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Lady of My Dreams

Ever since I can recall, I've had realistically vivid dreams. Dreams where I could actually touch, smell, feel temperatures and even taste things. As a child, can you imagine having this ability and thinking you're a superhero? I'm the only person I know that can do this, and I find it quite amazing, sort of like an adventure every night. As I lay my head on my pillow, I get comfortable and make my way into either a utopia filled with excitement or a horrible illusion of my mind. My eyelids surround my vision with pitch black, I start to fall asleep, in the comfort of my bed, with the soft blankets surrounding me. My vision turns from black to white, and I awake in a new adventure.

I look around to notice I'm in the woods; it looks like the beginning of fall, it's daytime, and the trees tower extremely high above me. The grass is a majestic shade of green, and it looks healthy; bushes and flowers cover parts of the ground, birds chirp in the sky while rabbits jump around in the forest. I can feel the sun graze over my skin which is partly blocked by the trees. A slight breeze cools my body for a slight moment before it leaves and the sun goes back into its hiding place after warming my skin.

I look down at my clothes; I'm wearing a pair of black colored jeans with a short-sleeved white button-up shirt. My wrists are embraced with old bracelets, and after looking at them closely they appear to be the bracelets my mom got in Spain when I was a kid. I'm wearing black high-top shoes just like my pants. I start to explore the forest, stepping on fallen leaves hearing the slight crunch under my feet. I start to see something in the distance. As I walk closer to the unknown landmark, it looks more like a log cabin.

It was well made and overall beautiful. There were more flowers than before surrounding the exterior. I walk up to the house and see stepping stones with moss residing in the cracks. As my footsteps went from the soft sounds of stepping on the grass to tapping when walking on the stone, I take a slight glance at the door. It's made from wood as well, but the handle was a bit more modern with a spherical shape and light golden color. I knock on the door and wait a moment to see if anyone would respond.

I hear the doorknob clack and quickly look down at it. I look back up, and the door opens slowly. "Hello!" I was greeted by a woman who had vibrant orange hair. As my eyes explored her skin, I saw many orangish-brownish freckles dancing across her face, and she had hazel eyes with noticeably large pupils. Her smile was so bright and white, she was overall gorgeous. I manage to make out words, "Oh! Hello." I look at her clothes, and I see her wearing a light blue plaid dress with white ruffled sleeves that hung below her shoulder.

She opened her door and asked if I wanted to come in, which I accepted. I take off my shoes before stepping in as a sign of respect. The home was almost as beautiful on the outside as the inside. The inside of the house had a desk filled with trinkets, and paintings filled the house walls. You could tell she was a collector but not of one specific thing, and she reminded me of a raven. As she walked me over to the couch, I admired the decorations. It looked like an old vintage house. I sat on the couch and looked up at her freckled, filled face. She asked me, "Would you like anything to drink?"

I shook my head "no, thank you, I'm fine" I looked around her house, more amazed. My eyes were looking and admiring the collection of paintings that accented the room. Finally breaking the silence, I asked her, "Did you do these paintings," she nodded, "Yes do you like them?" Looking back at her I reply, "Yes they are amazing. I'm not much of the artistic type." She breaks a grin "It took a lot of practice; I'm glad you like it." As she sat down next to me; I could tell she got a bit more comfortable with how her shoulders finally relaxed.

"I'm glad I can finally talk to someone. I'm always alone here" she admits. I begin to feel saddened in some way, and I imagine what it would be like being alone while not wanting to be. We ended up talking for hours. She had a funny personality, and she was so creative and kind. I wish I could talk to her more, but our time was interrupted when she looked at her hands and gasped. Her thin pinkish looking hands were going a bit invisible.

I noticed it too. She looked at me with a sad expression and explained, "You're going to wake up soon, please try to remember the time we had; I will miss you." Soon after she stops talking, her body lifts from the couch, and I lift mine. We hug and both of us are upset we have to part, and her body heat was vastly leaving. My vision goes black, and I open my eyes. In my real world, I felt empty and missed her. I stretched and yawned then went throughout my day, remembering and thinking about her.

That night I wished I could see her again, but I knew I couldn't. A week quickly passed by and it was no use. I was not able to go there again. I ended up slowly forgetting her. I tried not to, but my memories of other people smothered out her personality, and other dreams covered my memories of her home. I tried to draw her to remember her somehow but wait, how did she look again? Brown hair? No, that doesn't seem right.

I remember she had hazel eyes just like me, and she was wearing something blue. A blue what as my mind raced back and forth? I don't know. I drew what I thought she looked like, but it was impossible and I couldn't draw her. It looked like a child's drawing. Why can't I create better? I can imagine what I need to draw, so why can't I? My artistic ability was just a wanted talent that I never actually had.

I sat for 30 minutes, just wanting to know how to draw her and where to start. I ended up getting lost in my thoughts for about an hour, something I usually do, and soon snap back into reality. Wait, who am I drawing? Who is "her"? I ask myself, sitting in a state of wonder. The wonder was driving me crazy. After months I forgot her as a whole, not remembering her. The wonder of who "she" was disappeared. I went to bed early one night, as my eyelids made my vision blank once again. My soft blankets wrapped around my body, and my vision slowly went white.

My vision cleared to see a log cabin; it looked so familiar. I heard birds chirping and bushes rustling. I look at the grass to see many flowers surrounding the cabin. The sun was bright and warm and the trees' leaves were yellowing with a hint of orange. I walk up to the house, and my footsteps click and clack on the stepping stones with moss in the cracks and I knock on the wood door, looking at a nice golden spherical doorknob. It starts to turn, and the door opens quickly. I saw a girl with orange hair. It was extremely vibrant. She had orangish-brownish freckles and a bright smile when she looked at me. She ran and hugged me, shouting, "You're back!" I thought I would never see you again. "I looked a bit worried and managed to stutter out. "I'm sorry, but who are you?" She stops hugging me and looks at me with sadness in her eyes "I can't believe you've actually forgotten me?"