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Break Out

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BREAK OUT

Brilliant white light invades my dreams, jolting me awake. My eyes snap open. I can't see anything; my room is darker than the thickest India ink. I try and lift my arm, but my covers are heavier, thicker. There's a crack of orange light coming through my door. I wriggle out of my blankets. Outside of them, the air is cool and refreshing against my skin.

I push on the door in front of me, but it doesn't move.

"What the hell?" My voice is garbled from the cold. I shiver, painful spikes rising over the plateau of my arms and back. I push harder, banging on the door with my hands, but it still refuses to budge. *Did someone lock me in?*

Why would Mom do that? I mean, maybe taking my little sister Lisa out on Halloween Night and staying out past midnight wasn't my best idea. But still, was that really worth locking someone in their room? My door feels heavier, too, like something's against it.

I shove harder, bracing my shoulder into the wood and pounding my fist.

"Hey! Mom! Lisa! Enough, okay? I want out!"

I'm about to shove again when I hear a *crack*. I look down. The door's given a little near the frame's edge; I can just make out a thin crack in the wood. I put my fist over it. Summoning all my strength from weight training, I slam my body against the door. The wood explodes into the air, and my arm crashes through. Warmth flows over my skin, and the cold wafts out of my room. Pulling chips of wood away, I step out onto the...*grass?*

I look around in a daze. I'm on a hill, not my room at all. The sky's gray and lifeless. The warmth I felt a moment ago suddenly vanishes, I am cold again. Colder now than I realize. I can't feel anything now.

A snap registers farther up the hill. I scale it with my eyes. There are two people at the top. Maybe they know where Mom and Lisa are. I start to walk towards them, but my left leg's numb. I half walk, half drag it behind me.

"Can you help me?" I shout. "I'm lost and I'm so cold."

They stop talking and see me coming towards them. Now I can see them better: a girl and boy, both college-aged like me. The girl screams grabs the boy's jacket. They both stumble down, trying to back away from me.

I keep walking, but I don't see them anymore. All I see now is warmth. Sweet, airy warmth. Ripe for the taking. Just waiting for me to take a breath and bask in it.

My arm reaches lifts towards them and waves. I don't realize it's showing bone.