

`\documentclass{book}`   `\sepackage{geometry, parskip}`   `\geometry{a5paper, left=20mm, right=20mm, top=10mm}`   `\begin{document}`   `\begin{gobble}`

I was 7, when my fear of the night first began. A child should sleep on their bed. Not under it. But just to make it clear, I wasn't scared of the night. In fact, I thrived during the darkest of hours and revelled when the midnight clock rang. I wasn't scared of the night. No, not the night or the monsters that hid under my bed. No, not the night and all the dreary thoughts that would enter my head. Sleep. I was scared of sleep... absolutely terrified of it. I hated everything about it; from the false sense of security a dream gave you to the feeling of being "alive" a nightmare gave. I hated everything about it and all the lies told about it, just the word itself was enough to throw of my whole mood. Thus, I can justify my hatred of sleep but not conclude it, I suppose it's been long enough for me to brush dust of old memories. Very well then, this is my story. Of a different world and a different time when the world was ghost-quiet except for the crack of dawn and when problems started as quickly as they vanished.

The alarm bell rang. Ring ring! Ring ring! Two giant arms and two fists were cocked back like a revolver. Ready to fire their empty rounds into not-so-empty space. Their rounds ricocheted off bruised walls and bounced right into my ears; rattling the ins-and-outs of my skull. Ring ring! Ring ring! Post it notes. Tacked to the wall and decorated with detailed drawings began to lose their grip and fluttered towards the floor. Taking a mere bow as they were reduced to rubble.

Glass bottles. Half-full and Half-empty. Clanked from side-to-side. Rolling past and right into each other, swashing their insides up and down like a ship's rum on a stormy night. And just like the sea's thunder. Ring ring! Ring ring! My ears were met with a heavy thud. Then a gristly crunch. And a loud crack. The wind swept away the crime-scene, breathing away bits of glass to the side; whistling away as if nothing ever happened. At that moment in time, I could have been only praying for everything to stop. For my room to go back to normal. For morning to arrive. To just wake up. I wanted out. And fast.

My eyelids were two tents, pegged down, and flapped around amidst the chaos.

Huh? They won't budge. Left eye. Shut. Right eye? Shut to. Try, as I might no amount of eye scrunching could pry open these shut eyes. Try, as I might nothing I did would pry open my

bunkered down eyes. I began to imagine every possible way someone

open their eyes:
 

- Maybe a surgeon making a careful incision with a scalpel
- Or perhaps a mechanical unclasp your eyelids with an ancient pair of pliers
- Or even a wizard making you drink a potion that would magically make you see again

 Shut. They were definitely shut. I gave up and waited. Waited for it all to stop. Waited to drift back to bed and dream about cats and hot water bottles. That dream never came and my bed which had been sitting patiently in the furthest reaches of my room soon to began to give into the alarms demands. It began to stretch. Then it sank.

And slowly began to shake and slump; dancing to the alarms metronome. This is ridiculous. I couldn't even see for starters but I could already picture the mess I'd be needing to clean up. Furiously, I began wiggling my toes and mustered all my possible strength to form a ball with my fists. After what seemed like an eternity, I managed to push off of my blanket and rest my limp body onto my headboard. My eyes, were still closed but I was certain I was at least somewhat sitting up. Creeeeek. Wait, what was that? Suddenly, I felt my eyelids being peeled back to the very beginning. I could make out the faint warm glow of streetlights in the corner of my eyes and shattered glass. I couldn't believe my eyes, like it was alive I saw the bed also begin to sit up. Its rails and springs began to lift up.

"Nooooooooo" I screamed. I was being folded in! Shouting, was no use as my voice became an incomprehensible muffle against the sheets.

Without a thought to spare, grabbed my knees and went into a fetal position. From someone else's perspective, it would look utterly stupid, maybe cute. A teen locked under his blanket stuck in the fetal position, but no one was watching. Now, being rotated up and down side by side and free falling. I attempted to extend my arms and legs as far as I could but couldn't help but flail like a duck as I was falling with incredible speed. This is where the nightmare stops, I thought.

This is where my breathing kicks in, and I wake up in a cold sweat. Dreams always leave it to the scariest bit to make it extra breathtaking. Haha right? Like dropping a fly in a great big val of jelly. The soft duvet folded around him and swallowed him up. There was no imprint on the bed, no sign of disturbance no nothing. The only clue as to what had happened that night was. My screams fade out and it appear The city's surrounded itself. Mute-grey skyrisers, clad with concrete armour and tattered with windowless stares; litter the streets but never seem to end. Busy bodies with airbrushed faces brush past you; disappearing past the bend. A whistles been blown; slicing at the thick blanket of day and a taxi promptly arrives; going round a busy bend that it knows will never end. Follow this jungle of streets and you'll discover the web of veins pumping blood to its heart.\\ I flick through the map on my phone, taking the occasional upwards glance to confirm my whereabouts. When, my eyes accidentally lock with a thin bespectacled man walkign down the boulevard. In an irregularly striped suit.. Hoping, he could direct me to where I need to go, I decide to match my pacing with his\\ He walks faster.\\ I walk faster.\\ He walks faster.\\ I walk faster.\\ It goes on like this for a while and I start to see a thin bead of sweat trickle down the mans forehead. "Hi I was just}}

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