



Dreams; The Foxrunner Of Time.

There is a fact which I realised recently. Amidst the whirling flash, it was difficult to find. Dreams may be real; maybe fantasy. But in my case, it had the shades of both. It is a period of terrible consciousness in an unconscious mind.

My nerves are sinewing. They murmur something to me; something really strange. They took me somewhere else. The room was so dark, so scary. I could hear my heart beating so rapidly. The blood pumped a hundred times faster. I could feel my eyes bulged. I was so much frightened, that my lips were pinned. Suddenly I could hear some strange chants. I could not make it out. But slowly I realised



that it was my sound. A flash of light entered into the room and I saw my reflection before me. I thought it was a mirror. I moved back suddenly when I hear it talking to me.

"This can't be true" I made myself calm and approached towards her. She was crying. I touched my cheeks; it was dry. As closer I reached everything started to get blue. "That's enough for today"; maybe my consciousness said so.

Again into the daily chores. Running for the bus, with lunch on one hand, getting into it then pushing; pulling and there goes my day... My mother used to say that if we share our dreams to dear ones; our bad dreams won't come true. Anyway I believed it. I think it's because my days started with



dreams; sometimes sometimes awful or other times more awful. It doesn't make any sense. Is this a daily mechanism? Is it a disease or what?

Once I asked my father about the reality behind dreams. He asked me "Do you see that stream flowing?" "Yes" I replied without any hesitation. He fixed his eyes in the stream and asked me "Do you know where it will end?"

"No" came my reply.

The next few words he said disclosed the perfect meaning of dreams before me. They were these:

"Dream is like a stream. It never ends. It first leads a narrow path, then joins the sea of opportunities. You must decide whether to choose stream or sea"



From those words I came to a point. Dreams which I saw wasn't dreams. They were a small door which opens to an infinite world of dreams. Dreams can't be our master. We have to choose our dreams and let our conscious mind satisfy them.

From then on, I started finding my dream; with a pair of strong and beautiful wings. That wings are my parents with whom I will fly high to my dream waiting with a bouquet of flowers of fresh orchids. Maybe there I will see ~~me~~ the girl with my face wiping her eyes before me with a sparkling light on face. This time we both will be smiling each other.



Every Earthly things have a cunning veil in their faces. Dreams too have one. The word "dreams" itself is a trap. We can only escape from it if we came to know about the alternate meaning of "dreams".

They are not just to be blurred or vague. It has a clear face; clear as a blue sea. As deep as we go; it appears to be more real.

My dreams are not numbered. Why should we make it a list? Just let it flow through our mind. Flow like a stream; because it will end in a sea. A single spoon of it reflects all the taste; all the essence.

~~I continue seeing dreams.~~

I continue seeing dreams.
Scary, funny, stupid, thoughtless and



some filled with a bit of black humour. Maybe the strange chants I came through, is the urge of the mind to find my dream. A dream can change the life.

The hopeless, weak minds really need one; like the stem and stern of a ship. Sometimes good deeds could soothen our shissed minds. And let the deeds be our dreams.

"Dreams are not what we see in our sleep, but that ~~mark~~ keeps us awake". My dreams are small buds now. I need to nurture it; to be a beautiful flower with sweet nectar. And let the nectar soothen others. ~~Dreams~~

Dream... Dream... Dream...
This is not an end. But just
a beginning.....