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Bigelow

English 10

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Nightmares

I’m wondering around my old elementary school with my two best friends, Chandler and Cooper. It’s perfect weather with the sun peeking through gray clouds and there’s a slight breeze that wisps through our hair. We are on the sitting on our old red, yellow, and blue playground and talking about how nice it is to not have school today.

“Guys, I am so bored. Can we please do something besides just sit here” groans Cooper.

Then, in an instant, his wish is granted. We hear an ear piercing, blood curdling screech echo from the school. All three of us are on our feet and carefully listening.

“What do you think that was? Are they ok?” I ask.

Chandler laughs, “Probably just Ms. Flitton freaking out over a spider again.”

Suddenly, there is another shriek and children start sprinting frantically out the side doors. Some are crying while others are screaming. Some are bleeding uncontrollably out of giant flesh wounds on their arms, necks, and stomachs.

A thought flickers through my mind, “Nikki’s in there. She needs help.”

I jump of the playground and begin sprinting to the doors. I’m pushing and shoving my way through a hoard of children. I look back to see that Chandler and Cooper have followed me. I can see fear and shock in there petrified faces. We reach the door and see that inside it is complete chaos. There are children of all ages running around and crying for help as their fellow peers are being ripped to pieces and eaten and left for dead by their friends and teachers. All I can see is body parts and blood everywhere. It’s so difficult to make sense of anything. Is this the apocalypse we had all been talking about? Could this really be happening? This wasn’t supposed to be possible. All I can do is stand and stare in complete shock. I am looking around trying to think where Nicole could be when, like a punch in the stomach, I see my baby sister. I have found her. She is cornered by two of the flesh hungry monsters. Adrenaline shoots through my veins and I take off. I’m running, pushing, fighting, and screaming my way through the crowd of the once living and the surviving. My only thought is to save her. I just need to get to her. Just let me get there. Then suddenly, I am too late…In one heart shattering moment…I am too late and she is gone.