

Chasing Dreams

Pant, pant, pant! Ophelia paced back and forth around the waiting room. Every step she took, her breath shortened. Eric (Ophelia's Father) came into the room, and noticed what was going on. He kneeled down to her and gave her a hug, "Everything will be fine, I'm here." He said while brushing his fingers through her hair. Ophelia started to catch her breath, she hugged him back. They stayed that way for a little while, until the nurse came in, "You can come in now." The nurse told them. They got up, hand in hand and followed the nurse into the room. In the room lay Aurora, (Ophelia's Mother) looking as pale as a ghost. Ophelia didn't want to look, but she had to be there for her mother. "So, is she going to be okay?." Eric asked, " Right now she is doing really well. There is a very high chance she will survive." The nurse looked at him, in a way like they were having a secret conversation in their mind. Ophelia sighed of relief, she looked up at her father, but he did not smile. "You can stay if you want but visiting hours are shortened to thirty minutes." Eric nodded and the nurse left. They both went over to Aurora, "Is she going to come home soon, dad?." she asked him. Eric turned to her, "When she gets a little bit better, she will." Eric smiled.

It was a silent, dark drive back home. Ophelia remembers how her mother used to sit in the passenger seat and they used to play car games on the way home on nights like these. "Ophelia, once we get home I need you to find me my hat I left in the attic the other day, okay? I have work in the morning and I really need it," He asked her. *The attic!? I had a dream about it once, and it was not a good one.* "Ophelia?" He asked, "Oh, yeah sure." Ophelia responded. Once they got home Ophelia headed to the attic swiftly, and stopped at the attic entrance. *Okay you can do this, just get the hat and get out.* Ophelia steadily went up the attic stairs. She reached the top of the staircase and leisurely turned the attic door knob, and she was in. Ophelia started to hyperventilate, each step she took she thought that she was going to fall through the floor. She started to look through some boxes, but she couldn't find the hat. Then, while she was looking through one of the boxes, she found a notebook with her mothers name, written underneath bolded letters that were carved into the notebook spelling out, *Chasing Dreams.* Ophelia curiously took the notebook out of the box and looked through it. Inside she found her mother's ideas and dreams, all thought out, like she planned them even before she was born. Every page was filled out, except for the last few pages. On the page before the few pages, it spelt, *Reserved for Ophelia Parks. Reserved for me?* Ophelia

thought, Ophelia's eyes welled up with tears. "Ophelia?" her dad called for her. The hat! She got so invested in that book that she forgot why she came up to the attic. She put the notebook in her pocket, eventually found the hat, and quickly left the attic. "Sorry dad, I got, uh, distracted." She told him. Ophelia's dad looked at her skeptically, " Okay, well thanks for finding my hat." He took the hat, " Well you better get to bed, you have school tomorrow." He kissed her on the forehead and left to go to sleep. Once Ophelia got settled into bed, she took a little peek into the notebook and thought for a while, *why did mom want to give this to me?*

"Ophelia! Come on down, your bus is here!" Ophelia rushed down the stairs from her bedroom, hugged and waved her dad goodbye before getting onto the bus. Once she got to school she was cheerfully greeted by her friends Ella and Lydia. " Hey Ophy." Ella said enthusiastically, "Hey guys, guess what I found in my attic," She pulled the notebook out of her backpack and showed it off to her friends. "Whoa, that notebook is so pretty, is it yours?" Lydia asked, "Well, yes and no. My mother wrote in it, but at the end of the notebook, she wrote that the end was reserved for me." They were silent for a while, "Well what are you going to do? What does your mom want you to do?" Lydia asked, "I don't know, I'm going to visit her today so I could ask her." Ophelia replied. All of a sudden the

school bell rang, *Ring ring*, “Oh well that’s the bell, I’ll see you guys at lunch.” Ophelia said while waving goodbye, “Bye.” They both said while going in the opposite direction. While she was walking to class, she couldn’t stop thinking about the notebook, about her mother’s dreams, and why one of them was to give the notebook to her.

After school, Eric and Ophelia arrived in the hospital. Once they got to Aurora’s room Ophelia asked to talk to her mother alone. Eric was confused, but allowed it anyway. Ophelia walked in, her mother looking the same as before. She stepped a bit closer to see if she was awake. “Hi Ophy.” Aurora said in a raspy voice. Ophelia pulled out her mother’s notebook, put it in her lap and turned to the page where it said, *Reserved For Ophelia*. “Mom, did you really want to give these last pages to me?” She asked her mother, “Of course.” She replied, “Why?” Ophelia took a deep breath, “Well, why would you give it to me when you already have these beautiful dreams all planned out, and you want to give it to me?” Ophelia’s eyes started welling up with tears, “I’ll just ruin it, ruin the things you have already written in your notebook, my dreams can’t compare to yours.” Ophelia’s tears started to run down her face, and she started to hyperventilate. Aurora lifted her arm and started to brush her fingers through her hair, Ophelia lay her head down on Aurora’s lap and her breath

started to steady. “Every dream is beautiful Ophelia, It doesn’t matter what the dream is, how you think of it, how you write it, the only thing that matters is that you give yourself valuable time to dream, to think of all the possibilities that life has laid out for you and how you could live it. My plan for you, Ophelia, is that I want you to dream, to take your time and dream. You won’t know at first, but when you first start writing you’ll never want to stop and it will be beautiful.” Ophelia wanted to just lay there for all of eternity and listen to her mother. “ Soon, I won’t be here anymore, you know that right?” Aurora asked her. Ophelia didn’t want to think about it, but yes she knew that was true. Her father wasn’t really good at lying anyway. “Yeah, I know.” Ophelia replied, “Just know when I leave, don’t let your sadness get in the way of your dreams.” They sat in silence for a bit, but it was a good silence. Knowing that her mother wasn’t going to be around much longer, brought a tear to her eye, but also knowing that her mother had helped her believe in herself, brought a smile to her face.

A few weeks passed and Aurora didn’t get much better, but everyday Ophelia would visit her, everyday they would talk about their dreams, everyday was left with a smile on someone's face. Another few weeks later, Aurora had passed away. Ophelia and Eric were extremely sad, but even though they were sad they still had dreams. Even if Aurora wasn’t there,

she would still be there in their hearts, reminding them to keep moving and to never give up. Because when you have dreams, you should never stop chasing them.