

Just a Dream

“Alright Iso, you better go to sleep now. It’s 15 minutes after your curfew. You have to wake up tomorrow early, unless you want to catch sleeping fish,” Mom said.

“But I don’t want to, nothing’s gonna happen tomorrow anyways. Dad’s just gonna take me fishing like he always does on Sunday,” I replied.

“Anything can happen Iso, you just never see it coming.” She warned me.

I got comfy in my bed, and Mom told me, “Good night, Iso.”

I fell asleep later but then woke up to an arm shaking my body. “Hold on Dad, give me 5 more minutes,” I mumbled.

“Dad?! I’m not your dad, soldier! Wake up!” A person said.

I woke up to see a soldier dressed in a blue sailor uniform with a furious look on his face.

“The Monitor isn’t going to hold long! We must pump the pipes so that it can be stabled if we want to float.”

“Um. Where are we and when is this? Am I dreaming?” I asked, still groggy from sleep.

“What the heck do you mean? This is 1862 in the Civil War! And we’re on the **sunken** Monitor if we don’t pump the ship! Now get to it!” He hollered.

I looked at myself, and I too was wearing a blue sailor uniform with a sailor’s hat on my head. I followed the sailor to a room full of other sailors pumping the water. Confused, I had no idea what to do. So I copied what the other sailors did. Then, I lost focus. While I was pumping, I accidentally let a screw and water poured in my eyes. My eyes went black and I couldn’t hear anything. I woke up in a bed. At first, I thought it was mine since it was comfortable, but the room looked different. It was like an antique room in the early 1900s. But what caught my surprise was the ticket on the nightstand. I got out in my weird pajamas and looked at it.

“Oh no, I have a bad feeling about this,” I said to myself in shock.

It read, "WHITE STAR LINE SMS TITANIC : FIRST CLASS TICKET"

"Well, if I'm going to die, I'm going to first class at least." I sighed.

I rushed out to the deck where I saw a huge iceberg coming the ship's way and tried to warn the captain.

"Go back to the dining tables, I'm pretty sure your parents are looking for you." The captain said, ignoring me.

"Yeah right, they're probably on the couch right now watching the season premiere of Modern Family without me." I replied.

Why can't he figure out that an iceberg is about to tear this ship down? It was even in front of the ship in clear view.

"Hey kid, move! That ice burg's going to hit us! Where did it even come from?" The captain yelled, only just then taking notice.

I turned around to see an iceberg in front of my face. Then I slipped on the floor. I was unconscious until I woke up for the third time. But this time, I was in what seemed to be an underground bunker. I was in a soldier's uniform with a helmet made from steel.

"ENEMY FLANK! TANKS MOVE! MOVE!" A voice outside yelled while blowing a whistle.

I heard a loud explosion coming from the outside. It sounded like 50 watermelons exploded. I heard footsteps coming from the outside. A soldier rushed to me.

"You got to get out there! Those Germans are pushing our defenses back," he yelled.

He grabbed a rifle from a table and handed it to me.

"Now go and serve your country!" The soldier told me as he sat down at a nearby bench.

First, I have no idea how to use this rifle, it's like giving a toddler a 1,000 piece LEGO space ship and tell them they must build it. And second, I'm not good with guns. I mean I shot my cousin's BB gun once and ended up shooting a window. I went outside to see nothing but soldiers with guns, these weird looking armored

vehicle or tank thingies, and explosions. Many explosions. I was scared to go out and fight. Really, I just stood in the trench for a while until suddenly, those weird tanks thingies appeared. Even though I'm sure it was on our side since I wasn't dead yet, I still ran for my life. Don't judge me, that thing was intimidating as heck even for a weird thingy. I went up the trenches not knowing what to do. Then, I saw an enemy soldier charging at me with a knife at the end of his rifle. (what are those things called because I've never seen them before and trust me, I play Call of Duty more than you think) I had no idea what to do. First, I'm not a killer, second I don't want to be killed. I took chances and pulled the trigger of my rifle. That guy fell like Humpty Dumpty. I just stood there in shock not knowing what to do.

“BANG! BANG! BANG!”

I heard loud shots. Then I heard something flying in the air. I looked up to see that it looked like artillery coming down from the sky on me. An explosion happened and this time, I woke up. I saw my mom laying on my bed right next to me. I'm sure I scared her when I jumped out of my bed.

“Sweetie are you ok? You looked scared. Was it a bad dream?” She then asked me still in shock.

I didn't know what to say to her since I can't tell if the Civil War, Titanic, or World War One was a good dream or bad dream. Really, I wanted to say it was a bad dream, but I remembered one thing from all of them. I wasn't prepared. Maybe fishing today might be fun. Who knows? Maybe I'll catch a sea monster. I just replied to her with,

“Who knows? Anything can happen?”