

## Dream Prelude

Contributed by muineach  
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Then came my dreams, again I'm not sure if the tumor caused them or not, I think they started around 16 or so and have been with me ever since, these dreams are vivid, in them I can smell, taste and touch they are a real to me as reality is.

Some nights I wont have any other nights I may have 2-4 dreams that I can remember, sometimes when I wake I can still smell the last dream even after breathing in and out a few times. A few times I had a dream where a girl kissed my just as I was waking and I swear to god that I could feel the pressure on my lips, I know it sounds silly but it's true. Sometimes the dreams are nice sometimes not so nice, but almost all have a message, the ones that don't are obvious, the thing is the dreams give me messages signs as to whats happening in my life and what to do.

In college my dreams were more violent, wars taking place, underground battery cages, people from the past not recognising who I was, this was when I was change, changing for the worse but I ever realised it at the time, I was way too immature at the time. Then as I became more of who I really am I had dreams about a girl, they were all different girls or different races, the one thing they had in common was that they I could never remember they're faces or that I couldn't see them but I knew that they were beautiful in more than a purely physical way.

In one dream I was at a funeral, I was midway down the church to the right, there was a small family on the left side at the front of the church with a coffin at the top of the church, there was no priest no friends only family. Somehow I knew that the person in the coffin was me, and that the girl in the row in front of me weren't really there physically. she was dressed in black with blonde hair (personally I prefer brunettes but that's another story) she had turned around to me and we started to talk. We had a connection and then eventually we kissed very gently, I started to give her my number s she could call me, then she said no you will have to call me, I didn't want that I wanted her to call me. Then the coffin was carried down and out the church so we left. So ok the funeral thing is odd and her making me call here was not that odd, the kicker is her name in the dream was fate, not faith but fate although I do think that there was an intentionally pun there. So things like these dreams happen to me, it would kinda freak you out if I hadn't had these most of my whole life.