



Collection

of Tales About

# Dreams and Nightmares

Hello



Enjoy





*This ebook is a compilation of short stories produced by the students of Casa de Cultura Britânica – 4th semester, classes F and I – of Universidade Federal do Ceará, under the guidance of their teacher, José William da Silva Netto.*





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**PART 1**  
— Dream —  
**short stories**





## MENUDO MANIA: Dream of a love story!

*Antônia Cláudia de Freitas*

The musical group *Menudo*, from Puerto Rico, became a craze among teenagers in the 80's. Songs that attracted thousands of passionate fans, like me! The beautiful and dancing songs, the apparently very happy, handsome, friendly boys, and powerful marketing. It was impossible not to be a fan of the fun songs, the choreography of those dancing moves.

The *Menudo* group was in the chewing gum, in the collectible picture albums sold on newsstands, and in the passionate heads and hearts of fans. I was a teenager in love with a member named Robby Draco Rosa, and for me, it was an impossible dream to be able to meet him, my favorite singer.

A group tour included Brazil and I couldn't go to the show, but I had a beautiful dream, so beautiful that I never forgot it.

I dreamed that I went to the show, I stayed in a special place and Robby sang the song I loved for me, the song is "If You're Not Here (By My Side)", a romantic song, it was a beautiful night.

After the show, he and I went walking around the city together, we talked, we took pictures, we danced, we had dinner and he said in the dream that he wanted to be my boyfriend, and in the best part of the dream, when he was finally going to kiss me, I woke up!

I never forgot that dream. Today I look at the past with good humor, but at the time it was very serious. Like every good teenager!

Time has passed, but I'm still a big fan of *Menudo*, I still like Robby and I love the music, here's a tip: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qsAdvJcpUnU>.

Ow

## Crossing the USA

*Bismark Andrade de Souza*

= FROM =

My happy story is a cool dream. All happened during a trip by car, a beautiful and fast Dodge Dart RT V8 6.2 cc, by Route 66, east coast of the EUA, across eight states (Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California). In this dream, I began alone, but during it. I met many people, a girl called Jane, a mechanic called Mike, and a friend called Hoffman who lived in Oklahoma City.

In Chicago, where it all began, I took the road until Millennium Park built to flipped of millennium but opened only 2004, it was there where I met Jane, a beautiful girl that wanted to go California alone. We were eating something in a mall and began a conversation about simple things. She talked to me about her plans and I offered a ride. She accepted it and we went on. We saw many places together and dropped by the house of my friend Hoffmann in Oklahoma city, we slept there and the day after we took the road.

Next to California, my car had a problem, the car spinned, knocked in guard rail and broke a part of the car in a curve. Happily, in this moment, passed truck of the mechanic Mike went past us and it, towed my car to his garage. It took him all day to fix my car. The three of us talked a lot and began a friendship. And end, all finished well, unforeseen events are part of the adventure.

Yeah





## A little puppy at Cocó Park

*Danilo Maia Otaviano*

Last night I had a very special dream. We were having a picnic at Cocó Park. It was Sunday and there were many families having fun. We found friends and my son ended up meeting some friends from school.

While playing, my son found puppies. There were five puppies and they seemed to be abandoned.

He came running up to us and showed us the puppy he liked. He said we needed to help those puppies. Our little baby loved it and gave the puppy a big hug.

We talked for a while and an idea came up: let's ask the other children for help and try to get them all adopted.

The children together managed to show the puppies to several families and four families adopted the puppies. Everyone felt like superheroes for helping the puppies.

We were very happy and fulfilled. We went home with another member of our family.

When I got home, my wife looked at me, seemed to be angry, and said that she would not touch anything that came out of the dog and that I should take care of it.

I looked back, the dog had become huge and left something gigantic on top of my sandal... I woke up all sweaty!



## A body that falls

*Fábio José de Souza*

I was walking in the street near *Praça da Bandeira* during the day when I turned a corner and I met my friends Flor and PH; they were going toward the city center. Flor is a blondish girl, sometimes foolish, but a great person. PH is just a little fat, has black and short hair and wears glasses. He's funny like a Ceará TV show comedy character. Flor told me she would have a party at night at their grandma's before going back to Canada on Saturday and she invited me to join. Before we said goodbye, she asked me if she had given me her poster. I told her she hadn't. So she asked PH for the backpack and gave me a poster where she was naked showing the tattoos she had around her body. At this moment, I looked to PH to see his deadpan expression about the gift and I noticed he had a large and yellow hardcover book under his arm. Suddenly we weren't in the street anymore, but in a building looking at this book just near the stairs. When we heard a noise of someone arriving, I took the book and, before we started running up - because it was a sacred building -, I remembered to take Flor's poster too. When we were upstairs, a friar saw us and started to pursue us. At this moment, I noticed we were in the public water tank of Benfica and we continued running up. When we were almost at the top and I was getting scared because of the height by the external ladder that I was climbing, we saw two friars at the building's top next door taking short steps back. PH yelled at them to stop walking back, but one of them fell like in the Hitchcock's movie *Vertigo* scene. Down there, another friar and that one who survived upstairs were on the other side of the building talking about what happened. Then me and PH went down, but I don't know where Flor was anymore.

Good



## The girl

*Gabriela Cacau Sousa Santos*

Ow

In 2016, a girl started to study in a school preparatory to pass the entrance exam. She followed her routine every day, which basically was in school. When she wasn't attending classes, she was in the library solving questions as homework to prepare for the official exam. She left home in the morning and came back at night every day. Her family supported her goal. She just needed to keep her study plan. She believed in her dream, so she kept disciplined.

But when the date of the exam arrived and its result was published, she didn't pass, although she had studied all year. Then, she chose to try one more year in the school preparatory. That way, she followed that study routine once more, which she was already finding stressful. Despite the support of her family and her only obligation was this exam and its preparation, she felt extremely unsafe in relation to the result of the next exam and she was tired because she never had fun, just study, study, study and class, class, class... Then she talked to her mother about her emotional situation and said that she didn't want to try another time to take the next exam if this one didn't work. So her mother became apprehensive...

Some days after, the mother met the girl and talked to her about a dream that she had during the last night. She had dreamed with the girl's grandfather (who had already died some years ago), and he said they shouldn't worry because the girl would finally graduate at a specific date. The girl became relieved... but when she counted the time of the degree, she wouldn't still pass this year, just next year, in her third try. Then, at first, she felt bad... but after that she kept going because she felt spiritually protected. That one didn't look like it depended only on her any more.

Yeah

With



## Council of the unknown sand

*Ivina Daciane de Sá Barreto Turczinski*



This was one of those dreams that transcend the extraordinary. I don't always remember the dreams I have, but this one is clear, with the sensations, colors, movements, very clear in my mind. It would be appropriate to say that I can transport myself there and relive it, and that to this day, I consult it calmly and concentratedly as it serves me as an oracle, as a guide, a transmitter of peace that calms the soul.

I walked through a place completely unknown to me, but with an absolutely common element, when I say common I don't mean to be deeply known in its essence and substance, it was never, for me, the object of a dedicated reflection and analysis. Therefore, unknown in its senses and attributes, in its meaning. What seems common is not always, as long as we look at it with other eyes. Perhaps a chemist or an alchemist will tell us a little about it. Well, this element was earth. Yes, everywhere I looked I only saw earth, with its tones subject only to the varying density of light. But the light behaved in a strange way in this place... It's just that the place was a cave, and in our reality, the deeper the cave is, the lower the incidence of light. It wasn't like that in the dream, I don't know exactly where the light that revealed the environment came from, because I didn't see any opening for contact with the outside, we were at the bottom of the cave. We were? You might be wondering who besides me.

I walk into the cave alone, but I feel that someone is there. I am afraid to continue, but a greater force compels me to continue entering. As I continue, I feel the presence of this someone closer... He finally appears. He is a being, in human form, about three meters tall. His whole body is made of earth... His sweet and tender face, but at the same time austere, chases away fear. We communicate by thought. He said only five words to me, of which I have not forgotten a single phoneme, and they convey to me, to this day, an incredible security. But these words are a secret.



## When I was looking for Dory

*Laise da Mota Serafim*

This is the story of a real dream that was set at the bottom of the ocean, like many others I have dreamed of topics related to deep waters, dives and fish have always been part of my subconscious. Don't ask me which ocean it was - Indian Ocean or Pacific Ocean? I don't know. I just saw the blue immensity of the place. Like in the scenario of "Finding Nemo", you know? Me, who was probably a fish, Nemo and Marlin were looking for our dear friend, Dory. She was lost again because of her memory problem, so we needed to find her as soon as possible. The problem was that we were in a completely unknown place, so there was an atmosphere of tension and fear. Well, we already know a similar story, right? I was relatively quiet, Nemo too, but Marlin had that kind of worry that maybe only parents understand. He was probably thinking about the number of dangerous situations Dory could face alone in a different place, like the already known experiences of befriending a group of sharks or strolling among countless jellyfish. After a long time swimming, we decided to stop for a moment and think about her last steps, something like 'Where would Dory go if she was lost?'. So we thought of the coral reef or the high sea, a dangerous place where she would surely go. That's when I looked back and there she was, a few feet away from us, swimming as if nothing had happened. I just remember screaming: we found Dory, we found Dory! And feeling a great relief to have found her, or rather, for her to find us. But I don't remember how the reunion was, because at that moment I woke up.

Good

## The decision

*Leticia da Mota Serafim*

Levih is a young painter who has as a companion his dog Cooper, a male Swiss Shepherd. Living his carefree years in a quiet town in Italy, the young man receives an order that instigates his values and goals. A woman offered him a large amount of money to create a painting, but on two conditions: that it would surprise her and that it would be done in three days.

The young painter was then led down two paths: follow his heart but accept the risks, or be driven by fear and do the easy thing. With such doubt haunting him, Levih went out for a walk with Cooper in order to clear his mind and finally make a decision. The orange scenery of a late autumn afternoon seemed to calm everyone's spirits, with couples snuggled together and old ladies feeding the birds everywhere.

Levih sat on a bench, with Cooper patiently waiting beside him. The seasonal breeze brought a sense of freedom, but something still bothered the young man. From his trouser pocket he pulled out a brush, small and cylindrical, exposed in the palm of his hand, and then his heart raced. What did he think he was doing? He had come this far without fear of risks or failures, just for the pleasure of creating new worlds with the glide of his hand. And although he was young, he knew that life is too short to be limited by his own fears. Then, in one sudden movement, Levih stood up, running over the dry leaves beside Cooper to his house, with the lights of the street lamps turning on with each step as night came on. He had finally made up his mind. He would do what his heart told him, as he had always done. And like the autumn-dressed trees displayed in the streets, he gave himself one more chance to grow and have as an end product someone more beautiful and stronger for the next season.

*Yeah*

## A dream blackout

*Luiz Gustavo Vieira Oliveira*

One night, Julie was sitting in the living room with her family. The 15-year-old girl was discouraged day by day with the routine she followed and seemed interminable, especially at the moment when she and her family stayed together and, instead of talking, they perpetuated their habits: her mother was finishing work, her father was watching television, her older sister was texting her boyfriend and her younger brother was playing on his mobile phone.

Without advance notice from the energy company, there was a blackout in Julie's neighborhood and everyone in the family except for her was desperate. Her mother needed to finish her work, her father wanted to know the result of the football game penalties, her sister was afraid of leaving her boyfriend hanging and her brother didn't know if his progress in the game was saved. While they complained about the blackout and tried to contact the energy company, Julie walked around the house looking for the key that opened the back door. She asked the others where it was, but they didn't understand the girl's interest in the key at that moment and didn't care to find it.

When Julie finally found the key, she shouted: "I found it!" and she ran to the back door, opening it and stepping out into the yard. There, she called her family: "Come here! You need to see this!". Her family was curious about the girl's enthusiasm and joined her. Then, everyone was looking at the sky full of stars, which they had only seen that amazing once together, on a vacation. At that time, their problems were not solved, but they didn't care about them, because they understood Julie and the beauty of that sky.

## A musical dream

*Maria Josiane Abreu de Lima*

Two years ago I started to idealize the dream of traveling abroad. My family and I chose the place and bought the tickets. The trip was scheduled for September 2020 and the chosen country was Italy. But as happened with many people and many dreams, mine had to be postponed, because of the pandemic. Maybe because of anxiety, sometimes I've dreamed about this trip, both the ones I wouldn't want to wake up and another I'd rather I hadn't dreamed of.

In one of those dreams, the trip took place at night. Me, my two sisters, my brother-in-law and my nephew were at the airport checking in. A whirlwind of good emotions but also fear. The trip went smoothly without much turmoil. Arriving there, we went to the hotel, took a shower and slept, because we were really tired.

On the next day, we met Laura Pausini, a very famous Italian singer, when we were walking down the street. In the dream, she treated us as old friends and took us to a concert with millions of people. We even had dinner with her family! We invited her to spend some time in Brazil and she said "Why can't we go now?"

Then we went to the airport and got a flight in first class. There was champagne and fancy food during the entire flight. However, suddenly, I was tired and started to feel sleepy. That was when I woke up in my bed, in Fortaleza. I really wish this all could happen some day!



With

Ow



## Soup street

*Mauriciano Bezerra da Conceição*

In a big city, there is a 7-year-old, polite and happy boy named Mike Mike. He lived with his mother Solange, a dark-haired, very friendly and cheerful woman. They live in a beautiful house with lots of plates, cutlery and pans. Mike's mother didn't know how to cook, so all meals were bread and guava. However, he really wanted to eat soup, as he had never tasted that flavor.

One day, Mike Mike went out on the cobblestone street, and there he came across a lady who had fallen on the sidewalk floor, in front of the pizzeria, Hand in the dough. Seeing this scene, Mike Mike wasted no time and helped the poor old woman. As a way of thanking the boy, the lady took a huge magic pot from her small bag and presented it to the boy. When someone says "Boil, pan!" the pan would make chicken soup right away; and when anyone says "Stop, pot!" it would immediately stop boiling the soup. The boy took the pot to his mother's house. Now, their craving for soup had finally come to an end, as they could make chicken soup as many times as possible.

Another day, Mike Mike went to the ice cream shop, Sweet and cold, and his mother decided to use the pot. She said, "Boil, pan!" The pot began to cook; but when the nice woman wanted the pot to stop, she found she didn't know the watchword. The pot continued to boil very quickly over the edge; and as it boiled, the kitchen was soon awash with soup, then the whole house, the next house, and soon the whole street was full of soup. Finally, when the boy got home, he said, "Stop, pot!" It immediately stopped boiling, but the cobblestone street changed its name, and it is now known as soup street.

## The rainy day

*Raquel Nunes Cavalcanti*

Eric is a short boy, who was going to school to register, he was wearing big shorts and black shoes. He was with his mother, who was very hasty because of the time. She put on her boots and walked out with Eric, who was very scared because of the weather.

The registration was barely done when it began to rain, and it was not a common rain, it was a storm, and they needed to go home, without any car or bus, they went on foot. They shared one umbrella, and the water was soaking Eric. The mother, who has no name, walked very fast, like their life depends on it, and she pushed Eric like a bag, and he doesn't understand why she's so hasty. Eric asked the mother why she's so angry, and she answers that the places that they were passing through was a place where people get killed, and the rain encourages people from the neighborhood to kill. Eric has a *deja vu* when he saw a famous football player dead exactly where they are, and then he understands why his mother walked fast.

After walking in clusters of places and getting wet by the rain, they arrived at their home street, and saw that their house was turned into a cafeteria, and there's tables and chairs, with people eating and watching TV. They don't like the idea, but a girl explained that the place was just for rainy days, so the people can have a safe space to stay when the rain goes away. And, remembering the bad situation that they have just been through, they felt safe and happier with their new house.

Good

## Chasing a dream

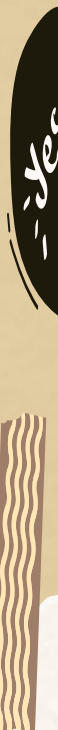
*Tereza Rafaella Cordeiro Maciel*

Rafaella was a girl who loved reading and writing. Since childhood, she had dreamed of becoming a writer, a journalist or a teacher. She lived in the outskirts of the city of Fortaleza, in Ceará, a state located in the northeast region of Brazil. Her mother, Margarida, worked as a manicurist and was one of her great supporters.

Words have always been central to the girl's life and, in a way, they seemed to guide her paths in the most unusual ways. One day, Rafaella decided to go for a walk with her mother Margarida. The chosen location was a beach still unknown to them, which Rafaella, always very creative, later ended up calling the "sea of words". The road was long until the two found their destination. As soon as they arrived at the entrance to the beach, Rafaella was disappointed because she could not see the sea, and exclaimed: "Mother, where is the sea?" While her mother replied: "It's right there, daughter, be patient, each thing in its own time, let's walk and we'll get there!".

And so they did, walking and talking along the way in search of the sea. Rafaella talked to her mother about her dreams and said that she was very happy to be able to start her career as a teacher, but she still feared the future and felt anxious about the challenges that lay ahead. On the way, the two stopped in front of a restaurant that was on top of one of the many sand dunes on the beach and asked a young man who was having lunch: "Man, where can we go to get to the sea?" And the boy replied: "You will have to walk a little further and, when you see a narrow street, you must follow it, as it is the access path to the highest dune in the region. As soon as you descend this dune, you will see the sea!". Rafaella and Margarida, already tired, found the narrow street and in it, several young people riding bicycles in front of a school that soon informed them where they should continue to find the long-awaited dune that gave access to the sea.

Arriving at the dune, Rafaella, amazed at its size, said: "Wow! What a giant! Will we have the strength to face this climb and see the sea?" The mother then replied: "Of course I do! Look how far we've come! I'll help you daughter". The two then started the climb and after some time, already quite tired, they arrived at the top of the dune and looked at the sea, deep, calm, with the tireless waves breaking in the immensity of sand. Margarida took Rafaella's hand and the two slipped down the dune and stopped down in front of the sea. Margarida then smiled at her daughter and said: "Didn't I tell you?! We did it! We're here! It was a long journey, daughter, you had to go through basic school, develop research with young cyclists and even work with a lot of people you didn't know. Many



obstacles always cross our paths! But look at this! You have arrived at your sea of words! And now I can go.

Margarida kissed Rafaella's hands and plunged into the immensity of the sea of words.

Dreams don't age.

Dreams don't sleep.





## **My gold dream**

*Úrsula Barroso Prado*

Last night, I had a peculiar dream. I was riding a unicorn and I was flying among cotton candy clouds. From above, I could see many beautiful places. I saw Machu Picchu, the State of Liberty, the Great Wall of China, the Eiffel tower, Big Ben, the Palace of Versailles, the Taj Mahal, and the Colosseum. I traveled all over the planet and saw all the most amazing places on it. I was fascinated by them.

Then I went down to a garden full of colorful flowers where there was a beautiful white horse waiting for me. So, I went down the unicorn and mounted the horse. It was amazing and bright. I felt connected with it. After that, the horse started to run and I was afraid, but after a few minutes, I was excited. I felt like an Amazon.

I could feel the flowers touching my feet on the trip and the wind hitting my face. The horse and I traveled to many places, among them a super colorful rainbow and, at the end of it, we saw a pot of gold. The pot of gold looked like it was full of riches and I was looking forward to getting there. So the moment was closer and closer. I arrived and when I was about to touch the pot, someone called me and I woke up. It wasn't this time that I got the pot of gold, but maybe next time.

With

## When will this end?

*Vitória Carla Carvalho*

I was constantly having the same dream last year. The scenery always changes, but the focus is the same. In the dream, I'm always in a hurry to resolve a problem or buy something. It's a sunny day, I'm on the street and everything looks real. In general, there are people who I don't know close to me, but I'm the main character.

The fact is, I'm always so distracted when I go out that I don't realize that I don't have a mask. When I realize that, I'm far from home and surrounded by people. The moment that I notice that I'm not wearing a mask, I'm invaded by a sense of despair and fear. The dream always ends with this feeling and without me taking any action, just getting paralyzed. Why don't I go home and get a mask or buy one over there?

I can't figure out if the dream has to do with the fear of going out unprotected and getting sick or with the uncertainty of when the pandemic will end. Maybe it could also be about people who don't wear masks - they always make me uncomfortable. I just know that sometimes I wake up so worried that it feels more like a nightmare than a dream. I think that I'm so overwhelmed by the news that I can't forget about it while I sleep.

*Yeah*

## Choose the way you will live

*Yam Santos Monteiro*

I was in high school, where I spent most of my life. There were many children playing on the sports court of this high school. Observing the structures next to the sports court, I noticed two buildings, one of them made of concrete and the other one made of bricks. Under the concrete structure there were two people lying below, a chubby boy and a girl that was sleeping. The chubby boy was swinging in a hammock, and I thought that the structure could not hold. It would collapse. A few seconds after I tried to warn them, the first structure collapsed and fell on the children, but no one died. Then the second one collapsed. At a certain point I had to choose who I would save if it was the chubby boy or the sleeping girl, and I chose the girl to save, but I thought I couldn't save just one person so I went back and saved the chubby boy.

This dream took my peace, because I remembered all the details. When dreams don't get out of your head, it's probably God wanting to warn you about something.

So my sister-in-law knows a servant of the lord who has the gift of revealing dreams. If it is God's will, I sent the dream to the servant of the lord and she stayed almost 4 months without telling me anything. Then she sent me an audio talking about the revelation of the dream, and said that even the delay had a purpose of God. The revelation was as follows:

College means your life, with many teachings and lessons, where there are breaks for leisure and joy.

The two buildings meant the way you have been living the secular life separate from the spiritual life and the teachings of God, this life, when it is lived separately, tends to fall apart, they do not sustain themselves separately. God shows through those people under the building that they are people who depend on you naturally and spiritually, and that there are people who are risking their lives because you haven't made your life a unique life. Everything is spiritual, even the way you work.

When you saved the two people, you chose to save the sleeping girl, she represents the spiritual life, and when you made the correct choice, the secular represented by the chubby boy will be saved too.

Do you think going to church is enough? God wants more from you. He does not want you to live in a departmental way, that when you do this your secular life will be achieved.

Make your choice.

Good



## PART 2

# — Nightmare — short stories



Yeah





## When bad dreams come true

*Amanda Peixoto de Melo*



That Friday morning, Ashley woke up feeling incredibly weird. Her mother, always very attentive to all the signs, asked if everything was okay. Ashley just said, "I don't know, I feel like something bad is about to happen, I think I had a bad dream, but I can't remember what it was...". Then she had a cup of coffee with milk, got dressed and went to college.

Inside the bus, almost arriving at the college, Ashley looked out the window and was surprised by what she saw. Among the people who walked on the sidewalk was her best friend, Felicia. But she wasn't a person, she was a... snake! A hideous and scary snake crawling on the floor. "What's happening to me?", she asked herself.

Ashley got off the bus and her friend came towards her, "Hey, how are you? Why that face?". It was really strange (and funny) to see a snake talking. "Ashley, Earth calling! Can you hold my things? I need to solve something urgently!", Felicia asked Ashley, who said "Okay, no problem! I'll wait for you!".

Suddenly, Felicia's phone began to vibrate a lot, so much that Ashley decided to check if it was something really important. "A group from our class? Won't we have class today?" she wondered and, on an impulse, opened the messages. "Oh no!", that's what Ashley said when she read the content of those messages. "It's all about me, those horrible messages are all about me!", she screamed in terror.

Ashley instantly remembered, "The dream! I dreamed that a snake bit me. It was Felicia! How could she do this to me?". Ashley threw Felicia's things on the floor, and left. Felicia came back and soon understood what had happened. "I guess she figured it all out way before I expected", and let slip a smile worthy of a soap opera villain.

## A childhood adventure

Ana Clara Costa da Silva

Everything started at the time I was in middle school in a school located in my neighborhood. One night I decided to explore my school as a curious child. Then, when the school was closed, I walked out of my house into the dark night towards there.

On way to school, I need to pass through a park. It was late, so there were no people at the park, and it was dark with just a few lamp posts. After passing through the park, I arrived on the sidewalk of the school. So I walked until the main entrance and I entered the gate to the front yard. I used to like the front yard and I used to think it was beautiful. I walked by and looked around until I got in front of the statue of the donor of the plot of land where the school was built. I don't know why, but the statue caught my attention. I looked closer and I saw a kind of lever hidden behind it. In a moment of curiosity, I pulled the lever and a secret passage appeared on the ground. I got startled and, seconds later, I heard strange sounds coming from the secret passageway.

Suddenly, I saw shadows moving and rising through the passage. I got very scared and I took a step back. At that moment, a horde of zombies came out of the passage and they weren't slow, actually, they were quite fast and I got frightened. They were pushing each other to come out of the passage. When I saw that I started running. I ran like my life depended on this. And I think it did. When I arrived at the park, I looked back and I saw many zombies chasing me. I tried to run faster to get to my house which was close. And when I got in front of my house, the zombies were almost getting on me. I opened my eyes and I realized that it was just a nightmare.

## Fair-weather friend

*Ana Safira Silva Bindá de Queiroz*

I had a dream, a different dream. I was in a country house, a familiar place. It was morning, a beautiful day. I was with my family and friends enjoying the day, talking and having fun. In this country house, there was a lot of plantation, many trees, it looked almost like a forest. There were also a lot of animals, such as chickens, ducks, and dogs. But an unexpected animal appeared... a JAGUAR!!

When I saw the jaguar, I couldn't believe what I saw, I was in shock. Right after I got scared, the jaguar moved away from me, kept looking at me, and I was looking at it. I started to realize that my family and friends were no longer with me. I was alone with the jaguar.

I decided that I should stay away from that jaguar. I looked for a bathroom to feel safe and secure. The bathroom was large, there were several cabins and I entered one of them. When I entered one of these cabins, I saw the jaguar. And I took my hand and ran my hand over its head, and I felt good, I felt like it's a friend, it's kind.

When I woke up, I was surprised by this dream, I had caressed a domesticated jaguar. So I went to research the meanings of dreaming about a domesticated jaguar. When researching, I saw that it was a good omen, which meant that success was coming.

## The dam

*Ávila Talita Bezerra Lima*

Rain is rare in the countryside of Ceara. It's always been that way. A long time ago, after numerous droughts, the government built dams. These dams provide water for most of the state. How big should something like that be? Water is life. Life for the people, life for the farms. A farm family was having another day. The girl was studying. The boy was playing. The mother was cooking. The father was working. They always lived in that old house. The leaking roof bothers the family. It never bothered them like this year. What's different this year? Nothing, the crack has been there for years.

The boy calls his mother. He was the first to know. He says the crack is gone. Where's the crack? The father is at home now. He's never home at this time. The girl has to be fast. She has to save what matters. Put it in the car and go as far as possible. The girl asks her father if they are safe. The girl looks at the horizon. The sky was black. A storm is coming. You can see the waves. The mother speaks for the last time. Don't forget anything. And if does someone find something you forgot? The girl only takes one more thing from the old house. She calls the rest of the family to leave. The water is already knee-deep. The car can't get out. Water is dead.

Ow



## Dark events

*Clara Ferreira Maciel*

I had a nightmare and, in it, I was with my parents and we decided that we would travel to Canindé for the weekend to celebrate my uncle José's 68th birthday. The problem was that we did not imagine that dark events would prevail there. As we went over the bridge that gave access to Poço da Pedra, we saw the church clock, but strangely its hands turned counterclockwise. My uncle's farm was further away from the village, and in it there was a cornfield with a scarecrow and a vegetable garden that my aunt tended, and there were also several animals and a stream. As soon as we arrived at the farm, we found several family members; they were worried about some recent events regarding the disappearance of some people from the village. I decided to walk around the farm with my cousins and my brothers. I was in the cornfield when I saw the scarecrow. He was wearing a hat that covered his face and a black coat, I was fascinated for a few seconds looking at him. When I walked away, I felt as if someone was following me with their eyes. When I turned around, there was only the scarecrow and I could swear that his head was now down and not up. We were having lunch when we noticed a bustle of all the farm animals and suddenly we heard an agonizing scream. Everyone ran towards the noise. When we got to the cornfield, we saw a few drops of blood and my cousin's favorite hat on the ground, but no sign of where my cousin was. I looked around and the scarecrow was gone. According to reports from older residents, this usually happens in the village and nearby places every 35 years. My uncles gathered to look for my cousin and never came back and the scarecrow disappeared. After that I woke up.

Ow



## A nightmare on my street

*Daniel Eymard Ricarte Maia*

Once I had this very weird dream that my street was being taken over by the army, while I watched everything from outside my house. The first thing I remember from this dream is standing on the street, gazing at the sky and noticing a Helicopter Squadron approaching, when suddenly many soldiers started fast-roping from above and getting inside the houses. I wasn't entirely sure of what was happening, but I kept watching the frenzy take control of the situation and people being abducted from their homes. Although I'm certain that it was the street I live in, I don't recall seeing my family or being worried about their safety.

After a while, something even more disturbing happened: a horde of wild animals broke out from the beginning of the street, completely out of the blue. Elephants, rhynos, wildebeests, bulls and many others ran berserk throughout the road. As soon as I was able to pull myself together, I ran away from there trying to hide, otherwise I'd probably be trampled by those animals. Finally I found a place to take refuge between the walls of an apartment building, until the rampage was over. It was some sort of awning that looked more like a roofed, narrow side passage which I took as a temporary shelter.

After a few minutes passed, I walked out from my hiding place to see if the animals had already gone. I managed to walk back to the street and I became aware of the meaning behind all that madness. It turns out it was a military operation trying to rescue many wild animals being held captive by my very own neighbor and, by the time I was there, two cheetahs were feasting on his flesh. The funny thing is, the night before all this, I dreamt that I was somewhere eating monkey stew! I couldn't help but wonder if both those dreams are unconsciously related.

## Home invasion

*Davis Ellisson Peixoto Costa*

I have a lot of nightmares and I can remember a lot of them. But, I will talk about the most common among them: the invasion of my house.

Contextualizing the dream scenario, I have lived in Fortaleza for 6 years, but the memories of my old residence in Amapá are very strong in my mind. Due to this reason, I believe that almost all the scenarios of my dreams and nightmares were in the house where I spent my childhood and part of my adolescence. The structure of these nightmares are similar, but some things change between them.

Describing the nightmare, it's usually at night and someone tries to break into my house. I always know it's going to happen, but I don't know why someone is doing this. Sometimes it's a single person trying to invade the house and sometimes it's a larger group of people. I can't specifically identify who they are, but I remember it was a terrorist group last time.

The invader always has some weapons and sometimes I am also armed and I try to defend my house. A curious fact is that I don't know how to shoot a gun in real life, but in the dream it happens naturally. Also, my fear isn't that big when I'm in the nightmare. I would say that things happen like in a great action movie.

I never died in any of these invasions, but my family members did. When that happens, I can really only feel relieved when I wake up and realize that nothing that happened was real.

## **It must have been just a nightmare**

*Gabriel Lázaro Gomes Liberato França*

From what I remember, it started with everything dark, I only saw the pitch black itself, it scared me. I screamed, calling my mother and saying: I can't see, I can't see. Suddenly, the glow of the lamp appeared at the sound of the switch, the room was illuminated and my mother came to calm me down. She asked me if I was fine, it was just a scare, it must have been just a nightmare. She said "go back to sleep, it's not even dawn yet".

I saw the light of the day, I got up, took a bath, got dressed and I went to the kitchen to have breakfast. I realized that there was no one there, so I walked out and I saw the edge of a big pool with a lot of people around. From thin air, I saw two huge and white cows swimming and approaching the edge, trying to climb, but unfortunately their hooves were inefficient, they bumped and slipped, so the cows just gave it up and went back to swim in the pool... that was now an ocean, I could even look down and see a lot of variety of fish swimming. What was happening? Did it make any sense?... I didn't even ask.

Strangely, I felt a harsh air from the ocean breeze through my nose and mouth. I felt a thick block stuck in my tongue and teeth and I ripped it off, it crumbled. I felt my teeth cleaner and whiter, but soon the block grew up again. I could take a look at it, this block is weird, kinda looks like a agglomerate rigid of fungal mycelium. I ripped them off and broke them, but they grew up again. I ripped them off.

They grew up again and again and again. Now they're grossly growing up in my nostrils. I RIPPED THEM OFF. Grossly grew up in my ears. I RIPPED THEM OFF... But it was no use, they were dominating my face, my head, my neck, my hands. I started to run, I couldn't find my house anymore, I was in a strange forest, I ran until my vision was blocked by the fungi, I fell on the floor, I screamed: I CAN'T SEE, I CAN'T SEE. Suddenly the glow of the lamp appeared at the sound of the switch, the room was illuminated... It's fine, it was just a scare, it must have been just a nightmare... isn't it?

With

Yeah

## The locks

*Ieda Maria Xavier de Souza*

The cold night whipped my back like raindrops in a storm, maybe it was dawn, the empty street delivered the late hour, my front door and the keys that danced agitated in my hand were the only things that separated me from the warm embrace of my home, a strange feeling passed through me, but as it appeared, it disappeared. I associated it with the foggy weather that laid that night.

I'm afraid of empty rooms, figures always try to get their hands through the cracks in the doors and, for that reason, every room has locks. Over the years, my fear has cost my own room. Those memories flashed through my mind with that notification. "Honey... behind the door there are no monsters... just me", my eyes went over that message already identifying who the sender was. My ex knew all about the locks: where, how many they were, the reason I kept them and... the keys. I remember this information as I wonder how I got through the door behind me.

Those messages were not unusual. They started when we broke up. Before, they were about him begging for the relationship to come back and as the days went by, they became threats... Something took me out of my thoughts, the noise from the kitchen cupboard door, there were no locks between us, I ran into the bathroom and locked myself in time to hear only the crash of a body hitting the door. "As I always said my love... there are no monsters behind the doors, only me", in desperation I ended up letting the cell phone slip out of my hand, outside, "You were so careful and today, you just left the front door open", he spoke as he opened the locked rooms one by one, as if he were making fun of me, which made me very scared. The most curious thing is that I vividly remember checking all the locks, both the inside and the outside ones.

At one point, he arrived at my bedroom door, I closed my eyes, already imagining what could happen, the lock being opened, the handle turning, the thin noise of the door moving... and only a scream echoed through the walls and the thud of something heavy hitting the floor. After a while, when I opened the bathroom door... there was nothing there, just one thing out of tune with the habitual repeated image, a message, written to me, flashed on the cracked screen of my cell phone... "We're still here."



## Nightmare about my friend José

*Ismael Silva de Oliveira*

I have a long-time friend whose name is José Geraldo. We met during our college days in Belo Horizonte and, at that time, besides our college work, we were responsible for the class graduation and we remained very close friends for a long time after college.

I moved to Rio de Janeiro and lived there for eight years and he came to visit us a few times and, whenever we went to Belo Horizonte, we met up to talk. After the time I spent in Rio de Janeiro, my wife and I moved to Fortaleza and, one fine day, I saw a publication of José Geraldo on Instagram on a beach in Fortaleza and I found out that he and his wife were in Fortaleza for a fortnight. He did not make any contact with me and I felt bothered because we were friends, he should have warned me so we could meet. I was very disappointed in him and, since then, we have not spoken again.

This is all to say that, on a certain night, I dreamed that I was arriving at my workplace and saw that someone was sitting on my chair and I asked that person to leave because I wanted to start work.

Ironically he began smiling at someone else and, to my surprise, that person was José Geraldo.

I was furious and decided to have it out with him, and we began to argue. He took a tube of paint and began to throw paint on my clothes and I retorted, also throwing paint on his clothes and shouting. I told him that he was ungrateful and that I was very disappointed in his lack of consideration for not looking for me in Fortaleza after having travelled so far.

He said he did not look for me because I had distanced myself from him after I went to live in Rio de Janeiro and that I had become very snobbish and did not care about anyone else.

I was too agitated by the dream and the next morning I imagined how much I resented his attitude and that I should look for him so that we could talk about it, clarifying what made him take that attitude.

Although it was only a dream, it portrayed my disappointment in his attitude and, in my heart, the childish way I had handled the matter.

## **The only dream that I remember**

*José Guilherme Correia de Menezes*

I don't know how I got into the living room. I was probably going to the kitchen to have a glass of water, which I usually do many times at night. However, it was in the living room that the scene happened. In the dark of the night, something similar to Venom with Garfield's face — the cartoon cat — was getting out of the window.

Although there is a network in my window, the Garfield/Venom just passed through it as it was coming out of the darkness. The time and space were confusing, but the monster was clear in my mind: A big and humanoid thing, all black, with a frog kind of skin, that has a cartoon face, also black, combined with some giant teeth. The monster was ridiculous, but the fear felt real, and started before I saw it.

The dream ended there, and made no sense. It was probably inspired by a Garfield episode that had spiders which I saw late at night. Nothing happened and the monster did nothing. It was only a personification of a bad sleep. That is the only dream that I can remember. I can wake up scared, but if I dream, I can't remember how the dream was for a long time.

## White teddy bear

*Juliete Costa da Rocha*

Yeah

It was an old orphanage. The dark house with wooden floors had a gloomy air. Orphans could remain in the place until completing higher education. Rita, Jorge and I grew up together. When he became an adult, Jorge decided to leave. Rita and I stayed. The director of the orphanage, Mrs. Anastácia had always been very mean. However, the university's gigantic library has always trapped us there.

That was our last year in that house. One day we had the idea of promoting a meeting with the group that had grown up together. We gathered those who lived there and those who had left. In the garden, we built a fire, talked, and ate marshmallows. Everyone would sleep in the mansion.

Before bed, Rita and I went to the library. Jorge, who had always hated that place, accompanied us. As we were looking through the shelves, Jorge found a book that read, "He will come back and set me free." There was space for a hand on the cover of the book. Jorge then put his hand on the mark.

At that moment, flames of fire radiated through the house. We ran and a shadow chased us. Everyone fled to the garden. The formless creature approached. We were desperate. It was then that Mrs. Anastácia appeared. Book in hand and hair flying, she unsuccessfully tried to push the monster back into the pages. When Jorge was already enveloped by the shadows, the director pulled the spirit to a white teddy bear.

Our first action was to want to burn the bear and get rid of that evil being. Mrs. Anastácia explained that burning the host would set the entity free forever. We would have to keep the object within sight and never open it. So it stayed until the end of the year.

It was our last week there. It would be our graduation. The cleaning lady was on a ladder cleaning a piece of furniture. Jorge would go to our party, even against his will. He would set foot in the mansion for the last time. When he arrived, the woman turned to see him and lost her balance. The ladder fell and tore open the bear that lay lifeless on the shelf. He was free.

## Dreams and nightmares

*Karina Maia Magalhães Campos*

I remember that, since I was a little girl, dreams and nightmares have filled most of my nights, but when I woke up, with the sunrise, all the memories of dreams always used to fade and become just blurred memories of imaginary thoughts. But there is one specific nightmare that I've never forgotten. In that nightmare, I was in the dark, with nobody around me, alone and lost, until the shadow of a creature appeared near me. His appearance was frightening: tall stature, long legs and arms, large fingernails and his face was already disfigured.

Then, suddenly, the creature, which at first remained immobile, started to run towards me and to make a strange and frightening noise at the same time. I remember that, at that moment, I felt terrified since I didn't know what I should do. However, unexpectedly, instead of coming to me, the monster disappeared and, from then on, I only saw darkness. But then, a few seconds later, he appeared again, closer now, so I started looking for somewhere safe to stay. I started running aimlessly, at first it didn't matter where I ran, as long as I got away from the creature. I found a kind of cave in the middle of the darkness, but, unlike the place I was before, it was lit. The creature could not enter the cave, so I decided to stay there.

Unfortunately, the peace did not last for long, as the cave lights began to dim. So, as the light of the cave dimmed, the creature gained space to enter it. However, just as he was about to catch up with me, I remember waking up from my sleep when my mother turned on the lights in my room. Then she warned me that there had been a power outage and the whole city was in darkness. Maybe I will never understand the meaning of this dream and it will never make sense, but in any case, it is a memory that marks me to this day.

Vitória: wow, this nightmare was really terrifying! I can understand why it marked you so much. I think the text is very well organized.

## The mysterious accident

*Klency de Araújo Otaviano*

I dreamed that I was driving, I was on my way home. It was after midnight, I was returning from a friend's house where there was a meeting of friends. It was a warm autumn night, not very windy, the streets were not very busy. I was a little sleepy, but I was still able to drive well. I intended to get home soon, because I needed to wake up early to work.

Finally, when I was on the avenue near my house, I saw that the passage was closed. There was an accident, and traffic agents cordoned off that area. So I had to swerve to another street, and so I continued on my way. However, as I was driving down this new path, four people appeared lying in the middle of the road. So I got out of the car and went to see what had happened. As I approached, people stood up and said they were in the two cars in the accident. They warned me that there was a fifth person, and that they couldn't find that person. After that, a bright light appeared in front of me, I couldn't see anything for two minutes.

When I looked again, I didn't find anyone else. After that, already frightened by this situation, I returned to the accident site. Arriving there, seeing from afar, I recognized the four people who were talking to me. The guards said these people were dead. Even more scared, my voice shaky, I asked them about a fifth person. They said there was no one else there. So I asked to approach the victims. The guards didn't want much, but they let me in. When I saw it up close, I realized that one of the victims was pregnant. The belly wasn't very big, but I know that there are pregnancies in which the belly doesn't grow much. As soon as I noticed, I told the guards. They called the ambulance. So they took the woman to the hospital where they managed to save the child.

Yeah



## Why do I always have this nightmare?

*Livia Damasceno Silva*

To start this story, you have to know that it is a constant nightmare in my life. Since I was a little child, I have had this terrible dream and I have never understood why this happens to me. The nightmare isn't about monsters or something scary, it is something invisible and I never can't see. So, the main character is me completely alone.

Secondly, this nightmare is always black and white and the set is a street that I never saw before. Moreover, this street has two big walls on both sides, like the walls that we see in a normal street, but the strange part is that, at the end of it, there is a huge gate with a padlock.

So, in the beginning of the nightmare, I'm just walking in this street and nothing happens, but when I get in the middle of it, I have a chill on my neck and I realize that I'm being chased. When this happens, I start to run to open the gate. However, the more I run, the more the gate moves away and the worst part is that I don't know what's behind me.

Finally, I get tired and run out of strength to run anymore. The gate is a little bit closer, but still I can't open it, because I don't have the key to open the padlock. The thing that is following me is getting closer and closer. Suddenly I wake up, this nightmare is always incomplete. I don't know if I will die, if I can open the gate or what will follow me. I already talked with my psychologist about that dream and she says a lot of people have this kind of nightmare. I have never known why until today.

With

Ow

## The tower and the girl

*Lohanna Kelly Marques Nogueira*

Once, I dreamed that there was a gray and tall tower, near a pond. The weather was gray and foggy. There were some shadows and it seemed to be at dawn. Next to the tower, there were some trees. The only person inside the tower was a lonely girl. She was on top of it and she could see the water of the pond rising and advancing slowly towards the tower.

It was an agonizing nightmare, she felt desperate. So she was running inside the tower trying to get out of there, but she realized that her family left her locked there and without the keys. She tried to scream for help, but there was no one in the street. So, in my dream, the only problem she had was with herself, about trying to keep calm and thinking about a way to get out of there. Then, she had the idea of floating in the water with her body, she had no other option but this one.

When she realized the water was on the tower's top, she just used her body weight to float in the water. So she felt relaxed when she realized that she should go with the current and wait for the water to go down. When the water went down, she felt very happy to have managed to escape from it and carried this thought for the rest of her life: keep calm in bad moments, otherwise you drown.

Yeah

## **This evening: Zombieland!**

*Lucas Oliveira Lima*

This is a story about some students in their school while a zombie apocalypse is happening outside. When this nightmare started, it looked as if the students had just woken up from sleep, but they, incredibly, were feeling well. They were confined in a classroom, to protect themselves from the zombies. They, somehow, knew about the zombies and were trying not to alarm them and find a way to get out of there; they were determined to survive. While they were discussing the ways to proceed, some zombies that were wandering around reached the classroom door, which was a grid gate, so the zombies saw them and tried to enter the classroom.

The zombies were trying to enter the classroom, so the students realized they had to get out of there faster. The characters were discussing ways to get out and to slow the zombies, loudly, what attracted more of them. Some of the students attacked the zombies using the chairs and tables, while others forced a grid trapdoor in the ceiling.

Finally, some students broke the trapdoor and reached the roof of the school, making their way up climbing the tables. When they looked around, they saw that there were zombies all over the school and in the surrounding streets. Still in shock, they heard the sound of a helicopter and saw it far away in the sky.

Good

oooooooooooo

## Rats and jealousy

Luiza Valeria Mouta da Silva

One day I had two dreams at the same night, not a dream, a nightmare. But first, I need to say that, In November 2018, I broke up with my ex boyfriend. I suffered a lot. Anyway...

In August 2019, I had a very troubled night, my first nightmare was very clear. I was walking down the sidewalk at the *North Shopping Fortaleza*, this is a very popular mall in my city and, as soon as I stood in front of the mall's access portal, I saw my ex boyfriend holding hands with a girl; they looked rushed but happy.

After this important information, I had muted my ex on all social media, and I no longer had his cell number. So I didn't know much about his life, what I still had for him was hurt and resentment.

The girl in that first nightmare had fair skin and short dark hair. This girl was about twenty centimeters shorter than him. I felt jealous but went back to sleep.

The second nightmare happened at dawn. I remember that, in the nightmare, I was inside my room, lying on my bed. Then, I woke up inside the nightmare, I looked up and I saw a lot of rats coming out of the wardrobe. There were a lot of mice, and they were huge. When I woke up, this time for real, I was really scared.

My first action was to find out what dreaming about "rats" means. I found that dreaming about mice means that someone is being dishonest with you; it is a warning sign for the person to stop being naive.

After this research, I got restless. I went to look at my ex boyfriend's social media, there was no explicit relationship, but there were some suspicious interactions between him and a girl just like the one in my nightmare. I know that I decided to move on with my life, I found out that later they broke up their relationship.

So never ignore your dreams and nightmares.

## **Zombie apocalypse**

*Mariana dos Santos Costa Lima*

It was a rainy day. I was in school and some people seemed very anxious and apprehensive. I didn't know what had happened and why people were acting like that, but I was worried and I just wanted to go home.

During the time I was walking to my house, I started to get more and more worried, because I noticed that people were in panic. That was when I realized something really bad had happened, so I searched for the news on my phone and got astonished with what I saw.

Scientists had a discovery. A new virus emerged. But it wasn't a common virus that made people sick. It was something that no one ever saw before, because people who were infected by this virus died after a few minutes of contamination and, after that, they started to walk again and began to feed on human flesh. And it got worse: this virus had reached many countries in the world. It was a pandemic.

My biggest concern by then was my family. I got home and, fortunately, everyone was safe. We didn't have much time, so we didn't talk properly about what was happening. Everyone was very anxious, so we just started to pack some important things and talked about leaving the city.

Very quickly, we finished putting the bags in the car and we left our house, looking forward to leaving the city in search of hope.

Ow



## **Evelyn's nightmare**

*Rosani Rodrigues da Silva*

There was a time when everything that Evelyn knew was about a nightmare. A continuous, and terrifying nightmare. Day by day, the same old friend came to visit her. The nightmare... that messy and bad dream that chased her every night.

Home alone, then power off, a real crime scene like the old 80's movies. That's the atmosphere... She wakes up in her own bed, and, suddenly, someone is chasing her in her own house. A nightmare within a dream. She can't see his face... or could it be her face? There's one thing for sure: something about the darkness in his eyes terrifies her. That's all that she can feel. For months, she had this nightmare. Night after night. The same old friend came to visit her. And she never found out why it was happening to her. Until tonight...

Look, Evelyn is the girl next door, an emotional and fragile girl lost in her own perfect world. She never thought that this kind of thing could happen to her. The nightmare always ends with her executioner sticking a knife in her chest. After that, she wakes up in her bed completely breathless. And about all those months, she was never able to catch the stalker. The nightmare always ends when she is about to catch the guy.

But, on this particular night, something was different. She could reach this person... that person who's been chasing her for several months. And then, when she finally pulls off his mask, she realizes that whoever was behind the mask, the person who she has been running away from was... herself! All her pain, and all her secrets were behind the mask! Then, suddenly, she finally realizes that sometimes there's nothing more terrifying than looking inside yourself.

With

Yeah

## Reflection

*Samea Steffani de Sousa Soares*

Last night, I had a brief "moment" - I do not know whether to classify it as a dream, a nightmare or the mixture of the two because it was very real. I dreamt that I was sitting on a chair with my elbows leaning on my study table, and there was, on top of it, a paper made of cotton, a fountain pen, and a cup of chamomile tea. I distinctly remember what I had written, it was a story, I don't know if it talked about me or someone I know, but it was sad. And I'll share it with you...

"The night of November 7, 1897 was cold, rainy and with a certain tone of melancholy, which provides a sense of foreboding, and for Sir Yuri XII, it was an omen.

Exactly 10 years had passed since the events of the fateful night, and for exactly ten years, Sir Yuri XII considered himself an unhappy, wounded and, above all, guilty man. The night that would change him, he made him promise himself that he would not open that drawer, at least not until today, for he had awakened from his afternoon sleep determined to face his demons.

He got up, left his room and went to the kitchen to get a glass of whiskey, hoping that the liquid would strengthen his sudden courage. At the end of the drink, he took advantage of the fact that he was in the kitchen and took some candles from the cupboard under the sink and went on his way. As he climbed the stairs of his loft located in a small village called Notting Hill, Sir Yuri XII felt his legs heavy and his footsteps become an eternity, until, at last, he reached the door, that damned door, which separated him from the love of his life.

He entered a room, half dark, illuminated only by the light coming from the corridor, lit a candle and placed it on a small table in front of a dusty window. Then, he sat and watched for a while through the window, the light breeze swaying the trees... until finally, he recovered a box from inside the desk drawer and opened it. The contents of the box made him fill his eyes with water, there was money, incense and jewellery. They were her jewels. He lit the incense because he wanted to feel the smell she liked one last time and almost as instantly someone touched his shoulder. Sir Yuri XII remained static, raising only his gaze to the window, it was she, or at least who she was one day..."

I can't give you an ending because I woke up with my heart pounding and sweating. I woke up as if I'd had a fright because the body reflected in the window.

## The boy of the bus

*Stephany Arruda Santos*

Taylor was a girl who loved going to college by bus, she loved to see the city outside the window, and the beautiful views in the city where she lived. She spent all day in college, where she studied arts, and loved to draw landscapes and beautiful places she saw. In the class, there was a handsome boy, who she liked a lot, but he didn't care about her very much. His name was John, and he was the best volleyball player in the college team, also he was the best student and draftsman in the class. John always took the bus with Taylor at the bus stop after the bridge.

One day, while she was coming back home, she crossed the avenue. She loved that view. It was an avenue, in the bridge above the sea, which has the most beautiful sunset in the city. And she thought "Why haven't I ever drawn this view before? Besides that, it is next to the bus stop where John takes the bus everyday." So, on the next day, when she arrived in the class, she started to draw that view that she saw on the previous day.

When she was almost finishing the painting, a girl accidentally spilled red ink and screwed up the painting. Taylor got very angry, and the girl said "I'm so sorry, but be careful". Taylor was so angry that she didn't care about what the girl said. So Taylor took her things and went home. Taylor and John took the same bus and he sat by her side, they started to talk about college. To her, it was like a dream, talking to the person who she always loved. When he was getting ready to get off the bus, he gave his phone number to Taylor, and she felt really happy.

But when he was walking home, next to the bridge avenue, a runaway car ran over John, and he fell into the sea under the bridge, and no one ever found his body. Taylor saw everything from the window of the bus. The college pathway was never the same.

## The nightmare isn't over yet

*Vanessa de Oliveira Alves*

Three girls were about to finish the eleventh grade. To be honest, they hated that school. Although the teachers and the infrastructure were really good, their classmates were terrible.

Mia, the oldest one, was 17 years old and had dark brown hair. She was smart and friendly. Haley was a short blonde girl, sensitive when it came to writing and the one who hated that school the most. Lastly, Lana, the youngest one who had hazel eyes and who loved music. They got along well, but their classmates didn't like them a lot.

Mia and Lana decided to go camping with their class because there weren't many other options of things to do in that small town. As expected, Haley didn't want to go. She was very quiet and not very friendly, so her classmates excluded her. The girls had a little fight about Haley being stubborn, but Mia and Lana convinced her to go with them.

They had fun that weekend, but, since they were in an unknown forest, they decided to go to the tent early that night and ended up sleeping. Haley woke up to some noises, but something stranger caught her attention - Mia wasn't there! She shook Lana and told her their friend was missing. They started looking for Mia with a flashlight and they were really afraid of what they were going to find. Suddenly, gunshot noises.

– IS THAT MIA? – Lana shouted.

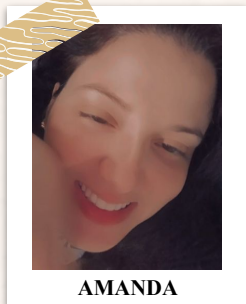
Haley turned around and saw Mia running like an Olympic athlete among the trees. But why? Men dressed in black clothes were shooting at Mia. With no alternative, Mia jumped into a lake to try to escape. The problem was that Mia didn't know how to swim.

– NO! PLEASE, DON'T! - It was Haley's time to scream.

All of a sudden, cold hands were on Haley's face. Mia's hands! She was there all the time and heard Haley screaming during her nightmare. They hugged each other tightly. Haley was still very nervous and knew her nightmare wasn't over yet, because she'd have Math class on Monday.

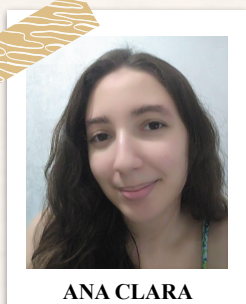


## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



AMANDA

My name is Amanda, I'm 33 years old and I'm from Fortaleza. I'm in university majoring in Italian and Portuguese. Currently I work as a teacher. My hobbies are watching movies, TV shows and cooking. A curiosity? I have a bad memory for dreams!



ANA CLARA

My name is Ana Clara. I'm an accounting science student. Usually, I don't remember my dreams or nightmares. But, they often let at least some feelings about them. However, I remember only one nightmare well and that's what I wrote about.



ANA SAFIRA

My name is Ana Safira, I'm 22 years old and I'm from Fortaleza, I like my city. I'm studying Medicine at UFC, in the 6th semester.



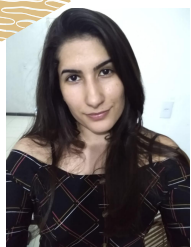
ANTÔNIA CLÁUDIA

I'm Cláudia, I'm an executive secretary, I love traveling and listening to Brazilian music and good foreign music too, especially the music from the 80's.



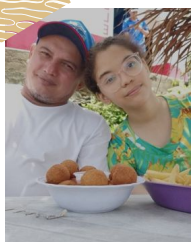


## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



ÁVILA

Hey guys! My name is Ávila, I'm 21 years old. I'm a medical student and I love to learn new things. When I was a child I lived in a region close to a dam and in 2009 it rained a lot and there was a general fear that the dam would break. The dam never broke, except in my nightmare.



BISMARK

Hello guys, my name is Bismark Andrade de Souza, I'm 48 years old, father of a daughter, graduated in Physics with a master's degree in Physics, and I'm a Physics Teacher in State Public Education. I wrote about Route 66 that crosses the US, a road that many travelers desire.



CLARA

My name is Clara, I'm 24 years old. I'm from Fortaleza and I'm a metallurgical engineering student at the Federal University of Ceará. On my free days I like to read books, go to the beach, listen to music and watch movies or series.



DANIEL

My name is Daniel Eymard, I'm a 20 years old student, and I was born and raised in Fortaleza. My hobbies are watching films and TV shows, listening to music, riding my bike and walking my dogs. I also love drawing. Most of my drawings are hugely influenced by the dreams and nightmares I have.



## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



DANILO

My name is Danilo Maia, I'm a business administrator and I live in Fortaleza. I love so much visiting Cocó Park. I really enjoyed writing about the good person that my son is.



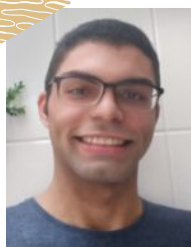
DAVIS

My name is Davis Ellisson. I'm 22 years old and I'm graduated in Geography at the Federal University of Ceará. The dreams and nightmares I have are usually very realistic, so being able to share one of them was a pleasure.



FÁBIO

Hello guys! I'm Fábio José. I study Geography at the Universidade Federal do Ceará. A hobby? Read or listen to podcasts about how football can explain societies, their historic contexts, their times, their conflicts, etc. And I've written about the dream *A body that falls*. But most important of all is that I love Boris, the yellow cat I've adopted.



GABRIEL

Hello there, my name is Gabriel Lázaro, I'm 21 years old, I live in Fortaleza, Ceará and, for now, I work as a private teacher while I study to become a physician. I like to spend my free time watching movies, series, listening to music, reading and talking about anything.



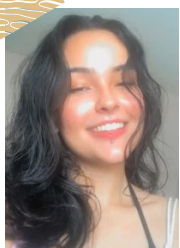


## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



**GABRIELA**

My name is Gabriela Cacau, I'm 25 years old, I'm a student and I live in Fortaleza. I love being on the beach.



**IEDA**

My name is Ieda, I'm 21 years old and I'm in the 8th semester of Telecommunication Engineering at IFCE. I love learning about everything that I think is interesting, like coding, art and sewing/crochet.



**ISMAEL**

My name is Ismael, I'm 53 years old and I was born in Bahia and raised in Minas Gerais. I have a degree in Accounting Sciences from PUC Minas. I moved to Fortaleza 5 years ago. My hobbies are physical activities, watching TV series and movies and cooking. I love cooking. I'm married and have 3 children.



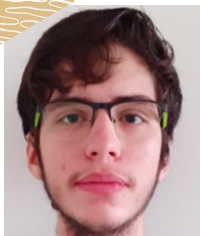
**IVINA**

My name is Ivina, I was born in May 1976. I'm the mother of Ian, a very intelligent nine-year-old boy. I've been a substitute teacher, out of passion, at the city hall of Fortaleza since 2014. I'm graduated in History from the Federal University of Ceará. I'm a person with a huge desire for a more just and egalitarian world.



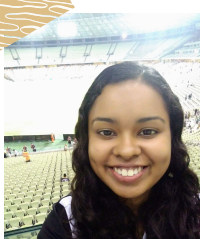


## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



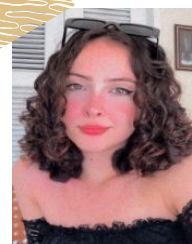
**JOSÉ GUILHERME**

My name's José Guilherme, and I'm a male 16 years old student borned in Fortaleza, in the Brazilian state of Ceara. My favorite school subject is Mathematics and, although I'm going to the final year of high school, I don't know what I want to do as a job in the future.



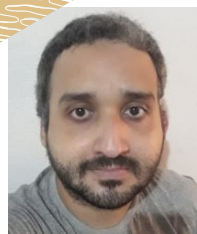
**JULIETE**

My name is Juliete Costa, and I wrote the text about a nightmare I had a few years ago. I'm a Journalism student at UFC and I'm in the 5th semester. I work at the newspaper O POVO as an intern. I really enjoy reading, writing and watching sports. It was really cool to write this text about a nightmare.



**KARINA**

My name is Karina, I'm 20 years old and I was born and raised in Fortaleza. I'm a law student, I have a job as an intern at a law office and, during the vacations, one of my favorite places to be in Ceará, without a doubt, is the village of Jericoacoara.



**KLENCY**

My name is Klency de Araujo. I am an administrative assistant at the UFC. I like watching soccer games, watching movies, series and listening to rock music. I wrote about my trip to João Pessoa. I loved this trip, it was a great experience.





## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



**LAISE**

My name is Laise and I chose to write about a dream that was enigmatic and fun at the same time. Searching for Dory in a dream was like being inside one of my favorite movies. I've always loved everything related to the ocean and marine life, so it was a positive surprise from my subconscious.



**LETÍCIA**

My name is Letícia Mota and I wrote about a dream I had at an important time in my life. It was a really meaningful and beautiful dream, so I decided to share it in this project.



**LÍVIA**

Hello, my name's Livia and I'm 22 years old. I live in Fortaleza and I graduated in Geography. I wrote about a nightmare that I've always had since I was a little girl. I never understand the reason, but it's an interesting story.



**LOHANNA**

I am Lohanna Nogueira, I am 22 years old and I am from Jaguaruana. I live in Fortaleza and I study Public Policies at UFC.

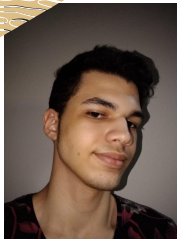


# ABOUT THE AUTHORS



LUCAS

My name is Lucas, I'm 17 years old. I'm a software developer intern. I sometimes have dreams about zombies because I like watching zombie series and movies, not because of the horror, but because of the survivalism.



LUIZ GUSTAVO

My name is Luiz Gustavo Vieira. I was born in 2003 and until then I've been living in Pacajus. I'm currently studying Biotechnology at UFC, in my 4th semester.



LUIZA

My name is Luiza Valeria, I was born in Fortaleza in 1993, I have graduated in Modern Languages from Ceara State University. I currently work as a teacher of basic education.



MARIA JOSIANE

My name is Josiane Lima and I wrote the text about Recife. I'm an account analyst. I really like to travel. This was an incredible trip and it was even better to share it with you.



## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



**MARIANA**

My name is Mariana dos Santos, I'm 18 years old and I study system analysis and development in college.



**MAURICIANO**

Hi, my name is Mauriciano Bezerra, I study advertising at UFC and I am in the 6th semester. In my free time, i like going to the gym, walking, watching movies, and going out with my mom and my sister.



**RAQUEL**

I am Raquel Nunes. I'm from Fortaleza and I'm a language student at Federal University of Ceará.



**ROSANI**

Hi there, I'm Rosani Rodrigues and I'm 31 years old. I graduated with a bachelor's degree in business administration at the Federal University of Ceará. I have been working with logistics for the last eleven years, and It's really passionate for me. Playing video games is what I usually do in my free time.





## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



**SAMEA**

My name is Samea Steffani, I'm twenty four years old and I study Civil Engineering at UFC. I would define myself as a lover of technology, good food and wine. I'm curious, I love historical places and music. And I hope you have fun reading the tale!



**STEPHANY**

My name's Stephany Arruda, I'm 22 years old, and I wrote the text about Taylor and John.. I'm a pharmacy student at UFC and I'm in 9th semester. I work in the Unimed Cooperative, as an intern in the hospitals in Fortaleza. It was very nice to make this text about the boy of the bus.



**TEREZA**

My name is Tereza Rafaella. I am a teacher at the Ceará State Network for Basic Education. Doctoral student in Sociology at the State University of Ceará (PPGS/UECE). Social Scientist and Master in Sociology from the Federal University of Ceará (UFC), with a scholarship (CAPES).



**ÚRSULA**

My name is Úrsula Prado, I'm 26 years old. I am an Agronomy Engineer and I'm doing an MBA in Landscaper (I love the landscaping area). Currently, I work in my garden store and work as a garden consultant. I like nature, trips, friends, outdoor and group activities. I wrote a short story about a gold dream after a good day with children with very fertile imaginations and crazy for sweets.

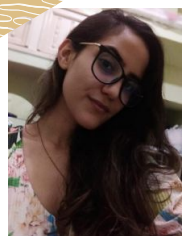


## ABOUT THE AUTHORS



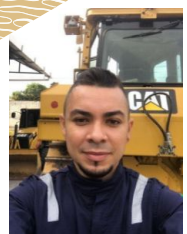
VANESSA

Hi, everyone! I'm Vanessa Alves, I'm 20 years old and I'm from Fortaleza, Ceará. I study Journalism at Universidade Federal do Ceará (UFC) and I'm in the 4th semester. Also, I love having ballet classes, reading and writing.



VITÓRIA

My name's Vitória Carvalho and I'm 20 years old. I'm in the 8th semester of pharmacy at UFC. I love traveling, meeting new people and having new experiences. I also love pets and spending time with my friends and family.



YAM

My name is Yam. I'm a heavy duty mechanic, and I'm in the 6th semester of Mechatronics Engineering at IFCE and I'm a servant of God.





