

## Marconi's Dream

*Jonathan D. Hamel*

*Holy Mary, I think to myself, It's cold in this god-forsaken land.*

I've been walking for the past 30 minutes up the Hill and I seem to be no closer to my destination.

*Why is this taking so long?* I ask myself.

As the cold wind blows from the north, I suddenly recall the dreaded dream. It was just two nights ago and I have not been able to shake the deep sense of foreboding since that time. When I awoke from my nightmare, I looked up a local priest thinking that maybe he could help me.

"Good morning, Father, could I please speak with you for a moment?" I asked.

"Come in, me son. Would you like to sit by the fire? T'is a bit chilly this marnin'. I believe we're in for a little weather. A little wind will help you, no doubt?" the Father asked.

"A seat by the fire would be lovely," I answered as I had moved hungrily towards the warmth. "I cannot say that this is just a social call, Father. I had a troubling dream last night. It woke me from my slumber in a cold sweat – as if it weren't cold enough already."

"Dreams, me son, can be messages from the Almighty, but sometimes they are the harbingers of the Devil hisself. Tell me more."

I began to enlighten the good Christian about my hellish night experience.

"I awoke in my dream to a crowded room, packed claustrophobically with every kind of human being imaginable. Every so often an electric ripple would run through the room, causing multitude of emotional and physical reactions from the crowded mass. In my dream I found myself wondering what was happening; what was causing the reaction amongst the masses? After a moment my eyes fell on a gentleman in the corner of the room, standing over a device of some sorts. Every so often he would press a lever and the crowd would respond. Some reacted in fear, some in ecstasy, and others seemed indifferent. I called out to the man from across the room. As if in my response to my calling, he quickened his pace at what he was doing. As he continued, faster and faster, it launched the crowd into throes of chaos. *Stop, stop!*, I yelled to the man as I pushed my way towards where he stood. *It's too much! You're going to kill them!* I reached out and grabbed the man by the shoulders, spinning him around. I gasped and fell back at what I saw for I was staring directly into mine own eyes!"

Thus related, I awaited the Father's response. In a moment he spoke.

"It seems to be that your conscience is trying to warn you of the consequences for some action you have taken or are about to take," he replied.

For the life of me, I could not think of what he meant by that. A while later I left, warmed by the tea I drank, but still chilled by my dream.

I am nearing my destination now and am about to participate in what I believe will be the greatest event in history. I cannot help but wonder how this message I am about to receive will change the world.

\*Honorable Mention, CBC RadiOne Marconi Story Contest, 2001