1. The Dream…

Yuma was running from something, as if he was being chased. He went from door to door for a breakout. There was nothing but rows of doors, and the one that had caught his eye was the one with lights around the edges. *This could be the one.* He opened it, and light lidded into his side of the door. Yuma peeked at the room, realizing that he cannot escape—but he noticed that he is no longer the only human being in the place.

The room was dull, colorless and empty, as if it could be a place that a mad person could’ve settled in. A young man—but older than Yuma—with dark blonde hair and disappointing eyes.

The man looked at Yuma, finally noticed. “What are you doing here? Can’t you see that I’m busy?” he said

“I think I’ve broken”—Yuma was interrupted.

“You deactivated my games?”

“Games?” Yuma was suddenly confused. *They were games?*

The man let out a sigh, “I don’t know what else to do, I don’t want to disappoint people.”

Yuma looked at the man’s name tag. It read “Henry.”

Henry began to vent. “My mind isn’t straight. I’ve made something terrible.”

“What is it?” Yuma asked.

Henry’s voice became softer. “Her name is Baby. It’s too late to deactivate her... I’m sorry.”

Yuma was still perplexed. The lights flickered, then eventually became dark.

“The show will begin momentarily,” a voice announced, “Everyone please stay in your seats.”. It was soft and feminine with no feeling. Yuma was almost relaxed by it.

He saw green shining eyes just staring at him with suspicion. They stopped glowing, then he heard the sound of movement, like someone or something is walking closer.

Then, the lights turned back on.

Yuma found himself watching the dead corpse of Henry. His head rested on his wooden desk and already started bleeding.

Yuma stepped back, about to flip his own lid.

*He’s dead! Who killed him?*

The door shut on him. He stopped, feeling that an enigma was behind him. He slowly turned around, then saw a little girl with strawberry blonde twin tails and green eyes standing right behind him.

Yuma began to feel safe, then stepped closer. “Little girl, what happened?”

The girl was looking at him deeply into his burgundy eyes. “We were used.” She treaded back into the darkness. Yuma walk towards her direction. It was so dark he couldn’t see a thing; it was like he was blind. Yuma waved his hands so he could feel. He touched something. It felt smooth, but solid. There were some odd edges that ran across the large object. He decided to stand on his toes to try to touch some extra details.

He could feel a face…a nose…eyes…*pigtails? Is it a statue?*

The face randomly start to move, and it made Yuma startle. He quickly jumped back, as if it was ready to sink its teeth into his head.

Its eyes glowed green, and it whispered to him, “Don’t hold it against us.”

There were sections on the animatronic’s face that shift away and comes back to its facial position. It had pigtails, and it looked similar to the girl who went away. She looked clownish, and it terrified Yuma.

*What are you?* He thought.

The droid’s stomach opened, and a claw came out of it and literally ripped his heart out. He began to fall. Yuma couldn’t feel the pain in his chest but on his back…

—*Thump*

“*Yuma, wake up.*”

Yuma opened his eyes and found himself waking up to a purple blur. He rubbed his eyes to take a closer look—it was his friend, Reginald “Shark” Kastle.

Shark had pushed him off Yuma’s hammock. “It took you a long time;” he said, “it’s so impossible to get you up.”

Yuma was almost shocked that didn’t have a heart attack, or at least something from that dream. He finally got up to get dressed for Duel Academy; Yuma was giving his friend the look—Shark knows the signal, so he left.

Yuma couldn’t help but think about it. *I don’t even know this Henry dude.*

He walked out of his bedroom, ready to eat fresh breakfast straight from his grandmother’s cooking. Her food had always tasted wonderful. Yuma sat down at the kitchen table and started to eating like an abnormal human being. Yuma then grabbed his school shoes and started to walk out the door. Shark went along with him.

“You seemed worried. What’s wrong?” Shark asked.

“It was nothing,” Yuma said finally, “just a dream.”

“What kind of dream?”

“A creepy one.” Yuma responded.

Shark wanted him to talk more, “What is it about?” He asked.

Yuma was a little hesitant. “Well, I was being chased around by robots, saw a strange man, and he got killed. Then, I got killed.”

“Well, that is just…nice.” Shark said sarcastically

“Yeah,” Yuma shrugged, “it was creepy—anyway, how is breakfast?”

“It was great. Your grandmother is a really good cook.” Yuma knew that Shark was just being sarcastic.

“My grandma always a great cook, no matter how old she is.”

Shark put his shoes back on to get ready to go out. Yuma, on the other hand, was attempting to multitask—he was trying to find his other shoe while eating his “duel fuel.”

“Hurry up, Yuma!” Shark growled. “Do you want to go to detention?”

“No, I can’t!” Yuma cried, “No offence to Girag, but I don’t want to be in an empty room with him—he’s scary-looking!”

Shark mumbled. “Yeah, like a sadistic redhead doesn’t scare you.”

Shark would’ve a skeleton by now, but he’s not. Yuma just found his missing shoe. They both started running their way to school. None of them talked though. Just heavy breaths and loud footsteps.

The two boys finally got to the doors of the Duel Academy, and they were not late for once. Yuma took his assigned seat in the back. Other kids came into the class, joking around like normal human beings. Then, there was an old frenemy fake-named Ray Shadows. His real name is Vector.

“That’s new.” Shark pointed out.

Ray’s face looked terrible. His violet eyes had dark circles under them, as if he haven’t been sleeping or something. No one has ever seen him like this.

Yuma became worried. He waved his arms to grab Ray’s attention.

“*Ray!*”

The redheaded boy looked up to Yuma’s eye-sight. “What do you want?” Ray asked.

Ray’s personality is way different from other people. He is childish, sinister, and attentive at the same. Like Shark, he was once inhuman.

Yuma stroked his cupped hand toward himself, telling Ray to come to him, and Ray went to Yuma.

“What happened to you?” Yuma asked.

“I was being such a clumsy person,” Ray answered, “I fell down the stairs.”

Yuma had to chuckle. “I’m sorry.” He said.

“It only hurts a little.”

The door opened, and the kids was watching a tall individual.

The teacher was seconds late coming to class. He said he had a meeting. He proceeded to his desk and took a sip from his coffee cup. The teacher raised up once again from his desk to walk around the large room, giving papers to the students in the class.

Once Yuma received his worksheet, he began to read it. He stared at the slightly chipped printing, it was somewhat smeared as well. He wrote his name on the paper, while listening to Mr. Kay, the teacher, talking to the students about reminders of working hard and acting like polite students—which seemed to rarely happen. Then, he explained about the Algebra test coming up.

Yuma began to rest on his desk as Mr. Kay was talking. Suddenly he traveled into the woods. He looked around his surroundings, it was one of those scary dark forests he’d seen in horror movies. Yuma immediately ran past the dark, de-leaved trees. He felt as if someone has been following him while he’s not looking.

Eventually, he crawled out of the slender, pitch-black trees, seeing the sight of a garage. It looked more like a workshop—it was abandoned. Yuma was terrified, but ran inside. He could see the parts of each robots he had seen in the last dream. There were no lights in the room, only a flashlight. He grabbed it to try to turn it on—he realized it had no batteries. Yuma tried to look for them; he couldn’t find any.

He started to look around the strange workshop. The tables are filled with animatronic parts. He examined every one of them. Some of them seemed strange.

Then, Yuma heard something, like a cartoonish voice. He walked toward the noise. He made sure he walked slowly, just to feel a little safe. Yuma realized he had kicked something, so he looked down. There was nothing.

Unexpectedly, he felt something behind him. He gradually aimed his head at the most terrifying creature, with its skin ripped off, leaving the muscles with metal pieces sticking out of it. Yuma was having trepidation.

The monster’s skinless face opened up and show its brains and everything in the skull. There were some more small machines that were stuck inside. “I don’t recognize you.” it said. Although it was telling him an obvious statement, Yuma screamed and ran, trying to find a way out. He tripped and fell; he could feel a needle stabbing his rear end. Yuma turned around, running his hands against the unkempt ground. He could feel dirt, wood, and some *rope* attached to it—an opening!

Yuma pulled onto it as quickly as possible before the creature gets closer to him. The door started to open inch by inch. He pushed the door above himself, relieved. He turned around, and saw that beast, staring at him.

“I don’t recognize you.” it said more firmly.

Yuma once again screamed and fell inside the opening.

“*Please don’t kill me, ugly creature!*” he cried. He felt an arm, holding him back, and Yuma is freaking out. When he fell, he jerked his head up, snapping back to reality…

1. (Anonymous)

Did you know that I was on stage once? It wasn’t for very long, only one day. What a wonderful day, though. I was in a small room with balloons and a few tables. No-one sat at the tables, though, but children would run in and out. Some were afraid of me, others enjoyed my songs. Music was always coming from somewhere else down the hall. I would always count the children, I’m not sure why. I was always acutely aware of how many there were in the room with me. *Two, then three, then two, then three, then four, then two, then none*. They usually played together in groups of two or three. I was covered in glitter. I smelled like birthday cake.

*There were two, then three, then five, then four.*

I can do something special, did you know that? I can make ice cream, although I only did it once.

There were four, then three, then two, then *one*. Something happened when there was one. A little girl, standing by herself.

I was no longer myself. And I stopped singing. My stomach opened, and there was ice cream. I couldn’t move at least, not until she stepped closer. There was screaming for a moment, but only for a moment. Then other children rushed in again, but they couldn’t hear her over the sounds of their own excitement. I still hear her sometimes. Why did that happen?

3. Yuma Tsukumo

Yuma looked at his classroom; he realized that everyone was giving him chuckles and laughter. Yuma ignored them. His mind is on that dream the he just had.

“Geez,” Mr. Kay said, still gently grabbing his arm, “I’m actually pretty handsome, thank you.”

“Sorry…” Yuma’s voice dropped, remembering what he said when he woke up.

Mr. Kay chuckled a little, then strolled back to his desk, continuing checking papers that has already been turned in. “Yuma,” the teacher smiled, “you need to get your work done.”

Mr. Kay is a wonderful teacher, the only teacher Yuma would consider his friend. Like everyone else, the math teacher has his downs. He once shut down all of the city’s lights to let people see beautiful fireworks, and that’s because he’s well, a hacker.

Yuma got a hold of his paper again, perplexed. Then he walk to the teacher to

A fanfic I’m working on….