

Composition 1, Part 1

Chapter 1:

THIS ANTHOLOGIC LIFE

Last night, I had a dream. I'm walking alongside a row of parked cars in broad daylight, peering through each car's driver seat window as I pass by. This goes on for a while, and each time I think I'm at the final car, there is another one. I start to think that this will never end. It reminds me of how you can draw a circle on a piece of paper, and then put a dot anywhere on the circle and as you attempt to move away from the dot by traveling along the circle, you are actually moving closer to the dot.

As much as you want to escape from the dot, you are going to end up going right back to it. You might think that you are moving on from some horrible part or event in your life, but really you might just be ticking the time away for when you have to relive it. I keep thinking I'm at the end of this long row of parked cars, but I'm probably still at the beginning. Or back at the beginning all over again.

As I pass by each car, I see that every driver's seat is empty, but of course they are empty considering they are parked. Most people probably don't sit inside a parked car unless they are waiting for something, or in my case, someone. Every driver's seat is empty until I finally get to the car that's at the end of the row, the last car before you reach the intersection.

This car is also parked, but running, as if it is ready to stop living such an idle life, but at the same time too reluctant to do so. There is a man in the driver's seat, peering through the windshield of his car, watching all of the cars ahead drive by. Watching them as they pass by under the green light. Watching these cars as they serve their purpose, as they function properly.

As he turns his head to look at me, the day turns into night, and the face I thought he would have is nonexistent. He tells me that we can fool some of the people all of the time, maybe even all of the people some of the time, but we can never fool all of the people all of the time. That we can never fool ourselves no matter how deep inside our mind we think we are.

Before I could ask him what he meant, he was gone, but his car was still there, running. It then started to rain, and a storm immediately followed. I looked up at the rain and lightning, and then back down at the car, and now the driver door was open, as if the car was asking me to take the wheel. For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to sit in the driver's seat, and that's when I woke up.

After I wake up and think for a few seconds, I write down the dream in my composition notebook. I write down all of the dreams I can remember because I believe it's possible that the people we are in our dreams could be another us in another life spawned by the decisions we didn't make in this life. How different our life could have been and how different we could have been as a person if one little decision was altered.

In this life, I made the decision to go to college after high school for a couple of years, and I got what I needed to get to be successful. In a dream I had years ago, I was homeless. My assumption

on why I was homeless was because in that life, I made the decision to not go to college; an assumption based on the misconception that a formal education is necessary to be successful.

So much of a life altered by one single decision. I started to think, even believe, that our dreams show us who we could have been, for better or for worse, as opposed to who we are now. As opposed to this life we have chosen to lead. A portal to possibilities that's just barely out of our reach. Every now and then I ask myself if college was worth it, even though I'd end up losing my sanity, or if I'd have been better off homeless, and maybe at peace.

I close the notebook and put it back on the shelf. A shelf that holds hundreds of notebooks, all containing my other lives. My dreams. My complex. Somewhere along the road of parked cars, along the road of my life, I became aware of the psychological impact writing down these dreams had on me. Had for me. Writing down these short stories where I believed I was the main character. That the story being told was the story of my life. Finding so much meaning in a life drowned in meaningless. This purposeless life. A life with no driver. A life that never passed by under the green light. I try to trick my mind, I try to fool myself. This is me, walking down this long road of parked cars. This is me looking inside all of these cars, looking for a driver. Looking for a sign of life, but the only life I can find are in my dreams. In these notebooks filled with words, living my life vicariously through this strange fiction. I look at these notebooks, and I curse this addiction. This anthologic life.

For so long I have cursed this life, but in the end I can only come to accept it because I believe we all suffer from the anthology complex. We all compile these short stories that turn into fantasies. We all suffer from this condition where we live the life of someone else, the story of someone else, where we see ourselves as ourselves, but under a different persona. Sometimes this persona is a big change, or a slight change. It doesn't just come in the form of dreams, but in the form of fictional work.

We watch these movies and television shows and sometimes we see ourselves. Even if we don't realize it. We read these books and magazines, and sometimes we see ourselves. It comes in the form of art. We listen to these songs, and sometimes we hear ourselves. Sometimes we hear the stories of ourselves. We see these paintings, these photos, and sometimes we see ourselves. It comes in the form of thought. Sometimes we are sitting at home, or at work, or at school, and we begin to think, daydream even, of another life.

Our mind comes up with these people that we represent and these actions that we perform. Unfortunately, sometimes we know the version of us from the other life better than we know our true selves, and sometimes we like that person better, too.

I stare at the shelf, and I try to remember the driver's face, but he was faceless. I try to remember the sound of his voice, but all I can hear is the sound of mine. The problem with trying to remember a dream is that it's like a faded memory sometimes, and if enough time passes by, say a few years, it gets harder and harder to distinguish a memory from a dream. Reality from fiction.

Sometimes it can drive you crazy, but having an organized shelf of notebooks that can differ reality from fiction helps. Another thing about dreams and memories is that they can have very similar

properties. Usually in both our dreams and our memories, when we try to remember them, we see them in third person. In our dreams we aren't Jesus Christ, we are ourselves meeting Jesus Christ, and when we try to remember it, all we can see is ourselves meeting Jesus Christ.

I keep trying to remember his face, even though I know he has no face, and that's when I remembered that I had a dream in that same exact location a few months ago. I was in a helicopter, and the pilot was trying to land the helicopter on the same street I had been walking down in the dream I had last night.

The helicopter lands and there is a lifeless body on the sidewalk near the last car in the row of parked cars. The same last car I saw the driver in last night. I got out of the helicopter and kept trying to walk over to the dead body, but each time I got closer, it seemed like he went further away. It was as if the distance kept cutting itself in half, but I still could never reach him. Just barely out of my reach. After a long time of walking, I simply woke up. Sometimes dreams were weird like that; even though I had that dream in the past, the events in it happened after last night's dream.

That's what I believe anyway. That's what makes sense to me right now. And it's happened before. One time I had eight dreams where if I rearranged them in a chronological order that made logical sense, I could make a tale out of it. That's not to say the tale itself would make any sense. These eight dreams led me to believe that maybe individually, our dreams may seem random and irrelevant, but if we can remember these dreams, or write them down, and then put them in an order that made sense, we could see the many tales of our many lives.

Chapter 2:

THIEVES FROM NEW YORK

About a year ago, I had a dream. Dressed in a rich man's suit and tie, committing a poor man's crime. They put the money in a garbage bag that I supply because I threaten their existence. The funny thing is a third of them have probably never taken the time of day to ponder their existence. Sometimes I wonder if I've taken the time of day to ponder my own.

Is existence really that important? Is that life? Just merely existing. If you are in outer space, and you see a piece of rock in a stationary position, it will stay that way forever. If you see a piece of rock moving, it will continue moving at that same exact speed in that same exact direction forever.

This is true if no other forces are applied to the piece of rock; forces such as gravity, electromagnetism or friction. The piece of rock doesn't have a specific reason as to why it wants to stay stationary or why it wants to keep moving, it just does because it is. It's not waiting for something to come, it's not traveling because it needs to be somewhere. It just does because it is.

Applying this method of thought to the idea of why something that's living wants to stay alive is interesting. I'm holding a shotgun to this bank employee's head, and I'm wondering if she wants to stay alive simply because she is alive. What if she were dead? Would she want to stay dead simply because she is dead?

If she were happy, I'm sure she would want to stay happy. She probably actually would stay happy

until a force comes along, maybe a "force" such as disease, and the doctors tell her she has cancer. That happiness would be gone. She would stay depressed until another "force" came along.

They finish filling the garbage bag with money and I take it. Something so valuable placed in a garbage bag, there is something poetic about that, something symbolic. I run out of the bank and get into my partner's car. His hands are sweating, his face probably is too, and I'm the one who did all of the talking. We drive away with a garbage bag full of money, but we have no real intentions of spending the money on ourselves. He drives into a parking garage and we get out and look at the money. He takes off his sad theater mask and his suit jacket and tells me he doesn't know if he can keep doing this.

I ask him what he means. I knew exactly what he meant. He couldn't keep risking his life and freedom for other people, people he didn't even know. I tell him that there are way too many people suffering out there from poverty, from starvation, from whatever, simply because of this imbalance in the world. I wanted to tell him that he wasn't angry enough. That he didn't have enough hate in his heart. And then I wake up.

Some people die because of a lack of food, and others die because they have too much food. Starvation, obesity. If that's not imbalance, I'm not sure what is. Simple mathematics will tell you that if you have one apple on each end of a table, totaling up to two apples, and you take one apple from one end and put it alongside the other apple on the other end, you have subtracted one apple from one end and added an apple to the other end. I visualize what was once balance, but is now inequality. Imbalance.

There is probably enough food in the world to feed every mouth, but some mouths take more than they are welcome to. How can someone right this wrong? Do you steal that apple back, and bring it to the mouths that starve? Do you steal that money and give it to those who need it? Robin Hood would say yes. He would say you have to do the wrong thing for the right reason.

Earlier today I'm checking my mail, and I hear someone coming down the stairs. It's Mary, who lives in the apartment above me. She walks by and nods, and I nod back. She is walking so quickly that it's apparent that she's late for something, maybe work, maybe an appointment. I'm standing there with my mail in my hand, thinking to myself, realizing that almost every time I see Mary she is in some sort of hurry. A look in her eye that she may not accomplish what needs to be accomplished, and that scares her to death.

I start to wonder if she is always in a hurry because she wants to be in a hurry, like a piece of rock moving through outer space on some pointless voyage to nowhere. I start to think, are people the way they are simply because they are that way, and they want to stay that way. They want to keep being that way. If this is truth then that would mean, according to the aforementioned science, that people can never change. Not unless a force comes along and changes them. Maybe a force such as love, or hate.

Chapter 3:

SIXES AND SEVENS

There are those who will tell you that numbers, mathematics, have the potential to answer every

question there is out there. That if we can understand them, they will reveal the truth. Uncover something we have been looking for the answers to for so long. The problem is that mathematics alone is just numbers, formulas, equations. It's only when these numbers are applied to something that they have meaning, possible comprehension. It's when they are applied we have a science. Science, the language we can understand.

The apples on the table is simply one minus one gives you zero, or one plus one gives you two. However, when we apply the idea that this apple is being taken away from someone, that this person may starve and die, we understand what these two equations really mean.

A few nights ago I woke up at six a.m. because I had to go use the bathroom. I'm in there, relieving myself, when I hear someone yelling at someone else. At first I say to myself, "This early in the morning?" But then I start to listen, I even lift up my window a little bit so I can hear the words more clearly.

A man is yelling at a woman. He yells about how he is always late for work because she can't complete a simple task. On her end, all I can really hear is sobbing, but I can feel her regret. I close the window, flush the toilet and turn off the light as I exit, and I go back to sleep.

Last night, I had a dream where I woke up at seven a.m. because I needed something to eat. I go to the kitchen and make a less than desirable sandwich, and not a second after my first bite I hear someone talking to someone else. I put the sandwich down and out of curiosity I lift up the window a little bit so I can listen to what's being said. A man is talking to a woman. The man asks the woman if she got the car from the repair shop and brought it home last night. She says she forgot. The man comments on how she is always forgetful, and out of nowhere she rips into a furious rage.

She starts to yell as if she were bottling up so many years of regret inside herself. From what I could hear, the man didn't yell back, he just leaves for work. I close the window and leave the kitchen, forgetting about my sandwich. Forgetting about turning off the light. When I get back to my bed, there is a woman lying in it. I lay down next to her but I can't see who she is, and then I wake up.

I'm laying in bed this morning, and all I can think about is why I would have a dream about my discontented neighbors. I keep thinking about why they are so different in my dream than in real life. Probably the same people, but different actions and reactions to an event. I start to wonder if there is a mathematical formula out there that determines what kind of person someone will be. What kind of person someone is. How they will react to a certain event. Can I write down these two peoples' equations and finally understand, finally know who they truly are.

There is a man named Joe in my apartment building. He lives right across the hall from me. Sure, I can know Joe, but I can never really know Joe. I can know what he likes to watch on television, what he likes to eat for lunch, what type of women he prefers, but I can never truly know Joe. I can never truly know Joe the same way one person can never truly know another person.

But still, I wonder if there are a group of numbers I can apply to Joe's behavior, to Joe's habits, to find out who he is so I can truly know him. Just to understand Joe. And when I wonder that, I

wonder if I can find out who I truly am in the same sense. Just to understand myself.

I'm still laying in bed, and I start to think about the times that I woke up. Six, seven. Two different times, two different outcomes. Two different numbers, two different results. If I had waken up at five or eight how different would the outcome be? How different would the result be? I would probably be up too early to hear them or wake up too late and just miss them. I start to wonder if fate has anything to do with it. The objectivity of fate. Was I suppose to wake up at six in this life, and suppose to wake up at seven in the dream life?

I get up out of bed and go to the window to find it is raining extremely hard. I look down my street, down a row of parked cars, and even further down I look, and I see an intersection. I look down even further, and I see the next set of parked cars. I ask myself how much longer this can go on. How much longer it can go on.

Chapter 4:

THE BEFORELIFE

I take a composition notebook down from the shelf and I flip to a random page. I find a dream that I had in January of last year. In the dream I'm at a funeral for someone, I couldn't really tell who. There are many people around, some that I know, some that I don't know. Most that I don't know.

We are all just standing there, no one is crying. There is so much mystery surrounding death; almost anyone will wonder where we go after we die, if anywhere. Despite the fact that in most religions the forthcoming idea is incorrect, I'll say that many groups of people believe that if you are a good person, you will go to a good place when you die, and if you are a bad person, you will go to a bad place.

This creates a sort of judgmental role to be taken place in the afterlife, and gives birth to the concept that we as human beings are split up in death. Depending on the judgment, some of us are sent to a good place and some of us to the bad place. Furthermore, if there is an afterlife, and there is a nowlife, it is perfectly logical to assume that there is a beforelife, our existence before we are sent here, to this life. The question that must be asked is if we are judged when we are in the process of moving from the nowlife to the afterlife, why aren't we judged or split up when we are moving from the beforelife to the nowlife.

If we assume that there are good people and bad people in this world, then judgment and separation is absent and from our basis this would be incorrect. If we assume that there are only good people or only bad people in this world, then perhaps we were actually separated when departing from the beforelife. The only problem is that it may be impossible for we as human beings to ever know what is truly good and what is truly bad.

I try to be a good person. I try to be a decent person. I follow the instructions in life. Stop at red. Don't hit your sister. Go to college. I do all of these things, I follow the instructions word for word, but in the end I get nothing for my obedience. Well I guess I do get something, I get to lose my mind. I get to conform and lose my mind just like most of the other people who follow the instructions.

After I went to college, after I got what I needed to be successful, there was still a chance that I could end up homeless. The truth of the matter is that a formal education is not the only thing to consider. So instead of becoming homeless I become aware, and that's what eats away at you the most, that's what makes you lose it. Becoming aware of human nature. Sometimes I wonder if it would pay to be bad. To not follow instructions. To pass red lights.

I put the notebook back in its spot, and I go into the kitchen. As I pass by I notice that the garbage can is empty. Empty garbage bag. I stop and stare into it. Eventually I start daydreaming about the garbage bag being filled with those notebooks that I keep. Maybe I want to get rid of this addiction. Maybe I need to. Before the next thought can come through I hear something bang the wall near my door.

Well, at first I'm not sure if I heard anything, so I wait for a few seconds and then I can hear people talking. "Move it to the right." I go to my door and look through the peephole. This fisheye view.

I can hear people but I can't see them, so I open the door and I see two men moving furniture into the apartment next to Joe's. I go to my window and look outside, I was right, there are people moving into the building. I'm looking at the rear of the moving truck to see what's inside, and then I see a tiny woman get out of the passenger side of the truck. I didn't really notice it at first because she's wearing a long dress, but she has a prosthetic leg. She has a fake leg because somewhere along the road her real leg must've been taken away from her, by something or maybe someone.

I ask myself, what would I do if I lost a leg, I try to figure out how angry I would be. How angry I would be at myself and the world. I try to figure out how much of a disadvantage someone like her is at, and how much stronger she has to be because of it. How much bitter. Not too long after I see two kids get out of the same side. They all go to the rear of the truck and begin to grab things and help bring them inside into their new apartment.

I run back to the peephole and see all three of them as they walk past with these things in their hands, I can hear the woman who I assume is their mother telling them a joke. I know the joke, but when I first heard it a long time ago, it didn't make me laugh. When she's done, I can hear the kids laughing. The joke still doesn't make me laugh, what makes me laugh are the laughing kids. That high pitched fast paced laugh that kids have. It's not until we get older that this laugh becomes low and drawn out. Trying to figure out when it's appropriate to laugh and when it's not.

The moving goes on for some time, and then I hear the truck engine start. I go to the window and I see the truck sitting there, but running. It sits there for a few minutes, and I look around trying to figure out where the two men are. Where the family is.

Finally I see the two men walking from the front door of the apartment building and they enter the truck. As they are driving away I can hear someone walking through the hallway. I run to the door and I look through the peephole and I see the woman walking by. I hear a door open, and then a door shut, and then silence. Silence. Silence. And then I hear a door open again and I look through my peephole. I hear footsteps, but I see nothing. Nothing. Nothing. And then I see that yellow dress and the tiny body inside it.

She's standing in front of Joe's door, as if she is going to knock on it. I can only see her backside, but I know that her face is full of some kind of confusion. She waits there, just stands there, for at least a minute before she finally knocks. An extremely soft knock, as if she was sorry to bother whoever lived there. That tells me that she either doesn't know Joe or that she is afraid of Joe.

There is no answer to her knock. She knocks a little bit harder this time, but she still gets no answer. Joe must not be home. Where would a person like Joe be? It's not enough to not know who Joe is, but what would Joe be doing right now. Maybe Joe can be defined by where he goes and what he does when he gets there. I'm standing here thinking about Joe and suddenly this lady in yellow turns around, looks at my door and walks a bit closer. That slight limp.

I feel the center of my chest clutch and I back away from the peephole. I just stand there in front of the door, knowing that I will hear a knock soon. Soon. Soon. The knock comes. I start to wonder what this woman could possibly want with me. Perhaps she knows Joe, but I'm certain she doesn't know me. Not literally or philosophically.

I open the door and I'm staring down at this smiling woman. I can do nothing else but smile back. She greets me and tells me she just moved into the building. I welcome her. Then she goes on to tell me that there was one small problem with the move. I ask her what that problem is, and she tells me that the moving men didn't put the children's television in their room, and that the cabinet that they were suppose to put it on is pretty high. That the television weighs a ton.

I put two and two together, simple mathematics, and I realize that she is going to ask me if I could move the television to the correct room. The television isn't too big, but it has one of those huge backs, and that's what makes it so heavy.

I'm picking it up from the ground, and when I look up I see her on the other side of the television ready to help. She tells me I can't have all of the fun. We lift it up and I tell her to lead the way. We put the television on the high cabinet, and the kids cheer. They turn on the television and begin to watch. She gives me her thanks, and says now that the kids are occupied it was time for her to start fixing and organizing every thing in the apartment.

I left and returned to my apartment. Before, when we were walking to her apartment to move the television, she laughed and said it was too bad that there wasn't a man in the house, and then she laughed again. Despite the laughs, I could hear that sound of regret in her voice.

That makes me wonder if she is taking care of the two children alone, that the person she was with either died or walked out on them. It makes me think, how could someone so small have so much inner strength. Enough inner strength to tell jokes despite all of the bad in the world. It makes me wonder if I could ever be that strong. That good.

Chapter 5:

SUICIDALLY INCORRECT

Two nights ago, I had a dream. There's a man looking at me, talking to me, but I can't hear what he's saying. He keeps talking and talking and talking, on and on and on and I'm just sitting there pretending I can hear him. Soon after I find myself walking down this dark hallway. The hallway is

so dark that I can't even see the walls. The man who was speaking to me before is walking with me, still going on and on. After a while I start to hear him, and I realize it's my father's voice. I'm walking down this long dark hallway listening to my father preach about something.

After a while I start to listen to what he is saying, and I end up realizing that he is talking about how someone came up with a theory that suicide may have no resolution to the person who commits it. He tells me that to understand the suicide theory, I have to first understand this other theory, this circular theory.

He says that the circular theory proclaims that this conversation we are having now has happened before, and that it will happen again. That it cycles on forever. That every single thing that happens has happened before, and will without a doubt happen again. Then he goes on to tell me about the suicide theory, he says that this other man says that if the circular theory is true, then committing suicide has no real value or resolution because you will end up committing suicide in every life.

John Doe is born. John Doe lives with the monkey on his back his entire life and then he pulls the trigger and commits suicide. John Doe is dead. John Doe is born. John Doe lives with the monkey on his back his entire life and then he pulls the trigger and commits suicide. John Doe is dead. John Doe is born. John Doe lives with the monkey on his back his entire life and then he pulls the trigger and commits suicide. John Doe is dead.

I guess you can make someone think twice about committing suicide by telling them this, and then asking them if they really want to be John Doe. Or Jane Doe. Do they really want to be the person who kills themselves every time? Then again I guess it wouldn't matter what you say to them, because regardless of what you say it's already been determined what they will do. But then again maybe it's what you said that saved them in the first place, or maybe it's what you didn't say that made them kill themselves.

My father stops talking, and now we are just walking. I start to see a light at the end of the hallway, and soon after the light hits me like a right hook. A gust of wind blows my way, and I hear chopping sounds. Before my father and I stands a loud helicopter. He starts to walk while I'm still standing there, and then he looks back and he asks me what I'm waiting for. And then I wake up.

I start to think about my father and his fight with cancer. I think about how he barely spoke a word to anyone while he was laying there breathing his last breaths, his days numbered. I think about how every time I would look at him I'd see that regretful facial expression.

His look makes me think of all the people who lay on their deathbed regretting the lives they led. His look gets me to believe that there are really only two ways out of life, that you leave either unsatisfied or dissatisfied. That you leave either wanting more time or you leave cursing the life you led. That there are people who go through life not questioning a single thing, just doing things the right way, and it goes with the saying that ignorance is bliss.

Maybe these people are happy in their lives, maybe they aren't, but when they are laying on their deathbed they start to think maybe they should have questioned more things in life. That they should have tried to be more curious. Unsatisfied.

Then there are the people who question every single little thing, the people who are trying to reinvent the way to live life. The people who are searching for the meaning of life. Maybe these people are happy in their lives, maybe they aren't, but when they are laying on their deathbed they start to think maybe they shouldn't have been so ambitious in their life. That they should have just enjoyed the simple things that came their way. Dissatisfied.

Then of course there are the people who don't see their deaths coming. When my father died, it's hard to say whether he was unsatisfied or dissatisfied with his life, or if he even cared to be either.

I start to think about what I'm thinking about, and I think to myself that I sometimes have such a negative way of thinking. How depressed do you have to be to believe that these are the only ways you can feel when you walk through the exit door. Surely there are some people who actually pass away happily. Maybe. I hope.

Chapter 6:

DREAMLESS IDENTITY

The phone is ringing. I hate that sound. I pick it up to make it stop and I say hello. The hospital is calling me telling me that Joe has been injured. I wonder why they are calling me and not someone who actually knows Joe, in the literal sense of course. Why not someone like his parents or his siblings.

Later, when I get to the hospital I find out that I am listed on his emergency contact information. I've maybe talked to Joe a total of four times, but I guess he finds that enough for me to be concerned for him when his health isn't at one hundred percent. They also tell me that they tried calling the first two names on the emergency contact information, but no one picked up.

They take me to his room, thinking I am some sort of close friend to Joe. When I get there he is sleeping, they tell me that he is in a coma. I ask them how he got hurt and they tell me that he was in a car accident. I ask about the other people who were in the accident, and they tell me they are fine. I tell you they could have chosen to send me to Joe or to the other person involved in the accident and it wouldn't have mattered which one I got, because I don't know any of these people.

I sit on the chair next to Joe and I take a deep look at his face, his still, lifeless face. Then I take a deep look at his entire body. I know this man's name, I know the color of his skin, I know his gender, I know which part of town he lives in and I know where he grew up. I know his favorite baseball team and which celebrity he would love to spend a night with. I know all of these things but the true character behind this man remains a mystery.

Knowing the physical attributes and the environment in which Joe resides in is almost helpless when trying to figure out who he is. This probably applies to anyone. Everyone.

You may feel as if you know me, or at least know a part of me, but you don't even know my name. You don't know what race I am. You don't even know if I am a male or a female. Throughout my one sided discourse with you, I have not stated the answers to any of these things, but still, you may feel as if you know me. That would mean you don't know that close friend of yours so well because

you know their skin color or their gender, but because of something else.

I look at Joe and then I look at his monitor. All those numbers that represent how alive he is. Or if you are that type of person, how dead he is. I start to wonder, if Joe died right now, how would he leave the world. Unsatisfied? Dissatisfied? Satisfied? I look at this man and I try to guess what he is dreaming about. If he's even dreaming at all.

Regardless of what he is dreaming about, I know that when he wakes up, if he wakes up, he won't remember the dream for too long. He won't write it down and look for some meaning to it. I know that if Joe doesn't die a satisfied man, he will at least die an unsatisfied man. Not a dissatisfied man. And for that, I envy him.

Chapter 7:

THIS BLOOD STAINS

What exactly is insanity? How do you determine if someone is insane or not? Is it by their thoughts? Is it by their actions?

If we consider thoughts; while someone may think "I'm gonna kill that person" after the bagger bags their groceries improperly, that doesn't mean the person that thinks that will actually kill the person who bagged improperly. Having the sense to not commit the action of murdering another person, to not turn these thoughts into actions, it must keep this person on the sane side. So thoughts alone can't determine if a person is insane.

If we consider actions; if someone jumps out of a five story window for no particular reason we can assume they are a bit crazy. A bit insane. If someone jumps out of that same window because the building is on fire, this is perfectly logical assuming there are no other solutions. In both of the window-jumping examples, the action is exactly the same but it's the reasoning, or the thoughts of the person, that help to determine if the person is sane or insane. So actions alone can't determine if a person is insane.

This morning, I had a dream. I'm carrying something heavy. Now I'm tying two things together. I finish tying, I was tying it to a chair. Now I'm taping something with duct tape. Now I'm tying something else to each other. Now I'm walking over to the light switch and I turn it on. I look down and I see a knife in my hand, it's sharp. I look over to what I was working on, and it's a man tied up to a chair, mouth taped.

His eyes are wide open now because the light woke him up and revealed me to him, just like it revealed him to me. I'm standing there staring at him, and he staring at me. I feel in my heart that I have to kill him. End his life. But when I look at his big eyes I feel as if I can't. Like I'm taking one step forward and two steps back in the process of killing this man.

Finally I decide that I'm not going to kill him. I start to think, I know that I won't kill him so what can I do now? Can I just let him go? Repercussions. I think for a while, and then I start to talk to him. I tell him that I can't bring myself to kill him, and that I want to make a deal. That if I let him go, he has to believe this never happened.

I tell him that if he tells a soul, I will haunt him and his family for the rest of his life. And then after he dies, I will continue to haunt anyone who is close to him and still living. I untie him, remove the tape and he is gone. The chair is empty. I sit on the chair and it hits me, I have to realize that I can't kill another person. I ask myself why? Why is it so hard? Stab, stab, stab, that's all it takes.

After a while of thinking, I figure it out. Why I couldn't kill him. I needed to start smaller. I needed to start with ants, and rats, and squirrels, and dogs, and cats, and horses, and elephants, and then people. It was a perfect and logical assumption. So that is exactly what I do. I find an ant pile and I kick it.

Soon after ants come roaring out of it. So many ants, so much to kill. I think to myself, step on that ant right there. Thought. And then I actually do it. Action. Step on that ant there. It's dead. Step on that one, too. It's dead. All of a sudden it becomes a game, and I'm winning; kill as many ants as you can.

Now I'm stepping on more than one ant at a time, smearing their black skin against the pavement. I start to laugh in my head. Kill that ant. Dead. Kill those ants. Dead. I set up a rat trap, premeditated murder. I'm getting better at this game. The rat is caught. I think, think, think to myself I should hit it with a bat. I get, get, get a bat and I stain its internal liquids against the concrete floor.

Then I start thinking, I should step it up a notch, and start digging up the graves of the dead and pretend to kill them, as if they were still alive. I think to myself, "maybe it's not homicide," but it's one step closer, and then I wake up. Maybe to determine if someone is insane, they need both the thoughts and the actions.

So many people are in love. Love is so common in so many lives, so much that it seems as if it is indefinable. So much that it seems too complex to ever really be understandable, or even be explained. But the fact of the matter is that love is simply just another emotional feeling. Like rage, like pride, love is simply a feeling. Love is a feeling just like the feeling you get after you kill something.

The same way a person searches for love, a person can search for that feeling you get after you've ended a life. Of course, that mysterious feeling is not common, like love, but both of these feelings are more than they appear to be when perceived by human beings. There are so many circumstances surrounding love, so many webs that love can be simple and complex at the same time.

I'm wide awake still laying in bed, and I look to my right and I see my composition notebook laying there as well with a pen on it. I keep it next to me so I can immediately write down the dream I have. I stare at this notebook, and I think to myself, this is my companion. I think to myself, it's sad, but I accept it. I take it, I open it and I start writing the dream down. "I'm carrying something heavy."

Chapter 8:

THE DOUBLE HELIX

Three years ago, I had this nightmare. I take off my happy theater mask and I look into his eyes. I start to look around and from my surroundings I can tell he's a politician. Eventually I can tell he's the mayor of a city. Eventually I can tell he's the mayor of New York City. I guess I already knew these things because they were part of the reason I was here. My partner asks me why I took off my mask and I tell him it's because I want him to see my face. I look into the eyes of the painting again. This is a painting of the mayor of New York City.

After a minute or two, we hear talking and footsteps, so my partner and I hide the best way we know how. The mayor walks into his office alone and he turns on the light, and then sits down in his seat. The seat of the mayor of New York City. I get out of my hiding spot and walk towards him, gun pointing at those eyes, and the entire time he is shouting with his arms in the air. My partner now gets out. I cock the shotgun and I aim. Then I shoot.

His painting of himself is ruined now, covered in blood. Who hangs a painting of themselves in their own room? The front door kicks open and shots are fired. My partner goes down, but not before he gets a few shots of his own in.

I take cover, and I see my partner laying on his back about four meters away from me. My heart is pounding. I don't know if it's because I just killed a powerful man or if it's because a close friend of mine is in danger. The pounding gets louder and louder until it finally wakes me up.

What does it take to truly change the way the world works? Do certain people have to die? Do certain people have to live? Someone said that the more things change, the more they stay the same. I could also kill the next mayor of New York City, and then the one after that and the one after that, but even though the people in this seat change, the seat itself never changes. The people change, but the seat stays the same. So the world and the way it works stays the same. Sometimes what seems like true change is actually just the process of repetition. The process of repetition.

A king named Solomon said that there is nothing new under the Sun, and this is probably true. Every day we wake up, we go through our day, and then we go to sleep, until we wake up the next day to do it all over again. Rinse and repeat. Every day the Sun comes up, and then the Sun goes down. We are born, we have children, and then we die. Our children are born, and they have their own children, and then they die. Our children's children are born, and they have children, and then they die. A way to keep our species alive in a never-changing world.

These thoughts reflect the image of the double helix; the name of the structure or form our DNA takes. Two perfect spirals that continually repeat themselves. Because DNA is almost the road map to life, it is sort of poetic that it would take the form of a repeating structure. The same repeating structure that is symbolic to the lives we live.

The same repeating structure that is symbolic to a world that will probably never change. A world that can't change. Maybe a world that doesn't need to be changed.

There is a story of a group of humans who could only live for six hours. In most cases these humans would only live to see a world with light or a world with darkness, but there were some lucky humans who saw the change from day to night, or from night to day, but they didn't know

what was happening. Unfortunately, before they could understand and document these changes and what was happening, they would die.

After a while, along came a human who could live for an entire week. This human saw changes from day to night and from night to day multiple times, and this human told the other humans that could only live for six hours that he or she could tell what was going to happen next.

So this human would tell the the other humans that soon there would be light, and while some humans died before then, the lucky ones saw this change and thought that this human who predicted this change was some sort of higher being, but eventually that human's week was over and he or she died.

After a while, along came a human who could live for years. This human experienced all the different seasons. This human understood the seasonal changes and the changes from day to night and night to day, and he or she documented and explained them.

Eventually this human told the other humans, who at the time could only live for a few months, that he or she could tell them what to prepare for next. So this human tells the other humans that snow and great cold is coming, and the ones who were lucky enough to last to see this change thought that this human was some sort of higher being.

Eventually this human died after living for so many years. After a very, very long time, along came a human who could live forever. After reading the documents and recordings of previous humans, he or she realized that every thing just repeats itself, even on the grandest scale. He or she saw the end, and then watched as the beginning started again. In this beginning, the human watched as these people who could only live for six hours were born, and then died.

Chapter 9:

THERAPEUTIC SILENCE

It's been a little over a week since Joe has been in a coma. By now I thought that he would have been out of it, but he's not. The people that work at the hospital tell me that he only has a few relatives, and that they can't reach most of them. The ones that they actually do get a hold of don't want to visit, either because they live too far away or they aren't that close to Joe. In the end I guess he is stuck with me.

I'm on my way out to go visit him, this will probably be my last visit. I hope it's my last visit. I hope he wakes up soon and returns to business as usual. I walk through the front door of my apartment building and I see the woman who just moved in kneeling on the ground. She's gardening.

She looks up at me and smiles, and that's when I immediately remember a dream I had of her a couple of nights ago. In the dream she is helping me with something, but I can't remember what. It's unfortunate that I can't remember some dreams that I have as well as others. Sometimes I wake up knowing I just had a dream, but I can't remember the dream for the life of me.

I'm standing there, looking at her with a weird expression on my face and trying to remember this dream, then her smile begins to slowly fade. She asks me if I'm okay, and I tell her I was fine. I tell

her it was weird to see her gardening because I had never seen anyone ever garden around an apartment building. I always thought that was done usually around houses or nice places. She gets up and she says to me, "Your home is your home." And slowly the smile grows back onto her face, and once again I can't do anything but smile back at her.

She's wearing a pair of jeans so I can't see her fake leg, but for a small amount of time I can't stop thinking about it. I didn't dare ask about it. She then starts to talk about how she didn't really introduce herself when I helped her move the television, and she tells me her name is Lynne. She tells me her kids' names are Sarah and David. A lovely family.

I asked her what kind of flowers she was planting, and she told me they were going to be zinnias. She told me it was going to be a shade garden. I didn't really know what she was talking about but I would find out when she was finished. A little while after talking, I see a woman walking her dog. She's walks in our direction as if she is going to enter our apartment building.

Lynne sees the lady a little after I do and she tells me it's her sister, Claire. Claire was coming over for dinner. Lynne introduces me to Claire, and then invites me over for dinner as well, but I tell her I have to meet a friend. Now across the street there is a man walking his dog. This man's dog and Claire's dog start barking at each other. Bark, bark, bark, it gets so annoying.

It starts to remind me of that terrible ringing sound. The phone ringing, ringing, ringing. Sometimes the ringing drives you so nuts you want to just break the phone and live the rest of your life in solitude. Bark, bark, bark. Now I want to kill the dogs. Stop barking. Lynne says goodbye to me, and she goes inside the building with Claire and her dog. The barking stops. I look at Lynne's work in progress and then leave.

The entire way to the hospital, on that dirty bus, I can't help but think if animals have souls. A lot of people say the difference between people and animals is that a person knows the difference between right and wrong. That people have a working moral compass. That people have a certain unexplainable bond with other life forms. But what about the dog that lays there next to its dead master, laying there with those eyes that want to cry. Laying there sad, and when it sees the person who killed its master, it begins to bark uncontrollably.

What about the goat and the horse that reside on the same farm who begin to go every where with each other, and begin to care for each other, so much that when one is sick the other stays by its side. What about the humans who hunt other humans. The sociopaths who kill for fun, for sport. The serial killers who show no remorse. What about the humans who strive to benefit financially off of wars that are unnecessary. Do they have any more of a soul than that dog, or that goat, or that horse?

I get to the hospital, and then to Joe's room and I sit on the chair. I think to myself, what's the point of this. It's not therapeutic for Joe. It does nothing for me. But still I sit, hoping that he will wake up so I don't have to come back here. I guess the only real reason I do it is because no one else has come to visit him.

How would it look if a man was never visited by anyone throughout the entire duration of his

hospitalization. At least when he wakes up, if he wakes up, he will owe me.

After a while I begin to remember the dream that I couldn't remember. Something happened to me and I went to Lynne for advice. She was able to comfort me, to help me with this problem I had. This internal struggle that keeps me prisoner. It was this strong woman in a tiny body. This woman who tells jokes and gives life to plants even though a part of her has been taken away, she guides me through this dark hallway with her slight limp and her bright yellow dress.

Chapter 10:

A GENETIC PEACE

Last evening, I had a dream. There's so much sand, and the Sun is so hot. So yellow. I'm walking through this desert, leaving behind a life I once led. Leaving behind people, leaving behind lifestyles and leaving behind addictions, maybe trying to find some form of peace somewhere overseas. I keep walking and walking until I see this big white house in the distance. A house that has no business being way out here in the desert.

I walk closer and I see a child digging behind the house. I go up to him and I look into the hole in the ground, it's a grave. He tells me he's burying his brother. His brother that looks as if he died of starvation.

Sometimes I wonder if people who die of starvation have that really horrible of a death. In order to feel hungry your brain has to tell you, it has to send messages back and forth and such, telling you it needs more food to be able to function properly. I would think that in order to send those messages, it takes energy, and to get energy you will need to eat or drink.

So if you are sitting there starving with no food to eat and no water to drink, will your brain eventually stop sending those messages because it has no energy to do so? If that's the case, you will stop feeling hungry, and then you will just die.

I'm watching this child bury his brother, and from around the corner I see an old man walking towards me. When he gets to me, he asks for water. Water for him and his family. I take off my backpack and I look inside, bottles of water. Bottles of water and loaves of bread. I look at the dead child in the sand grave, and I hand the man the contents of my backpack.

After, I take another look at the child in the sand grave. A closer look, and I realize that some of the sand is turning red, turning into blood. I assume they killed the child for a good reason, maybe he was dying from a disease with the help of malnutrition. They did the wrong thing for the right reason.

When a homicide is committed, a crime scene is set, but there is no crime scene set on a battlefield. All you can do is step over the body and go on. So that's what I did. I gave the family all of my food and water and I walked on. I continued to walk, searching for a peaceful place.

Eventually I got to a city, but it was so loud. People were talking so loudly, sometimes yelling at each other. It was too loud. Their voices were ringing. Their voices were barking. Eventually I was so annoyed by it that I woke up, and that's when I realized that people were arguing outside.

I go to the window and I see four people, Lynne, Claire, Mary and some man standing next to Mary. And then I see a man sitting in a tow truck in the distance. Mary is yelling at the top of her lungs at Lynne, and Lynne is yelling back. I hated to see Lynne get yelled at, but I hated to see her yell at someone even more. She was such a calm person. Such a nice person.

At first I decided to not get involved, to just watch from up here, but then the man standing next to Mary started to yell at Lynne. I grab a post-it note and a pen and I jot down the words "the sand grave" on it so I can remember the dream I just had, and then I go down there and I ask what the problem is. Mary turns to me and tells me that Claire parked in her parking space. I guess she was over for dinner again. Where's that stupid dog. Why would people cut each other's throats over a parking space.

It becomes obvious that Mary is so angry not because of the parking space, but because something has been bothering her. Maybe a relative died. Or maybe she is beginning to realize that being at the top of your class doesn't mean as much as she thinks it does. That you could still end up being a failure, and maybe even have a side of insanity along with it. Now she's taking her anger out on Lynne.

Lynne, she has no problem with moving the car but Mary is being so hysterical that Lynne feels she is being disrespected, and what was a small fixable problem now becomes unsolvable. Claire doesn't really have much to say, and the tow truck driver is just waiting for Lynne to move so he can tow the car if Claire doesn't move it.

Now this guy who is with Mary, I think she called him Paul, starts to yell at Lynne again, saying Mary needs her space and asks her to stop being an idiot. So much yelling.

While the yelling goes on, I'm staring at my empty parking spot. I don't have a car. I tell Lynne that her sister could park her car in my parking space, and the expression on all four of their faces become exactly the same, as if they are upset that they won't be able to argue anymore. Claire not as much, but she has a degree of it. So Claire gets in her car and parks in my spot, the tow truck driver leaves, and Mary parks her car in her own spot.

I walk with Lynne and Claire into the building and I tell Claire that I don't have a car, so when she comes to visit she can just park in my spot. Claire, the quiet unspoken one, she thanks me in a low voice. Her sister thanks me as well.

I have never seen Lynne like that, but then again I haven't known her for that long. It's like she became a different person altogether. Certain genes in our bodies can switch on and off. Some people are more prone to diabetes and other conditions or diseases than others because of a specific gene they may have. This gene may be in the off position, but certain circumstances can cause it to be turned on and your diabetes will be in full effect.

Sometimes I wonder if there is a gene for murder. A gene for hatred or anger. A gene for happiness or contentment. Maybe a gene even for love. And when a person murders another person, it was because their murder gene was on. When a person is in love with another person, it's because their love gene is on. When Lynne became a completely different person, I wonder if it was because her

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

