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Dreams: Part One

Thom Rindahl

The cave was dark and damp. Martin's footsteps echoed throughout the cave. He was running faster than he thought humanly possible, but then again adrenaline was known to have that kind of effect.

He tripped over a rock, and his clothes were torn up some more. His heart was racing, and his chest was aching from all the exertion. He looked back. It was still in sight. A frog the size of a house was hopping after him. He knew he had to get up and run again if he was going to avoid that tongue, that wretched tongue.

He started up like a bolt. His blood-soaked body flew past the stalagmites and stalactites. He could still hear the hopping, the awful hopping. He turned to see if the frog was out of sight yet--it wasn't. Then it hit him. Just as he was bringing his head around again, a stalactite right in the face. He fell to the ground. "AAAHH! God!" he screamed. Blood flooded his eyes. Martin would not let this stop him. He got to his feet and ran again. One hand wiped his eyes, the other felt for obstacles.

Before Martin could finish clearing his eyes, he fell into a huge pit. He must have fallen thousands of feet before he hit the bottom and what he found he did not like. Brown muck swallowed him up. He struggled and fought to surface, but the more he did, the further he went down.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" Martin screamed. His room was dark except for the clock radio on his night stand--three o'clock. His body was wet with perspiration. His hands trembled. "Damn," he said rubbing his face.

He untangled himself from the covers and sat on the side of his bed. He reached out to his Winnie the Pooh lamp and flicked it on. "Aw Jesus!" he cried out in stupidity as he covered his blinded eyes. Martin waded through the clothes on the floor and found the shirt he had worn the previous night. He pulled out his pack of Camels and his Zippo. He looked out his bedroom window. He lit up. The red neon sign of the bar across the street bathed his body with the light

and then went out. An old bearded man stumbled out the door and weaved his way down the street. Martin scratched his butt and walked to the kitchen.

The kitchen only had the bare essentials--stove, refrigerator, sink, and a couple of cabinets. Martin was sort of a minimalist for economic reasons rather than personal belief. Gabe was sitting on the counter finishing off the fish. Martin got a beer.

"I had another dream tonight," Martin confessed.

"Meow," Gabe returned. Gabe was a mix of different shades of black, grey and tan.

"Want to hear it?"

"Meow"

"I was running through a cave and a frog was chasing me."

"Meow"

"Well it was a big frog," Martin apologized.

"Meow"

"And then I fell in muck and was drowning."

"Meow"

"In color"

"Meow"

"Brown muck"

"Meow"

"No, we don't have any tater tots," Martin answered. "Well, what do you think about the dream?"

"Meow"

"You're such a Freudian." Martin then turned and walked into the living room. He sat down on his genuine naugahide recliner. Gabe finished off the fish. Martin finished off his beer and had another cigarette. He would have to go to work soon.