

The moon shined through the small gap in the drapery of her room, casting a beam only a few centimetres in width along the beige carpeting that matched the tan couch she lay on, sleeping away through the night. The television had been left on a station that she had always enjoyed; one with heart-warming movies about romance and getting through life, as well as some funnier television shows, though the only thing showing now was infomercials displaying the “most fashionable purses in the market” and other wastes of money. Bills and other miscellaneous papers laid scattered about the coffee table that sat in front of the couch, none of which were taken care of.

Her cheek was slightly squashed by the hand she rested her head on, and her hair flowed down in front of her face, shrouding her from the light that emitted from the television that tinted everything that it touched into a slight shade of blue. The couch bent itself along to the curves of her still fully clothed body, caressing her as lightly as possible, comforting her in her sleep. The television was only turned up to three, which canceled out the sounds of crickets singing in the darkness of the night while still staying quiet and calming for her to fall asleep to.

Commercial after commercial, the television played; minute after minute, hour after hour. The clock hanging up on the wall in the kitchen kept ticking its steady beat, which could be heard throughout the downstairs of the house. It read 04:00. Soon, the birds would start chirping, the sun would start shining, and people would start waking. It was only a matter of time. Her nonsense fantasies in her dreams would cease, and she would have to wake herself up, ready herself up, and go to her job that she didn't like, but for now, she could fly above the clouds, eat tons of sweets, and dream of having a small family with the man of her dreams. Soon, it would end, but not yet. For now, she can be happy, but soon... Soon, she would be miserable again.

The clock rang 6 times, and the birds have long since awoken and begun singing their tune to all those who would listen. Cars could be heard roaring down the streets toward the city, and the moonlight had been replaced with the sunlight. Slowly, the beam casted itself over a picture frame sitting on a shelf along the wall that stood to the left of the couch, which reflected the sun's rays towards the woman's face. The bright light made her wrinkle her nose and wiggle awkwardly in her positioning. She sat up slowly, and looked around a bit confused. She reached for the remote to turn off the television, and then stood, rubbing her face a bit with her hands to wake herself up. Turning towards the direction of the staircase, she walked slowly and clumsily to get to the stairs. Being half-asleep as she was, she accidentally bumped the shelf, knocking the picture frame that assisted in waking her up onto the floor, shattering the glass. She muttered some profanity, then bent over to pick it up, carefully. She stopped herself to take a good look at the picture, which only made tears begin to bubble at the bottoms of her eyes. She began to sob, her hands shaking violently trying to hold onto the broken frame. Her tears began to fall onto the exposed picture, covering the faces of the 3 people in the photo; Herself, a man, and a young girl, no older than 3 years old.

If only she could go back to dreaming.