

Blackbird

It was summer, and a boy named Oliver was birdwatching with his father. “Dad,” Oliver asked. “Why are we doing this? It’s too hot out.” He wiped the sweat off his forehead. “Cheer up, sport. You don’t see a lot of beautiful birds like that one everyday.” He pointed to a blackbird and then took a picture. “My water bottle is empty,” Oliver complained. Dad gave him his own water bottle, and then realized his is empty too. “Maybe we *should* go.” They got in the car, and cranked up the air conditioner to high. They turned on the radio, and headed home.

Part I

The Dream

“So,” Oliver’s mom asked. “What’d you do when I was working?” Dad told her everything about all the birds we saw, all the pretty views they saw... “So, mom, what’d you do for work today?” She went on about real estate and may other things like that, blah blah blah. Oliver was tired from today. They had their usual dessert, a freshly baked cookie and some milk. He got into bed, turned off the light, let the cat up the bed, and fell asleep.

“Hello,” said a raspy voice. “I have been waiting for you, Oliver.” He couldn’t talk in the dream, but he kept trying to ask questions, like “who are you” or “where am I” He looked around his surroundings, and saw absolutely nothing except the chair he was tied to. “Oliver, don’t try to struggle, you can’t even move in this dream.” How did he know that Oliver was in a dream? “You remember seeing that blackbird, Ollie? Did you know that blackbirds symbolize death?” Now Oliver was dead scared. “*How does he know my memories?*” “*How does he know my name!*” You’re about to wake up, and a series of events are going to happen. I won’t tell you, but you will find out.

Part II

The First Event

Oliver woke up in a cold sweat, remembering everything from the dream. He looked at his clock and it read 7:54 AM. “Morning, Rocky,” he said. The cat meowed back at him. He brushed his teeth, ate his breakfast, and shook off the dream. Until, he made it to school. He got off the bus and walked into the school. The bus blew up. Screams everywhere. Firefighters rushed to the school. It was complete chaos. He thought about the dream. That was the first event. He limped into the school. He ran into the bathroom the wash the blood. The parents arrived there and hugged their kids. Oliver saw his parents and ran over to them and hugged them so hard. When they were driving home, they saw ambulances being loaded up with his classmates. He was mortified by the fact that the dream did this.

Oliver was in the dream again, but this time there were soggy walls around him, a low ceiling, and lights that had a buzz to them, and with a stained carpet. He looked around, scanning his surroundings. The voice starting humming. “Hello, Ollie.” Oliver sighed. *Not again*, he thought. “YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS A DREAM,” his voice boomed. “Pathetic humans. They don’t accept reality.” Oliver was gaining all his power. He managed to say these words.

“Why...Did...You...Do...This.” The voice stuttered. “No, no, no, no. He’s too powerful. He can’t make it through the next one.” He mumbled something in an ancient language, and told Oliver to wake up, it’s time for the next one. Oliver woke up in a cold sweat. He wondered what to do. Then, he got the idea, run away.

Part III Runaway

The dream happened again. The voice laughed madly. “So stupid, so pathetic.” Oliver rage was channeling. “Just like that one kid, Johnathan. Just like you, Ollie.” He thought about the kid Johnathan, and who he could be. Oliver had so much power in him. The lights flickered, and the ground shook. The voice cried out, “NO! MY POWERS!” Oliver’s power broke out of the ropes keeping him in the chair. They broke like twigs. The roof broke open, and floated up, into the roof hole. Then, he saw what the voice looked like. He was this gigantic bull with extremely large horns. With all of his strength, he killed the voice, and a bright light flashed. It was 5:00 AM, and he packed up, sneaked through the family room, and ran out the front door. His quest was to find whoever Johnathan is.