

Dreamscape

Erin

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I love you all so very much!!*

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To my son Marcus

You taught me how to love unconditionally. How to see past hard times, how to be strong, how to laugh at silly things and make life fun, to slow things down and enjoy the present. I love you so much! Promise me that you will enjoy this adventure called life! Don't be afraid to live!

I love you / Mum xxx

Chapter 1

Star Quality

I heard a roar of applause. A slight breeze in the air cooled a sweat drop running down the side of my face. The sun was hitting me like a spotlight. I was panting slightly as if I had been running. I felt a weight in my hand. It was something metallic and it felt good holding it. My head tilted down to see what it was. A silver microphone. I noticed that I was wearing something I never normally wore - a ripped pair of jeans and a short top that revealed my belly which, by the way, looked very well trained. I felt a confidence boost like never before. I couldn't remember having gone to the gym but I was liking my new look.

It felt good being there, the energy in the air was electric. I felt a rush of excitement as I looked up and across the crowd seeing thousand of adoring

fans all clapping their hands and roaring with approval for a song that I had just sung. Beyond that were beautiful landscapes as far as the eye could see. A black and gold hot air balloon was hanging low over the crowd. I waved at the people in it whilst holding the microphone up to my mouth.

“How you doing up there?”

They waved to me as I waved back at them.

The crowd on the ground in front of the stage went even wilder as I looked down and started talking to them.

“And how are you doing down there...let me hear you scream!” I shouted, putting my hand behind my ear to show them that I was waiting on a huge response from them. They shouted excitedly. I giggled. “I can’t hear you!” I continued, holding the mic out to the very enthusiastic audience. I looked up at the hot air balloon and noticed that they were still waving. Peter was in it and he was looking at me with pride in his clear blue eyes. My mum and my friends Lisa and Chris were also there. I looked at the band and felt like I was on fire. I yelled out; “one two three four!”

The song began with a drum solo, which I had always liked, just feeling the rhythm in your body before the melodies of the instruments started. I danced across the stage getting ready to sing the song as I felt the bass line thunder across the floor, making it shake slightly.

I put my hands in the air getting the crowd to clap along with me. Then I held the mic up to my mouth and began to sing. Man, I could really sing! It came so naturally to me. The song was unfamiliar to me but I seemed to know all the words and just what I was suppose to do on stage

anyway. It was like I had done it a hundred times before. I felt alive up there. Like I had the world at my feet.

I looked out towards the audience and noticed a very pretty little girl standing in the crowd smiling. She was adorable in her little pink and white dress, her dark hair twisting down in big curls and bouncing gently as she danced to the song that I was singing. She looked up at me with her big light blue eyes and smiled. My heart felt so much love, I felt like it was about to burst out of my chest. My beautiful little girl, here to see me.

I heard my name being called out as I looked up towards the hot air balloon and saw Peter waving at me looking distressed. I felt confused. What was his problem? How could anything be wrong when I felt so much joy?

I looked back towards the little girl, only I couldn't see her anymore. I felt a sudden burst of panic as I looked around and saw no sign of her. My eyes widening looking all over the excited crowd. I stopped singing but still held the microphone to my lips.

“Erin!” I yelled out. The crowd acted as if nothing had happened. As if it was all part of the show.

“Erin!” I yelled out again. I took a few steps to the front of the stage and jumped down into the crowd which made them go even wilder in an almost uncomfortable way. I desperately tried to find her. My eyes were searching in-between people. The crowd was pulling at me and closing up around me. It felt suffocating. I tried pushing them away, my panic was escalating as I was desperate to find my girl but I was unable to move. Their grip getting so tight, squashing me from all angles. Their faces no longer kind and full of love for the music. One of

them was looking right at me. She was old and looked like a person who had lost everything. There was something slightly familiar about her though. I squinted my eyes and as I noticed who she looked like I took a step back. The woman was me. A worn out distraught me.

“It’s your fault” she said.

I gasped as I sat up in bed, shaking slightly from the dream I had just had. I felt a warm hand on my back.

“Alex, are you ok?”

I was still breathing heavily as I looked to my side and saw Peter’s kind face looking up at me.

“Nightmare” I said as I got up from our king sized bed and walked quickly out into the hallway in my cotton pyjamas and opened a pink and white door to my left. I walked quietly over to a little white bed with a giant textile leaf hanging over it. My baby girl looking like an angel sleeping. I listened carefully to her breaths.

Every time I looked at her it was as if I couldn’t believe my luck. She was just perfect! And then there was Peter...my husband, whom I was madly in love with. He had the best sense of humour, he was so kind and I could talk to him about anything and everything. He was handsome and, oh my God could he kiss...hell yeah he could. And then we had been gifted with the most beautiful daughter that brought so much love into our lives.

She was sound asleep and holding her favourite teddy close to her chest. I pulled up the covers and tucked her in as she had managed to kick them off in her sleep.

I heard gentle footsteps behind me and familiar hands wrapping around my waste. Peter looked

over my shoulder and down towards our sleeping daughter.

“You wanna tell me about it?” he whispered into my ear.

I gently shook my head from side to side. “No, I just needed to see her, I’m ok now.”

After a couple of minutes we went back to bed and fell asleep in each others arms. I felt like the luckiest girl alive.

Chapter 2

The Birthday Party

I felt a lock of hair on my cheek and a whisper in my ear as I lay on my side in a very comfortable bed. The days when I could have had a lie in felt like a distant memory but knowing what I was waking up to made it all much easier.

“Mummy”.

My daughter Erin calling me ‘mummy’ felt wonderful. I never grew tired of it. It was the most wonderful title you could have in the world. To be such a miracle ‘mummy’. It was wonderful.

I took a deep breath and smiled.

“Good morning angel”, I said, stretching out my arms and catching her in my embrace. “Happy birthday...how old are you now?” I said frowning, acting confused.

She looked up at me with her big eyes and smiled.

“Mummy?” She paused for a second while rolling her eyes and then she held up her right hand, inches in front of my face showing me all her fingers. “I’m five today.”

“Oh yes, so you are. Don’t tell daddy though,” I whispered. “He thinks you’re growing too fast. He’s scared you’ll get yourself a boyfriend soon and forget about him.”

She tilted her head back and laughed. Hearing her laugh was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard, like the clearest sound of heaven bursting through an angel. It filled me with joy every time.

“I don’t have a boyfriend,” she said still laughing with her hands slightly over her mouth.

“I know that, but he doesn’t,” I said pointing at Peter who was lying with his back to us. I looked at Erin with a cheeky smile.

“Should we wake him up and remind him?”

She nodded her head, then we both sat up, getting into position for giving Peter a good tickle scare. Just as we were about to do it he swung round and gave us a big fun fright, making us scream and laugh at the same time. After the initial shock he grabbed us both and hugged and kissed us, then he looked at Erin.

“So who is this boyfriend you were talking about?” he said looking serious.

“I don’t have a boyfriend daddy,” she said looking at him like he was stupid.

“ok ok, just checking” he smiled softly at her.

“Happy birthday my angel.”

At the sound of that Erin started jumping up and down on the bed out of excitement for the day ahead.

We were having a birthday party after lunch that day with the family. Chris and Lisa were also coming or 'aunt' Lisa and 'uncle' Chris as we liked to call them.

They had been on a rollercoaster on and off relationship over the last few years. Their current status was 'off' but they contained their love-slash-hate relationship around us...barely... However, they weren't very good at hiding it. At first, when their romance had begun, back when I had just met Peter after he had come out of his coma, they were all over each other, almost annoyingly so. But when that happened I would kindly let them know that I wasn't interested in a front row seat at their make-out sessions by clearing my throat loudly. Sometimes I even had to ask them to 'take the show' elsewhere and they would then wander into Lisa's bedroom.

Peter and I were pretty bad as well at first. It was hard to keep our hands off each other. However, we loved to do other things as well. As long as we were in each other's company we were happy. We would go out for walks, either along the seaside or up Arthur's Seat on the outskirts of Edinburgh. We would talk about the adventures we'd had in our dream world when Peter had unknowingly been in his hospital bed, at least physically. His mental state had been elsewhere. At the time I had just thought that he was a very strong fantasy of mine, but truth be told I was completely and madly in love with him from the first moment I saw him when he appeared in my dreams. We would reminisce about our times in the stars and flying across countrysides or by the seaside, seeing fantasy creatures like elves and unicorns. I could really miss those times. But we found our own

adventure in the 'real world' since Peter had woken up. Everyday felt like a new adventure with him. Especially the day I found out that I was pregnant. I couldn't believe it at the time. It all happened so fast. I had felt a bit sick the first few weeks after Peter had awoken, but at the time I had assumed it was down to nerves and simply being in love. When I finally, after a serious talk with Lisa who suggested that I might be pregnant, took a pregnancy test. I was stunned when I saw that it showed positive. I was going to be a mummy. It thrilled me as well as terrified me. It felt like the beginning of something huge, which of course it was. Peter was thrilled when I told him. He was shocked just like I was, but also thrilled. We were both naturally a little nervous about the whole thing but it was also very exciting.

We got a flat together not long after that in Bruntsfield, a nice area close to The Meadows in Edinburgh. The Meadows was a park that was lovely for walks and picnics. During the Fringe Festival in August each year there would be lots of fun events happening there like shows of all sorts and from all around the world. I loved the shows and all the new people. Erin loved it too. The previous year we had seen a show with daring circus-like acts. They had made it both hilarious and daring at the same time and Erin had loved every minute of it. It was always a fantastic time to be out and about.

Erin was born on a clear early morning in June. A chubby little baby girl with a lot of hair...for a new born that is. Peter had held her in his arms with such pride. His eyes were shiny with happy tears and his beautiful smile stretching across his face as

he had looked out of the window and seen the most amazing colours in the sky. It felt as if all the world was welcoming our daughter, he had said. It was filled with beautiful reds, pinks and orange colours settling onto the half dark, half blue sky and you could still faintly see the stars. It was magnificent. It had even made the news. People had taken loads of photos and posted them online. Peter had looked over at me with love in his eyes and softly said her name. 'Erin'. It felt like the angel Erin that I had encountered a few years back was sending a gift. We had decided on the name almost as soon as I found out that I was pregnant. I felt as if I was carrying an angel. And so it was decided. Erin Wallace-Walker. She would carry both of our surnames.

I was wearing an off-white lace dress to the party. My brown shoulder length hair was in a side parting. I hadn't done much to it. I was too busy making preparations and besides, Erin was the star of the day. As long as I looked respectable, that was all that mattered. The decorations were up, the white frosted cake with a fairy on top was made and chilling in the fridge and the presents were piled up as we heard the first knock on the door. Erin had been staring at the presents as if she was communicating with them but as soon as she heard the knock she snapped out of her concentration and ran over to the front door in her little white fairy outfit looking adorable.

The door opened gently as my mum, dad and little sister Emma entered. Erin was jumping up and down with excitement as they started singing

“Happy Birthday” in an off key but loving way. They all smiled apart from Emma who was clearly

annoyed at our mother who was making it impossible for her to pass through the doorway. Mum was too busy giving Erin attention to even notice the evil look Emma was giving her. Mum had probably annoyed her in the car on the way over, knowing their relationship. She was looking proudly at her granddaughter but there was also something sad in her eyes. Eventually she moved so that Emma could come in. She loved her niece and her niece loved her.

It was amazing how much Emma had grown since Erin was born. She had been a bit of a rebel when she was a young teen but she had matured over the last few years. She was still outspoken and liked to try new styles but that was just her being herself and I hoped that she would never change that aspect of her. Her hair was long now, a little longer than shoulder-length, but she would try new hairstyles rather than cutting it short when she was having a spontaneous moment. Today she had put her dark blond hair in braids in a slightly messy bun making it look very bohemian in a classy way. Her whole outfit was a bit bohemian as well with a white lace tunic over harem trousers. It looked great. She finally got through to Erin after rolling her eyes at mum and bent down to give Erin a cuddle and her present.

“Wow!” Erin said, not having a clue what it was but eager to find out.

Quickly after they had walked through and sat down on the grey sectional sofa in our living-room there was another knock on the door and in entered Peter’s parents Ian and Julia. Peter got his gorgeous smile from his mother. She was a very pretty woman with her golden coloured hair to her shoulders, blue-green eyes and petite figure but

Peter had the look of his father more so with his ice-blue eyes and dark hair that was almost black. He was the same height as Peter, about five-eleven. You could also see the resemblance in their movements. It was like looking at Peter in the future. They had met when Ian had been over to New York with some friends in his early twenties. It hadn't been an easy ride however. Julia had been engaged to another man at the time, so it took a couple of years before anything could really happen between them. All in all quite a lovely love story in the end and oh how happy I was that they hooked up so that one day, I could meet their son, my soulmate.

I was greeting them all with hugs as Dana, Peter's little sister, who was a copy of her mother more or less, walked through the door and not long after that my friend Chris. Just before I shut the door my brother Jason and his very new girlfriend came in with a huge package. Erin's eyes doubled in size and it made us all laugh. I knew we were all spoiling our little girl but it was hard not to. She was the first grandchild in the family and was so utterly adored.

Jason's poor date seemed a little out of place not knowing what to do with herself but luckily for her both our families were very welcoming so she seemed to make herself comfortable shortly after having entered our home.

There was one person missing. I knew that Lisa, being a huge time optimist, would be the last to show up so I decided there was no point in waiting for her.

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