**2020.04.01**

I was lying in bed back home. There was a wasp buzzing around and I was debating moving or leaving the room, but then I saw some other wasp-like insect. It was a less bright yellow and black and was pretty fuzzy, like a caterpillar. Somehow, either Intuitively or by googling, I knew this to be a Wasp Killer, some sort of insect that feasted on wasps. So I thought I would be ok.

After a while I didn’t see the wasp anymore, but the wasp killer kept coming closer and closer and I wasn’t sure if it could sting or bite humans. So I made to get out of bed, but accidentally threw the sheets over the Wasp Killer. It didn’t like that and stung me several times. It didn’t hurt too much at first, but then it did.

I went to go find mum to warn her.

I was living in the future. Everything was made out of glass and chrome, and we were in a big indoor complex with lots of buildings, like a mall but not.

I went to visit my parents, who weren’t my real parents. I think it was just a mother, and she was very absent. I couldn’t find her until I went to the top floor of this particular building and there she was taking care of a little girl. It was a secret affair, you were only allowed one kid normally, and it seemed to be taking over her life to the detriment of everything else. So I left.

I worked in a bookstore, just as futuristic looking as everything else. When I arrived for my shift the next morning people were up in the air and confused, there had been a robbery but nothing important had been stolen. When I entered people started asking me questions. Not suspicious questions, just normal questions. Which was good because I was the one who had broken in and stolen things.

I went over to the scene of the crime and asked if I could touch things. I tried to play the bumbling fool and get my fingerprints all over everything in case that could help me. There was a light jacket/sweater. It was mine, I had left it behind. And there was a big empty space where a black wooden coaster/hot pad had been. I suggested it might have been more important than we thought and had something inside of it. They had already come to that conclusion.

Then things slowly morphed from crime scene into party, and I found myself sitting next to Brandon and Jordan of all people. That’s a name and face I haven’t thought of in a while, it took me quite a while to even put a name to it. We started talking about doing things for fun, and how we should all take up video games again.

I was in Vegas. Something had come up and I thought going for a couple of days by myself could be fun. So I found myself in the outskirts walking around aimlessly. To be fair it really didn’t look like Vegas at all, more like France.

I got a bit lost, coming up to a street with a few other random walkers and then frowning and turning around, they gave me a sympathetic ‘sorry you’re lost’ look. Then I set off in what seemed like the right direction to get back to a street I recognized and I walked past an open concept restaurant with a little patio that had a very Mediterranean feel. I heard my name being shouted as I almost walked right back. As I retraced my steps I saw it was a whole bunch of folks from home that I knew eating there. Carolyn and Catherine are the only ones I can remember.

I gave them all a hug and then sat down and then I saw that the table beside us was filled with more friends too. We chatted for a while and people asked why I was here and I wondered at the serendipity that brought us together. And I was happy because I had the rest of the day to kill before my flight home.

People started clearing out and it was just me and Carolyn. We bonded and she helped me figure out the busses that we were going to take back downtown and meet up with the others again. We both had a huge amount of luggage to haul around with us.

**2020.04.02**

I hadn't read the article my boss wanted me to read. I was feeling pretty shitty about that, but then in a clever stroke of genius I said I hadn't eaten, so I managed to delay our meeting enough to go and quickly read it. At the same time I saw a magic video disappear on my computer. And there was a little message that said Cameron Francis had removed it. Apparently, the magic community realized I had lent some magic DVDs to some of my friends and was taking all my videos back, directly off my computer. I panicked.

**2020.04.04**

I was in some sort of prison or facility or something. It felt a little old fashion with people wearing white linens and not a whole lot of technology around. I was hunting two quarries: a younger fit guy, and an older smart guy. I think they were lovers.

I was trying to find the older guy, but I wasn’t alone. And then my POV wasn’t really locked to me but was more like a narrating roving camera.

It panned over to the young guy who was pulling on his pants and walking around shirtless, dodging some guards. Then it panned upstairs to the older guy who was reading by the light of a lamp. Narrator voice kicked in and mentioned he was allowed a lamp because his duties had him up at 9:00 instead of 4:00 like the rest of us, so he stayed up later.

And then in walked another older man, he was slicker and a bit larger, and had a champagne glass with him. And called himself Mr. Network like something out of American gods.

The older man reading asked him if his name was in relation to neural networks and Mr. Network smiled, and then he started threatening him. He took a sip of champagne and grimaced and then spit it out. He was a machine, he couldn’t drink.

All the while I was trying to find the right room.

**2020.04.05**

I was a new member of some sort of treasure hunt group. And there was a middle-aged guy who was sort of the leader, and a bit of legend to everyone in the group.

And at the start of the dream he had just died. A lot of us weren’t quite ready to accept that, thinking he was just gearing up for another big treasure hunt. But we all knew in the back of our minds that it was real this time.

We were in some sort of building that I didn’t recognize, but it was big and blocky and kind of looked like a Walmart.

Julie left the building, and nobody seemed to notice, but I ran after her, and caught up to her near her car. We talked about I told her that I was really hoping she was leaving because she had some secret in her pocket and that our friend wasn’t dead. But mostly I was just sad and commiserating with her and crying a bit before she drove away.

Somehow the view of her car turned into a Skype session with Pernille while she had a family member in the back being driven to the hospital for COVID.

**2020.04.06**

I was in the basement of my house back home, with Justin and maybe Iain, I think? Someone was doing magic tricks, with a plastic egg that transformed into something else. But I didn’t really understand it. There were three nested eggs, one of them shattered. I tried convincing them that the best way was to have a narrative to follow. To use two eggs instead, act surprised at one, building up a story that made sense. They wouldn’t have any of it and ran away. I walked up the stairs and saw them running away through the back yard.

**2020.04.07**

I don’t remember much about this dream other than the fact that it took place outside, Emma was there, and I was frantically moving from one place to another.

A magic creator was suing another magic creator over a deck of cards. Apparently, the cards looked sort of similar or something. Like they both had insects. Not butterflies mind you. Except they were completely different insects and a different numbers of insects. The guy doing the suing seemed like a dick. I felt bad for the guy getting sued.

**2020.04.08**

There was a big, long white corridor inside a big building. It looked a bit like a mall, like the shopping centre we visited after climbing in Scotland. There were all sorts of families walking and pushing their children around, and the children were impeccable. Dressed into all sorts of outfits and trained to do fancy walks and faces. The parents were looking anxiously up at the walls, where a few large windows were. Most were covered in a plain white curtain, but some were open and sported tall men and women dressed likewise in white, looking down at the masses.

From what I could grasp the people in the windows were on the look-out for ‘perfect specimens’, or children that fit certain criteria. The parents were all for this, like child beauty pageants parents, primping and preening their children with the hope they would be picked. It was some real dystopian shit.

I somehow knew that there were a series of tabloids or news channels covering this whole thing, and they used telescopes to look at the window-people, avidly reporting when one of them pointed or smiled or conferred with the others. They would then release all sorts of conjecture all about what this meant for the coming "season".

At one point a lady came in pushing her children around in a carriage with an opaque top. That was practically unheard of. The windows people couldn't even see the child. But it seemed to work and piqued their interests. I knew somehow that within the next few days the opaque carriage fad would sweep through the entire hallway.

**2020.04.09**

This one was just sort of a jumble of a whole bunch of different people. First, I found myself in a basement with an old rich white dude. He was changing his shirt in front of a window.

Then I was upstairs giving climbing lessons with Brenna, which I guess makes sense seeing as she used to coach. And at the same time Jackson showed up. It was his birthday and Steven was there giving him a present, despite the two never having met before.

Finally, we all went to Chapter’s to buy some candy. At a bookstore. Yep. Makes sense.

I found myself stranded after my truck overturned. Luckily there was a house nearby and it was owned by a rich guy. I decided my most logical course of action would be to break in.

The house was modelled after our house back home, with two exits facing the backyard. He went out one and I planned to sneak out through the back one. But I misjudged it and saw he was coming back through that one, so I ran over to the other one, only to discover that was the one he was actually coming back through. Somehow the world acted a bit like a video game so right before he was about to discover me, I just quickly logged out and logged into another world.

Now that’s an interesting idea.

**2020.04.11**

I was in a school gym; it felt a lot like middle school. The stage had some steps leading down to the main part, rather than a sheer drop. And I was on a team with someone else in some sort of sports-/physical activity challenge. On the other side of the stage was a group of 7 or so others who we were competing against.

The contest was about doing something with a volleyball and then running up and down the stairs, and then the next person in line would do it too, until everyone had done it. So, we obviously had an advantage, though I accidentally let my ball go, and I had to go and run and catch it so that added a bit of time, and we ended up finishing at roughly the same time as the others. They hadn’t mentioned anything about runaway balls though, so I didn’t really run to go get it, because I figured I was already done my bit. So the ref or MC or someone was skeptical and arguing and being a bit of an asshole. I could tell there was a lot of negative energy in the room directed towards our team, so I just smiled and went to sit down offstage.

Now I remember the challenge, it started as a golf ball, and you had to stick it in your pants and then run down and back up without it falling out. I felt in-luck because I was wearing briefs.

At this point, as often happens in dreams, I was only wearing briefs, the rest of my clothes having miraculously disappeared, and I sat down next to what seemed like a friendly woman in a sea of less friendly looking people. And I guess I chose right because the person behind me, who I never got a look at, started giving me a shoulder massage, and seated beside her was Ryan and Shannon, so I spent some time telling them how I had very fond memories of the two of them.

I was in a family home that was apparently mine, but I no longer lived at home. Despite that, I was fairly young.

My mother was there, she was a redhead and may have been wearing a police uniform. And my brother was approaching her asking if she could go undercover in his school, and she was very excited about the prospect. I think we were eating pizza.

Just then there was a knock on the door, and we all jumped, thinking it had something to do with the undercover shenanigans we were talking about. But as the door opened it was just my dad, my dad in the dream that is, not my real dad.

He was old and grizzled and kind of looked like Gaetan Bloom. And he had a gun, which he promptly fired in my direction and chastised me when I flinched. He kept repeating the gesture, closer and closer, until I stood perfectly still. And I remember thinking “this is why I left home.”

He had the definite vibe of an alcoholic and there were posters around the room decrying Obama, so apparently I was American in this dream. I remember feeling sad at the reality of the world.

**2020.04.12**

I was helping someone, I don't remember who. They were living roughly where the Smiths live back home. I needed nuts. For some reason. So I made my way to the Carleton’s house, down the one way street. As I was walking up the driveway Ross came out the back door. I accosted him and asked if he had any nuts. He walked away without answering. I asked him again and he ignored me. So I spoke to him straight, I asked him if he disliked me, if something was bothering me. He didn't talk but handed me a note. It had a paragraph on it, with the reason why he wasn't talking to me. Apparently, I had done a magic show once, and as part of it, I'd made his supper disappear. He had taken it personally and thought I was making fun of him. I shook my head. After a brief silence I asked Rena instead and she gave them to me.

**2020.04.13**

I asked mum for a drive somewhere, and we got on the highway and immediately she drove completely askew and almost got us killed. Turns out she was too tired to drive, so I told her to turn around and go back. She seemed a bit more lucid now but then promptly drove off the road again, crashed through a picnic table and ended up in the middle of what looked like a university quad.

We got out of the car and went to inspect the damages and ran into Josiah and his family. They were all dressed up in blue suits like there was some sort of wedding going on and were definitely not social distancing. Tristan was there and approached us way too close, so we all backed off and avoided his handshakes while he was a bit confused.

Then we all sort of gathered around in a circle, and Julie was there too, standing next to me. I think Evan was there too. Then it turned into me flying around and swooping down on them in some sort of game that Evan seemed to really enjoy.

**2020.04.14**

First of all, I was downtown, in a china town-like business core. I think I've been there before in my dreams, or somewhere similar. I entered a house party or something and didn't want to be seen, but I had some low-level magic power to make an invisible barrier in front of me. I ended up running out and into another building that felt like a Silicon Valley start-up.

In this building I ran into a guy working on this green desktop machine. It almost looked like a frog or alligator. He was running into an error message and it ended up spitting out a lot of slime that he collected in Erlenmeyer flasks. Or maybe I was him at this point and doing the collecting. It was a lot of goo. More than usual. And I learned that this goo usually was an offshoot of whatever the machine normally did, and they used it as a power source, but they never had enough of it.

So I had the bright idea to figure out what error code on the machine would spit out the maximum goo, and then to dedicate that machine for producing goo, which could be used in other machines to power them. Instead of all machines doing a little bit or work and making a little bit of extra energy to use, get some machines making the energy source all the time, and other machines doing the productive work. That seemed like an ingenious idea at the time.

**2020.04.15**

I was going on a trip with the family. The first leg of the journey was staying at some sort of resort, in little cabins near the ocean. We were in a cabin that was already occupied, but they promised to be out by nightfall.

I had my normal backpack with me. And when I started unpacking my heart sank. I brought the wrong backpack, and I had packed everything in my large backpack, so I essentially had no clothes, no book, nothing.

Dad came in clutch and offered to spend the next day driving the 4 hours back home and the 4 hours to the resort with me so I could grab my real bag. Apparently we were going to India next, and I really didn’t want to be without anything for that long.

**2020.04.16**

I left work, and I think Spencer was there and noticed and was a bit confused why I was leaving. Apparently I was leaving to fetch Eric.

He followed me for quite some time until we got to a series of stairs on the outside of a building. By that point my knee was very sore and my walking had slowed to a crawl. I barely made the last few steps.

We got on the stairs and they were very rickety and swaying back and forth. There were a few other people on them too, probably 5 people in total, and they started leaning too far off the wall as we went up. We were fairly sure they were going to collapse if we kept ascending normally. So someone had the great idea of leaning back and forth and using the swaying stairs to catapult ourselves forward and upwards to where we needed to go. Some older office-type guy volunteered to go first.

He catapulted and smacked directly into the wall, head-first. The whole thing happened in slow motion and he did this dramatic falling act that was quite funny despite the seriousness. Nobody wanted to go next after that. The old guy was passed out on the ground.

**2020.04.17**

I was on the second floor of some building, somewhere I shouldn’t have been. There were a lot of different offices, all with their own decor and computers.

I was poking around in one of them when someone came up behind me, a security guard or someone who worked there, and he asked me what I was doing as he turned on the lights. The lights faded in very slowly, not a sudden on-off situation.

I used that to my advantage and said I was investigating the lights and asked if everyone’s office had lights that faded in and out. The man brought me to another office, and somehow I knew it was Alan’s office, and he fiddled around with his computer which was on and not password protected. I made note of that, like it would be important later.

I was walking around a large mall with a few friends from high school. Cole was there, I think Steve was there, and maybe Brooke, and Malcolm. We were on the top floor near the food court of some building I didn’t really recognize. And then myself and a couple other people mentioned we had to go to the washroom.

For some reason I was carrying around one of Andy’s books. I had been reading it before I left the house and I guess I just took it with me. But now I was all worried I was going to leave it behind and lose it.

When we entered the washroom, I left it on a stool and then entered this futuristic looking stall. It turned out it wasn’t really a washroom but this sort of automatic shower where you laid down in this padded plastic bubble and let suds and water come down as the walls undulated back and forth to clean you without you having to move. It was very odd.

When I came out, I forgot the book for a second and had to go back and get it. Then I was worried everyone had abandoned me, but I found them getting some fast food a couple feet away.

**2020.04.18**

I was a first-year again. And arriving on campus I was looking around for my classroom, when I ran into Terry Crews. He was half-dressed up as a mascot, and I asked him where my class was. Then he launched into full-on orientation mode.

He started showing me around different buildings and telling me things looked scary now, but they would get better with time. I told him I already had a degree or two, and this was round 2 for me.

We ended up going through some sort of grocery store where I mentioned that “the shelves have eyes” or something. He seemed really engrossed with that line and asked where I picked it up. I said I might have heard him say it on Brooklyn Nine Nine and he seemed to like the casual way which I acknowledged him being famous without going crazy about it.

Then we were outside, and he was driving around on a little red bike, bidding me goodbye as I went off to my first class. I ran into Marjorie, who was with another older lady, and it turned out she was the dean or something equally high-ranking like that. She seemed very fascinated that I already had a degree. And was coming back for more. I guess I should have been fascinated why I was doing that too. Finally, Terry biked on by and I shook his hand and thanked him for his help.

**2020.04.19**

I was at a party in some sort of large cabin, and I wasn’t entirely comfortable, I didn’t know many people there. The Thomas’ were there upstairs, and there were a couple people I had met before downstairs, so I was talking to the latter.

One of them was a bit larger and kind of reminded me of Jackson’s friend Dylan. He started going off on the fact that I was wearing a hoodie earlier and he said it was a horrible look. I already wasn’t a fan of him, so I wasn’t really ready to let it slide. So I asked him if it made him feel better about himself to put other people down. He really didn’t like that and started to get mad. Some other people noticed, and I wasn’t ready to disrupt the whole party, so I said something biting and then left to go outside.

At first, I was looking for some place to pee. The Forest was pretty sparse around the cabin. So I walked a bit farther out and it became a lot darker. So dark that I couldn’t see without turning on my phone flashlight. I think I also had a night-vision Batman mask, because everyone carries one of those around with them.

Eventually my phone died because it was very cold outside, so I had to feel my way along in near total darkness. I think I was somehow chatting with Cameron, or recording a message or something in case someone found me. And then I found my way out of the forest and I was really close to my old residence building.

**2020.04.20**

I was playing a video game with Jeremy and we were slowly working towards making a potion that allowed us to skip the night and have two day time cycles in a row. When we finally got around to getting all the ingredients we kept being informed of things we couldn’t do with the potion, and we realized it was largely a pointless endeavour. A metaphor for video games?

Then I stopped playing and dad enlisted my help in delivering some envelopes with Nic. There was also some freshly baked bread too. And I remember quoting Frank’s egg line from Always Sunny.

**2020.04.21**

I was in a world where after every day there were a few minutes or dead time when the clocks and calendars didn’t count and time didn’t move forward and nobody really acknowledged it as real time. Kind of like the purge or the Fugue Feast. And I used it to play more video games.

**2020.04.22**

I was sitting on the side of my bed watching someone do a magic trick for me. They were using this intricate scotch and soda gimmick where both sides were different on both coins and they could show everything, it was really quite something. When they finished, I impolitely asked to see the coin, promptly banging it open and revealing it to be the gimmick that it was. It kind of broke apart in the process so I had to help repair it. Before long it became super complicated and I was suddenly building a Lego set not repairing the coin.

**2020.04.23**

I think it’s a sign that this lockdown has me playing too many video games when all my dreams start to seem like they’re set inside a game.

This one started with me discovering some new outrageous money-making method where I was fighting this creature that looked like a lizard or a basilisk or something and selling the armour they dropped to a nearby shop.

The interesting thing was that the floor was a bunch of different shades of blue and green which corresponded to the difficulty level of the creatures I was fighting.

I walked around a bit and overheard two other younger people talking about playing Minecraft. Is that still what the kids play nowadays?

I was in this old washroom that was all run-down and dirty. The urinals were disgusting but sure enough I was using one of them. Suddenly I found myself soaked, Brendan was spraying me down with a hose.

I got a bit angry and said “Piss Off”. He told me that someone had pissed *on* me and he was just helping me out. So I apologized and told him I hated the phrase ‘Piss Off’ and wasn’t sure why I had used it.

From there I left the main room and found myself in a small atrium room with a bunch of lockers. Someone ran in and climbed on top of the lockers and laid down, obviously hiding from someone. And a few minutes later 2 or 3 people came in looking for them. The stakes felt a bit higher than a game of hide and seek. But I just kept my head down and felt mostly ignored.

**2020.04.24**

My grandparents told me to get ready quickly, within an hour, so I did. It involved a shower where there was ketchup instead of soap, so that was fun. And I was cutting it close to the time they gave me by the end.

I’m not sure where I was, it seemed like the cottage but not quite. I went upstairs to where I was staying and discovered grandpa asleep up there. I was looking for my hat and my swim trunks, but he kept getting in the way and suggesting other hats and swim trunks he had lying around, apparently this was usually his room where guests weren’t allowed.

He sat down at his computer and pulled up Facebook, and then he got a call. He immediately changed his voice and demeanour and was nice and accommodating. As he talked to the mysterious voice on the phone, he pulled up some sort of online store and bought a dress or bra or something. After he hung up he explained that he had met a woman online named Summer or something, and she was from India and they were in love and he planned to move out there or have her move here within 3 years.

I started asking probing questions, her age, how did he know she was real, and whether he knew what catfishing was, and how much money he had spent on her. I tried to think of some historical examples of catfishing to put it in terms he would understand.

All the while he made me promise not to tell anyone. I told him I wouldn’t, provided there was nothing illegal going on. But I was fairly sure I would have to break that promise.

**2020.04.25**

I was the founder and leader of Camp Serenity or Solitude or Brotherhood or something equally cliché. I hope I didn’t name it.

We were on the ocean, but also near a mountain, and there were a lot of people arriving bit by bit. I was one of the first people to show up and decided not to pitch my tent with everything else. I set-up this new place just far enough away and grew to become proud of it. Before I knew it, it exploded in popularity. You entered under some draped fabrics on poles that marked the entrance. Then I greeted each member individually calling them brother or sister because once you joined us you became a sort of monk. Then to the left was the mountain, which was treacherous but had plenty of people sitting on it to get a good view of the ocean. Down by the water were a few buildings or tents on flatter ground, maybe on pilings in the water. There was a kitchen tent and some bathrooms and a few other things.

I found myself welcoming a new group as siblings and giving them the tour. I collected their purses to hold while they got changed and then gave them all back after verifying that they were the proper owner. I asked one woman what was inside her purse before giving it back, and she said some plastic wrap from a rice container and sure enough she was right.

I think the reason people were here was because the waves were so big in the water. We’re talking 10+ feet high. There were a handful of people in the water, even though it was clearly cold. And there were three older men set-up on chairs acting as lifeguards.

I found myself looking around for a wet suit so I could join.

**2020.04.26**

This was a rather long dream. A lot of it was just getting back and forth in a big city, maybe New York. It was a Post-Apocalyptic or During-Apocalypse setting, and the city had seen better days. Part of the journey was voyaging across a river or something, via Subway. At one point I was travelling by bike and had a big blow-up Helium balloon. But it got away from me once and I didn't have the resources to make a second one.

At another point I had met up with Eric and a few more people from work. Some people were chanting his name. It was something about figuring out if he was going to go visit his three kids, which apparently, he had had by three different women in the city.

At some point I was walking on the near side of the water and was explaining my situation to someone and I was playing a role of someone who had been on a certain train that had crashed. I also mentioned that I was being hunted for my ring. Whatever the reason, I was definitely being hunted.

Across the river, my goal seemed like some sort of refugee camp. It was built on the far side of a bridge or something. The only way to get there seemed to be by swimming or by walking across precarious slippery surfaces. You approached it from the bottom and climbed up.

I was trying to arrange a meeting with a woman there. But our timeline was confusing, and we were trying to arrange a time we could both meet. I had other things to do over there and was wondering if I should schedule the appointment before or after them. And there was the fact that the trip over was getting harder and harder (I had already made it a few times) and the tunnel was getting blocked with debris, so at one point I think we were digging to get in.

**2020.04.27**

I think after reading a headline about a bunch of people stuck on an island after a music festival had a Coronavirus outbreak, I was in a similar situation. Except instead of an island it was a sort of an old-school castle or estate or duchy or something.

I remember a few specific scenes. In one I had brought some food to cook. Except I had left it out of the fridge for a few days so when I brought it out there was this blackened mess of a turkey that disgusted everyone there including me. And for some reason it was in a green grocery box with a whole bunch of lettuce on top of it.

I threw it in the compost pile.

Another scene had me in charge of cutting the grass with this fancy push lawnmower. I forgot about it for a while and left it on, so I had to race back and turn it off. Except it was pushing itself across the lawn and I couldn’t figure out how to turn it off. Then a guy who looked a lot of like Gary from work and had a very similar job to Gary from work came over and helped.

By that time, we were pretty far away from the main building, and it was getting dark. When we turned around, we saw it and it was quite the sight. It quite literally looked like a renaissance painting, this big sprawling complex with people coming and going like ants at that distance. We took in the view. We were standing next to a kid’s swing set. I sat down and asked Gary if he had built them. He said of course. I offered the other swing to him. And we sat in companionable silence. There was this tragic air over the whole thing because I had this feeling that he was dying. And I admired the guy because he was just a simple man who liked his job and had a sense of duty to the house and was always there when you needed him and was loyal to a fault. The loyal groundskeeper.

The last scene had me near some outbuilding attending what seemed like a high school graduation. Michael was there getting some sort of football award, a little pin that he kept in a shallow aluminum pan, that’s how I knew. I do seem to dream about high school a lot for someone who doesn’t really talk to anyone from around that time. Subconscious gonna’ subconscious. There was a sort of capture the flag game going on at the same time, and I had captured the flag a couple times by sneaking around the edges. They were announcing an MVP for that too and I was pretty confident it would be me. But instead it was some guy who had been sitting at a table eating the whole time. I was more confused than annoyed, but I liked the guy, so I clapped along with everyone else as he went up to accept his prize.

Emma and I were walking along in what looked like a gated suburb community. All the houses looked identical and had multiple units, it was very bland, but also had a certain kind of charm.

We were on our way to surprise Jamie and Jillian, and when we got there Jamie was outside. Apparently, he owed me a board game and some beer. I told him to give the beer to Grant instead who just sort of popped out of thin air next to me.

**2020.04.28**

It was war time and I was off to fight for my university apparently. There was an assembly and the department head called together all the grad students and didn’t really give them much of a choice.

So I found myself and a few other people marching down the street, off to the front lines. We ran into John along the way who called it out for the bullshit it was and encouraged us all to desert or defect.

We were in a little cottage, talking, and I was hyper aware of my gun, a musket, as it was loaded, and made sure to point it at the ground.

At one point, Alexa came in – in tears – and we did our best to reassure her.

I was in a bookstore or a clothing store or something and there was a little nook that was selling odds and ends not really related to the rest of the store. And there were a bunch of decks of cards. Except none of them was a full deck, they were all half decks of cars or something silly like that. But next to that was a big box that was a collection of every single coin gimmick but with Canadian currency. I got really excited. Nerd!

**2020.04.29**

I was with a handful of other people and we were in some sort of flying ship. It was kind of Millennium Falcon-style in that it was very long in one direction but not much going on in the other direction, so it had to barrel roll a lot in order to avoid various obstacles in the road. Because we were flying along what looked like a regular highway.

We were being chased by some other ship, which eventually caught up with us. Everyone inside our ship was attached to some sort of device via our fingers. There was a long pole with a bunch of finger-sized holes in it and there was a twisting piece in the bottom that held us all in place. As we were being chased it was very loose, but as we realized we were about to be boarded or whatever, myself and someone else made sure to twist it nice and tight. I guess that meant we couldn’t be removed from the pole. Except in twisting it I accidentally slipped free of the pole, and when some alien Thanos-like creature came aboard and started inspecting us, I had to try to hide the fact that I wasn’t connected.

There was a little hole in the bottom like you see in most brooms or tools, for where a rope or something can be threaded through. So I stuck my pinky through that and I seemed to pass muster.

Then Thanos-alien-bad-guy declared that because we had defied him by attaching ourselves to this pole (look it’s a dream, it doesn’t have to make sense) we had to each cut off a finger and give it to him. So he gave us all these tiny little razors and told us to set to work.

I knew I’d never be able to do it to myself, so I tossed my razor to the guy next to me who I think might have been James. He made quick work of it and the last thing I remember was some pain and trying to frantically stem the bleeding.

**2020.04.30**

I was talking with John and Adrian in some sort of cafeteria. Except it was half cafeteria and half laboratory-space, which is not a very biosafe setup come to think of it. We were brainstorming ways to get more bench space and talked about removing the cafeteria. Then we all laughed and said how eating is way more important than science.

I was watching someone do a sort of cups and balls routine, but there were no cups, only tiny little marbles. And each marble was set-up so half the marble was one colour and the other half another, so he could do these fancy colour changes. The guy was pretty talented, but I remember thinking that it was a fairly impractical trick unless you had a few people looking at you straight on and nobody else around.

I wonder why so many of my dreams start off DOWN in a pool in a basement. Well, this one did.

John was there, coach-John not supervisor-John. And he was berating people for not selling enough crates of oranges. Mum came up and bought up the crates that were LEFT to get our numbers higher. I was just sitting on the pool deck.

Then a magician came UP to me. I was now sitting with **FRIEND**. He started doing a cups and balls routine, which was terrible, and LEFT a lot to be desired. **FRIEND** took one of the cups when the magician dropped it, then put it DOWN in disgust.

I started talking to the magician and quickly realized he was deaf. So I made sure he was looking RIGHT at me while I was talking, the whole lip reading thing. **FRIEND** didn’t realize so I had to sort of nudge him.

And then some time passed, and I found myself Skyping the magician instead. I can imagine that would be tough when you’re deaf. Unless there’s some speech to text software going DOWN.

I wonder why so many of my dreams start off DOWN in a pool in a basement. Well, this one did.

John was there, coach-John not supervisor-John. And he was berating people for not selling enough crates of oranges. Mum came RIGHT on over and bought a few more crates to get our numbers UP there. I was just sitting in the pool deck.

Then a magician came RIGHT DOWN to me. I was now sitting with **FRIEND**. He started doing a cups and balls routine, which was terrible. **FRIEND** took one of the cups when the magician dropped it, then discarded it with disgust.

I started talking to the magician and quickly realized an accident had LEFT him deaf. So I made sure he was looking DOWN at me while I was talking, the whole lip reading thing. **FRIEND** didn’t realize so I had to sort of nudge him.

And then some time passed, and I found myself Skyping the magician instead. I can imagine that would be tough when you’re deaf. Unless there’s some speech to text software going on.