

In Loving Memory of My Grandpa

27 years have passed since he died. My grandpa. Nobody has ever told me how it all happened. Where, when and why, but he was gone for good.

I have been experiencing weird dreams lately. The lucid ones, to be exact. I am a man, living in the 50s, having a wife and 2 sons. My dreams always contain either a tragedy or a dream with no ending.

A week ago, I dreamt of being the same man. This time, I was picking my kid up from school. The kids didn't have much stationery at that time, but school uniforms were heavily popularized. My car was Ford Fairlane, which was a famous car brand back then. On the way home, my son was telling me how some of his classmates got picked up from class earlier today, for some experiments. As I was driving, my car accidentally hit a mailman. The event had a strange resemblance to the car accident of my neighbour's dad, who was a mailman and suffered a car accident.

After some time, I experienced another dream. This one made me realize how simple life was back then. Instead of using technology to solve all your problems, you needed to solve them yourself. Like having to read books for school projects, which took much more time in the past or if you had to pay for something, you had to use paper money all the time, no credit cards. Still, I noticed that people were choosing quality over quantity back then. As I was watching commercials with my wife, we saw that kitchens before, had much more advanced features, such as, storage to separate fruit and secret cabinets to store sweets inside. But through that, many police officers busted inside our house. I still don't know why they did that.

The next dream was extremely terrifying. Me being subjected to court?! A trial was held against me for arson and attempted murder. However, I was not found guilty and was let free. After that, my dreams have been mixed with my life. I would dream of myself, but not inside my body or usual clothing, not even in the same timeline. It felt as if I was being watched. I was dressed in floral dresses doing the things I always do: petting a stray dog, doing grocery shopping, and hanging out with my friends. But the thing is, it has never been in my vision. There has always been someone behind me. It has gotten so bad over time. I started looking behind myself to be assured I wasn't being watched. I was sure there was something wrong with me, so I went to my grandma for some advice. I was quite confident that she could help me solve my problems. After I told her all these stories, she had no reaction, she just stared at me blankly. She gave me a word of

advice, which wasn't advice at all. "Go to your grandpa's bedroom." That was all she said before deciding to go quiet. Without any hesitation, I made my way to grandpa's bedroom.

I have never understood why my grandma and grandpa had separate bedrooms. They were happily married, after all. Inside the room, everything was tidy and vintage. A posh TV was settled on a shelf, a lot of old comics were there as well. Basically all the things that skyrocketed in the 50s. What caught me off guard, was a scene of newspapers buried in cigarettes and ash. It was still intact and had a clear title, "IS STOCKHOLM ON THE LOOSE?!" Stockholm? That was my grandpa's last name. I felt like I was being watched again, so I turned my back to see if I was all alone in the room. The newspaper title I was holding, slid into the pocket of my jeans. It was getting late and I needed to head home.

Then it happened again. My dream this time was different, though. I was still the same man, I came back from work, I was working in a diner, I was walking through my house and heading into my room... But inside, I saw myself, looking through the newspaper. I woke up immediately. My head was aching severely, it made me realize something. Those dreams I have been having, they were all connected. I was looking at my life through the eyes of another man, but it made me wonder why it was all set in the past and not in the present. I started surfing the Net, trying to find any news articles published before that contained any information I could use to see if my dreams were possible. I was up for hours and couldn't find anything. However, I wasn't surprised that I couldn't find a single thing.

Life then was still simple, mobile phones were just a theory of sci-fi movies, and a lot of things were buried away and forgotten. Unknown to my knowledge, I fell asleep again. My dream was subtle now, I was watching myself sleep on my desk quietly. My desk was made of wood this time. I was wearing a sleeping gown and my room included stuff that was considered trendy: Elvis Presley albums, milkshake posters and movie premiere posters. For some reason, it felt like some posters whispered to me : "You know too much."...

Suddenly, a kitchen knife swung at me, then... everything around me went black. I barely woke up. After opening my eyes, I saw my grandpa looking down at me with a kitchen knife. Only then, did I realize, everything I have experienced in my dreams, was through the eyes of my grandpa in his youth.