

Woke up from a nightmare?

Well, I'm really not sure I would classify it as a nightmare, but what else? What would you call a dream that had most of the WCCT regulars, Rosanne, the Flintstones (animated), large bats, broken windows, broken down garages, downtown Bryan Ohio, and seedy bars in it? I wasn't frightened but I woke up very confused.

Now I just had to write that down so I could get some sleep. Just contemplating the dream has kept me awake for the last 1/2 hour. Maybe this will help clear the brain for a few better dreams.

Have a good one, and I hope this slight description doesn't keep anyone else awake. I hope to forget the details of the dream by morning, so this is all you should hear about.

How does that work?

I've read that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the novella "Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" after having a nightmare. I'm really wondering how that works. I can remember only a handful of nightmares that I have had and not one would have made a good story.

Most of the nightmares that I remember are random things. Very short, with whatever it is that makes it a nightmare happening quickly and then waking me up. Never anything that I thought could be expanded into a story. Integrated into a story sure, but not as the basis of a story.

I guess I just have the wrong type of nightmare. They just

wake me up and now give me the desire to write something in a blog to calm down.

I was thinking about writing about the nightmare itself, but I now have no desire to re-visit this dream. I hope it becomes a faded memory by the time I awake for the second time this morning.

Baseball, Philosophy and dinner with the folks

And don't forget the big ball of rope. What does that have in common? Why would my mind put all of that in one dream? And why Susanne Pleshett?

On the explanation of dreams. I get some weird ones on occasion. I've never really tried to find any deep meaning or explanations to any of my dreams. I figure they are just my brain working a little overtime.

Baseball is easy to explain, I've been listening to some games and trying to find out when I can see a game this summer.

Philosophy – Blogging recently on this topic.

Dinner with the folks. Well I did see quite a bit of my family recently. We used to always gather at my folks house when they were alive, so that is also an easy one.

Big ball of rope? No clue

Susanne Pleshett? Well, I was talking about the Newhart show with someone recently, and she was much better looking than Bob Newhart.

Now if I can just figure out the BAD/GOOD stuff. I don't thing that is going to happen very soon.

Dream weirdness

I just woke of from a very strange dream. At first I was playing in a High School baseball game, but that soon turned into a ballgame with current friends and a few big league stars (and a couple of those are no longer with us). Then I'm in a play trying to discuss some deep philosophical point with Susanne Pleshett, she eventually morphed into many different people and I was still trying to discuss the same point.

I'm not sure what the original point was, but it was a discussion of what is good, and what is bad. And then when or how to make bad things worse, bad things better, good things better and good things worse. All very confusing, especially when it ended, I was trying to discuss this with my oldest daughter, while making a big ball of rope, just before a big family dinner at my parents' house. Wonder what Freud would say about that dream.... ☐

Anyway, I woke up contemplating the Good/Bad discussion. My fuzzy 2 am brain just isn't wrapping around the dream discussion at this time (It was very deep ☐) Maybe by putting these words down, I can remember the finer points to what was being discussed. Or, I will find out that it was only deep in the dream.. ☐

Oh well, I'm going to think more on this latter, I need to sleep and I think I got out what was needed. Of course, I think I will need to re-read "When bad things happen to Good people", or some other book of the same genre...

Dream Sequence...

My youngest daughter Disney has a cold, so lately, she's been waking up every hour (at least). So my sleep has been totally interrupted, which, for a person like me, is not good. I'm barely functioning. My body aches, my head pounds, I have no attention span, no patience with anybody, and I've been very grumpy – the fact that I'm admitting it says a lot :). It's been difficult for me to find joy in things lately, just because I'm so tired, and the thought of retiring to my bed at night now fills me with dread because of the 'night terrors' – waking to my daughter's screams and demands. Even if I don't wake up, I can still hear them in my sleep, and it's causing chaos in other aspects of my life. I'm barely even looking forward to this business trip we're taking this weekend to New Jersey. A few weeks ago, before this all started happening, I was ecstatic about this trip because it's right next to New York City and I've never been there. Not only that, but we're planning on stopping at TWO zoos on the way there, which as you might know, would normally put me over the moon with excitement. But now I'm just worried about getting there in one piece. My husband is the one who is actually crawling out of bed with our daughter; he is the slave to her every demand. So if I feel this bad, is he going to feel well enough to get us through the 10-hour drive and back safely? He assures me he is, but I don't know; I just feel SO crappy all the time!

Anyway, to help try to regulate my sleep until this passes, I've been taking the diet supplement Melatonin. It's been providing me with some calm before I fall asleep; I used to lay there for about 30 minutes at least with a pounding heart and tense muscles before I could fall asleep, just waiting to

hear my daughter's screams. But the Melatonin is helping me calm down a little bit, and hopefully it will make my bedroom feel less like a prison and more like the restful haven I was used to. One side effect of the Melatonin I've noticed is that it's given me VERY vivid dreams. The other night, I dreamt that my mom gave us these yogurt containers all stacked in rows that spelled out some sort of life advice. You know how they print stuff on product containers? Well, she had collected different flavors of yogurt that said different things and stacked them all up until they made a few sentences of wisdom. It was a gift for something; we got to read the advice and then keep all the yogurt. I wish I could remember the life advice they spelled out, but I don't. And after she gave us the gifts of yogurt, we found out that she and my friend Megan had been awarded shared custody of one of my daughter's friends whose parents were getting divorced and didn't want her anymore. *That* was random... but aren't dreams always that way? Here's to hoping our family's sleep can regulate in the near future. I'm taking Disney to the doctor on Thursday – I'm at the end of my rope. Luckily our pediatrician is also a sleep expert, so maybe he can help. I have so much going on right now that it would be SO great to be able to actually enjoy it!

It's only a dream...

Boy did I have a strange dream last night. Normally, I don't remember them, but this one was long, involved and memorable.

***** Dream cloud surrounding the following narrative.
Comments are in italics *****

I was sitting on the porch of my house and a mid-sized red car

comes up the drive. A lady I knew stepped out of the car and asked if I wanted to go someplace with her. She was very sorry for coming out to the house without calling, but really wanted make a companionship for this outing. I was more than willing to go, since I was thinking of asking this lady out for some time. I hadn't been asked out much during my life, and I liked the feeling...

In reality, I have no idea who this woman was and the house porch I was sitting on was my parents' house, and it was sold to my new neighbor almost 5 years ago. Yes, I do like the feeling of being asked out.

Before I could even step into the house to get my wallet and keys, a LifeFlight helicopter was landing in the front yard. Now I had no idea why they were coming here, and the life flight nurse was sure that this was the place to pick up the an emergency patient. I tried to explain that the only two people there were the two they saw now. Then a school bus comes barreling through the woods, not on the road, but right through the woods, and over the swamp. This is when I told the LifeFlight crew that this must be the person/people they were waiting for. While talking to the crew, the school bus turned into a tanker truck. Helping the people out of the tanker and unto the copter took so much time that my date and I were too late to go to her function. So we made plans to get together at a later date.

Ok, this just happened very quickly in the dream. The lady in question (I sure wish I would have had a name associated with this dream.) The next section of the dream occurred in the blink of an eye.

I was sitting at a table of a park lodge with the lady of my dreams (*I like the way that sounds!*) and someone fell off a speed boat on the lake in view from the lodge. Leaving my date behind I run and swim out to rescue the person. Coming back into the lodge, I ran into my father-in-law. He was giving me a thumbs up sign on my date. I then went into a restroom

(straight out of a Harry Potter Movie) to change my wet clothes. My brother-in-law came into the restroom to make sure I put on the suit he brought me. He wanted to make sure I was ready for the wedding. What wedding, I was here on a date?? Anyway, I get dressed and step out of the restroom to tell my date about the wedding. Instead of finding my date, I find my late wife. She said "Hurry up, we can't miss this wedding." I'm going, "Wait, you aren't supposed to be here, you died years ago." She said, "I know that silly, I just couldn't miss this wedding. Come on, let's go." I said I had to explain it to my date. My wife said that this was already taken care of. Me, I'm wondering how she took that.

The gorilla ushers took my bag (*where did that come from?*) and we took our seats. The wedding was over before it even began *Yes, this was surreal. Even in the dream it had a feeling of weirdness. I'm not sure who the wedding was for, but all but 1 daughter was in the dream.*

After the wedding, my dear wife said she had to be going. I wanted her to wait, but her time was at an end. Then I went looking for my bag. (*Why not the date?*) I couldn't find the gorilla who took it. In fact I couldn't find any of the gorillas. The girl at the lobby desk told me she would go through the security tapes to find the gorilla that took my bag. I was watching it with her and saw the part where I came out of the restroom. I saw me talking, but I was talking to nobody. My wife was not in the video. Then I remember my date. Did she know why I was gone, did I ruin another date? I find my date, and she was still waiting for me. I told I was sorry for being gone so long, and she said it was no problem. She had a nice talk with some lady who told me I had to be at a wedding at the lodge. She was told I was surprised and didn't know about the wedding. Hmm, how did that work out. She then said a gorilla gave her my bag.

***** Here the dream ends.... *****

I'm not what was going on in this dream, but after telling it to my youngest, she reminded me of a dream I had a bit ago. In that dream I had a date with a raven haired psychic. This lady in my dreams, also had raven hair, but I don't recall the face of either lady. Hmm... But then again, I've always liked dark haired women. Just a weird dream I remembered today.

Strange dream

I don't remember my dreams very often, but when I do they are always a little on the strange side. My latest dream (last night) was no exception. The exception was, is that it stayed with me all day. Usually I forget them by the time I drive to work. This one is still strong in my memory.

Started with me being in an apartment, instead of my house. That in and of itself isn't too strange, but I it was supposed to be an apartment building I lived in before. I've only lived in two, and this wasn't either of them. Anyway I was entering an apartment that wasn't mine. It was by mistake. I was trying to enter the apartment I had the last time I lived there. The lady living in the apartment wondered what I was doing, and I explained I just had a brain freeze and jumped back 20+ years. She laughed and dropped the bag of stuff she was carrying. As I helped pick up the stuff, she gave me a quick peck on the cheek. Strange, but it seemed important at the time.

Jump some indistinct time period, I find that some other lady in the apartment building is planning to murder me. I didn't know why or how, but I was able to listen in to the entire conversation without anyone knowing. Going out the the garage to contact the authorities, I'm shoved into a big black van. I'm assuming these are the guys that will do me in. No,

they're a rock band that live in another apartment. They needed me to run their lights and sound for their gig. The first lady met is going to be their lead singer. Now the van drives off and is pursued by a red corvette.

The band and lady turn out to be some sort of government agents. They push me behind some crates, open the back doors of the van and start shooting at the Corvette. The guys in the corvette shoot back. We are going quickly down a highway that looks a lot like I95 in Florida?? Where did that swamp come from?

Van doors close and the FBI guys are again a band. I run lights and sound for the gig and head back home. I meet the lady who was setting up my murder and she wants to go out on the town. Thinking nothing of this I go, followed by the FBI guys again.

Then I wake up, only I'm still in my dream. I go to the apartment of the first lady, really thinking that she would be interested in the dream, only to discover that she lives with the second lady and they are plotting to kill me. I run out the door, only to run into the van full of FBI guys. The wild chase begins again... Then the alarm rings.

Yep, time to get up and go to work.