

# Dream Journey

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*They say,that you visit a place,and are taken by a guide to which ever dream they,or even you wish.These Guides watch over you,this is just one such compilation of Aleksandra's(needler's) many dreams,and even nightmares.(There are guest worlds/charac*

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# 1 - Introduction - Ramblin' Man

Dream Journey

Introduction - The Ramblin' Man

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"All the ducks are swimming in the water, far da ra da ralldo..."

From nowhere a figure appeared, humming an odd few words or two, this voice seemed slightly aged, yet simple and kind, it repeated itself.

"All the ducks are swimming in the water, far da ral da ralldo..."

This soft murmur of soft humming and pleasant tune continued, well past the time the figure stopped. The figure was indeed an old man, with an aged face that seemed to ooze unearthly kindness, he smiled, his old worn ragged coat rustled in the wind. The coat was a soft earthy tone of brown and patches of sewn on cloth could be seen at nearly every end and start, his hair was silver, and yet showed the signs of life, much like his face. He was a lively man, by the looks of it, healthy and perfectly chipper.

"Sir, SIIIR!!" shouted a voice from nowhere.

The man turned to face the direction of this voice. There stood a girl, panting and sighing.

The old man stopped and turned to face her.

"Sir," she sighed, looking up at him "I need to ask you..." the girl panted again. She seemed simple, a teenage girl, with dark blonde hair. Her outfit seemed loose and pleasing to the eye. A pair of jeans that was faded at the front, and flared at the ends. The shirt she wore was white, and the sleeves only passed slightly over the length of her elbow. This shirt revealed the shoulders, showing off her soft pale skin.

This look, although not very prominent, gave her a vision of simple elegance.

"Yes," the old man smiled and spoke to her softly.

"I was just wondering, who...who are you? I always seem to see you, but...I have no idea as to who you are." The girl paused, then continued to speak "And why- "

The girl's speech was cut short by the old man's soft voice "Why you were here on this wharf?" He smiled, finishing her sentence.

“Ye, yes, how did you- ” her sentence was cut short once again with the gentleman's reply “ You see I know man things...I do...” his eyes started to glaze over, as he seemed to drift off to a world all of his own.

The girl turned her head about, getting a much better look at her surroundings.

There was a long dirt road behind her. She had recently ran up that road, and not being a very fit person, she was exhausted.

This road was surrounded by soft green patches of grass, off from which grew old gnarled willow trees, the branches curving beautifully and touching the ground.

In front, was the old man, he stood, proud and tall upon an old wooden wharf. The wood beneath him would creak and groan every now and then.

Behind him though, was a grand vessel a small beautifully carved boat that tilted with the murky ominous waters below.

But far, as far as the eye could see, was the horizon. But no, you could not see through it, for a soft thick fog hung there, blanketing and hiding the far off reaches.

“So why- ” the girl paused blinking.

“-Am I here?” she asked.

”Oh, yes, the great worldly question, one that passes through the minds of all mankind!” He paused, his smile widening and becoming even greater now, the wrinkles in his cheeks showing what the process of time has done to him.

”Why am I here?” he quoted her “Why?”

The girl sighed, “No, no I don't think that you quite understand, here...” she sounded the last word out as loudly and as well as she could. She then pointed to the ground she stood on.

”Now, why am I here?” she repeated herself.

The man closed his eyes, still smiling. He sighed and opened his eyelids “To tell you, would be a devastation, I cannot simply go ahead and ruin such a splendid time to be had!” he laughed “Now, young one would you accompany me into this little boat of mine?” He turned and stepped into it, grabbing a long paddle.

Without hesitation the girl nodded and stepped towards into the boat, she took a seat on one of the little seats within.

“By the way, I am the Ramblin' man...” the old man said, untying the rope and letting the boat flow free. The water below sloshed silently.

”Hmmm...where shall I take you?” he asked, then paused “Ah, I know!”

And with that, the long slender boat shifted through the thick mist, the old man repeating:  
"All the **ducks** are swimming in the water, far da ra da ralldo..."

-To be continued...

**On a random note, the Ramblin' man is based off of my deceased grandfather, whom I only knew for a short few years of my life, but he was a kind and odd man apparently.**