

The three of them found themselves in a smallish white room with no exits. R was the first to arise. He got up, not knowing where he was and unable to quite remember where he was last. He looked around him the room was a perfect cube, maybe three and a half meters on a side. It had no apparent marks on the walls, no openings. The walls were common plaster walls, freshly painted white. On the ceiling was a single 100watt bulb, exposed and harsh upon his eyes. The floor was covered with plain white tiles, about 15 cm square. R sat back on the floor, unable to imagine where he might be now. Somehow his surroundings didn't seem right.

Upon further reflection he remembers that he is 35 years old, and living outside Chicago. He only vaguely can remember his wife, his kids, his job. He instead turns his attention to the other people in the room. There are two others lying near each other opposite in the room. A very attractive young woman and an older, motherly looking woman are lying there, apparently asleep. The younger woman is dressed in baggy slacks and a brown blouse. The older woman is dressed in a black skirt and blouse, as if mourning some departed friend. Slowly as he watches the older woman, S, gets up. She gets up to a sitting position and looks around the room, then looks at R. They both stare at each other, not knowing quite what else to do. Finally S says, 'I didn't expect this'.

R: expect what, what is this?

S: I really don't have any idea.

T begins to stir and they both look anxiously at her for some sort of sign. She sits up and looks around. She hardly sees the others but she turns from them and starts to cry.