**A Nightmare in My House**

* **Aryan Patil**

It was a dark starlit winter night. A crisp cool breeze blew through the leaves and made shrill notes, fooling people’s ears who misunderstood it for the sound of rain. The beautiful moon would occasionally peep through the clouds. People would rarely come out at night, because of the fear of thieves and stray dogs that acted quite strange by the end of the day.

In spite of all this, there was a very comfortable feeling in our house. I just had dinner with my family and the atmosphere in the house was calm and warm as we all felt safe within these walls. After a short by hearty conversation with the family members, I went off to bed. I set my alarm to get up in the morning and lied down on my cosy bed. The mixture of a cool pillow and bedsheet with the fuzzy warmth inside the blanket made the most suitable conditions for sleeping and soon I drifted into the land of dreams.

In some time I heard a faint sound, when I opened my eyes. I, being disoriented, climbed out of the bed and went downstairs to check from where the sound had come. As I was walking down the stairs, there suddenly came a loud sound of thunder that took me by surprise and I stumbled at a step and came tumbling down. Slowly as I tried to recover from the situation, I heard a loud ‘thud’ at the door, scared of what it might be. I hid in the kitchen, behind the refrigerator. After three or four more sounds at the door, the door came crashing down and the two burglars entered our house with an axe and a gunny-sack. I mustered up the courage to follow them and inform my parents about it who probably had not heard a thing. I tiptoed and followed the burglars as they went about the house searching for jewellery, money and other valuable items. I had seen them bagging too many of the valuable goods because of which I felt an urgent need to tell my parents about the situation. I went to their bedroom and slowly opened the door. But to my horror there was no one in the room. Afraid, I checked the rooms of the other family members only to find no one in any of the rooms. I was so scared that the only sound that I could hear was of my own heart going *thump* *thump thump*. Panic-stricken I decided to run for my life out of the house. But as I was closing on to the door, the burglars spotted me. They were quick, strong and easily got hold of me. I swerved but in vain. One of the two held me by my hands and the other tied my legs and took out a gun from his pocket. He pointed the barrel right at my forehead. I cried out prayers, I cried for help but no one came. Then I heard the trigger go click and I shut my eyes tight, sure of what was going to follow. And then a deafening thud was heard. And I woke up, sweating. My heart beat was loud enough to be heard in the quiet room. To my relief it was a nightmare.