

Hospitality

Cruising on an empty highway at 1:00 a.m., clocking 160 mph. Almost getting caught by a highway patrol, but since I got the head start, I was able to run away. When I reached home, I rushed my wife to the hospital, but this time I was running 203 mph. Luckily, no cops found me, so I got to my destination pretty fast.

Once we got there, I carried her in my arms and got lots of nurses' attention. They guided me in different directions, but one stood out to me. She looked caring, had a beautiful voice, and was very alluring. Of course, I picked her.

After my wife's labor was over, I then held the baby for the first time. Then, all of a sudden, the lights dimmed and I felt a breeze running down my whole body like someone had touched me. Then, back to normal.

I asked my wife, "Did you see that?"

"See what?"

I was stunned at this point because I saw and felt it, but I thought she was messing with me. I asked, "Did you feel that breeze then?"

"What breeze hub?"

I knew she was being serious as soon as she said "HUB". I wasn't sure if I was just tired, hallucinating, or gone nuts. Anyways, I just left it behind.

Two hours have passed, and my wife and son are sleeping. I had to leave the room to go to the restroom and the only way to get there was through a long, zigzagging trail. Then I went on with my walk, but all of a sudden a flicker of every

light along the hallway started going off. As soon as I stopped, the flickering light just got faster as it came towards my direction. I closed my eyes and then felt the same breeze like the one in the delivery room.

Then I knew I wasn't hallucinating, so I ran back to the delivery room and found the nurse but she was different than before. Her hair was all messed up, dark circles around her eyes. Her makeup was smeared, and her clothes were shredded and covered with blood. The scene was horrific, she was trying to kill my wife and son.

I snapped back to reality to see the nurse looking perfectly normal, walking up to me and saying "Congratulations sir, it's a girl".

Jeremiah H

Senior, seventeen

Why do Dreams Like These Exist?

I don't know what happened but all of them are dead. Every last one of them. None of them are breathing, no heartbeats, no blood flowing. I would know because I checked all four of them. All lying silently on the cool hard garage floor, never to move a muscle again. And now the realization is beginning to seep in. I looked down at my hands, and jumped as I realized that they are fully covered in hot and sticky blood. Not a sliver of smooth skin sticking through, all of it deep red and sticky to the touch. Oh and then there was the knife. The knife that I had let limply fall through my fingers as I arose from the seemingly memory resetting slumber that I had somehow been forced into, I had dropped it out of my left hand in shock as I went to feel my four friends for pulses. And none of them had pulses. And the knife, the blood matching the drip patterns on my left hand, blood flowing from the blade of the knife and down, but leaving five small gaps without blood, the five spots my fingers had been wrapped around. And then I sprinted. Opened the garage and sprinted. Further and further until I could not move an inch further, and darkness began to swallow me up, my vision fading, being invaded by dark circles that enclosed my eyesight.

It was a Saturday morning, eight nine-teen in the morning when I woke up. I groggily sat up from my bed, rested my head against the headboard, stretched out my arms and rubbed my eyes. And then I remembered, today was my birthday. I had just turned eighteen, and I got

excited as I thought about the party I was going to have that evening, that would entail a dinner, dessert, presents, and maybe a bit of drinking and partying in the night time. Then I looked around. This room was not my room. I couldn't recognize it. The pale yellow walls with the large ceiling fan, the deep rustic brown dresser in the right corner of the room, the bright white nightstands to the left and right of the bed, and the deep brown colored door in the front left corner of the room were not mine. This room belongs to someone else. I promise I had never stepped foot in this room before.

And then I woke up. My heart was racing, and I had almost begun to cry. But then I realized that it was all a bad dream, a nightmare even. All my friends are alive and perfectly well.