Tyler Shasha

Mr. Cramer

English 11

10/17/10

Mourning or Morning

 “Wake up sweetheart”. My most feared phrase in the English language. I pray it’s just a dream. (One that you always recognize, but always get fooled by, but becomes impossible when your consciousness returns.) Oh I hope I’m asleep. That morning will come when I let it. The lights come on and my worst dream has become an awakening reality. What am I to do? My parent comes in, whichever one who’s turn it is to force me to wake up, gives me a kiss on my forehead. It seems gentle, right? Then, my blankets get yanked off but I am never conscious enough to hold on. A gust of cool breeze comes running down my chest or my back depending on the position I chose when I fell asleep. My arms immediately cover the exposed skin letting the zephyr slips into the places that were covered. It is not normal for an animal or any human for that matter to be disturbed during its primal state of sleep. It is inhumane to wake someone who is recuperating from the stressful, mental, and physical activities that they have done the previous day. In a perfect world, everyone should sleep until there is no desire left to rest. After I have thought of all of this it is getting late and I must get dressed and out of my cloud nine; as I leave I take one last look before my mourning is over and my morning begins.