

Dreams and Treks Down the Hall
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As my head falls upon my pillow and the light goes out, I drift into a peaceful sleep. And then, somewhere in the midst of my slumber, the "movie" inside my head begins to play.

Can it be possible that I am truly a freshman back in high school? Am I even in the right hallway? I can't find my locker. Is it 242 or 422 or 442? Dropping a book on the floor and pulling out my notebook, I locate the locker assignment sheet and rush toward 242. But what is the combination? Time is ticking away and I cannot be late for my next class. I find the combination and with trembling hands, I pray it will work on the first try. As I speed walk - no running in the halls! - I slide in the door as the tardy bell rings. Fortunately, I awake before I can glimpse the look on the teacher's face and in time for a real bathroom break unlike the one I didn't get while looking for my locker.

Bad dreams only happen to small children who can run safely into their parents' room for comfort, right? Not so tonight as the faceless person pursues me. The faster I try to run, the slower my escape. There's a light up ahead and surely a safe place to seek help. The closer I get, the farther away the light moves. The faceless person is gaining on me...and then I awake. As I stumble down the hall, I check over my shoulder to make sure I'm alone. Wow, just a really bad dream. As I climb back into bed, it's not there anymore when I close my eyes and return to a peaceful and safe sleep.

Ah, there is my lover, but he really doesn't have a discernable face. He is so kind and loving and we are younger. We travel and enjoy each other's company and return home to prepare for a wonderful night together. And then, I'm rudely awakened with an insistent need to trek down the hall. I don't want to open my eyes. The motion light in the hall comes on and I can't wait to get back into bed to resume that wonderful dream. But, no, when I climb back into bed, the dream and my lover are gone. However, this pleasant dream is one I hope to visit again - even if it's for an older version - because unlike some of the bad dreams of the past that my memory has graciously allowed me to forget, this sweet, faceless lover will be welcome into my bed and dreamland anytime he chooses to return...even if I have to awake and make a trek down the hall!