

11. The bell in the hallway rang thunderously as the students poured out of the classroom, all that I could think of was the avalanche of homework awaiting me at home. I slouched a little as I burdened my weak shoulders with the schoolbag. Walking back home never felt as tedious as it did today. I knew that I would miss out on the next-door neighbors' 'Ocean' themed party. There's no way I'd get out of that mess before 10.

I sat down and began pulling out notebooks after notebooks that had to be completed by today. Just as I was about to begin, I heard a strange noise at the far end of the alley. I got up and peered outside, there right before my eyes was a kid (roughly my age) dressed in a Manta-Ray costume, his metal sting that hung from his bottom was the source of all the ruckus, right behind him was a stout boy dressed as a huge orange jellyfish. It was then that I discovered that there was a queue of no less than 50 kids all dressed as different creatures.

I ran back to my table without wasting another second and dragged the chair to the window. I let myself zone out of the boring environment and entered a surreal oceanic environment. The creatures before my eyes swiveled and fluttered effortlessly using their fins and other locomotor organs. I decided to be a dolphin, which is one of the many intelligent creatures that exist beneath the blues. I could feel my body drop its weight in progression. I fluttered past the manta-ray and the school of jellyfish flexing my beautiful sleek body and entered a pitch-black cavern; moments into it I started regretting my decision. When suddenly out nowhere emerged a small party of colorless creatures. What made their existence evident was the almost neon-pigment that outlined their colorless jelly-like bodies. I gaped in amazement as they glided past me. I looked at them till they were out of my sight, lamenting the technology for not inventing a device to store our memory; not just as pictures or videos but memories of how we felt at a moment. I turned around and began making my way into the cavern when I felt something brush against my fin. My heart raced as my eyes searched for the unknown. Just when I was starting to freak out, I gave my tail a mighty jerk that propelled me forward instantly making me collide with something spikey and prickly. It felt like I had run into an angered porcupine. I anticipated, expecting to be amazed by something equally amazing as the creatures I saw before, but I ended up cracking loudly. As I found what had pricked me with its many spikes. It was something like a bloated or inflated trolls' mallet, but what made me crack so bad was the adorable tiny fin at the back of this creature. It was then when my fin began faltering and body began regaining its weight. At the far end I could see a malicious white shark approaching me in full speed. I spun in a spiral and after I snapped back into sense, I found myself sprawled on the ground with my mom standing over me with a very puzzled look on her pale face.