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Creative Writing: Genre Mashing Synopsis (Psychological Tragedy)

Oliver is in his late-eighties. He is currently fast asleep and dreaming. Although his dreams can be quite horrifying, tonight's dream is the opposite. Being the most pleasant dream he is allowed to have, this is Oliver's favorite dream. He yearns to see it play before his closed eyes each night as he falls asleep. For when this dream doesn't come to Oliver, he knows that the others will. They aren't nearly as pleasant. Usually he is woken up in the middle of the night, many times more than once, as scared as a young child would be from what he's just seen.

Each dream Oliver has is a recurring dream, for he cannot recall the last time he dreamt something new. This night's dream is more than a recurring dream, though, as it is a memory from long ago. He was only married once, to a young beautiful woman whose name was Amy. Although she passed long ago, he never remarried as she had already taken all the love he could give and more. There was simply no more left for him to give to another. Amy and he only ever had one child, a daughter, Madison. They tried having more children after Maddy was born, but had stopped after a few miscarriages made them lose all hope. Maddy had also passed, not long after Amy. On this night's dream, though, Oliver isn't dreaming of the loss he felt; he is dreaming of a summer long ago when Maddy -- Oliver is woken up, in a confused daze. The dream is over. "Sorry," he hears, "had to wake you for count."

As Oliver comes to, he remembers the reality of his situation and quickly becomes annoyed with the guard for waking him. It'll be an entire week until he sees this dream again. For each night until then, he will be reminded of the act he committed all those years ago. As he had initially felt relieved and was unaware that he had committed any wrongdoing, he was forced to see his crime from another person's perspective each night of the week but one, out of

compassion. On this one night of each week, he has been and continuous to be shown a happy time in his life, reminding him of the life he could have had. Now, as an old man, he feels the pain but tells no one. His memory is slipping away, but he cannot forget. For to forget is to say that it never happened.