Annoyingly Realistic Nightmares

November 15, 2007 By Shawn Decker

Last night I had nightmares. Not of the old Sustiva-drug taking days (Sustiva, the infamous HIV drug famous for crazy mental side-effects), but of a more troubling nature.
There were no crazy vivid colors, or alien species. I did not possess curious mutant ablities. No, these nightmares were truly frightening: they were realistic.
The toilet got stopped up. For some reason Gwenn and I were both in the bathroom when this happened. I stood in front of the toilet, blocking her view of a hint of a terd, peaking out from the hole at the bottom of the water, like a scared rabbit in a foxhole, surrounded in a field full of wolves.

“Where’s the plunger?” I said, cooly.

And Gwenn pulled one out of thin air, as she often does at home in domestic situations that involve items that I see on a daily basis, but cannot quite place when I need them.

Nothing strange there.

I plunge once. And flush. Then again. On the second flush, however, the dream does enter the unrealistic realm when the water geysers up the way Johnny Depp’s blood did from the water bed in Nightmare on Elm Street.

The silver lining? The water looked fresh.

Then, the next dream involved travelling. The airline lost one of Gwenn’s bags. A disaster, since we were flying to four different schools to speak, and this was the first leg of the journey. This meant her clothes, make-up, and everything were gone.

This meant the entire week was ruined. Every spare moment would be spent shopping: airport. rental car. mall. hotel room. school. three hours of sleep. repeat.

Whenever I remember my dreams, or think about them well into the next day, I always try to place their origin. This one’s easy: it’s a battle between the problems with work and the problems faced at home.

Unless, of course, I find myself on an airplane with a faulty toilet. If that happens, I’m pretty much screwed.

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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