Tier 4

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Before today, you were all but too familiar.

From the moment I slipped into this place of respite, a hidden door in the labyrinth safe from the outbreak outside, I was saluted by musty, dusty air.

I walked down the aisles, thousands of bare spines lined up in perfect rows as far as the eye could see bound by the cloth of time and forgotten like prisoners of a war long ago.

For hours I sat alone, cowering in the corner over the shrapnel of volumes past.

Nothing but the tick-tock-tick-tock of the clock and the drone of the lights overhead to keep me company in the barracks of this dungeon.

All of this propaganda for dreams of a brighter future.