

# REALMATTER

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**Yume**



REAL**MATTER**

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# Table of Contents

1. The UFO

2. The school trip

3. Luminescent

4. Swimming at dusk

5. The earrings

# 1. The UFO



Airplanes had disappeared from the world; people no longer flew anywhere.

I went to a party on a rooftop terrace, overlooking the cityscape of glass and steel skyscrapers. As I chatted with friends sipping my drink, I looked up at the sky, and saw a glittering shape, half hidden by a white cloud. I looked more carefully and the object started to take shape as it came closer. It was a complex geometrical structure, like an aggregate of multi-faceted giant dice. It must be a spaceship, I

thought; maybe an alien one?

The flying object came closer and closer, and hovered over the rooftop terrace. A mechanical arm came out of one of its facets and reached out over my husband's head. It combed his hair.

## 2. The school trip



I went on a school trip to the mountains. We were going to do winter sports, and I was upset because I hated winter sports, well, all sports, really. I regretted agreeing to go along, but alas, it was too late.

We were in a train carriage, and with us were several black bears, each accompanied by a bear cub. I wondered at the practicalities of travelling with so many bears. But they were so beautiful, their fur soft and shiny.

We stopped at a restaurant and began to take our seats; the place was really cramped, the air stuffy and unpleasant. I stood up and went outside; I leant from the balustrade of the terrace and looked down into the valley. It was full of fantastical animals, in all colours of the rainbow. They were so gorgeous that I just stood there, watching and watching.



### 3. Luminescent



I am watching a movie where the protagonist goes to a spa resort. I see the pools of the resort, many rock pools lined up by the oceanside; I watch them from above. I am on a boat, but the boat is flying in the air. There is a massive lap pool, bigger than the standard fifty metres, it seems vast, like a soccer field. There is sand on the bottom, in clusters over the blue floor. It is night; the sky is dark and the water glows faintly.

I fly in my boat over the swimming pool and to its

right there are several rocky ponds, some steaming, as if they were hot springs. My boat picks up speed and flies over the open sea; a strong gust of wind hits me and I realise this is not an airplane, and it will be difficult to manoeuvre it out in the open. I hurriedly turn it around and try to fly inland.

I go faster and faster but now I am heading towards a city: to my right is a tall building with a modular façade, it looks like a stadium or a concert hall. The façade glows in the dark, a fluorescent green. I pick up even more speed and I dissolve into the building.

## 4. Swimming at dusk

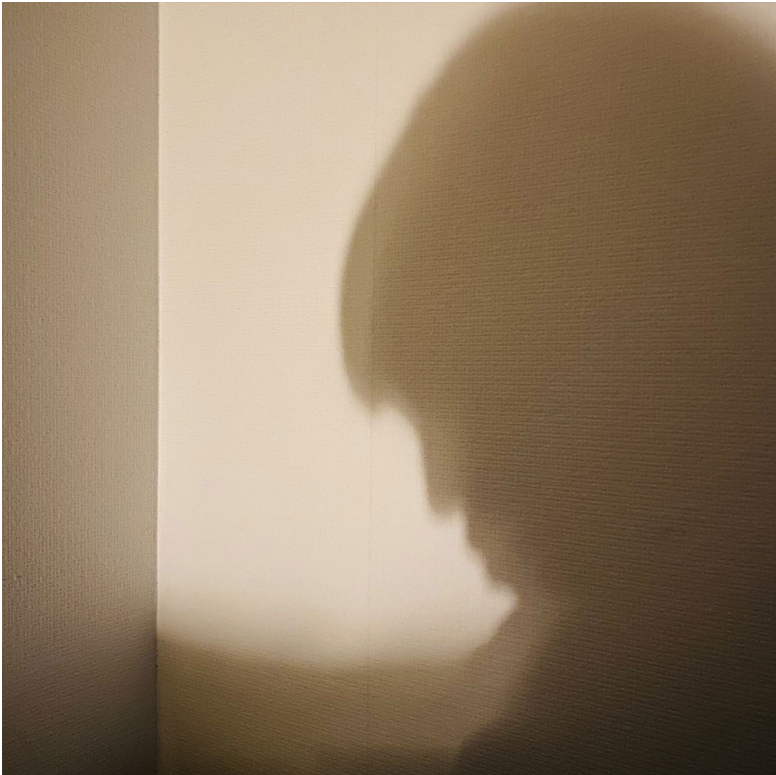


I am swimming in the Sicilian sea in the late afternoon. As the sun sets, the air becomes incredibly transparent, and I can see mountains on the horizon, beyond the expanse of water. The darker the sky gets, the clearer the mountains become; now I can discern snowcaps, and a second layer of mountains behind the first one, shining against the reddening sky.

It is the Alps: the visibility is so high that I can see

the whole length of the Italian peninsula, from South to North, as I float in the water at dusk.

## 5. The earrings



I am living in a boathouse with several other people; the ocean is blue and beautiful, although the lodgings are crammed and uncomfortable. I go get something in my room and I end up in the corridor of my school. There is a spider on the wall, next to the door of the finance officer. Someone picks it up with their bare hands and I worry that it might be poisonous. But the spider escapes and climbs higher on the wall; it grows in size and sprouts a myriad eyelets of bright yellow, red, and orange, that shine against the black of its body and legs. It is stunningly beautiful.

As I look at the spider in amazement, it morphs into a woman wearing an aqua coloured hospital gown. She is some kind of ghoul and she explains that her mother is someone high up in administration. I wonder if that manager is also a spirit.

The woman drops her gown on the floor, and I put it on myself. It is way too long for me, and the edges flow past my feet. I realise that it is a garment for ghosts, and one cannot walk in it, only fly.

I try to fly in the usual way, by kicking my legs until I float about two metres above the ground, and in this fashion I breast-stroke all the way to my office door. I get inside and there is my bed, unmade and messy. I find a pair of old star-shaped earrings that I had lost long ago, attached to a magnet buried among the sheets.

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