

Dreams: To Make Us Cry, Laugh and Quiver With Fear

By : mkkrinler

I'm doing it. A chapter by chapter recording of bizarre dreams. Why do we dream anyway? The dreams range so far in what they tell us and what they consist of, it certainly can not be any one thing. Or are they random?



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Chapter 1: Aunts in Portland

Portland

By my Fiance, Rachel

I found myself in Portland, visiting my aunt Carrol, her husband and their daughter. Their daughter was a curious thing to see, because unlike her very Caucasian parents, she was black.

When I arrived at their suburbia house I reflected that I should have visited the last time I had come to Portland. We decided to go out for the day and the whole family rode on unicycles. I myself rode a regular bicycle, however it was being pulled by my remote control Subaru, which was about the size of a loaf of bread. Though I was up on my bike, I was able to reach my thumb into the Subaru on the ground through its sunroof. This was how I controlled it. I thought to myself, "How cool, this thing can pull me up to 35mph".

We were all going somewhere, and we began to climb a hill. As he rode our multi wheeled bikes up the hill it suddenly became completely vertical. We were still able to ride our bikes up the vertical incline despite the physics of the situation until we reached the small lip of the cliff top. We all had to grab hold and pull ourselves up over the lip of the cliff, and pull our bicycles up over with us.

Once we climbed up and over I noticed a sign that explained the vertical hill was actually a piece of art. The sign read, "For more concrete art, look around the city for these gems." Below that was the artists name, and then finished, "To add whimsy and love to peoples lives."

"I thought to myself, "What the hell?" because at this point, I hated everything.

So here we stand, basically on this cliff side with a forty foot drop in front of us. We hopped over to an interactive water fountain, but it was winter in Portland, so the water was not running. It was very perilous, but we climbed down the water fountain to the ground below, and once again, we were at my aunt Carrols house.

We all went inside and began to chat about how the last time I was in Portland I was too busy to visit, because of my fashion event. My relatives asked me if I was going to pursue fashion. We also spoke about school, and I explained about a school that I like in Manhattan. They began to explain how their daughter had gone to Make-Up school. Their daughter tried to explain to me about Make-Up school, but her severe ADD was getting in the way. She could only get out a few words before being distracted by something.

Every time she got distracted, I tried to steer the conversation back to school, "So you were telling me...?" and "What about Make-Up school again...?"

My aunt then said, "You're a teacher, aren't you?"

I replied, "I'm not really a teacher, but I teach small classes on chocolate and cheese."

"Oh." she replied, "I could just tell by the way you talk."

The daughter became particularly distracted, despite my best attempts to redirect the conversation. She kept clicking her fake acrylic fingernails together.

And then I woke up.

Chapter 2: Scaredy Cats

Things were getting pretty strange when I had a room mate I did not even know. It was like college all over again. My first room mate was a freshman football player who was only allowed to train with the team, but not play in the games. Believe me, I heard plenty about that subject. My second (and last real room mate) was a foreign exchange student from Japan. He spoke little English, enjoyed wearing orange crocks, had Sponge Bob bed sheets, wore a fur lined sailor suite...and was a flaming homosexual.

I could not make up these facts if I tried.

I am reflecting on my two previous room mates as I look at this woman in my living room who I assume is living with me. I had explained to her many times she could not just leave the door open. The cats were indoor cats only, they never went outside, and they would not last long outside. This woman would listen and nod, and be very polite, but continued to leave the door open.

She must have cared about the cats though, Kevin and Shmuckleputz, because she designed and integrated an extremely complex set of strings across the open front door way, intended to keep my indoor cats inside.

The trouble was, I found, that the cats could still get outside. Now, I don't know if it was because of her intricate string maze they had to climb through, or because they had never been outside, but when they finally did get through the door and outside it literally scared the cats into another dimension.

The cats did not teleport anywhere, but rather, their alternate selves from another dimension were terrified into our dimension everytime the cat crossed the threshold.

The next thing I knew, there were eight Kevins shivering with fear in my apartment, and four Shmuckleputz's hiding under the couch. It's strange that the first thing I thought was, "How am I going to feed all of these cats?"

Then I woke up.

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