

“Restless Nights and Robotic Dreams”

by Jesse Reyna



I groan, struggling to fall asleep. I catch a glimpse of something reflective from the corner of my eye. I look over to see my wall filled with mementos from my past competitions. My brain floods with memories, as I recollect the events that transpired throughout my career. From winning awards, to meeting some of my best friends, I think back to a simpler time. A better time. My eyes slowly begin to shut as I drift into sleep, dreaming about the past and imagining my future.