

Up until very recently I had never experienced a dream.

I have been told many times that we all experienced dreams, and that the truth was that I just did not remember my dreams when I woke.

I've always known that they were wrong. I could not say why, but I knew that they were wrong.

Every night I went to sleep, and in my sleep I saw nothing.

It was not silence, it was not blackness, it was just nothing.

About a month ago I decided to see a somnologist.

You do not need to make an appointment when you visit a somnologist.

I arrived at 3:15PM. It was a Thursday.

The somnologist was a young man, young for a doctor that is.

He was short, white, thin and in his mid-30's.

He had short brown hair and large brown eyes.

He wore a dark grey suit with matching dark grey pants, as well as a warm and welcoming smile.

The somnologist's office was fairly small.

It had a desk with a large monitor and scattered papers, a comfortable guest chair, an operation table and not much else.

I remember this office very clearly.

I find this odd, because I very rarely do remember images in such clarity, let alone of a room so nondescript.

I've heard stories of photographic memories, but this is a concept that has always eluded me.

There was a motivational poster on the wall.

It stated that if you can dream it, you can do it.

It showed an image of Neil Armstrong on the moon.

I told the somnologist of my situation.

He showed no skepticism.

With a small drill, the somnologist created a small hole on the left side of my skull.

This is where the somnial cortex lies.

The somnial cortex stored no dreams, instead it stored that nothingness that I witnessed every night in my sleep.

The somnologist had a spare dream in his office.

It was a very simple procedure to insert this dream into my brain.

It was similar to dropping a lone pea into an empty jar.

I thanked him and I left.

That night I experienced my first dream, the same dream that the somnologist inserted into my brain, the same dream which I've experienced every night since.

I am alone and I am in a room.

The room is large, empty and unpainted.

There is no sound except for a faint static buzz coming from an unknown distance.

I cannot hear my breath or my heartbeat.

I wonder if I am alive.

The buzz is louder than it used to be.

I am sitting in a wooden chair in the center of the room.

The chair seems to be exactly in the center of the room.

I wonder if someone carefully positioned it using measuring tape.

The chair has no arm rests.

The buzz is louder.

I can hear the room as it speaks to me.

Although I hear the room, I do not understand it.

I can only understand English.

Louder now.

The room is upset with me.

It thinks that I am ignoring it.

It has no idea that I cannot understand its language.

It is unaware of the concept of languages.

Louder.

Perhaps the room is lonely and it is looking for someone to talk to.

Perhaps the room has something important to tell me, a warning.

Perhaps the room just wants me to leave.

Silence.

The buzz is gone.

The room is gone.

I am sitting alone in a wooden chair with no arm rests and I am nowhere.

I look to my right and to my left.

I look up and I look down.

There is nothing.

I wake.

I've repeated this every night for the past month.

It isn't such a bad dream.

Every night before I sleep, I think about the dream that I will soon experience.

I think about the room and I think about why it leaves me.

I think about what I can do and what I can say in an attempt to make the room stay.

Every night the room comes and every night the room leaves.

Every night I make no attempt to make the room stay.

I don't think the room will ever understand how much it means to me.

Every morning I wake and I regret not making an effort to make the room stay.

Every night I go to sleep and I visit the room.