

## The Bear from *Revenant*

By Marilyn Reeves

The other night I dreamed about the Bear from *Revenant*.

Scientists tell us that we all dream every night during REM sleep, but it is extremely rare that I can remember my dreams. Sometimes bits and pieces of a dream will flash through my mind throughout the day, but it's frustrating because I can't grasp it well enough to retrieve it. It's sort of like trying to grab a comet by its tail – it simply disintegrates and flies away. But occasionally I will have a vivid dream, a 'story dream' which I can actually recall and try to analyze for its symbolic meaning.

Perhaps this remembered dream was a gift to me from my subconscious, as I had been struggling to write something about an Unfinished Dream.

In my dreams, I am a younger, more agile version of myself – able to climb the backside of open staircases and leap from rooftop to rooftop. My mate is often nameless and faceless. Perhaps he is a compilation of the various men I have loved in my life, or the one I was meant to love but never met. No matter. I shall refer to him simply as 'my mate.'

So the following is what I remember of my dream:

My mate took me to see our new, unfinished cabin. It wasn't in the woods, but just off the freeway in a theater mall next to the refreshment stand. The movie *Revenant* was playing in the theater and the bear would be coming out into the mall after the movie was over.

The downstairs area of our cabin, with a little sitting room, was walled in, but there was no door. A wooden staircase led up to the second level where there was a king-sized bed. The wall next to the bed was missing. It was simply curtained off by a heavy red drape, but when the drape was opened it revealed a shear drop-off to the floor below.

There were drawers above the bed that were open, jutting out into that space and I knew I had to close them, because I was planning to toss the last of the roast chicken (which my mate brought in a plastic bag from King Soopers) over the edge, hoping the bear would leap after the chicken and fall to his death onto the floor below, and those open drawers might be in the way.

But then I told my mate that I was afraid that my ploy wouldn't work and we should leave before the bear came out of the theater. So we got out of there and started walking along the edge of the freeway. For some reason we had to go our separate ways. He followed the curve of the off-ramp, but I had to cross over it through the heavy traffic in order to keep going straight ahead.

And that's when I woke up. At least the bear didn't get me but maybe the oncoming traffic would have? I shall never know, because that was the end of my unfinished dream. Now I just have to try to figure out what it all meant.