

CLAIRE MEETS HER NIGHTMARE by Don't Turn Around and Michelle Morris. You may use this poem in a school project or record it in a video. Let us know if it inspires you in some way!

CLAIRE MEETS HER NIGHTMARE

Her name was Claire.

She was from somewhere.

Where?

Far, far away
from here today.

When she woke up
on her pillow was drool.

She wasn't excited
for her first day of school.

She put on an old t-shirt.
Her sneakers old, too

She tied up her laces,
sad her school was new

Her best friends were gone;
she had a good sob.

She had to leave them
when her mom lost her job.

So today was the day:
the first day of new school.

She hoped the new kids
would (please!) not be cruel

She took the map that her mom wrote,
got on her bike, and went up a slope...

through some bushes,
down some unknown streets...

around a corner,
then jumped to her feet.

Ahead was a grey building,
towering above

It looked so run down,
desperately needed some love.

There was a huge statue
An angel in stone

Chipped pieces were missing
It looked cold and alone

There was no one around.
Was this the right place?

She began feeling nervous
Her heart increasing its pace

She entered.

It was dark
With scattered trash
And smells of mold.

The air churned in a breeze;
She was suddenly quite cold.

Just then a voice said,
“Hey. My name is Paul
This isn’t your school;
You shouldn’t be here at all.

A place full of danger.
So very bad.

There’s nothing to gain here
except all that is sad.

You need to leave
before they all grieve.”

She didn't see him in her sight
until he stepped into the light.

He was her age
with light brown hair.

She extended her hand.

She said her name was Claire.

She asked why no one was around.

He whispered urgently,
"Shhh. Not a sound.

There's a very bad man down there:

the type you'd find
in your nightmare.

You have to go.
You can't stay here."

She asked him why,
"What do you fear?"

He handed her a piece of paper

and said she must check it out later.

Then the urgency in his voice
got much greater.

"Run. Run for your life!
And don't turn around
unless you want to be buried
in the ground.

He is in the dark over there,
by the twisty, winding stair

getting ready for a sudden attack.

You need to run
and not look back.

See that statue over there
underneath it might be Claire.

He's there,
Claire."

At that he started screaming for
her to go

unless she wanted to be
buried deep below.

His yell echoed loud
throughout the place.

So she spun swiftly around
and began to race
out the door,
to her bike,

and peddled quite far...

until she happened
upon a police car.

Frantically, she said her name was Claire
And pointed to back there.

When she told them she go a scare
they stopped her mid-sentence,
saying, "Claire.

That building has been closed
for many a year.

Your new school is two blocks away.
Somewhat near.

Maybe it was a kid scaring
you on a dare?

But we'll go take a look for him
and that man "of nightmares."

So she stayed in the car
as the police went in.

Then felt the boy's piece of paper
under her shin.

She opened it up:
not a nice surprise.

It was a picture of a man
with evil looking eyes.

There was a drawing of a statue
and an arrow pointing down.

And a drawn circle for a face
It's expression a frown
Just then there was
a frightening sound

as a handcuffed man
hit the ground.

Claire jumped back in her seat,
as the scary man lay in the street.

His sinister, evil eyes
looked at her with rage.

This was the nightmare man
on her page

A police officer wandered over
with a curious look.

He sat next to Claire
and took out a book.

"I want you to tell me about the boy,"
he said.

“What color shirt was he wearing?”

Claire said it was red.

The policeman had a strange expression
on his face,

and said, “A year ago a
disappeared without a trace.

He had vanished
and his name was Paul.”

Claire interrupted,
“I saw him in the hall!”

She handed him the white sheet

and pointed to the arrow
at the statue’s feet.

The officer said he’ll check it out,
and went in,

then let out the biggest shout,

ordering his partner not to wait,

to rush back in
and investigate.

Both officers came out
white as a sheet.

“Backup is needed. Repeat, repeat

Backup is needed.
Don’t come alone.

We found something terrible:
a skull and some bone.

Turns out last year

there was a nearby fair,

and a boy called Paul
was lured from there.

An evil man made this building
his lair,

making sure that the alive Paul
could never meet Claire.

Paul wore red
and ended up dead.

At least that's what the
police said.

The screaming boy Claire
had seen wasn't what she first thought.

He wasn't mean:

For nightmare man
had a knife

and Paul somehow saved
Claire's life.

Paul's parents got the news of their son's death,

hearing how he had taken his
last, awful breath.

Forever they'd suffered and gone without sleep
Nights and nights of pained crying with
non-stop weep.

They asked to meet with Claire.

Hoping she'd have
something to share.

And her few words gave
them something so rare.

It profoundly answered
their deepest prayer.

“Your son save my life.

Now my life won't end.

Forever he'll be my best friend.”