And so the tomb opened, leaving a purple-and-black swirl, seemingly leading nowhere except stars and what seems to be the moon. Curious, I step into the swirl, as I spin around, and end up in a red rectangular box with a silver box with what looks like a papyrus displaying the words £1 - 1 Minutes. Still dysfunctional, I pick up whatever the black object latched upon the silver box is. I hear a beep protruding from numerous holes in a circular formation, so I immediately drop the item, discovering it to be attached to the silver box by some cord, still black with a feel of skin, or rubber. I am unsure of the purpose of which this item fulfils, so I turn around, discovering numerous glass panels separated by three red bars, although the blood layer seems to have cracked, revealing a layer of black skin. I grasp a silver crescent around waist height, to find out that the panels in fact make a door. I push forward, yet cautiously leaning back, but I peer downwards to discover the drop is no lower than an inch.

After I exit the mysterious box, I see a gang of women walking past with strange coloured togas, and a piece of strange woollen headwear seemingly covering their short hair, and as I examine their lower half, I discover their feet not bearing sandals, but in fact leather shoes with knee-high ankle guards. I approach one, yet I receive a straight hand as they speak, “No thank you.” I am both confused and mystified, for I was not offering goods. My hands are empty, so this odd response causes me to think. I step back into my red box, close my eyes for ten seconds, exit my box to find similarly dressed women. Befuddled, I figured this must be the latest imported fashion craze. The men appear to be wearing white body-covering linen buttoned up, and what seems like nylon almost strangling them. The jackets they wear have neckerchiefs in the pocket, although none of the males are using them, and I have seen hardly any sneeze as of yet. The glass panel (restricting them to walk no less than six yards from me) is showing the passers by numerous statues in a wide range of costumes, with variants of heights and sexes. The woman to the far left seems to have no hair and in a short-ending toga with black leg insulators, and what looks like a cotton chestplate with a flowery design, one you expect to see in the eastern Greek fields. The second is a shorter, childish statue, with a thicker cotton chestplate, with a picture of what seems like and extended and roofed chariot, with four wheels and painted red. Maybe they race them in my box. The third is a taller, more muscular man, with the same body-covering linen. Illuminating text reads “GAP”
above the entrance of the place, yet I do not want to enter, due to my lack of luck while entering unknown territory.

After about a minute of glaring at the sign, I am approached by a young boy, asking for a “photo.” Unsure of what this is, I asked. He replied, “My dad’s just there.” I looked at him, to see him holding a black box, flashing back at him, illuminating his face. The box is emblazoned with an reflective Apple, and in the top left corner, a star reveals itself, as it blink for a few moments then disappears. This shines straight into my eye, and when I try to blink the star stays in my head. I scream and run away, as one of the males in a body-covering linen shouts “It’s Julius Caesar!” as one of his accomplices replies with an unknown term to me, something which sounds like “Lole,” or similar. A cement path in the middle of the road is much wider, although the chariots I just saw on the t-shirt line it, in different colours, sizes and wheel type. Then one of these chariots with a red body, black wheels covered in rubber and a white and blue circle reading BMW skids past me at a speedy pace, almost knocking me off the path. It then produces a beep, similar to the one I heard in my box, yet much louder and lower pitched.

I find it hard to achieve much pace in my sandals, I doubt the terrain of what seems like stone was meant for this certain pair. I arrive to a fork in the path, yet I am so scared of the blinding star I run to the closest split. I am asked by more foreigners for photos, yet I return telling them I am on the run from a most blinding star. I get back furled eyebrows, and some evil curses that I had never heard of.

Down the street, a sign was placed in both Greek font and language, although it was complete jibberish and had no real significance to me. Figuring it must be my best chance of getting back from wherever this is, I sprint into the shop, greeted by a male with a small label reading “Mark” on his right breast. He said “You must be here for the leaflets.” Not giving me a chance to respond, he goes into a small alcove at the back of the room and brings out what looks like pages of a book, but every page seems and exact copy of the previous. “Stand along the High Road and hand these out. If anyone asks for an address, it’s 33 Oxford Street. best you get along. We’re short of customers.”