

English 2°  
Ruby Sato

Make up  
B  
X

dreams ———

I remember this dream I dreamt long ago, not for its humor, for there is none; nor for its interest for it is equally not; but for ~~its~~ <sup>the</sup> puzzling effect it left upon me.

I dreamt one night long ago that people were going to church, for <sup>of</sup> all things, my funeral. All were wearing black and looked very sad indeed. ... And there I was — in a coffin, lying so very still. I was still for some time ~~when~~ <sup>until</sup> I grew tired of the silence, that I just climbed out <sup>of the coffin</sup>, and walked out of the church. I believe I was a spirit then, for the mourners continued to come in wearing a sad expression.

As I walked out I saw my best friend, <sup>also apparently a spirit,</sup> across the street playing handball. She bided me and I went to join her. We laughed and shaked and had much fun until my fellow spirit discovered that the service was well on the way. (I guess spirits can per right through a building.)

Immediately she coaxed me to go back to the funeral. She lectured to me how ~~no~~ very indecent it was to be enjoying ones self, especially playing a game of handball, when all were mourning for that one, and being absent ~~from~~ from ones own funeral. She continued on and on about it til finally I reluctantly left my game to enter once more into the coffin.

... This is were I woke up. To this day, I still do not understand the significance of this dream. I am very much perturbed about it. Probably the first thing I do when I relocate is to consult a dream analyzer.

I hope it is not a foreboding of an ill fate I will encounter.