

A man cries out in pain on the screen in front of Pixel. Bored, she pauses the movie and looks at Lloyd, sitting next to her. He catches her gaze and flashes her a small grin, reaching over and pausing the movie he was watching.

“Any good?” He asks, with a small smile.

Pixel groan, leaning back, “I wish. It’s all just death, gore, death, death, bad jokes, death, and a bit more gore. Honestly, my *dreams* are better, and they’re terrifying!”

“Speaking of dreams... you wouldn’t happen to know what happened to the Fey boy, Val was it?” Lloyd questions, face hopeful. Pixel inwardly sighs, hating to squash Lloyds hope.

“No, unfortunately,” is all she has to say. A pained look flashes across Lloyds face, and he glances away. The rest of the plane ride is spent in silence. Pixel stares at the movie playing out in front of her, not really interested.

Two men stand in front of a third. One holds a knife, the other, a crowbar used to pry to door open.

“I am not hiding anything! I promise!”

“Liar.” The knife flashes downward, and there’s a dull thump as the third man hits the floor. *Blood and Gore*, Pixel thinks in the back of her head. She pauses the movie once more, laying her head back. Lloyd is enraptured in whatever he’s watching, and doesn’t glance over at her. Pixel sighs, preparing for the rest of the ride.

*Val stands in front of her. His mouth moves, but no noise comes out. ‘Are you coming yet’ he seems to be saying. Pixel tries to step forward, but discovers she can’t. It’s like trying to move underwater.*

*She cries out, ‘I’m coming!’ But just like Val, there’s no noise. Vallez pauses, surveying her and their surroundings.*

*‘You’re running out of time.’*

*‘I can’t move any faster!’*

*‘Then I can only hope that you’ll come in time.’*

*Fallon suddenly stands in front of her, in a dark cave. His nervously stares out of the entrance, watching for something. Abruptly, he turn and looks at her. “Hurry, little Ranger. We won’t make it without you.”*

Lloyd glances over at Pixel when he feels something touch his shoulder. Pixel has nodded off, and her head has come to rest on his shoulder. Lloyd pulls out his earbuds and stops his movie. He pulls out a blanket and places it over her, carefully so as not to disturb her. He debates moving her head off his shoulder, but in the end, doesn’t for fear it might wake her. He stares fondly at her bright blond hair that falls over her peach face, covering her ice blue eyes. His, in contrast, are a hazel brown, to match his hazelnut skin and dark brown hair. He pauses staring down at the small girl her met only recently. His heart gives a familiar flutter as he stares at her, but he pushes it away. *I’m only helping her because I feel bad. There’s no other reason.* He thinks, trying to convince himself. It doesn’t work. The logical voice in his head points out: *If you just ‘felt bad’ why would you run away from home after her to find her old house? Why do you want to hang out with her after school as much as possible. And most of all, why, if you only ‘felt bad’ are you letting her drag you off into the crazy mess of fantasy people and evil darkness that might only exist in her dreams?* Lloyd glances back down at Pixel once more, then leans back and closes his eyes.

Pixel wakes halfway through the flight. Her face turns a furious shade of red when she notices that her head had been resting on Lloyd’s shoulder. She rapidly sneaks past him and into the isle of the airplane, and heads into the bathrooms. Inside, she pauses and stares at herself in the mirror. *Who am I kidding?* She thinks. *What was I thinking dragging Lloyd out here with me. I don’t even know what I’m doing. What if these dreams are just dreams?* Lloyd. Her heart does the now-familiar flip when she thinks of him. Then her mind strays to what happened to Vallez. *What if that happens to Lloyd?*