

Junior Division, Prose

Jinx Moore, St. John's

Blink (An Excerpt)

I instinctively took a sharp breath, and the cold, icy, feeling of water enveloped me. My eyes slammed shut, and I felt myself falling. Falling, and falling, and falling.

My back hit something soft, without the force I expected.

I gasped, and my eyes flew wide open. I sputtered and heaved for air - coughing up a small puddle into my hands.

I took a second, breathing and letting myself catch my breath as my eyes darted around the room. Pale blue walls surrounded my vision. Nostalgia flooded into my system, as I took it in for just a moment.

I sighed deeply, leaning back and letting my body sink into the covers of the bed, molding them to my shape. My bedroom ceiling staring down at me, the bumpy white swirls in the cracks and ridges of paint giving me a small sense of comfort.

I took a minute to breathe, closing my eyes and trying to ground myself. I would hug my knees, but I knew it didn't help as much as it used to. Like, when I would get scared from nightmares as a kid. I'd go running into my mother's room, and she would delicately place me up on the bed with her.

She would smile at me softly, and caress my tear-stained cheeks. Her voice hushed as she lightly placed a kiss on my forehead - dissipating my anxiety and stress in seconds. It had always felt like I could melt into her, and I would be protected by a warm blanket, hand crafted by the rays of sun that never truly reach the earth's surface.

As I took a deep breath in, something drew my attention to my bedroom door. Maybe I believed it would lead me back to my mother's room, craving her comfort.