

Daydreamer

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A little something based on 'Daydreamer' by Ian McEwan that we had to write in English at school. I'm not sure how it ended up as a fanfic, but still...^^ [Oneshot]

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/shadowkat2407/44461/Daydreamer>

Chapter 1 - Daydreamer

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1 - Daydreamer

Miss Loader's lesson was dead boring! The children stared at the white board like a class of corpses. Miss Loader's voice droned on like a hive of angry hornets. From time to time, two troublemakers called out random words at the teacher's back. Occasionally, someone yawned...

Suddenly, I heard a horrific moan from outside of the classroom. I looked out of the window and realised that it was pitch black outside, as if someone had switched off some inter-cosmic light.

I turned to ask Steve what was going on, and if he had heard the noise, but I stopped suddenly when I realised that Steve was no longer sitting next to me! I looked around and found myself in an empty room! It was as if all of my classmates had just, well...disappeared!

I stood up and began to back away from the window, watching it all the time. As I looked out, I saw what seemed like an army of black shadows walking...no, lurching...toward the building. I decided not to stick around and find out what the shadows actually were. I ran out of the door, slamming it behind me. I stood in the corridor to catch my breath, and then began to run toward the doors that lead to the school yard.

"You can't go that way," said a calm female voice that seemed to be coming from one of the classrooms, "The carriers are everywhere. They're blocking all of the main entrances on that side. There's no way out down there."

"What are carriers?" I asked, suddenly feeling a rush of confidence. However, this rush lasted for only a few seconds. I stepped back and pulled my hood up so the owner of the voice couldn't see my face. I realised something while I did this though; I wasn't scared of what was going on! I was possibly about to die, but I wasn't even shaking! My train of thought was interrupted by the woman when she began to speak again.

"Carriers?" she began, "They're poor, defenceless citizens who have been submitted to the effects of the T...why am I telling you this? It's not important! You don't need to know any of it!"

She stopped when the sound of breaking glass began to echo down the corridor. The moans that had before been quiet were now oh so much louder. I realised that these...things...must have made it into the building! I wanted to run. I could hear the woman calling to me, shouting, telling me to follow, but I couldn't move. I was too busy building up a mental image of what these things would look like. The woman had said that they were 'innocent citizens', so they must be human. Maybe they were cannibals? A thought of a short, skinny man wearing a grass skirt, with a bone pierced through his nose and bright blue hair flew into my mind. I nearly laughed, but at that moment the 'carriers' burst into the corridor.

A door flew open and a human fell through it. At first glance, it looked normal. It looked like Steve! It was Steve! I began to run toward him, but stopped dead when he looked at me. He didn't have a left eye.

As I stared at him, unable to pull my gaze away, I realised that he was missing a few fingers...and his foot was at a very strange angle...and there was a gaping, shapeless hole in the side of his head...

I felt someone pulling on my shoulder and let them pull me into one of the classrooms.

"Idiot!" said the now-so-familiar voice, "We could have both been killed...you're lucky I tried to come and rescue you!"

I turned away from the door to take a look at this woman, the one who was for some reason convinced that my friend would have killed me.

The woman was amazingly beautiful. Her black hair took on a silvery shine when she walked into the

dim light in the classroom. She wore an ankle-length red dress, dark coloured butterflies embroidered onto one side, the other side split up to the waist. Her eyes sparkled like the ocean in the evening light, glittering with mystery, and something else as well...intelligence.

"Okay, you seem innocent," she said, and I realised that she had been checking me out as I looked at her, "Now go down there."

She was pointing at a hole in the floor where a bookcase had once been. I realised that she must have moved the bookcase out of the way by herself...quite a feat for such a 'petite' woman!

"You first," I said, smiling slightly.

When we were both at the bottom of the ladder, I decided that the time had finally come to introduce myself. I couldn't stay a secret for ever.

"My name's Chris Redfield," I stated, holding out my hand and grinning.

"Ada," she told me, shaking my hand, "Ada Wong."

"What are you doing here?" I asked her, "I don't think I recognise you, and you can't be anything to do with the school, the head wouldn't let you wear a dress like that..."

Ada walked over to a rock and sat on it before replying. The sort of thing grown-ups do when they think you're not going to stop asking them questions for ages.

"I'm looking for..." she hesitated, "...someone."

"Who?" I asked, before I could stop myself.

"Classified!" she snapped angrily, "Do you know if anyone else survived?"

I grumbled something under my breath about not changing the subject, then shook my head. Before either of us could say anything else, we heard thunderous thumps coming from the trapdoor above us. Silently, Ada grabbed my wrist and pulled me into a low tunnel that contained nearly two feet of water. The water slowed me down, but I kept moving, not wanting to appear slow to this obviously professional (and extremely beautiful) woman. However, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't keep up with her - she just kept running! She was only slightly out of breath, and she was still pulling me by the wrist! The tunnel was getting narrower, and even I was having to stoop - I felt sorry for Ada! She was practically crawling now, and she had mud and dust all over her dress! The water was nearly at our chins now, and I thought we were going to have to turn back and face the zombie-creatures. It was then that we burst into a huge chamber.

The cavern was absolutely amazing! Water poured from a hole in the wall, explaining the 'little difficulty' that Ada and I had encountered in the tunnel. The walls were shiny from the slime left on the stone by the water. There was a huge opening in the ceiling which seemed big enough to fit a chopper through.

And there was a helicopter in the middle of the room. It was on a raised platform, and it looked like it was the only way out.

Ada and I began to run toward the chopper, me in front of her. I heard a thump from behind me, and turned to see Ada on the floor, one of the 'zombies' biting her leg. She pulled a gun from...somewhere...and shot it off. I ran toward her and fell to the floor beside her.

"I think I'm gonna die!"

She sounded surprised, as if she hadn't expected to die so soon.

"No!" I shouted, angry that I couldn't save her, "NO! You can't die!"

"I..." she faded out for a second, and then began to speak again, though her voice was weaker, "I want you to...take this..."

She handed me the gun that she had been holding and I took it cautiously from her.

"How do I use it?" I asked, trying to let Ada die laughing. She smiled, then began to laugh softly. I closed my eyes as the laughter grew quieter...

...The laughter was stronger again when I opened my eyes! I looked up and saw Miss Loader standing over me, one hand on her hip, the other holding a piece of paper with my name on it. A piece of paper covered by a huge capital 'F'.

"Looks like another detention!" she said slyly, frowning down at me as everyone laughed.