

I Can See Your Future

By Leyna P.

Something bad is going to happen. I saw the middle school boy with the red hoodie walk halfway across the street when 3.. 2.. 1....

"BEEP BEEP!"

The middle schooler quickly ran away just in time when the car was about to hit him. *I knew that was going to happen. Just like in my vision.*

Oh, hey. My name is Alison, but you can call me Ali. I'm currently in my junior year of high school, and ever since I was eight, I've been getting visions every time I go to sleep. I don't know why, but let me just tell you, they actually come true. When I was eleven and my little brother, Charlie, was three, I had a vision that he was going to suffocate himself when he was in daycare, and I was correct. I was in Mr. Belina's class, my history teacher, when the front office receptionist told me that I was going to go home. I was worried about my little brother and turns out, he was in the hospital, and a few minutes after I got to the hospital, he had passed. He was only three....

"Alison!" I heard James' voice. He hurriedly ran to catch up to me. "So, do you want to get some coffee after school?"

"Sorry, I'm busy." I replied harshly.

"Oh." I heard the devastation in James' voice. "Well, I'll, um, talk to you later, I guess."

School was a blur. My best friend, Khloe, kept on bothering me about whether I'm going to go to the school dance or not. Of course, I want to go, but I'm scared that my vision will tell me that something bad will happen. I've always seen visions, but I have never done anything to

prevent it. Maybe, if I get a vision, I can do something to prevent it AND still be able to go to the dance.

That night, when I got home, I texted Khloe and told her that I'll be attending the dance. An hour into sleeping, I saw a vision.

9:00 P.M., Friday, School Dance, Ambulance, Me on the stretcher.

I woke up sweating. *Why was I on the stretcher? What has happening?* That's how all my visions are like, just little glimpses of the future in less than thirty seconds.

The day of the dance, I was nervous. But I didn't really care anymore. I never get to have fun or just be free! It was time to live my life. I've been hiding under a rock forever, it feels like. I'm going to die either today or soon, so why not just live life to the fullest?

When I arrived at the dance, James stood right in front of the doors, like he knew I was going to come, but turns out, he was waiting for someone else. I'm pretty sure he liked me, but I've always rejected every invitation of his, that's probably why he got over me.

Though I didn't have a date, I had my best friend, Khloe. Khloe was always there for me, from kindergarten, all the way to junior year. She was a keeper. We danced the night away, talking and gossiping, and basically everything! Khloe was the one person who I actually felt safe with. I felt like nothing could get in my way, until around 9:00 P.M. I felt sick to my stomach. I told Khloe I wasn't feeling too good. I rushed into the bathroom and puked up blood. I didn't know that I had passed out until I saw Khloe sobbing and screaming: "WHY DID ALISON PASS OUT? I WAS THERE FOR HER!"

I felt so bad. I was just laying there, on the stretcher watching Khloe. There was a huge crowd before me. I don't know what had happened. *Was it something I have eaten? Drank?* I don't know.

As I watched the ambulance crew push my body into the vehicle, I stood there sobbing. Khloe went into the ambulance and I yelled at her to come back. *But she didn't hear me.* I passed through the ambulance doors and begged my body to wake up. *But it wouldn't. I'm dead.*