

Dreams by: Grace W.

My name is Lily. I am not very different than most people. Except for my dreams. Well, they're not exactly dreams, they're more like visions. Visions of my future. The dreams don't happen every night, not even very often. They can be of anything from a whole day too a small conversation. They always come true eventually.

Occasionally I see other people's futures from their perspective. I can see what they are seeing and feel what they are feeling physically and emotionally. Usually they are meaningless. Just a short conversation, or maybe stubbing their toe. I don't know who they are I just know they are not me because they don't have the eye shaped birth mark on their right hand like I do.

One night I had a dream. I was somebody else. I was a small girl with dark hair. Her hands were calloused and bloody. Her torso was caked with dry blood and covered in long bright red marks that went all the way across her chest. She was locked in what looked like a basement. She felt scarred and started panicking as the door slowly began to creak open revealing a tall dark man wearing a mask and holding a whip. He came up to her and ran his rough fingers through her hair. She shivered at his touch and held her breath as he whispered "Oh, Rose you have been a naughty girl." he pulled away from her. Her eyes immediately darted to a window that was a quarter of the way open and was held in place by a small stick.

"You know the punishment for trying to escape," he said in a voice suspiciously familiar to me as he closed the window and used a key to lock it shut. He chuckled and slowly walked over as if to taunt her. She scrambled backwards until her back was against a wall and his hot breath was against her face. He then grabbed her hair threw her across the room and laughed as she winced in pain. The next thing I felt was a long sharp whip hitting by back and torso. She was in an unbearable amount of pain. She cried out so he gagged her and continued until she was unconscious and covered in blood.

I woke up and knew I had to help her. I couldn't tell anyone about this, or they would think I was insane, so I had to do it on my own.

I went to school that day and every thing was normal except Mr. Hawkins class. He called attendance then came the most horrifying words I had ever herd "Rose? Rose Hampton?" there was no reply "Wow! She is still absent I wonder why?" Then he chuckled to himself, but not just any

chuckle the same chuckle that haunts my thoughts. The same laugh that he had when he chunked a poor innocent girl across a dingy basement. The same snicker he had as he inflicted deep painful wounds on Rose.

The blood drained from my face leaving me as pale as a ghost. My legs went numb as I looked over at Mr. Hawkins in disgust and utter shock. He noticed my gaze and alarming appearance and called me to his desk. "Are you ok? You don't look so good." That's when I remembered quiet little Rose sitting in the back of class and really started to feel sick "No, I actually feel pretty bad can you please let me go see the nurse?" "Of course," he exclaimed as he used his enormous scratched hands to write me a pass.

I went to sleep that night after laying out a hammer and rope on my desk for tomorrow. That's when I had another dream. I was Rose again. She was sulking in a corner sadly remembering her family and what her life used to be like. That's when she heard a loud bang on the small window that separated her from the world. The glass was everywhere and a hand reached in and a voice told her that this was a rescue and that they were there to help her. Then I realized that was my voice and that it was my hand with the eye shaped birthmark. She took my hand and squeezed through the opening seeing the light of day for the first time in forever. She saw me and hugged me tight, thanking me as tears streamed down her face she then got in my car and I drove her to a police station where we told them everything.

I woke up just before school started and began to execute my plan. Everything was going fine. I crept around his house (I found his address the night before) and stopped when I heard him exiting the house and didn't move until I heard him drive off. I found the window and smashed it with my hammer in one blow. I reached in and recited the same words I said in my dream. Then I felt her weak hand close around mine. It took all my strength to pull her through, but when I did she gripped me in a tight bear hug.

We drove to the police station in utter silence and the second we walked through those doors a wave of relief hit me and something told me everything would be fine. I walked her to the swarm of officers rushing to her aid. That night I had another dream and knew for sure the future would be fine.

THE END