

Charles Lopez

Mrs: Reed

English

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The rushing sound of wind booms in my ear. The sky was mixing into a blur of light blue and dark blue. My jacket was rustling in the wind as I spiraled out of control. I hear the roaring of the engine as the soaring helicopter vanishes out of sight. I froze, as I was dumbfounded that I fell out of the helicopter. The winds whip in my face as I nose dived into the looming ocean. Panic and fear jack up my system as I flail my arms around, reaching for anything to stop my impending death. I screamed as I crashed into the ominous ocean. But then a faint voice slowly became audible. I soon wake up, beads of sweat dripping from my face, as I hear my little sister pestering me about washing her cup.

“Charles, can you wash my cup for me?”

“Uh, yeah, sure, I guess,” I said as I got up and made my way to the kitchen. I grab a lavender colored cup as I turn the faucet on, the steady and smooth water filling up the cup. The sound of the water is calming and reassuring to me, and I reminisce about the terrifying dream I had.