

# **Just A Nightmare?**

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## Just A Nightmare?

The little femme mouse picked up another block and carefully placed it on the top of tower she wanted to build. It was nearly finished, but then it suddenly fell over. The blocks floated down with agonizing slowness.

A little sad, she considered the blocks as they lay strewn about the floor. She swept them into a pile and picked out the largest one and set it on the floor. Before she could pick another to put on top, her mother came in and said "We have to go, sweetie. Put on your jacket."

She looked up at her, wondering "*Is my mother a mouse?*" Somehow it seemed not right, but she had no time to think about it.

Her mother opened the passenger door on the car "Get in." she said.

The little cat cub climbed in.

Her mother helped her adjust the children's seat and secured it. She closed the door, took her place at the driver's seat and started the engine. The cat femme turned in the seat to look at her daughter "Ready to go, kitten?"

"Yes, mum."

She looked out of the window. The ferret cub loved watching the houses and gardens as they sped past. "*They are so pretty and colorful. Every one is a little different from the others.*" she thought. The sudden blast of a horn shattered her reverie. She looked forward and saw a huge car heading directly for them. As it inched closer, terribly slow but unstoppable, she realized "***It is going to hit us! I am going to die!***" She tried to warn her mother, she wanted to get away or at least scream. But she could only watch silently as it headed for them, frozen in terror. After an endless time she heard the crunch as it slowly crushed the hood of their car. She was pressed forward into the seat belt, painfully hard. Her whole body was filled with pain, only for a short moment, for a nearly endless time.

The small hare looked at the wreck on the road below her, trying to make sense of what had happened. She felt a paw on her shoulder and looked up at her mother.

She looked sadly at the world below them "That was us, sweetie." said the rabbit doe.

Realization dawned "Are we dead, mum?"

She sighed "Well, it seems that way. Yes."

They felt a presence behind them and turned around.

A scarred rabbit male stood there. His muzzle was nearly hidden under the hood he wore, but they could clearly see his glowing red eyes. He held a scythe and his eyes burned into her, hot but not painful. His eyes were hard and filled with pain, but they were not cruel. He invited them "Come with me."

She had only taken a single step when another fur, a bat, appeared next to the rabbit. "*Are furs supposed to be able to just appear like that?*" she wondered.

The bat stepped forward. His eyes were deep black but at the same time shone in all the colors of the rainbow. They held hers, not allowing her to move or look away as he stepped closer. He put his paw on her brow and considered her. His eyes filled with sorrow and compassion and he said "You don't need to remember this, little one."

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Suddenly awake, the little kit sat up and screamed. Trembling, shivering and sobbing, she sat in the dark, terribly afraid and panting rapidly. She did not know what had frightened her so much, but she could even smell her own fear. Whatever she had dreamed. She could not remember any of, only that it had made her horribly afraid.

Then the rapid pattering of running feet and moments later strong arms enfolded her. The comforting scent of her mother filled her nose.

"It's ok, sweetie. Everything is fine. I'm here now. You don't have to be afraid, sweetie. It was only a bad dream."

She slowly relaxed as her mother held her and told her over and over that everything was all right. Her shivers subsided as her mother's warmth and love drove the fear away.

Her mother gently licked the wet fur on her muzzle, wiping away her tears "Are you all right, little princess?"

She shivered one last time "Yes."

"Did you have a bad dream?"

"Think so."

"It's over now, sweetie. You don't have to be afraid any more." her mother said soothingly. They hugged for another few minutes "Do you want to sleep in my bed?"

"Yes, mum. Pweese!"

"Hang on tight." Her mother picked her up and carried her back to her bed. She sat her down on the bed and they both crawled under the covers, hugging each other tightly. They lay for a bit, then her mother asked in a sleepy voice "Are you better now?"

"Yes, mum. Thankee."

After a few minutes her mother fell asleep again. The little kit still felt a shiver of fear at the thought of going back to sleep. But she was safe now, in her mother's arms. Her breath slowed and her eyelids grew heavy. She was safe. Wasn't she?

The End