

The Night - Tim Patterson

My heart stopped and then quickly started again. Screaming at the top of my lungs I woke her up. Louder than anything I remember, the alarm blasted through the apartment. I sat straight up, placing my hand to my chest, feeling the intensity and speed for which my heart was pounding. Sweat dripped off my brow.

“What’s going on?” I whispered.

“I’m not sure. Stay right here.”

“I need to go and see what’s going on.”

“Stay right here, Tim,” she replied in a cautious tone.

I had an unsurpassable urge to disagree, and tiptoe toward the bedroom door. Heart still racing, hands shaking, I stayed put.

“What should we do? What if someone is in the house?”

I must have been in an extremely deep sleep because I felt like I was on a distant planet, in a different time. It took me a few minutes, alarm still blaring, to come to my senses. Still sitting up in the same position since the beginning, I decided to reach for her hand. My body, searching for some sense of comfort and familiarity, extending out amidst the chaos and uncertainty.

She grabbed her phone. There was a text from our landlord. The alarm had gone off on the top floor as well. Something about a water leak which triggered the alarm.