**Dream is a weird phenomenon!**

A battle has been fought; a whole day has passed drearily. I wake up only to find that it’s just 15 minutes since I slept.

Dreams defy many earthly laws. Whatever we see, whatever we do is stored in one small lump and pops out uncanny manifestations. Like a painter’s plate, events blend in so finely that the one seeing them can only be mesmerized by his hidden creativity.

Locations converge, feats are performed and anything is permitted. We conjure up images of people we have never seen, sometimes, not even talked to them. These images go animate in this world. Everything seems so clear, and yet so confusing.

And what when we wake up? Sometimes we remember, and sometimes we forget.

I remember myself trapped in a sleeping bag, falling off from the bed. I was dreaming that I had fallen off a cliff and never reached ground. I had learnt to fly. Free fall is exhilarating, feels like it should never end. Soon the dream gave way to the shattering reality. Like a caterpillar, I tussle to climb up the bed, head first.

Sometimes, I see so clearly in dreams. I have solved problems which I have never seen in my life before. I remember a few when I wake up all of a sudden. Though, by the time, I pull out a notepad to jot down the fragments of genius, its gone. My friends have heard me blurting out some mathematics in sleep. I never heard myself though.

English has never been my first language. Even though I hear English music, I need to concentrate very hard to decipher the lyrics by listening till I memorize them. But during the transition between consciousness and sleep, I hear each word, crisp and clear.

Dreams are dear to me, and I would love having them. The only regret being, I can live them, enjoy them, but not exploit them.