



kindex®

< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit <https://mccormick.kindex.org/s/102140>

Title: **1970-10 Mike McCormick dream with letter to parents**
Provenance:

Category: **Document**
Person:
Date:

I had a dream. Its funny how real a disaster can seem in a dream. But then outside of the dream in a real world one wouldn't be able to realize the real feeling of horror or panic (that feeling of the physical elements going devastatingly wild and belittling (or compressing) the mind to such a state wherein the person realizes his incompassity to escape the greatness of physical laws of the universe) (whatever all that means.)

Maybe in a dream it is only (or mainly) the fear that is expressed (fear stressed; this point of fear pointed out), and in the real world it is only (or mainly) the actual events that simply occur. There is no reason to fear in real life when the fearing will be more of a hinderance than a help.

----- END OF PAGE 1 -----

Now a little about the dream itself.

It was dark. You could say it was night. --> I just got my Math test back. I got a 100, this time. // Got the prom. note to the treasurer's secretary just now. // Back to the dream.

The scene: one single house---the house had as much as a porch and a back room with about a story of steps leading parallelly (if word) to the porch (steps being in front of the porch). Apparently the inside of the house was safe territory. Mother, as far as I know, was inside. I was outside in front of the back of the house.

More on the scene: there was a mountain way off in the distance (but not so far that it would be too much of a task to get there on foot). Beyond the mountain, hill, or whatever, was a rather wide, deep (large) river. [there was a feeling that the

mountain was holding the water in, like a levy. the ground on this side of the river being (at least) lower than the water level of the river].

The area between the back of the house (the back of the house was the only thing seen in the dream being the only important or necessary part of the house) and the mountain was low (as already said) very level (flat) and of a rich, soft, black, soil.

I was standing not very far from the house. A thunder storm was approaching or something. I wasn't much interested in it (my attention was upon something else but I don't know what). Bill was "beside himself with curiosity or fascination" of the storm. He was standing out further in that area closer to the mountain. Whether there were two of Bill there or one Bill and another guy, I don't know. Well, a bolt of lightning hit the mountain which exploded causing a slide and sending large dirt clods in the air nearer and nearer to Bill, the house and me. The water in the river broke through and was approaching at the same rate as the clods. The water approach more like a seeping (in other words very little water). But it seemed a flood was imminent. The clods reached Bill and friend and one of them was down. The other picked the fallen up and carried toward the house. At this time I was running up the stairs with that feeling of disaster and it was quite an effort to get up the steps. I was running but I wasn't getting anywhere fast. (The End) as far as I remember.

Love,

Mike