His life consisted of only one thing, and that was games. Whether it was during school, eating dinner, or doing chores, all Bommsley Cooper could think about was beating the next level of his new game called *Non Reality* which he got for free. It was probably the most entertaining and the most time-consuming game he has ever played in his entire life. Day after day, fifteen year old Bommsley would always go upstairs and lock himself in his room after school, and day after day he would fall into the infinite world of games and television just to continue the unique story of his new game. To Bommsley, this game was unlike any other story games he had played because the game seemed so real.

When Bommsley got this game, it was the cheapest priced game in the clearance section and there was only one left. The thing that stood out, was the game had no cover and no back either but just had the words *Non Reality* scrawled on the front of the game. When he had picked it out, he took it to the cashier to pay for it, but the cashier looked at the game with bewilderment and said did not recognize the game. After failing to scan the item and consulting with the manager, the cashier concluded that they never sold the product. Because of this, the cashier told Bommsley that he could have the game for free. He willingly took the game, gave lots of thanks, and walked out of the store. As soon as he arrived in his disorganized home, he took out some things in his packed food cabinet, got some things to eat, and he placed the disk inside his system and let it run.

At first, the game was not very interesting, but with progress, the story was really catchy and Bommsley could not leave the game sitting which was filled with stories, and had to play to find out what happened next. *Non Reality* was mainly about this secret agent who goes around the city, investigating crimes and basically saving the world. It was a type of game where you could choose your path, and each decision would result the outcome of the game. The main character of this game always wore a suit and tie, with dress shoes and his hair slicked upwards. Everything about him seemed so real. So real that it seemed like an impossible thing to program such a realistic character.

This game had become such a big deal sooner or later, that every day after school, he would always reject his friends' invites over to their houses because all Bommsley wanted to do was lie on the floor with some food and continue playing *Non Reality*.

Bommsley came about halfway through the game, when something seemed really familiar about the path of which the game was going through. It was about an hour later when he came to a shocking realization, that when he fit the pieces of the story together it corresponded exactly to Bommsley's life. *It's probably just a coincidence,* Bommsley thought. But even if it was a coincidence, there was absolutely no way a published video game corresponded every event that happened or what was *going to happen* in his life. At that moment of realization, he clicked the pause button on his controller, got up from the floor, and trudged over the pile of clothes and food on the ground. Bommsley had to find out more about this game. He reached over his computer and opened up google chrome. He typed "non reality the game" in the search engine and when he clicked enter, there was nothing that came up. Bommsley just sat there looking at *no results found* sign for the next whole minute.

About a month had passed and Bommsley tried to forget what happened that one day. He was home after a long and treacherous day at school. He dragged his backpack up the stairs and sluggishly opened the door to his messy room. After placing the disk in the console, he got his controller and started to continue his story. No matter how many times he tried not to play the game and try a different one, he was being dragged into the story like there was a magnet between the game and Bommsley himself. Truly addictive the game was. This time, the storyline was very slow and boring, until one scene came abruptly. It was a scene where the main character's grandfather had passed away. This made Bommsley uncomfortable, because had this game known the current events of his life, could it know his future?

As soon as he finished the level, a phone call came. Scared from realization, Bommsley could not get up to retrieve the phone. But the thing was, it kept ringing. No matter how long Bommsley waited for the caller to leave a message, the beeping when on and on. And the longer

the phone rang, the louder the sound became. At one point the ringing rattled his ears and he had to pick up the phone.

"H…hello?" Bommsley stuttured.

There was about a minute of silence before a woman came on the speaker.

"Hello, is this the Cooper residence?"

"Yes, but why?" said Bommsley.

There was another thirty seconds of complete silence before the woman came to speak again.

"I am truly sorry to say, but you're grandfather has just passed away unexpectedly not a minute ago."

After the end of that sentence, Bommsley nearly dropped the phone. There was sweat running down his face and everything around him turned dark and dreary.

"How- who are you?" Bommsley replied.

"It was very sudden and tragic. Apparently, your grandfather had a sudden heart attack and was found on the floor dead in our apartment complex," replied the woman.

When Bommsley thought back to the game, he remembered that the agent's grandfather had a heart attack and was found on the floor not breathing in the main observatory. That was it. Bommsley clicked the phone off but instead of a dead buzzing tone, the speaker of the phone was whispering, "dead…dead…dead…non…reality…will….haunt….you…" and after about a minute later, it whispered "forever…." And then there was the dead tone.

What in the world was happening to him? Was *Non Reality* a cursed video game that ended up in a game store? Bommsley had to find out what happened next to the character and so he went back to his room to resume the game. He was into about ten minutes into it before

he dropped the controller with another stunned expression. Other times, the story of the games was *related* to Bommsley's life, but today, something happened that scared the living daylights out of him. At school, he remembered how he got in trouble for not completing his homework and got into a fight which resulted him in detention. On the story of his game, one character forgot to do the work his boss told him to do and got fired. In that very same scene, the character got mad for losing his job and got into a fight with one of his colleagues which resulted with him ending up in jail (as you have noticed, these kinds of coincidences occurred almost all the time Bommsley played this game). Still shocked down to the bones, Bommsley grabbed his controller to find out what happened next to him. At that very moment, the game crashed and he had to restart the console. While it was loading, Bommsley just could not process anything that just happened to him. First, the game correctly predicted that his grandfather was going to die, now the game correctly predicted what happened today at school. Now Bommsley was sure that this game could tell what he was living through and worse, *what was to come in his mere future*. Bommsley stared at the television screen with goosebumps everywhere. He had never been so speechless ever in his entire life.

The disk completed loading and the screen turned black to transition to his game *Non Reality…* or was it? Instead of displaying the main title screen, the television displayed an image of his own room.

"What?" Bommsley whispered to himself. "I don't remember installing any cameras in my room…"

Before Bommsley could open his mouth to scream, the television zapped and the console made funny noises. Bommsley crept backwards and stared at the screen with complete shock. The

screen pictured an image of his room. Before Bommsley could make out any other items in the room, the television screen cracked and in white fuzzy letters, it said- **RUN**.

That was enough for the game addict, Bommsley, to scurry out of the room. He screamed louder than a little girl could ever, and slammed the door shut behind him. He had to look for his mom, because this was something that even the toughest fifteen year old could not stand. As he went down the stairs he knew his parents were in the living room, but when he looked, they were nowhere to be found. And yet he realized another thing. *This was not his home.* Even though Bommsley was not the brightest kid around, he knew he had to look for a solution. *It must be the game*, he thought. Somehow, he must have been sucked into the game, because he felt his mind being pulled towards the screen. This was exactly like the house of the main character of *Non Reality.* Instead where his living room should be, there was a mess of gadgets and books. Instead of a kitchen, there was a computer room with monitors everywhere.

He hurried and went back to his room. Instead of finding his bed and his television, there were stacks of papers everywhere, and nothing else. Where his television used to be lie sat multiple computers which had a lot of programming done on the screen. Just as he started to read the programming, he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Looking for a quick place to hide, he hid inside his closet which was supposed to have his clothes and his other games, but instead had books related to programming and agency. Finally, the door to his room opened and a formal person with a suit and tie came inside casually. He had a mug of coffee and sat himself in front of the computers. Bommsley who was still inside the closet had never been so nervous while he looked through the peekhole of the handle. At that moment, the agent's phone started to ring and this gave the worst scare Bommsley has ever had and made the closet rumble. The agent turned around and when Bommsley saw his face, he had just realized that he was the main character in the game. Now Bommsley could say that somehow he was

inside the game of *Non Reality*, and to say, things *were* about to get real and if Bommsley didn't make good decisions, he could be stuck in

this world forever just like that phone call had mentioned. And the worst thing was, Bommsley was not the brightest kid around. Luckily for Bommsley, the agent did not detect him after making a weird expression as if he had seen something unusual. Bommsley set out a huge relief and now, had to look for a way out, for if he was caught, who knew what would've happened to him.

In the middle of his thought, the agent started to talk on the phone in which he received his call from not a minute ago.

"I believe all systems are in order, and we are ready to launch for the next chapter," said the agent. He continued to talk with whoever was on the other end of the phone about getting the players in order and such. Meanwhile, Bommsley was starting to get uncomfortable in such a small space and desperately wanted to get out. *The next chapter?* Bommsley thought. From his past experiences, it could only mean a chapter in a story, or perhaps- a *game?* Bommsley started to put these ideas together and came up with a conclusion that whoever was in charge of these agents were in charge of putting a game together.

Before Bommsley could conclude his thought, he heard a door creak open near where his main door would be in his home. As soon as the door opened, the agent spun out of his chair and stomped out of the room elegantly. When the coast was clear, Bommsley opened the door silently to not cause any distractions and sneaked up on the computers. The first thing that caught Bommsley's eye was written in big letters- **NON REALITY** on the title of the project.

Bommsley scanned through the system, and found nothing more interesting than a bunch of numbers and symbols. When Bommsley was staring at the title of this program, a thought came into his mind. *Could the game run through this special programming?* After all, this was basically the game after all. Bommsley decided to take a closer look at the programming and find any other signs that could help him get out of here. Bommsley did notice something, and it was something that made his hairs stick in his neck. In the very corner of the programming

board, there was a statement, and it said: Our mission: To transfer our generated video game monsters into the real world. Bommsley thought to himself that it was only a game and anything could happen in games. Suddenly, a man with the coffee in his hand took a sip as he entered the room. He did not notice Bommsley inside the room until the man closed the door. Bommsley was too shocked to even move a muscle, and all he could do was stand there. Could this be where he gets held captive and be game over for him? The weird thing was, the man had no facial expression, and also had a strange walking movement that had no difference every single time; almost like a robot. He just went straight through Bommsley as if he wasn't there. Bommsley had absolutely no idea what was happening to him. To make sure Bommsley was not a ghost, he touched his arm. Except, he could not feel anything, and his hand went straight through. All that made up Bommsley was nothing but a bunch of programming now that he was part of the game.

Bommsley remembered that the main character in Non Reality's job was to eliminate the malicious society in which their goal was to somehow hack the game system to send a virus that appears in the real world as a monster. They were tired of being defeated by the real world humans controlling the agents, and somehow wanted a comeback to the humans. At that very moment, Bommsley realized that he was in the room of the secret organization and he was in its main programming room.

With an immense amount of panic, Bommsley scurried out of the room and scanned the building for an exit. However, his house had been transformed and he was in the middle of a

huge hallway filled with many different rooms each with a unique number. Bommsley had to somehow find the exit before one of the game characters found him.

He sprinted down the hall and something had caught his eye. At the end of the passageway, he found a door with in red letters, *exit* above the door. Relieved, he continued to dart down until he finally reached the door. He yanked it open and expected to receive light. Instead, everything was black and he fell straight downwards. At first, Bommsley had no idea what was occurring to him, but then realized that he was outside the programmed world, and therefore it did not exist. As he was falling and falling Bommsley realized it was game over. He would be stuck in a non- real world until somebody gets rid of the disk that would be inside the system back at his home. And who knows, it could take forever.