Dream Weaver

Thick fog surrounded me as I made my way through the unfamiliar forest. Only some of the forest felt real, like if I touched some things my body would fall through. Something changed, and I was in a city, on a crowded street. Several car alarms were going off, and people were running from something. I saw a building collapse, maybe there was an earthquake. Something changed again, and I was back in the forest. I was angry, in a rage; over what I didn’t know. After that I was in a building, perhaps a building in the city. In the building there were white walls, white tables, and white doors; everything was white. The only thing that was not white were words on a door, which were black. The words read experiment room # 2, experiments over what? I thought I knew, but I wasn’t sure. Back to the streets, this time they were riddled with bodies, and several of the bodies were smashed; undoubtedly dead, all of them. I was back in the forest, and I saw a strange silhouette through the fog. A voice spoke to me, it said “We need to talk, I’ll find you.” The silhouette was clearer. It was a man; he was 5’8’, with jet black hair, rough facial features, and a nose that may have been a little too big. I heard a low buzzing.

I woke up and turned my phone alarm off. I was in a forest. Information rushed through my head; I remembered the dream I just had, in a forest, and in a city. Was this the same forest? I checked the time on my phone, 6:05; the normal time I awoke, except I was normally in a bed. My only real concern was finding out where I was so I could get home, when I wanted to; I was strangely calm, considering my circumstance. I’d be missing school today, for obvious reasons. As far as school went, I didn’t feel like going today, but I had the feeling that I wouldn’t be going back to school. I heard cars; I wasn’t that deep in this unknown forest. I made my way to the road, and saw a sign; it said Junction, 3 miles.
Junction was a small town about thirty miles from where I live. Had I really walked this far in my sleep? Going to Junction was the best option I had at the current moment; I could phone somebody to take me home, but I didn’t want to bother anybody, or explain this… situation.

As I entered Junction I noticed a diner; it was named Earl&Bobby’s. I entered the diner, and it was packed, after a quick look around the diner I noticed one spot open. It was at the same table as an older looking woman; she looked to be around thirty three. She had chestnut hair, with a tint of very dark red at the ends, and her eyes were hazel. She didn’t appear to be wearing any noticeable make up, except a minor amount of dark violet colored lipstick, and she had a very slender figure; she was beautiful. I sat down and introduced myself.

“Hi, I’m Isaac; you mind if I sit here?”

“I don’t mind, besides, you don’t have much of a choice, do you?” I could hear a bit of contempt in her voice; like we were old acquaintances, and she was disappointed that I saw her, because she wanted to avoid me. Maybe I imagined it; after all, I was having a very strange morning.

A waitress hustled over and asked what she could get for me; I told her I wanted a cup of coffee with three tablespoons of sugar, and a little bit of milk or cream. At some point between the time I was placing my order, and the waitress left, I got the strangest feeling that I’d been in this diner before. The place itself did not feel very familiar, but all the people here did; especially the woman sitting in front of me.

“So, what’s your name?” I asked with maybe a bit too much curiosity in my voice.

“My name is Julia.”

“Do you live here Julia?” I felt like I was prying even though I was just trying to make small talk, I also felt like I already knew the answers to the questions that I was asking; like they were ringing in my head before she said them.

“Sure do, I’ve been here for ten years now; my husband wanted to have a quiet place for our daughters to grow up.” My eyes flashed down to her hands to confirm that she was indeed married, I felt like I had to know…for sure.
“How many daughters do you have Julia?”

“I have three daughters, Sarah, Jessica, and Heather; they are all little angels, they’re so sweet!” She said it with a sort of amazement in her voice.

The waitress returned with my coffee, it was bitter; not like Julia’s three daughters. For some reason I couldn’t shake the feeling that Julia was fake, I felt that she was sad, and just putting on a happy face. Tell me Julia of three daughters so sweet, why are you so sad?

I quickly looked around the restaurant. While I was looking, Bobby, or Earl – I didn’t know which was which – was fixing a few drinks at the counter; the glasses were long and tubular, like test tubes. When he poured the drink in, it started to fizzle; it reminded me of a chemical solution. At that moment, the apron that Bobby/Earl was wearing, and the test tube type glasses, and weird drinks made me think more of a scientist, and not a short order cook. A woman at another table was typing something; whatever she was working on seemed to draw me in.

“…and Jessica’s best subject is math, she is much better at it than my other two.” Julia hadn’t noticed that I spaced out, and continued to talk, even while I was not listening.

“So, Isaac, tell me, what is your favorite subject in school.”

I was growing tired of this conversation. I thought that I would cut to the chase and ask for a ride home. I didn’t want to be there anymore. But I had to make more small talk before I could start asking for favors.

“I’m going to have to agree with Heather, and say that my favorite subject is science, any kind really, but I also enjoy English classes.” I never heard her say that, was I just making something up to cover for my lack of attention?

“How did you know that Heather liked science? I never told you that.” She sounded impressed that I knew, like I was a magician.

Right when I was going to ask for a ride home, the low drone of the diner became very loud. I could hear everyone talking so clearly, no it wasn’t them talking; at least I think it wasn’t. I could hear things that people wouldn’t normally say out loud; everyone was talking at once, but only a few people’s mouths were actually moving. My attention was drawn back to the woman typing on the computer, she was writing results for an experiment. I managed
to make out a few select words: Dreams, Child, and Suicide; seemed like a weird experiment, it had to be hypothetical right? I mean, who could write about, or participate in an experiment so horrible that had made a child commit suicide?

“Hey, you jerk, are you even listening to me?” She said it with a sort of sarcastic tone.

“Of course I am; you were just talking about someone that passed away recently, right?” Why would a stranger tell me about something like that, did I just make a mistake?

I looked down in embarrassment; there is no way she just told me about someone that died recently. I was a stranger to her; someone that just so happened to walk into a diner, and drink some coffee in her presence, but she was starting to feel familiar. A few people were whispering and looking in our general direction, like I was weird or something; weird for what, for talking to an older woman? No, it was something else; I could feel it. Something major, something important, but I couldn’t remember. The feeling that I knew all these people became stronger; I definitely did.

While I was still looking down at the table, I examined my coffee, it was half gone, and it was cold. I felt like I had just touched a personal base with Julia, and was too timid to continue with the conversation. A drop of liquid landed on the table, and some of it splashed onto me, Julia was crying, and the drops were her tears. I looked up and she began to yell at me.

“You’re a monster; you did this to me, who will take care of my daughters now, now that I’m dead?” There was a hole, roughly the size of a ping pong ball, in Julia’s face, I had the feeling that it went all the way through her eye and out the back. Shocked, I fell out of my chair, was she accusing me of murder? A dead woman who I was just talking to was accusing me of her own murder. I bolted out of the diner; this was all just a joke. Someone was playing a really strange and elaborate joke on me; it had to be, because none of it made any sense.

As I exited the diner it grew very dark, and a bright light shined on me. I heard a voice “Something’s happening, get ready!” It sounded like it was over a megaphone, and it sounded like a professional; like a military, or cop voice. It all happened very fast, and then it was gone. I ran down a street and managed to make out the name, it was Tilgu Avenue. I
stopped to think about everything that had occurred. While I was thinking someone grabbed me.

I was dragged into an alley, and shoved up against the brick wall. An unfamiliar, yet familiar voice spoke to me, it said, “How you doing, killer, we need to talk.” “We need to talk.” It kept ringing in my head, like it was the most important thing I ever heard in my life. The person that grabbed me, it was the man from my dream, the one with black hair, and the big nose.

“So, you think you would just hide forever?” He said it with a hint of annoyance.

Hide, from what, this lunatic in front of me? What was up with him, and the diner? All these crazy things that were happening to me. The things that seemed impossible, and yet strangely possible. I was very uncomfortable; he was still pushing me up against the brick wall.

“You mind letting me go?” Hostility slipped out of my voice.

“Sure I mind, that’s why I haven’t let you go yet. Before you leave we’re gonna have a little Q an’ A. First question, how do you feel about death; what would you do if you died, right here, right now?”

What a weird question; if I died right now I wouldn’t be able to do anything. So that was my answer, I wouldn’t do anything. As far as death is concerned, it’s a part of life, so that was also my answer.

“Brilliant answer mate! Next question; how many people do you think you could kill, would you even be capable of doing such a thing?”

Killing has always been a touchy subject with me; someone would have to do something truly awful for them to be killed, and I would have to be the executioner? I didn’t think I would be capable of killing anybody, under any circumstance. I answered that I wouldn’t be able to kill anyone, under any circumstance.

“Jolly good answer mate, RIGHTO, moving on, third question. Who am I?”

Who is he? This is the guy holding me against a wall, and ruining what could have been a good morning, but not after all the stuff that happened; including this. He was also the man that was in my dream last night, was that the answer? No, it wasn’t, he felt very
familiar, I knew him, but from where?

“Times up, answer the question, who am I?”

“You’re my long lost friend.” I couldn’t think of a better answer.

“So sorry mate, that’s the wrong answer; I’m not your friend. Last question, where are we, right now?”

*Where are we, right now?*

“We are in an alley, coming off of Tilgu Avenue.” I replied.

“Do me a favor, and check your back.” He let me go.

I checked my back, there was a sticky substance, and it felt like tree sap; the brick wall that I was being held up against was a tree now, and I was standing in grass. I ran away. I could hear him taunting me to come back, and saying that I wouldn’t be able to escape him forever. While I was running I noticed some T.V.s through glass windows displaying messages, and news reports.

“Last week, Chicago was attacked by someone with strange powers, thousands died. The attacker appeared to be in a sort of uncontrollable rage. The offender remains in Millennium Park, in a sort of stasis. The military has moved in and keeps them under watch.”

“A child was found dead, it seems that they committed suicide after complaining about nonstop nightmares.”

“Several scientists found dead after what appeared to be an intense struggle. Files found reported them working on secret experiments, and operations, one codenamed operation Dream Weaver.” A voice snapped me out of my intrigue over the reports.

“I’m disappointed mate, you failed the quiz. The correct answers were: Nothing, A whole helluva lot, the man that was sent to kill you, and lastly; well I don’t want to give it away, now, do I?” With that I was lifted into the air by some awkward force, “you see, we have these strange powers, you and I. There was a third, but she died, her name was Julia; I was quite fond of her. Some organizations tried to control us, to use our gifts for all sorts of operations, and experiments. That didn’t go down too well, did it, Dream Weaver.” He was wearing a smirk.
I was thrown with great force against the glass, I went through, and some of the T.V.s shattered. At first I thought that I had a few broken bones, and some glass stuck in me, but that wasn’t the case. I realized that I had generated a sort of psychic shield. The black haired man was also in the air, I felt stronger than him; No, I knew that I was stronger.

He reached for something inside his jacket and produced a gun. He fired a couple of shots, they had no effect on my shield; in fact they were absorbed and shot back at him. He was hit, and I was released. I picked him up, and threw him into the air, he came crashing down with great force, and spoke a few last words.

“Even though you beat me, when you leave this world of make believe, the place you created to escape, you will be killed; you are too dangerous to keep around.” With that, he was gone, and I felt like I lost a part of myself as well.

I walked away victorious; back toward Tilgu Avenue. I realized that Tilgu had changed to Guilt. As I continued to walk, the streets around me started to change to grass, the lamp posts to trees, and the buildings changed to various structures in the park. It was time to return to Chicago, the city of the dead, and face my sentence.

I finally came out of my stasis; there were helicopters, and soldiers surrounding me. I was leaning up against a tree, and several spot lights shined on me. There was a tense moment between me and the soldiers, and then nothingness.