

Slumberland
Fantasy Stories, Entertaining
Thought-Provoking, Magical
When Our Dream World
and Reality Become One

Tygo Lee

Copyright 2014–2020 Tygo Lee
All rights reserved.

Published in eBook format by eBookIt.com
<http://www.eBookIt.com>

ISBN-13: 978-1-4566-2371-5

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author. The only exception is by a reviewer, who may quote short excerpts in a review.

Note from the author:

This 2020 ebook is a revised fourth edition of the previously published first, second, and third editions of the same name.

Table of Contents

Prologue

Slumber Tale 1: A Lofty Tale

Slumber Tale 2: Remembering When

Slumber Tale 3: Getting Ogre You

Slumber Tale 4: Shankra-Lala

Slumber Tale 5: All Wound Up

Slumber Tale 6: Just Kidding Around

Slumber Tale 7: Slumberland

Prologue

I have a great debt of gratitude to both Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu for the timeless wisdom they have passed on to many generations following their deaths. I first came in contact with Lao Tzu's mystical writings when I was in high school. I was totally overwhelmed and inspired by him, Chuang Tzu, and many other Taoists up to the present. What wonderful mentors they all have been to me and continue to be as I move forward on my journey.

In particular, I was deeply influenced many years ago by what is often referred to as *The Butterfly Dream* by Chuang Tzu. And this was the fundamental inspiration for this book, *Slumberland*. The translations will vary somewhat in their expression and detail, but the essence of *The Butterfly Dream* goes something like this...

Once I, Chuang Tzu, dreamed I was a butterfly and was happy as a butterfly. I was conscious that I was quite pleased with myself, but I did not know that I was Tzu. Suddenly I awoke, and there was I, visibly Tzu. I do not know whether it was Tzu dreaming that he was a butterfly or the butterfly dreaming that he was Tzu.

And so my own Butterfly Dreams begin, in the pages that follow.

Reality, will never be quite the same again, for me.

And for you?

Slumber Tale 1: A Lofty Tale

What a restless night's sleep that had been. I was trying to get myself out of bed in the early morning hours by rubbing my hands across my eyes to help me wake up and make the real world visible to me again.

Suddenly, I realized that I had no fingers! And where were my hands? My arms had disappeared too! Hey, I've got wings stuck on the side of my body. And my body, well, it has changed. It's now real dinky and boney, and covered with feathers. What's going on here anyway!

I definitely need a cup of coffee! Yeah, I need a serious caffeine boost to get out of this slumbering state. I'll just jump off the bed and walk on over to the...

What strange feet I have! My legs look like two skinny sticks coming out of the bottom of my body, with some shorter skinny sticks that are spread out for me to hop along on. Wow, I'm hopping! I can't seem to stroll around as I normally would. Nope, no strolling. I'm hopping!

I've got it. A mirror. That's it, I need a mirror! I'm surely imagining all this and once I get a good look at myself with my eyes wide open, I'll be able to see that this is all an illusion.

Oh, no. This is the mirror that I look at myself in every morning. But now I've got these little, black eyes that are staring back at me. Hey, that's spooky. I'm scaring myself by looking at myself! That's not supposed to happen. Nope. I know I'm not the best looking guy in the world, but this is ridiculous!

Coffee. This is urgent! I've got to gulp down a bunch of coffee and get myself out of this.

Uh-oh. My once-faithful mirror is showing a pointy beak down below my beady eyes instead of the two lips that open up with teeth inside. How am I going to gulp down some coffee with *that* thing sticking out of my face! And come to think of it, how am I going to go about making my coffee and holding the mug with these wings I've got hanging on each side. I'm doomed!

Hmmm. Well, that makes me think. You know, I've always wondered what it would be like to be able to fly. I've thought that it would be super cool to be able to cruise the air currents by using my own power. Wing power!

Okay, maybe this isn't so bad after all! If I'm just *imagining* my condition because I haven't fully woken up yet, then I'd better try out this flying thing before it's too late, right?

Good idea. No, that's a *great* idea! Change of plans. No coffee. No, that would mess this whole thing up. No big caffeine boost. Skip that. Cancel it out. Forget about it. I *want* to stay asleep if that's what is *really* going on.

Well, but wait a minute. On the other hand, if I've actually *turned into* a bird somehow, and I'll be a bird forever, then what?

No, no, no. Best not to think about that. Yeah, that's spooky. I'll go with the flow and leave it at that. That's what I'll do. I'll simply go with the flow.

Whatever is going on, this is pretty cool, huh? I like it! I *definitely* am liking it. This is great—I'm going to go flying!

Okay, I'm ready. Now, how do these wing things work? Let's see, you've gotta flap them, right? Yeah, a whole bunch of flapping is what I see the birds do.

Ha, ha, ha! The *birds*, I say. Well now, *I'm* a bird!

Here I go. Flapping, flapping, flapping. It's working! I'm up off the floor of my bedroom. Okay, now some forward motion and yeah, I'm moving ahead. I'll make a circle once around the room and I'm ready to head outside.

Ouch! Ouch, ouch, ouch!

Darn it! That hurt a lot!

I was so excited about getting airborne that I forgot that the window had to be *open* in order for me to go out.

Ouch! Darn it, darn it, ouch!

My dinky head is still throbbing from having banged it hard against the glass. That's what I get for trying to keep my place organized and clean. Yeah, shiny, spotless windows. Bad idea. Darn it, darn it!

When I get out of this "bird condition" that I find myself in sometime later, I'm going to remember to never ever clean the windows in my house again! Ouch, darn it, darn it!

So, how do I get out of here? Think, Tygo, think. The living room windows? No, I shut them up last night. The kitchen? No, too many flying bugs come in to try to share my food with me, so no exits there.

Uh, let's see. The bathroom? Yeah, the bathroom! I always leave the little window open a bit so the steam from the shower can get out and not fog up my mirror. That's it—the *bathroom* is my escape route to the open sky!

Here I go. Flap, flap, flap. Flap, flap, flap. Flap, flap, flap.

I'm flying! Yes, I'm flying and I'm *outside* of my house now with the whole planet waiting for me to explore it!

Hey, this isn't so hard at all, as long as there aren't any shiny, spotless windows in front of me that trick me into thinking that the path is clear ahead.

I know what. I'm going to flap myself up high and then glide back down low. Okay, that's high enough. Zoom, I'm heading back down.

Wow, what a thrill. What a *thrill* this is! I'm going to do that again. Up, up, up, and now—zoom, I'm heading back towards Earth again!

I could do this all day. All day! Up and down and up and down and, well, maybe I should circle around my neighborhood to check out the sights from an airborne perspective I've never had before. Yeah, good idea. Now I'll do my high-and-low aerial maneuvers so I can get a panoramic look at the place I call "home." Pretty cool.

Gee whiz, I've got a bunch of shingles that are loose and floppy on my roof. So *that's* why I've had some dripping going on inside when it rains. I best take care of that when I wake up and lose my wings. Uh, I *am* going to wake up, aren't I? This *is* just a temporary dream state, isn't it?

Well, at the moment, I don't really care about losing my wings. I'm going to do some more up and down stuff and then some more gliding-swooping stuff. Hey, there's Katy the Kid down below, out in her front yard. I think I'll head down to ground level and say hello.

Let's see. I can perch on a branch of that bush that's right beside her. Yeah, perch! I've never *perched* anywhere on anything before because I've never had these sticks-for-legs-and-toes as I do now. Cool! Here I go.

Whoa! I guess you have to do your perching with a bit more calm by slowing down your speed some before you land on a branch. I'm swinging back and forth and up and down and all around on this leafy resting place like crazy! I feel like I'm going to throw up. And I'm pretty dizzy too.

I have to hold on tight to this branch or this is going to be really embarrassing if I should fall off and crash my head on the ground. Phew! The wavering has almost come to a stop now, but it messed up my equilibrium big time. I sure hope I don't vomit. A vomiting bird, imagine that! That would be as embarrassing as having fallen off this branch.

"Hey, little birdie. Why are ya bouncing around so much on that branch you landed on? I've never seen a bird do that before!"

Yeah, a pretty uncool landing, huh? But it was my first time, so you know how it is when you're not quite sure about how to do something.

"Yikes, the birdie answered me back! Yikes, yikes, yikes!"

Well, *of course* I can answer you back! You see, when I woke up this morning...

"Yikes, it talked to me again! How can that be? I mean, it's okay if ya want to talk to me and everything, but a birdie has *never* talked to me before, so I..."

Come on, Katy. Calm down, okay. You see, when I woke up this morning...

"Katy? Katy! The birdie knows my name! She called me Katy! How can that be? I mean, it's okay if ya know my name, but..."

She? Hey, I'm a he! Can't you see that? Well, come to think of it, maybe you *can't* see that I'm a he.

"Hmmm. He knows that he's a 'he' and he knows my name and..."

Katy, it's me, Tygo. *Tygo*, Katy! You know, your neighbor from down the street.

"Huh? Stop fooling around, will ya! Tygo is a friend of mine and he's got arms and legs and he's real big and tall and he doesn't perch on bushes beside me!"

Yeah, pretty cool, huh? I just did my first perching! It was my *first* time!

"Well, ya sure did a lot of wavering around when you landed. I thought ya were gonna fall off and crash your little head on the ground and get a big headache that would last for hours afterward."

Yeah, I know, I know. Pretty embarrassing, huh? But it was my *first* time, Katy, so I'll get better at it when I practice more.

"You said my name again! Are ya *really* my friend Tygo from down the street? Huh, are ya, huh?"

Without a doubt, Katy. How about this? Do you remember last week when you brought me over a glass of fresh lemonade that your mother had made so I could enjoy it with you on that hot summer day? We sat out on my front porch, right?

“You *are* Tygo! Awesome! But why did ya turn into a bird, Tygo? Didn’t ya like the body ya had, huh? Did ya want to change bodies for some reason? Why did ya do that, huh?”

You see, when I woke up this morning...

“Well, actually it doesn’t matter. Awesome! You’re a *bird*, Tygo. Awesome!”

Yeah, well, I, uh... so, what’s up, Katy?

“Nothing.”

I mean, what are you doing?

“Nothing.”

Okay, that’s cool. Actually, doing *nothing* is fine, come to think of it.

“I came out here barefoot in my yard so I could feel the grass tickling my toes. It’s a weird feeling and pretty fun to do it. Do you do that too, Tygo? I mean, did ya do it when ya had *toes* and before ya got those stick things for feet?”

Uh, to be honest, it’s been a while since I did that, but when I was a little kid like you I did that some too.

“Yeah, but that was *centuries* ago! I mean, have you done it *lately*, letting the grass tickle your toes and having fun like that?”

Well, no, Katy. Come to think of it, it probably *has* been centuries ago since I enjoyed something like that. But I tell you what. Once I get my normal body back, you and I are going to do it together someday, okay! Would you like that?

Okay, Tygo. So when are ya gonna get your body back, huh? I think you should stay as a birdie for a while and then I can take ya around to show ya to all my friends. Would ya let me do that, huh? Would ya?”

Sure, Katy. If I don’t get my normal body back soon, I promise you that you can take me around with your friends.

“Awesome! Thanks a lot, Tygo!”

No problem. Anyway, I have to take off for the moment, Katy. I think I’ll head up the street a bit and see if my good friend Morty el Mago is at home. Have fun out in your yard this morning, okay?

“Yeah, Tygo. Thanks a bunch for visiting me. You’re the only *old* person on this block who spends time with me and talks to me and plays with me once in a while, and you can come back whenever you want!”

Here I go again. Up, up, and away! Wow, I got to Morty’s house in a flash. This flying is a lot faster than having to walk. I like it! Imagine going shopping with these wings. I wouldn’t have to weave around on the streets, stop for red lights, or get stuck in traffic and stuff like that. I could go straight to my destination and in a few seconds, I’d be there! Hey, what luck. Morty is sitting out on his front porch.

This time, I’m going to try landing *gracefully* on one of the arms of the wicker sofa he’s sitting on. Okay, careful. I’m slowing down my speed. Careful now. Ever slower. Careful. Slower. I’m targeting my furniture perching spot. Careful. Careful now.

Boink. Ouch! Oh well. At least there was no wavering this time, but that was a rather hard plop-landing. I dropped and plopped! As a positive note, I didn't slide off, fall off, or miss altogether. You know, this seems to be a technique that requires a certain amount of patience and practice before you can do it well.

Morty obviously saw my quasi crash landing and he's staring at me with curious eyes. That's good. I've got his attention.

Hi, Morty! How's it going?

"Hmmm. Well, everything's fine. I guess."

It's *me*, Morty. Tygo!

"Uh, well, okay. So, 'Tygo' you say."

Yeah, Morty. Isn't this cool! What do you think?

"Uh, so, *Tygo*, what are you doing inside of that bird?"

I'm not *inside* a bird, Morty, I *am* a bird! I, well, actually maybe I *could* be inside a bird. Or I could *be* a bird. Or to be honest, I'm not really sure *what* is going on. Whatever the case, it's pretty cool, huh!

"Okay, I suppose I can accept that, Tygo. This is quite strange, I must admit, but I've seen so many strange things in my lifetime that I guess my good friend could possibly show up on my porch *inside* of a bird, or *as* a bird—whatever the case may be, as you say. And by the way, that was quite a landing you made on the arm of my wicker sofa! I bet that hurt a little, huh?"

That hurt a lot, Morty! I haven't perfected this air-to-ground thing yet, but keep in mind, I only got my wings a short time ago.

"Sure, Tygo. Uh-huh. No problem. Right. Okay, I'll *definitely* keep that in mind. Just a short time ago. Right."

So, what's up, Morty?

"Nothing."

I mean, what are you doing?

"Nothing."

Yeah, well, that's cool. Actually, doing *nothing* is fine. Katy the Kid is doing the same thing.

"Huh?"

Nothing.

"Oh yeah."

"I came out here all alone real early, Tygo, before the noise of the day got started. In that way, I could spend some time reflecting on some of life's mysteries while enjoying the cool morning breeze and listening to the birds merrily chirping up in the trees."

Sounds good to me, Morty! You and I have spent many a moment together on your front porch or mine without talking. We've just sat together sipping on some iced tea or drinking some coffee and each one of us silently pondering something of personal interest.

"By the way, Tygo. As a bird, do *you* perch up in the trees, merrily chirping away like the others that I hear?"

Well, I, uh... I'm not sure.

"What do you mean?"

I mean, I'm not sure if I know how to *chirp*, Morty.

"Right, you said you just got your wings a short time ago. Okay. No problem, Tygo. I was just curious, that's all. Maybe you haven't done any chirping yet."

"This is really quite strange, but I suppose there's no reason why I shouldn't be able to communicate with a bird with a human language instead of a chirping language."

"Come to think of it, there's no reason to *suppose* anything because I'm doing it! I'm talking to a *bird* as if he were, well, I'm talking to my good friend Tygo who is, uh, well, best to leave it at that."

I've gotta be off for the moment, Morty. I think I'll head back down the street a bit and see if that neighbor of ours, Mr. Burke, is still at home. Enjoy yourself out on the porch this morning, okay?

"I've been doing just that, Tygo. Thanks for visiting me! You're the *only* person on this block who spends much time with me and understands why I spend so many hours out here on my porch *apparently* 'doing nothing.' And you're the *only* person who will 'do nothing' with me for hours on end. As you know, you're always welcome to come back whenever you want."

Here I go for another liftoff. Up, up, and away! I'm quickly up high enough to be able to see down the street and yes, my neighbor Mr. Burke is coming out of his house now. He's got his briefcase under his arm and a coffee cup in his hand, ready to head off for his day's work.

CONTINUED...
