

mamoru:

I had a dream that unless the teacher told us class was over, we were forbidden from going out the door. Our teacher was very forgetful, and maybe even malicious. After being forced to stay past sunset many days, my class decided we were going to break out every night. Eventually our attempts led us to discovering rifts in space-time where we could warp. So we never used the door. Checkmate.

turbo:

the window

mamoru:

what? you going to critique my dreams? my subconscious creations, that I did by accident, while asleep?
the chemicals in my brain? are you going to use your foul eyes and dissect all of the plotheoles in my
dreams? you going to critique the weather? harass the clouds? make fun of thunder for being off key?
remind me to come to your house and shred your shoes

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