

Asleep!

(A short story by Arthur Gillespie)

It was probably the most exiting thing that had ever happened to me. I was living a dream, an actual dream. Each dream I was filled with memories and a past, thinking they were real. Firstly I was an explorer, looking for the lost temple of a 'real' jungle god. That when I saw the temple and greedily sprinted towards it. I shouldn't have been so hasty because then I set off a trip wire that shot me in the leg with an arrow. Pain shot up my leg, as the floor opened and I fell down a hole. In the next dream I was leaping on to clouds. I jumped from there to here and here to there. Puuufffff! One of the clouds turned into a puff of smoke and I fell through the air. Suddenly I was on a unicorn's back but not just any unicorn, it was Gizmo. After he dropped me off on a cloud I cheered for him. Unfortunately a pig fell from the sky and blew Gizmo up. All of a sudden, I was running from ghosts like.... Pacman. I was eating gold for some odd reason and (by accident) I then ate a bigger one. One of the ghosts cornered me, touched me and disappeared. I then chased two more down. Then I charged the last one but this time I disappeared. Someone said to save the people in the hotel. It was on fire and then I remembered how I was a fireman. I leaped into the house and ran straight upstairs, because I knew the downstairs was empty. I saw a man, grabbed him by the shoulders and threw him out

the window (by the way I threw him out the window because there was a trampoline outside, not because I'm a murderer). Now I had to save myself. I jumped straight out the window and onto the trampoline. Then I was on a plane coming out of the toilet. I walked out the door and everyone had a cow's head. I jumped out of my bed. It was all a dream. Or was it....

(approx 400 words)