

I didn't know how I made it to my condo without collapsing. That was a miracle. I literally crashed on my bed and made my parents have a heart attack. They asked me a million questions and I told them I was really tired and that Amy would tell them what happened. After a further bit of pestering they finally let me be. It took all the rest of my energy to set an alarm on my phone so I could do my homework and passed out on my bed. It was a troubled sleep but I was too tired to really care. My dreams didn't help. They were always about me not being able to save Ryan. First it was in a cave in then I was thrust into one where these weird shadow creatures had taken him away from me then came after me. Nightmare after nightmare made sleeping impossible. But exhaustion always wins. Everytime I tried to wake up it would take everything I had to get to that point then I would get sucked into the newest nightmare. I don't know how long I took to win at last but I woke up in a cold sweat and a wet face. Episodes left me like this for a day or so. I gulped in air and looked at my clock. 2:54. I over slept my alarm. DANG IT! I had one tiny moment of frustration. Why did this have to happen? Why couldn't I just be normal? Why was I chosen? Why did Ryan disappear? Why was both Jake and Jason being nice to me out of the blue? Why were my parents acting normal? Why can Heather enter my thoughts? Why? Why? WHY? I sobbed because I had nothing better to do. Nothing. I could've done the homework I had but I didn't. I sat there and cried. Like a child. I cried for as long as I needed. Which was a long time. When I finally couldn't anymore I grabbed out my backpack. I wouldn't be able to fall asleep. I didn't want to start the cycle over again. So, I did my math homework. For once I was glad for it. It provided a distraction, a task that required my thinking. I did it for a while and then realized I had actually understood the lesson. Things started clicking together. I did my homework twice as fast. I moved on to my biology homework next and knocked that out. I moved on to my last bit of homework. History. Mr Patrick doesn't normally give homework but he did that night. It wasn't hard though. I sighed and enjoyed recalling all I knew on the topic. It was fun to do. I looked at the clock. 4:27. Ok, not bad. I think. I lay back and look up at the ceiling. I should put something there. I think but have no idea what to put there. I'll figure it out later. I didn't have to get up till 6 but didn't want to fall back to sleep. Magic? I asked myself. I mean, it seemed like a good option. But I felt different about it. Gone was the wonder and being

Carefree about it. Now I had new concerns. Like, why was I always being drawn towards it? Why was my character able to do things in MY world? I had a certain wariness to it now. But, I needed to know more. I sighed and brought out my binder. Where to this time? I ask myself. What about I show you my village? Heather's voice blasts into my head. I flinch. Um, sure. I say. Ok. She says. I flip to the page I had made Heather's backstory on. I had made it as brief and descriptive as possible. Yet it was still like 3 pages long. There was one part where I went into detail on what her village looked like. I wish to go to Misdon. I think and feel myself slip into the inbetween void. Then only to feel myself grow inches taller and feel exhaustion leave me. I look around. Shrouded in the moon's light, made with gilded wooded trees and plants, sat Heather's village. She came from a village of shifters, a dying race. The village was even more beautiful than I could've ever imagined. Heather sat on a tree branch overlooking it all. I looked around and my heightened eyes saw every tiny facet of the stunning place. I could've gotten used to this place. It was so quiet and calm, secret and cozy. I sat there, breathing in the cool night air that smelled of oak trees and wildflowers. I probably would've stayed there longer than I should've if not for Heather's reminding me that I needed to get back. I didn't want to though. It took a lot of convincing on her part. I finally relented and said the magic words and mournfully returned to reality. Exhaustion overtook me. I heard my parents get up. Ugh. Why did all good things have to come to an end? It was back to worrying and asking the impossible questions.

