(1)

He stood on the edge of the precipice, staring down into the endless, black void. It seemed very familiar. He wanted it to be different. He snapped his fingers, and the void transformed, as if by magic, into a dark green shade. A man walked up behind him, placed a hand on his shoulder. The void returned to its normal colour. "What are you doing so far out?" The man asked him.
"I wanted to see it for myself, what the villagers call the Abyss. They say, if one were to fall down there, they would never return."
"Well, you know how it is. The villagers, they always find a way to explain away the unexplainable. Like, your *wizardly* powers." The man gave a wink.
"What would happen if I fell?"
"I'd catch you, that's what." The man gave a hearty laugh, "I'll be seeing you." He faded away. He snapped his fingers once more, a light blue this time, and turned back towards the village.

He opened his eyes, saw the bright light on the ceiling. He was dreaming again. He sat up, pulling the light blanket off his body. Around him, he heard the others begin to wake. He had this dream every night, and he was getting sick. True, it wasn't exactly the same, but it was the same people and the same place. He pulled on his boots and waited for the bell to toll, signaling everyone to head to breakfast. He wondered, not for the first or last time, if he could wake himself up.

Some time later, he collapsed back onto the bed, exhausted. He was ready to wake up now. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them he was back.

He sat up from his bed, blinking his eyes 'til he was fully awake. He heard a knock on the door. He *snap* opened it while he got dressed. The man from yesterday, his best friend, Luke, casually strolled in. "Same dream again?" he asked.
"Yeah, it was horrible. The food was awful, the work was grueling, and everyone kept giving me strange looks."
"So, it was like normal then?"
"Yeah."
"Today, I thought we could head into the mountains. See what we can find." Luke walked outside, and he slipped his boots on and made to follow. He had never been to the mountains. Normally, Luke was wary of him going too far outside the Village, but he guessed today he was feeling adventurous.

A couple of hours later, they were at the bottom of the mountain.

<center>(2)</center>

He gazed up at the mountain, the first of a long range. It reached up into the clouds, obscuring the peak from view. Luke turned to him, "So, how high should we go? I, for one, say we should go all the way to the top."
He thought about it for a moment, gazing up at the sun. Would they have enough time to reach the top? He *snap* lowered the mountain a mile or two, the peak now barely visible. Now they would have enough time. "Yeah, let's do it!"

The climb was long and trying, and unremarkable. He loved it. The wind was crazy hard, and several times he thought he'd be blown away like a leaf. The experience, the death-defying thrill of it all, was exhilarating. Luke seemed to be much calmer. Clearly, he was much more experienced. It wouldn't surprise him if he had done this many times before he arrived here.

He couldn't remember where he came from. In his mind, before he arrived in the VIllage all those years ago, his memory was blank. Not as in he didn't have memories, just ones that were empty. Like they'd been sucked out, like a bee with nectar. It scared him, what he might've done then. Was that what was causing his dreams? Like, a suppressed memory, or something? What did he do?

They reached the peak of the mountain. The last few feet they climbed blind, their heads in the clouds. At the top, they looked out. The clouds lay before them, like a vast ocean of white. "Wow… it's beautiful."
"Yeah, I thought you'd like it." Luke sat down, "It's rather chilly, don't you think?"
"Yeah…" his mind drifted back to his thoughts of the past, "Do you…," he sat down, "...remember when I first got here? I know I've asked you before, but if you know anything I need to know. Do you know where I came from?"
Luke looked out, onto the sea, thinking hard on the right way to word it.

Originally Written: *High School, Book 8*
Adapted as: [Man vs. Mind](#) *(Chapter 1)*