

Hannah

Have you ever heard about lucid dreaming? It's used for overcoming fears, therapy or just having some fun. It's a dream you have full control of, though it's so real it doesn't feel like one at all. But it's just a dream. Somewhere nothing and no one can hurt you, right?

It was Monday, 7:00 am, and as every day, that annoying *beep beep* almost gave me a heart attack. I stood up and prepared myself for the upcoming day. Nothing special or different... Until lunch. I was walking down the hall, when a group of people passed in front of me. They were talking about somewhere fantastic, where you could do everything you wanted and the only limit was waking up. I was trying to catch up the details on what they were saying, because that place sounded like heaven, but then I saw her. There she was, Hannah, best friends since we were like 5 or something, looking at me as if we were complete strangers. She was holding hands with that jerk she called her boyfriend. Then I tripped. Yes, just when I thought the situation couldn't be worse, there I was, lying on the floor with probably the most embarrassing look on my face. Luckily (or unluckily) they completely ignored me, so I picked myself up as the bell rang, and I headed to my next class. I finally arrived home, and the first thing I did was obviously look into that place the girls were talking about. I did some research, and found out about lucid dreaming and how to do it. To be honest, I couldn't wait until bedtime, so I just decided to take a nap and try it.

It was Tuesday, 7:00 am, that annoying *beep beep* makes me realise nothing happened... What a waste of time. I repeat the same steps as every day. I'm in the hall again, and the same group as yesterday pass once again, except this time when Hannah and I look at each other, she runs and hugs me. We both start crying, while in the background a loud *beep beep* fills the air waking me up. Since that day every night was Monday 7:00. Every Monday, Hannah and I were again closer and closer, and our friendship was recovering. At school, my grades started going higher, I started to make more friends and I started being happier. Everything in my life seemed to be going for the best until I saw her. We looked at each other, but nothing happened. I realised Monday 7:00 only existed in my head.

It was Thursday, 6:59 am. I turned off the alarm before it sounded. Sick of following every day my usual boring routine; I headed to school with a plan. At lunch time I stood in the hall, hoping she would arrive soon. Minutes felt like hours, but finally, she appeared. I called her name, and for the first time in real life I said something to her: I'm sorry.