

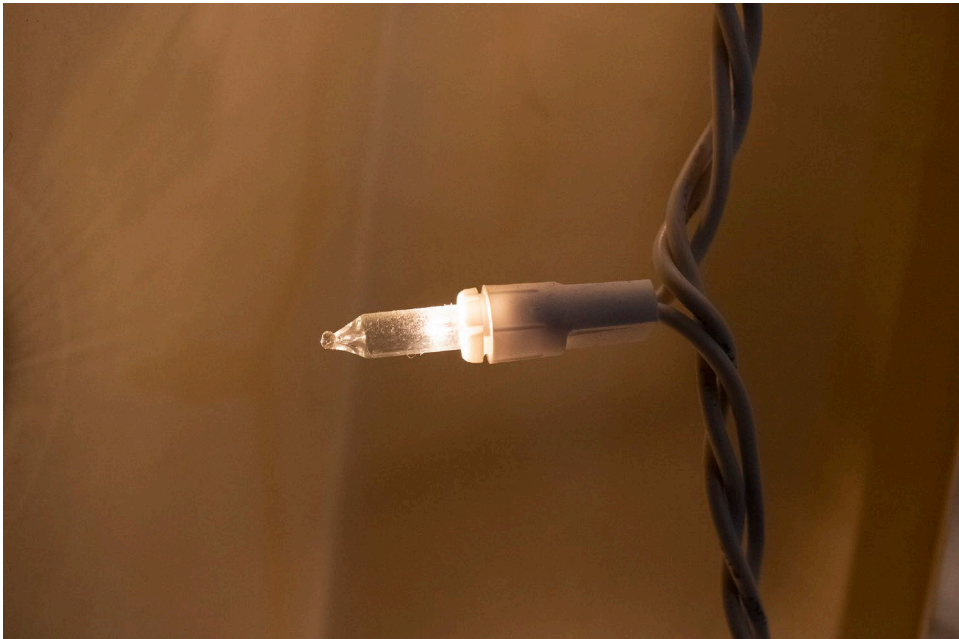
The moment is so simple yet very nostalgic thinking back.





No wind. No noises. Absolutely nothing.

I was home in my room reading a book.



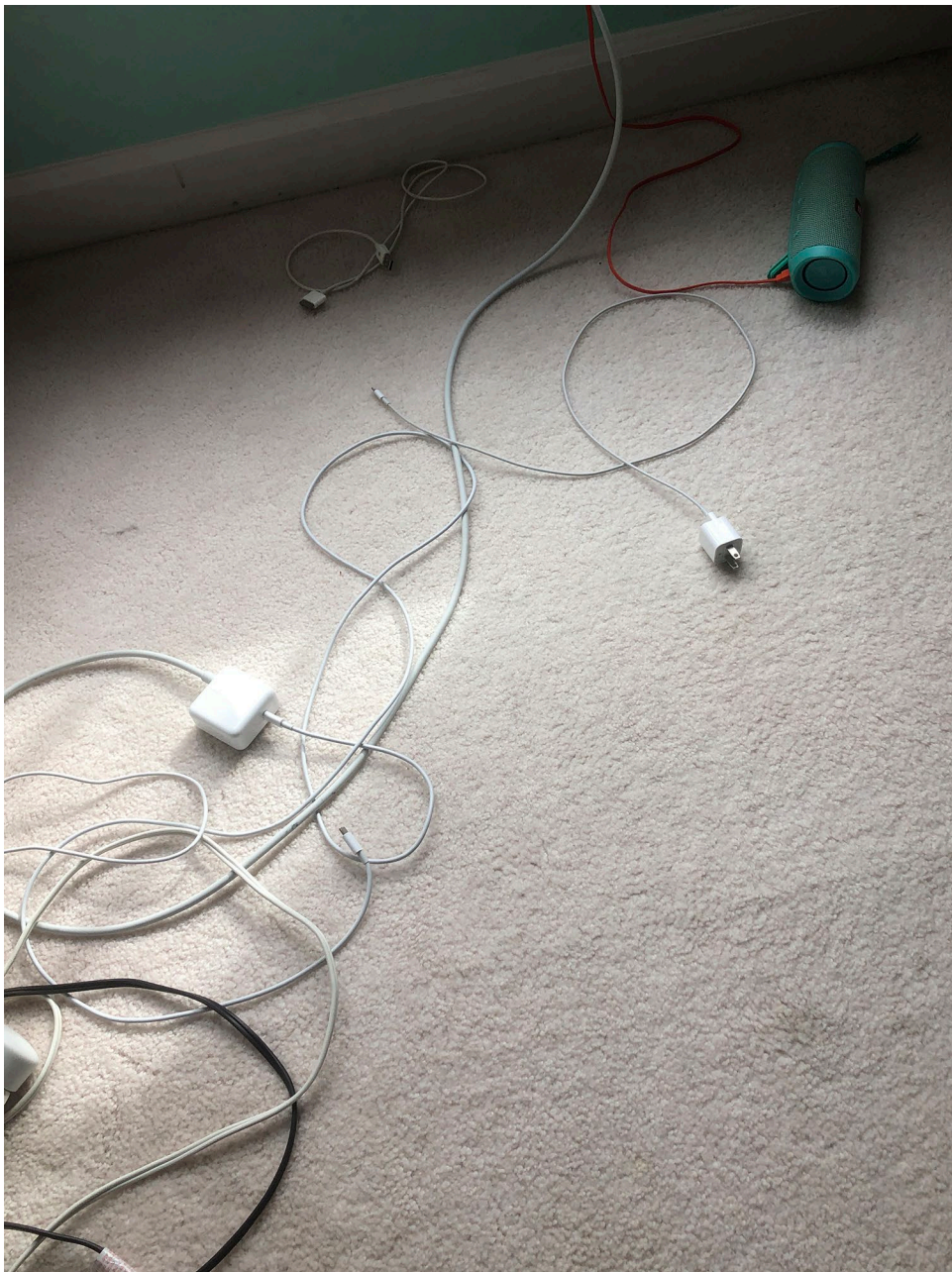
As I read page by page the events in the book felt real,
and I thought I was in the story.



I was floating, or perhaps drifting, about in the ocean.



No fear in the world or worry, just pure childhood adventure.



Next thing I know
I'm lying face down on the stairs
with a massive headache.

I walked down the stairs and into the train station.



I walked around trying to ask people for help,

but no one could understand me.

Every aspect of the situation was consistent.



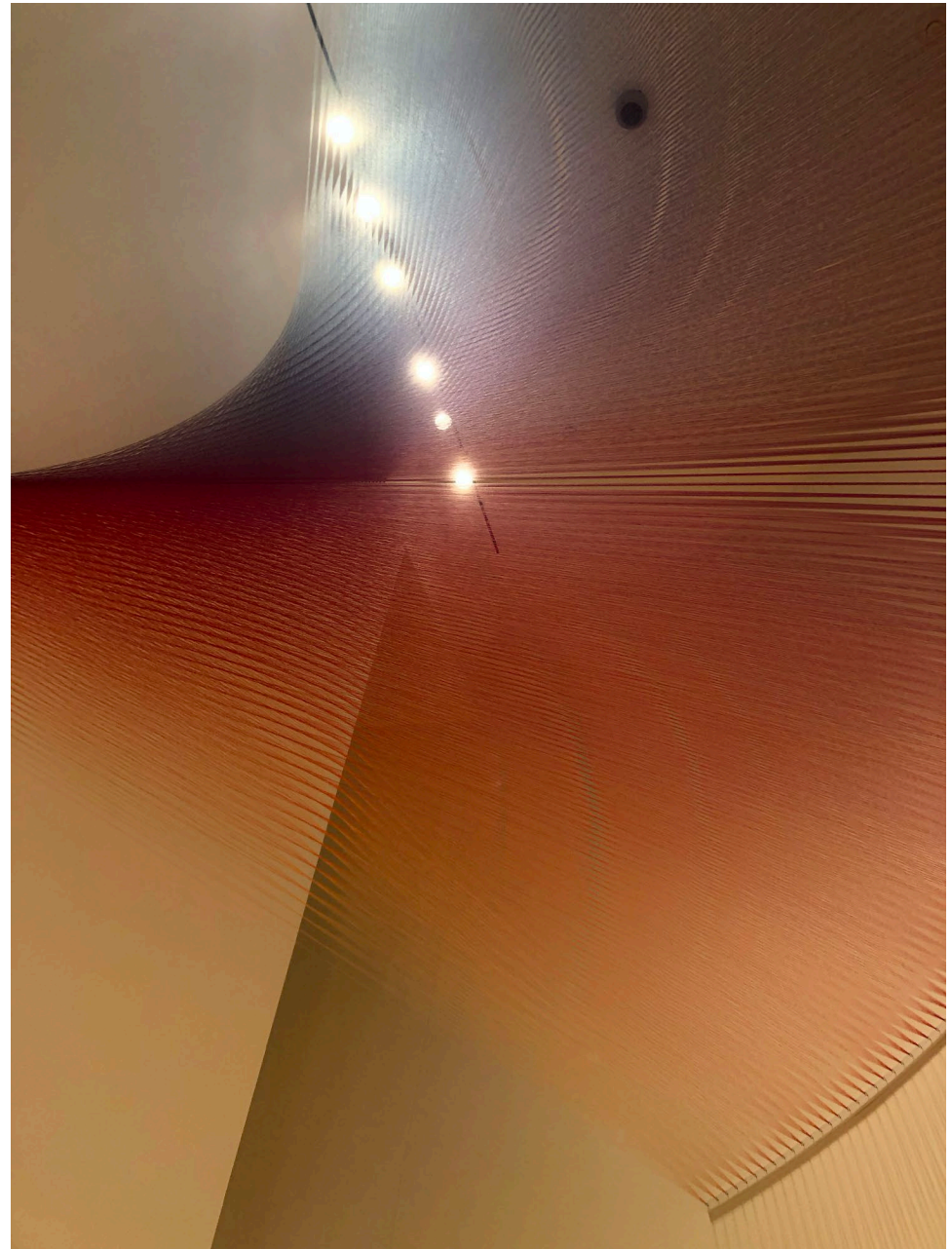
I remember sitting on a fence taking a photo,

the same photo that sits in my room all day.

I saw a baby lizard and walked toward it to try to catch it
but the ground was disguised and I fell through into the swamp.



Some of the waves reached far above my head,



but the bigger the wave the better.

This feeling is something I wish I had known was so significant.