

Yusra Bezzaz

Garfield High School | 10th Grade



Goodnight, Anna Rey.

02/03/2034

1:30 PM

It was cold and slightly snowy. I stared out the window beside me. The windows fogged up, and I drew little dots out of boredom. The old and somewhat yellow lights flickered above me. All I can hear my history teacher say is, "Blah blah blah." I looked up to the teacher for once; we were learning about Anna Rey, a girl who got kidnapped from her own home. I don't know why we were even learning about her. Everyone was so focused, and I admired that about them. For example, one girl had a pink sparkly headband she occasionally fidgeted with, but she kept her eyes on the board. There was also another guy, he seemed bored, but he kept his eyes on the board. Me? Not so much, I got up occasionally to pace around the room, drew on the window, scribbled on my paper, anything BUT focus. It feels like I've been sitting here forever, and I don't know why. I sat in the back corner, about 50 feet away from everyone. Nobody called on me, looked at me, or talked about me. I felt safe until I wasn't.

02/03/2034

1:54 Pm

I was drawing stars on my paper, and my teacher was wrapping up whatever he said. "And it was a myth that Anna Rey went to this school, sat in this same classroom, back there," he said, then pointed at me. God, I got so red. People looked back, then laughed. I didn't say anything, but it's safe to say I was scared. Then, I felt something on me. Like fingers were grazing on my back. I flinched a bit, and I turned around so fast I think my neck could've broken off. Nothing, literally nothing. I couldn't finish the day; I wanted to go home badly.

02/03/2034

11:59 Pm

I couldn't sleep. What if it was Anna Rey? What if she was gonna haunt me tonight!? I lay on my bed, head facing the window. I tried not to get in my head, so I focused on every speck of snow falling to the ground. I watched as some stuck to the ground, and some melted into the frosted ground. I felt relaxed at some point, but then I wasn't. Footprints were traced on the pile of snow, some dragged, and some were normal.

I would wanna say it was in my head, but I can't lie to myself about it. It seemed as if it was coming to my room. I hid myself under my covers as fast as I could. "Go to sleep, Anna, go to sleep," I said to myself. I couldn't bear it. I didn't know who was coming to me, and all I wanted was for it to be a dream. A cold gust of wind hit my back. I wrapped my blanket tighter around myself. The soft hands wrapped around me, it felt comforting, like all my fears faded away, like the hands of my mother. But then it said something to me,

"Goodnight, Anna Rey."

