

Dreaming Up the Repressed

A Beckoning Rooms Prequel

They were wide awake when they encountered the beckoning rooms, but as they slept their dreams also beckoned.

**Download the complete prequel at
karinbrauneronline.co.uk/prequel/**



DREAMING UP THE REPRESSED

Introduction

They'd never had dreams like these before. So vivid, yet so unreal that when they woke up they knew they'd just had one.

Sometimes, they'd even know they were dreaming from within the dream itself! *That might come in handy in their waking hours as well, but that'll have to wait for another day.*

As they all traveled through the different worlds, created by the deepest, darkest, most unconscious parts of themselves, they discovered things that they wished had stayed put where they were originally sent.

Forgotten. Unable to harm them or call them up to experience things they'd long left in the past.

This is the power of dreams. We can't help but dream. It happens to us without much conscious control.

Our unconscious beckons us. The repressed beckons us.

It succeeds in one way or another. Survival depends on what we do with what we uncover.

Survival? For Jenna, Jacob and Jeremiah it feels just like that. In a dream state or an awake state, they're not sure anymore.

The beckoning rooms are there in their waking hours. Their dreams in their sleep.

Dreaming up the repressed will take you on a journey to the most remote areas of these three people's minds.

Will you dream up the repressed tonight?

JENNA

Dreaming up Unicorns

As Jenna fell asleep that first night, she snuggled up to her long lost teddy.

Forgetting that she wasn't ten anymore, she did what she always did when she was young.

Rocked herself to sleep.

When she opened her eyes, she noticed that her surroundings had changed yet again.

This time, she'd travelled to a place of wonder.

Bright, pastel colours shining all around her.

Creatures she'd encountered before, some had three eyes and many legs, others just had a distinct colour she couldn't even begin to name.

She'd been here before. But she didn't really know where she was.

It was as if she'd been taken into one of her stories. The ones she used to read to distract herself with from daily life.

She knew she was safe. She especially knew she was safe when, out of the corner of her eye, she saw her favourite mythical creature of all – a unicorn! *How wonderful!* She thought.

Yes, it was a unicorn, but it was a baby one. *Awwwww!* She exclaimed. Taking in all the beauty of this place. The calm she felt was incredible.

She giggled and smiled, like a little child. She felt free here.

As she stood up, Jenna noticed underneath her was something like a cloud. It quickly dissipated as she took a step out of it, into the grassy ground underneath.

Incredible! Jenna exclaimed, feeling extremely amused and intoxicated by the shiny brightness and blissfulness of this place.

She wasn't questioning anything, she was just walking around, enjoying herself.

The baby unicorn had now reached her. Their eyes met, and they knew they were friends. They could trust one another.

They both danced and jumped around together for a while. Jenna giggled and cuddled the baby unicorn, like they'd known each other forever.

Then, suddenly, with one single move, the baby unicorn began to run away from Jenna. She chased him for what seemed an eternity.

Panting and stopping to catch her breath, she realised the baby unicorn was nowhere to be found.

She sat down on a purple rock and began to sob. It wasn't fair that she'd lost her friend. Her only friend!

After a short while, Jenna stood up. Gathered herself and continued searching.

She searched and searched, and along the way she found other creatures that wanted to be her friend.

She felt guilty. She couldn't get new friends yet?!

She couldn't betray the baby unicorn, even if he'd left her first.

Walking on, Jenna began to notice behind her, how the other creatures had been following her and keeping her company.

It felt like the start of something new.

But what about baby unicorn? Who'll take care of him?

Somehow she knew he'd be fine. He always was. In her other dreams, they always found each other again.

Maybe in her next dream, he'll be here.

She also knew she'd be fine. She had lots of new fantastic friends around her. they'd help her on her way.

As she thought this, she found a patch of soft grass, and lied down to sleep. She was so tired after all that running.

Jenna woke up, smiling. She loved those dreams! She smiled at the power of her imagination, and got up, unsure of what the day would bring.

JENNA

Losing it all

Jenna wasn't sure anymore if going to bed and chancing a strange dream would be a good idea at this point.

The reality of the place she found herself in was, in many ways, just as unsettling.

At least in her dreams she could wake up and know it wasn't real...or was it?

It was summer time and she'd agreed to meet her friend at their favourite coffee shop.

They loved it partly because it was quieter than other places, but also because it was attached to a very fashionable women's clothing store.

Oh how they loved to play dress-up there, with all the fancy clothes they couldn't really afford.

They didn't care. They had become familiar with the shop lady and she was happy for them to try on a few items and take some photos for their Instagram, which gave her some free advertising. Win-win!

Jenna had been early that day, and she was about to order her second mango smoothie when she heard the shop lady come through and tell her all about the new party dresses that had just arrived.

As this was happening, Cynthia arrived, apologising for being late, blowing air kisses as they assumed posh people would do when greeting one another.

They were quite funny together. They didn't care how they seemed to others. They were happy with each other.

The shop lady called both of them over to try on the dresses.

Jenna, usually very careful with her possessions, looked back at her bag on the floor and left it there. A deep sense of trust telling her it would be fine, although the hairs on the back of her neck were telling her otherwise.

They tried on the dresses, Jenna a pink one that made her look like candyfloss; Cynthia a tighter fitting number – she was more daring after all – that made her look like she was about to sing to John Travolta at the end of Grease.

Laughter filled the room, and they were oblivious to the passing of time.

The only thing that had mattered was how much fun they had together.

As they made their way back to where Jenna's bag was, she realised it wasn't there anymore.

She looked around, almost becoming manic now with fear that all her stuff was gone.

Her phone was the only thing she had on her as they were taking photos with it, but her purse, all her ID documents and cards were there.

There was something symbolic about the contents of her bag, that if lost would give her so much more grief than just having to replace them.

Why did I leave those things there! Why did I go against my best instinct and leave my bag there, easy prey for anyone to take!

She didn't know why she had done it, but she knew she needed to find it.

Jenna woke up, in a sweat and with her heartbeat racing.

She remembered having had this dream before, and what was going on in her life when she dreamt it.

It took her quite a few minutes to recover and gather herself. To realise it was just a dream.

But what could be taken away from her?

JENNA

The end of her world

In her dreams, she'd usually wake up in her bed, mid-morning, feeling rested and hopeful for the day ahead.

This time waking up felt different. The calm before the storm.

Usually the noises outside were of cars rushing past, or children chattering away, as they walked with their mothers towards the local school.

She didn't dare look out the window. She opted for getting herself ready for whatever she'd be facing this sunny summer's day.

At least it's sunny, she thought.

As she grabbed her purse and keys, and opened the front door, she hesitated for a moment.

Still looking at the floor, she slowly moved her gaze upward, to see the outside world, expectation of more of the same was there, but an eerie sense of difference was looming in the back of her mind.

School bags on the ground, abandoned as if they wouldn't be useful any longer. Their owners long gone. *But where did they go?*

It was a 20mph road, so cars didn't exactly crash. She would've heard it from her room.

Noticing the two hatchbacks, like rams facing each other, Jenna realised that she was witnessing something big. Something she didn't know how to get out of.

Where are all the people? What has happened overnight?

She searched for signs of her neighbours, or the noisy children that often annoyed her out of her slumber.

No sign of either.

What did this mean? What could possibly have happened that meant that she was the only one around?

It had been a strange year for her. Lots going on. Not much she could make sense of. *And now this?*

What am I meant to do now? I have no idea what to do. She thought as she wandered around the familiar streets and into the town centre.

In town she found more of the same. Abandoned shopping bags, cars in disarray, as if they'd bumped into each other, their drivers suddenly gone.

Why me? Why isn't there anyone else around? What does this mean?

Even though she enjoyed her alone time, she started to feel really lonely without another human soul in sight.

She sat down on a bench overlooking her favourite café. A bench she'd sat on many times before.

She wasn't scared, just confused and troubled by what this meant for her future. *Is there a future?*

As she awoke from her dream, the question lingered in her mind: *is there a future?*

In the reality of her awakening, Jenna struggled to come up with an answer.

Reassured by the children and car noises outside, she took a deep breath, leaving her somnolent state behind.

She'd had this dream before. Many times. Still unsure of its meaning, she'd accumulated a few theories: an alien invasion perhaps, or the Christian harpazo maybe. A third choice, her favourite by far, was that she'd gone to an alternate timeline where the world would be re-populated, one by one. There were others like her but they hadn't crossed over just yet.

Thinking of her theories, she got up and got ready for her day.

Jeremiah

Everything I do...

Jeremiah was sitting on that bench.

That same bench he'd sat on every day after school.

It wasn't a favourite spot. Not at all. It was just somewhere to pass time before going back to the place where everything he did was wrong.

Sitting on this bench, he could imagine that he did everything right.

He would forget he was here, and go into daydreaming. His imagination was so strong that he'd feel like he'd been transported to a different place, a different time...

Today he took himself five years into the future.

He's sitting in an office with windows overlooking a city, full of life, concrete skyscrapers and blue skies.

He felt important. Heck, he *was* important.

Jeremiah smiled as he continued to look out the window, in the same way he used to do on that bench outside his school all those years before.

A shy looking girl knocked on the door "hello sir, I've got the CEO on the line, he sounds excited to talk to you".

"Ah yes, Simon, patch him through, thanks Linda."

A CEO calling Jeremiah with excitement? Who had he become?

Was he actually doing the right thing?

The call went well. His boss told him that he was very happy with his work, and was therefore giving him a raise and more responsibilities, which were something Jeremiah was expecting for a few months now.

He did a "yes!" gesture, and reveled in his success.

He was doing things right!

As he came out of his daydream, he felt himself smiling, but he also felt this was bittersweet.

Would this unrealised fantasy become a reality?

Could Jeremiah – the guy that “always gets it wrong” get his dreams to become true?

Who knows, Jeremiah thought, picking up his bag and getting ready to face those voices that formed part of his current reality.

He looked at the bench, almost waving it goodbye.

He could always come back here, to the place where his fantasies came alive.

He could still dream.

Jeremiah

The Whirlwind

Jeremiah's dreams were pretty strange most of the time.

He preferred to daydream, he could control those a bit more. Last night he had an incredible experience with the second room, and he couldn't shake it off.

He fell asleep out of exhaustion, and woke up a few hours later, sweating and searching for answers. Would he get any soon?

The dream began with Jeremiah sitting on a bench. Not his usual bench outside of his school.

He was familiar with this bench, but at the same time it felt like a complete stranger.

Jeremiah looked around and realised he was somewhere else. Like a scene out of a cowboy film.

That's odd, I never watch those films. My friend used to love them. I would just play on my gameboy while he watched them.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw something move and it startled him. As far as he was concerned, this place was deserted.

As he slowly turned toward the moving object, cautious not to bring any attention to himself, he realised it was a bale of hay.

Phew! It's not a person coming at me with a gun! When he awoke later that day, he questioned the fear of a man with a gun, and how that would've worked out in his dream. There was no resolution to the dream so the only thing he could do was fill in the blanks.

He stood up and as he did, the hay bale made its way toward him, barely missing him.

Jeremiah explored his surroundings a bit more, and as he did, the wind seemed to speed up, and with it more hay bales kept coming at him.

What is this!? He thought.

As he watched, he noticed that the hay bales weren't ordinary hay bales. They were words!

The intensity of the wind was out of control now, and the words kept zeroing in on him.

As he ran toward safety, making sure to move out of the way so the angry hay bales would pass him and not demolish him, he heard in his mind the words that he'd written on his walls a long time ago.

They were angry words.

They were coming back at him like never before.

Would he be able to defeat the whirlwind that was throwing his own anger back at him?

Jeremiah

Mum's Journal

As he lay down to sleep one more time in this strange house, he felt bittersweet, but also still angry...

Jeremiah was sitting in his grandmother's chair. He loved that chair! it brought him good memories of a loving *nan* he'd lost so long ago. It felt like an eternity and it still hurt so much.

He was staring at a book lying on the floor, next to his journal.

Curiosity got the best of him and he picked it up, not realising what he was about to encounter when he opened its pages.

The first page was filled with words he'd never heard out loud.

JOURNAL ENTRY, MAY 19TH 1997

I love my son.

He is wonderful even if he's so angry all the time.

*Is it my fault that he's so angry? What did I do
wrong?*

*I've tried my best with him and I don't know what
else to do. Somebody please help me!*

*I need help. Serious help. I know I'm depressed, but I
feel if I accept this to anyone else, that will be the
end of me.*

I'm scared.

*I hope he can forgive me one day. The pain is so
much to take. I just want it to stop.*

This dream was one of those dreams where Jeremiah knew he wasn't awake. He knew this was a dream whilst he was in it.

The words were still hitting him hard. In a good way.

He'd write in his journal, and on his wall, as a way to let all his anger out, but it was overwhelming. It wasn't enough. It was never enough.

Even if this is a dream, I hope that she does have a journal like this somewhere. I hope that these words are real and that she does realise how hurtful she was when I was growing up.

He sat there for a long time, reading his mum's words.

Getting to know her in a way he'd never known before. They never spoke about anything but the weather and trivial things.

Most of the time they fought.

As Jeremiah woke up from this very vivid dream, he wiped tears from his eyes.

A sense of relief washed over him as he pondered on those words he'd longed to hear all his life.

The hope that his mum did feel this way allowed him to get up and face another day with The Beckoning Rooms.

Jacob

The Flowers

Jacob loved flowers. He was mocked about this as "boys shouldn't like flowers that much".

He didn't care. They soothed him. They helped him deal with the reality of life, which sometimes wasn't great for him.

In his dream in the first night at The Beckoning Rooms house, he spent what seemed an eternity with some very curious flowers.

He sat in the garden, focusing on the beautiful colours and smells emanating from the flowers.

This is unbelievable! He thought as he admired each flower individually.

As he did so, in his own introverted way, he noticed that these flowers weren't normal.

But what is normal anyway. None of this is normal!

Jacob watched the flowers change colours right before his eyes. From a bright pink to a surreal mix of reds, oranges and blue hues.

One particular flower caught his eye. It had something on it. Little black specs surrounded by light and colour.

He got closer to inspect it.

YOU CAN DO THIS.

What? I can do what? Are they talking to me? What is going on here! I just came here to look at the flowers, not get a message from the beyond, wherever that is.

This moment in the dream startled him and woke him up. He was sweating, his heart racing.

Would he figure out what this dream, in this strange house reveal the true meaning of the flowers in that garden, or the reasons for him being in this place?

Jacob

Videogames or real life?

As Jacob pondered on his previous dream, and his experience in the first beckoning room, wishing he had his console here to distract himself as he usually did. Videogames were his life. That's where he spoke to people. That's where he felt more like himself.

He slowly drifted into a deep sleep, with thoughts of zombies, wars, guns and magical worlds...

Jacob is armed and dangerous. He's ready for battle.

The helicopter that carried him just minutes ago is a small dot in the distance. He can barely hear it. He's now on his own.

All the knowledge he's gained through hours of training will need to kick in now.

Survival.

He sees some movement out of the corner of his eye. He grabs his weapon and aims in that direction.

A distinct sound reaches his ears and he realizes that the shadow is not human.

As he approaches, scared to death but aware of his need to remain alert and in control, he sees a strange creature with many heads, it looks like many different animals he knows – a bear, a lion, a snake, a dragon. It also has many arms, legs.

He stops and ponders his predicament.

He has to be strong. He has to endure to the end.

Channeling Bill, he starts taking deep breaths as he comes up with a plan to destroy this being.

He's alone. *Like Will Smith in I Am Legend*. He thinks to himself.

He's going to have to do this on his own. Bill is not here, his friends are not here. It's all down to him.

As this last thought flashes through Jacob in his dream, he wakes up with a start. He's sweating, alert and aware of his surroundings again.

Will he figure out what's in the next room, so he can go back home, where the monsters are only in his computer?

Jacob

Glimpses of the future

Jacob was sitting in a lounge. He wasn't sure whose lounge it was until a few minutes later when his brother walked in carrying beers for both of them.

He didn't understand what was going on. The last time he spoke to his brother they exchanged harsh words and he'd decided to never speak to him again.

What am I doing here?

As he was thinking that, his brother spoke: "do you remember when we went to Europe, and took all those trains, visited all those places?"

Jacob replied: "no, I don't remember that, when did we do that? I thought we were not talking to each other."

Puzzled, his brother looked at him and said "what are you talking about, we patched things up shortly after that big fight we had, boy that was silly, it feels like ages ago now."

Jacob sat there, wondering why he didn't remember this. *Mandela Effect?* He thought to himself but didn't dare say it out loud. His brother would think he was insane.

Have I gone insane, is that what's happening here?

He continued his conversation with his brother, asking him about where they'd gone – Paris, Berlin, Auschwitz, Madrid, and more. He didn't remember any of this.

Very strange things were happening.

He noticed the pictures on the wall, and there he was with his brother, in Paris, Berlin, and so on. There were also pictures of his brother's family: three young children and a beautiful woman he'd never seen before.

As he drank his beer, he realised he was in a different reality. He shook his head to see if he'd snap out of it. Nothing. He sat and stared at the wall for the longest time...

As Jacob woke up, confused even more than he'd been when he woke up in the beckoning rooms house, he realised he might have just had a glimpse of the future.

