

For a woman as imaginative as Peeps, she was rather disappointed by the banality of her dream. To the best of her knowledge, she'd been riding the same train for days. Of course, she'd heard it said that two days of dream time can be equated to ten minutes of real time, so this wasn't a stunning statistic, but it was notable nonetheless. What Peeps wanted more than anything was some adventure, some romance; at least something else besides the train. She had grown to loathe the train.

She wished she were in a large, open field comprised of rolling greens and flowers and lush valleys. She wanted to be a part of the average fairy tale.

And suddenly she was. When she next looked around, there wasn't a train, but a large, open field comprised of rolling greens and flowers and lush valleys. It seemed too easy.

As if trying to get a banana split from the hand that fed her, she then desired some birds chirping. Responsively, birds began chirping. 'Wow,' she thought, 'if I had known this years ago, my upbringing would have been much more exciting.'

'Well, what good is a dream without some sort of romantic interest?' she thought. Suddenly, off in the distance, a man appeared. He was the epitome of the storybook leading man. He had long, blonde hair cascading over his broad shoulders, making sure not to cover his perfect smile. That, and he was built like a lawn tractor. From where he was, he began running in slow motion towards Peeps, accompanied by romantic jazz music that Peeps didn't even have to crave; it came with the romantic man.

A slight miscalculation in Peeps' planning resulted in her Romeo running for approximately twelve minutes before reaching her. She wanted a large, open field, and there was little denying that she got a very large, open field. It was so large that, by the time her dream man finally arrived, he was considerably out of breath and physically exhausted. The next several dream minutes he spent trying to catch his breath.

Finally, he stood up and, backed by romantic music that was madly building to an inspiring finale, he smiled. He looked over at Peeps with his magnificent blue-green eyes that were so deep small children could bathe in them if they were filled with enough water. He glided over to Peeps and, caressing her chin, moved in to give her quite possibly the most romantic kiss in recorded history.

But she stopped him.

"Wait, this has to be perfect," she reasoned.

The dream man was confused. To the best of his knowledge, this *was* perfect. At least, it worked in all the other dreams he'd encountered.

Peeps looked at him curiously. She eyed his flowing, blonde hair and it just didn't satisfy her. "I want one side completely shaved while the other side remains how it is." And it was so. Peeps' dream man mysteriously lost half his hair. But he still had that radiant smile, which irked Peeps more than she could imagine, which she found interesting because she was imagining it.

"You look like a car salesman. Maybe you need to have puffier lips." Then he did. "And you should probably be missing a tooth." Then he was.

Peeps' Romeo was getting a bit upset by these drastic changes. He had grown rather fond of his classy smile, which often was able to seduce women as stubborn as Eleanor Roosevelt. His newfound love interest was going a bit far with the creative liberties.

"And," she continued, "we have to get you some new clothes."

The man started to protest, assuring her that what he was wearing was truly and unalterably the sexiest outfit ever made, but didn't even get the first word out.

Suddenly, the man in her dream wasn't wearing tight black pants and a frilly white shirt that was ripped in several key places, he was wearing a vibrant, yellow chicken suit.

"Okay, ma'am, this is too much," the man finally voiced.

Peeps looked him up and down. "Yeah, I think you're right." The bottom part of the costume disappeared and he was, once again, wearing tight black pants that showed off features on the man's body as slight as his veins.

The sappy romantic music started up again, building to a romantic, if not sexual, frenzy. But it stopped immediately when Peeps' ideal man spoke. "I can't do this."

"Why not?"

"The chicken suit is just too much."

"I had it altered just for you, sweetie." She tried to kiss him again.

"I feel ridiculous."

Peeps was getting annoyed. "Dream man, whose dream sequence is this, yours or mine?"

"Well, I know that but... well, all the other girls have simple fantasies. You know, inside cars, next to fireplaces."

A dramatic minor chord struck so loudly, it almost hurt.

"All *what* other girls?" Peeps demanded.

Peeps' dream man had just worked himself into a corner that, unfortunately, wasn't equipped with a comfortable seat or a way out. "Friends of mine. I met them at the supermarket."

"You wouldn't be lying to me, would you dream man?"

Sweat poured down from his brow due mainly to the chicken suit and not the nervous energy. "Of course not! They meant nothing to me. I just fixed their hot water heater and. oh, come on Peeps. Do you honestly think a guy like me is specific to your tastes?"

Peeps looked at him. "Well, you are now."

At precisely that moment, the dream man realized he could switch from the defensive to the offensive. "And I'm not all that happy with the way I am, I have to say."

"Too bad. Kiss me."

More hesitantly than before, the romantic music started up, and it played much more quietly than before. "No." Angrily, the romantic music ceased.

"Kiss me!"

The romantic music didn't even bother coming out, although the dream man did grab Peeps and gave her the longest, most romantic, most passionate kiss she'd ever received in her life. Embarrassed, the romantic music came out in full force a little up-tempo at first until it was ironed out as the kiss continued.

Peeps was swept off her feet. In fact, by the time she realized what had happened, she was a good thirty feet off the ground. Over the trees, she saw the small jazz band playing romantic music in the next field. She waved to them. Seductively, she called for her dream man to accompany her.

"I can't fly," he reasoned logically.

"It's my dream. You can do whatever I say you can," reasoned Peeps, equally logically.

Peeps' dream man lunged upwards, but much to his dismay, gravity was still working effectively. He hit the ground painfully.

"I'm sorry, honey." Peeps apologized logically. "I wasn't concentrating hard enough. It should be working now."

The dream man brushed himself off and looked at his arm. It was scraped up through the chicken suit. Distrustfully, he took a tiny leap and showed surprise when he remained in the air. Looking up at Peeps, he took a gigantic leap. Gravity, again, became his bane. He landed even more awkwardly than the first time.

Peeps was in tears on the inside. "I'm *so* sorry, dream man."

By this time, the dream man was walking away. He was a playa, sure, but that doesn't mean he was going to get played. Peeps called after him, "Where are you going?"

He turned back. He still looked good, despite being pretty bruised and wearing a chicken suit. "Away from you. You're bad news."

"No, I'm not. This is bad news." From nowhere, she pulled a newspaper out with the headline *Two Dead, One Hundred Injured in Soapbox Derby* printed in bold letters on the top.

"I'm getting out of here."

Peeps sounded desperate. "But I want you!"

These words were words that could never pass the ears of the dream man without lingering for a long time. They, as well as boobs, were his kryptonite. He turned back at her.

"Please?" she added.

The dream man looked down and, low and behold, his wounds were clean and he looked as he did at the onset of Peeps' dream. He looked back up at Peeps, who was looking radiant, her hair floating as effortlessly as she.

"All right." With as much might as he could muster, he leapt into the air and landed on the ground like three hundred eighty pounds of muenster cheese.

Peeps laughed aloud and, though she truly thought she could get a fourth attempt out her dream man, she wasn't overly disappointed when he fled the scene. Gracefully, she landed herself on the ground and took a tiny bit of pride in herself.

"I think that was a pretty successful dream," she said to herself.

"Definitely," herself agreed.

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It wasn't herself that woke her up from her mild coma, but rather the presence of a young girl in her hospital room. Peeps shot up from her bed and looked intensely at Lavisca, who stared back at Peeps with an eerie rigidity.

"Can I help you?" initiated Peeps.

Lavisca didn't respond with anything other than a renewed fervor in her stare. Peeps didn't know what Lavisca was doing or why she chose to do it in this particular hospital room, but Peeps did recognize that something was very wrong. She scoured her body and it seemed perfectly intact, if a bit stiff from inactivity. It wasn't until she reached her hair that she noticed what was wrong.

"Why is my hair not floating?"

Lavisca didn't offer any semblance of an answer, nor did the nurse who had appeared directly behind the little girl. The only thing Lavisca uttered was, "No, I liked it better the other way." Without any other discourse, Lavisca snuck out of the room. Peeps grabbed her hair, and it was once again defying the common laws of physics.

The nurse, undaunted by this affair, ambled over to Peeps, whose gaze was still affixed on the doorway. "How are you feeling, Samantha?"

"How did that girl do that?"

"Do what?"

"She changed my hair!"

“I don’t know,” replied the nurse with the same inflection one generally has when discussing the consistency of a monocarbonate disulfide solution. “Was she a relative of yours?”

Peeps blinked for the first time since recovering from her coma. “I have never seen her before in my life.”

The nurse changed topics not at all subtly. “How are you feeling today, Samantha?”

Peeps, with all of the effort she had in her, forgot the events that had just transpired in order to answer the question. “I’m very well rested, actually.”

“You’ve been out for just over a week. Do you feel any pain anywhere in your body?”

Peeps did a minor search of her body. “Nope, it all seems pretty functional.”

“Try walking around.” Peeps did so.

“Good as new.”

“Okay,” replied the nurse, jotting this information down on her notepad, “well, we’re just going to be running a few more tests in the next couple of hours to ensure—”

An Indian boy rushed into the room, and, interrupting the nurse, asked, “Have you seen a young girl wearing a blue shirt around here? She was probably acting strangely.”

Peeps blinked, almost as startled as the first time she blinked when she was nine. “Yes, you just missed her. I can take a message, if you’d like.”

“Did you see which way she went?”

“I think she went right.”

“I’m obliged, ma’am.” And with that, he left as rapidly as he had entered.

Peeps turned to the nurse who, because of a lack of other options, stared back at Peeps.

“I am beginning to like this hospital,” Peeps commented.