
'It' & 'Don't Talk To Strangers'

You never know what
will happen

By Rachael Mann
Dream night: 6-01-2011

Chapter One

The house is dark. My brother and I are the only ones home. I walk into the kitchen to head towards the bathroom and get ready for bed. The kitchen is an open space with a dining table in front of large sliding glass doors to the backyard. There is a large window a few feet next to the sliding glass doors. A kitchen pantry is in the corner after the window and then the bathroom door is in the mudroom, next to the kitchen.

Since I know my way around, I rarely turn lights on so when I walk through the kitchen to the bathroom, it is dark. Even though it isn't much of a walk across the kitchen to get to the bathroom, I always try to quickly pass the kitchen because of the large glass doors that don't provide much protection between me in the safe house and the unknown threats of the outside.

I hate the glass sliding doors. The handle and lock never seem to close easily, so I always struggle to lock it. You have to push the handle in hard, while applying pressure in an up direction to make sure the sliding lever gets into the hole because they don't line up correctly if you don't push up on the handle. If you don't apply enough pressure or push up enough, the lever misses the catch and you have to start all over again. It usually takes me at least two-three times before I can get it securely locked.

I need to follow the house routine – lock all doors before going to bed. I mean, what if something is trying to get in the house and I have to lock the door to stop it? How would I be able to do it fast enough knowing that I can rarely lock it on my first attempt!?! So one can see my hesitation when it comes to locking the door anytime, let alone at night, when we all know that's when the scary creatures come out!

Chapter Two

So, I'm walking to the bathroom and I glance outside. I get a glimpse of what looks to be a pair of headlights slowly floating by the sliding door, the window and onward. That's scary. First, a car can't possibly fit back there to drive by! So what is it and what does 'it' want? The light disappears. I slowly tip-toe towards the glass doors. My heart is pounding in my chest. I really don't want to peer outside but I must in order to make sure we are safe.

I'm about two feet from the doors, standing to the side so I can't be seen if 'it' looks in. I start seeing the headlights come around the corner of the house again. I run up against the small wall between the doors and window to protect myself. I crouch down and peer out the window. The headlights are getting brighter, 'it' is just about to pass by the sliding doors. Here is my chance to see what 'it' is. My heart is pushing on my chest as I look out the window. Here goes nothing...

What? I had to look again. It was a Billy Goat! A goat?! For sure that's what I saw. And it wasn't walking – it was floating, hovering just above the ground, like you see ghosts move. And the eyes were bright beams of light, like headlights! Believe me, this definitely was not a friendly goat and it sure was spooking the heck out of me! A creepy floating goat with headlight beaming eyes, with sharp, long horns – I wouldn't want to encounter that thing at all.

What was it doing outside? What would happen if I tried to lock the door? Would it see me and bust through the glass and attack me!? I quickly ran out of the kitchen and told my brother. Obviously he didn't believe me. But it was there, I saw it. Don't open the glass doors!

Everything starts fading...

'Don't Talk to Strangers'

Chapter Three

So here's the thing. I got my degree from college graduation. But somehow I still needed to take a semester's worth of classes; I didn't understand this. If I have my degree, that proves I have met the requirements, so why do I have to go back and still take some courses? What will happen if I don't? They can't take my degree away, they already gave it to me. So with that in mind, I've only been going to a class here and there just because I was too scared not to go at all – fear of the consequences!

So, I'm sitting in bed trying to figure out if I'm supposed to go to class tomorrow, and what classes I'd be going to. I hadn't gone to them in awhile, so I'm not quite sure of the schedule. Do I even know how to get to the college anymore? Let me get those directions, too.

It's getting late and I fear that I'm not going to have enough time to figure out what classes to go to, if I need to do any homework for those classes, and figure out where I need to go.

Morning comes and I look outside. It snowed during the night and there is a two-hour delay. This delay applies to the college too. So that's good, I have two more hours to spare to try to figure out what the heck I'm doing.

In the mean time, my brother hands me a letter from the college that shows what courses I need to finish. According to this letter, the P.E. teacher said I didn't finish running the mile and thus she failed me for the class and that I need to complete it before I can officially graduate.

Chapter Four

Scene change:

Immediately I'm sitting in a classroom with the P.E. teacher, the current class and a few family members. I'm arguing with the teacher and the administrators that I had finished the mile. "Remember when I came back and entered one of your other class times to finish the mile?" I told her. Some of it was coming back to her, but she still stuck to her guns.

That's not fair.

Then it became a question and answer session with the current class. There were also some people there who were former students like me who came to talk to the class.

One of them was the former prom queen turned humanitarian. Unsettled at my own career path, the teacher asked me what I thought about her. I questioned the girl as to how a prom queen, only focused on popularity in school, could turn into a responsible adult like her? She looked at me and said she just realized it was her destiny.

Students in the class asked me how I got where I was and if I were going to finish my classes. So I had to explain to them that I did finish my classes and that they needed to stay in school so they don't wind up in the same situation.

Scene change:

As I'm leaving the classroom, I stop over at the school store. There are some Swedish fish near the register and I want to buy a handful of them. I didn't have much money on me though. The cashier was a student. Dirty-blond hair, braided pig-tails and large, blue glasses. She tells me the total is .40. I'm going through the change in my pocket.

I pull out a quarter, she takes it. I pull out another quarter and put it on the counter, she takes it. Then I pull out a nickel, she takes it. Now to find a dime so I can give her exact change. I find a dime and hand it to her, expecting that she will now hand me back one of the quarters... waiting... waiting. She didn't give it back to me.

She hands me a paper bag with my Swedish fish in it. I look inside. There are only four in there and one of them is only half! She ripped me off. I mean, come on... you couldn't just take a handful and give them to me? No, she had to give me exactly four because that's how much they cost.

That was annoying but whatever and I eat one and start walking away. Another associate male was standing next to the girl cashier. He was taller and stockier, and had a big frizzy fro. He seemed kind of stoned and was like "Four dollars for a pound, yoh... Four dollars for a pound.."

A gentleman goes up to the counter and gives the male cashier four dollars for a pound. He starts walking with me and talking with me as I head to the parking lot. We are walking on the sidewalk along the side of the building and it is a steady downhill slope to get to the parking lot.

Scene change. I am no longer me, I am someone else.

He is now walking with a man who is supposed to be a current boyfriend of the girl (played by me) the gentleman started walking with. The boyfriend starts boasting about how he stole this man's girl (me). He mentioned how they made out all the time and how she was going behind the other guys back to be with him. Now both of them, the girl (me) and the guy were a little worried about what would happen if the other guy found out. The gentleman listened to them talk for quite awhile, not saying much.

They were soon to part ways when the guy (with the girl, who was played by me) was shot. The guy was crying out to the gentleman walking away. The gentleman stopped, turned around and with a smirk, said 'I'm the guy... now bye'.

The guy continues to walk down the path and meets up with another girl (also being played by me). They continue down the path towards the parking lot. He starts talking to her about his ex-girlfriend. She cheated on him and it broke his heart. The girl was comforting him.

They continued down the hill. He was walking a little further ahead of her. While he was walking on the pathway, she was walking down the grassy hill. She had to watch where she was going because there were these big, gaping holes that came at you, and if you didn't notice them, you'd fall straight down. She glanced and it was a long way down – no one would survive if they fell. She managed to get by a large section and was close to the bottom of the hill. When she was about to reach the bottom, the gentleman met up with her again to give her a hand so she wouldn't fall.

The girl reaches out to take his hand. Suddenly the guy retracts his hand and she stumbles. She starts falling down the hole. (And because I am her, you can imagine that this is scary because I am literally falling down a hole!) The gentleman peers over the hole as she is falling, looks down at her, smirks and says "not nice to cheat on me darling".

She can hear him whistling as he walks away as she continues to fall down the hole with no end in sight. She starts screaming.

Everything is fading... dark.