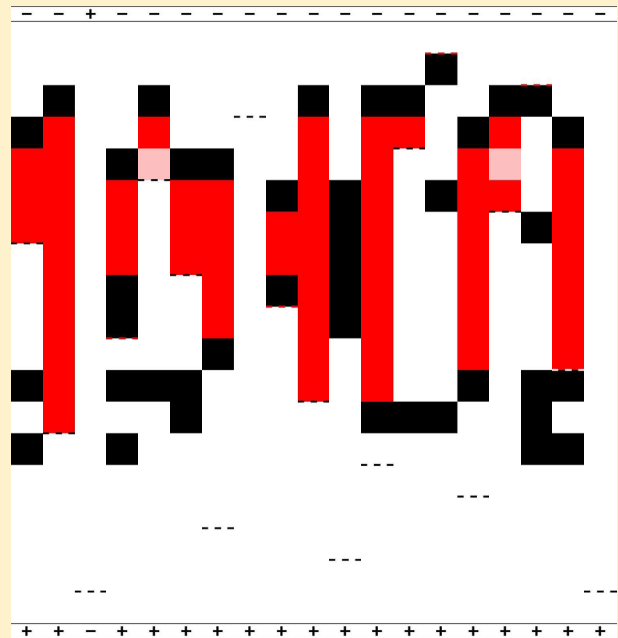
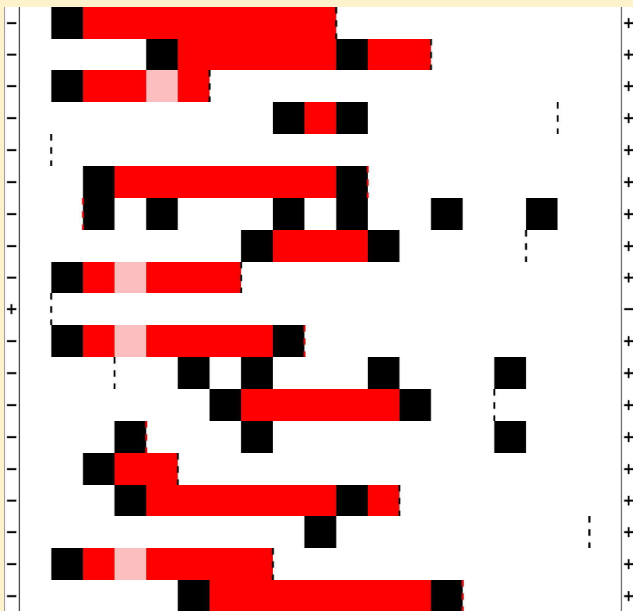
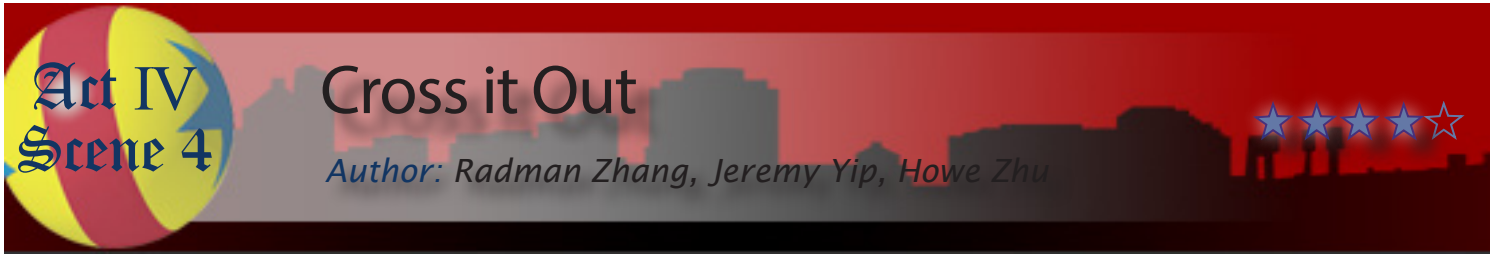
A hand on your leg.

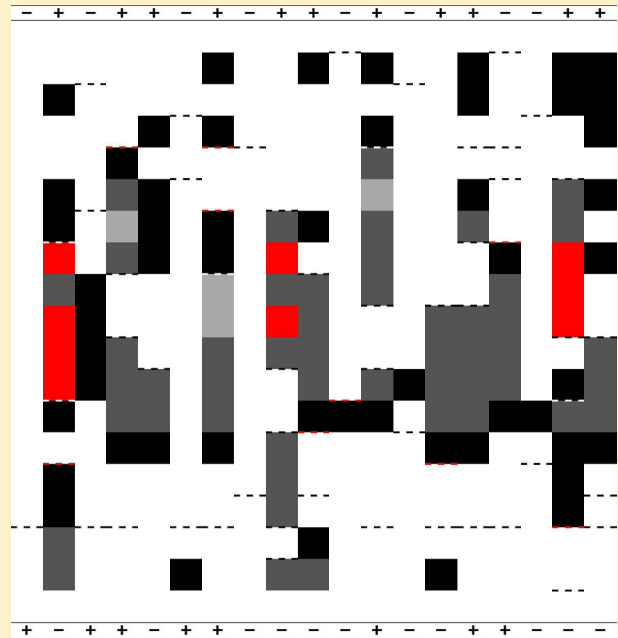
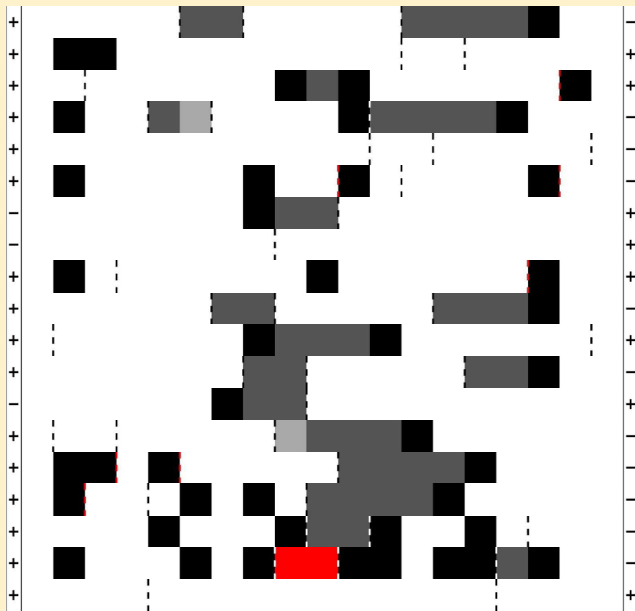
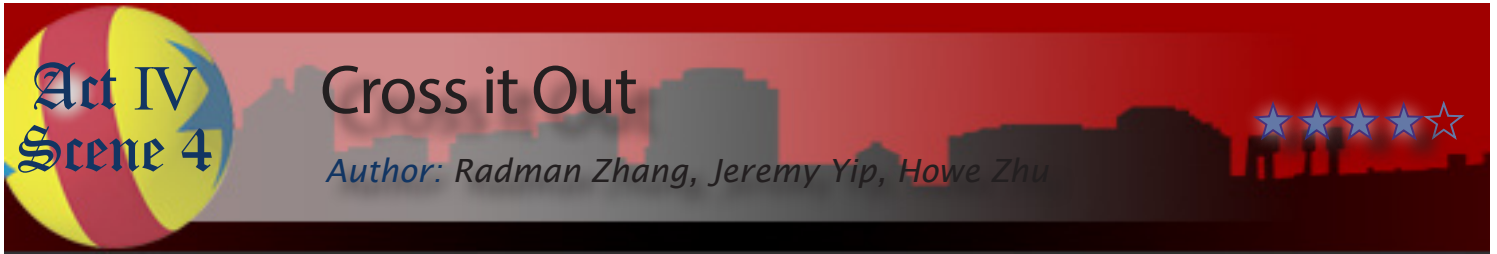
And you pass out.

To nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.







Cross it Out

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