

Val's Dream

SCENE 1

Dennis & I drove over to my mom and dad's house on the way to a family/friend get together (Jim Nelsons). (His name was not given, I just knew that was where we were going. A gentle, caring, trustworthy friend). It was evening, the sun was down and it was beginning to get dark out. Mom & dad were going to go over to the Nelson's also.

As we drove into my parents yard, we saw that the barn lights were still on, so we knew that they were still milking the cows. We pulled up along the house to turn the vehicle around and I saw the basement light on in the house through the wood chute window. As we drove by, I saw mom sitting on the basement steps. ($\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down). She was wearing red pants and a purple shirt. As we circled the vehicle around, I looked again and when she noticed a vehicle, she got up and walked the rest of the way down and she acted like she was busy. I said to Dennis (who was the driver), "Poor dad, he has to do all the chores again." [The only thing different is, in my dream, I knew dad was half way done milking because $\frac{1}{2}$ of the barn lights were out, where in real life, all the barn lights stayed on. But now in the present day, I can tell if dad is using his whole wood shop or only working in $\frac{1}{2}$ of it because he only turns on the lights in the section that he's working in.] And I said, "We need to get Vanessa out of there," (there was also a quick glimpse of Vanessa in the basement with my mom) "I don't want Vanessa around mom when she's acting crabby.

SCENE 2

The next scene was Dennis and I, and my sister Cindy was with us. We were driving home from the Nelson's party. We drove into our yard and parked the vehicle. I said, "I sense that mom and dad were here while we were gone - let's go see if we can catch them to see what they wanted." (I felt like it was important and concerning). Dennis didn't feel like it, but said that I can go if I want to. So Cindy and I (me driving) drove down the road and she asked, "How do you know where they are?" I said, "I can sense what road to follow," I said, "it's as if I can smell where they drove to and I am following the smell."

SCENE 3

At some point we were no longer driving - but running down the road. I was about 20 feet in front of her (Cindy). It was a black-top road with no yellow or white lines. (I recognized the road in my dream. In real life, it is a dirt road and it's only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from my parents house.) In my dream, I was headed to a dam. I thought, "Well maybe they are fishing there." (In real life, they never have, nor is it a place to fish). It is a trail off the road and you walk about $\frac{1}{3}$ mile to get to the dam. (The dam on one side is a swampy area and the overflow is from Lori Lake - the lake where my brother Shawn drowned about 25 years ago). As Cindy and I were running down the road heading North, I waited for her when I got to the trail so she didn't lose track of me.

SCENE 4

We got to the place where the dam is - but in the dream it was a building (like a small 20x20 grey brick shed). The trail led us to the east side of the building. Around to the North and to the West was an opening - an opening like a single garage door opening. I looked down on the grey cement floor and I saw tire tread marks and the sand from tires. I said, "Yep, those are mom's van tire tracks", and we walked into the dark building. (It was daylight hours, a gloomy day, and we were all wearing short sleeve shirts. My sister was wearing one of my shirts which I remember looking back at her and seeing it when we were running. I thought, "Why is she wearing my shirt?" It didn't bother me at the time, so I didn't say anything. It was my blue shirt with fish - different shades of dark blue outlined in white and gold waves.)

So as we walked into the dark building, I noticed it was damp with no windows. We took about 5 steps inside and there was a stairway/road like a steep, slope hole in the middle of the building. Down that hole were 2 silver ladders, and the tire tracks went down the ladders. The ladders were to the right (east) side, in ½ of the hole. The whole was 6 feet square. As I was standing at the south side of the hole, I looked and said to Cindy (who was on my left), "I can't believe dad let her (mom) drive down that hole." As I looked back at the hole again there was a girl lying on the bed with a white pajama, long sleeve shirt and matching bottom pants (the pants had white, green, and pink flower prints). Her hair was long (elbow length), it was dirty blonde and scraggly. She was very pale with sunk in eyes. Patch quilts were on her bed. All around the head, foot and East side of the bed was something looking like a junk pile. Broken tools, old tires, rims, wrenches, springs. They were all piled up about 5 feet around her. In my dream I had met her one time before this spot and I remember I felt bad for her. She seemed like a nice girl. Nobody cared for her. Just as I looked over at the girl who was in her later teens but looked about 11 years old (I knew her age from my previous encounter), my mom came walking up the hole/slope in the road.

She was wearing a red shirt and purple shorts/cut offs. She did not look happy to see us. She stared at me like, "Why are you here?". There was no facial expression from her. No words. She just stared at me- almost with hatred. I took my eyes and focus off my mom and said, "This girl is here again." I looked at the girl and was going to kindly talk with her as I had once did before. I said something kind to her, (but I can't remember or don't know what it was that I said). When I said it, she stood up on her bed and reached her arms out toward me. I thought, "Oh sweet, she wants a hug." So I walked over to her bed and put my arms around her to hug her and she reached one of her arms between my legs and lifted me up as she grabbed my right heel and lifted. She turned me around and threw me against the East wall. (She lifted and threw me like I was a feather!) For that split second that I was turned toward mom and Cindy, I could tell Cindy had no idea what was going on. She was in shock and didn't know what to do. She also noticed or had no response because mom had no response. Mom had the same evil glare at me. She had no intention of helping me. Mom and the girl either ignored each other, understood each other, or accepted each other. They had no feelings and no relationship with each other. (Yet they were somehow

connected). It was like mom thought that this girl was fine and I knew this girl would not harm my mom or Cindy. As this girl was lifting/throwing me, I yelled to mom, "You need to stay away from this girl, she is evil!" I forced myself to wake up before I hit the wall. And I was yelling as I was praying, "Evil spirits, get off of me! Stay off of me! In Jesus name, get away from me!" I was mad! I felt dirty like I had really had physical contact with an evil creature.