

# Nightmares



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My legs are carrying me as fast as they can go, running away from... from, I don't know what I'm running from. Why am I running? I stop dead in my tracks and turn around searching for a reason to my panicked sprint. I see nothing in the field I stopped in, there is not a soul. Suddenly I hear a low rumble, where from? The sound comes again, this time louder and the field begins to shake. All of the sudden the ground below my feet starts to crumble and break apart. As the platform I stand on starts to fall to the ground, thousands of feet below my own. I am abruptly discarded with the numerous fragments of rock. This is it, I'm going to die, it is all over. I continued to repeat those words over in my head as my body slowly closed the existing gap between my intact living body and becoming a part of the earth bellow. Before the pain was able to course through my body I suddenly shot into a sitting position, a light sheen of sweat covering my body and breathing laboured and heavy from my most current nightmare.

"It wasn't real; it was just a dream" I lowly murmured over again to myself. Those words have become profoundly familiar to me in the past week. The dreams were an unsettling surprise to say the least, never had I experienced such terrifying yet confusing images especially ones that came without an explanation.

Nicki Minaj blasts through my small black and white bedroom as my best friend Ryan loudly blurts the lyrics to go with his exaggerated and strange dance moves. Usually I would be dancing and being crazy with him but instead I lay sprawled on my double bed staring at my clean white ceiling thinking about my most recent dream. Ryan and I have been best friends since the diaper days. Our families being really close made seeing each other easier considering we both go to different high schools. I don't know what I would do without him; he always knows how to make me smile when I'm feeling blue. My thoughts are scattered as Ryan lands on the bed beside me with a loud thump from the backboard hitting the wall.



“Watcha thinking ‘bout Kaleigh?” he asks while poking my forehead much to my dislike.

“Nothing that concerns you and your forehead poking” I reply with a playful glare.

I have yet to tell Ryan or anyone about my nightmares. This is only because I don’t fully understand them yet myself and don’t want people making assumptions or just brushing me off thinking I’m crazy.

I am once again pulled from my thoughts when a deafening crash sounded from down the hall.

“Didn’t your parents go out? I thought we were home alone?” Ryan questioned.

“They did.”

“Then what was that?” he asked concerned but in a clipped tone.

“I’ve been here with you this whole day, how would I know?!” I snapped back

“Okay, sorry!” he puts his hands up in fake surrender “let’s go check it out then” he suggest, which only causes me to give a nervous side glance towards my closed bedroom door.

“I’m sure something just fell over right?” Ryan adds sounding more like he was trying to convince himself than me.

We stood in the room glancing between each other and the closed bedroom door. Neither of us making advances towards the door, finally I decided we should just go.

“Come one let’s just get this over with already” I sigh.

“Okay, you go first” he says shooin me forward with his hand. I roll my eyes but take the lead. As soon as we step out into the hallway my hands begin to get clammy while starting to shake slightly. Just now noticing a scratching sound coming from my parents’ room at the end of the hall.

“Are you sure about this? I mean we could always just head over to my house and wait for your parents to get home.” Ryan suggested wearily.

“Let’s just take a quick peek, I mean what’s the worst that could happen right?” I replied not sounding convinced at all.

“Oh you know get murdered, get kidnapped, be possessed!!!” Ryan listed off all the ridiculous possibilities that weren’t helping our current situation.



As I slowly pushed open the door, what I saw froze me in shock. My heart picking up causing my breaths to come out short and fast trying to provide oxygen to my trembling muscles. The dreams that’s that keep repeating themselves finally piecing together, it all made sense now! Before anything else had time to happen I began to feel my body falling through the floor below my own two feet. The last thing I remember is Ryan yelling my name before I am submerged into darkness.

The End