

Wolf Dream

I was at my old house in Cannon Falls, where I lived as a teenager. I was standing on the tar road at the end of the driveway. (We lived down in a valley, at the bottom of the hill, on a dead end road.) It was true to life, looked exactly like the real house. It was day time.

My dad and my brother were both laying face down, unconscious, on the tar road. My dad had been wounded, he was badly hurt. My brother was not hurt but was just lying there still. They were to my left. To my right stood a large wolf. He was growling, showing his teeth, his mouth was bloody, he was staring intently at me. I knew he had attacked my dad. I noticed a small hand gun lying on the ground by my right foot. I bent down and picked it up, pointed it at the wolf and right before I pulled the trigger, I woke up.

End of dream