



It was a rainy day at school and I was waiting nervously for the next class...The rain was so heavy that suddenly electricity went off. Drops of water flowing through the windows have already evaporated.

Everyone was scared, no one knew what was happening. The wind blowed so hard, so it ripped the trees out of the ground and it was so scary because the damaged cars could be heard. The principal came to us and assured us that our parents are on their way to pick us up. All of us were trying to use our phones, but we've lost the signal.

One of my peers found an old radio station. Furthermore, we've succeeded to access the frequency of the authorities. They tried to talk us through the normal procedure but the communication cut half way. The rain was falling even more, creating disasters. The only option which guaranteed our safety was barricading ourselves inside the radio station and try to maintain our calm.

Suddenly, the sky turned red and the planes started to fall off like the snow of death. There were explosions everywhere and everything took the image of an apocalypse. So, the men started to burn the carrossen turning the clouds all black. We were all covered in darkness trying to figure out ways to survive and protect ourselves.

We've never thought that we were going to be main characters in the fifth wave. I just felt a feeling of hopelessness. It seemed like everything was out of my hands and nothing that I could do was going to be the solution to the problem.

In a moment of silence, when everyone had lost hope, I heard a sound, it seemed to be the school bell... And yes, that was the bell that woke me from the nightmare of my life.

So everything that happened was just a dream? I woke up scared telling everyone what happened. Only one of my colleagues told me he dreamed of something similar in the boring history class... Is that a sign?

