

The Nightmare Whisperer

By Charlie D.

It all started on a warm summer night, a beautiful starry sky and salty sea air. Just another time on the boat. I opened my window some more and sat on the ledge to get a great view of the beautiful ocean. I breathed in the fresh air and then climbed down the exit ladder that led from my window down to the deck. I took control of the wheel and turned towards the direction of the dock of Port Lavaca. I climbed back up and lit my candle that got blown out. I pulled off my slippers and scattered across the cold floor. As soon as I leaped onto my bed, the door slowly creeped open.

I swallowed my breath as I dove quickly under my covers. I thought I was going to die, waking up the shadow was such a dangerous and scary thing. I shut my eyes as I tried to think of unicorns, and waking up out of this horrible nightmare. I mumbled something about maybe this wasn't a dream. With that thought I quickly opened my eyes. What if it wasn't a dream?

Once the shadow left, I made my bed like I was sleeping in it and tiptoed towards the door. I was on the top floor of the boat so I had to be super quiet for the people downstairs. I saw a robe way too big for me lying on the floor by my door so I draped it over me like a cloak.

I also put on my rainboots since it was storming outside. I stepped outside onto the wet dock and almost slipped. Why did I want to go outside? To discover the unthinkable, the bravest thing I've ever done, I was going on an adventure to find out about this nightmare (or not). I ran away from the boat, looking back and saying, "I'll be back." I shed a few tears as I thought about leaving my family, even for a few weeks. After running for a complete hour, I fell asleep under the shade of a palm tree, thankfully with no coconuts on it.

The next morning, I woke up and checked my phone. 8:30! I had to get going. I grabbed my backpack and my robe I made into a cloak and got running. After 15 minutes of running, I got really hungry. I cracked open a coconut and drizzled some sugar sauce on it. After eating I decided to go to my friend's beach hut, she lived in Port Lavaca. I texted her a quick, "On my way to your house" and pulled up Google Maps. I turned right and saw a rock that looked like Taylor Swift. I was almost there. Then the smell of a crackling fire and warm chestnuts filled the air. I was there.

The smell was my friend's morning cookout. She always had roasted chestnuts and seagull eggs. My friend's name was Shayla. When she saw me, she ran over and said, "Hey, Charlie. Seagull egg? Medium rare, just how you like it." I know you're thinking that eating a

seagull egg is gross, but if you cook it right it's actually delicious. Seagulls are beach's chickens. "No thanks Shayla. I just ate a whole coconut for breakfast, I'm good." I said. Then she put the eggs away in a basket filled of palm tree leaves. "Seagull eggs stay fresh when placed in the same spot as palm tree leaves." She said in a matter of factly voice.

"Well, I forgot to ask, why are you here?" Shayla asked. "Adventure." I said with a mouthful of chestnuts. "Cool. I... Wait a second! You said you weren't hungry." she said with a grin. "Ok... I wasn't in the mood for seagull eggs." I said after swallowing. We fell down laughing. "I know. You're not into medium rare now." She said. We were still laughing. "What adventure? She asked. "This crazy nightmare I had, trying to find out if it was real or wasn't. Want to come with me?" I asked. "Sure." She said.

We then both walked away from her hut, looking for the next adventure.

Chapter Two Coming Soon