

A Thanksgiving Dream

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It was probably the cup of coffee at the end of a hearty Thanksgiving dinner at our friends' house. Even though we went to bed a few hours later than usual, I woke up at 2 am and didn't immediately fall into sleep. When I cannot fall asleep right away, I don't force it on myself. Since it was still a little early even for me (I usually get up between 4 and 5 am), I just stayed in bed without any particular thoughts. Then, eventually, I fell asleep.

My parents own a larger-than-average house in the suburbs of Tokyo. But they are away. I don't know exactly why. Maybe they are just travelling for an extended period or have moved to Canada. Today, I visit the house. I guess it is my role to check on the house once in a while. This time, I notice a few unusual things.

Things are not in order. There is a sign of a break in. Then, I find a little guy, maybe a child, in the house. The little guy must be surprised. He jumps from the second floor. He falls head down and injurs his forehead. But he seems all right as he started to run away.

But we quickly catch him. For some reasons, a few of my friends are there. So, I ask them to hold him. Now, I call the police on my cell phone. Strangely, the call doesn't go through. I wait for a long time.

Then, the little guy slips away from the hands of my friends and starts to escape. I get furious. I hang up the call. Then, there was a phone call, probably from the police. But I am too much preoccupied and busy with the thought of the little guy escaping. I don't even answer the call.

I scold my friends harshly. Then, they start to back up and say, "We are just helping. If you yell at us, we won't do anything any more." At first, I get even madder. This is an emergency! The little guy is running away!

I cannot count on my friends. I have to catch the little guy myself. So, I run after him, crossing a street into another section of the town. There, the little guy runs into a row house. Then, I notice several more little guys around the house.

Finally, I catch the little guy. I am so angry that I am even thinking of hurting him.

As I drag him toward my parents' house, I start feel something different. What I say to the little guy the next moment surprise not only him but myself as well. "You know, nobody is using the house. You can use it." Then, I am no longer dragging him. I am holding his shoulder and he is not escaping any more ... as if we have been friends forever.

That was when I woke up. I was crying. Was there the spirit of Thanksgiving? Anyway, I wonder if I could do the same when I am awake.