

Back from Dreamland

By Holly Lisle

Starting at 24,854. Much reach at least 27,854.

My last two dreams weren't nightmares, which is a bit of a switch. The first – very odd – was that I rescued some bizarre fish that two guys had pulled from Beaver Creek in the flooding Beaver Creek State Park (E. Liverpool, OH), and that it turned into some big, scary fairy-woman and blessed me with a rain of gold-colored light because I helped her find a safe place to hide her egg.

The second is that I was walking with some young, thread-bare golf-pro hopeful, and pointed him out to an important man passing us (who for some reason I knew), and the man fitted him for top-quality clubs without charging him.

Nobody trying to kill me. No cliffs and falling cars, no rescues from drowning, no monsters. Maybe I was too tired to fight monsters.

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