

## The house of my dreams

I had been having a difficult time – work, relationships, money problems, the list goes on...

It manifested itself in nightmares – or rather, one recurring nightmare. In this dream I was locked in a house, and couldn't get out. To make it worse I was being pursued by a monster – at least a monstrous person. He must have been at least 6 foot 6 inches tall, and as broad as he was tall. He had a huge black beard, and I couldn't quite make out his face. Every room I went through, he would be there, and I just couldn't get away. The climax of the nightmare was me scrabbling at the door to try to get out, but the door was locked tight, and this giant of a man was closing in on me. At that point I awoke – the same place in the nightmare every time.

People say that a recurring dream must have some deeper meaning. I don't know about that. However, my work had been suffering, and my boss noticed. "Take a couple of weeks off" he said, generously.

So it came about that I booked a little cottage in the Alps and drove down straight away. I found the cottage easily, and started settling in. As I unpacked and looked around the cottage, it looked strangely familiar.

Suddenly, I realised, this was the house of my dreams!

The more I told myself not to panic, and this was a stupid thought, the more I did panic. Was that a noise I heard behind me? I rushed around the place, as if being chased.

I got to the front door – It would not open! Where was the key? No matter, I had to do something, so I put my shoulder to the door and shoved.

I sprawled out of the door and fell flat on my face. A hand helped me up. But it was the giant from my nightmare! I almost screamed and tried to pull myself away. But he simply smiled, and said in broken English, "Mister Smith, welcome to your holiday home. I have brought you a welcome pack."

I really did need that holiday.