

Writing competition

Dreaming with eyes open

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

Summer was washed away by a harsh Autumn rain. I gazed out of my window, my view marred by thick streams of water rushing down the glass panes. Despite my blurred vision, I knew what was outside. A mossy stone wall, crumbling and old, dripping with delicate vines and wild ivy. The wall was low, more like a fence, and covered with lichen. But between the thick drops I spotted something unusual. The stone wall was crumbling and in its place was new plants sprouting and growing before my eyes. Thick emerald leaves with vivid orange blooms covered the ground and every plant imaginable grew creeping towards the window. Then I blacked out.

Faint voices washed around my mind. They were gentle at first, calming, like a cool breeze. Then they grew louder and harsher. The words stabbed into my consciousness like thorns on a rose.

"Mortals..." the voice rasped. "they disrespect the earth. And now they will pay..." What did the voice mean? And was this real? Or just a dream? Before I could give it any more thought, I was bombarded with nightmares. A pair of eyes, glowing violet. A bronze knife, engraved with the word 'natura'. Nature. The bronze knife hurtled towards me. A fatal blow. Then, soil piling on top of me. I'm pinned to the ground, suffocating. A thousand deaths experienced in what must have been a few minutes. And now I knew. This would be our fate if humans didn't start respecting nature. Eternal nightmares. That's when I woke up.

As my eyes opened, I discovered I had somehow ended up outside, or so I thought. Actually, all the plants from outside had come into my house. They were growing on every available surface. How did this happen? At that moment, all the leaves began rustling. No, they were whispering. "You disrespect Mother Earth... obey her... or sleep forever..." I screamed when I heard the voice. I sprinted outside, where every house along the street was covered in vines. This was not a dream.

From what I understood, Mother Earth was real. She thought that humans disrespected nature. If we did not amend our ways, she would everyone in an eternal slumber. I ran to each house, and every time I looked through the window, I found the same sight. Someone unconscious, with scissors or a knife in their hand. They had been trying to cut the plants in their homes. That's when everything came together. Mother Earth covered everyone's homes with plants, therefore showing everyone how powerful she was. She knew that they would want to remove the plants, and that was disrespecting nature. She now had her reason to put everyone to sleep. Mother Earth was evil. She didn't ^{just} want respect for nature, she wanted humans completely out of the picture. I needed a plan. So I sprinted to the nearest library to do some research.

After some time, I had conducted a plan. I had read somewhere that the only way to conquer Mother Earth was with a special, ancient bronze dagger. According to the myths, Mother Earth couldn't be killed, so the most the dagger could do was put her to sleep. This must have been the dagger I saw in my nightmare-daymare. But the problem was, the knife would only reveal itself to those who were smarter than the owner of the dagger. Mother Earth, I hoped that by still being awake, therefore not falling for Mother Earth's trap, I would be worthy. But no ancient bronze dagger had appeared. I sighed and collapsed to the ground. I felt something digging into my side. I reached into my pocket and pulled something out. The very object I had been hoping for. The bronze dagger. It was beautiful. The hilt was a deep black and etched into it was a pattern of ivy leaves. Engraved in the gleaming bronze blade was the word "natura". Nature.

I stepped outside and held the dagger up to the sunlight. Finally, the being who had put everyone to sleep. She was here. Mother Earth was 7 feet tall, and made from plants, or rather she was plants. Her hair was strings of delicate vines, and her body was masses of leaves. She was in the shape of a young woman, but she had no facial features. As she lifted her arms towards the sky, I noticed tiny clusters of golden berries dangling from them like tassels. "So you're the one who took my blade..." she whispered. Her voice was raspy and cold. I didn't

answer her. She lunged towards me, but I was faster. The thick vines she sent towards me were slashed away with one swipe of my dagger. Then I made my own move. I threw the knife towards her. A fatal blow. Mother Earth staggered back. She collapsed. All the vines on the all the houses retreated. I did it. Mother Earth was asleep.

