

# The Short but Fulfilled Life of a Dream

by Matthew Philip Figueira

Daniel knew he was wrong, but something drove him forward. He was pretty sure that it was his car but sometimes reality isn't even true. He slammed his foot down on the accelerator and felt his stomach swallow itself with all the force of flying forward.

It kind of reminded him of a giant, real life game and not virtual reality. He was weaving in and out of cars so fast that you might have thought he was knitting or something. Coincidentally, an old granny on the side of the road, thought that her superior knitting skills looked like a car weaving in and out of traffic.

"Could you slow it down just a bit?" Rosalind said from the passenger seat. The car took a violent swerve as Daniel jumped in his seat. "Holy crap! Have you been there this whole time?" She raised her brow and nodded her head slowly. Daniel wiped his sweaty brow on his sleeve, wondering how the hell he forgot she was in the car, and more than that, where his violent speed urge came from.

It didn't stop him though, he shrugged his shoulders, winked at her, and proceeded to handbrake turn around the nearest corner. Rosalind gave him an exasperated look and rolled her eyes as dramatically as possible. "You're such a boy sometimes."

Before Daniel knew it, they were on an empty bridge, hurdling along at a ridiculous speed. The end of the bridge was near, but it was almost as if his foot was glued to the accelerator. The teeny needle kept arcing along the speedometer, further and further along its course of action. Rosalind unclipped her seatbelt and unlocked the door to get out. "Where are you going?" Daniel asked. "Oh this is my stop remember?" "No?"

"You never pay enough attention to me, possibly why you forgot?"  
"Perhaps..."

Rosalind opened the door and casually stepped out onto the pavement, almost as if the car was not moving at a blur of a speed. She got out and the door swung closed behind her. Daniel saw her waving in his rearview mirror as if she were merely waving him off to work. "Well that was weird." he muttered to himself as the end of the bridge grew nearer and nearer.

The car plunged over into nothingness. Daniel switched the car off as it fell, and simply smiled as the darkness grew closer.

He landed violently in his bed and his eyes snapped open. His breathing was raised and it took him a minute or two to realise what had happened. Rosalind, his wife, gave a teeny little snore in her sleep next to him. He rolled next to her and put his arm around her, pulling her closer. He shut his eyes, eager for his next trip into the world that wasn't his own, the place where the most unimaginable yet strange events took place... the world of his dreams.

