

Dreams don't get much stranger

This is going to be an unusual entry, dealing with a dream I had last night. A very strange dream, the sort you wake up from in the middle of the night but comes back to you as you return to sleep. The sort of dream where you're not really sure if it's a good idea to let it play out or not, but somehow, you don't have a choice.

At first it was a fairly simple nightmarish scenario. Something was killing... everybody. You could cheat it(?) for a while by getting away from it, which involved a series of circles spreading outward and convoluted paths to get to the next level. At some point you questioned if it was worth the effort, because it, whatever it was, would eventually get to you.

And then, in my mind, there was that sort of revelation, that moment where you realize it's not at all what it initially seemed. It was about life, not death. How far you wanted to push the envelope. How much you could accomplish during your limited time. Living an easy life and staying within the inner circles, or pushing your own limits, moving your boundaries outward. My initial idea that I was fighting to live longer was wrong; I was fighting to do more. To make a difference.

Oddly, I don't recall any references to cycling at all. I had a vague feeling some of it had to do with the challenges of running a brick & mortar retail business these days, but this was a dream without any sense of clarity. Not at all sure if this is a dream I hope continues or not. --MIkeJ