

# A STRANGE DREAM

*By Simona*

Last night I had a dream

It's morning and I'm walking through the stalls of a local market; needless to say my eyes move quickly on both sides trying to see as much as possible but also because the colours distract me.

It is still quite early so much so that, not all the street vendors have finished putting up their stalls, but the people who like me have to go to work, buy anyway (I imagined that they are accustomed and already know what they can buy).

However, moving from left to left and vice versa, I am struck by a voice and so I look up: two deep and dark eyes almost hypnotise me. And soon after comes the voice that almost like the sound of the snake chanter's flute, greets me and starts to flatter me.

"But beautiful lady, with this olive complexion, do you know that would look good in an ethnic dress?"

At first I blush, but then I wonder if the compliment has an ulterior motive...does he want to sell me a dress?

So I focus beyond the man's face, I try to overcome his magnetic gaze and.... there they are, all beautiful in a row and colourful: ethnic clothes that incidentally seem to call me to buy them but..

This noise or sound becomes more pressing and approaches closer and louder...but how boring!!!!

It seemed to me already too beautiful and I really thought I was in reality, instead a sound of iron or aluminium falling wakes me.

I look around and the hotel room brings me back to reality; in addition the sultriness and heat of a late June morning just tell me that I have to get up.

Still a little in my world I approach the bathroom for a shower but to get there I have to pass the window... I do not believe it and I roll my eyes!

Below me they are erecting stalls because it is market day and among the many there, the one that stands out is that of that young man right in front of me who is placing clothes on the hangers.... ethnic clothes!

Another thought assails me when I turn my attention towards the bathroom mirror: I realise that I got out of bed without wearing any pyjamas simply because I usually sleep without them...

I guess I caught the look of my dreamy but real dress charmer...maybe he also thinks he's in a dream and can not take his eyes off me...

Maybe I need a cold shower to ascertain if I'm in the dream or the reality...

Anyway to make sure I go down and see that stall.

Maybe I found my charmer of.... dresses!

*Thanx Simon for the translation.*