

INTERMISSION

Peanuts,
Popcorn,
Candy,
Or perhaps? ... A dream?

Ina Louise Jackson

THE DREAM

It is what you do not hear that matters ...

"What do you see?" Its three voices blended as one; female, male and male all distinctive, yet together, raspy, inhuman, terrifying in an indefinable way.

His gaze lifted from the back of the recliner where it sat, its head and shoulders miles above the pillowed leather headrest, dwarfing it.

His eyes drew across the window. Nothing but total complete blackness, no streetlights, no illuminated houses, nothing. Even the dim room lighting offered up nothing. No reflections in the glass, no outline, no form, no profile of what sat in the chair. He wanted to step forward, come closer, but unadulterated fright had frozen his limbs, rendering him but a darkened gray statue of the night.

"What do you see?" it asked again.

Once more, his eyes traced the windowpane. "Nothing," he muttered.

It laughed hysterically.

"What is your name?" he asked, the tone of his voice two octaves higher than it should have been. He tried to clear his throat, failing, croaking like a frog.

"Name, name, name ... They're all the same ... Plain Jane ... What's in a name?" It responded brashly.

"What is your name?" he asked again.

"Ching-chang, walla-walla bing-bang," it sang smugly.

"Tell me your name."

"Banana fana fo fana, fee fi mo manna ... N ... a ... n ... a," it answered quickly.

"What is your name?"

"Paddy cake ... Paddy cake ... Bakers man ... Make me a cake as fast as you can."

It all of a sudden raised its right hand, pointing the index finger, swaying its shoulders. Babies began crying, soft

The Peep Show — The Dream

and gentle. It raised its left arm, suddenly dipping its head up and down as if signalling to begin. All at once, the tempo of the whimpers picked up. Others joined; newborns, older babies, young children, and older children. It flicked its wrists back and forth, extending the index fingers as if conducting an orchestra as the sobs intensified, strengthened, turned to screams.

His breaths came harder, faster.

In an instant, the screams halted, and it was there. Right there in front of his face. Hunkered down. Its massive, orb like, black onyx eyes staring right through him.

Warm urine spread out in a butterfly pattern across his crotch.

"What is your name?" it asked mockingly. It cackled like a hyena. "Colton, it's time to wake up now," it whispered.