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***English 100***

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***My Waking Nightmares***

 I awake to a grueling day before dawn, I open my eyes to blurry grey static and darkness fills the room as my vison returns. I unwrap my arms from around my future ex-wife Miney, roll over to the edge of the bed to sit up, sliding my feet into my slippers, and I slowly get up trying to gather my balance as the room spins. Stretching my arms to the height of the ceiling, letting out a roaring yawn, my eyes tear up, I wipe my eyes and walk into the bathroom to the left of me. Lifting up the toilet seat, I begin to pee, as a large stream of steaming fluids leave my body, my head slowly tilts up until I am starring at the ceiling. Upon finishing my morning piss, I fix myself, close the lid and flush the toilet. Stepping over to the sink, to the left of me, to wash my hands, I then look into the mirror at myself. My reflection winks, I avert my eyes really confused at the idea, and realize I am unable to wink. Thinking I am just imagining things I decide to take another look, my reflection grins, then it is swallowed up by a swirling void of darkness and I frightfully turned my back only to be greeted by a giant dark figure that pounces at me like a creeping lioness attacking its prey. I awake.

Hastily sitting up, I look around the room, eventually coming to my senses and understanding it was just a dream. I turn to Miney laying to the right of me, gently brush the hair out of her face with my index and middle finger, and put the covers over her in a pulling and tucking motion. Sitting back up, with my back pressed against the wooden head board, I think about my dream and lightly shake Miney’s shoulder, hoping she would awaken and I can talk to her about the dream. I am unsuccessful, as she is a very heavy sleeper and could sleep through the room around us blowing up in a loud explosion. Giving up I move over to the edge of the bed and slide my feet into my slippers. I slowly stand to my feet to walk to the bathroom, stopping at the doorway a bit hesitant but proceed to go to the bathroom anyway. After completing my bathroom duties, I wash my hands, curious enough I look up at the mirror to make sure it was all a dream, and to no surprise everything seems normal. Feeling slightly better about everything, I leave the bathroom to go back to bed, hoping I can fall back to sleep. Before climbing back into bed, I take a quick sweep of the room. Everything seems fine, so I reach for the bottle of water, I keep next to the bed at night, and take a sip. After putting the lid back on the bottle and placing it back on the floor, I hear my dog Aurora’s cries. Wondering what was bothering her, I walk to the edge of the bed to peek over across the room to her little doggy bed that lays symmetrically next to the desk, and she wasn’t there. Trying to listen to the cries even closer I find her under the bed. Assuming she just had a bad dream, and sought out comfort in being under us, I didn’t truly give her cries much thought. While I tried to calm her, I hear a strange noise coming from the living room. I Look over to the bed thinking it is Miney, but I wasn’t surprised when I looked over and noticed her asleep and unaware of all of the ongoing events. Cautiously, I go on to try to investigate the noise. As soon I am standing in front of the desk where I have a clear view through the doorway into the living room, I hear soft but high pitch giggles of a little girl. Then, an ominous hunched back dark figure swiftly passes the door way out of my sight. Post-haste, I hop to the other side of the bed, and try to wake Miney, rocking, poking, shaking, bouncing, and nothing was working. At one point, I was pushing her so hard she was bouncing almost a foot off the bed and still wouldn’t wake up, running out of ideas I decide to go handle whatever was in the other room myself. I stand up, walk around the bed, set my eyes out the doorway, pump out my chest, hold my head high, and start to march out to the living room fearlessly. Yet, right as I step in front of the open doorway to the living room, I hear a screeching cackling witch like cry. I abruptly turn right, look into my closet and I am stabbed and clawed at by a tall, beast like dark figure with a grim reaper cloak. I awake.

My eyes open, sitting up in a cold sweat, and Miney rolls over to comfort me. As I try explain to her what was going on. *“What’s wrong Cups?”* she asks. *“I just had the craziest dream, but it felt so real”,* I respond. *“What were they about?”* she inquires. *“It’s fuzzy but at the moment I only recall a few things”,* I answer. *“Pretty much, I had a dream inside of a dream, and they were in the apartment”,* I return. *“That’s weird, what do you think it means? But it was just a dream and it’s all over now”,* she examines. *“It felt so real though”,* I admit. *“Hey, do you want me to pinch you to make sure you are awake?”* she teases. *“Ha-ha, no I think I’ll be fine”,* I counter. *“Everything is okay now, try to go back to sleep”,* she asserts, *“Come here, you can lay on my chest and go back to bed”.* *“Sure, just let me go to the bathroom”, I* reply. *“Okay Cupcake, I’ll be here waiting for you”* she whispers.

I lean in to give her a nice little kiss to show my appreciation, assure her I am fine and insure her I’ll be back. Rolling over to the edge of the bed, I sit up and slide my feet into my slippers. Reach for the bottle of water next to the bed and take a few sips, quenching my thirst and ridden me of my cotton mouth. I slowly stand to my feet, still a bit shaken from the dreams. I take my time and look around to make sure everything is normal. Everything seems fine to me, so I proceed to the bathroom. After completing my bathroom duties and washing my hands, I dry my hands on my towel hanging from the shower curtain rod, turn off the lights and go back to the bedroom. Standing in front of the bed I still feel kind of funny about things, so I tell Miney that I just need to check something. Nodding her head to let me know she is fine with it, I start looking around the apartment. Starting in the bedroom, I walk around the bed to make sure Aurora is there and she is fine. As I walk towards her she awakes, looks up at me, lets out a cute little yawn, lifts, extends her arms trying to get my attention and give me her paw. I squat down, gently pet her head, shake her paw, give her belly a slight rub, and then continue my investigation of the house. Further, I continue my search by walking into the living room. I walk forward to the far side of the room and make sure the door to the left of me is locked. Then I make a sweep of the room, turning around I look to the other side of the room, on the left is the television still on and on the main page of the Netflix app, showing its logo and the personalized accounts. Across the room on the right is the couch, located and pushed against the wall parallel to bed in the other room. I then walk over to the first cushion to pick up the remote for the television and press the power button. Turning off the television I conclude that everything in the apartment to me seems to be normal, and I return to the bedroom. When I entered the bedroom I was greeted with a big, warm, comforting hug by Miney, expressing her concern, I explained there was no need for her worries and we can go back to bed. As our hold of each other let up and the moment passes, I started to walk over to my side of the bed on the farthest side of the room next to the bathroom. I made it to the middle of the bed before feeling a tight hold around my body, another hug I assumed and I asked her if she was in a playful mood, but this time it felt cold. I looked down to my feet, seeing a growing shadow stemming from the light of the moon coming from outside the window next to me. The grip tightened more and more as the shadow was now rising to the celling in front of me and was transforming into a beastly figure. I began turning my neck slowly over my shoulder just to take a slight peek behind me, hoping my mind was playing ticks on me and my eyes are deceiving me. The hold lets, but before I can sigh in relief, I am quickly and ruthlessly lifted into the air by the giant beastly hand, penetrating through my rectum and up my spine Feeling every bone, organ and blood vessel being viciously destroyed. Reaching the height of the celling, in a weakened state, holding on with an inch of my life, blood leaking from every crevice of my body. As I cough up a substantial amount of blood, trying to gasp for life I take my final breath, and I AWAKE.