

OLYA AMAN

3:25

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close to our reality



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Some Dreams Come Too Close to Our Reality

Olya Aman

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Story

It was going to rain the whole day. The leaden clouds were hanging so low that it seemed they were about to fall to the ground.

A pretty 15-year-old girl was sitting on the sofa in the small room with her legs tucked under her. The curtains were open, and she was watching the day gradually lose its eternal battle to the evening. Her favorite music sounded in her headphones. Her mood matched the weather: she wanted to cry, but tears did not spill in cleansing streams the same as the raindrops.

With each song her thoughts flew somewhere far away, where there were no walls, boring school, or classmate who was stubbornly ignoring her. Somewhere, where everything was new and unknown. A half-smile appeared on her lips, and she covered her eyes. The evening finally embraced the street with darkness.

Suddenly, a touch on her shoulder distracted the teenager from her dreams. A woman under forty, who was strenuously trying to preserve her youth, quietly asked her little copy:

- “Tina, daughter, are you sleeping?”

The girl looked at her distractedly, pushed the headphones around her neck, her mother asked again:

- "Aren't you going to sleep?"

- "Not now, Mom," - the girl stretched out her legs, which were cramped after sitting for a long time in one pose, - "I'll watch a little TV."

The woman smiled and asked:

- "Ok. I'm going to the barn, and don't forget to open the gate at midnight."

- "Ok, Mom," - the girl turned on the TV and began to press the buttons, barely listening to her mother, - "I will."

- "Did you hear me? Don't forget, please! The rain will soon start."

- "Okay, I'll do it," - she sank into the rhythms of music again and continued to switch the channels in search of something interesting.

Mom kissed her daughter on the top of her head, which smelled of citrus shampoo, and left the room.

Tina looked at the clock hanging on the opposite wall and thought in surprise, - "No way! It's already 22:30." Not having found anything interesting, she put the remote control away but did not turn off the TV. The pictures flashing on the screen distracted her from the music. She threw her head back on the couch and covered her eyes. Slow music enchanted the girl. Her breath adjusted to a slow rhythm, and she fell asleep.

The thunder woke the dozing little girl up. She quickly took her headphones off and looked at the clock with frightened eyes. It was 3:25 am.

A single thought was rushing through her head, - "Oh my God, I fell asleep and forgot about my mother's request." She overcame the distance to the door in a few steps; put on the first shoes that she could find. Tina forgot about her outerwear and rushed out of the house.

She was met with a heavy rain on the street. It seemed that somebody was just pouring buckets out one by one. The dark sky was being cut to the ground with lightning, which was writhing like snakes.

It was only a second before Tina became drenched, but it was an impermissible waste of time to return for a raincoat.

The girl ran to the barn. She stumbled on a curse as the gate's lock did not open. It should have been fixed a long time ago. Not only did it begin to open only from the inside, and that only in rare cases, but it decided to drop the ball at such an important moment.

- "Damn you! Come on, you freaking lock!" – the tears on the girl's cheeks were dissolving in the rain. First they were burning and then mixing with the pouring water. Tina did not understand herself how she managed to defeat the soulless piece of iron. She finally opened the gate, having broken several nails. She did not care about it at that moment.

Not far away, her mother was lying in a light nightie on the ground, which had turned into a huge puddle. The light of the lantern was dim, but the thunderous alarm highlighted the pale face for a moment. Tina fell down to her knees and tried to stir her mother up calling:

- "Mom, wake up! Please forgive me, come around! It's my fault that I fell asleep. Forgive me, wake up! Let's go home!"

The rain was not very cold, but her heart was freezing with fear. The girl was trembling, taking wet strands away from her mother's face. She kept saying like a prayer: "Mommy, Mommy, forgive me, forgive me, forgive me ..."

The rumbles of thunder were coming closer and closer. More thunder rumbled right above their heads. Tina pressed against her mother's body, closing her eyes in an instinctive fright.

She opened her eyes and found herself in her room. The headphones were still on her head and the music still sounded from them. Her clothes were dry.

The girl looked around and looked at the clock. The familiar digits 3:25 were on it. She took off the headphones and repeated her feverish path along the corridor. But having noticed the dim light in her mother's bedroom, she stopped. Having jerked the door open, Tina saw that her mother was sleeping sweetly in her bed.

The dim light of a lamp shone on the nightstand. The woman had been reading before sleeping, preserving the old-fashioned addiction to real books. Tina came to the head of the bed, carefully removed the volume from the blanket and lay down next to her mother. She hugged her tightly thinking, - "Thank you, God! It was just a bad dream!"

About the author

“Once upon a time a reader told me that my past life was filled with books and maritime adventures. I worked in a library on some kind of a cruise ship. Being a visionary child with a boisterous imagination I took it as a clear coin and acted accordingly from that day forward. My subconscious mind told me to read and write, envisioning stories. I followed my calling by writing essays on my favorite literary masterpieces and accompanying them with hesitant childish drawings that caused my writing to flourish with life and movement. Every sentence was vivid with my cinematic prose. This creative work was my secret weapon, helping me to combat the loneliness of my adolescence. It provided me with a treasure-filled-hideaway where I always was able to discover understanding and love through true friendship. Imagination works as a miraculous crystal ball that can tell you what may happen with you in the future. And the greatest gift we have is to be able to paint our futures the way we envision them. Belief is the key to this door where creation becomes visible, and action is the secret magic powder that gives you an ability to touch and feel, breathe and live the reality of this dream-realized life. I live my dream only because I believed in it all my life and every step I made was moving me closer to the very top of the mountain of my life.”

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