

I lie awake staring up at the three faint glow-in-the-dark stars sticky-tacked to my ceiling. My yellow walls look more like a sick green, past bedtime. Silence is broken by my dad's irregular snores that echo through the non-insulated parts of my walls. How can my mother peacefully share a bed with a freight train?

I need to pee.

I need to pee but am I about to dangle my legs over the vacant darkness beneath my bed like bait on a fishhook? No. I am not crazy. I've seen Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban. Well, actually, my mom doesn't let me watch it 'cause she thinks it'll give me nightmares - but at my cousin's house, I saw the part where Harry has this book that looks like a giant Tarantula and it crawled under his bed waiting patiently to rip him to shreds at his first opportunity.

I need to pee.

Okay I'll just run really really fast - can tarantula books even see in the dark? No, right? Darn I probably should've looked that up during iPod time. Whatever I will leap off my bed and book it down the hall... pardon the pun. I can definitely run faster than a book.

I need to pee.

My toes meet the carpet and before the pads of my feet can follow, I am sprinting towards the door like one of those gazels from National Geographic - but not the ones that get eaten by lions -hold on. Should I really swing open this door and subject myself to a demonic being awaiting me in the hallway? In this vulnerable, bladder-filled state? Okay I know my mom said "this ghost is friendly" but then WHY IS IT A GHOST HUH??? If it was friendly it wouldn't have unfinished business here tormenting children who just. need. to pee! I've seen this in horror movies... okay okay no I haven't because my mom said no but I've seen this one at my cousin's house and it's always the stupid person who opens the door that dies first.

I don't want to die, I want to pee.

I need to pee.

My hand with a mind of its own as if possessed by the UNFRIENDLY hallway ghost, is already turning the ice-cold door handle. I guess I gotta follow through. I am blinded for what feels like forever as my eyes adjust to the moonlight intrusively shining on my face. If I was a gazelle from National Geographic, I would be eaten by a lion because of this. The window is open where the moon is shining from. Are my parents outright insane? Do they realize where we live? Are they not familiar with forest wildlife?? What if a family of raccoons is now occupying the guest room because of this carelessness?

No time to be unnecessarily paranoid. I need to pee.

I'm running I'm running and I can't feel my feet touch the ground. Is this lack of sensation from sleep-deprived delirium. NO. I have never been more sane in my life. I'm still running. Why is this hallway so long? It's like in the Shining -well I haven't actually SEEN the Shining but my cousin told me that this guy from it named Stanley had really long and confusing hallways. Why did anyone think it would be a good idea to make a movie about hallways - I'm here!

Through the crack under the door, whispers of warmth beckon to my toes from the heated floor tiles inside. It's a greeting my feet have well-earned based on the adversity I've faced at this ungodly hour of a quarter past 10.

Relief sweeps over me.

I no longer need to pee.

But wait am I really about to risk my life once again only to return to my now cold bed and barely glow-in-the-dark stars while these heated bathroom tiles are so inviting?

No. I'm not crazy.

End