



STORY #1 (18 tweets, 3 participants)

It looked at me and said something to me that I couldn't even look away from. "It's time, Tim." <sup>1</sup> The last time I heard that, mom passed away. With no family left alive, who could it mean? <sup>2</sup> Was that my mom? What did she mean? I never wanted to see the same face again. <sup>3</sup> But it was her. It was mom. But she's been dead for over 10 years. Slowly I realized that can only mean one thing: <sup>4</sup> I was about to get punished. I felt worried. <sup>5</sup> But I also knew nothing would equal the pain I caused her. I turned to the figure that I used to call mom and begged for mercy. <sup>6</sup> She just stared at me. At that moment, I was sure that I was going to die the same way. I didn't have the right to speak. <sup>7</sup> but I could tell I was surrounded by doctors and nurses. At least I hoped that's what they were. Still unable to move, <sup>8</sup> I could still feel everything—including the first slice from the scalpel and the leather-like scales on its six fingers. <sup>9</sup> And then I realized that I was still alive. My mind still in uncontrollable danger, and my body felt like it was going to <sup>10</sup> Although I now knew it was my time. I could choose to go peacefully or I could continue to fight. I made my decision and I slowly <sup>11</sup> died. I was overcome by a relief that I had never felt before. <sup>12</sup> Relief that was short-lived, when the monstrous figure rose from the flames and said, "Welcome to Hell, Tim. Your cell awaits." <sup>13</sup> The wall was completely empty, except for the fire pit. The flames started at the same time as I was on the ground. <sup>14</sup> Suddenly I saw hundreds of poor souls being tortured in flames.. I guess I was really in hell.. <sup>15</sup> I was in shock. I didn't know what to do. I was literally shaking from the fire. I tried to scream, but I couldn't find my <sup>16</sup> voice. As I stared at the flames, the fire grew darker and darker as the fire grew brighter. I imagined the fire started to fade, and <sup>17</sup> then I awoke in a hospital bed. I was shaking and all I could see was my needles and the blood and sticks on my fingers. <sup>18</sup>

Responses by Shelley are shown in bold.

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- Shelley ..... - ..... - ..... - .....  
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