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When I Dream

by Rosalyn Hurst

I often dream of *Heaven*, that, according to my bible, the Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology, *is a region of space beyond the sky*. What stunning accuracy. But how did the compilers know? The clue is there for all to see.

In my unchanging dream I am dead, but like childbirth, I cannot remember the pain, the drama of the death process, although there is always a voice, "Sunday 9.00 life support turned off, death recorded 9.03."

Then blackness and three days later, when I wake it is always a Wednesday, usually in a morgue and then days later a churchyard. I hear my name called, but I look on without any emotion. I know I loiter for several days, I wander around my local streets even my house with casual curiosity, but it means nothing to me. I know I am waiting for an event, but I cannot remember what it is, what I am about to experience.

Then a silent explosion, I am propelled, I sense I am entering a space that is warm and somehow familiar. I realise I am weightless, I am floating, I am totally comfortable, but curious. I can see outside, there is blackness, a void. I look around and begin to remember. I am in the space station circling a galaxy in a different space time continuum. For a minute I am confused, I see a creature approach. It says,

"You are welcome, welcome home. You have done so well, such a long journey this time."

It sees my confusion and looks with sympathy. I look down on myself, I have changed, I am a mirror of this entity before me.

“I see you still carry those human traits. How interesting. It means we can offer you several choices. Would you like you like to return? With your past record we could offer a 90% guarantee that you would be human, no guarantees of place, of course. However, you may recall, we do have a contingency that mishaps might occur and you may be some other form of animal, bacteria or virus life form. But there are others waiting but that choice is yours.”

“And what other choice is there?” I ask, I know there are alternatives, I just cannot remember them.

“You could stay here, help with the experiment, your past expeditions would qualify you for the distribution department, assist in the back log of those wanting to set out for the first time, or even take a chance on the return.”

‘Or?’ I persist, I am sure there is another option.

“Oblivion, nothingness.”

I know I am tempted, I recall the horrors, the challenges of my former lives, but at that point I awake in the early dawn light, undecided.