

# Beautiful Dreamer



## **BEAUTIFUL DREAMER**

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*The creative dreaming techniques described in "Beautiful Dreamer" are real, and are used nightly by countless people around the world. Many of these people keep dream diaries, and often claim to find inspiration and guidance from contemplation and analysis of their dreams.*

*Lucid Dreaming is also real, although its mastery and use are normally only achieved by years of dedicated effort.*

*BEAUTIFUL DREAMER.*

*Prologue*

*Nineteen Sixty: Yorkshire, England.*

His friends called him ‘Titch’, which was simply a Yorkshire term for a person of small size. In fact Titch was not small; not for his age; it was just that any ten-year old boy who chose to run with a pack of twelve to fourteen year olds was doomed to be thought of as ‘Titchy’. Yet he was not small where it mattered most to the gang -- in his heart and in his spirit -- and he could hold his own in most of their rough and tumble games. But this one was different.

It was cold, that winter; cold enough that the ice on the canal could support the weight of a pack of small boys, who skated and skidded and chased and tumbled on the frozen surface. They ‘skated’ on the soles of their leather shoes, or, for the luckier ones, their winter boots, for ice skates were a rare commodity in that place at that time. And then they decided to play ice hockey.

Since no-one knew much about this strange North American pursuit it fell to Brian Lockwood to determine the rules of play. Being the eldest and biggest of the boys it often fell to Brian to make such determinations. They knew that hockey was basically a ‘girl’s game’ played by their female associates during the summer season while the boys played soccer. Yet they understood that in North America *Ice Hockey* was a game for the toughest, the fastest, the most skilful of men. Therefore the rules for *ice* hockey and *field* hockey must be substantially different in some important respects. Their ‘hockey sticks’ were whatever pieces of wood fell to hand; about half of the group brought out their cricket bats. The

‘puck’ was a well worn tennis ball. Each ‘net’ was represented by two piles of scarves and hats, similar to those which at other times would serve as the ‘goalposts’ for impromptu soccer matches.

The boys cleared a light snowfall from the surface of the canal over a surface roughly sixty feet long by the width of the waterway – about fourteen feet. The sides were selected by team captains – Brian Lockwood and his twelve year old brother Neil – into two teams. Titch was the last boy picked, and ended up on Brian’s team. “What position should I play, Bri?” he asked the bigger boy.

“You play ‘Outfielder’” Brian told him. “That’s like fullback in soccer. Go and stand by the goal, and if the ball comes back to you, bash it up to the Attackers. OK?”

“That’s like being Goalie!” Titch complained. “I don’t want to play goalie!”

“They don’t have goalies in ice hockey,” Brian explained. “That’s why ‘Outfielder’ is such an important position, OK?”

Mollified, Titch stood by the goalposts, watching the tangle of arms, legs, bats and various wooden contraptions as the two sides melded into a single brawling mass. He longed to get into the fray, but knew even at ten years old that a good team player holds his position, no matter what. In his frustration he struck at the ice with his cricket bat – a device really suited to a much larger boy. The bat skidded off the surface, cracking the ice, and the momentum of its continued

swing carried the small boy off his feet. He jackknifed in the air and headed downwards, butt first, towards the ice.

The front-line scrum continued to hack and swing, to punch and wrestle, until someone, more by luck than by skill, connected a solid whack against the dirty white 'puck'. The ball shot out of the mêlée, back towards the 'Outfield'.

"Get it, Titch!" Brian Lockwood yelled. But Titch was not there.

When he hit the ice it exploded beneath him, and Titch fell into the frigid water, his rate of fall barely slowed by contact with the thin sheet of ice. At this time of the year the water level in the canal was less than four feet, but it might just as well have been forty. The shock of contact with the bitterly cold water caused the boy to inhale rapidly, reflexively, filling his small lungs.

He opened his eyes to see an angel. He recognised her from the pictures and descriptions given to him at his Methodist Sunday School lessons. She was enclosed in a sheath of golden light, and a halo of the same light circled her head. Her hair, too, was golden and cascaded about her shoulders in tight curls. She floated in front of the young boy's wide-eyed gaze, and smiled at him with her mouth and her eyes and her face and with her entire being. The love which she felt for him was tangible and warm. There was no place here for ice or snow, or frigid waters. There was no place here for coldness of any kind. She held out her hand, and Titch took it.

Together they floated towards a beautiful city of light. The many tall buildings seemed to be made of glass, glowing in all imaginable colours. It re-

minded the boy of the ‘Illuminations’ which he had seen the previous winter at Blackpool, on a day-trip by coach arranged by his Sunday school; but these colours were far more beautiful.

The fact of his situation registered, finally, and his small features creased into an expression of confusion and fear. “Am I dead?” he asked his angel. “Are you taking me to Heaven?” The angel made no reply, and the two continued their journey over the gleaming rooftops. They crossed the city and left it behind them. An unknown amount of time passed – minutes or hours, Titch was quite uncertain – before they came at last over more familiar territory, and the boy recognised the small coal-mining village on the outskirts of Sheffield where he had lived for the ten long years of his young life. Along the canal they drifted, to a spot where the snow had been cleared, where a group of young boys were clustered over something – someone?—lying, unmoving, on the snow covered bank of the waterway.

“That’s me, isn’t it?” Titch asked. “That’s my dead body, I know it. Why have you brought me back to my dead body? When are you going to take me to Heaven to be with Jesus?”

“It is best that you should not ask these questions.” The reply formed itself in the boy’s mind. His angel had not turned, not moved her lips; but she had spoken to him. “Who are you?” Titch asked. He sought frantically amongst the sketchy memories of his Sunday School teachings. “You can’t be God because you’re a girl! Who are you, then? Are you the Mother Mary? Are you the Angel Gabriel?”

“It is best that you should not ask these questions,” the spirit replied again. “What happened was not meant to happen, and I have come to correct the situation. It is best that you should not know of me, not yet, nor remember any part of what happened here today. I will make it so.”

“Yes,” said Titch, not understanding, “But you should at least tell me who you are. It’s only polite. What will happen now? Will you leave me here? Will you leave me in my dead body? What will happen to me?” The thought of being trapped in his dead body was not a pleasant one, and the boy fought hard to compose himself and not let his fear show through, as befitted a tough son of Yorkshire. Yet his angel felt the fear threaten to overpower the child, and turned to take him in her arms and comfort him. Titch felt the warmth of her love soak into him and through him, and a feeling of perfect bliss soothed his concerns and drove out the fear.

“My sweet child, I will never leave you. I will be with you always, throughout your long life and in the life to come. I will never let you come to harm.”

A sudden inspiration occurred to the young boy, derived not from his Sunday School teachings but from a more prosaic source. “Are you my Fairy Godmother?” he asked. The angel smiled, but said nothing. And then everything went black.

He opened his eyes to find himself face down in the snow, coughing out great quantities of foul tasting canal water. Twisting his head slightly he saw Brian Lockwood’s concerned face hanging over him, while brother Neil pounded



rhythmically on his back. He had no knowledge of how he had come to this. His last memory was of swinging his cricket bat at the canal's icy surface and losing his balance. He did not recall hitting the ice. His memory from the fall to the opening of his eyes was a black void.

In the way of young boys, especially those concerned with impressing their older, tougher friends, Titch did not at all appreciate being the centre of attention and the focus of alarm. It was unthinkable that his friends should be concerned for his welfare merely because he had slipped on the ice and, apparently, knocked himself unconscious for a short time. He had not yet noticed that he was dripping wet and freezing cold. Titch leaped to his feet and faced his fellows. When he strove to speak he noticed that his teeth chattered, and the full nature of his situation was finally brought home to him.

“Listen, Titch,” Brian told him earnestly, his face a study in concern, “You must get warm as soon as you can. The best way to do that is to *run*. Can you run?” What a stupid question; of *course* he could run. What Yorkshire boy could not run! He began to run. His muscles felt strange, and sharp pains lanced through his legs. Ignoring these small inconveniences Titch ran on, and the pains lessened as the muscles warmed. Brian and most of the other boys ran alongside to ensure that their smaller colleague came to no further harm. They covered the half mile to Titch's home in a little over five minutes, a very creditable time for the snow covered terrain, particularly given the circumstances. The group hung back at the gate to the small garden in front of the semi-detached brick-built home where Titch lived. Alone he unlatched the door and ran on into the small living room where a welcome coal fire blazed. His mother looked up from the newspa-

per she was reading and took in the scene in an instant. The dripping, panting young boy was at a loss for words and so spat out the obvious.

“I fell in the canal, Mom. I fell through the ice into the canal.”

His mother stared for long seconds, mixed emotions of anger, relief and love moving over her face. “Harry Murphy, if you’ve ruined those new leather shoes I’ll kill you!”

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