

The ground shook. Everything was dark as a dim light shone in. A boy took a small breath of air then covered his mouth. A snarl sounded as thunderbird followed. A small tear ran down the boy's face as he scooted back against the wall. Son, the wall keeping him away from the creature started to crack. Pounding sounded, as loud snarls did too.

The pounding stopped.

The wall was almost fallen.

Silence.

A loud pound, as the bug creature went to grab him.

Newton Grá sat up in his bed. His breath was shallow and quick. He sat there looking around in his room. These dreams had been happening for three years now. Newt rubbed his completely black eyes, and sat back. Newt always had a night light in his room on, because of what had happened. Newt was afraid that Hunter was still alive, wanting to devour him. He looked at his wrist watch... his arms were covered in visible black blood vessels.

3 am.

It was hard being the way he was. Ever since the tunnels... he had been like this. Newt laid back down and pushed his curly light brown hair back... his hair used to be blond. Many things always ran through his head, when he would wake up in the middle of the night. He remembered... everything.

He remembered being pulled into the round.

He remembered being bait to a Human Bug Mutant.

He remembered Brain, the twin of the mutant saving his life.

He remembered finding out that poison fumes in the air made the mutants... and those who were immune would get completely black eyes, and blood vessels.

He remembered his best friend Jamie Jones, coming down as well.

He remembered when Brain sacrificed himself so him, and Jamie could escape.

Newt shook his head. He wished things were different. At the time he was pulled underground he was fourteen. That was four years ago. He got out when he was almost sixteen, but was suffering from serious PTSD, and his parents refused to make him take medication. No, he was eighteen. Newt stood up, and opened his door quietly, and walked down the steps. He walked past a few baseball bats, photos, and jerseys. His father played for the MLB. Newt walked to the kitchen, and got a cup, and started to fill it up with water.

A light turned on. Newt looked up and saw his mother looking at him. "Bad dream?" She asked softly. Newt nodded his head, and looked at his cup of water.

Being that he had serious PTSD, it made it very... no, extremely... no not the right word. It made it almost impossible for him to make conversation, or even talk. He was getting much better though,

at one word answers though!

His mother walked over to him. She was quit a bit shorter than Newt. She put a hand on his back and rubbed it. Newt looked at the refrigerator.

“Are you going to be able to sleep? Tomorrow is a big day.”

Newt shrugged. He took a sip of water.

“Well your going to have to.” Sh said firmly. Newt sighed. He nodded his head, and cracked his back. He walked over to the stairs. “Love you Newt, now get to bed.”

“L-L-L... Love y-y-you... too.” He said softly, and half embarrassed. He didn’t like how hard it was to say the simple things, but he still tried to smile through it.

Newt walked back out to his bed, and sat down. He set down the half empty glass of water. He sat there. Well... she said get to bed. Im here... she also said sleep. He thought to himself. He rolled his eyes and laid back.

He didn’t want tomorrow to come.

He didn’t necessary want to go to sleep, but he knew deep down he had to. Maybe tomorrow wouldn’t be the worst day ever... after all he had to at least graduate from a physical school instead of homeschool.