

Title:Subtitle

If you were to ask a child what they worried about, you would probably get an answer along the lines of “My iPad is going to die” or “I’m hungry”. Obviously children don’t need to worry about anything important because of their age and parents, but at what age are you supposed to worry about things? Is it after you turn 18, or maybe it’s after you graduate college. Maybe people of all ages have something that they are personally worried about, it doesn’t matter if it’s a big or small problem, it still affects them. Now what if someone had no worries in life, is that always a good thing? What do you do when you have nothing to worry about, but you also have nothing to be proud of or be happy for. I don’t even know why I’m writing this
JJJJJJJJFIGHNRETIGHIQUER

“God damnit, what the hell am I doing?”

Sam closed her laptop and went back to lay down on her bed. The twin sized bed that was stuck in the corner of her room had been there for her. When she wanted to just sit and watch a show or just lay down and cry for no apparent reason. Sam hadn’t been out of her room in two days, to use the bathroom or grab snacks were the only times she would even walk in her house. She had been dealing with migraines for a couple months now, but she couldn’t be bothered to take medicine even if the bottle and her water were right on the night table next to her. She hadn’t showered in a week, had not eaten a proper meal this week, but all she could think of was the book she was writing.

“Why am I writing this, I can’t even remember!..”

She knew that was a lie the second she said it, but she didn’t want to think about it. She tried to block the thought out of her head but the truth was that it was all she could think of, day and night the word would be in her head letter by letter. She reached for her headphones, the cushion had been falling off and the battery was almost dead but she closed her eyes and listened to the music play.

Darkness surrounded her when she opened her eyes, she already knew she was dreaming. She reached for what looked like a light switch and flicked it. She was standing in what looked like an art museum. On the walls were memories of her parents and friends, she looked up and saw a chandelier that would fit perfectly in some old time palace hanging from the roof. When she looked back down all the pictures were black and the floor had also grown darker. At this point Sam was uneasy, so she left the room and walked into a hallway with every door closed. Sam opened each door, every room looked like what the first room had turned into. The more scared she got the worse the rooms started to look and eventually she opened a door and walked into what looked like her bedroom. She saw herself sleeping just like she had been, headphones and all. Sam sat down on the bed in the same position as herself and closed her eyes.