

Your name is Andrew Harold. You and your brother, Jason, are forced to stay inside your home, because of a lockdown in your home state: Pennsylvania. Some type of killer clown is ravaging the neighborhood, and you don't know how to stay safe - at least, not without your parents. You heard on the news, "MARCH 14TH, 2023!! SERIAL KILLER WEARING WHITE BLOODIED MASK ESCAPES JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER! FORCES LOCKDOWN ACROSS PENNSYLVANIA! MASS PANIC! STAY INSIDE!!" You're both scared out of your mind. Unfortunately for you and Jason, your parents were away for the week - so, they're forced to stay wherever they are, much like you and your brother. You both want your parents to come home. It's close to night-time, and it's snowing outside, so you put on your comfy pajamas, and your glasses, then go to bed. "G'night, Jason," you say. Jason sighs, clearly very tired. "Sleep tight, Andy." He turns on the ceiling fan after wearing mainly black and red pajamas, and you listen to the noise as you doze off.

When you wake up and open the door that leads outside your room, instead, you see an orange flight of stairs! You're glad they're orange; that's your favorite color. People often make fun of you for liking it, though - how rude. You go down the stairs, turn right, and suddenly, you trip. You're thrown, without hesitation, into a very strange place, filled with people you've never met before. You feel a sharp pain in your right shoulder from falling down those stairs. You say hi to one of the people after recovering - he says his name is Gork. You could tell that he's a clown, with the big red hair he has, and the white makeup on his face he has, too! Gork leads you to his house, which he says very joyously, is a sphere. After 3 minutes of walking, you find out his house really is a giant sphere. "What a weird place," you say to yourself, as you walk in. You notice a sign, written by Gork. "Welcome to where all your wildest dreams lie!"

Before you can ask Gork about the dreams in this ball, you're launched into a hallway, face-first. Your glasses broke, and you can't see a thing. You pinch yourself; it doesn't hurt. You don't wake up. Since you have control over the dream, you recover your eyes easily.

You try to familiarize yourself with this place, taking a leisurely stroll about the hallway. Not long after, you see a mirror! That's the only thing you can look at, though, so you stare and stare at yourself. That's the worst decision you've ever made, you realize, as your reflection's face quickly twists and folds into itself. A pit opens below you. You remember, just as it's too late, a piece of advice your brother told you today. "Never look in the mirror if you're lucid dreaming." You can't see anymore, but you know you're falling. Time slows down, but just as you think your dream's over, a tiny, printed picture falls on you. It's your brother, Jason, smiling wide - and you're fast asleep. Then, you see a calendar, showing the date: March 14th, 2023.

You notice a full needle in Jason's hands. You remember the pain in your shoulder. The mirror entered your mind again. The last thing you thought of was how the clown was dressed in black and red.