

Hot Pink Bunny Slippers

You wake with a start. You are drenched in cold sweat and tangled in your sheets. Your breath is ragged. You also can't quite remember what your dream was, or nightmare you guess.

It's only 2:47 A.M. Sleep should claim you again soon. You flop back onto your pillow. The more you try to remember your dream, the farther it slips away.

You wake with a start. You are drenched in cold sweat and find yourself tied to a wooden pole. You try to remain calm, but you find that you are surrounded by bundles of wood. You can't see very far into the black of the night, but you can see flames start to flicker on the wood around you.

"Help!" you scream over and over again, but you don't see anyone come or go. The heat is beginning to get uncomfortable as the flames creep closer to your slipper covered feet.

You wake with a start. You are drenched in cold sweat and find yourself gagged and tied to a wood chair. It's cold, so cold that your fuzzy pajamas feel like nothing at all. You're in a very small room, a closet really. It is devoid of anything but you, your chair, and the flaky gray paint on the walls.

The door bangs open and you jump (as much as the circumstances allow). A man walks in, he seems to fill the entire doorway. You cower from fear, but also cold (why is it so stinking cold in here?). The man lifts his hand as if to hit you.

You wake with a start. You are drenched in cold sweat and you're standing in a huge crowd. There are people all around you. It's night and difficult to see, but you are close enough to the front to make out what is happening. There is a huge pile of wood, how exciting. You glance around at the pale, sickly looking people around you. Their empty eyes are fixed on a point in the pile of wood bundles. You squint and can barely make out the sagging figure of a human. Their arms are tied behind their back. Tied to a pole...

It's you. You're the one tied to the pole. You'd recognize those hot pink bunny slippers anywhere. But if you're tied to the pole, how are you watching from the crowd? *This is no time to question the universe. You remind yourself I can puzzle over the mysteries in this life later.*

The fire begins to flicker to life behind the other you. Well, you can't watch yourself die. No time to waste. You push through the crowd and begin to climb the wood mountain before you. Your pajamas catch on the wood and tear. Those were your favorite! Your pajamas offer little protection from the sharp sticks, but your sturdy bunny slippers protect your feet from the worst of it.

By the time you reach yourself the flames are only a few feet away, and approaching fast. The heat is so intense that you feel like you are melting.

Other you is still unconscious, of course they are. You stand on the uneven ground and stumble. You try again, and then

carefully walk behind other you. You reach out to brace yourself on the pole, but it is just out of your reach. You stumble and fall backward into the fire.

You wake with a start. You are drenched in cold sweat and find yourself tangled in your sheets, again. You glance at the clock, it is 3:12. This time though you do remember your dream. How much terror can be squeezed in 25 minutes? A lot!

Wait. Could this be a dream? You tend to forget reality when you enter a dream, and forget reality when you enter reality. Most of the time.

Well, if this all is a dream, you'll roll with it. Whether you're attacked by a pack of rabid ducks or are chased across the world by giant toads. As long as you have your hot pink bunny slippers it doesn't matter.