

Writing competition

Dreaming with eyes open

Dream with your eyes open and write a short story about your wildest daydream.

It was the kind of day she saw things. Not clearly, but faded, like a photo from her great aunt Elina's album. Figures dancing, walking across the room. Blurring edges, something that Claudia wished she could scrub clean like a window. But no. The human shapes confused her. This was why she liked maths. The crisp, clean, hard edges of numbers soothed her, cleansed her from the confusion of this gift. Some days it was a curse, filling her sharp calculative senses with goo. These were the days that she failed tests, attempted to unfocus her eyes. Other times she was curious and in awe of this strange phenomena.

On this particular morning, the air was thick and heavy, even though it was just into summer. All the students in class 5R were dragging their feet as though they had rocks in their shoes. Claudia sat down, and suddenly... BANG! The sound of some sort of impact was left ringing in her ears, sending her reeling. A slice in the air, a slap in the face. All the other kids in her class looked at her strangely as though nothing had happened. The air shimmered uncertainly and Claudia's view flickered. Black to white went the world around her, and all of a sudden there ^{silvery} figures she had been watching.

since she was four, maybe longer, were as clear as day. The shock showed in her deep brown eyes, her shaking knees and her charismatic face. No sound.

Claudia got up. She shook herself and walked toward the teacher. Tentatively ^{she} tapped his shoulder and he looked up. But his eyes immediately glazed over and turned back to the class.

Her palms began to sweat. She started to panic. Where was she?

"Breathe. In and out. That's it."

Claudia shrieked.

A blue figure was standing in front of her.

Heart pounding, Claudia attempted to calm herself. "Who are you?"

"That doesn't matter. All you need to know is that I'm here to guide you," he answered. He was young, maybe 20, and though his features were blurred, he was there.

Claudia refocused her focus to the ghost people. "Are they ghosts? What are they? Who are they?"

"They're memories," the man murmured softly.

"Who's memories?"

"I've no idea."

The shimmering people took no notice of them. They were beautiful, strange, mysterious. While some danced, wearing tutus and twirling their dainty feet, others were just normal people. A couple who seemed to be admiring the wall, four children sitting at a desk, giggling and playing a board game. A teenager with long plaits sat in an armchair, sobbing. Claudia tentatively tried to comfort her but it was as if the girl wasn't there. Or maybe she was and Claudia wasn't.

"Ok," Claudia uttered, "I need you to tell what the blimming heck is going on right now."

"Well, to put it simply, this memory, somehow was recorded. And for some unknown reason it came crashing down right here, right now. Why you're a part of it, I've no idea."

"And why you're a part of it...?" she trailed off.

"Well I'm not telling you that."

As she circled the room, her thoughts ran wild. It was actually quite a relief to be able to see the people clearly. After years of going everywhere and seeing transparent figures, things fogging her mind.

"Do you know how to get out of here?" she questioned.

"I think so."

"You think?"

"Don't worry."

How can I not?' Claudia thought. 'I don't even know who you are.'

He closed his eyes, sitting on the floor.

Again came the impact. It winded her, but here she was, back in the normal world. She blinked and white to black went her surroundings. Here was her class, in the middle of a session at school.

That afternoon as she was walking home, realisation hit her. Not her memories, but the classrooms'. The school had those memories.