

My name is Gary

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Chapter 1

Meet Gary

The morning sun, acting as an overenthusiastic alarm clock, burst through Gary's bedroom window, determined to drag him out of dreamland and into the chaos of a new day. His bedroom was the epitome of a sleepy, neutral beige - not offensive in any way but hardly a source of inspiration. Gary glanced at the clock, which read 6:15. "Good morning on this fine Monday morning," he cheerfully mused to himself as he kicked off the start of another workday.

Gary's bed, on the other hand, was his nightly nemesis. It seemed to have a personal vendetta against him, constantly ensnaring his sleepy body in its devious, wrinkled sheets. He'd often wonder if his bed had taken up yoga in the night, perfecting its pretzel impersonation.

The narrow hallway leading to the bathroom was like a parade route for a gallery of misaligned family and friend photos. A leaning bookshelf threatened to break free of the wall and finally tackle its lifelong dream of becoming a stage actor.

Gary reached the doorframe of the bathroom and swung himself into the bathroom. In a perfect sweep he placed himself in front of his bathroom mirror. The cracked mirror always seemed to be doing a poor impression of a Picasso painting, and the rusty faucet would playfully sputter a morning "hello". Gary looked at himself in the mirror and saw a brown haired, bright blue-eyed young man staring back. He smiled and finger gunned at his mirror reflection.

Amid this moment of self-affection, Gary's attention shifted to a peculiar birthmark on his arm, which had been a lifelong companion. He couldn't quite get used to it, and it continued to captivate his curiosity. "Well, it's still here," he mused, his reflection serving as a reminder of this enigmatic mark.

A warm, rejuvenating shower in the bathroom was the next order of business. The refreshing waterfall of water washed away the lingering traces of sleep, leaving him feeling renewed and ready to face the day.

The kitchen was the heart of Gary's home, a space that buzzed with warmth and life. Its light-colored cabinets and granite countertops gave an inviting aura. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee, a daily ritual, filled the air as he moved through the kitchen, beginning the preparations for his morning meal.

Gary's toaster was a wild card, seemingly intent on turning bread into either charcoal briquettes or barely-warm slices of bread, with no in-between.

Gary's cereal consistently defied the laws of physics, spilling milk and rebellion in equal measure. He once tried to juggle three pancakes, but gravity wasn't a fan of his circus act.

Sitting at the rickety table, Gary would often spill coffee like a true amateur scientist experimenting with his own clumsiness. The chair would wobble, a persistent reminder that it had two left feet (or legs, in this case).

After the routine of breakfast, Gary embarked on his daily quest to find his misplaced keys, which had the uncanny ability to hide in the most absurd

places. His porch, with its slightly crooked charm, often seemed to be snickering at his daily antics.

His house, nestled in the quiet neighborhood, was a haven of calmness and charm. A neatly maintained lawn surrounds the house, separated from the sidewalk by a white picket fence. Gary cherished the inviting presence his home held in the community.

As he ventured out, Gary couldn't help but smile at the hilarious mayhem of his mornings. His house, the stage for a daily sitcom of chaos, was the backdrop to a life filled with optimism, cheerfulness, and a healthy dose of clumsy charm.

With a cheerful, although clumsy, outlook on life, Gary set off from his house, ready to face the world with a grin that could light up even the dullest morning. His journey to the bus station, much like the rest of his life, was an adventure filled with unexpected surprises.

As he stepped onto the sidewalk, the world seemed to conspire against his otherwise sunny character. Uneven cracks in the pavement often sprang out of nowhere, causing his foot to trip and stumble in clumsy fashion. It was as the sidewalk itself was trying to sabotage him.

Gary had an impulse to greet passersby with a jovial "good morning" or a cheerful nod, regardless of whether or not they shared his enthusiasm. Some responded with smiles, others with confused or grumpy expressions. A few, however, seemed to mistake his optimism for insanity and quickened their pace.

His path took him through the heart of the neighborhood, past quirky shops with colorful displays and the occasional, friendly dog walker. Miss Kent and her dog were on the same path every morning, Gary greeted them, had a quick chat and walked on.

The bus station was in his sight after a sunny ten minute walk, where a mismatched cast of characters awaited him. There was the enthusiastic bus driver who knew everyone's name, the grumbling passenger who looked like they'd just rolled out of bed, and the ticket machine that seemed to take pleasure in playing "hide the change". Gary greeted each challenge, whether it was a missed step on the bus or a sudden rain shower, with a hearty laugh and a sense of optimism.

As he boarded the bus, Gary greeted the budriver, had a short fight with the ticket machine and sat down on a seat by the bus window. Finding a seat by the bus window, Gary settled in as the engine roared to life, propelling them forward. He gazed out at the passing world, appreciating the simple beauty of the everyday scenery, a reminder that life could be a delight if you approached it with the right attitude. His journey to the bus station was not just a simple walk; it was a daily reminder that life could be a delight if you had the right attitude.

The fifteen-minute drive was a fast and simple ride, the outside view through the bus window was Gary's entertainment for his busride. As the bus pulled into the metro station, Gary thanked the friendly bus driver with a grin and a wave. The driver, a character as memorable as any in his morning routine, gave a

hearty tap to his cap in return. Gary leaves the bus and moves toward the underground world of the subway.

Entering the metro station, Gary navigated his path, which he could probably walk blindfolded by now, leading him to platform 5B. His impeccable timing meant he only had to wait for a mere two minutes before the subway arrived, as if it knew he had a day to brighten with his cheerful presence.

After a brief, two-minute wait at platform 5B, his subway arrived with a welcoming whoosh of air. As he stepped inside the bustling subway car, he was greeted by a lot of faces, each with their own stories and routines. Every bench was occupied, a common sight during the morning rush hour. Gary, however, didn't mind standing. After all, he spent his entire workday seated in the office, so a bit of time on his feet during the subway ride was a welcomed change.

Gary steadied himself by gripping the subway's overhead rails as it continued its journey through the underground maze of tracks. The subway stops and opens its door for the next station, at this moment something extraordinary happens. A woman, strikingly beautiful, stepped onto the subway car, and for a brief, surreal moment, time itself seemed to slow down around her. She appeared to be bathed in sunlight, her presence surrounded by an otherworldly halo. Gary couldn't help but notice the details that set her apart. Her silvery eyes, like twin moons in a clear night sky, seemed to hold a world of secrets and stories. Her long flowing brown hair acts like a waterfall of silk. It was as she had stepped right out of a fashion magazine. Her elegance was highlighted by the perfect-fitting trench coat that hugged her figure in all the right places.

As she entered the subway car, her gaze swept across the crowded seats, her search for an empty spot mirrored by the passengers' curious glances. She made eye contact for a brief moment with Gary. In this brief moment Gary feels a feeling he has never felt before and quickly looks away. In his quick look away Gary noticed a peculiar empty spot, right in front of him. A space seemingly reserved just for her. It was almost as though it had been waiting for this extraordinary passenger.

Gary's eyes darted up and down the subway car, from the lady to the mysterious open space before him. As if guided by an unspoken invitation, the lady gracefully positioned herself, her back to Gary, in that oddly empty space. The moment was so uncanny and remarkable that it left Gary in a state of surreal awe, as if he had stumbled into a scene from a fairytale or a dream where the ordinary world was momentarily touched by magic.

Gary's initial fascination with the lady's presence quickly turned to discomfort as the subway car grew more crowded, with more passengers entering the subway car and each inching closer and closing in on him. The woman in front of him, too, continued to close in upon his personal space, making the atmosphere all the more uncomfortable.

As the passengers pressed in around him, Gary's heart raced. He swallowed nervously, the tension in the air making him feel like a deer caught in the headlights. The lady ahead of him was no exception to the close quarters, as her behind is more and more closing in. Gary looks down and notices her behind coming closer and closer. A hint of a primal feeling overtook him, a few dirty thoughts crossed his mind. But as quickly as those thoughts arrived, a jolt of

self-awareness pulled him back to reality – he was in a crowded subway car, after all. "Behave!" he chided himself silently.

In a moment of silent desperation, he hoped for the ride to come to an end, yearning for the next station to be his escape. Just as her two perfect buttocks appeared on the verge of an uncomfortably close encounter with his fly, a familiar voice crackled over the intercom, providing the lifeline he needed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, station Tisra," the announcement arrived like a well-timed rescue. Gary wasted no time, handily shifting his fly out of harm's way and maneuvering through the passengers to reach the subway car's door.

Gary made an audible sigh of relief as he left the subway car. Stepping onto the platform, he shook his head and came to the realization that this subway ride had been both the most challenging and enjoyable journey of his everyday routine.

Once Gary left the subway car, he had a brief ten-minute walk ahead of him. The subway station he'd just left was surrounded by lush greenery and trees, making this short journey to his office a refreshing and pleasant walk.

His office was located in the heart of Tisra, where he worked for the company "Microsoct," specializing in computer software. Within this organization, Gary was a member of the HR department.

After his brief walk, Gary reached his destination - a large, imposing office building that has beyond twenty floors reaching into the sky. He made his way

to the elevator and patiently pressed the button. The doors of the elevator opened after a short wait, allowing him to step inside. Gary selected the eighth floor and watched as the doors closed, ready to start his workday.

Morning at "Microsoct" was like any other, with the familiar hum of keyboards and the scent of freshly brewed coffee in the air. As Gary settled into his desk on the eighth floor, he couldn't help but look forward to catching up with his coworker and friend, Sarah.

With a warm smile, he greeted her as she arrived at her workstation. "Morning, Sarah. Ready for another exciting day in the world of software?"

Sarah chuckled, her eyes lighting up with a hint of mischief. "You know it, Gary. Who wouldn't be excited for complaints about stressful bug-fixing and the sniffing Hank?"

The day rolled on as Gary and Sarah worked side by side, but it wasn't until lunchtime that they found a moment to chat. They grabbed their sandwiches and retreated to a quiet corner of the office's cafeteria.

As they nibbled on their sandwiches, Gary broke the silence, his tone casual yet tinged with curiosity. "Hey, Sarah, how was your weekend? Do anything interesting?"

Sarah's eyes sparkled as she recounted her weekend adventures, sharing stories of hikes and visits to quirky art galleries. Gary listened intently, his interest in her life extending beyond the realms of coworker conversations.

Their chat was just like any other office discussion, filled with ordinary topics, but beneath the surface, there was a connection that transcended the workplace. They laughed, they shared stories, and, most importantly, they appreciated each other's company more than that of other coworkers.

The day went on, and Sarah and Gary worked side by side until it was time to say farewell to each other, a workday ritual that had become a bit awkward. Both of them long for something more in their relationship, but they were uncertain if the other felt the same way.

Gary glanced at his feet and offered a soft, "Well, can't wait to see you again tomorrow." His gaze quickly went up to see Sarah's reaction. She had her hands discreetly tucked behind her back, she shook her head nervously, with her head slightly tilted, and her lower lip caught between her teeth. It was a moment with unspoken feelings.

Slowly, Gary shuffled away and turned around. As he did, a subtle, satisfied smile graced his face. Another day had passed, and it felt like they might be inching closer to something beyond their current relationship.

As he walked to the subway station on the green path, he enjoyed the peaceful green surroundings for a short while. When arriving at the subway station, he unfortunately noticed he had just missed his subway car, but a quick check of the subway screen informed him that his new subway would arrive in eight minutes. As he stared at the screen, an unsettling sensation of being watched continued to nag at him. Unable to shake the feeling, he cautiously shifted his

upper body to the left, attempting to look behind the information screen. But there was nothing out of the ordinary to be found. He squinted, narrowing his eyes, yet the sense of being observed persisted. In resignation, he shrugged and returned to platform 4C.

The day had been a mix of the usual workplace hustle and the occasional awkward yet heartwarming interaction with Sarah. While daydreaming about his day, the subway cars open their doors for Gary. As the subway pulled away from the station, Gary settled into a seat by the window, gazing out at the familiar cityscape. But as he gazed outside, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment that the mysterious woman from the morning ride had not reappeared. The ride back was simply a journey through the well-worn tunnels beneath the city. Gary's thoughts wandered to the events of the day, his conversations with Sarah, and the subtle hints of something more that lay beneath the surface.

As the subway reached his home station, Gary felt a mix of emotions – the contentment of a day well spent with friends at work and the longing for the touch of magic that the mysterious women had given him. The doors slid open, and he stepped out onto the platform, prepared to embrace the simple pleasures of home. Today, he decided to break free from his daily routine and skip the bus ride home. On his walk home, Gary couldn't resist the temptation of the aroma from a nearby burger joint and he gave in to the delicious allure of a big, juicy burger with a side of perfectly crispy fries. He ordered his meal and watched as the chef expertly assembled the burger, each layer promising a burst of flavor.

With his mouth watering, Gary carried the treasure trove of flavors back to his house. He sat down at his dining table and took the first bite of his big juicy burger. As he enjoyed his dinner, he thought back to his day. Skipping the bus had been a small deviation from his routine, but it had brought a world of unexpected joy to his evening. He felt grateful for the simple pleasures that life occasionally offered, and as he finished his meal, he was content and filled with a sense of good energy that would carry him through the rest of the evening.

It was his painting evening, a time he cherished to unwind and nurture his creative spirit. After a delicious dinner, he made his way to the corner of his home, behind his living room, that he had transformed into a small art studio. Easels, canvases, and paints in a rainbow of colors filled the space. Gary slipped on his paint-splattered apron, his face illuminated with anticipation.

With a palette of vivid colors before him, he dipped his brush into a pool of blue paint and started to create. His cheerful and optimistic personality shone through his artwork, as he carefully blended colors and added vibrant details to the canvas. Each stroke was a testament to his unique perspective on life, and he lost himself in the process.

As the evening hours melted away, Gary's home transformed into an oasis of creativity. The act of painting, with its soothing and liberating qualities, allowed him to express the joy and optimism that defined him. Time seemed to lose its grip, and he painted well into the night.

Finally, as the clock struck midnight, Gary decided to call it a night. He stepped back to admire his latest creation, a masterpiece that mirrored his cheerful soul.

Satisfied and content, he carefully cleaned his brushes and placed the canvas on an easel to dry.

With a sense of fulfillment and calmness, Gary prepared for a good night's rest. He knew that he could always return to his beloved hobby the next evening, bringing his joyful outlook to life, one brushstroke at a time.

Chapter 2

The day

Gary slowly opens his eyes, greeted by a hazy world this morning. His eyes flutter shut momentarily, accompanied by a sigh, before he musters the strength to hoist himself upright.

A glance at the clock on his nightstand confirms his worst fear – he's running late; it's already 7 o'clock. In a burst of urgency, he jumps out of bed and makes a sluggish sprint to the bathroom. Gary never overslept before. Under the lukewarm cascade of water, he washes away the remnants of sleep, all the while daydreaming. Nearly drooling, he retrieves a mishmash of clothing from his closet, layering them on.

Ambling towards the kitchen, Gary's eyes flit from the clock to the coffee machine, pausing briefly at the fruit basket. With a heavy exhale, he marches toward the door; it's a little past eight. The "quick" shower had been deceptively lengthy.

Retrieving his keys from a nearby bowl, he slips into his jacket, throws open the door, and steps out into the sun's embrace. Looking skyward, he inhales deeply, smiles and murmurs to himself, "Let's see what this day brings".

Gary navigates the well-worn path to his daily bus stop, lost in thought. After what feels like five minutes, he checks his phone, a bewildered expression washing over his face. "Fifteen minutes already? "Where's that

bus?" he mutters. He shrugs it off and, with a resigned huff, decides to trek to work, a thirty-minute journey on foot.

Ten minutes into his walk, an unsettling sensation nags at Gary, a nagging feeling of something that's wrong. He quickened his pace, mind adrift. It's as though he's being followed, yet not. "What's with this day?", he thinks. He shakes this thought off his mind and gets his smile back on his face.

Gary trudges along his familiar path, past the same trees and the usual cluster of parked bikes and scooters. As he nears the subway station, a sense of unease creeps over him. It's as if he's wandered into a different world; the station looks empty and all the morning passengers are nowhere to be found. A realization hits him – he didn't even exchange his morning chat with Miss Kent and her dog this morning. "Strange," Gary mutters aloud, his words echoing in the empty subway station.

Weirded out by the empty subway station, he whips out his phone, swiping the screen to reveal the current date and time – "Tuesday, 09:12." The realization that he hasn't misread the clock only deepens his bewilderment. Fifteen minutes later, there's still no sign of the subway. Frustration and curiosity intermingle within him. "This day just keeps getting weirder," he mumbles under his breath, giving in to the mounting strangeness. He decides to embark on the 30-minute walk to his office.

Gary's journey on foot turns out to be surprisingly pleasant. The morning sun bathes the city in a warm, golden glow, and the crisp air fills his lungs.

He traverses through neighborhoods he'd seldom taken notice of, enjoying the unexpected scenery.

As he walks, Gary can't shake the peculiar events of the morning. The deserted subway station, the surreal quietness, and the lingering sense of being watched weigh on his mind. It's as if he had woken up in another world, and he's unwilling to participate in this strange tale.

His phone buzzes with a text from his "colleague", Sarah, worrying about his whereabouts. "Where are you, Gary? The office meeting started early today," the message reads. His heart races, realizing that the day is indeed anything but ordinary. He quickly types a response, "On my way, be there soon". For a moment he forgot this weird morning and fastened his pace.

Minutes turn into hours as Gary's walk suddenly transforms into a slow jog, and then into a quick sprint. He's determined to reach the office, his curiosity driving him forward despite the unsettling happenings of the day. His steps grow firmer, mirroring his racing thoughts – what's going on, and where is everyone?

As he finally arrives at the office, he's met with another weird sight. The building is dark, the usual hustle is replaced by silence. "Is this some kind of elaborate prank?" Gary wonders as he pushes open the office door and steps inside, ready to confront the mysteries of this bizarre day head-on.

Gary enters the office, and a bone-chilling emptiness greets him. "Not a soul in sight," he mutters to himself, the silence weighing heavily on his shoulders.

A wave of anxiety washes over him, and he reaches for his phone, intending to text Sarah, but his heart skips a beat when he realizes the morning text from her has vanished. Only his own response to her remains on the screen.

Frustration boils over into anger, and he exhales sharply, the sound echoing in the desolate office. He clenches his fists, his mind racing to make sense of this bewildering situation. He can't deny the creeping dread that something is horribly wrong.

With a defeated sigh, he makes up his mind. "This can't be real," he mutters under his breath. It's as if he's trapped in a nightmarish dream. He decides to leave the inexplicable office behind and head home, determined to wake up from this surreal experience.

Gary walks back out of the empty office building, the heavy silence growing with each step. Doubt and unease gnaw at his mind, and the city outside appears distorted, almost surreal.

As he walks through the quiet streets, he can't help but notice that even the city itself seems different. Buildings, normally filled with life, stand empty. Cars remain motionless in the middle of the road, abandoned by their drivers. The world feels as though it's frozen in time.

Gary's steps quicken, a growing sense of dread pushing him forward. The distant sound of his own footsteps against the deserted pavement is the only company he has. In the distance, he spots the subway station where this bizarre journey began, and his pace slows as he contemplates returning there.

With each step, Gary's skepticism begins to fade. He starts to wonder if this is indeed reality, or if it's a dream he can't seem to wake from. It's as though he's trapped in a nightmare without end, and the boundaries between the real world and a surreal world blur before his eyes.

He reaches the subway station and hesitates for a moment, contemplating the choice before him. In the quiet, he decides to enter, hoping to maybe uncover the secrets that shroud this inexplicable day. Gary enters into the empty station, feeling a sense of anticipation, as he's entered a world unlike anything he's ever known.

The usual places start to look strange and scary, like something from a bad dream. Shadows stretch and change shape, and the empty station is now full of strange, scary creatures from another world. In the dim, flickering light, Gary witnesses horrifying scenes. Distorted, multi-limbed entities skitter in and out of his vision. Inhuman cries and whispers echo through the subway tunnels, sending shivers down his spine. It's as if he's been thrust into the darkest corners of a waking nightmare.

Gary stands frozen and petrified, absorbing the nightmarish sights around him. His mind is in a state of disarray, incapable of thought or reaction. Unearthly whispers and piercing screams mingle with an unsettling white noise that threatens his sanity. He remains paralyzed, trapped in a waking nightmare.

In a moment, Gary blinks, and as his eyes reopen, he catches a glimpse of a familiar woman. For a brief moment that feels like an eternity, he's captivated by

her presence. He gazes into her silvery eyes, mesmerized by the graceful flow of her long, silk-like hair and the elegant way she moves toward him. Her lips part slowly, and her voice, reminiscent of an angel's, utters the words: "Help me, Gary, I need you."

With those words, the white noise, echoing voices, and entities dissolve into nothingness. Gary once again finds himself standing in the empty subway station, the nightmarish delusion banished, but the encounter with the woman lingers in his mind.

He stands alone in the subway station, his heart pounding, but the horrors have inexplicably dissipated. Yet, the sense of fear still lingers, a haunting reminder of the surreal things he's just experienced.

After a while Gary still stands still in the subway station, with his mind paralyzed. Gary shook his head and made the decision to continue his journey home, his footsteps marked by an unshakable sense of unease. He's haunted by the notion that another insane event may be lurking just around the corner. With each step, he remains hyper-aware, his senses heightened by the nightmarish encounter in the subway station.

The cityscape is unsettlingly quiet, devoid of life. It feels like a city caught between worlds, a place where the laws of nature bend and reality itself is shifting.

Gary's resolve is tested as he navigates this twisted version of his world, determined to reach the safety of his home. The fear of the unknown gnaws at

him, but he presses on, determined to confront whatever otherworldly horrors may lie in wait. Gary can't shake the feeling that his journey home holds more terrifying surprises.

As Gary presses on towards his home, an oppressive sensation of being watched clings to him like a sinister specter. His pace quickens with each step, evolving into an almost sprint, as if he's trying to outrun the unseen gaze that seems to follow his every move.

With each heart-pounding stride, the minutes feel like hours, and the mundane streets become a maze of uncertainty. His breath comes in ragged gasps as he finally reaches the familiar door of his house. A surge of relief courses through him, and his trembling hand fumbles for the keys in his pocket.

The key finds the lock, and with a trembling hand, he opens the door. Gary steps inside, his senses still on high alert, acutely aware that the horrors he's encountered throughout this surreal day may not be confined. The safety of his home, once a haven, now feels fragile, and the unsettling uncertainty lingers.

As Gary steps inside his house, the persistent unease from the day's bizarre events keeps him from seeking solace in sleep. He can't shake the feeling that something else may happen before he can rest. With every creak of the house and every whisper of the wind outside, his fear deepens.

Rather than heading to bed, Gary opts to lock the doors and windows, ensuring the safety of his home. He turns on every light in the house, banishing the shadows that threaten to encroach on his sanity.

The night stretches before him, fraught with uncertainty, and he's determined to stay vigilant, ready for whatever the night might bring.

In the dead of night, he hears strange, disembodied whispers that seem to originate from the walls themselves. The voices are faint, cryptic, and they echo through the empty rooms, sending shivers down his spine.

Then, the temperature in the house drops dramatically, plunging it into an unnatural cold. Gary can see his breath misting in the air as he moves from room to room, trying to pinpoint the source of this supernatural phenomenon.

To make matters worse, the lights flicker and dim intermittently, casting, shifting shadows that seem to twist and elongate. Objects move of their own accord, sliding across tables and falling from shelves, as if unseen forces are at play. Throughout the night, Gary is tormented by unsettling visions, he sees glimpses of figures lurking in the corners of his vision, only for them to disappear when he tries to confront them.

Fear and paranoia grip him, and he's left with the haunting suspicion that the forces he encountered earlier in the day have followed him home. The night becomes an unending nightmare, and Gary's sanity teeters on the brink as he confronts the harrowing question of how to protect himself from these otherworldly threats.