

Breathe not...

Marching, marching at a steady pace.

A gigantic dome in my path, it is sturdy, I hear ear-splitting screams filled with agony and pain.

Along with the screams I hear bullet shots.

I now feel tense and stressed, I am insecure.

I notice a sign with a big, red cross saying danger.

In the middle of the cross I see a symbol.

It is like a scribble, only that the soldiers would understand.

The doors then shut with a loud *SLAM!*

'This cannot be good' I think.

It is dark, I see scared faces all around.

The vents whistle in the silence, ,I start to feel very dizzy.

Panic in my head; pain in my chest, stumbling here and there.

The room was spinning around like it was a deflating balloon.

Gasping for air I try to breathe, I fail.

My lungs are filling up with gas, I soon realize that I am not going to make it out.

I now see lifeless faces, piling one on top of the other on the floor.