

A Strange Dream

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I usually do not blog about my life, my activities, or my interests, but I feel that I must make an exception to tell of a crazy dream I experienced this morning. Normally, a dream wouldn't be so interesting to me, but I must reveal that I am not a dreamer – **this was my first dream which I could still remember in the morning in several years**. Because of that, I feel there is some importance in the message.

Psychologists are welcome to analyze this crazy dream.

(1200+ words, read at your own peril)

As it started, I was living in some sort of tiny house: seemed only wide enough for a simple wooden table to fit in the side, and long enough to fit a small horse. I had somehow acquired some seeds from the town wizard (I'm not sure if he was a wizard, he just looked the part: giant pointy hat, long beard). As I'm reflecting on the dream right now, the seeds looked like sunflower seeds, but during the dream, I only knew they were seeds. I ate a few, and thought they were quite delicious, but somehow, I knew they weren't meant to be eaten: this is why the next part kind of creeps me out. I proceed to giving the seeds to everyone I meet, coaxing them to consume a few. I even give a handful to my parents.

Suddenly, I'm in a cave-like hallway. To one direction, there is an endless path, shrouded in darkness; to the other, a metal fence with a locked door is blocking the way. Right in front of me is a ticket booth built inside the cave, and I meet the wizard who gave me the seeds. He warns me that the seeds he gave me are horrible news, and shows me the sprouts which have engulfed the tip of his beard, which he proceeds to chop off.

Now, the parts which are mainly struggling with lots of things going on at once are pretty hazy to me. I'm not sure why; as I was outlining this dream so I wouldn't forget it, I had forgotten all of the parts which had intense action. All I know here is that there was quite a bit of conflict, with soldiers ordering everyone to evacuate and holding back a swarm of deadly plants. I guess

something that slipped out during this dream was the fact that I had fed the seeds to some people, and at this point, the soldiers were not concerned with anyone who had consumed these plants.

Suddenly, I'm in a vast field, surrounded by grass. I'm not even myself anymore – at least, I don't look like I am. I'm suddenly an infant, maybe 3 or 4 years old. I realize I am escaping from something, so I run towards a building. The building turns out to be a shopping center – maybe a WAL-MART. I instinctively wander towards the toys section and look at the RC cars. I pick one about the same size as myself and tear it open. I hop on and begin driving towards the other end of the store. At this point an employee – apparently the only employee on duty – stops me, and tells me I'm not supposed to be stealing RC cars. He does nothing else, and just lets me go. At this point I go splinter cell on the guy, and sneak around the warehouse. I find a RC model of a Lamborghini, grab it, and run out of the store. At this point I'm back in the fields. I tear open the box of the RC car. Everything inside looks like packaging for a RC car, but when I take the actual car out, it turns out to be a helicopter.

As I make several futile attempts to learn how to control the helicopter, I seem to wake up (maybe just a little). I look up at my ceiling fan, and realize that is probably where the idea of a helicopter came from. However, I fail to realize that I am still a part of this crazy dream. I am in my own room now (instead of the tiny hallway house from the beginning of the dream), and have aged considerably: instead of the 3-year-old thief from before, I was now in my real body.

Although I have no television or radio inside my room, I somehow learn that the authorities are searching for a 3 or 4 year old who committed a couple crimes a long time ago. They warn that he is probably 13 years old now (Yes, I realize I probably lost the ability to add in this dream as well). For some reason, I begin to panic, and in an attempt to throw off whoever is searching for me, I put on a suit (only old people wear suits, right?). I leave the house and suddenly I'm in a queue for a large auditorium.

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The auditorium looks like a giant theater, with the presentation floor at the bottom and an upwards slope as you approached the rear. There was quite a bit of commotion, I've forgotten now, but I believe everyone was struggling to obtain something. I sat near the rear of the theater. Not sure if this is important enough to be worth mentioning, but there were two girls sitting facing me, while everyone else was facing away. I'm introduced to an black woman, who seems pretty important, and she decides to sit next to me. Suddenly, I see someone pull out a box cutter and hold it in the air, and then all hell breaks loose. Somehow, the entire theater begins to collapse, with water pouring in and instantly submerging the bottom half of the auditorium. I manage to escape and jump into a car with two strangers and the black woman. I assume everyone else in the theater was killed.

These two people believe I have some kind of healing power and drive me to a creepy-looking old mansion (which is apparently some kind of madness asylum). There, I meet their 6 or 7 year-old daughter, who doesn't seem ill at all. I must add that the girl's appearance matches the stereotypical Satan girl from most movies, although she clearly was not. Eventually, it is up to me to make the decision of whether or not to take the girl with us as we leave. After a bit of deliberation, I decide the safest place for her would be to leave her at the asylum. We drive off, but as we get maybe 100 feet from the building, the sprouts take over and possess the building. It turns alive (looked similar to the building from Monster House pictured

above) and begins to consume everything in its path (I can only assume the little girl died). We continue driving.

This is where the dream starts to mess with my brain. All of a sudden I'm back in the field as a 3-year old (the hyphen a bit earlier in this post signify this point). Instantly, I'm back at the theater, waiting in the line again. Everyone is still struggling to obtain something, and I'm feeling déjà vu.

I realize something's going to happen to the theater, but I still go to sit in my original seat at the back. I notice the black woman from before, but this time she's positioned towards the front with a cameraman. I call out to her in an effort to save her life, but she doesn't notice. Immediately, I see the boxcutter, the flood, the slaughter.

Back to the car I go, this time accompanied only by the two strangers. We go back to the asylum, but this time I decide to take the girl with us. We leave the house, and it becomes possessed, just like before; however, this time the little girl is safe.

I open my eyes. It's 11:00. I overslept.