

Three dreams

The first two are from my childhood, the third is more recent

1. The Caramel Slime

In the dream I was walking through the leaves piled in the gutter on a crisp autumn afternoon. I had on a light jacket and my hands were in my pockets. I remember seeing other people still raking their leaves, but not anyone I knew.

I was kicking up the leaves as I walked, just enjoying the sounds they made. I got to a spot where the leaves were much deeper and noticed that as I walked I was getting slightly shorter with each step. My balance started to go and I took my hands out of my pocket and lifted my foot out of the leaves to see that my foot was missing from the ankle down. The flesh stopped at my ankle and was smooth, like it had always been that way.

I totally lost my balance and fell forward at that point, right through the leaves to the concrete of the gutter. Except I didn't land in concrete, I landed in some caramel colored slime/acid. Now within easy access, the slime quickly dissolved the rest of me away as it had done with my feet and shoes. In moments, I was gone – but still aware. I realized that this slime was evil and it was intent on dissolving everyone in the world – hiding out in the leaves until it grew strong enough. I also realized that now I was evil too and would contribute to the evil plans of the slime as we set about destroying the rest of the world.

2. The Banshee Werewolf.

I remember running. Running through some dark woods with a friend whose face I never saw. We were being chased through the forest with only the light of the moon to guide us down the path. Behind us was a creature, a woman with the attributes of both a werewolf and some sort of banshee. The creature has a haunted and drawn face, the mouth stretched into a scream. Glowing white eyes and wild long flowing white hair complement the werewolf talons where her hands should be.

It's the scream, though, that frightens us more than the talons. When she screams, white rings of energy emerge from her mouth, expanding as she travels towards us. The range isn't that great, by staying far enough ahead of her we can avoid them. Somehow we know that the rings are a kind of tractor beam – and that if we are caught in them we'll be pulled back towards her mouth and devoured.

She starts to gain on us and suddenly we find ourselves running out of my sister's room in the first house we lived in – into the well lit hallway. That light is

the only one in the house – and all the doors are close. I run the two steps toward my own room, see the closed door and realize I'd be trapped. My friend, who has slowed down a beat, is instantly taken. I start for the stairs down to the main floor when I realize the darkness is much worse there. I turn back and she's right at my face.

3. Anthony, The Vampire Slayer

More fragments than a full dream, but I remember being married to a woman with dark hair, then having a son named Devon. Devon was still just a baby when my wife vanished/left/died (I couldn't be sure) – so I was responsible for raising him by myself. I also realized that I was a vampire slayer. And that I had to take the baby with me when I went hunting. Not sure why he was safer in the middle of a fight than at home, perhaps we were in turn being hunted and it was safer to have him with me where I could protect him. In any case, Devon was happily strapped to my chest in a harness that allowed me to move and keep track of him. As the dream ended I was surrounded, staking vampires left and right as Devon clapped and laughed.