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The first thing I observed when I entered the room  
was the silence. It was a heavy, oppressive  
silence, the kind that comes from a vast, empty  
space. The room was large, with high ceilings  
and walls that seemed to stretch far into the  
distance. The floor was made of polished wood,  
and the air was still and warm. I had never  
before experienced such a sense of isolation.  
The only sound I could hear was the faint  
hum of the lights. I looked around, trying  
to find some sign of life, but everything was  
so quiet. It felt like I was in a world of my  
own, a world where no one else existed.  
I walked slowly, my footsteps echoing on the  
floor. The walls were covered in intricate  
carvings, and the ceiling was decorated with  
stained glass. The room was beautiful, but  
it felt like a prison. I had been brought  
here for a reason, and I knew that I would  
stay for a long time. The silence was my  
only companion, and it was a lonely one.  
I had never before felt so alone, so  
helpless. The room was a puzzle, a mystery  
that I was determined to solve. I would  
find out what was going on here, and I  
would escape. I would not let this silence  
defeat me. I would break through it, and  
I would see the light.

