

# Night Of Nightmares

Last night, I had the worst dream I've ever had in my life. I didn't realize it was a dream while I was having it, but I remember waking myself up on purpose anyway – it's difficult to explain, as many aspects of vivid dreams usually are.

The gist of it was – a member of my family (who in real life has been estranged from the family for 25+ years) was buckling my kids into her car for a sleepover. She began doing so at a frantic pace, which alarmed me, so I called it off. But before I could do anything, she was pulling out of my driveway with the kids, and I was screaming at her that this amounting to kidnapping and I was calling the police. She didn't stop. My two older girls found their way home, but she still had my younger two – they're 3 years and 20 months. Meanwhile, the pre-planned game night at our house (but it didn't look like our house) was beginning to take shape as guests were arriving. A friend from college (who I haven't seen since) shows up with my cousin (the kidnapper's daughter) as his date, and she is sullen and seems really angry. We manage to get out of her that her mother hasn't been herself lately and somehow come to the conclusion that she is intending to commit a murder / suicide. Where the police were at this point, I don't know, but for some reason, I couldn't go out and look for them myself, and I was inconsolable. It was the most helpless, panicky, horrible feeling I could imagine, and I had to watch my parents watch their daughter go through this as well – the whole thing was just awful. Even though I didn't know it was a dream, I squinched my eyes shut and woke up – thank goodness. It was one of those where I woke up out of breath, my eyes darting around my bedroom. I realized it had all been a dream, and I suppressed the urge to get up and have a reassuring look at my kids – what good would it do to interrupt their sleep? Besides they'd be getting up soon enough – I could see the light starting to come in through the

window. But when I looked at the clock, it was only 1:45 am! What the heck? I had felt like I had a full night's sleep! For once (and I honestly can't remember the last time I felt like this) I felt well-rested and actually *wanted* to get out of bed – and I didn't want to put myself in the position to have another horrible nightmare. So I laid there and mentally composed my blog post depicting my terrible dream, and I was able to fall back asleep. The dream I had next was actually quite a comical episode involving a (non-threatening) alligator in a restaurant. When my alarm went off hours later, I was back to normal – tired as can be, not ready to get up...

There must have been something going on last night because my 5-year-old told me about a nightmare she had had involving a circle of chicken pox.

So was that light coming into my room at 2 in the morning the light of a full moon? Do full moons cause nightmares or vivid dreams? I know my family and friends in law enforcement tell me that they are extra busy and have some of their most interesting calls on full moon nights, but now I remember driving home last night and seeing the moon – and it wasn't full. So why was it so bright in my room last night? Most nights I can't see without my flashlight, but last night I could see easily – I had just assumed it was the sun rising until I looked at the clock... that one's a mystery that remains unsolved.

I have some guesses as to where certain parts of the dream came from – I had been reading *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* before I went to bed. Could my dream have been my own version of a boggart (a magical creature from the series which is a shape-shifter that takes the form of its intended victim's worst fear – ie, something bad happening to my kids)? And I was listening to an old Don Williams song in the car yesterday ([If You Could Read My Mind](#)), which reminded me of a time when I was a little kid and Don Williams was playing

as we were heading to my aunt's house (the kidnapper in my dream). I don't know why my college friend suddenly appeared or why he was dating my cousin, but the game night significance could come from the game night we have scheduled for tomorrow... just a few theories; I think the bottom line is obvious – dreams are WEIRD!!!

*(and this is unrelated – but as I was looking for the Don Williams song, I came across this wonderful version of [In The Ghetto](#) by both Elvis and his daughter Lisa Marie Presley – a posthumous duet. I've made my youtube references as links in this post rather than videos so as not to force anyone to watch/listen to anything if they don't want to)*

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## GOODBYE To 2009!

As if the month of December 2009 wasn't negative enough for our family, we spent the last days of the year with the stomach flu – all 6 of us. It's just an interesting end to an interesting month, and I have to admit I am glad to see 2009 go. Hopefully, a year like that only comes along once in a blue moon... Actually, after reading about [blue moons](#), I'm hoping our family's bad luck years occur much less frequently than even a New Year's blue moon, which we will enjoy this evening.

But my point is, have a happy and safe New Year's celebration! If you drink, don't drive, and if you drink and drive, you're not invited to read my blog anymore.

***Happy New Year to you and yours!!!***



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## Full Moon = Mini Golf?

Earlier this month, I got a whim on date night for us to go mini-golfing. Apparently I was not the only person who felt this way – the local mini-golf course was packed end-to-end with groups of golfers – on a Wednesday night! We began our putting only to find ourselves stalled at every hole waiting for the group of 4 in front of us – which backed up the group of 2 behind us, etc. We didn't realize it was this crowded when we began golfing otherwise we probably would have chosen something else to do (not big fans of crowded places), but it ended up being lots of fun; we found plenty to chat about while waiting to play the next hole. Among the topics were the strange occurrences befalling the behavior of our golf balls. My husband's normally bad luck (especially at laws-of-physics sports like mini-golf and bowling) seemed to be exaggerated, especially by my good luck. An example – my husband took his shot, then I took mine, and my ball hit my husband's ball sending it further from the hole, while mine bounced off his and into the hole for a hole-in-1! Unintentionally, of course ☹ After a few more of those wacky incidents and (to my dismay) the appearance of dozens of live frogs in the mini-golf pond, we had had our fun and were finished. But on the way home, we couldn't help but notice the full moon beaming overhead – a coincidence or is there something about a full moon that makes people want to mini-golf? Friends in the fields have shared with me that

hospitals and law enforcement agencies are extra busy on the nights of full moons – interesting. How about you guys? Did any of you have a sudden golfing urge last Wednesday night / early Thursday morning?