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Dreaming

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Blanketed by colors of gold, orange and crimson, the young boy relaxed in a bed of damp fall leaves. He had grown tired after a day of hard play under the warm sun and decided to catch his breath against a drooping gold oak tree. Finding a niche for his body between the tentacle roots of the oak, the boy's eyes grew heavy. Giving up on the fight against his drooping eyelids, the boy drifted off into a deep sleep."

Cover Page Footnote

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DREAMING

BY ERIN WAFFLE

Blanketed by colors of gold, orange and crimson, the young boy relaxed in a bed of damp fall leaves. He had grown tired after a day of hard play under the warm sun and decided to catch his breath against a drooping old oak tree. Finding a niche for his body between the tentacle roots of the oak, the boy's eyes grew heavy. Giving up on the fight against his drooping eyelids, the boy drifted off into a deep sleep.

Too deep in his slumber to notice, the boy had become soaked with an October rain shower. The rain poured down at an angle and the oak tree was too bare to be of any protection. The sheet of cold rain had saturated through the boys clothes, but it was not enough to pull the boy from his sleep. He wiggled back and forth, with the crisp autumn leaves crumpling underneath him; and then, it was like a tidal wave on a beach, the boy, tossed and disoriented, in a surge of water. He choked and coughed, trying to catch his breath, but the wave was still tumbling him, like he was inside a washing machine. Finally, the wave passed and the boy opened his eyes to find that he was swimming in the dark shadows of the ocean and somehow breathing naturally under the water. With confusion and the beat of his heart pounding loudly in his head, the boy swam quickly, trying to find the light of land.

All of a sudden the silver fin of a shark flashed quickly ahead and the boy realized he was not in safe waters. He darted quickly, deeper into the shadows of coral, hoping the hungry beast would not spot him. Luckily, he then found himself surrounded on all sides by a pack of small Butterfly fish. He followed them, shifting right, then up towards the light, letting them guide his way through the unfamiliar territory. Then, they dipped lower and the shadows seemed to swallow his friendly swimmers, and the boy was again alone, drifting in the vast darkness. Aimlessly floating, the boy seemed to hit a barrier and tried to turn back in the other direction, but to his shock there was a barrier in that direction. He had become entangled in a net. Swimming in fear, he searched in all directions, attempting to find a hole in the web, but it pulled him against the current and the boy became helpless. He was forcefully dragged to the light and the rush of cool air chilled his body.

Being slammed on a hard wet surface, the boy lay motionless. Silence. Gasping for breath, he wiggled himself over to a puddle that had formed in a concaved surface on the floor. Staring into his reflection in the puddle, the boy was stunned at what mirrored back into his eyes. It was an image, his image, of slimy scaly fish skin.