

I ride on a bus and chat with two girls coming from a city of the North by the mountains. As one of them describes the old jewels mines on the flat tops we pass a small peak. It has all fallen down from one side but as we drive pass it I notice that one can walk to the top from the other side.

It is a beautiful day and my son and I get to a small beach between two wild islands. It is actually all flooded and a woman comes to us advising another beach which is much safer and nicer but further away. Her daughter is there swimming with her friend.

I am at a restaurant with my father and his friends. A very educated waiter comes with a fine bottle of white wine to taste. My father refuses it but then try it. He wants to drink his red wine anyway. The waiter then pours the white on his glass making it pink.

I am on a ski slope that the snow hasn't come yet. I am quite disappointed seeing that they have installed a commercial sign there. I come nearer and notice that it is a picture of my best-friend who was persuaded to be photographed by the fire. I pick it and it gets out of the frame.

My girlfriend and I reach a great mountain. I am very excited but she wants to go back. As we are leaving, a group of Italian tourists approaches. I ask what they are up to and one of them tells me to come along and visit a small village. The mountain is now under the mist.

An assistant professor with thick glasses and long hairs is driving his Chevrolet to a literature University in California. At a fast food he is given a menu for his students. He first thinks that the meals are very expensive but then realize that the prices are in dollars.

I am on a beach looking at three old ladies doing very advanced yoga. On the other side there is a tan girl enjoying the heat while her pale brother says how burnt they would get back home. In front of me some guys are trying to swim along the beach. The water is flat and nice.

I help a girl to set a plastic shield on both sides of her old car. As we look how nice it got an immigrant comes to look at it. She asks him if he wants to buy it and he replies that he wishes but he hasn't got the money. She then gives him a plastic bag with all the cash he needs.

We drive on top of an old village and get right where the military band is about to perform. I first think they are mountain soldiers but then notice Arabic words in the back of their uniforms. They go one way and I decide to go on the opposite one although I wanted my son to listen.

I get in a shop and wait for my turn to talk to a shop assistant. I actually get to talk to another one and ask him for a folder of a specific size. He takes me to a large shelf but he can't find it and starts asking around to other colleagues. I actually see it but he is gone to check elsewhere.

I am walking with a friend on a small city of the South. We are angry with the people there and I cut a small almond tree along the pavement. As we keep walking towards the centre to confront them I carve the small tree into a fighting stick leaving the branches as sharp tips.

My son and I reach a squatted building. I loose sight of him and he walks inside where a theatre performance is taking place in a skateboard pool. We seat down to watch the actors performing some old comics. A girl nearby steal a thread I had for my camera and then claims to be hers.

My girlfriend is in the bathroom jelling that I have left the deodorant stick open. I then go out of the window and come back in the garden. There are some large holes in the ground and a dead rat inside it. I then hurry back to the apartment where my girl is demanding explanations.

It is evening and we are driving back home up and down the hills. I hear my best-friend calling. He has been waiting for us and now is biking after. We keep driving nonetheless. He bikes very fast and catches up with us.

My girlfriend comes back from the forest bringing a bunch of mushrooms. She claims to have found the grey version of a good kind. I look at them and disagree finding them very different both on the top and on the back. I then take out a mushroom book but there are only signs.

My sister and I are in an audience with an estimate professor. I claim that that as the great empire experienced entertainment in its decaying period we are now experiencing the same. He is caught unprepared and gets quite embarrassed.

I get an e-mail with many links corresponding to the students' performances. I click one and some students appear from behind the curtains. The lady who is teaching the class is not satisfied and starts arranging all other students into the stage. Two glass designers are very unwilling.

There is a ball in the corridor and I toss it to my colleague who kicks it in front of some students claiming that it was me. We then have the students to divide in three groups. They end in perfect number but my colleague starts rearranging them. I just then notice a fourth group.

My train has arrived and I cross the railroad and jump in before it leaves. I just then remember that I left my coat somewhere. I don't mind and keep looking for a seat but they are all taken. I then walk to the very front and find a seat by the window. It is turned backward like all the others.

I am on a metro descending down into the city. An immigrant moves his plastic bag so that I can look out. I can't orient myself but then notice the building of a Dutch bank. I know that I was there but I still can't recognize the surroundings.

Two blond women are going out of the station with a mask on their mouths. One of them tries to cross the road. She has very tight leather pants but feels very insecure. A younger but uglier backpacker passes by with a loose t-shirt showing her breast.

I am taking my son up on a hill but we come to a big road. A large post truck passes in front of us. I cross anyway and keep walking along the opposite side holding my son in the arms. The road curves and I can't see if any cars are coming. I hold a stick out to warn them.

An assistant curator shows me and my father a large metal wall of the modern art museum where to install my prints. As I am calculating that it isn't big enough the official curator sees me and greets me. He is with my professor who can't believe that I will also exhibit there.

Crocodiles have been spreading around the peninsula. A girl is on the beach and goes in the water to bath. She accidentally seats on one but it stays still. It is rather small and has very long hairs covering its entire body.

I am on a bus and take a seat lying on the knees of a girl with enormous bubs. I look at her mother seating on the other side. She has very big lips and very clear eyes. She also stares at me and I wish that her daughter was as beautiful.

I walk to school with my old classmates and reach my sister who is walking with a short guy with short dark hairs. I hug her with one arm around her head scratching her hairs affectively. She is also very short and dark wearing a tight leather jacket.

I am about to go out with my friends when my son appears from inside a window. I then realize that we are out of his kindergarten. He is sad and wants to talk to me. I feel like I want to get him out but my friends takes me away with them.

I am out seated on my bike looking at a group of people having a meeting around the table. A storm is approaching from the distance and they stand up to move in. I start filming the event but then get confused whether I should instead photograph those situations where a change occurs.

I am at a department store with a friend and we get to try some belts but they are all too big for me. As we get downstairs a group of guys with the swastika around their arms walks up. They have all shaved heads but are short and with dark features. I ask my friend what it is all about.

I am in a music store with my cousin. I look at her while she talks German to her friend. She is very cute and with a punk and blonde hair-cut. I notice that she even has a bleached triangle of beard under her mouth. Her friend is darker and much insignificant.

A girl follows me out of a shop to tell me that she saw my web-site published in a book. I then get back in with her and she introduces me to a young professor. The latter congratulates me for my work and advises me to leave it open.

I am standing in front of a small buffet with some other students. My old professor's wife arrives with their two dogs that are black and big but seem very joyful. We are supposed to sleep over at her place and she starts asking what we would like to eat for breakfast.

I am with my girlfriend surfing the internet and search for my name to show her my web-page. It has lost rank becoming second after that of a company. I just then remember that I have actually erased it.

I am in the cafeteria and seat with my Chinese colleague. I ask him about the course we are supposed to have together. He hasn't considered me since he thought that I was taking another course. Mean while a girl goes around promoting his course with a sign of a crow picking bags of chips.

I am in my studio and find a calendar belonging to a friend. I open it and look at the various pages with pictures of the capitol. I get a year ahead where the river side is shown. I then write him a note saying that we shall meet there again but this time without swimming.

The students are seated around a small room. One of them talks about a great contemporary artist and the other ones make me signs to have her to shut up. I do so and give the word to a French DJ at his discs. He gives a very enthusiastic speech exciting all of us.

At a party no one is dancing but me and a girl. I am hesitant to hold her tight since I don't even her face. We get out through the terrace where there is fire wood and exotic fruit. As she talks about having a son I lay her on the grass and have her small breast against mine. She is gorgeous.

I am painting my memories from the past and go over a large area with one colour. I then start painting again another memory. As I keep expanding I realize that it overlaps with another painting which I have done on the opposite corner.

I am in my director's office working at a desk. He suddenly gets the news that India is flooding. He then picks the phone and makes arrangements to fly there at once. He leaves telling me to lock the door. As I do so other colleagues outside tell me that he can be there for a week without visa.

Two policemen are inside a gun shop removing all the stuff from the window. They are actually the shop's competitors and show the costumers a new gun. One of them shoots really close to a target leaving a black plastic dot. He then tells the costumers how much better their guns are.

I ask an American colleague if her state is located to the East meaning the West. She says that I am actually right and her state is politically oriented to the East. I then realize to have asked her about the wrong state.

The national TV is broadcasting a music festival taking place in my native village. Two locals are on the stage singing very loudly. One of them is a short blonde with moustaches. The public also stands up to accompany them in a choir. They are all local and have all blue or green eyes.

I replace the fridge in the kitchen with a new one that I just found in the closet. I test the freezer below and put a bag of popcorns in the microwave above. I turn it on and realize that it is a laundry machine. I stop it but it is already filled with water even though the cables are unplugged.

The school rector hurts his leg while helping me carrying a box to a black student. It is filled with catalogues of an exhibition that the latter has made. She gives a bunch to him. I should also be published there but there are just photos of dance performances without a public.

We are walking in the city and my girlfriend points out that also a firm on the other side of the street has asked for a big loan. I can't see all these economical crisis and show her a guy driving an expensive car still wrapped as a present. It passes us and the back comes up to be all rusted.

My girlfriend and son are asleep on a sharp rock. I look around and notice many black aunts all going inside a hole at their feet. There is a smaller hole with smaller aunts going inside but here the spiders have made their nets and the flies get stuck and struggle to escape.

I take my son in the warm and flat water of a shore and get on the under a road that divides it from the sea. Here there are big waves and I loose him. I run up to the beach again and see him floating on his inflatable arms. I rescue him and squeeze him hard so that all the water gets out.

A man is in a summer resort having breakfast with his young companion. He complains about the pancakes that have no egg and are just artificial. I seat with them and ask how they met. He turns happy and quotes a dictionary describing Europe where towns have thousands of citizens.

My son and I are on top of a flat mountain along a path. He wants to look down and I accompany him to the border afraid that he might fell. Below us there is another path. It is asphalted and many people walk on it. I then realize that we are on the bike path and have to watch out.

I am at a village party by a middle-age man singing nostalgically for himself. A girl tells me how much she likes an old song and I tell her that the man was part of the band which made it. He specifying saying that he was part of the old band before the new band got successful.

It is very late at night and I am still up working. I hear the owners' car arriving and hurry to blow all the candles off. I then pretend to have felt asleep with my head on the table. There is still allot of smoke and they don't believe me.

I rush to a platform that the metro has just left. I then estimate that if I run to the other platform I will be right in time for another connection. I then hurry up and try to get across the entrance but the railwaymen have blocked it.

I am in a public park lying on a tanning bed and so is an old lady who is still able to make it there. The weather is sunny and we make out. As she moves away I observe her beautiful red hairs but then see her ugly pock-marked face.

It is dark outside and I am in the kitchen cottage working. My father-in-law comes back from his work and gets in to check what I am doing. As he demands explanations my grandfather-in-law comes out and tries to take a picture of me using the oil lamp as the flash.

I get a package with all the second series of a science-fiction film. I play the first episode where a planet is invaded by many robots hunting a green tiger. The good robot is then sent to kill the bad one. The latter is much bigger but the first gets behind him and shoots a pilaster on top of him.

It is early morning and my parents are driving through a dark forest. There is a guy in their car who tells them that the sun will show itself just twice during the day. It gets lighter and they start going downhill through a heavy snowfall crossing their friends who are anyway going to ski.

I get to the cash-desk where people are paying with big bills and realize that the cashier is an old cousin. I get my grocery on the counter and also pay with a big bill. As we are going away she invites us for a coffee in the basement. Her son is there singing and my son doesn't want to follow.

I am writing a letter to my uncle and start thinking that it is too long. As I am about to throw it I see that the front is so small written that it is all grey with graphite. By rotating it slightly some words appears reflected. I decide not to throw it.

In class a Brazilian student gets the idea of blowing a glass cane. She gets a transparent one with a brown spiral all around it. Another student suggests a different approach. She blows it anyway breaking one of the ends that kept shrank.

I install my prints on light boxes around the living-room. My girlfriend and her parents look at it and have nothing to say. As I am in the room changing her artist friend also arrives but she doesn't like them. I just then notice that the glasses have been broken but they anyway fit the prints.

I am in my old basement watching TV. It shows the most muscular teenager diving with his feet in the ocean. A girl accompanied by an old guitarist start singing. I get a hard-on and feel like to masturbate.

I visit my mother and grandfather out in the small garden of her old house. There is no grass but I notice some small carrot plants. I am quite surprised and ask her for an explanation. She has started gardening but there hasn't been enough water and the carrots have never grown.

A boy gets to some old and cheap Chinese prostitutes to have sex. They are too miserable and he decides to pay more and agree on taking over the upcoming one. They then start talking about an event in the United States. I get irritated and leave the room saying that it is their concern.

I just had sex with my girlfriend and go to the bathroom. As I start rinsing my penis she asks what I am doing but I don't let her know. As the running water turns white with sperms I realize that I am soaking a small towel.

I am in a hotel looking anxiously for the floor where my room is. I get to the lower one again and just decide to go all the way up. I just then remember that the top floors have been removed but it is too late and the elevator is projected onto the sky with no longer any guidance.

I am on top of an indoor parking lot that is all empty. Under a cemented bridge that goes even higher is an old friend playing angrily with a balloon. She lets it deflate completely on the ground. I understand that she got upset with a band upstairs singing loudly in my own language.

I enter my old school greeting the director who doesn't recognize me. I then look for the right classroom and get in that the lesson has already started. The math teacher tells me to seat by my sister. There are complex calculations on the board but the latter is drawing and I get to colour.

A friend and I get out of a train and start walking down the platform. I suddenly realize that I left my battery charging inside. I run back hoping that the doors are still open. They are and I find the battery still loading.

I am in a seminar room with a whiteboard all written in red. The few organizers of a festival ask the winners of their scholarship to come forward. They are two girls and they write the sum they got on a blank spot of the board.

My boss and her secretary come to my kitchen to discuss about our future events. I make up my mind and agree on taking over the upcoming one. They then start talking about an event in the United States. I get irritated and leave the room saying that it is their concern.

My curator and I are working in a big museum. I look at my print and affirm that the art work should be physical in order to be sold. He gets angry and starts listing all the cases where programs were sold in a gallery.

I am looking at my e-mail and turn the chat on. My cousin immediately calls me and we have a small chat. My uncle follows up. He asks me if I have restored the relationship with my parents. I say that they are not my parents. We both get upset and I shut the conversation.

My sister and I are on my cousin's new jeep. She asks him how much he paid for it and he replies with an outrageous price. It is actually the same as the one he owned before other than this time is coloured grey.

I meet with my colleagues to discuss about an upcoming event in the suburbs. I say that I am up to it but I would like it to be with more discussions. The boss then proposes ten minutes like in a full commercial.

I get to change a screen with a smaller one. The shop assistant lands me a memory card to try it out and I start mounting it on the wall. There is an emergency for a flood of mud and the alarm goes on. Everyone evacuates but me that keep it inside mounting.

I meet with an American colleague and she tells me of another colleague passing by us. I don't like him but she says that he has been working in a beautiful town. I see in the map that it is up North over a big lake and below a small but high chain of mountains.

I take my best-friend to a small supermarket and get a big package of yogurt. It is much cheaper than elsewhere. I then try to get to the cash desk first and almost get there but the way is blocked by a clothes stand. My best-friend calmly gets there before me.

I get an e-mail from my colleague reformulating the students' assignment. He replaces the word home that I have previously used with architectural house. I try searching for the term but can't find it.

My son and I are on a big plane when the captain announces that five passengers are not supposed to be on board. As the hostesses start counting I go to one of them and show my ticket. It is only half printed. They then get us out of the plane and on the waiting list for a new flight.

I rush to a yellow bus but it is the wrong one. I then wait at the stop but it is also a bus and it takes me in the wrong direction. I get out at the first stop and run back hoping that the right bus hasn't yet gone. A grey bus passes me.

A girl takes me in a huge cathedral that the priest is preaching. There has been a big fire and the whole roof is missing. On the contrary the colours of the wall paintings got really vivid after having glazed with the heat.

My father leaves his new motorcycle in a gas-station to refill. When we are back it is gone. We ask the attendant and he picks a worm from the beach to identify where the thief is. I also pick one put it runs away. My father is anyway going to get an insurance.

I get on a terrace that people are partying. A man and is partner calls me at his table and congratulate for my tennis skills. He envisions an old factory and me playing. He also tells about my defects and suddenly dark horses run around us. He shows me the right dog food to give them.

I am with my grandparents watching TV. A famous pianist with very thick eyebrows is giving a concert for old pairs seating around in a luxury room. At first I am sceptical but then he starts playing his fingers rapidly up and down the keyboard making a beautiful melody. He is very talented.

I am in a park jogging with an American girl. She runs very fast and I struggle to catch up with her. I manage and ask her which state she is originally from. She tells me one in the centre and I start teasing her with a nickname but it's for those of another state.

I meet one parent of my son's schoolmate. I tell him how tire she has been waiting for him. He doesn't seem to care and throws a football in the kitchen. I throw myself on the floor and pick it. It is a toy ball.

The sun shines on us while the whole sky is dark with clouds. We are immersed in a very turquoise and warm sea. My small son emerges. He has been underwater all this time.

I am walking downtown with my cousin and notice a lame lady walking with great difficulty on the opposite side. She is his colleague and he tells me that she had seven operations on her whole leg since her spine was starting to bend.

I am at the movies going through the different scenes of a classic western. We reach the final scene where the protagonist takes a large bomb in his enemy's kitchen. The enemy's daughter drops it on the floor right on the protagonist that was hidden under the table.

I am in the teachers' office boiling pees on a desk while waiting for my colleague. He finally arrives and starts eating them. I try to stop him since they are still raw and he should wait as well.

My director shows me a pamphlet of exercises that my two male colleagues and I will have to follow. At the end of every exercise each of us will have to put a grade on ourselves. As we look through the exercises a female colleague gets to talk to him.

I talk to my colleague on the phone regarding a math test that we were supposed to turn in to my director. He says that there is still time to fix it and he is planning to do it. I don't even though it is all wrong.

I run along a beach passing by my son but continue towards a girl. Her friends are swimming out in the ocean. I swim after them reaching the bed of a river. I cross it and do the butterfly all the way back. My son has also been swimming and I congratulate with him.

My cousin and I are on old rail road checking on some iron fences we would need for our bathroom. He finds the main gate. He then extracts it and puts it in the trunk of our car even though people are watching. We escape and he apologizes with my girl of all the rust he got on her blankets.

At the metro station I meet with a very tall classmate of a very good old friend. I give him a large book to return him and get back in the metro. As I start to cry I look at my face reflected on the window.

It is dark and my father is taking a detour on top of a hill to check if the road has been asphalted and he can go bike. Meanwhile I tell my sister of a friend who has joined a school of the Red Cross. She knows about it but criticises his choice.

My sister takes me to their new place and gets to the kitchen to feed a big and colourful bird with a large chunk of food. She then leaves it out of the cage. It starts walking around with a big dog who tries to jump at me and sniff.

I am in the kitchen commenting to my girlfriend the half written letter from my curator. He writes about a long movie for our children where the character just manages to put his coat on. He also adds that my boss is waiting for me and wants to finance my project now that I quit with him.

I have to shower and my girlfriend sends me down the field where her father is working. I get on a horizontal line with his workmates to be transported by a crane down the mine. I am one too many and let them go first. The crane comes back and I am left alone to ride on it.

My son and I are walking on a path and greet a workman going the other way. I then run forward and hide myself behind some small trees. My son can no longer see me and runs up jelling to wait for him. The workman also shows up from behind.