

Not ten minutes earlier, I was told not to do it. She told me as I laid my head down for the day, waiting for the familiar darkness to return once again. The lights went out as she turned around the corner, and there it was. I stared up above and reflected, imagined, prayed. I toyed with the taste in my mouth as I repeated to myself: I will remember, I will remember, I will remember... I forgot. The comfortable veil of dark blues and purples was soon distant from my perception, and in its absence, curtains of black prepped the stage.

The man stands tall, his violet skin illuminating my fear. The class he wears over his slim design gives him a sense of professional horror. Lightning screams, and the glass over his right, beady eye responds with pleasure. Closer... closer... his head crawls towards mine. The teeth chatter unnaturally, without breath between them. Closer... closer... His moustache gives the grin of his soul, and my body receives the chill of his heart. Closer... closer...

I suddenly returned to the sight of creeping yellow rays, now sitting up, only realizing so after attending to my breathing. While my heart rate dropped, so did the naked stick as it landed in my lap. I then realized its absence in my mouth, and then my forgetfulness. She had told me not to do it. I took the recent event as a direct consequence, although, looking back, I'm sure that she was concerned with a consequence of higher gravity.

From that time onward, I vowed to never again fall asleep with a lollipop in my mouth, or any sweet for that matter. Back then, I attributed the sugar I was supposedly consuming in my sleep to be the cause of the hyperactive nightmare. To this day, that experience has not been forgotten, and the vivid image from that terror still lingers in my mind. It's silly how these types of things can stick around, even when you wouldn't find them as frightening if they occurred now.