

For the purposes of this paper I'm going to need to specify the difference between a nightmare and what I have come to call a "STRESS DREAM".

A stress dream is a dream that causes anxiety during the process. It's not horrifying but it causes terror nonetheless.

Upon waking, I find myself drenched in sweat with my shirt glued to my chest and in a daze, awake but still in the mindset between living worlds.

A nightmare is a nightmare.

My most common stress dreams are shown here in this venn diagram:

**Good morning!**

welcome back to the waking world!

it's time for breakfast!

this was a short recollection of some of the more unusual dreams i've had recently.

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He can only ride at night. We lie together on the dusty ground beneath the endless stars, all the endless suns he can never soak into his skin again. He holds me in his arms, he's not as cold as you'd think.

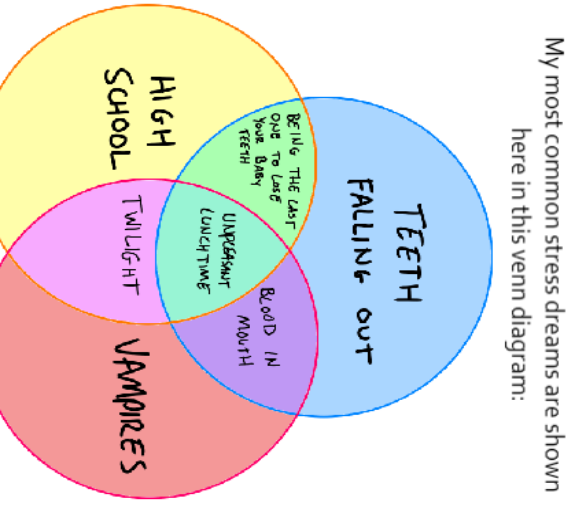
"I could turn you now, if you like."

"Funny," I say, "I much prefer the idea of growing old with you, but I guess that ship has sailed."

"I respect that," he says before vanishing.

"But if you ever change your mind..."

In another dream I had been playing some sort of basketball video game, this year's new release. To my astonishment, the developers decided to spice up the story mode by having the game start off with the destruction of the earth.



Thankfully, they never actually overlap.

(I should probably also specify I haven't been in high school for years)

It's the Wild West and you're at the general store. It's getting late and the keep is getting ready to close up shop. There's a handful of ghostly, gaunt-faced cowpoke hanging around the cracker barrels.

"Are they okay? Those fellas look half-dead!" You say to the shopkeeper.

"All I can say is that you shouldn't loiter outside after dark around here," he says.

One of the cowboys grins, eyeing you deviously as if he was aware of your thoughts. In the dim gas lamps, you see a faint glint of a sharp fang in his smile.

My advice? Do all your cattle herding during the day and put extra garlic in the camp stew for dinner. You can never be too careful, pardner.

