The lull of the monotone professor droned along in the background making me drift off into a daydream. I was a serial daydreamer. My counselor had told me that this daydreaming was probably why I was on academic probation, so with a start, I tried to break free of it and focus. All of a sudden, the lights seemed to dim around me as I sat in my seat at the back of the lecture hall; I could only see the faint silhouette of that one boy I had been crushing on since the beginning of the quarter then my eyes rolled into the back of my head and flashes of unfamiliar life events flickered across my consciousness. I realized with a start that these flickers of memories did not belong to me, but they instead belonged to my crush! My fingers dug into the arm rests of my seat as I tried to rip myself out of this bombardment of unsolicited memories. My leg seized up in my struggle, knocking my notes and my iClicker onto the floor with a large clatter. I could feel eyes on me, and my face reddened with embarrassment. “What is happening to me? Did someone spike my tea this morning?” I thought.

Puzzled, I settled back into my chair and tried to start catching up on the lecture, but 5 minutes later, I could feel myself drifting off into another daydream. I shook myself back into the present when again, the lights dimmed and flashes of an unfamiliar person’s life perpetuated my brain! This was getting out of hand! It seemed that if I tried to fight my daydreams, I would be bombarded with the life story of whoever my glance happened to be resting on. By the end of lecture, I was in a cold sweat from how many people’s lives I had been transported into. I was winded physically and mentally; all I wished to do was curl up and take a nap, but I feared that none of my dreams, waking or sleeping, were safe.