

Your Dream Advisor

by Con Chapman

Your dreams are a window into your soul. No wait—that's your eyes. Your dreams are the stain on your subconscious left by all the smegma you have to wade through during the day. Puzzled by a dream's meaning? Ask Your Dream Advisor!



Dear Dream Advisor:

I frequently have dreams in which I see a coin on the ground, then another, and I stoop down to pick them up, and then see even more. I become consumed with getting them all, even if it's only like fifty-seven cents. I keep doing it even though people I know—some of them very upstanding citizens whom I want to have a good impression of me—are passing by. Can you tell me what these dreams mean?

Charlotte Wirth, White Plains, New York

Dear Charlotte:

Not for free.

Mr. or Ms. Dream Advisor:

Last night I had a dream that I had attracted a cult following. They thought I was God, or some kind of being sent to save them.

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They wore white and did a dance with their arms linked around each other's waists. I do not travel a lot, and I can't recall seeing any Hare Krishnas the last time I went to Kansas City International to pick up my Aunt Jean, who was flying in from Tacoma, Washington. Please help—I woke up in a cold sweat.

Myrna Lee Holland, Lone Jack, Missouri



Dear Myrna Lee:

Dreaming of cults is often a reflection of a compliment received at some point during the day. Did you win a prize for “Best Pansies” at your garden club? Was a poem you wrote about your pet dachshund published in a local newspaper? Was your outfit the subject of a favorable comment by a traveling salesman making a call on a local ladies ready-to-wear shop? If not, you may be the reincarnation of the Indian goddess Shri, a deity whose breasts were described by the god Vishnu as “blooming lotuses.” Send your followers out to beg each day and start your own in-home business!



Shri: Kowa-bunga.

Dear Dream Advisor:

I am twelve years old and like to sleep with my head at the foot of my bed. My mother says this is unhealthy, I will catch cold from the breeze coming in my window. Every night I dream I am flying,

and every morning I wake up with my head back on my pillow. Is something supernatural going on here?

Tommy Espinosa, Racine, Wisconsin



Dear Tommy:

Did you tell your mother you were going to stay up late and write to an advice columnist? I'll bet you didn't, and I'll bet she'd want you to go to bed. Flying dreams are usually inspired by someone picking you up and rearranging you for a healthy and restful night in the position adopted by 92% of American sleepers. A disproportionate percentage of America's criminals sleep with their heads at the foot of their beds, and I'd like to think that you're not emulating this anti-social element of society.



Mmmmmmm—

Hey there Dream Advisor—

I have been engaged to Nae Ann Peters, who works at the Slurpee-Freez in Tipton, for a year now. She still lives with her parents, and they won't let her move in with me until we get married. Every night when I say goodbye to Nae Ann I say "I dream about you all the time," but the truth is I don't.



Mazda RX-8 GT: One bitchin' hunk of muscle car.

I have dreams about stupid crap at work like I can't find the right kind of air filter for a 2006 Mazda RX-8 GT, or weird dreams about giant catfish giving me the hairy eyeball when I see them around Bagnell Dam.



Giant catfish caught at Bagnell Dam, Lake of the Ozarks, MO

What do you think? Should I get married to Nae Ann, or do my dreams mean I'm not in love with her?

Roy Carrill, Knob Noster MO

Dear Roy:

Remember, dreams are not reality, although giant catfish at Bagnell Dam are. The high ozone content of the air around the dam, a by-product of the generation of electricity, may cause the fish you see in your dreams to appear to have "hairy eyeballs," but they are in fact just looking for bait fish that pass by. Dreams often mix up sensations from our daily lives, however, and if Nae Ann is just a tad bit overweight from the malted milks at Slurpee-Freeez, you may in fact be dreaming about her and not fish.

Available in Kindle format on amazon.com as part of the collection "Take My Advice—I Wasn't Using it Anyway."

