

I could not sleep well  
that night



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

As I opened my eyes, I was staring up at the bright blue sky above me. It was a very lovely day. In fact, I had never seen such a perfect day in my life.

The clouds looked especially puffy that day and there was even one with the shape of a heart. There was another one shaped like a star and another that looked like a bunny. As I got up, in front of me was the most beautiful garden that I could not even imagine existed on this corrupted world. The Eden-like garden was so ethereal and flamboyant that my feet could almost float above the ground and fly across the garden without any care in the world. Alongside the pathway of that magnificent garden was full of colourful bushes of flowers and as I skipped along the pathway, a group of white bunnies skipped along with me. The wind was breezing pleasantly as it caressed my smiling cheeks. At the end of the polka-dotted pathway, I saw a fantasy-like house emerging right in front of me. It looked like one of those houses that you would most likely see in Alice in Wonderland.

It smelled very sweet too. However, this house seemed oddly familiar and I could feel that I should not go near that house but who cared It looked quite inviting to me so I stepped closer towards the house. The house looked small but cosy at the same time. The walls of the house felt kind of sandy when I touched it and rather weird too because it was not made up of wood even though the colour of the house was a warm caramel brown.

Out of curiosity, my hand reached out to break a piece of that nice-smelling wall. Without even realizing it, my hand automatically put the broken piece of the wall into my mouth. Wow, I didn't know I was that hungry! Surprisingly, I wasn't shocked at all when the wall tasted just like

homemade cookies that my mom used to make when I was little. Hmm??! it tasted so crunchy and scrumptious. My stomach suddenly felt so empty and my mouth started to water at the thought of the whole house was made out of delicious cookies.

Intrigued whether the inside of the house would be edible too, I opened the doorknob of the house. Oh. My.

God. I was speechless as I saw the inside of the house was full of food. The furniture, the house appliances, the wall and floor ornaments and even the flowers. All of it was made out of food! I could not believe my eyes as I walked across the living room floor that was covered with butterscotch-flavoured bread carpet. It was like a food heaven on earth.

I tried to touch one of the chairs in the room and it started to wobble as it was made out of jelly. I took a step closer to a coffee table at the centre of the room and it was exactly what I had predicted. The table was made out of chocolate milk. One of my most favourite food of all. I could smell it from fifteen yards away. I was almost drooling when I put my nose closer to the table. Unconsciously, I started to break the table into pieces and eat the coffee table appetizingly. Then, I grabbed one of the flowers on the table that was made out of vanilla ice-cream cake and stuffed it into my mouth.

For drinks, I grasped one of the flower vases and poured the hot chocolate inside the vase into my mouth as well as the vase since the vase was made out of candy cane. While I was still enjoying the time of my life eating the furniture of the house, suddenly the house started to shake. It was slow at first and then, it started to shake real hard until the house was about to

collapse. The windows of the house started to break and the walls cracked. I tried to hide under a table but it was no use because the table was made out of sweet crackers. So, it broke easily. I didn't know what to do so I started to panic and ran around the house frantically. My mind was screaming, I am going to die! I am going to die! All of a sudden, my eyes flapped open.

I was sitting in a vast yet very familiar hall and I saw that everyone was looking at me. I wondered where was I exactly. The moment my eyes caught the writing on the blackboard in front of me, memories came rushing in. Silently, I murmured to myself, I'm dead. I'm dead.

At that time, I wouldn't dare looking at the outside of the hall since I knew that there were a pair of angry eyes staring at me. I could almost feel Pn. Norma's eyes boring into me. Without wasting any time, I finished the essays just before the prefects of the SPM exam collected the papers. While everyone was celebrating their last day of SPM exam, I sat in a corner across the hall thinking what could have happened if I didn't wake up when the prefect awoke me.

I could have been dead, mentally and physically. After a quick lecture from my Malay Language teacher, Pn. Norma, I went home. As if traumatized by the incident earlier that evening, I could not sleep well that night.