

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...**