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## Lively

The aurora stood distinctively over the skyline in a clear motion reflecting into the brine. The foreign euphoria of it all felt mythical, I was aware that I would never experience such a stunning moment ever again. Although it felt ephemeral, I was so bewitched by the lights that I became completely oblivious to the fact that it was deep into twilight.

I gazed to my right. There, amid the autumn gloom, I saw her, I felt the sudden urge to hinder time. Her delicate and vivid visage tingled my bones to the very zenith. There was just a familiar aura that surrounded her. In the blink of an eye, her figure faded into nothing. She was gone. Nowhere, to be seen.

The crisp morning atmosphere brought my tender hands to my eyes, blurring my vision even further. I haven't slept like this in ages. Smiling, I gingerly placed my hand under my pillow, in search of my phone. It felt too good to be true.

In the blink of an eye, a terrifying world began to unfold. It was 10:00 am and not only that, but it was Thursday! Suddenly, I fumbled out of bed trotted across to the wardrobe and scrambled to work.

As the sun gave up vacancy to the moon, I couldn't stop thinking about the dream. The woman looked unusually familiar. So familiar I would mistake her for family. My dad died before my birth, my brother decided that a plummet off a building would simplify his troubles, so I didn't have much of a family. My mom was the only person that I didn't know much about because the last time I saw her was at my 2nd birthday party. I couldn't recall much of her appearance except for a few aspects. She had glistening, tinted and glossy lips, curled brown hair topped off with a pair of her striking emerald green eyes.

An eerie shiver trotted down my spine, as the twilight grew in darkness. Not only did I have to work a night shift but I am expected to attend all morning meetings for my absent co-worker and take lead in a project to present to the head of the department by Monday morning.

I work at a minimum wage office job, for a miniature company, in addition to that, work harder than any human alive, but have no hope in getting a promotion, ever. I sent my presentation off to the Head of the department and stretched my limbs.

The day went by in a breeze, spine chilling but refreshing. I could feel myself gingerly drifting unconscious.

I felt a soft tapping sensation on my shoulder.

"Hello?" I locked eyes with the woman, "Hello..?" Her emerald eyes grew in her oblivion. "Are you okay?" Her figure turned fuzzy along with her faded voice. "You have to wake up," Her voice grew shakier after every word, "They will take you too..." She continued to tap my shoulder but harder.

"Wake up!" I felt a rigid, greasy and clammy palm slap me across the face. In an instant, my hands jumped to my face.

My cheeks felt swollen, my teeth wobbled in fear. I could feel my adrenaline pumping ferociously. As my vision cleared I could see a sanguine coloured substance smeared across my palm. I was bleeding. A familiar figure appeared behind my velvety palms.

"How, dare you?" Her bloodshot eyes glowered at me, "We work like barbarians, just for you to embarrass our company? Do we live like cavemen so that you could slack off?" Just behind her is a cardboard box with all my belongings in it.

"Get out! If only you knew how lucky you are that I'm just firing you." My thoughts muddled, I never wanted to work here but this was where my father worked this was the company my father lost.

I walked down the jagged crevices of the street, flinching at every flickering streetlight. My limbs gave up. I collapsed onto pieces of scattered broken glass. For the first time in forever, I had broken down. My tears threatened to fall, there was no use in fighting against it. So I let myself go.

My audible wails gradually turned into minor whimpers. My vision once again blacked out. I was unconscious. The dark blue void hugged my essence. Bubbles rose elegantly as I attempt to breathe.

And here she was, once again.