

# My Dream Log

By final\_flash

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*a collection of my dreams*

*feel free to wonder over them and decide on my level of sanity...*

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# 1 - my dreams

Someone, anyone, please, can you tell me what the hell these dreams mean?

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I was walking along a pier, when all of a sudden I saw someone in the black lake beside me in trouble. I ran down to the shore, but when I arrived someone was already there, pulling the girl from the water. Her legs were missing, and she was crying, but she was otherwise fine.

It was then that I saw The Hand. The Hand was caressing the surface of the black lake from below, and was obviously evil. I threw a stone at it and to my horror; it caught the stone and threw it back. So I picked up a bigger stone and threw it, but The Hand easily caught it again and launched it back at me. I ran away, but The Hand followed me, throwing stones at me for revenge, until I woke.

\*

I was a toy at my local playschool, trying to please the kids by being as toy-like as possible. It worked, they loved it, and they were laughing their little heads off with glee as I drove around as a bright blue car, floated as a red balloon, and bounced as a bouncy ball.

Then I was a father. My partner went to the bar and, happily, I looked after my child. But another kid demanded food, water, toys, attention from me as I was busy, and it was all I could do to provide both of them with whatever they needed to keep them happy.

The kids disappeared, as did the bar, and I was sitting atop the back carriage of a train with my friends, telling them in the face of their avid questions how great it felt to be a dad.

When they disappeared my kind-of-girlfriend appeared and the train vanished, and we were flying along unaided. We flew past miles of fields and over cliffs until, at one point, we dove down onto a beach and the sand went screaming by underneath us.

Just as we were about to fly back up the train reappeared and crashed, killing many passengers. We landed, but we were in the way of the rolling wreckage and I was frantic trying to get her out of the way.

When the train rolled to a stop we began taking care of the survivors until, unexpectedly, my university lecturer arrived in a jeep, running over a couple of people.

Someone tried to kill my lecturer in revenge, but I stopped him.

\*

I met 50 cent, who gave me magic mushrooms. He helped me prepare them etc but he couldn't stop to have some because we heard the police and they were after him. I thanked him and off he ran.

So, mushrooms in hand, I toddled off to my flat. I shared out the mushrooms to three friends of mine, and also gave some to Tom Jones, Hulk Hogan and Johnny Depp.

While we were on our high (a positively weird experience) my mate started being sick. I tried to make her feel better, but seeing her being sick made me sick. Then I woke up.

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More to follow...