The Midget on the Bicycle Who Woke Me Up

written by Holly
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THE DREAM:

> *We were turning out of a side road onto a divided four-lane. What I mistook for a kid on a very small, solid black bicycle rode down the side street's dividing line, pulled the bicycle in front of our car, jumped off it and parked it in the right-hand lane of the divided highway directly in front of us so we could not pull out, trotted across the four lanes, and disappeared into the trees on the other side.*
>
> *He was about the height of an eight-year old, slender and quick, and he was wearing a light brown tweed suit and cap from around the 1930's. High brown socks. Black boots that laced to the ankles.*
>
> *He moved with the certainty and purpose of an adult, though, and before he disappeared into the woods, he turned and looked over his shoulder at me with an evil grin. He was in his late forties or early fifties. Pale grey eyes, large nose, no visible scars—but I realized he was wearing the cap because he was bald, and he* ***wanted*** *to be mistaken for a child.*

I woke up realizing that he was the answer to the question I'd set for my subconscious mind the night before, which was this…

"Show me something from the world I'm currently building."

He did. Time, place, and first scene, which is NOT set in South Florida, or even in this world.

That had been part of my question—where and when is this series to be set?

Having written this, I’m now going to go work on that world.

UPDATE NOTE – 8/14/17: Post edited to offset dream content and tag added above dream to eliminate confusion. The dream I had gave me the details I needed for the world I’m building for my story, but is not itself a piece of the story.

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