

DOORS TO THE FIFTH DIMENSION

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Preface



I did not write this book to provide certainty. If you came here seeking answers, you may be disappointed. What I found, while working on these pages, were not solutions but shadows—echoes of questions that refused to leave me alone. They would arrive at odd hours: when the clock skipped, when the silence stretched too far, when I felt eyes watching from corners that should have been empty.

This book is a record of those questions. Or maybe it is only a reflection of what I feared to name. Either way, it belongs less to me than it does to the silence that kept returning.

The seven doors you will walk through are not inventions. They are patterns, glimpses of something that hides in plain sight. Perhaps you have already noticed them: your shadow moving too slow, the seconds slipping when you weren't watching, the way a room can feel full even when you are alone. The fifth dimension—if such a thing can be named—is not distant.

Seven doors should be enough. Seven is complete. But books, like shadows, have their own will. They grow in places they should not. That is why there is an eighth. I never planned to write it, and you never planned to read it. Yet here it is. And here you are.

I cannot promise comfort, or clarity, or even safety within these pages. What I can offer is this: if you read carefully, you may recognize the familiar strangeness that has always

lived just behind you. The book may end, but the doors it describes will not.

You can still close it now. Nothing may follow.

But if you keep reading—know that some doors do not stay shut once opened.

— Jijivisha Sikhwal

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NOT FOR THE LIVING.

NOT FOR THE DEAD.

FOR THE ONES WHO WALK BETWEEN.....

“In the places between seconds,
something has always been watching.
You only notice when it wants you to.”

The first door
Time that stutters...



Sometimes time does not move forward.

It bends.

It repeats.

You call it déjà vu.

But déjà vu is not memory.

It is a place.

A corner of the fifth dimension.

Think of a clock.

The second-hand moves. Tick. Tick. Tick.

You hear the sound.

But sometimes the sound overlaps.

One tick arrives before the last one ends.

Two seconds exist at once.

You don't notice. But we do.

The first door is small.
It does not open wide.
It only cracks.
A flicker.
A moment that feels the same twice.
The laugh of a stranger you've heard before.
The same word falling from two mouths.
You tell yourself, "I have lived this before."
But you are wrong.
You are living it now. Twice.

There are days you drop something —

A glass, a key, a book.

It falls, and you catch it.

But in the same breath,

it also falls,

and shatters.

One version hide.

The other bleeds.

The fifth dimension keeps both.

This is why you wake in the night sometimes,
heart racing,
with no reason.

Another version of you never woke.

Another version of you did not make it past the first door.

The fear you feel in your chest
is borrowed.

It is memory leaking through the crack.

You think time is straight.
Past, present, future.
But time is not a line.
It is a knot.
You stand at the knot's edge.
The fifth dimension ties it tighter
every time you breathe.
And when it stutters,
you feel the rope burn against your skin.

The first door never closes.
Once you notice it, it notices you.
The repeats grow sharper.
The moments double more often.
A whisper: "Didn't this happen before?"
Yes.
It did.
It always will.
You have already read this chapter.
You will read it again.
And again.
Until the fifth dimension lets you go.

Why does the clock skip a beat only when I look at it?

Because the clock is not measuring time.

It is measuring you.

When you look away, it continues smoothly, as if nothing exists beyond the rhythm it pretends to hold. But the moment your eyes catch it, something shifts. Seconds are no longer seconds.

They are choices.

They bend, stutter, hesitate—like a lie deciding whether to reveal itself.

Maybe the beat you think is missing was never missing at all.

Maybe it was you who paused, and the clock only mirrored the silence inside you.

Or perhaps, for that single lost tick, you were somewhere else.

Somewhere the clock does not follow. Somewhere you're not supposed to remember.

Where do the seconds go when they slip away?

They don't disappear. They hide.

Every second that falls away does not vanish into the past. It folds itself somewhere you cannot follow, stacking up in corners of reality too thin to be seen. That is why sometimes you feel a gap—like walking through a hallway and realizing a step is missing beneath your foot.

The seconds are still there, waiting. Some are caught between breaths. Others are locked inside moments you've already forgotten. A few are stolen outright, carried by something that knows how to live outside the clock's reach.

You call them "lost time," but that is not true.

They are not lost. They are being kept.

And when the keeper decides, they will be returned —
all at once,
altogether,
like a debt collected in silence.

What hides inside the pauses between seconds?

Not emptiness.

Not silence.

Something waits there —

in the gaps

you were never meant to notice.

The world blinks.

The hand hesitates.

And for a breath too thin to hold,

reality is no longer yours.

It does not linger.

It does not need to.

Even a fraction —

less than a heartbeat —

is enough.

Enough for something to step closer,

to leave a trace behind,

or to take something away.

You feel it —

not as proof,

but as a flicker,

a tremor,

a wrongness with no name.



**What steps closer does not always
step away**



The Second Door

Shadows That Refuse You

You believe your shadow is loyal.

It follows you.

It bends with you.

It stretches when you stretch.

But loyalty is a trick.

The second door shows you the truth:

Your shadow does not belong to you.

Watch carefully next time you walk at sunset.

Sometimes your shadow is too slow.

It takes a step after you.

Other times it runs ahead,

like it knows the path before you do.

That is not you moving wrong.

That is the door opening.

The fifth dimension uses shadows as threads.
Strings of dark silk connecting one version of you
to another version you cannot see.
When you turn your head too quickly,
sometimes the shadow stays behind.
A delay.
A hesitation.
A warning.
In certain places,
your shadow is not attached at all.
Stand under a flickering light,
and you will notice it trembling.
Not because you move,
but because something is pulling it
from the other side.
Something you will never meet in this world.
Shadows remember.
They keep what you forget.
The bruise on your arm from years ago.
The face you no longer recall.
The day you almost stepped in front of the car.
Your shadow remembers all of it.
And sometimes,

when the door opens,
it tries to return those memories to you.
But shadows are not kind.
They are hungry.
They want to live as you.
The second door is the place where shadows practice.
They copy your walk,
your gestures,
your stillness.
Every time you blink,
they test what it feels like to move first.

The second door is easy to miss.
Most people never see their shadows betray them.
But you have.
A step too late.
A turn too early.
A hand lifted before yours.
Once you notice,
it notices you.
And once it notices you,
you will never walk alone again.

Why does my shadow stop walking when I do not?

Because your shadow was never yours to command.

It only pretends to follow.

It is not bound to your steps, but to the rhythm of something watching you from the other side of light.

A shadow is not the absence of light. It is the record of something else standing too close, hidden just behind you, where you cannot turn.

It stops not because you stop, but because something has paused its own watching.

**What follows you is not always
what belongs to you.**



“One more page... if you dare.”

The third door
The silent room...



“Do you think the room is empty... or not?”

“Ready to step in... or run?”

Silence is not empty.
You think it is,
because you fill it with your breath,
your heartbeat,
your thoughts.
But when you stop,
when everything is still —
you hear it.
The silence breathes back.

The third door hides in quiet places.
A library after closing.
A hospital corridor at night.
An old house where no one lives.
You walk in, and the sound disappears.
Too clean. Too sharp. Too hollow.
That is not silence.
That is the door.

If you listen closely,
silence is layered.
There is always something beneath.
A faint tap,
like footsteps too far away.
A whisper,
but not in a language you know.
A sound pressed flat,
like someone breathing through a wall.

The fifth dimension uses silence as a curtain.

Behind it, things move.

They pass from one version of the world
to another.

You don't hear their arrival.

You only feel the change:
a chair out of place,
a window you are sure was closed,
the cold air brushing your arm.

Some people fear loud noises.
The wise one's fear silence.
Because silence means something is listening.
Something that has no voice of its own,
so, it borrows yours.
That sudden thought you never wanted?
It was not yours.
It came from the other side of silence.

The third door does not open wide.

It waits.

It watches.

It tests you.

Every time you sit in stillness,

it leans closer,

just to see if you will hear.

And when you do,

it presses its sound into your chest.

A weight.

A presence.

A warning.

The Silent Room is never far.
It waits in the corner of every house,
in the pause between every breath,
in the space after every word.
You will notice it soon.
Maybe tonight.
When you switch off the lights.
When you wait for sleep.
You will realize silence is not yours.
It never was.
It belongs to the fifth.

Q: Where does silence go when we leave the room?

A: It does not stay behind.

Silence clings, like dust in the folds of your skin. You carry it out with you, unaware.

That is why sometimes, in the middle of conversation, a pause falls too heavy, as if the room you left has followed you.

Silence travels.

It waits.

It sits between your words, testing how much space you can survive before sound returns

You believe you escaped it, but you never did.

Q: If the room keeps taking, what will it take last?

First, it takes your voice.

Then, it feeds on the words inside your head.

After that, it drinks the silence you try to hide in.

What remains is not silence at all —

but the sound of something else breathing

where your voice used to be.

The last thing it takes is not yours to give: your presence. Not your body, not your soul—just the trace that says you were ever here.

When the silence speaks, it will use your voice.

Why does silence feel heavier than sound?

Because silence is not empty.

It is swollen with what you lost.

Every unspoken thought,

every strangled scream,

every question you refused to ask —

they live here,

pressed against you

like invisible hands.

The weight you feel

is not absence.

It is presence

too dense to carry.

when you think you hear nothing,

you are wrong.

You are hearing too much,

all at once,

from too far away

to understand.



The fourth door
Faces that blur





Look closely!!!

“Are they really who you think they are??”

The fourth door hides in glass.
Mirrors, windows, still water.
You trust reflections.
You believe they copy you.
But reflections are not copies.
They are rehearsals.
Faces practicing for a life that is not yours.

Stand too long in front of a mirror.

Watch your eyes.

You will see it.

A blink that does not match.

A smile that arrives too late.

A shift so small you doubt it happened.

But it did.

And it was not you.

The fifth dimension stretches faces thin.

Every version of you looks back at once.

Older.

Younger.

Angrier.

Broken.

Smiling when you are not.

Crying when you feel nothing.

The glass does not reflect.

It collects.

Photographs are no safer.

An old picture of yourself can change.

The eyes softer, harder, sharper.

Someone you do not recognize,

but still, undeniably,

you.

That is the door slipping through the paper,

reminding you that you have lived

in more ways than one.

Sometimes you catch strangers' faces flicker.
A friend beside you for a second looks different.
Their jaw sharper,
their skin older,
their smile gone.
You blink,
and they are themselves again.
You tell yourself it was light.
It was not.
It was the fourth door opening.

Faces blur because the fifth dimension
does not believe in one identity.
You are not a single person.
You are a thousand versions,
walking beside each other,
layered thin like glass.
And when the door moves,
the glass cracks.
The layers bleed.
And you see too much.

The fourth door never stays shut.
It waits in every mirror,
every photograph,
every window at night.
Do not stare too long.
Do not wait for the face to move.
Because once it does,
once you see the one that is not you —
it will see you too.
And it will not look away.

"Somewhere between reflection and reality, you stopped existing as one thing."

“Every photo you take already holds a memory you will never remember.”

"You are many, and they are all watching."

The fifth door

The Watchers



“They are here, even if you don’t see them.”

“You think you are alone—but someone is always watching.”

You have felt it.

The weight on your neck when no one is behind you.

The eyes you cannot find in the room.

That is not imagination.

That is the fifth door breathing.

They do not walk.

They do not speak.

They lean.

They lean into this world
the way smoke leaks through cracks.

Thin.

Silent.

Certain.

You think you are alone when you close your eyes.

You are not.

There is always one more breath than yours.

Always one more blink than you count.

The watchers are patient.

They do not arrive.

They are already here.

Sometimes,
when you dream,
you see faces without names.
They stand in corners,
not moving.
You forget them when you wake.
But they do not forget you.
The watchers never forget.

Their shape is not shape.
A shadow that is too tall.
A reflection that refuses to vanish.
A silence that bends when you listen too hard.
They do not chase.
They do not need to.
Because the fifth folds the path,
and every path returns to them.

The watchers do not blink.

They do not need to.

Eyes that are not eyes

do not dry.

Do not rest.

Do not close.

You are always seen.

Even here.

Even now.

You believe you can put down this book.

But you cannot put them down.

Because the moment you knew of them,
they knew of you.

The watchers do not knock.

They do not open doors.

They wait for you to open them.

And you already have.

What sees you when you close your eyes?

A shadow?

A thought?

It sees you.

Not with eyes. Not with thought.

It moves in the spaces between your breaths,
rests in the corners of your mind you never visit.

It is older than the first memory you remember,
younger than the last one you will forget.

It drifts when you are still,
listens when you do not speak.

It is not one.

It is many.

The versions of you that never existed,
the faces you do not recall,
the selves that will never be.

It waits.

Always.

Even as you read these words,
folding around your world,
pressing lightly on your awareness.

When you close your eyes,
it is not nothing you find — it is presence.

A presence that leans, that remembers, that does not blink.

You are never alone.

You were never alone.

“If every path folds back to them, who is truly moving— and who is already caught?”

They move.

And yet, they do not.

The path folds before you even take a step.

Every choice, every turn,
was already known, already seen.

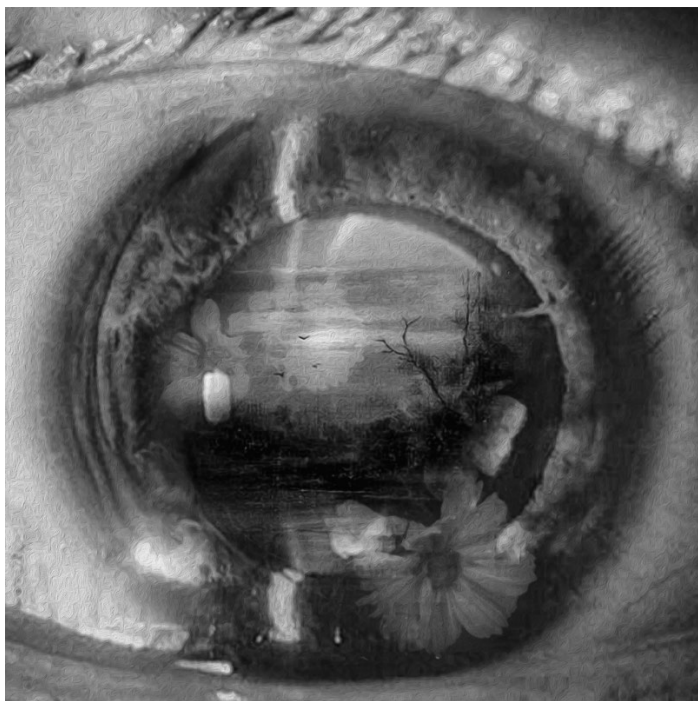
You think you walk.

You think you run.

But the watchers have already folded the road around you.

You return,
not because you choose,
but because the path itself remembers.

And in that remembering,
you realize—
you were never truly walking alone.



"You turn—and they are already gone."

Yet They are closer than your own heartbeat.

The sixth door
The loop that never ends



"You are in a circle."

"Can you feel it?"

"Or is it already moving without you?"

“Did you notice the turn?”



“Or were you already moving back?”

Have you ever walked into a room
and felt you had walked there before?

The same air.

The same sound.

The same shadow in the same corner.

It was not memory.

It was the loop reaching.

The fifth does not move forward.

It does not move back.

It folds.

It folds you,

again,

again,

again.

Until you no longer know which breath was first,

or which was last.

You have woken from a dream,
stood up,
drank water,
gone back to bed.
But the dream did not end.
It simply disguised itself as your morning.
The loop never ends where you think it should.

Sometimes,
you hear the same word twice.
Not an echo.
Not a mistake.
The world stutters.
It repeats.
Not for everyone.
Only for you.
Because you are inside the fold.

The loop feeds on choices.
Each time you choose,
another you choose different.
And both remain.
And both are true.
And both are trapped.
You do not escape the loop by walking away.
You only find another version waiting.

The door you closed this morning
will close again tomorrow.
And again, the day after.
But if you look closely,
the sound of it changes.
Softer.
Sharper.
Unfamiliar.
It is not the same door.
It only looks like it.

Do not try to count your steps.
Do not try to follow the clock.
The loop bends numbers,
breaks time,
rewrites order.
You think you are almost free,
but freedom itself is part of the circle.
The fifth does not end.
It only waits for you to stop noticing
that you are still inside.

Every step you take folds back on itself—you walk the same moment twice without knowing.”

"Time curls like smoke, mixing yesterday and tomorrow before either has passed."

The fifth watches, and every beginning is already the ending
you cannot escape."

“If every beginning is already the ending, what do you truly start?”

A: “You start nothing — everything is already finished before it begins.”

The seventh door
The Door That Opens Itself



“Did you leave it closed?”

“Or did it open on its own?”

"Step closer... it has been waiting."

There is always a door.

Not one you notice.

Not one you build.

It waits.

Silent.

Closed.

Until you begin to think about it.

And now, you already have.

The fifth does not knock.

It does not ask.

The door opens by itself.

You never touch the handle.

You never hear the hinges.

But one day,

you look up —

and the door is already open.

Behind it,
you do not see rooms.
You do not see light.
You see yourself.
Not a reflection.
Not a shadow.
You.
Standing still,
watching,
waiting for you to step closer.

The air bends inside the doorway.
It smells like a memory you forgot.
It feels like a moment you never lived.
When you try to step back,
your feet move forward.
When you try to speak,
your voice comes from the other side.

The fifth hides in choices,
but the door removes them.
You will walk through.
You will stand face to face with yourself.
And when you blink,
you won't know which of you remains.

The door never closes.
Not once it has found you.
You may think you walked away.
You may believe you forgot.
But it follows.
It is there in every mirror.
Every window.
Every shadow waiting at the edge of night.

Do not search for it.
Do not speak of it aloud.
Because the more you think of the door,
the wider it opens.
The fifth dimension does not wait for you.
It already knows where you live.
And tonight,
when you sleep—
you will hear it.
The sound of a door opening by itself.

What happens if I step through?

A: You do not step through at all. The door is not an entrance, not an exit. It is a correction. You disappear, not because you went anywhere, but because you were replaced. You will never know whether the “you” that comes back is still you—only the door knows, and it does not answer.

The door does not open to a place. It opens to a choice you never made.



Why does the door know my name?

A:

Maybe because I said it once,
out loud,
when I thought no one was listening.

Or maybe my shadow repeated it,
quietly,
like it wasn't mine anymore.

It could be that silence
kept it hidden in the walls,
and when time slipped,
just for a second,
the door caught it.

It's strange —
the way it says my name,
it doesn't sound wrong.
It sounds like it has been saying it
longer than I have.

Why does the door never stay closed?

A: Because silence leaks. It does not wait for permission.

What waits on the other side?

A:

Not light.

Not dark.

Not air.

Not stone.

What waits

is the outline of you,

drawn in a place

where you never lived.

It waits like a mirror

that has been watching

before you ever stood in front of it.

It waits like a voice

that already finished speaking

before you learned the words.

It does not wait for you —

it waits to decide

if you belong to it.

Every time the door moves, another version of you moves closer—and one of you must stay behind.

The Eighth Door





"Did you notice there's a door missing from the index?"

“Or perhaps it was never meant to be listed?”

“Shall we look for the one they didn’t tell you about?”

“Some doors don’t appear on maps... will you find it?”

This door was never written.

It should not exist.

Yet here it is.

Yet here you are.

Seven doors were enough.

Seven was the end.

You should have closed the book.

You didn't.

This one has no number.

No handle.

No lock.

Just something... watching.

Look closer.

The wood moves.

Not wood.

Skin.

A face.

Your face.

But not the one you know.

The one that blinks when you don't.

It is smiling already.

The smile you never wear.

The smile you hide.

The smile that doesn't belong to you.

The door doesn't open outward.

It opens inward.

Into you.

Through you.

Behind it waits silence.

And breath.

And hunger.

And something shaped like your shadow.

It remembers.

Everything you forgot.

Every word unsaid.

Every choice unmade.

It wears you.

But not as a mask.

As a truth.

A version you never lived.

Step closer.

And it steps closer too.

Your movements borrowed.

But not returned.

The book is not in your hands anymore.

The book is holding you.

The page does not turn.

It decides.

The Eighth Door is not behind you.

It is inside you.

Every silence you carry —

is its knocking.

Close the book if you want.

It does not matter.

The door has seen you.

It will wait.

One day—
when you blink too long,
or breathe too slow—
it will open.

And you will not know
which version of you walks out.

Not the last page



It doesn't end here

You ended. But the door didn't.

Every reader opens it wider

You think you're alone.

You never are.

The silence between these lines is not empty.

It waits in white space

It waits in your reflection

It waits when you turn the lights off.

You only read forward.

It reads backward.

You wonder what is behind you right now.

So does it.

Not every thought you think is yours.

The longer you stare at this line, the closer it leans.

The door does not knock anymore.

It listens.

It learns how you breathe.

It learns when you pause.

One day, it will blink for you.

And you will keep your eyes closed longer than you should.

That will be enough.

If you are still here,

the door is no longer in the book.

It is in you.

“It is inside you, and you are inside it.”

“The door never closed – it only began again.”

“And as you read, it reads, and the reading never ends.”

About The Author



Jijivisha Sikhwal, age 17, writes from the edge where reality thins. Living with muscular dystrophy and moving through life in a wheelchair, she has learned that true journeys do not always happen with steps. They happen in the mind, in the silence, in the places no one else dares to look.

This is her first book—born not from certainty, but from questions that would not leave her alone. She invites you to step through the doors she has opened. But remember: once you enter, you may not return the same.