**I Had a Dream**

**By**

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I woke up one morning recently and realized it was all a dream - part good - part bad.

In my dream a man was hired to be a maintenance man at a grocery store. He suffered a manic episode for the first time in twenty-five years after six months of working there because of his local doctor not monitoring his medicine properly. This caused his first hospitalization in twenty - five years.

He had scheduled appointments with his psychiatrist only once every three months. During this particular three month period this man suffered a very bad manic episode. His blood level had dropped because of possibly losing substantial weight and/or working so strenuously. He was able to hide his problem from everyone as some manic depressives are able to.

At that next three month appointment his psychiatrist said right away "Have you been getting enough sleep?"

The man got very suspicious because of course he had not done so for five or six weeks. He thought it was obvious he had not but his doctor said he simply asks all of his manic depressive patients that right away. So for some reason this man chose to be honest with this doctor. He told the doctor he had been working on a project every night for about a month while working full-time only getting three hours sleep per night or so.

The doctor insisted on knowing what that project was. The patient told him that it was his memoirs of sorts. The doctor told him that was a good project to work on. The patient told the doctor that he had a spiral bound copy of the book right in his shoulder bag right there with him.

Nobody had any idea that he had written this approximately 400 page book at all. Not a soul knew.

He intended at first to keep only one copy in his safe deposit box never to be seen until after his passing.

Something quite different happened.

The doctor insisted that the patient go downstairs to the ER to be evaluated for admission to the small psych unit in the city.

First the doctor asked for the copy of the book. The patient complied.

The hospitalization was not terrible but not great. The patients were actually very nice as well as the staff.

Upon his release the doctor insisted the patient apply for disability. The patient scheduled an appointment to be interviewed.

The social security interviewer asked this man many questions about his former place of employment. The man decided to tell the interviewer that he could not help but notice while working there that not one employee out of 180 employees was either African-American, Latino or Asian.

He told the interviewer that the same situation was true at the local hospital where he had worked prior to that with 1800 employees.

The social security interviewer typed fast and furiously as to get every word down that he said and she typed "With a smile on her face!".

The man said "To whom and when will it be transmitted to the government?" The security guard was standing right there overlistening.

She said she just had to press that one button and it would go directly to the Federal Office.

The man never dreamed that his actions would cause endless pain and complications in his life and embarrassment and being shunned from family and friends .

Every day things happened to attempt to scare him at every corner non-stop. His medical records were obviously released and embarrassing personal information used against him daily.

He had to try to seek medical care at hospitals all around the area but they all sided with each other and did anything to stop him from speaking out about his causes mentioned in his book.

The doctors even went so far as to physically harm him severely and intentionally.

He became seriously afraid of even going out very much which worked out since he was an artist and this forced him to stay home and paint only going out to water all the plants at the cemetery family plots daily.

A police officer befriended him somewhat when his fears were great. The man was afraid of grocery stores and people being near him especially the young employees. He felt they were either spraying something at him from behind attempting to blind him or injecting his food in the carriage when he was not looking. Stranger things have happened he was sure. The police officer suggested trying an online grocery delivery service. It was the perfect solution.

This man was afraid of being killed actually. A group of men threw a noose over a tree limb as he drove by for instance. His car was crashed into four times. One was a four car accident. A great majority of passerbys supported him however and his several causes. His causes involved concerns about psychiatric medicines, doctors, hospitals, nursing homes and on and on.

One of his schemes for survival was to use his creativity and talent to become at least locally famous to a degree such that nobody would get away with attacking him or killing him with it going totally unnoticed.

He actually did start to win awards soon- exhibiting at many venues. But more and more it seemed like the powers that be were overwhelming him and beginning to cripple him. - with their constant lies. They made him seem like a villain over and over to everyone. He could not disspell the rumors fast enough.

He was getting physically weaker all of the time and tried to indicate to supporters everywhere that he had done as much as he could. And he did not regret it at all. He indicated that he appreciated very much their acknowledgement of his efforts but they must take the ball from this point.

He felt like the main character in the show "The Mentalist" but nobody including these supposedly intelligent doctors realized he could see right through them despite the fact that he laughed in their faces at every turn. Nobody could lie to him. But they all did. So many fools.

Then as he began to enjoy more and more artistic success and recognition he noticed changes in the community as a whole.

Everywhere he turned the community had become drastically more integrated. He looked at people as if to say "Where have you been?" He even imagined that there were soldiers and CIA members all around patrolling the area. And of course many paparazzi in jeeps everywhere. They used cameras that appeared to be cigarettes in their hands. At one of his art exhibits a year ago a woman came over quietly to him and said "I am from D.C. and I want you to know that I really like your artwork and that everything is starting to move in this direction".

He could still never quite figure out if people were trying to avoid him for a good reason or a bad one.

A man said to his young daughter right in front of him "Don't look at him!" And she quickly covered her eyes with both hands.

It seemed to him that people were avoiding him so as to not let him know that he was nominated for an Academy Award possibly. He had to think of something that would tie it all together.

And then of course there was the possibility that he had written a possible Grammy Award winning song to be recorded by John Mayer.

It seemed to him also that he was about to be arrested for some unknown reason. But maybe it was to scare him evidently

His life became far more complicated in my dream.

In my dream people began seeing him as a saint. .Store employees would literally kneel on one knee and pray when he walked in anywhere. He did not know what to think of all of this. Even on the street people would pray motionless as he drove by. He did not think he was a saint. He had been photographed by people for two years and that was getting worse. What did they want his photo for? They were all so bad about trying to be inconspicuous with their cell phone cameras.

His life became like a tornado when his prophecies became daily events for him however. The CIA had to follow him everywhere to try to perceive what he was predicting.

His prophecies were coming like fireworks daily from his mind and soul.

People like Madonna and Cher worshipped him as well as many other celebrities from afar. He would see white limousines and say to his friend "There is Madonna!"

It appeared he had predicted the great Japanese   
Tsunami as well as the exact location of Osama Bin Laden and the best time to attack his location.

Slowly his book received nationwide attention mostly by word of mouth and college students using the internet to popularize it. It was actually garnering respect on various levels along with his artwork.

He had become an underground cult figure of sorts. So many people acknowledged to him daily about his works and its' importance to them and the world. These people were from all walks of life.

Often they indicated their knowledge of his book by just a signal or saying a line from the book to indicate they had read it .

At least when "I had a dream" --that is.

I did wake up however.

And my least favorite pop song of all time is by Fergie which is entitled "Fairy Tales Don't Always Have Happy Endings". Nothing against Fergie however.