

Cloudless
(Including title)

Word count : 977

Blink. Where am I? Shuffling around a bit, I realize that I'm in my bedroom. My phone sits in my left hand. I turn it on and become temporarily blinded by the brightness. 5:17 AM, reads the top of the screen.

The room is eerily quiet today. Sneaking a glance at the tall mirror beside my desk, a shadowy figure stands beside me. When I look again, it's gone. "Calm down, Quinn. You're scaring yourself. The shadow was just a product of your imagination," I try to convince myself.

Out of curiosity, my eyes flicker to the mirror for the third time. To the right of me stands a guy that I've never seen before.

"AHHHHH!" I scream, but any noise that comes out of my mouth is drowned out by an odd feeling in my head.

The feelings start to get worse, and the edges of my vision begin to fade away.

"What's happening?!" I yell into the darkness.

Every limb in my body is numb, and I feel lightheaded. Eventually, the feelings subside and I'm left alone in complete darkness for approximately 2 seconds.

A hard poke to my right shoulder awakens me, and my roommate, Ian, is sitting beside me on my bed. My head is still pounding, and my heart is thumping rapidly in my chest.

"What happened?" I ask him.

"When you were sleeping, you mumbled something about a shadow and then you started to mumble incoherently," he replies.

"That was all a dream? It felt so real."

He stared at me for mere seconds with an unreadable expression on his face before getting up off of my bed and walking out. The click of the door closing fills up the void of silence that is my room.

"Quinn!"

"What? Who's there?" I say aloud. My eyes scan the room for anyone who's there.

"Ian, whatever you're doing, this isn't funny—"

"Quinn!" the male's voice interrupts me and speaks directly into my head once again.

"Who's there?" I ask to him through my thoughts.

"Fall asleep," he says soothingly to me. Without noticing, my grasp on reality is torn away from me.

I'm falling. That's all that's running through my head right now. Cold air stings my face and causes my hair to fly in every direction possible. I'm falling into an endless black void.

All too quickly, the falling sensation stops. A bright light

shines teasingly at me; just daring for me to chase it. So, I do. Sprinting through the darkness, a few more bright lights begin to appear. Then, many of them start to appear.

When I approach the original light, it engulfs me. I'm transported back into the world of reality. At least—what I think is reality.

As if my body has a mind of its own, it moves without my consent. Step after step, I approach a mirror. In the reflection is that guy I saw in my other dream.

"EEEEEEK!" I try to let out an ear-piercing scream. It doesn't escape from my mouth. Where am I? I'm not in the reflection. Could it be that I'm trapped in one of his past memories? He looks around and brings my range of vision along with his point of view. His eyes focus on a baby crib and inside rests twins. One boy and one girl.

Abruptly, feeling returns to my hands. Someone is pulling me out of his memories. The world goes blank, and then I see him and hear his voice again,

"What did you see?"

"Twins—but who are you? And where am I?"

"You're in my head," he says casually.

Am I dreaming, or did I hear him wrong? I think to myself.

"You're dreaming, but I'm communicating with you through your dreams," he continues.

"Did you just read my thoughts?" I ask him, almost accusingly.

"Of course I did. You're the one who's in my head."

"Answer my first question. Who are you?" I ask him once again.

"My name is Noah, and I'm your eldest brother. Those twins that you saw in one of my memories—the girl was you and the boy was Ian."

"But if I was in your memories, and I saw you in the mirror as the same age as right now, how have you not aged a day in 17 years?"

"That's because you, Ian, and I are not human. We are descendants of Hypnos, the ruler of the dream realm. Our kind are called *rêveur*. We have the ability to communicate with humans through their dreams. Also, *revêur* stop aging and obtain their powers on their 18th birthday. As of right now, you're still human. I tried to tell you this in one of your past dreams, but you were too close to awakening," Noah explains to me.

"Where are you in the real world?" I wonder aloud.

"I go to your high school. Maybe I can meet you and Ian tomorrow on your 18th birthdays, but I have to wake you up now."

Suddenly, feeling returns to my entire body, but something much more comes to me. My eyelids slide open and my vision is intensified, as if someone is holding a magnifying glass to both of

my eyes. Something clicks in my head. I feel mind-link connections to Ian and Noah. It's my eighteenth birthday today! I turned rêveur a few minutes ago.

A wave of emotions crashes over me as I realize what this really means. All my life, I lived thinking that I was an adopted child and that I didn't have any family. When all along, they were right under my nose. One of which was my twin and living with me for the past 2 years. Another who goes to my school and I've never noticed him.

My heart swells with content. It wasn't a dream. (Well, technically, it was)