

## Falling

I opened my eyes and found myself on the floor. I didn't know where I was, but it felt like I was lying on a cold concrete floor, not my cozy bed. It was pitch black and it smelled like mold. I couldn't see anything except darkness. Darkness. I felt really scared and pinched my arm to see if I was dreaming. Suddenly, I started falling down. Straight down. Falling, falling. The falling never seemed to end. I was terrified. I was sure I was gonna die when I hit the ground, which never seemed to come. Then, THUMP!

I landed on my arm. It felt like I was punched really hard by the Incredible Hulk. My body was screaming in pain. Then I saw an orange blob with angry eyes ooze out of the cracks in the floor. He

stared straight into my eyes like it wanted to attack me. I tried to get up and run away before this orange blob reached me. But he was just too close. I tried punching it, but my fist just bounced off its body! There was nothing I could do to stop it.

The orange blob oozed up my body and onto my face. It was slimy and disgusting. The orange blob crawled down my chest and onto my belly.

A loud buzzer rang, the same noise you hear at a basketball game. The noise blasted over and over and over... and I started falling again. Then everything stopped.

Now I was lying on a soft carpet, but I still had no idea where I was. I was breathing hard. Someone walked in. "What's going on?" the person asked. It

was my mother and I was in my own room. “Whew” I thought, and my breathing started to slow down. “You slept through your alarm clock!” my mother said as she turned it off. “You've got to hurry before you miss the bus!” I was just relieved that I was alive.