

sunday, february 19th, 2012

typing: 10:12 am

(part one is about my ex-boyfriend, who I broke up with in October. I told everyone I no longer liked him, including him, but I never stopped and I still do like him. We have finally become good friends again, after a period of... shaky relations.)

PART ONE

I'm sitting in the library.

A narrow row of computers; I am sitting at one, B at the other. Right next to me.

We talk about us. I don't remember anything specific.

I say, "I never stopped." This is a line I have imagined myself saying very often. "You asked me once if I loved you, I said I wasn't ready to answer. But I did, and I never stopped."

We are talking at normal volume, though we're in a library.

I feel very embarrassed, very sad, very scared.

B leans over to kiss me, but as soon as he starts moving I stop and lower my head.

I say, "I don't know."

I don't know what he replies, but the feelings of doubt and fear disappear and we kiss.

"So are we dating again?" B asks. I smile, nod, "yeah."

The next day at school every one knows we're dating again.

I think in real life if we did start dating again, I would be embarrassed about people knowing, because of what I told everyone. But in this dream there is no embarrassment, I just have this euphoric feeling of joy. No depression anymore.

PART TWO

There is no "me." I am not present in this dream, not yet.

There is a little boy, maybe eight or nine, swinging from tree to tree like a little Tarzan. He wears cargo shorts, no shoes, now shirt. He ran away from home. I don't know why.

I notice a path he is traveling above. A tall wire fence appears in front of us and he drops on top of it, observing the quiet suburb he has just entered. Below him, he sees a little girl, same age.

Blonde hair, wears a dress.

She calls her mother. The mother is a witch - after a lot of yelling, she finally agrees to accept the little boy into the house.

When I enter the house, I become the boy. There is no longer a girl, but a cat, with slightly human-ish facial features. Me and the cat click.

I'm in school. I don't know if the mother enrolled me, or if I just went to school. I discover that I am extremely artistic. I have no recollection of nor do I remember if I even saw the art I did. I just know I was apparently very, very talented.

Back at "home," I start to teach the cat how to draw. I am delighted to find that it is very talented.

The cat's art involves, I remember distinctly, many circle shapes, images that seem like faces. There are no sharp lines that separate colors, it is all very smooth and airy.

I continue to teach the art every day. I am no longer 8 or 9 but now I am 14 or 15; still a boy. I go to sleep one day. Suddenly I started having a nightmare, but it was only images that the cat was making or drawing or something while I slept, and everything it did just popped up into my head.

I woke up and I was terrified of something so I took the cat into an indoor courtyard that for some reason was readily available in the house and locked him in there.

The next night the same things happened, but it became extremely intense and all of a sudden we both woke up at the same time and I realized that I was in the cat's body and that the cat had become me. It became very smug and I realized how evil it was, and turned off the lights as it left my room.

Then it reset. It was like it was a video game.

Turning the lights of took you back to the nearest save, which was the day before the first dream.

I remembered what had happened, but the cat had no recollection, just remembered the plan.

I tried to prevent the cat from drawing pictures but it used anything it could find.

My attempt failed and I woke up in the cat's body one again, but not in the courtyard.

This time it had only taken one dream.

Now no one in the dream flipped the light, but I myself reached into the dream to turn the light off and reset it.

When I had, the cat asked me for materials.

I knew I couldn't give it pencils or paint or anything, so I kept on giving it things I thought it wouldn't be able to use.

I slipped up, and it got its hands on something.

Fast forward to me waking up as a cat.

I only dreamt the first two tries, afterward I simply woke up.

This sequence, of me trying to stop the cat from taking over my body, happened at least five times in total.

The last time, I woke up, my door was closed, the cat was in the room, and we were alone.

I stood up and picked up the cat.

I began to shake it furiously.

I felt like I was strangling it but I wasn't, I was just shaking it up and down.

It began to wail like a baby, maybe it pain, and after a while I stopped.

I looked at a close up of its crying face, and it looked like a crying baby's face.

In the dream I felt nothing, no feeling of remorse.

Yet I was aware of some feeling of horror at myself for doing that to the cat.

Regardless, I threw the cat in the courtyard and left, expecting the mother to come in and find

out what I was doing to her cat.

When nothing happened and I left without trouble, I realized that I hadn't seen her since she accepted me into her house.

When I walked out, I was in New York City, no longer a small quiet suburb.

I didn't look at the house.

After staring at the streets, I knew I needed to find some place to live.

All of a sudden but all of a sudden I was in a new house, and now I was me (before 2/14/12 haircut.)

A woman (she was exactly the same as the mother, same appearance and shitty personality).

With a set of young and devilish twins.

Apparently she was letting a lot of people stay in her house.

I knew because I was suddenly sitting down at a sofa, split into sections of different colors.

Each color was for two people.

I was in one, with the cat.

It was no longer the same cat, though it looked the same, and I had a strong protective feeling.

The mother didn't like the cat.

She said that if it hurt her kids they could hit it.

The kids sat next to me.

One of them cried "The cat hit me!"

I was horrified that they would hit it or kill it, so I ran out.

Apparently everyone agreed the woman and kids were crazy, because all of the pairs escaped.

One of them was a pair of maybe 18 or 19 year old twin girls with long, curly, dark brown hair.

I was running up and down the street, wondering what to do.

They snickered and mentioned that there were taxis in New York City.

I got in a taxi almost that same second.

Next thing I knew, I was at a dusty empty road walking. I no longer had the cat.

As I was walking people began to appear.

The appearance of the abandoned road slowly merged into that of a bustling city road.

I saw J on a sidewalk ahead (there were no cars).

I made me somewhat angry.

He smiled in that way he does, and began to walk towards me.

As he reached me, another J appeared on my left side and grabbed my hand.

I looked over and sighed, it's something that he does a lot. I felt no anger towards that J.

The first J was slightly jealous, "what?!" and we continued walking down the sidewalk.

I had this strange feeling that people kept on joining us.

Then the second J disappeared.

The group of people, I felt it was large got an outside table at a restaurant with a magnificent view of the stars.

There might have been 6 or 8 people, half on one side of the table and half on the other.

I looked to my right.

I saw another S was sitting next to me.

Across from her was I.

I felt a pang of jealousy and didn't partake in the food or conversation.

At one point I looked up (I was now sitting at the very end of the table) and I saw the stars.

There was a pattern I noticed, something seemed to be shimmering.

I realized that it looked like the stars were recreating the Aurora Borealis, but in just starlight rather than colors.

I mentioned it, kind of mumbled it.

S looked over and said, "Oh, that's just a train."

I continued to look and suddenly the stars seemed to shift.

And then yes, a train appeared on the tracks near the restaurant.

It looked like the illusion had been caused by little lights that were on top of the train.

The train was right next to us, but it wasn't deafening or very loud at all.

Then I woke up.