

Anish I.

I'll never forget that day. It was Friday the 13th, the day that is dreaded by most people, including me. I should have just stayed at home that day, but I was craving for some good Chinese food. I drove over to the Golden Panda Restaurant, and ordered the usual vegetable noodles and a fortune cookie. After my dinner, I cracked open the fortune cookie and the fortune read, "Your life is going to have an unexpected turn of events. Your life is in danger. Say nothing to anyone. You must leave the city immediately and never return. Repeat: say nothing." Thoughts raced through my head and I rushed home breathing heavily. The lights flicker when I get home and I think to myself that this is getting kinda creepy.

I only had a few hours to pack before I had to leave for my camping trip the next day. I should have listened to my conscious that night when it suggested that I cancel the trip and escape. However, being the adamant person I was, I pushed away my thoughts and concentrated on packing. When my friends and I arrived on the campsite the next evening, we set up the tents and began a nice fire. At night, we gathered around the campfire, with our flashlights to our face to tell some good ol' scary stories. My friend was at the climax of the story, when I heard a shrill scream. I asked my friends if they heard anything, and they replied, "No...are you all right? You seem a bit jumpy today." "It's nothing, I'm fine." I stammer. How could I even believe in fortune cookies? Besides they're not real, I hope. Somebody help me! It is terrible! Run for your lives! No, not today can't be the day. I grab my camping backpack and dash into the forest, alone.

I realized I made a stupid mistake of me not getting a flashlight. The leaves rustle, wind blows, dark night, and howling is all I need right now to brighten my day, great. My back stings in pain. I decide to take a break under an oak tree. I wake up and see city lights in front of me. When I get there, all the lights are out and three masked men follow me. Right when I'm about to run, they jump on me punch me until I black out. "Who are you?" I ask. "We are robbers you idiot." "I don't have any money. Spare me." He snaps his fingers. "Boys, take him away." I wake in the morning on the side of the road, beaten up like a ragdoll. This woman comes up, and picks me up and drives me to her apartment. "So who are you?" I just have a blank stare, emotionless. "Don't know your name? Ok, let's name you Edward. What happened to you? Since I can't tell anyone, but I tell her everything that happened. "So, you have this misfortune, and you have a series of unfortunate events. It's been a long day for you. Goodnight!" In my dream (nightmare) there is this spirit from the undead and tells me I have made a grave mistake and I will regret it. I am on the train tracks at one o'clock in the morning. "Where am I?" Beep!!! The train horn blows. I get up and try to escape to concludes in no prevail. "Help me!"

My alarm clock beeps. Ugh, time to go to work today. Wasn't that a crazy dream wasn't it?