



DREAMSCAPE

BY

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"This is the last jump, I promise," Seth said. His smirk revealed a sense of enjoyment at his friend's expressive response.

"That's what you said the LAST jump. Honestly, I can't tell when you're telling the truth or a half-truth." Akacia punched him on the right arm then folded her arms. "I know you can't completely lie to me."

"Me? Lie to you? Never, dear. Besides..." Seth playfully brushed his attacked arm off, pretending as if he had been injured. "We're not able to be hurt here. After five dates, I mean, after five visitations you should realize by now that we are immortal beings. There's no way to be hurt in a world that comes straight from our minds."

Akacia nodded. For a moment she contemplated on his words. This experience was still new to her. After so many years of being aware her dreams were so vivid, lively and interactive, she never would have believed she would be a star actress in them. She remembered reading a book about a specific kind of dream: the lucid type. People thousands of years ago regarded dreams as oracle-like; they felt their imaginations gave them access to futures that could be prevented or supported by present actions. Premonitions in dreams helped spiritual leaders of villages decide where to travel next, the type of weather to anticipate and the succession of future shamanic leaders. In today's world, these visuals that appear random most of the time people took for granted. They are now considered random cinema, accumulated scenarios blended together from the day's, week's, month's or year's experiences.

This explanation was not good enough for Akacia, of course. She was dissatisfied with the way dreams were handled today simply because she had too many coincidences. That person wearing all yellow who walked across the street in her dream she eventually saw two days later in "real Life." She had a dream where she saw her friend Bajna spill spaghetti sauce on her shirt at their favorite restaurant. She recognized the scene when they "really" visited and was able to save her friend's shirt by shifting Bajna's plate a few inches to the table's center. Then there was simply that feeling of authenticity. She felt her dreams were original and not some buildup of her memory.

The boy she met in one of her dreams five days ago seemed to confirm it. While looking up at the sky in some unknown grassland, she noticed the tall figure appeared some distance in front of her. When their eyes connected, she assumed he would react fearfully and run or simply dissolve. To Akacia's surprise, he remained still. This shook her nerves. Then he winked at her. She immediately stepped back and prepared to run.

"Going so soon, huh? I thought you were used to this by now. Guess not. Maybe I should introduce myself," he bowed cordially. "Name's Seth. And you are...Akacia."



"How do you know my name?"

"I've seen you for the past week. It'd be very disrespectful if I didn't know it by now."

"Week? What do you mean?"

"I mean, I've been in your dreams, consistently, for a week. And yes, we're dreaming right now."

"Then how are you responding to me? Did I make you up?"

"I doubt it, since I know I'M real. Are you real?"

"I am..." Akacia's voice quivered.

"You what?"

"I said I am!"

"Oh, okay. Then you're real. And so am I. We just happen to be in the same dream. For five days straight."

"How's that possible?"

Seth shrugged. "How is anything possible? How is that we're talking to each other in some unreal world while our bodies are probably miles away from each other?"

"Where do you live?" Akacia asked, her voice intense.

"Missouri. And you?"

"Oh...oh my God...I live in Florida."

"See? Isn't that strange?" Seth shook his head, as if to answer his own question. "Of course, it's not. This stuff happens all the time to people. They're either just too close-minded or exhausted to pay attention and take control. I've had this weird ability to 'stay awake' while in my dreams. I'm guessing you can do the same."

Akacia nodded quickly, surprised and confused at Seth's explanation. She agreed with him completely, yet something inside of her refused to believe this was possible. Suddenly, she felt a jolt of electricity in her ears.

Her alarm rang. It was time for her prepare for school.



After several meetings with Seth in her dreams she became comfortable enough to accept the fact he was real. The side effect of her increasing enjoyment in the world of dreams was a rapid decrease in enjoyment of the world of the waking. She had less control, whereas she could instantly manifest the environment she wanted in her dreams. She later realized the dreams were not only hers; somehow she and Seth co-manifested the worlds they ventured into.

For tonight's dream, she had a mission. Dream Seth seemed perfect and, even though he was far away, she wanted to grow to know the waking Seth, the human behind the intelligent design who taught her how to master her talent so quickly. She planned to ask for his phone number, no easy task for a teenage girl. This was supposed to be a man's job.

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"Seth?" Akacia called out. Her mind automatically created the same grassland area where she first met him whenever she entered dreams. It became habitual. From this point they would design whatever they wanted. They would walk along this infinite greenery, as the day became night. An ocean would manifest next to them to provide relaxing sounds, all the while they talked as if they were the closest neighbors.

This time, she saw no one.

"Seth?" Akacia called out again. She heard nothing but the sound of the wind echoing her voice. "Seth?" she voiced again, deliberately forcing the wind to carry her voice in all directions. Hopefully, she thought, he would respond back or make some special entrance. Being dramatic was his style. But rather than patience, she experienced caution and then concern. He never missed a visit since they first met, and she was sure he would tell her ahead of time if he were unable to be here.

"Be on?" she thought, and abruptly slapped her own cheek. "Wake up, girl," she verbalized. "This isn't instant messenger. People don't just sign on and off here."

Suddenly, a yellow page flew in her path. The wind seemed to carry it in a deliberate motion, directed towards her. She caught it and instantly recognized the material was manifested by Seth. She looked around for him before turning her attention to the writing:

"As good as we are at meeting each other every night, I'm still concerned that this might not reach you. I kind of sent it through the vacuum of space or the imagination so to speak. In an ideal situation, you'd find it floating somewhere where we first met so you could easily grab it. Because of so much practice and



being used to your energy signature, I was able to have it track you down once you entered our dream world again. Yes, I said 'ours.'

I'm only fifteen, but I've had this talent to dream travel since about seven years old. I've met people young and old. I mean hundreds of years old. You wouldn't believe how many people are still hanging around after leaving their bodies.

Yup, I can confirm Life after death. But for them, they remained because of some unfinished business. Their emotions forced them to stick around. These people have real issues needing to be resolved. Then there are those who find themselves in a dream too vivid to handle. They become lucid for only a moment, gaining control and awareness, and then they disappear. I bet they question who the kid was with the spiked hair that met them. Of course, they believe nothing about what they experienced and continue throughout their day oblivious to other realities.

I unfortunately cannot do that. You see, Akacia, I am, special. You probably knew that already, but not the type you might have in mind. My tradeoff for this talent seemed to be done on the physical realm. I am paralyzed. I cannot move. Can only breathe. Likely in some hospital somewhere where it's quiet all the time, enough for me to continuously dream. So I've had plenty of time to practice this skill.

If you're reading this now and I'm not with you, it's likely I've already gone on to another Lifetime where I'll have to re-remember all of this, and probably the dream talent. I appreciate the time we spent together. We may do it again. Keep dreaming.

In Your Dreams, Seth

The End