

# **Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One**

By : Alex Sharpe

'From being stalked by evil clowns, doctors, and school-teachers, falling out of the sky from 5,000 feet in a plane without power, meeting/being put under spells by witches/wizards, having a murder/stalker/killer stay in the same house as you, being buried alive, seeing ghosts and/or premonitions of yourself dying -- to living the whole rest of your life up until your death, then waking back up to find that it was all a dream; or -- how about falling down a deep, dark cavern/hole in the ground with jagged rocks sticking out of every side, threatening to carve/on carving you up as you fall down into the deep-dark unknown ---- "Can You Survive..... YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES?"'



Published on  
**Booksie**

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# Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

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Your worst nightmares: (can you survive?) -- book one:

1. Horror. 2. Thriller.

3. Scary. 4. Chiller.

5. Science-Fiction.

6. Drama(tic).

7. Science-Fiction-Thriller.

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(Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One)

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(FIRST EDITION)

~Thank You!~

## TO/FOR:

My aunts and uncles, cousins and grandparents; my Great Grandma and Great Grandpa.

(PLEASE NOTICE THAT THIS PIECE OF WORK IS NOT FINISHED, COMPLETELY EDITED, OR PUBLISHED. THANK YOU)

## INTRODUCTION

'From being stalked by evil clowns, doctors, and school-teachers, falling out of the sky from 5,000 feet in a plane without power, meeting/being put under spells by witches/wizards, having a murder/stalker/killer stay in the same house as you, being buried alive, seeing ghosts and/or premonitions of yourself dying -- to living the whole rest of your life up until your death, then waking back up to find that it was all a dream; or -- how about falling down a deep, dark cavern/hole in the ground with jagged rocks sticking out of every side, threatening to carve/on carving you up as you fall down into the deep-dark unknown ---- "Can You Survive..... YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES?'"

### #1: "Forest of Evil"

You are all alone, scared to death as you run for your life through deep and vast amounts of dark forests and underbrush. You have no food, no water, no shelter, and no guidance. Your parents were just with you only just a short while ago, but had become the victims of a grueling bear attack in the woods while out searching for dry wood for the camp fire. You have absolutely no sense of time, area, direction or where to go. It is very, very dark out, and the wolves are howling from every and all directions. You look around frantically, trying to find some sort of civilization, but you can not find anything. The Moon is not visible, as it is covered by clouds. You try to scream, but the noise and sounds of the summer bugs and the howling winds overhead muffle your cries for help. You hear what sounds to be leaves rustling and crunching around you. Just at the moment when you feel like falling to the forest ground and giving up your hope, you see a quick flash of light coming from within the trees in front of you from a far. You stand there for a moment, trying to figure out and to comprehend what is happening, and then you begin to run in the direction of the light that you saw. You run for about three minutes, and then, you see a massive Victorian style house in front of you. It looks very old and worn down. Cob webs fill each and every window, and there are absolutely no signs of life in or around the house. You walk slowly up the steps to the front porch of the house, watching your footsteps to make sure that you do not fall through, as they creak loudly underneath your feet. You hit the porch, and walk up to the front door. You pound and knock on the door with your fists as you yell towards the house for help and who is there -- dust falls off of the door in heaps as you do. You get no answer. You try screaming now -- still no answer. Then, you notice that a window to the right side of the door is completely broken. You peek your head in through the window. Inside, you see almost pitch-black darkness, cob webs, and broken apart wood floors. You yell "hello" and "is anybody or anyone there?" -- but you once again get no answer. You crawl in through the window, as you watch carefully each and every step that you take, as you could easily fall through and break your neck in a split second if you make a wrong move/step. As you walk through the house, the old-wooded floors creak and crack underneath you. A huge rat crosses your path out of nowhere. Then, you spot a staircase off to your right. You walk up it. When you arrive at the top of the staircase, you

## Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

meet an overhanging hallway with two doors to your left, one door in front, and three doors to your right. Then, you notice a dim and flashing light coming from underneath the bottom of the first door on your right. You take one short breath, then put your hand on the door-knob. It is very, very cold to the touch. You begin to twist the metal doorknob as the door slowly creaks open. You see a mid-sized room, lit up by candles in every direction. You see a woman sitting stiff in a chair in the very right corner of the small room. She is pure-white pale of color and she is twitching and talking quietly to herself. Her hair is black, and she is breathing frantically. At this point, you almost are in a state of shock. Your brain/mind is telling you to leave right this second, but before you could even think about what to do next, the words "hello" slip slowly and quietly out of your mouth. You cover your mouth and stiffen sharply, as the woman jumps with fright and then begins to turn toward your direction. You see that her eyes are almost blood-shot red (of color). She stares at you deeply in your eyes with a look of crazed insanity. You watch, as one of her bony and crinkled hands begins to make it's way over to a large butcher knife lying on a small, round brown table next to her. She grabs the large knife, and points it at you. At this moment, you begin to beat it for the front door. You make your way out of the room and down the stairs. The lady is chasing and right behind you. You head down the stairs, and look behind you once more. The lady is gone. She just disappeared. Now you are in a state of shock and complete disbelief, but all you know is that you really want to get out of this house. You book it for the front door of the house. You bust the front door open, and then you are off blazing through the leaves and forest, desperately trying to get as far away as you possibly can from that house. Then, all of the sudden, you trip over a stick on the ground, fall, and black out. When you wake back up, it is still dark outside. You try to move, but you can't. You notice that you have been tied up. Just then, you see a dark shadow bend over your body. You turn your head to your side, and you see that it is the lady from the house again. She has that big butcher's knife in her hand! She does a sadistic-evil laugh, as the woman starts to slice and cut you up into little pieces one by one. Congratulations -- You have just become a Witch's supper.

Cause(s) of Death: Witch(es); Murder(ed)

## #2: "Killer Clowns"

Your parents are going to be taking you to the yearly County Fair tonight. A few hours go by, and you are off to the fair. You are there for a while, have some fun. Then, you see a game-stand that looks like it would be a lot of fun. But, you begin to see what appears to be the person working there is a clown. You have always been scared to death of clowns, and you literally hate them. You quickly walk away from the game stand without looking back. Once you overcome your fear of the clown, you come to see a ride that looks like an adrenaline rusher. You have been waiting for so long to find a ride that would get your adrenaline pumping and would give you that "Butterfly" feeling in your stomach. As you walk up to the ride entrance, you turn to see what looks to be that same exact clown again. You turn your head back the other way, trying to forget about what you just saw. You get on the ride, and get off to go and look for another one like it. As you start to walk away from the ride, you notice that you need to go to the bathroom. You know that your parents are watching a circus show in a near-by tenting house. You go into the bathroom, pick a stall, and sit down to go to the restroom. A minute later, you hear the bathroom door open as you see two big and red shiny boots walk up to and stop in front of your stall. You hold your breath, trying to keep silent. You hear the sink turn on and paper towels being pulled, and then the bathroom door shutting again as the feet disappear. Now, you knew that something was up. It had to be that same clown. But how? As you flush the toilet and open up the stall door, you gasp in horror as you see the words "I'M WATCHING YOU" written in blood on the bathroom mirror. You run out of the bathroom crying, making your way back to the tent-house where you mom and dad is at. You find them and sit down with them to watch the rest of the circus show, feeling safer and better now. That is, until a bit with clowns comes up. One single clown now steps out, back towards the audience, onto the platform. You don't think anything of it, until he turns around wielding a knife that he

## Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

points at you. It's him again! You don't want to tell your parents because they won't believe you, but also because they are too used to your "clown stories". The clown takes the knife and starts juggling it. You sigh in relief. After the circus show ends, your parents take you back home and your mom and dad go to bed as you get ready for bed. You try to sleep, but seeing what you saw today is keeping you awake. At mid-night, you stiffen as you hear laughing coming from outside. You get up out of bed and look out the window. You see the clown standing in your front yard holding a machete. He is staring at you. You don't know what to do next. You crawl back into bed, trying to forget about everything that happened today and concentrate on falling asleep. But it was no dream, and it was nothing to forget about. It is all too real. You fall asleep, and the next time you wake up, you see the clown standing in your doorway holding your parents' heads in his hands and holding a machete. You have just met your fate, and --THE END--

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Cause(s) of death: Clowns

### #3: "Spell-Bound"

It is the best day of your life -- It is your sixteenth birthday! Your parents have put together a huge party for you at Florida's Magic Kingdom. You are so happy. You have never been to Disney World or Magic Kingdom before. Later in the week, you pack your belongings and get ready to go, and then you are off to Magic Kingdom the next morning. Once you get to Magic Kingdom, you see that there are tons of rides there -- which you did not know about. You are so, very excited. The past few months, you have been waiting and waiting to go on an actual amusement park ride. You go on two or three rides at first, and then you come to see a ride called "The Witch's Spell-Bound Mistique". It is a brand new ride there and you just have to try it. You walk up to the entrance of the ride. You take a look at it, and it looks like any other ride that you have been on so far, but it is not. You enter into the dark ride and are seated by electronic witches into a double seat cart. "Only two cars?" You ask yourself. You also begin to catch on to something else a little bit fishy. There are no real people controlling/running the ride, just electronic systems. You now want to get out of this ride. Something does not seem right to you. But it is too late. You are stuck on the ride. You stiffen up as your cart rolls forward through dark passageways and hallways, lined with scary decorations. Just then; as you begin to feel that everything is alright and that it is just another ride, your cart stops in the middle of pitch-black darkness. You look around in curiosity. You can't get out of your cart because of a safety bar. Just then, a ghostly pale face appears from in front of you, and the cart coming toward you. You say "Hello" and ask "Who are you" But she does not answer you. Then, you begin to calm down as you start to think that it is probably just a part of the ride. You sit back and relax. The woman's hands appear out of the darkness, also of ghost-white color. The next moment, you see redness and green all around you. You close your eyes, as the most powerful feeling that you have ever felt in your whole life engulfs you. When you open your eyes again, you are at the end of the ride. You get up laughing in relief and walk away from the ride. You find your parents and explore the park some more. Then, you begin to notice some strange things occurring. All of the rides have different names and there seems to be way less people than there were when you entered the park. Your parents want to go on a ride called "The Head Hacker". Feeling that you have had enough rides for one day, your parents go on the ride and you stay behind. The cars disappear into the vast amounts of twisted metal tracks in front of you. Five minutes later, the cart comes back to its stopping point. You stare in complete disbelief, as you see that everyone that was on the ride, including your parents vanished. Out of nowhere, you black out and awaken back at home in bed. You wonder what is going on, but right now, you really just want to give your parents a big hug. You get up out of your bed and search the house for your parents. You can't find them anywhere -- neither can you find your dog Rascal. Nobody is home. Then -- all of the sudden -- you black out again. The next thing you know, you are standing in the middle of your school's hallway in nothing but your underwear as all of the other kids around you are laughing at you. You close your eyes and try to think about what is happening to you. You think that it must all be one big weird

## Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

nightmare. When you open your eyes again, you are back on the Witche's Spell Bound Mistique. You have been doomed to a never ending repetitive curse by a witch, have a HAPPY ENDING.

-

--THE END--

Cause(s) of Death: Cursed; Witch.

### **SHORT INTERMISSION #1: Take a short while and see, (and maybe even surprise yourself), how many things that you are afraid of):**

Airplanes  
Explosions  
All sharp objects  
Needles  
Knives  
Scissors  
Fire  
Disaster  
Disease(s)  
Zombie(s)  
Aliens  
The Unknown  
Earthquakes  
Landslides  
Tornadoes  
Hurricanes  
Frogs  
Underwear  
Dirty Underwear  
Socks  
Dirty Socks  
Clothes  
Dirty Clothes  
Mud  
The Rain-forest  
The Forest  
Big Cats  
Being Alone  
The Dark(ness)  
Lake(s)  
"The Boogeyman"  
"Monsters"  
Your Closet  
Nighttime  
Medicine  
Movies  
Movie Theaters

#3: "Spell-Bound"

## Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

Other people  
Dogs  
Cats  
Wind  
Thunder  
Rain  
Amusement Parks  
Gang(s)(ters)  
Guns  
All Weapons  
Blood  
All Animals  
Teeth  
Coffee  
Tea  
Hot Objects  
Cold Objects  
Ice  
Lava  
Volcanoes  
Earth  
The Universe  
Meteorite(s)

### #4: "Final Destination"

(VERSION 1):

You are on vacation, and are driving home with your parents from a nice stay at the beach. Once you get back from this trip, you are supposed to meet your Aunt and Uncle at their house for dinner. You are in the back seat of the car, and it is very dark outside. As you are about to finally reach your exit to get home by after a fourteen hour drive -- a car going ninety-miles an hour all of the sudden smashes into the back of your car, sending your car head-first into the concrete walls at nearly, and if not more than, seventy-miles an hour.

After a temporary black out, your eyes re-open to see very large golden gates in front of you. As you begin to walk up to the entrance and gates though, you, all of the sudden, wake back up (for real), now back inside of your actual human body -- only to find yourself and your body being autopsied on by surgeons -- and then hours later -- being laid to rest!

Cause(s) of Death: Car Crash/Car Accident

(VERSION 2):

You are on vacation, and are driving back home from a nice stay at the beach. When you get back, you are supposed to meet your aunt and uncle for dinner. But, unfortunate for you, you and your family will not make it -- as you are about to finally reach your exit to get home by after a nine hour drive, a car going ninety miles an hour smashes into the back of your car, sending your car head-first into the wall at seventy miles an hour. After a temporary black out, your eyes re-open to see the gates of heaven. You enter, and watch your body being autopsied on and being laid to rest. But then; all of the sudden, you wake back up in your human body trapped twenty feet underground in a coffin. Every muscle in your body had been paralyzed by the crash. You

SHORT INTERMISSION #1: Take a short while and see, (and maybe even surprise yourself), how many things

can't scream or bang on the coffin for help. All that you can do now is to lay there, watching yourself slowly die of suffocation due to the lack of oxygen in the coffin. ---!THE END!---

Cause(s) of Death: Car Crash; Buried Alive

## **#5: "An Apple A Day Doesn't Always Keep the Doctor Away"**

You are at home in bed and very sick. You have been sick and have been missing school for the last two weeks now, and your mother is beginning to get worried. She tells you that you are going to have to go to the doctor today to get checked out and also to get your Chicken Pox, Measles and Flu shots. There are two things that you absolutely hate and fear the most in this world, and those --- are doctors and needles. Your mom takes you to the hospital, and when you get there, your mom/mother stays in the waiting room, and/while you head into the back with your doctor. The doctor walks in and pulls out a needle. "Oh great!" You say to yourself. You notice that something seems/looks suspicious about him --- He has a very sadistic and severely messed up look on his face. You then--also notice that he is not wearing any gloves. -- (Odd!) But that is not the worst part! --- That needle that he is holding -- is a dirty needle -- from the used needles box! You book it out of the room and run out into the hallway. As you are running, you accidentally trip over something, and your hospital gown rips off -- and you are now stuck in your underwear. You are so scared and embarrassed now, but that is not your current concern! Your "doctor" is right behind you. He begins to follow you, and he chases you up into a secret floor of the hospital, which no one knows about, and (also) where no one is at. You hide from him. You try to look for a defense weapon, but you are so scared that you can't concentrate. Being naked is not helping you either. It is hard to blend into dark materials when you are of a pale white color! You hold your breath and try to hold as still as you can, as he slowly walks by you. You begin to notice a really foul smell in the air. You look over to your side, and see body parts lying everywhere and pies with human fingers as cherries on top. "This guy is crazy!" You say to yourself. As he is at the other end of the room (and furthest away from you), you zoom for the room's front door -- but it is locked! You turn around when you hear the sound of a door shutting and locking behind you. Your "doctor" had walked out of the room and locked the door on you! He stares at you for a moment with a crazy look on his face through the the door's (small) glass window, and then walks away. You try screaming for help, but the room is (completely) sound-proof. You notice that it is starting to get very cold in the room. Then, you understand.....You have been locked inside of a giant food freezer! Without any clothes on, your fate will be met in less than an hour! ---!THE END!---

Cause(s) of Death: Murder, needles, doctor, locked in a freezer

## **#6: "Bully Ally"**

You are now in High School. You are very scare though, because you have always been one of the wimpiest kids in your school. Last year, you had your pants pulled down in gym class and everyone saw your "tighty whities". You cannot even begin to think about what could happen this year. You have always been picked on by other kids in school; but this year, there are some new kids in your school, and they are not into picking on wimps -- they are into killing and harassing them. They are bullies. You stick to the most crowded hallways and areas and try to be near a teacher at all times. You have one rule for yourself though, and that is: no matter how bad you have to go to the bathroom, you will never step foot into one of the school's bathrooms. A



## Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

bathroom is bully heaven. Your first class of the day starts. You do not know it yet, but one of those new bullies is in your class, and he is keeping a close eye out for the wimps in his classes. He is plotting his terror behind your back. After the first class and as you are walking through the hallway to go to your next class, when all of the sudden that bully pulls down your shorts and pushes you extremely hard into the girl's restroom, causing you to fall face-first into a toilet. Everyone is laughing at you. But it is not over yet. These new kids are not just any regular school bullies. As you walk out of the girl's bathroom with your face wet and your "tighty whities once again exposed for all to see, embarrassed worse than ever, you pull your shorts back up. When the school day is finally over, you think that everything will be alright from here on, but your bullies are not done with you just yet. They follow you all of the way home, and just as you round the corner to your street, you are shoved onto the sidewalk on your back, and a whole entire jar of red ants are suddenly poured into you mouth. You choke. You cannot bite, spit, swallow, cough, or yell for help. After a few seconds, the ants sting and bite every single inch of your mouth and throat, causing massive amounts of swelling -- Causing asphyxiation. You die in just three minutes. -- THE END --

Cause(s) of Death: Bullies, harassment, red ants, asphyxiation, murder, embarrassment.

### **#7: "A Sinking Feeling"**

You and your family have scheduled a Trans-Atlantic cruise to New York to see your cousin Dylan's wedding. In just a few days, you would be sailing across the newest, largest ocean-liner ever built or made. The year... April 7, 1912. That is right -- 1912. You, at the current time, are at home "bored to death" as you tell your mother, and sit on your couch playing with a yo-yo -- one of the few items that you have in your house to play with. You are a single child, and with no brothers or sisters to play with, and your mother and father working full-time jobs, you are forced to sit at home with nothing to do everyday for hours until one of your parents gets home from work. Your Dad spends most of the day working at a barber shop; your mom, at a launderer, and sometimes -- as a lawyer. Your parents come home, you eat dinner, then the night, like almost always, ends the same; except for tonight, you have something to cheer you up a little. You sit and think to yourself how lucky you are to be able to take a cruise on the world's largest, most grandest of all cruise ships ever made, and how you would be running across it's long, long decks in just two more days. You end up falling asleep. When morning comes, you awaken to the sight of your clock, which reads Saturday, April 8, 1912 -- 10:00 a.m. You have slept in late most definitely. You slip on some day clothes, and meet your mother and father talking to each-other at the kitchen table. They greet you, and then tell you that you should start getting packed up soon. You knew what the plans were, and you knew just what your mother meant. She is a very stressed out woman, especially when she is at work as a defense lawyer in court. You really do not want to make her angry when she is stressed out, even if not from her work. The sailing date -- just a day and a half away. You were ready for it. The rest of your day, once again, ends with nothing but the usual, boring details. (Another day passes along almost in the same way). You awaken now, to the sound of your mother excitedly trying to get you out of bed. Your eyes -- still half shut, as you reach for your underwear and socks. But instead, your hands hits plain wood. Your Mom tells you that she had already packed all of your clothes for the trip, and that she had laid out all of your day-clothes on the foot of your bed for you. You look at your watch again, this time -- it shows the date that you have been anticipating for over a month -- Monday, April 10, 1912 -- Sailing day. You hop out of bed, put your day clothes on, and as fast as you know it, you are walking out the door into the cool spring-morning air. You notice a black taxi-cab that pulls up right next to you almost out of no-where. You and your parents put yours and their luggage into the cab's trunk, and then you and your parents hop into the taxi-cab. As soon as you know it, you are off -- off on a four month vacation to see -- not only just your cousin getting married -- but also, to see America. You and your family, unfortunately, have always been poor. But now, a growth of investment throughout London has gave your parents enough money to buy a First-Class ticket on the largest, most luxuriously beautiful

## Your Worst Nightmares: (Can You Survive?) -- Book One

ocean-liners ever made. By the time you are done thinking about how wonderful the voyage will be, your taxi-cab jolts to a stop, and drops you off at a train depot. Your parents unload all of the luggage from the trunk of the cab, as you run up to the train's operator and ask him questions about the train. It was the one topic that has always interested you deeply -- Technology! You loved it. The reason being mostly due to the fact that your family was poor, and that technology is rising every-day. The most technologically advanced piece of equipment that you have ever had in your house was a very cheap vacuum cleaner -- that never even really worked properly. You and your Mother and Father walk up to one of the small train's (many) back entrances. You are met with a very long line though. You look up and see the name of the train. The sign shows the words: 'White Star-Lines Express-Train'. In a few more minutes, you are sitting comfortably on the small passenger train. You watch your silver and white pocket watch that your Great-Grandfather had given to you -- this is literally the most valuable piece of equipment that you or your Mother and/or Father have ever owned -- as you watch the small pointer-hand click by each second -- while you count anxiously the time it takes for the train to reach it's destination. It takes (only) ten (full) minutes to get to the harbor -- in which where your cruise would be leaving from. You spend your time on the train in amazement at how fast that this ("new") passenger train is going/traveling, but two minutes later, your fascination in the train's speed and technology, switches to open-jawed amazement; as you gasp in wonder at the new sight that you see off to your right side. In fact, the "sight" that you see is so large, that you cannot even see the full "sight" from your train's window. Now, the time is Six O' Clock a.m. -- April 10, 1912. The train stops at intervals though, and since your location on the train was basically almost in the very back, you still have to wait around (up-to) five more minutes before you and your parents can leave or get off of the train. You are in complete amazement at the wonder outside your/the train's walls the entire time -- that is -- until you finally step out of the train, and onto South Hampton Pier. As you tilt your head up from the train's blueish floors, you at first see a gigantic and massive wall of black steel in front of you. Then, you start to tilt your head up just a little-bit more, and you see/notice huge white and partly/partially gold linings -- along with glimmering portholes -- (windows). -- Thousands of them. Then, you see the sight that really takes your breath away. Towards the front of the massive red, black, and white massive ship, is the large--white letters 'TITANIC'..... Yes. Oh Yes. It is exactly what you think it is. You are so excited by this point, that you almost scream (out-loud). The next minute, you are standing in a crowd of at least a thousand -- if not more -- people either saying goodbye to their loved-ones, friends, and family (members), and waiting to board the ship. You are then, ever-so slowly gathered into a line of people; in which is no wider than two average adults. You notice seagulls flying above, below, lying in the sea, on the ship its-self, (and) on the waves that lap up against the red--riveted steel bottom of the ships -- as they turn white. The air is now just a little-bit warmer than it was when you had woken up in the morning. The only thing that you were really focused on though, was -- of course -- the massive, new ship in front of you -- as you are only (just) seconds away from boarding it. Your Mother hand you and your Father your ticket(s) while you wait in line. You inspect every-single inch of the ticket. The ticket reads: 'TITANIC: Boarding Pass; Boarding time -- 6:00 a.m.--Monday--April 10, 1912. (Ticket for First-Class admittance onto the new ocean-liner: 'The R.M.S. Titanic'. Southampton-to-New York. Arrival date: Wednesday--April 17, 1912. 5 Day (at least) trip. Titanic Maiden Voyage.' As you finish inspecting the boarding ticket onto the R.M.S. Titanic, you look up one last time -- to see four massive and gigantic brown and black funnels with smoke/(steam) rising up from the top of (just) two of them, as the cloud of smoke/steam seems to simply and merely just float off and disappear into the open;--blue skies. Then, the next second, you see black steel and iron cover over you head, and a nice flow of air flying over your hair. --You look in amazement, as huge and small chandeliers--(alike) covering almost every path-/passageway. You also see long, white and cream colored hallways, which are lit by golden-plated and dim lighted lamps along the walls. Excellent and brilliant decorations and paintings align the sides.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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