I asked a man to wake me up in an hour before I took my nap, he replied "Yes, I'll wake you in an hour, sleep well" he closed the blinds, turned off the lights and exited the room. On his way down the stairs he fell and died.

I woke to a cold room. A thin layer of dust covered all the surfaces and the batteries in the wall mounted clock had drained. There was no hum of the radiator, no noise at all actually. I opened the blinds and the landscape was grey from pole to pole. A leaf was suspended in motion. There was no indication that anything was going to happen from this point onwards. The door slowly opened and a man, different from the one I had anointed to wake me from my nap, entered the room. He opened his mouth and a fierce ringing took over the room. It was a terrible noise. I immediately lost consciousness.

A man woke me up from a dream I was having. He had come to my room with breakfast on a tray. It consisted of oatmeal, two eggs and a slice of heavily buttered rye bread. I appreciated this gesture tremendously for I seemed to have worked up quite the appetite while sleeping. I asked the man how the weather fared outside, telling him that I wanted to go on a hunt later in the afternoon if possible. He thought this idea was terrific and went to open the blinds. As he drew them back he laughed as a ray of light beamed into the bedroom. It really was exciting, this summer sunshine. Although I was puzzled as I ate my oatmeal. I remembered the feeling of
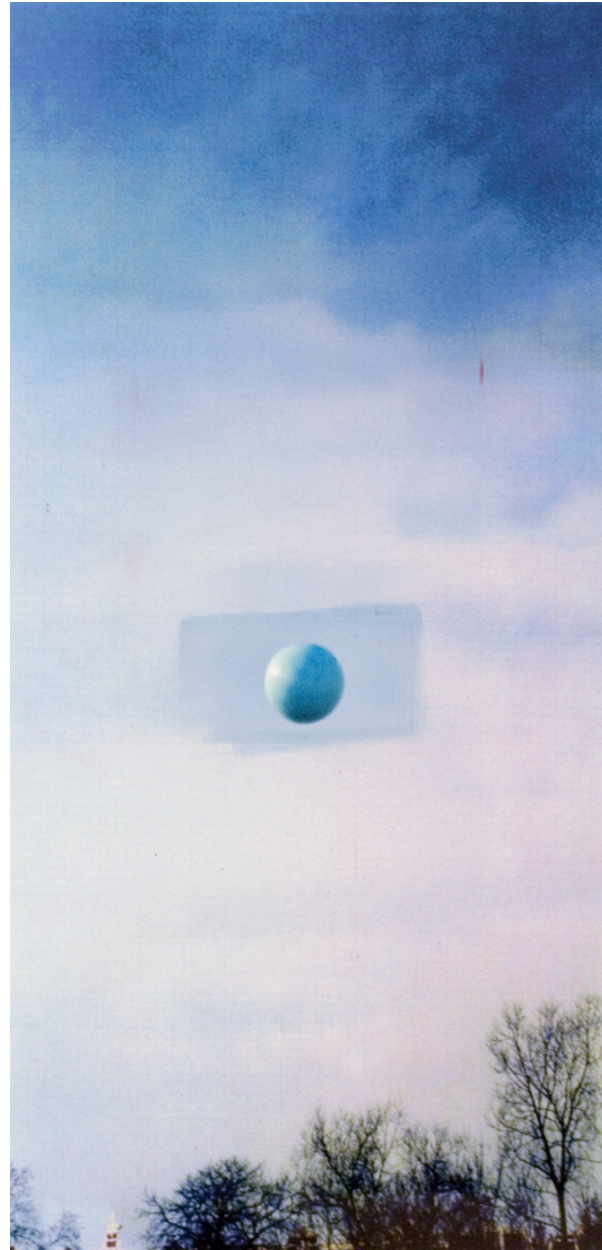
sunshine, and it wasn't quite like this. I asked the man whether or not anything had changed while I had been asleep. He told me that although nothing had changed, it ultimately would. He left the room quickly. When he opened the door I saw that his trousers were trailing straw. I hastily got up and dressed, following the straw into the foyer, where I saw that the whole façade was crumbling and hollow.