

## The Dreamwalker

Based on my life experiences with dreaming, nightmares, and lucid control.

Story of the author that weaves the novella collection together

What are dreams? Where do you go when you dream? What is consciousness? Where does it come from? Where does it go?

I walk through magical realities when I sleep. They were terrifying when I was a child, then I learned to control them. Fly, super powers, manifest weapons, teleport, and bend reality itself.

At first I was helpless in an unknown city, wandering through endless corridors of malls, hotels, airports, rivers, and forest paths.

I'd keep returning every night to a new location then one night, I saw a familiar tall building. A landmark stretching to the sky. Every night after I would look for this landmark to get my bearings. I learned my way around.

I can find safe places or caches of magical weapons. It's a giant open world of my own creation and I can walk anywhere and defeat anything.

Sometimes the places look different, but they are still the same layouts and connections just repainted and rearranged. I just have to recognize what I once saw, take the saw, then saw a hole in the world to climb through to another side.

Inside the tall building is a winding labyrinth with many doors. Some are just rooms, but others are an entire new story.

I'm a legend in my own mind.

Sometimes I'm Mike. Sometimes I'm Aimee. Sometimes I'm both. Other times I'm a different person all together. In this world I can control some. I call them the NPCs. Others I cannot. They are my antagonists. I am always The Player, but every once in a while, there are others with the same abilities.

Dreamwalking can be lonely and terrifying, but you're not always alone.

The others exist in the waking world throughout time. Can I find those alive now in mine?

These stories are a letter to them so they can find me. Hello my friends.