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In My Dreams

by Vera Gajic

It all started with a dream, the first of many, a beautiful dream. I felt deep sense of contentment while dreaming, little knowing at the time the train it would set off.

I was in a sunny field full of wild flowers lying on a blanket with my husband, we were gently caressing while soaking up the sun and the smells of early summer, the scents from the poppies and a myriad of other wild flowers, which surrounded us. Although a fleeting moment it had a sense of permanence, maybe this is what heaven is like, a few moments of bliss, which feel like they are eternal. I could hear children playing not too far away, ours maybe, but I was paying them no heed, but then it was a dream.

When I awoke I could feel the residual sense of bliss and hoped it would continue into the day. I turned over and looked straight into my husband's eyes, but it was not my husband from the dream. Did my surprise show?

"Morning, weren't you expecting to see me here?" asked my husband, "you look a bit surprised."

I decided not to explain, "I thought I'd heard you get up already that's all," for a split second I forgot his name. That really shocked me, we'd been married for twelve years and had two children, how was that possible? The day was busy though and I soon forgot all about it.

A week later I was having another blissful dream with my 'husband' this time I tried to look at him properly, was this my husband or someone else? Did I know him? I could feel him hugging and caressing me, everything about him was different. He was bigger, his hands were larger, he was toned but I couldn't memorise his face. Again I woke up and momentarily looked into a stranger's face.

This continued for a number of weeks, my relationship with my dream husband getting stronger with each dream. Was he just a figment of my imagination, was he a ghost? Nothing made sense. My husband started to notice I was withdrawing from him for no apparent reason, I felt sorry for him, but what could I do. I could tell he suspected me of having an affair, but I reassured him it was nothing of the sort.

I decided I needed to spend some time on my own, a break from all my responsibilities. So I announced I was having every Saturday afternoon to myself to go to all the galleries in London. I knew my husband hated galleries, it was an interest I sacrificed when we married. He wasn't pleased with the idea but had to concede I had nothing of my own. The children had their regular activities on Saturday's so this was going to be my time.

It was on the third of my excursions that I decided to go the National Gallery. I'd not been there since I was at school, old paintings were not my favourite but it was time to go. When I entered the third gallery there he was straight ahead of me, huge, proud and resplendent in his Tudor clothes, looking straight into my eyes in the most disconcerting way that paintings do. Who was he and why was he filling my waking as well as my night time dreams.