

Transcribed from the diary of Dr. Carrie Campbell:

Last night, I was plagued with a series of strange dreams.

In the first, a guitar-shaped spaceship escaped an exploding planet. Five men lounged in a flat surrounded by empty wine glasses, with one lying on his back beneath an enormous globe. A melancholy young woman emerged from the centre of a five-pointed star and into the cosmos. From an airplane window, I saw an enormous waitress holding aloft a glass of orange juice, before a Manhattan fashioned from dishware. And last, I saw a wooden spaceship sailing over a tiny blue-and-green planet - yes, I did!

In the second dream, I saw a marching band posing for a picture with an array of celebrities and politicians, amidst a flower bed. There was a branded holstein, its teat pierced with a ring. I saw a three-headed horned dog with purple bat wings nesting among a pile of skulls. I saw a pale, androgenous figure with a red mullet and a rainbow lightning bolt across his face. Then, everything was shrouded in blackness. I asked myself how much more black could it be. The answer was none. None more black.

The third dream began with a view of the Beverly Hills Hotel at sunset, surrounded by silhouetted palm trees. I saw a winged cherub with a blond coiff smoking a cigarette. I saw a space shuttle docked at UFO that was lit up like a jukebox. Finally, I saw a baby in a swimming pool reaching for a dollar bill on a fishing line.

When I awoke, I wrote down everything I saw, first thing.