

DREAMS

Bijan Saha

*Laboratory of Information Technologies
Joint Institute for Nuclear Research, Dubna
141980 Dubna, Moscow region, Russia**

1

G. was sleeping. The night was thick and dark. It was the best time for dreams to come down the earth from the heaven where they usually spend their time. Finding G. in deep sleep they decided to visit her. There were many of them. And the sleeping men were too less. Obviously there arose a quarrel. At last they decided to make their fate by lottery. And a horrible dream, winner of the lottery, came to G.

G. was bathing in the sun on the Volga. The day was bright and hot – best time for sun bath. The water was warm. Both adults and children were there – some were in the river and the others on the sandy bank. Some were reading, some were just lying. The sun, red with anger, was moving slowly along the *akash-path*(a path through the sky). When everybody was thinking to lie there till dusk, a black devil cloud came flying from the far end of the sky. And darted up a stormy wind. People began to run heather and thither. And G. also prepared to go home. She called Anton and Monica. Quickly they came. But where is the little one. There was no trace of him. She tried to shout, but unfortunately she could not remember his name. By this time a naughty wind came down and blew someone away. G. only found a little kid covered with white cloths flying away crying *mama, mama*. G. could not bear it. "*No, no*" – a heart-pounded cry came out from the deep of her mother-heart. Next morning G. told Abhi,

"We will have a kid. And it will be a girl."

"Don't you want to abort?"

"Till now there is nothing to abort."

"But!"

*"It was just a message from God. When a dream like it comes to you, it means you are going to get a kid from **Santa Clause**."*

2

It was a hot, cloudy day. There was no air. And it was stuffy in the room. But little Monica was sleeping as she sleep everyday. And a misguided dream that came down last night from the heaven also wanted to sleep. But the air was too heavy for him. So after a bit he woke up. He felt boring and sorry for himself. To cheer himself up he decided to have a little chat with sleeping Monica. First he wanted to tickle her, so entered into

*Electronic address: saha@thsun1.jinr.ru, bijan@jinr.ru

her through her nose. And Monica began to itch in sleep. He did it time and time again. At last he got tired and decided to come to her in usual manner. The dream was also a little one like our Monica. It was just a dream kid.

Monica was playing with her doll. Suddenly came Anton and took the doll. She got angry and tried to bite him. Anton gave up and every thing was OK. Then Anton came with her bottle and began to drink from it. And Monica began to cry. The little dream was sorry for Monica. Anton brought another bottle and gave it to Monica.

Abhi and G. who were sitting near saw Monica smiling in her sleep. They were also happy. Abhi kissed G. on the lip and then they both kissed Monica on her both soft cheeks. Monica opened her eyes, smiled a little and fell asleep again.

3

NHT is a born-artist. As a little boy he always dreamed to paint the world in red, gold and green. But as he grew up, his father wanted him to be a technocrat. His artistic view of life disturbed him to be one. But when the **big change** shook the world, he decided to be a businessman. Finding him in deep sleep our dreams wanted to laugh at him.

It was sunny day of early october. Golden autumn was standing outside. In the nature there was an explicit domination of gold over green. Some where red thrust out his snake-like tongue that one can mistake it as fire.

NHT was roaming about Moscow suburb. He was looking for a suitable sight. Enchanted by the color of nature his heart was also longing for some thing to paint. At last he came to a dark blue lake. The red-gold forest that stood over it was continued by the green-blue sky with the silver clouds floating to and fro by the chaos wind. The amalgamation of all these colors gave the spot a divine beauty. NHT opened his device and began to draw. He drew and drew. He drew all the day. Only when the sun sank into the lake and the full moon jumped out of it he got up. Coming home he had his tea and wanted to see the paintings he made today. As he brought them out he find the color vanishing little by little. There was only green left. NHT rubbed his eyes with indignation. As he opened his eyes he found some fresh green dollars in stead of the paintings. It made him so unhappy that he began to weep. The warm tear came down through his cheek and caused him wake up.

NHT got up and went to the mirror. He stared at his reflection. And he found that now-a-days his eyes like the dollar green color rather than the other.

4

A prominent bengoli writer DS was sitting in his Moscow flat with a half-full glass of vodka in his hand. The evening sun was playing hide and seek with the naughty clouds. This endless game of light and shade, over all the lovely touch of warm vodka were taking him to the days of far past. He could find himself as a little boy wandering about the northern hill tracts. Then came those days of partition. Endless que of homeless people moved slowly towards the uncertain future. Like the movie there would come the days of his early soviet life, those lovely days in Progress as a translator, then the perestroika with its future shock, his home-going and at last, once full of life, his lifeless, god-less,

light-less Moscow-flat. Little by little all these pictures mixed up and diluted in vodka. Ultimately he fell asleep.

Finding him asleep naughty dreams decided to have a joke. And Mr. DS discovered him in the middle of a left pond. It was '71. People were running towards India like the cattle followed by wolves. They were running with their life in their hand. And DS was standing in the middle of a lake. Behind him was his country, his wife, new-born daughter. In front of him the city of his youth past, the call of his first love. For a time he stood motionless, he felt himself like Trisonku the king who was left between heaven and the earth. In this weight-less state when he began to sink and fear began to come down through his back-bone, the dreams left him. He just made a little movement and went on sleeping again. And the dreams came back. He is now sitting in a dark room. A man, once colonel of Indian army, now seriously ill, was lying on the bed. As DS was talking with the sister of his first love, a woman, face covered with shari, swept the room. When she went out, the lady in the room asked

"Don't you recognize the girl?"

"No! Who is she?" DS would ask.

"She is P (his first love). And this man is her husband. Indeed he is lying in death bed."

There was a long silence. A shrill cry of a girl, that broke the pin-drop silence, could be heard out side.

"Who is crying?" DS would ask.

"It is their only child, born mad."

A thick ball of sorrow came up. DS could feel it just in his throat. Some invisible hands began to suffocate him. He wanted to cry out. But no sound came out.

Next morning when he woke up, he found himself lying on the floor.

5

On the way to school Anton saw that the four **Ninza Turtles** were coming towards him. As they came closer Anton asked them

"Hello guys, what are you doing here?"

"The planet is in danger. We are looking for a brave boy."

"I see! Did you find any?"

"We've just begun our search. But say where are you heading so early?"

"Why? I'm going to school."

"Are you sure they can teach you there any thing good?"

"Obviously. At least mama says so."

"You fool! you're just wasting your golden time. Why not you do come with us?"

"And what I'll say when mama would ask me about my home-task and so on?"

"I do never see such a mother's child." Rafael whispered to Lionardo.

"I'm not a mother's boy at all. Say what do you want me to do?"

"Good! Then follow us."

They began to run. On the way they met bird-like snakes spreading fire from their mouth. Anton and Co. easily defeated them. They ran forward to arrest those who came from the other planet and present real danger to our mother earth. After a while they met some terrible fighters. Anton and the **Ninza Turtles** began to fight. Anton began to

sweat. His breath became faster and faster. At last when a fighter began to choke him, Monica came to his bed and began to tickle him. Anton jumped in fear and fell down from the bed.

"What is going on?" mama asked him.

Anton opened his eyes. He looked for the **Ninza Turtles**. There was but Monica smiling near his bed.

"Nothing. Please give me a glass of water."

He drank water and covered himself with the blanket to have a little sleep. But mama said

"Anton! Get up. It's the time to go to school."

"Oi! Once again." his displeased voice could be heard.

But there was no way to stay in bed any more. Indeed it was high time to go to school.

6

VD is a well-known physicist. He works in the field of electrodynamics. And the subject of his investigation is toroid moments. (For those who don't know what a torus is I need to clarify it. Torus is a ring-like life-boat one can find in launches or a air-full tube of a car). All day long he constructs different kinds of ring-like configurations with currents, charges, electric and magnetic fields. Those who know him jokes:

"VD lives in a torus."

Once, after a long day of hard work, when VD went to sleep, naughty dreams decided to test his nervous system. They constructed a very long chain with a large number of torus and began to pull him through the rings. First VD found it interesting in the role of a moving electron. But soon he got tired and wanted to come out. When he was near to the one end of that long chain, the dreams joined it to the other end. As a result the chain turned into an endless one. VD moved and moved but couldn't find the way out. Next morning when he came to the office, his big red eyes looked more confused. He called his student and said:

"I'm going to give up my study with the torus. They have no end as well as beginning."

7

A famous specialist on General Relativity NC is also famous for his addiction to *vodka*. It is said that once when he visit his friend in Moscow he drank five bottles of *vodka*. And on his way back to Dubna, when police arrested some drunkard, he certified them as drunkard.

Finding him little bit drunk and sleepy naughty dreams wanted to play a real drama.

While he was walking in the forest, NC came to a lake. Air is always fresh here. But now it was mysteriously smelt *vodka*. His heart began to beat faster. He began to look for the origin. At last he understood that the lake was full of *vodka*. He took the glass out of his pocket and wanted to have some right then. But *vodka* turned out to be unpickable. Great scientist understood that gravitational field was very strong there.

"How can I come out of this unbelievable situation?" he began to think.

"Change the sign in the interval" some one whispered.

No sooner did he change the sign, the lake collapsed and *vodka* began to run away. To utilize the opportunity properly NC began to drink glass after glass until his stomach was full upto his throat.

Next morning when he picked his head up is was as heavy as a mountain. He felt a tremendous hang-over. He found a bottle of *vodka* looking at him from the shelf. He got up, poured that liquid fire into a big glass. He drove it strait to his empty stomach and headed to the office to the new problem of gravitation.