



Tinia has been gifted a supernatural ability by her grandmother. She controls people's sleep and causes them to either to have a dream or a nightmare. When she tests her ability on a crush, she can't believe it worked!

Sleep Weaver

By Jackie Adams

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Chapter 1

I'm no ordinary teenager. I'm different in ways most couldn't, wouldn't, I'd say doesn't understand. I can't tell anyone else this secret. It all starts on my thirteenth birthday. This supernatural power I now latch on to as if life and death demanded of me. I didn't expect it, certainly never wanted it.

My mom barely making ends meet had no way of throwing me a thirteenth birthday party, much less get me presents. Which was an outfit I wanted so badly, but I didn't bug them too much knowing my mom's finances wouldn't be able to supply. If I threw a fit about it, I'd just feel guilty about it later. It wasn't worth the drama.

Instead, I inherited a gift. One from long ago passed on from my ancestors skipping every other generation. Which means my mom didn't have a clue about it! At least, to my knowledge she doesn't. In this particular dream, my grandmother came to me from the afterlife. She told me it was important to understand and use the power wisely. She said you simply squint your eyes, think of the person's face, and what you want him or her to have, a nightmare or a dream. Easy as that! Doesn't sound too difficult, does it? I'm not even sure it's real. It could have just been a crazy dream. I never felt a need for it.

At least, that's what I thought, until one day I was in Literature class bored. I was sitting there staring at Toby Allen. One of his friends hit his shoulder and said, "Look at her, will ya! That Tinia Jones is staring at you again, Toby." They all start laughing, and I look away embarrassed. Talk about not wanting to be Tinia Jones, but that's who I am. Unfortunately, stuck being me! At least, that's how I feel right now.

Eighth grade is not easy for any thirteen-year-old girl. What do I do in my embarrassment? I turn around facing the front of the class, squint my eyes closed, and picture myself in his dream tonight. I don't really think it's going to work. Toby always ignores me. Never giving me an ounce of attention.

Sonya looks over at me and says, "Don't mind, Jake. You know he gets his wry personality from his sarcastic mayor of a father." She looks over at the boys and rolls her eyes at them. She whispers, "If you're still crushing on Toby, why don't you talk to him?"

I'm so relieved I don't have to answer her question. Lucky for me, the bell rings right as she finishes asking. I pull my books towards me from the desk as I get up. I tell Sonya, "It's not a girl's place to talk to the boy first." Then we walk to our shared hall locker.

"Why not?! It's the 2000s already! It's not the 19th century anymore. Girls talk to boys all the time. I don't see why you're making such a big deal about it." Sonya puts her books on the top shelf.

I look over at her bothered by what she said. “He has no interest in me, or he’d make more of an effort.”

Sonya’s boyfriend, Justin Blake walks over to her. “What are you gals talking about?”

Sonya takes his hand into hers and leans against his shoulder and says, “Tinia is crushing on Toby Allen. I’m trying to get her to talk to him.”

Justin looks over at me, “I don’t know why you like him. I know he’s popular and all, but he’s kind of stuck up, don’t you think?” He looks over at Danny Strauss. “Why don’t you talk to Danny? He’s had the hots for you for years.”

I glimpse over at Danny who drops all of his books. He pushes up his glasses, bends down to pick the books up, and stares back at me. I try to look away before he catches me staring, but it’s too late. “Hi, Tinia.”

“Oh, hi Danny. How have you been?” I close the locker door as Sonya and Justin walks to their next class together. I bend down helping Danny retrieve his books. Danny is as slim as a bean pole. His wiry blonde hair, his coke bottle glasses, and he’s mostly all legs.

“It’s not that I am against liking Danny, but he doesn’t give me butterflies in my stomach the way Toby Allen does. I can’t deny the fact that I probably have more in common with Danny, but I’ll never be infatuated with him like I am with Toby.

Danny asks, "Can I walk you to our next class? I don't know if you noticed, but we share it together along with art."

I nod my head as I say, "Of course, I know that. Sure, you can."

He says, "Let me put these books away and grab my history assignment, then we can walk together. Just follow me to my locker." He puts his books away and takes my book from me. He holds it close to his chest.

We pass by Toby. Jake just can't let go of catching me staring at Toby earlier. Jake says, "There's your girlfriend with another guy, Toby." He pushes on Toby's shoulder. "Better get her before she's gone."

Toby shakes his head basically trying not only to ignore Jake but to ignore me, too. Danny and I walk to History. Danny doesn't say anything in response to Jake teasing me about Toby. He just walks in and takes his seat at the desk in the front row while I take one in the middle of the class.

I'm staring at the back of Danny. He's a nice enough boy. He's even cute. Definitely thoughtful. I just don't see myself with him. Danny's mom and my mom are the best of friends, so Danny and I have grown up together. I'm almost more of a best friend to him than I am to Sonya. I see more of Danny at my home, every time his mom comes over to visit with my mom.

Like tonight after school when my mother tells me, “Pat and Danny are coming over for dinner.”

I’m aggravated in regard to Danny, because of what Jake had said earlier about Danny and me being together. “Again?! Weren’t they here the other day?”

“Now come on, Tinia. What’s this sudden attitude about?”

I think to myself, is this an attitude? “I don’t understand why Patty always has to bring Danny with her.”

Her mother looks over at her, “I thought you enjoyed Danny’s company? You two always seem to get along.”

I don’t mind Danny. I just don’t want Toby getting the wrong idea. After Danny walked me to class, I now feel awkward around him, and I don’t want him getting the wrong idea either. “I’m getting older, Mom. It’s not like Danny and I are little kids anymore. He should be old enough to be home by himself now.”

“Now, now. You know it’s just Patty and Danny. She’s a single mom raising a teen like I am. It’s nice to have someone who understands what it’s like. I don’t know why you’re fussing about this. We do it all the time.” Her mother sets the table.

I huff and puff my way to the bedroom door yelling, “Fine, Mom!” And slam the door shut as I roll my eyes. I look over at my desk, pull out two books, History and Literature, out of my

duffel bag. I say to myself, "Always homework." I take a seat and start on it before Danny and Pat arrive.

I look over at my vanity which has photos hanging on the mirror of Sonya and me. Then see a photo of Danny and me, too. Why am I making such a big deal of it?! I don't quite understand my little tantrum myself.

I finish my Lit homework and am working on my history assignment when there's a knock at the door. I already know it's Danny. I tell him, "Come in."

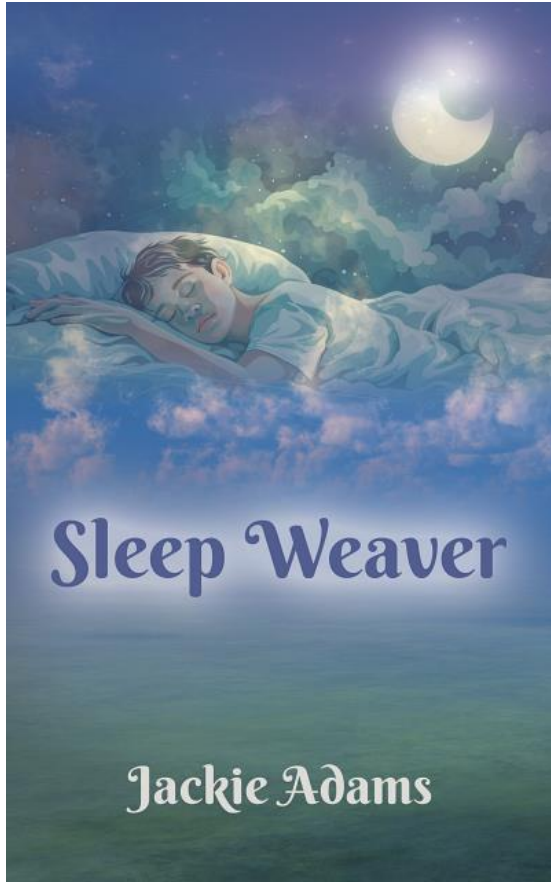
Danny takes a seat at the end of my bed. "I'm sorry Jake was teasing you in the hall."

I take in a breath, "It's no big deal." I'm becoming used to Jake giving me a hard time. Sonya says he does it because he has a crush on me. Though, I'm not too sure about that. I think Jake does it because he's a mean kid.

Danny asks, "Do you need help with your history?"

I shake my head, "Nope, just finishing it up now. Thanks, though."

The rest of the afternoon we talk, until my mother calls us down for dinner. I forgot how much fun Danny is to talk to. I'm glad he came over now. The four of us sit around the table eating fried chicken and potatoes.



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