

The Bizarre Adventures of Dinosaur Africa Monk-Bird and his Rainbow Colored Goldfish

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CHAPTER ONE:

WOKE UP FROM A DREAM...

The typewriter was jammed. I left it on all night, and I was still in the bathtub. It was the only place in the house I could get comfortable enough-in to fall asleep. The echoes off of the tiles from the pipes within the houses were soothing and re-trained my heart beat, to just beat-beat, to just breathe and sleep.

Woke up from a dream...

And I still feel as if I'm there, where I was inside of that dream.

I was walking around a dim planet, a planet that was within a five sun solar system. Somehow in my dream my name is different. My name is Dinosaur Africa Monk-Bird.

In this dream there is this super grass song playing over and over in the background, as if the song is the only sound in this world, as if the song is the air, the gravity, the rain.

I'm looking around this dream, but it seems that I'm the only one around. I'm somewhere, by the waterfront, by the sharp teeth of piled rocks.

AND IN MY DREAM...

I just keep walking and the colors where I wander within this dream, the colors keep changing based on the movement of the five suns that are above me in the sky, bright as the summer sun on a hazy country-day looks, as the real sun shines in reality, in the waking life, the time when I'm not in a bathtub dreaming.

And it's not like reality at all...

This world isn't like the waking life on the social earth-world of reality, that which is called the real world and is made out of digital hyper chords; the earth world where we have the yellow sun that makes us see the grass-green-green grass and the blue oceans and navy green skies and lakes, and the red pop can and the yellow finger nails on the white and black and whatever skin these real humans have evolved to depict such varying degrees of pigmentation.

**IN MY DREAM WORLD, NOTHING IS LIKE A
REAL WORLD...**