

## Trapped

Ever so slightly the floorboards creak and the window rattle. Through the window the glimmering stars are like specks of dust. My eyelids twitch, and my heart beats in sync with my steady breathing. Suddenly I remember the figure next to me. Her chest rises and falls like the gentle swell of the deep blue sea. Her stunning forest green eyes, covered by her warm brown skin, her eyelids acting like a forcefield around her pupils. Her curled lashes, like a spider's web, precious and fragile. My eyes flit around my surroundings, reminding me that I'm away from home. Slowly, but surely I drift off.

Beautiful beams of sunshine flood my eyes like the morning sun. I try to get up, but I cannot. It's like I'm strapped to the sleeping bag I'm lying on. Then realisation hits, I'm trapped in my own imagination.

One, two, three, four, I'm counting the seconds I've been stuck. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, still waiting for help. How long is this going to take? With every thought a bubble appears. They're full of clips and snippets of what I dream. Some are good, some are bad. Some are dreams, some are nightmares. Every few seconds the light turns from bright to dark. The scenery changes after each thought, moving like clockwork. Some thoughts are practically screamed, like a newborn baby. Some thoughts are practically whispered like a secret nobody can say.

All of a sudden the non-existent walls feel like they're closing in. The non-existent floor feels like it is spiraling down. The non-existent ceiling feels like it is cracking and crumbling. My breathing gets fast. My heart's beating like crazy. Maybe... I'll never get out of here.

A thunderous roar interrupts my thoughts. I can't see a thing. I hear the roar again, but this time it feels louder, closer. I try to swat away the shadows and I struggle to get up. It's no use. The roaring continues, this time it's so close, I can feel the warmth of the monster's wretched breath on the back of my neck. I can't run, I can't hide, so my only instinct is to scream.

Everything is black.

All I can see is darkness.

All I can hear is faint rumbling.

All I can smell is a rancid stench.

All I can taste is smoke.

All I can feel is the hot breath on my neck.

THE MONSTER!

My memories come flooding back to me. Of being trapped, of all my dreams and thoughts, and lastly, of the MONSTER.

I wonder how the monster appeared, mayb-  
ROAR!!!!

My thoughts are interrupted by a deafening roar. I still can't move, I realise. I look back at the monster right as it lunges closer to me. I stay put, I have to. Wait, when I thought sad thoughts, the monster appeared soon after! Maybe, if I think happy thoughts, I can finally leave this horrid place.

Think happy thoughts, think happy thoughts! ... I get to see my best friend!  
It's working! Chunks of the monster are dissolving!

Think happy thoughts, think happy thoughts! ... I get to see my family!  
More chunks are dissolving, but the monster is so close I can feel its thumping feet.

Think happy thoughts, think happy thoughts! ... Maybe, just maybe, I can go home!  
The sunbeams retract and the monster completely disappears. The shadows clear and I can finally relax!

I open my eyes to the REAL morning sun. My best friend next to me yawns and sits up. I do the same. I pinch myself, just to check I am back to reality, and I realise that I can FINALLY move! I turn and face my best friend, her eyes twinkling and frizzy chocolate brown hair shining.

I almost collapse with excitement, as I say, "I just had the WEIRDEST dream!"

The End

By Rosie