

# Dream Escape

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*Rachel has had the same horrible dream for 2 weeks. She thought nothing of it at the time, until her and her friends got trapped in one.*

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**Chapter 1 - Haunted Nightmares**

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# 1 - Haunted Nightmares

## Haunted Nightmares

It was mid night, very dark and cold out side. The housing complex was seemingly empty and quiet. The moon was out and the sky was bare, accept for the moon and the stars; not even a cloud. The streets were silent but for the taps of shoes on the asphalt. They sounded like some one was running. Rachel peered down from her yard into the street, looking south. Nothing. All that was there was a slight mist from the rain they had that day. She got up from her chair on the patio and stood in the middle of the street looking for the cause of the noise. Looking toward the south, the direction of the sound, she began walking.

She was walking for several minutes when she saw some thing at the end of the street: A large blur that looked like a building stretching along both cross streets. she approached it, and looked at the door: It was tall, like a industrial garudge door; it was red and rusted and peeling. She heard running noises from in side the complex, and followed by a tap of metal against rock, and then a scream!

Her voice seemed to have left her at the moment she fell to the ground.

"What the hell?" she mumerd when she notice blood spilling from under the door. She sat up, still and silent. She walked over to the door, and put her hand on the rust. A few seconds and nothing. Not even the foot steps that lead her there echoed. But, once a minute passed by, she felt a pound on the door. An then these words screamed from some horrid monster, "This is your fate, now parish!"

Rachel woke up an hour earlier then she needed to. But by now, she was used to it. She was also used to the horror after shock following the dream. Rachel was 16 years old, tall, and empty on the in side. She has been haveng dreams like the one you just read about since she was 12. But, her mother only knew about it the past month. This, being odd, wasn't. Rachel was always very secretive about the smallest things. Her mother wouldn't have known even now if she hadn't talked to her friends, who Rachel shared every thing with, especially her oldest Friends , Lize and Laure, the twins. She got up and opened he laptop. The room was still dark, accept for the moon shine and the street lights. She wasn't scared of the dreams. More annoyed than any thing else. Her dreams usually never repeated in the past, but the last 2 weeks have only been that same dream. And now she has been worried about her state of mind. Is this a break down? A Collapse of my entire mentality due to stress? Or are the dreams meaningless? What ever the meaning, that didn't change the fact that it annoyed her greatly.

"Liz, come on. Please be online." She whispered to her self as she signed in to her yahoo in-box. Lize and Laure shared an email address, but they also had there own separate ones as well. Lize and Laure were online, as usual. They were early worms and got up at 6 to 6:30, depending when they went to sleep.

Rachel sent them a message in chat mode:

Rachel: Lize? U there?

Lize and Laure: This is unusual, Ray. Why up so early?

Rachel: that same dream. It woke me up this time. And its pissing me off.

A few seconds went by. Rachel knew that the twins where talking about it, and the response they would give.

A minute went by with out a word. Rachel was going to give up on them when they typed:

Lize and Laure: Its gotten so bad. We need to talk at school today. Only the 3 of us.

Rachel: Okay. Thanks. I'm going to bed now. Night.

Lize and Laure: why? Your already up, so chat. By the way, Laure said u suck if you go back to bed.

Rachel: Whatever. See you both later.

And Rachel shut her lap top and rested for the last hour she had before mid-terms. And when I say "Rested", I mean laying in be stareing at the ceiling with out an ounce of sleep. That lasted, for what Rachel felt, only a few minutes before she heard her father running a shower up stairs and her mother calling to her from the kitchen that echoed through out the house. Damn, no sleep, Rachel mumbled to her self as she sat up.

She walked slowly to her bathroom, dizzy from getting up so fast, and sleepily dragging her feet through the door way. For a time, she just looked in the mirror, refusing to lift her hand for her tooth brush.

Walking past her mirror(and her tooth brush) she listened to the shower above her. It stopped and she began to run herself a bath. The water dripped out at first, and then it spout out in a stream of hot water. "They still havn't fixed my plumming." She whisperd. She put a stopper in the drain, undressed, and laid down in the hot water. This was just an excuse to sleep more before school. But, even though she was tired, she couldn't sleep. Maybe it was the dream, she thought.

About 10 minutes into the bath, she heard a gurgeling sound in the drain. She leaned over, expecting to see a clot of hair blocking the drain, but what she saw was an eye, a red eye that dissapeared when it blinked. Rachel wasn't scared. Not even startled. She felt she was still in her dream, and allot of unusuall things happened in her dreams. She hastened her bath and got out. She got dressed, ran down stairs, and ate her breakfast before the start of school.