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The Dream

by Martin Bourne

"It all started with a dream, doctor."

"Well, Philip. It is Philip isn't it. Philip Musgrave?"

"Yes."

"I'm just trying to understand so tell me what happened."

"I thought you knew what had happened. I've told the police a hundred times. Maybe they think my story will change if I explain it one more time. I've written it down for them. Don't you have it?"

"I want to hear it from you, so please if you wouldn't mind."

"Okay, I was driving to work. It's the same route I take every day at the same time."

"And just to be sure, when was this?"

"Yesterday, err the 14th."

"Yes, sorry to be specific, but would you confirm the full date?"

"I think you lot are trying to drive me nuts. I keep telling you all. It was yesterday 14th May 2021. Today is Saturday so yesterday was Friday. Shall I carry on?"

"Yes, please."

"So, I was driving along the city road. It was about 7.30, and I was just passing that Wetherspoons place, what's it called now, the err, William Webster, that's it, and I normally have a cigarette about there. I have a couple of cigarette on my journey but I went to see a hypnotist about two weeks ago. He was good and I haven't smoked since."

"So, you were passing the pub and what happened next?"

"So that's it. That's the problem, I don't know. All I know is that you lot, sorry, not you personally, but the police were dragging me out of some house and telling me I'm under arrest for murder. I mean that's just stupid that is. I've never murdered anyone. I'm respectable, I've got a wife and family, nice house, good job, car, the works. Why would I murder anyone, and who am I supposed to have murdered anyway? They won't tell me."

"Tell me about your home. Where do you live?"

"See, that's another thing I kept telling the police, you know the detective who has been interviewing me, can't remember his name, err well anyway, I've told him, I live at 78 Dunlordan Crescent, Harrow. My wife's name is Cathy and I've two children, Ben and Effie, short for Elizabeth. Can I see my wife do you think? Can you ask please. I'm sure all this, whatever it is, can be sorted out but I would just like to see my wife, please?"

"Tell me about the dream?"

"Yes, yes, the dream, that's what I wanted to say, what I keep saying. I had this dream I was driving to work. Everything is just the way it normally is. I drive to work but the dream always stops just by that pub. So you're the doctor, you figure it out."

"Ok Philip. Can I ask you, have you looked in a mirror?"

"No."

"Here look into my compact mirror."

"What, what's happened to my hair. It must be a foot long. This is just... just."

"So, Philip. Here's the situation. We can find no trace of a Philip Musgrave, Cathy Musgrave, or a Ben and Elizabeth. The address of 78 Dunlordan Crescent doesn't exist, and the pub closed down a year ago, and it is 15th December 2023. You were found sitting next to the skeletal remains of a woman. So please can we start again?"