Sam ran through the forest at breakneck speed, slipping away from the sharp thorns and the abundant vegetation that grew everywhere across the walk.

She was chased after.

Just a few meters behind, she could feel the heavy breath and perceive the bloodlust growing into the jaws of the fearsome creature.

As the plants grew thinner, she spotted a nest of rocks, a small slit in the mountain that marked her only possibility to survive.

She sought refuge in the hole, escaping the paws of the bloody animal and slithering backwards on her back.

The beast had almost managed to creep in the gap when a metallic knife hit its legs, making it howl in pain and draw away its attention from the sandy-haired girl.

Out of the cave, someone fought with the beast; their yells of pain filled the air, as Sam’s body grew weak and her senses failed.

Slowly, she fell unconscious.

Sam woke up breathless, clinging on the metallic edges of the bed and trying to soothe the shivers of panic that permeated throughout her whole body.

Her forehead was beaded with sweat, and her heart pounded on her chest.

Running her fingers on the cold surface of the iron, she realized she was lying safe in the middle of her warm blankets, far from any dangerous beast or damp cavern, and breathed a long sigh of relief.

It’d all been a dream.

She groped for her water bottle in the shadows, and took a sip of the cold liquid, placing back the plastic container on the nightstand.