Twisting time, thought oliver. Twisting a bottle top was somewhat hard. He couldn’t understand how to do it. His hand, even, began to hurt. He felt his hand was too small for the bottle because it didn’t twist. His finger was getting burnt from over rubbing it too much.

So he kicked the bottle across the room. It landed on the rug. He thought it would splatter but it didn’t. So he picked it up and laid it on the bed and then flopped down next to it. He wanted to sing a song but it was to melodramatic so he tried to get to sleep.

After closing his eyes he found himself in a dark deep hole. Above was the light and he had no idea how to get out of this hole. He even forgot he was sleeping. Then the light went below him he tried to grab it but it swam below him. Finally, when he noticed his feet he started falling and falling.

He laughed and giggled as he fell. Wondering when he would catch the light. The light at the end of the tunnel waiting to be pounced on by the body of his weight. O how wonderful it would feel to capture the light. One two three four when will I collapse on top of the door. Three four five six which door will I pick.

He by passed a sign saying “having fun yet” and laughed hysterically afterwards. It was fun being oliver.