

THE WHITE BLANKET

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In my dream I am with several other people I recognize as well as several I do not. We make it to the mouth of a cave high in the Sierra Mountains. While a few of the men stand outside of the cave opening looking down into the valley, the rest go inside the cave.

Suddenly there is an earthquake. The cave is not shaken. But the hill we just climbed up to the mouth of the cave slides away. From the edge we look down and find it is now a vertical wall in front of the cave. We realize we cannot go down and no one can come up. Everyone now goes inside the cave.

I notice on the far mountain ridge what looks like a black panther of some type. Myself and one of the men watch as this creature leaps through the air, landing just above the opening of the cave. I now notice it is an awful looking creature. Its skin looks dry and black. It looks down at me and hisses. Its teeth are long and it is drooling. It says, "I hate you! I am going to kill you!"

It then jumps at me and knocks me to the ground. As I fall I pull a thick white blanket over my back. It looks like a dense, dry, misty light. The creature presses my left shoulder to the ground to keep me from moving. Out of the corner of my eye I can see his right hand. His nails are long. He again says, "I hate you with all my being. I am going to kill you!" He thrusts his right hand into my back to stab me with his nails. But as he does, I do not feel anything. The white blanket protects me. After repeated jabs I see the white blanket rise off me and begin to hit him hard and knock him off me. He falls down into the valley below and I awake from the dream.
