

# The double nightmare



There I was, driving southbound on Hoover Rd. in the brown 1974 Ford Grand Torrio Elite my parents had bought me for my last birthday. I had only had this gigantic, steel car for about ten months. I was in love with every inch of the car, from its tan mint condition interior to its flawless, dark brown, glossy body. Usually when I would drive it would seem as if I were in heaven; just floating along down the road. Today however was different; something didnt seem right about the foggy environment around me. It was as if I couldnt control my actions or feelings, I had no sense of taste, touch, and barely any sight, and for some reason it was 7: 30 in the morning, but black as midnight outside. For some reason I could feel that something bad was going to happen.

I knew I was running late for my dreaded Calculus class at the high school so I sped up a little. Every few hundred yards or so I would speed up until I was racing down the long stretch of asphalt at about seventy miles per hour. All of the sudden a huge black dog darted out in front of me. I slammed on the brakes, snatched the wheel, and tried to avoid the helpless dog. It was too late. I clipped the dog in the rear sending me into a uncontrollable tailspin into the ditch where my car landed upside down. That was the last of my wonderful car. Well so I thought it was.

Kris wake up! Youre going to be late! shouted my preachful mother. I abruptly dove out of bed as if it was on fire and I was something very flammable. Whew! I thought, what a terrible dream! I threw my clothes on and was out of the house faster than my mom could even ask me if I wanted breakfast. I jumped into the car remembering the dream I had just had and

hurried over to pick up my friend. I pulled up to his house where he was waiting outside shaking his head at me like a disappointed father.

What took you so long? Its 7: 25. You know were gonna be late right? he lectured.

I overslept and just had the worst dream ever!, I explained.

We conversed on the way to school about the weekend that had just passed. Knowing we were going to be late I put the pedal to the metal and simultaneously remembered the events in my dream. Needless to say I drove the speed limit down the long stretch of Hoover Rd.

Bibliography:

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