

I wanted a glass of water.

This thought suddenly came, as I opened my eyes. It was midnight. Maybe midnight. As if reading my mind, the town clock from afar begin chiming.

Dong... dong... dong...

Surely I did sleep some hours after watching that horror movie. I'm not a fan of that genre, but I'm not easily scared either. But my mother kept on asking me to accompany her watch the Halloween special, although she knew I was doing my homework. So I have no choice other than agree. I closed my book and sit beside my mother in the sofa, already curled inside a blanket.

The movie was okay. It's not that different from your typical horror movie, despite it was aired at "special" time. Just another stupid teenager group going on a summer vacation yada yada see a house in the middle of forest yada yada and continue barging in although it looks not inviting. Long story short, they all died. Nothing new. My mother was screaming though, at the most cliché jump scare like sudden power outbreak. Come on, it was not even scary.

I sprung off the bed, heading to the kitchen. Outside of my bedroom, it was super bright, as my mother was scared and insisted on keeping the lights on. Her bedroom was next to mine. From half opened door, I could see her sleeping figure, barricaded by pillows from all direction. Two of them is mine, which I have to give as exchange to accompany she sleep. I was old enough for that.

She was surely covered. I held my laugh, tried to be quiet as possible, as she could kill me if I woke her up. When I reached the kitchen down the hallway, I picked up the glass quietly from the cupboard, and walking to the water dispenser on the corner.

It was out of water.

There was only a few drop, as I pressed the tap. Maybe my mother finished them all. Her throat must be dry after all that screaming. I reached the refrigerator, only to see all water bottles are empty. The only ones full were syrup--cocopandan and orange--that has been there as long as I could remember.

Wait, there was surely water, and it's plenty in quantity. But, as I let out a sigh, they're ice. I peeked at the freezer. It's full of water, but not liquid. It would be very hard to pick up. Even if I succeed picking one chunk of them, waiting it to melt also takes quite some time.

That's it. I had to boil some.

I picked the smallest pan, placed it as close as possible to the tap so it didn't be too noisy, and opened up the tap. They said in more developed countries, you can drink tap water straightly from it. You don't have to boil to kill the germs. That must be very handy.

The pan was half full. I don't think I need a lot of water. Just a few glug and it'd be great. I placed it on the stove, turned on the stove,

But it couldn't be turned on.

"Ah shoot!"

For a moment I forgot to keep quiet. Again, as if reading my mind, the town clock had finally stop. How many times did it chimes anyway? I didn't pay attention. I tried desperately to turn the stove once more, only to hear click-click sound that never ignite fire. I felt like crying. Why is it so hard just to drink water?!

I suddenly remember an advertisement from some years ago. It was about people in rural area grinning happily when they saw water in front of them. "Water source 's near." I used to think they're too cringe. But now I got them. Now I felt like crying.

"At least I could drink my tears, haha!"

Be careful for what you wished for. As if giving a cue, the electricity was out. It was bright one second ago, and now it's pitch black. Darkness never feel so near. It was like hugging you from all direction, with nothing.

I forgot how to make a sound. I just want to go to my lovely, lovely bed. My legs were hard to move. But I have to walk. When I think I had walked through the kitchen, there is another hallway to walk by. It was never feel this long. I won't die in my own house, will I? This is even more stupid than dying in an abandoned house in the middle of a forest.

My hands were on wall, sensing and seeking guidance, as I moved slowly but not steadily forward. Suddenly I lost my guidance and my hand fell upon nothingness. I kept on searching, but it sensed something else.

"Eeeek!"

Somethingmovingsomethingmovingsomethingjahxown9xo--

It's like a flesh. Maybe a human. Should be a human. I didn't want to think of other possibility. My legs just give up on me. So I fell on the floor.

"Dear?"

I let out one more "Eeek!"

"Dear? Is that you?"

It was a familiar voice. My head was spinning to process. After a moment that feels like eternity, and that voice said "What's going on?", brain worked again. It's my mother's voice, duh.

As if someone was playing on the light, suddenly the electricity was on again. I had to adjust my eyes, again, for it was so sudden and shocking. I blanked rapidly. Sure enough it's my mother, standing in front of me, looking puzzled and sleepy.

I wanted to hug her. To release the urge to cry. To apologize for making fun of her as a scaredy-cat. To accept that maybe I'm not that old enough to sleep alone after a horror movie. But I just couldn't move any inch or say anything. So I just sit there, face up looking at her blankly.

As the tense begin to fade, I've come to my sense again. My first thought was: how stupid I am. I even thought I could die just some moments ago. I must looked miserable to my mother, as she was the one who seems want to hug me instead, but halted, after seeing me.

She didn't hug me, but i could feel the warmness. But this was another foolish thought, as I soon realized something more, the exact reason she didn't hug me. I got up to drink some water, but in the end, I lost some. I just peed.

31 Dec 2020 / 14 Jan 2021