

Hair Raising Dream

By Pete Clark

The extremely vast majority of my dreams I forget almost before awakening. I remember two of my dreams and a third situation that was probably a dream, but I can't be sure, as weirdness has always been a part of my life.

First, the highly questionable event: Norma was bowling so I was home alone. I was performing some forgotten task in our bedroom. I had sat on the end of our bed to either take a break or continue the job at hand. I soon felt the room cool. I looked out the open window, seeing no wind in the trees and feeling no rush of air from through the aperture. I looked up and the bedroom ceiling was gone, the attic had disappeared and the roof was nonexistent. I could see the light of twinkling stars muscling its way through the layer of smog over Aurora. I swiveled my head and saw a man sitting atop the outside wall, wearing a black suit and a silk top hat. He turned his head to look down on me. The left side of his face was normal, but the movement of his head revealed the skeletal right side of his face. Then our bedroom returned to normality. Did I fall asleep, without collapsing onto the bed, and experience a nightmare? I don't know.

The first bad dream that I remember occurred at the very young age of a preschooler, around the end of World War II. I remember the sound truck that came through Hartville, playing *You Are My Sunshine*, celebrating the Japanese Surrender. Movies and comic books about the war abounded and to the best of my ability, I partook of them. One night I dreamt that a Jap Zero landed on the railroad tracks that ran between our house and the slag dump from the iron mine in Sunrise. The pilot slid his canopy back and climbed out onto the wing. I woke up as frightened as a cat having his ninth life threatened. My dad said I had been looking at too many comic books.

The second nightmare happened when I was in high school and played football for the Shoshoni Wranglers. My dream began with me climbing into a school bus parked between the main school building and the music building to the north, to go to the Bighorn Basin for a game. I found a horror comic on a seat in the bus and began the process of becoming part of the story. Only this time the story became reality. I was in a pyramid, walking down through a tunnel carved through the massive blocks of stone from which the monument was constructed. My flashlight mitigated the darkness before me as I heard noises coming from further down the passage. The shuffling, scratching sounds gave me goose bumps and raised the hair on the back of my neck. The mummy came into the beam of my light, wrapped in moldy linen with a rotted, leathered face, coming for me. I was frozen in terror. I couldn't move. Then I woke up.