



**DON'T KILL BILL,
JUST CHILL**

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INTRODUCTION: THE FINAL LOOP

There are things I never told anyone.

Because I didn't think they'd believe me.

Or worse...

That they'd lock me away for saying it out loud.

I used to think I was just haunted.

By my family.

By my dreams.

By something passed down in the blood.

But now I know—it wasn't ghosts. It was me.

A version of me that got stuck somewhere between sleep and suicide.

Between memory and madness.

Between the person I was supposed to become... and the one I was terrified of becoming.

This book isn't fiction...ot really.

It's what it feels like to wake up and not know who you are anymore.

To hear whispers when no one's there.

To stare into a mirror and wonder if the thing staring back is *more real than you are*.

It's about the **moment before** you break.

The one no one talks about.

The one where you don't scream.

You just *decide*.

So if you're reading this, and something in you has ever wanted to disappear—This book is for youbecause I made it through...barely.

I'm writing this from the other side of the loop. Not to scare you.

To remind you:

You are not alone.

You are not broken.

You were never meant to die in that mirror.

You were meant to walk through it.

CHAPTER 1: GRANDMOTHER'S ORIGIN

She was sixteen the first time it happened.

Not the voices.

Not the nightmares.

Those had always been there.

This was different.

She was brushing her teeth in the hallway bathroom—door open, lights buzzing overhead, steam on the mirror. Nothing unusual.

Until she looked up and saw herself... not moving. Her own reflection had stopped mid-brush.

Mouth still open. Eyes locked forward.

But the hand in the mirror didn't move.

Didn't mimic her.

Didn't blink.

She stared.

So did it.

Then the reflection's mouth started moving again—But **not in sync** and it whispered:

“You're not supposed to be here yet.”

She dropped the toothbrush.

Didn't sleep that night.

Didn't tell anyone.

Because how do you explain a mirror that watches you blink first?

Over the next few weeks, the shadows got louder. Not in the corners but in her thoughts that didn't feel like hers.

“You're being watched.”

“They're testing you.”

“Your body isn't yours.”

Her mother called it **hormones** and her father didn't believe in therapy.

So she hid it....until the sleep paralysis began...and it always started the same.

Middle of the night. She'd wake up frozen. Eyes open and breath shallow. A weight on her chest like gravity forgot how to let go. The room would hum and in the corner?

A silhouette made of static.

Sometimes it was tall. Sometimes small. Sometimes it wore her face, but it never moved. Just stared at her....until one night, it whispered:

“You're the first and if you break, the rest fall too.”

She started skipping school, writing in journals she'd never show anyone and started drawing eyes in the margins of every page.

The whispers didn't stop.

She just stopped trusting mirrors and started covering them with sheets.

They'd still talk when she walked past.

One day, she told her grandmother. Just once. Just a whisper.....

“I think something's wrong with me.”

Her grandmother looked her dead in the eye.

“You sound just like your grandfather before he disappeared.....

No one ever found him. Just a mirror face-down in the woods and a single note on the back:

“They said I couldn't escape, but I can stay still forever.”

That's when she knew—This wasn't just mental illness, this was a curse.

A legacy.

It would be years before she'd learn to name it.

Schizophrenia, but deep down, she knew that wasn't the whole truth. This wasn't just in her mind.

It was in the reflections and it was watching her....waiting.

CHAPTER 2: THE DREAMWALKER

She was twenty when she learned to control her dreams. Not through books. Not through meditation but out of desperation.

“If I can’t survive the day,” she wrote in her journal, “Maybe I can build a better night.”

She started experimenting. Writing things on her hand before bed. Repeating mantras until her brain blurred.

“You’re dreaming. You’re dreaming. You’re dreaming.”

It worked, she was in the hallway again but this time the walls dripped like melted wax.

Gravity didn’t pull and she knew—**this wasn’t real.**

It felt better than real. Safer. She could **breathe** here.

So she kept going back. Every night, she’d build more.

Rooms that moved.

Skies that turned upside down.

A staircase that led to her childhood bedroom... inside a church.

She became the architect of her own dreams but it didn’t last because one night, she saw the mirror again.

Only this time, she wasn’t in it.

Something else was....

Tall, pale and no face....wearing her grandmother’s nightgown.

She blinked, and it was closer.

“You don’t belong here,” it said.

She tried to run. The world folded sideways. She fell through color, memory, and music. Woke up sweating. Nose bleeding.

“It followed me back.”

Over the next few months, her dreams got harder to control.

Sometimes she'd wake up **mid-dream**. Only to find herself still *in* the dream.

False awakenings stacked like Russian dolls.

Reality layered like paper and something was **moving between** them.

One night, she looked in the mirror and saw her dream self watching her. Breathing. Smiling.

"You made this world," it said. "Now let me live in it."

That was the first time she screamed herself awake but not the last.

The dreams became fractured. No longer escapes.

Now, they were **doorways** and the entity?

It wasn't just in the background anymore.

It **knew her name**. It wore her face. It copied her voice in conversations with strangers.

Sometimes she'd hear herself saying things she didn't remember saying.

"I'm fine." "I'm just tired." "It's nothing."

The tone wasn't hers.

Every time she saw a mirror?

It smiled before she did.

She started locking doors behind her.

Even in her own house. Even when she was alone, the dream kept following and it kept whispering.

*"You're not sick.
You're sacred.
You're the first."*

Deep down, under all the terror,
a darker thought grew:

*"What if that thing in the dream...
Is the real me?"*

CHAPTER 3 — POSSESSION BEGINS

It started with the blackouts. At first, she thought it was just stress. Losing a few minutes here and there. Waking up in different rooms. Drawings in her notebook she didn't remember sketching.

Once, she woke up **kneeling in front of her mirror**, forehead pressed to the glass. Her reflection was still smiling... even after she stood up.

Her voice began to change.

She'd say her own name and **it didn't sound like her**. Humming lullabies she didn't know and answering the phone with a phrase she never used:

"She's not here right now. Can I take a message?"

She was alone.

The whispers started next, not from outside, **from inside her own head**.

Always around 3:14 AM. That same, frozen hour.

She'd wake up and the mirror would be slightly tilted—like it had *moved itself*.

Then the voice would whisper:

"You're just the first vessel.
She's next.
Then the boy."

She thought maybe it was schizophrenia. Her doctor gave it a name, pills, labels and advice.

None of it explained why her mirror was **fogged with breath when she hadn't touched it**. Why her dreams kept collapsing into **false awakenings**, each one deeper than the last.

Why did she keep seeing a **boy** in the corner of her room who would vanish the moment she blinked?

One night, she woke up in bed. Eyes open, paralyzed and she could feel the weight on her chest.

The shape at the end of the bed was dark and shifting.

Sometimes it had her face, sometimes her grandmother's and sometimes... **no face at all**.

It crawled toward her, sat beside her and pressed its mouth to her ear....

“I’m getting used to your skin.”

She finally screamed herself awake only to realize **she hadn’t**.

She was still in the bed, still frozen, still dreaming. This time, a little boy was standing by the closet. He was just staring at her. He wasn’t blinking and then he raised one hand and pointed at the mirror.

She turned....slowly, painfully.

In the reflection she saw him clearly. The boy looked like her daughter but older, eyes too sad and too aware. He reached toward her and whispered:

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

She woke up sobbing, confused and terrified.

She didn’t know anyone named Bill, she didn’t understand the phrase.

Was it about the boy? Or... was it a warning? **A message not to kill him?**

Either way, she wrote it down, carved it into the underside of her nightstand:

DON’T KILL BILL. JUST CHILL.

Then, the test came, two pink lines.

Pregnant.

She wasn’t shocked, the Entity had been whispering for weeks:

“Vessel confirmed, arrival pending.”

The next dream was a black room, walls pulsing and a crib in the center—rocking.

Inside...nothing!

When she leaned in closer, she heard a heartbeat from **beneath the floorboards** and then the mirror appeared.

This time, her reflection was **weeks ahead** of her pregnancy. She was smiling.

The reflection whispered:

“I’ve always wanted a son.”

That night she felt something moving inside her belly. It wasn't kicks, it felt more like taps.

Three taps, a pause and then three more. She lifted her shirt and laid a hand across her belly.....

A child's voice whispered from *inside her*.

"You're the door."

She sat up straight, trembling.

The mirror began to fog and through it, she saw something impossible—

A hospital room and the same boy with his eyes closed and wires in his arms. He was alone.

She turned away, heart pounding but before she could leave, the mirror whispered one last time:

"He's the key."

She didn't know what any of it meant. Why is this boy haunting her sleep?

All she knew was that it wasn't over. She started writing again, not to save herself but to leave something behind. A warning or a weapon? She wasn't sure because the name wouldn't leave her.

"Bill...."

It echoed in her head, in her dreams and in the whispers crawling out of the mirror. She didn't know if she was supposed to protect this boy...or protect the world from him.

There were nights she felt love towards him like he was hers, like she was meant to guide him. Other nights she'd wake up with bloody hands, no memory of sleep and the mirror would show her holding him—not gently, but tight. It was like she was trying to keep something inside him from escaping. Or maybe... trying to keep him from escaping at all.

"Don't kill Bill... just chill." It sounded like a command.

Was it for her or the Entity? Was she the savior or the weapon? She didn't know and the fear in her stomach told her this:

Whatever this boy was...he was going to need protection.

From either the darkness, from the mirror or maybe even from her.

CHAPTER 4 — THE LEGACY CONTINUES

Helen was born under a full moon. The hospital lights flickered twice during delivery. The machines glitched once—just long enough to draw **blood where there shouldn't have been any.**

No one noticed but her.

No one ever did.

She held her daughter for the first time and wanted to cry. Not from joy, from **recognition.**

Something in that baby's eyes felt... *familiar.*

Like it had stared through her before.

In dreams.

In mirrors.

In whispers.

The first few weeks were quiet....too quiet. No screaming fits. No restlessness. Helen would just **stare.**

Silent. Calm.

Watching shadows like she was studying them.

At two months, she started smiling in her sleep. Every time, at exactly **3:14 AM.**

She'd smile.

Then turn her head.

Right toward the mirror across the room.

At six months, the whispers returned. Not in her own mind this time but **in Helen's nursery.**

Soft, looping hums.

Like lullabies made from static.

One night, the grandmother stood at the doorway and listened. The baby was humming along.

Eyes open.

Watching the ceiling.

She started seeing things again.

Not in dreams. **In real time.**

Once, she walked into the room and saw Helen floating—
just an inch.
Just for a second.

When she blinked, the child was back in the crib.

Smiling.

A small **crack** in the mirror behind her.

It only got worse.

Helen would speak words she had never been taught. Words in reverse. Words from the grandmother's **dream journals** that were locked away.

She started drawing symbols in condensation, on windows and on the tub. Once, with baby food on the tray.

One of the symbols?

The exact glyph from the dream where the crib vanished.

The grandmother stopped calling it mental illness. This wasn't schizophrenia.

This was **something else**. Something older.

One night, at age four, Helen stood in the hallway at **3:14 AM**.

Holding her stuffed rabbit.

Blank face.

Head tilted.

She wasn't asleep and she wasn't awake either.

Her mother emerged from the shadows like she'd been pulled there by gravity.

"Helen?" she whispered.

"Why are you up?"

Helen didn't blink.

She didn't even *look* at her.

She just whispered:

"Who is Bill?"

The grandmother froze.

The air in the house **thickened**.

“W-What?”

“Bill. The boy you wrote about.”

“Why do you want to kill him?”

Her mother dropped to her knees, panic overtaking her. She hadn’t said that name aloud in years. She hadn’t written it **anywhere Helen could see**.

“Helen... baby, I don’t want to kill anyone. I—”

“You said it,” she interrupted.

“You wrote it. Everywhere.” She began chanting:

“Don’t kill Bill. Just chill.

Don’t kill Bill. Just chill.

Don’t kill Bill...”

The grandmother backed away, whispering through tears.

“Please stop. Please. You don’t understand what you’re saying.”

“You don’t understand what *you’re* saying,” Helen replied.

And then—**Helen stopped**. Froze completely. Her eyes went black. Not clouded. Not glazed.

Void.

When she spoke again—It wasn’t her voice.

“You don’t have to be afraid anymore, Little Mirror.”

The grandmother’s spine locked up.

“Grandpa...?”

The voice from her daughter’s mouth chuckled—**gently**.

“Sort of. I’m what’s left of him.”

“What... what does that mean?”

“It means I broke. So I became what couldn’t be broken.
I became **the mirror**.”

She gasped.

Crawled back until her spine hit the wall.

“That name... Avery...”

Helen’s face nodded. Still black-eyed. Still smiling.

“You’ll hear that name again.
He’ll help Billy when I can’t.”

“But—why are you here?”

“To give you a chance I didn’t have.”

“To remind you that he matters.
Even before he exists.”

She was sobbing now.

“I don’t know what to do.
I don’t know what I *am* anymore.”

Helen smiled—sadly, knowingly—and said in *her mother’s own voice*:

**“Don’t kill Bill.
Just chill.”**

That broke her.

**Not the message—
the voice.**

Because hearing the mantra in her own voice,
in her daughter’s body,
from her dead grandfather?

That made it feel like a command.

Not a comfort.

Helen collapsed. Back to herself. Eyes clear and sleeping peacefully in the hallway.

Her mother...was now **spiraling**. The house was pulsing, the walls breathing, and every reflective surface began **to hum**. In the corner, the mirror tilted.

Her reflection stepped out. Still smiling.

Still whispering.

CHAPTER 5 — THE MIRROR WINS

She hadn't slept in three nights. Couldn't tell if the whispers were coming from inside the house, or from inside her own **bones**. Every mirror she'd covered had begun to **uncover itself**.

Glass bending and reflecting back things she never remembered doing. Versions of herself she never became—but *could have*.

In one, she was already dead.

In another, she had no face.

In the worst one, she saw herself holding Helen by the wrists, screaming something she couldn't hear.

The house was wrong now.

Gravity pulsed.

Windows wept.

Light flickered through cracks in the walls that **weren't there yesterday**.

She started seeing pieces of Helen's drawings, those weird symbols would burn into her own skin when she'd wake up. She wandered room to room that final night, whispering nonsense. Or maybe prophecy....maybe both? At some point, she stopped talking altogether and found herself in the living room mirror. Just staring. Eyes wide. Breathing shallow.

"Am I looking in... or looking out?"

"Which version of me is the real one?"

Her reflection smiled. Not in sync.

Not even close.

"You could end this," it said.

"You already know how."

She took a step back. **Thousands of mirrors** exploded into the space around her, a psychic loop collapsing in on itself. Every reflection shows a different outcome.

Her laughing.

Her screaming.

Her killing Helen.

Her hugging Helen.

Her running into the woods.

Her never being born at all.

The mirrors pulsed—

“Don’t kill Bill...
Just chill...”

“Don’t kill Bill...
Just chill...”

Over and over.

Louder.

Then softer.

Then distant.

She fell to her knees, clutching her head.

Crying.

Begging it to stop.

“I DIDN’T MEAN TO OPEN THE DOOR,” she sobbed. “I DIDN’T KNOW WHAT THE MANTRA MEANT. I DIDN’T KNOW IT WAS FOR ME—HELEN PLEASE REMEMBER TO TELL HIM: DON’T KILL BILL, JUST CHILL”

In one final act of desperation, she stood up and walked towards the mirror.

Placed both hands on the glass.

And whispered:

“I’m sorry, Helen.”

She leaned forward and **walked right into it**. Glass shattered everywhere in slow motion. Blood across the frame and silence in the house.

Somewhere upstairs, Helen sat up in bed.

Eyes wide. No tears.

Just a whisper escaping her lips—

“Don’t kill Bill. Just chill.”

That was the last thing she ever heard her mother say. It would echo in her head for the rest of her life. Through every dream, dark moment or breakdown. It would become the only mantra she’d ever truly trust.....Even if she never understood where it came from.

CHAPTER 6 — BILLY'S AWAKENING

RECAP: Final Page of the Journal (Part 2)

The Compass appears.
But it's not a symbol.
It's a sentence:

“PART 3 has already begun.”

The page catches fire and the screen goes black.

Billy gasped.
Sat upright.

His shirt clung to his chest, soaked in sweat.

The room was... normal.
Too normal.

The Compass was gone.

The journal was burned and yet he could still smell smoke.

He looked around.

Everyone was there.
Laughing.
Eating.

Like nothing had happened.

“Good dream?” DeAndre asked.

“Yeah,” Billy lied. “I guess so.”

He blinked and the room... shifted.

Just slightly.
Like the furniture breathed.

He blinked again.

Naya was now Salem.

Sitting where she shouldn't be. Smiling like she never stopped.

Zeke was now his mother.

Mouthing words she hadn't spoken in years.

Avery was his grandmother.

Staring through him instead of at him.

Billy's breath caught.

"DeAndre—" he started.

But DeAndre's eyes had gone fully black.

He smiled.

"You were always dreaming."

Billy stumbled backward.

The table dissolved into smoke.

He looked at his hands—

They weren't his.

Too small.

Now too old.

Now... bleeding.

He blinked—

He was in his childhood bedroom.

Something was wrong.

There were **mirrors where the windows used to be**....each one showed a different version of himself.

One crying.

One laughing.

One screaming.

One... smiling in slow motion. The mantra echoed from nowhere:

"Don't kill Bill. Just chill." Over and over.

He covered his ears—
The voices only got louder.

His mother's voice.
Then his grandmother's.
Then... **his own.**

But not him now.

A deeper version.
A voice like a black hole in his throat.

**"You built me.
Now I want to live."**

The mirror crack'd.

Billy collapsed and when he opened his eyes again—

He wasn't alone.

He could feel **someone else inside.**

Breathing with him.

Thinking with him.

Waiting.

"You're not hallucinating," the voice whispered.
"You're remembering too fast."

The room spun.

The Compass began to flicker in midair.

Every mirror started reflecting something different.

**Not him.
Not his past.
But what's coming.**

It's already too late to stop it.

CHAPTER 7 — BREAKING THE FIRST SEAL

The Compass shattered.

Not physically.

Inside him.

Each piece pulsed with a different color.

A different voice.

A different scream.

“You built me.”

“You sealed me.”

“Now unmake me.”

Billy fell through mirrors, spiraling like he was being flushed through memory and madness at once.

Then everything went still.

He opened his eyes.

He was... inside a school.

But it wasn't his.

It was **built wrong**.

The walls were too soft.

The hallways had no end.

And the lockers were mirrors.

Each one with his name carved into it.

He turned a corner.

Saw **Naya** sitting at a desk—alone—writing.

Except... it wasn't Naya.

Not fully.

Her hair was longer.
Her face, younger.
Her posture is perfect.

She looked like... **his mother.**

“Mom...?” he whispered.

She didn't look up.

She just kept writing.

Her hand was shaking.

Tears hit the paper and Billy saw what she was writing:

“If I stay here, maybe he won't see the world.
Maybe I can keep him in this dream.
Maybe I can protect him from everything I couldn't survive.”

“Maybe he'll never have to wake up.”

Suddenly, **the room snapped.**

The desk cracked in half.
The walls folded into themselves.

And Naya screamed:

“DON'T WAKE ME UP!
DON'T MAKE ME GO BACK!”

The lights turned red.
The floor became glass.

Underneath it—
Billy saw her real body.

Lying in bed.
Lifeless.
Peaceful.
Dead.

Naya was now standing in front of him but her face **kept shifting**—

Mother.

Friend.

Stranger.

Monster.

“Why did you come here?” she snarled.

“To save you,” Billy said, trembling.

“You can’t save me.

I died to keep you asleep.

I BUILT THIS WORLD SO YOU’D NEVER HAVE TO FACE THE ONE THAT
KILLED ME.”

Billy stepped forward.

Tears in his eyes.

“I know.”

“And I love you for it.”

“But it’s time for me to wake up.”

“And it’s time for you to rest.”

She sobbed.

Not because she was sad.

Because it was the first time she felt **seen**.

Billy held her hand and the world around them shifted.

The dream faded.

The nightmare dissolved and she whispered:

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

Then smiled through tears.

“I’m so proud of you.

You’re stronger than all of us.”

He hugged her and held her tight. Let himself cry like he was five years old again. In that moment? She wasn’t Naya. She wasn’t the Architect. She was just his mom and even though she was gone, her love never left him.

The seal glowed white and then shattered. One down. Six to go.

CHAPTER 8 — BREAKING THE SECOND SEAL

The Compass spun violently.

Not pointing.

Pulsing.

A burst of green light snapped Billy sideways—And he landed in a room so chaotic it barely held shape.

The ground shifted like rubber.
Walls stretched, then snapped back.
Lights blinked in erratic Morse code.

The smell of burnt paper and gasoline.
The sound of laughter, crying, and static—*all at once*.

Zeke's realm.

The world inside his head.

Billy stumbled forward.

He heard a voice yelling behind the noise:

“BRO DON'T—WAIT—NO—STOP—”

He turned and saw Zeke—
Frantic. Sweating.
Running in circles, knocking over everything in his path.

Except...

None of it fell.

Every object he knocked down **glitched**, reversed time, and stood back up like it had never been touched.

“WHY WON'T THIS STOP?!”

Zeke turned toward Billy but his face kept **shifting every second**.

Happy. Angry. Terrified. Laughing. Numb. Crying.

“I CAN’T SLOW DOWN,” he screamed.
“EVERYTHING MOVES TOO FAST.”
“AND WHEN I STOP—”

He grabbed his own head, trembling.

“When I stop...
I think and when I think...I break.”

Billy reached out.

“Zeke, I’m here—”

Zeke backed away like he was on fire.

“NO!
You’ll break too!
People leave me, Billy.
People always leave.”

Suddenly, the ground exploded into looping staircases.
Billy was falling up.
Running down.
Breathing backwards.

A version of Zeke sprinted past him, laughing like a maniac.

Another version sat on the ground, curled in a fetal position.

Another just whispered:

“If I die, at least my brain will be quiet.”

Billy caught him.

The real one.

Sitting at the center of it all.

Eyes wide. Frozen.

“I’m not broken, am I?”

“No,” Billy said.

“You’re brilliant.

You just needed a beat.”

He took Zeke’s hands.

Grounded him.

Breathed with him.

The noise around them slowed.

The glitching reversed.

The mirrors stopped spinning.

And Zeke—**finally still**—whispered:

“I just wanted to be seen without being fixed.”

Billy hugged him.

“You’re not a mistake.

You’re the one who showed me how to bend time.

You didn’t break the loop, Zeke...

you disrupted it.”

Zeke smiled.

For the first time.

The Compass behind him glowed green.

And shattered.

“Don’t kill Bill...

Just chill.”

Zeke laughed.

“Lowkey...

Bars.”

CHAPTER 9 — BREAKING THE THIRD SEAL

The Compass spun violently.

Not pointing.

Pulsing.

A burst of green light snapped Billy sideways and he landed in a room so chaotic it barely held shape.

The ground shifted like rubber.
Walls stretched, then snapped back.
Lights blinked in erratic Morse code.

The smell of burnt paper and gasoline.
The sound of laughter, crying, and static—*all at once*.

Zeke's realm.

The world inside his head.

Billy stumbled forward.

He heard a voice yelling behind the noise:

“BRO DON'T—WAIT—NO—STOP—”

He turned and saw Zeke—
Frantic. Sweating.
Running in circles, knocking over everything in his path.

Except...None of it fell.

Every object he knocked down glitched, reversed time, and stood back up like it had never been touched.

“WHY WON'T THIS STOP?!”

Zeke turned toward Billy.

But his face kept shifting every second.

Happy. Angry. Terrified. Laughing. Numb. Crying.

“I CAN’T SLOW DOWN,” he screamed.
“EVERYTHING MOVES TOO FAST.”
“AND WHEN I STOP—”

He grabbed his own head, trembling.

“When I stop...
I think.
And when I think...
I break.”

Billy reached out.

“Zeke, I’m here—”

Zeke backed away like he was on fire.

“NO!
You’ll break too!
People leave me, Billy.
People always leave.”

Suddenly, the ground exploded into looping staircases.
Billy was falling up.
Running down.
Breathing backwards.

A version of Zeke sprinted past him, laughing like a maniac.

Another version sat on the ground, curled in a fetal position.

Another just whispered:

“If I die, at least my brain will be quiet.”

Billy caught him.

The real one.
Sitting at the center of it all.

Eyes wide.
Frozen.

“I’m not broken, am I?”

“No,” Billy said.
“You’re brilliant.
You just needed a beat.”

He took Zeke’s hands.
Grounded him.
Breathed with him.

The noise around them slowed.

The glitching reversed.

The mirrors stopped spinning.

And Zeke—finally still—whispered:

“I just wanted to be seen without being fixed.”

Billy hugged him.

“You’re not a mistake.
You’re the one who showed me how to bend time.
You didn’t break the loop, Zeke...
you *disrupted* it.”

Zeke smiled.

For the first time.

The Compass behind him glowed green.

And shattered.

“Don’t kill Bill...
Just chill.”

Zeke laughed.

“Lowkey...
bars.”

CHAPTER 10 — BREAKING THE FOURTH SEAL

The Compass didn't just spin this time—It fractured.

Shards of memory floated around Billy as he was pulled in.
Dragged, and when he opened his eyes—He was in a hall of mirrors.

Endless.
Infinite.
Silent.

No ceiling. No floor.

Just Billy and hundreds of versions of himself.

Some smiled.
Some wept.
Some... stared with rage in their eyes.

“This isn't real,” he whispered.

One reflection responded:

“That's what we all said...
Until one of us didn't come back.”

He walked forward.

Each mirror flickered like a dying screen.

In one: Billy as a child, hiding under the table.

In another: A teenage Billy screaming into a void.

In another: A grown Billy with a blade in his hand, whispering

“Just one cut. Just one time. Just make it quiet.”

He fell to his knees.

“I'm not all of these,” he said.
“I'm not all of these.”

The mirrors responded in unison:

“You’re not.
But we are.”

Then the center mirror began to hum.

A strange glow.

He approached it.

The reflection didn’t mimic him.

It was someone else.

Avery, and for the first time—

Avery looked up.

“You finally made it,” they whispered.
“I didn’t think I’d see you before I... before I let go.”

“Who are you?” Billy asked.

Avery smiled, eyes tired.

“I was the first to get trapped.
Not because I was weak.
But because I was the one who never got to choose.”

The glass flickered.

A memory played behind Avery like a projector:

A bathroom mirror...

Face-down in the woods.

A note scrawled on the back:

“They said I couldn’t escape,
but I can stay still forever.”

Billy gasped.

“The Great Grandfather...
It was you.”

Avery nodded.

“I didn’t disappear.
I dissociated so hard I shattered.
I became the mirror.”

The lights dimmed.
The other reflections quieted.

Avery stepped forward.

“I was supposed to end the loop.
But I froze instead.”

“I didn’t know how to face what I saw.”

Billy’s hands shook.

“You’re not a failure.
You’re me.”

Avery looked up. Tears welled.

“And you’re me.

“But I need to hear it, Billy.”
“I need to know this reflection isn’t meant to die.”

Billy placed a hand on the mirror.

The mantra rose up like breath:

“Don’t kill Avery...
Just chill.”

The mirror cracked but it didn’t shatter.

Behind it—A city.

Neon. Glowing. Alive.

The world Avery dreamed of.
The one they never thought they'd live to see.

Billy stepped back.

Avery walked through the mirror.

Paused.

Eyes wide.

Because standing there—

Was Naya.

Was Helen.

Was Billy.

Waiting.

Smiling.

Whole.

Avery turned around.

“We made it.”

“We really f*cking made it.”

The Compass pulsed with light.

And another seal...

broke.

CHAPTER 11 — BREAKING THE FIFTH SEAL

Billy stumbled into a new space.

This one was cold. Still. Smelled like ash and concrete.

The Compass hovered above him—dim, flickering orange.

There was no spinning this time. Just a quiet throb. Like a heartbeat held too long.

He took a step—and heard screaming.

Not far away *but inside the walls*.

The floor cracked beneath him and the air filled with the smell of burned cloth.

Then he saw him.

Rowan.

.Standing in the middle of a charred living room.

Frozen. His clothes were covered in soot.

His hands?

Holding a photograph—half-burned, scorched at the edges.

Billy walked to

“Rowan...?”

Rowan didn't look up.

He whispered:

“It should've been me.”

“What happened?” Billy asked softly.

Rowan slowly raised the photo.

It was him and four other people.

Their faces were all burned out.

“I saved myself,” Rowan said.
“I left them.
I ran.
I survived.
And I’ve never slept since.”

He looked at Billy, eyes wild.

“Tell me how to live when my peace smells like *smoke*.
When silence sounds like screaming.”

The room pulsed.

The photo caught fire in his hands.

Rowan didn’t flinch.

“Let me burn.
That’s what I deserve.”

Suddenly—flames erupted around them.

The house restarted. Everything is on fire again and again.

Rowan, trapped in the same trauma loop.

Running.
Burning.
Surviving.

Hating himself for it.

Billy stepped into the fire.

Reached through the smoke.

Grabbed Rowan’s shoulders.

“You’re not a coward.
You’re a survivor.”

Rowan screamed in his face:

“I SHOULDN’T BE HERE!”

Billy shouted back:

“THEN MAKE IT MEAN SOMETHING THAT YOU ARE!”

Silence.....The flames froze and then vanished.

Rowan dropped to his knees, crying.
For the first time in years.

“I miss them.”

Billy knelt beside him.

“Then live in a way that *honors* them.
Not in a way that buries you with them.”

Rowan looked up, eyes red.

“You think I still can?”

Billy smiled.

“I *know* you can.”

The Compass behind them pulsed orange and then burst into light.

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

Rowan laughed through tears.....“Fuck man, I was the fire. I never knew I was also the warmth.”

CHAPTER 12 — BREAKING THE SIXTH SEAL

Billy stepped through a veil of static and immediately dropped to his knees.

Voices. Hundreds.

Whispers. Screams. Laughter. Prayers. Prophecies.

All overlapping. All in languages he couldn't understand—but somehow still knew.

He opened his eyes. He was in a chapel—except nothing here was holy.

The stained glass was fractured into visions.

Each panel showing people in torment—screaming with no mouths.

On the altar, twitching in the flicker of a dozen candles—

Salem.

Head down.

Arms limp.

Eyes glowing faintly under closed lids.

Around her neck was a crown made of radio wires and rosaries. She muttered endlessly.

Billy moved closer.

“Salem...?”

Her head snapped up—eyes wide, pupils spinning.

“You shouldn't be here,” she hissed.

“They don't like it when you listen too closely.”

The walls shivered. Billy turned—saw shadows watching from the stained glass.

Figures with no faces.

Only ears.

Salem stood.

Her voice layered—like multiple versions of her speaking at once.

“They call me delusional.”

“But I'm not the one who lied.”

“I warned everyone and now they think I'm the problem?”

Her skin started glitching.
Flickering between reality and something else.

“I HEARD WHAT’S COMING, BILL.”
“I HEARD YOU SCREAMING BEFORE YOU WERE EVEN BORN.”

She gripped her head.

“TOO MANY SIGNALS.
TOO MANY NAMES.
TOO MANY GODS.”

She fell to her knees, sobbing.

“I tried to speak the truth.....
All it did was break me.”

Billy knelt beside her.

“You were never broken.”
“You were the speaker.”

“The world wasn’t ready to listen.”

She looked up. Eyes calm for once.

“So why now?”

“Because I’m here now and I’m ready.”

She smiled. Not wide. Not manic. Soft.

“I was so scared I was just noise.”

Billy held her hands. “You were the signal.”

The chapel fell silent. The candles dimmed. The stained glass turned blank.

For the first time in her life—
Salem’s head stopped buzzing.

The Compass above the altar cracked and then bloomed into violet light.

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

She chuckled softly.

“I told them what was coming....Now it’s finally here.”

CHAPTER 13 — BREAKING THE SEVENTH SEAL

Billy felt it before he saw it.

A ringing in his ears.

A tightness in his chest.

The feeling that he was being **watched by something that lived inside him.**

The Compass turned black.

No glow.

Just a pulse.

Like a heart.

Like a trap.

He was pulled into a room made entirely of walls that **breathed.**

Each surface was a mirror.

Each mirror pulsed like flesh.

And behind the glass was her.

Eli.

She wasn't screaming.

She wasn't shaking.

She was... *quiet.*

Too quiet.

Her eyes were open but her pupils were spinning—like tiny galaxies collapsing.

She sat on a hospital bed in a room with no doors.

Only reflections.

They surrounded her.

Each one showed **the version of her she was told to be:**

- Smiling.
- Sane.
- Silent.

But the real Eli?

Was whispering something under her breath.

Over and over.

Billy leaned in.

“I don’t know who I am.
I don’t know who I am.
I don’t know who I am...”

Then—

She looked up.

Eyes black.

Veins glowing under her skin like static maps.

“I saw everything too early,” she said.
“I saw myself before I was ready.”
“They called it sickness.”

The walls shifted.

The mirrors began to HUM.

One of them cracked open—

A figure crawled out.

It looked like her.

But **with no eyes. No mouth.**

Just an open face that screamed without sound.

Billy backed away.

Eli didn’t move.

“That’s what they said I was,” she whispered.

“An echo. A shadow. A thing to medicate, not understand.”

The creature crawled toward Billy, dragging itself by its fingers—leaving a **trail of fire**.

Billy yelled:

“You’re not that thing!”

Eli laughed.

Broken.

Beautiful.

“That thing saved me.”

“It sat with me when no one else could.”

“It held me through the sleep paralysis and whispered, “ *You’re still here.*”

Suddenly—

He was paralyzed.

Flat on his back. The room changed and the creature on his chest. Its face RIGHT above his.

He couldn’t move, couldn’t scream.

Eli stood behind it. Watching.

“You can’t fight it,” she said.

“You have to learn to float *through* it.”

Billy let go, Breathed....and the creature... stopped. It backed away and became light.

Eli walked to him. Kneeling beside him now. No longer shaking. Just... glowing.

“It’s not about getting rid of the voices.”

“It’s about making peace with them.”

“I still hear them.

But now?

They sound like *me.*”

Billy reached out. Held her hand. “You survived it all.”

She smiled. “So will you.” And then...She said it“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

The Compass shined white and shattered.

Eli faded peacefully. One with her echoes.

CHAPTER 14 — THE FINAL ECHO

The Compass stopped beating.

No glow. No spin. Dead center....

A final pulse and then...

Silence.

Billy stood in a void.

No floor. No ceiling.

Just air like static and mirrors hanging in the dark like moons.

Each one showed **her**.

His grandmother.

Younger. Older. Screaming. Smiling. Disappearing. Reappearing.

He took a step forward.

The mirrors hissed.

“You should’ve left her alone.”

“You broke the seal.”

“You opened the door.”

The mirrors multiplied.

Thousands now.

All showing **the same moment**—

Her last breath.

The night she died.

The night she shattered.

He turned—

And there she was.

Standing at the center of all of it.

The real her. Eyes wide. Breath shallow. Hands shaking.

She was holding her own reflection—

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

Over and over.

Reading it aloud.

Like a mantra.

Like a spell.

Like a curse.

“Grandma,” Billy whispered.

She didn’t hear him.

She was stuck in the loop.

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

“Don’t kill Bill... just chill.”

“Don’t kill—”

She screamed and slammed the mirror.

The reflection stayed still and then whispered in **her** voice:

“Do it.”

Billy watched in horror.

The mirror whispered again.

“Do it.”

“You’ll save him.”

“You’ll silence it all.”

Her breathing broke, her hands trembled and then—

She stabbed the glass.

It shattered and the world turned **BLACK**.

Billy fell into the memory. He was **in the room**.

Watching her body on the floor. Watching Helen—just a child—screaming.

Clutching her mother’s lifeless hand.

“She didn’t know,” Billy said aloud.
“She thought she *was* the danger.”

“She thought it was the only way to keep me safe.”

Then he heard it....From behind....a voice. **Her voice.** Clear. Alive.

“Billy...”

He turned and there she was. The real her. Not broken. Not screaming. Just *tired*.

“I was scared,” she said.
“I thought the only way to end the echo...
was to end *me*.”

“But I was wrong.”

“The echo doesn’t want to be silenced.”

“It wants to be heard.
Held. Healed.”

Billy cried. He ran to her, held her and for the first time—**She held him back.**

“I love you, Billy.”
“I always did.”
“I just didn’t know how to stay.”

He nodded, sobbing.

“You didn’t fail me.”

She pulled back. Tears in her eyes.

“Promise me you won’t become the mirror.”

“Promise me...remain calm.... you’ll chill.”

Billy smiled. Through pain. Through love.

“I promise.”

She backed into the light. Peaceful, whole and the final mirror? **Shattered into gold dust.**
“Don’t kill Bill...” Her voice echoed one last time.

“Just chill.”

And then? **Silence.** True silence. The kind that means it’s finally over.

CHAPTER 15 — THROUGH THE MIRROR

Billy stood in the aftermath.

Ash floating like snow.

The Compass is gone but he wasn't scared.

Not anymore.

For the first time since this started—

The mirrors weren't whispering.

They were listening and then it appeared.

One last mirror. Face-down. Old. Cracked. The one from the woods. The one from the beginning.

He flipped it over and on the back....

“They said I couldn't escape...
but I can stay still forever.”

His great-grandfather's final words.

Avery.

Billy looked into the glass and this time—**He didn't see a reflection.**

He saw a **city**.

Futuristic.

Cyberpunk.

Glowing.

Alive.

It was beautiful.

It was peaceful.

It was **home**.

He stepped through the mirror and inside....**He saw them.**

Naya.
His mom.
Avery.

Already waiting.

Already building.

Already living the life they were told they didn't deserve.

"We made a pact," Naya said.

"To build a world for those who survive."

"A place beyond stigma.

Beyond diagnosis.

Beyond fear."

"You just had to break the loop first."

Billy cried.

Not because he was sad.... for the first time—

He believed he deserved this. All of it.

He turned to Avery.

"How did you know I'd make it?"

Avery smiled.

"Because you were me.

And I chose to stay."

Billy looked to the sky.

Then back at the mirror behind him.

And whispered:

"Don't kill Bill..."

"...just chill."

AFTERWORD — STAYING IN THE LIGHT

If you or someone you know is struggling with suicidal thoughts, depression, trauma, or any form of mental illness—

Please know:

You are not alone, you are not broken and you are not beyond saving.

There is always a way forward. There is always someone who cares—
Even when the voices say otherwise.

Please reach out. Even if all you say is: *“I don’t want to be alone with this anymore.”*

MENTAL HEALTH + CRISIS HOTLINES

United States

988 Suicide & Crisis Lifeline

 Call or text: 988

 988lifeline.org

Available 24/7, free, confidential.

International Support

Visit: <https://www.opencounseling.com/suicide-hotlines>

For suicide hotlines and mental health services by country.

If you survived this book—

You’ve already proven you’re stronger than the worst night.

The loop doesn’t control you. The darkness doesn’t define you and if no one else tells you this today:

We’re so damn glad you’re still here.....Stay. Create.

Chill and if you ever forget how powerful you are...Go look in the mirror.

“Don’t kill, Just chill.”