

# DREAM DATES AND MORE



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"You keep avoiding the most important detail of all."

Greg kept his gaze fixed straight ahead. "What detail?"

"Her eyes," I said, not bothering to hide my irritation anymore. "I need to know what they're like."

At that point a bike flew past me on the sidewalk, making me jump sideways and onto a puddle of mud. My shoes were drenched, and some of the goo had seeped in between my toes. The overpowering smell of the biker's cologne, mixed in with the familiar "city smell" of exhaust fumes, sweat, and crushed dreams, disoriented me.

Greg finally turned around to look at me properly. "I've heard of lots of obsessions man, but yours is definitely the creepiest of them all."

"It's not an obsession," I grumbled, "Eyes are the--"

"Window to the soul. The polygraph of the human body. They are the best, most foolproof way to understand a person's character and emotions."

I frowned as he sprouted out words I had often said before, but he kept going. "This girl is smart, and judging from our previous interactions, you two will have plenty to discuss. So you are meeting her for drinks at 8, and if you ask about the eyes one more time, I swear I will push you onto the road in front of a bus right now."

Greg had an unpredictable temper on the best of days, so I decided to remain silent. My heart, however, was not content with this arrangement. Eyes were important to me, but I could never present concrete reasoning behind this, so everyone assumed the worst. Maybe they're right. Maybe this is an obsession.

Or maybe this whole thing is just my messed up brain trying to protect me from the heartbreak that immediately follows love.

These are the things I told myself as I trudged through the littered sidewalks on a semi-chilly autumn night, footsteps directed towards a retro diner tucked into a dingy corner of the neighbourhood. As I entered, I realised this was my kind of place; not too fancy or pretentious, but not shabby either. A few booths sat along the window facing the street, and there was a counter opposite to it, next to a door leading into the kitchen. The menu dangling from the ceiling above the cash register declared the special offers for the day (20 percent off on chilli cheese fries).

It didn't take me long to locate the girl. She was sitting at the booth farthest from the entrance. In the dim light, I could only make out the chestnut shade of her hair and the dark shirt she was wearing. I straightened my back as I strode towards my date for the night, trying my best to give off the impression that I wanted to be here. It wouldn't hurt for her to find me attractive either.

"Hello," I spoke in what I hoped was a steady and warm voice. She looked up from her phone, and I almost tripped over my feet. A pair of eyes stared back at me, one a green as bright as a bed of grass after rain, and the other an electric, captivating shade of blue.

Her lips quivered, a hint of disdain laced with hurt lighting up those wondrously mismatched eyes. She had clearly misunderstood my attention. She probably saw pity or disgust written on my face, but in truth, I was filled with awe.

"Hello," she said, in a voice that could belong to a newscaster, giving only an illusion of caring about her words.

"May I take a seat?" I asked her, trying

to keep my curiosity and admiration out of my tone. She seemed a bit surprised that I hadn't run off already, and nodded. I slid into the booth opposite to her. "So, why this diner? Do they have an extraordinary menu?"

"They sell cheap chilli cheese fries which taste fantastic," she replied with a smile.

"And there's nothing better than lots of grease and potato at little cost, is there?"

Her smile widened, and I wondered why I had refused to meet this woman. Then I wondered why my hands were sweating. Then I wondered why I was stuck in my own thoughts when I should be making conversation.

"So, what convinced you to meet me tonight?" she inquired. The playful twinkle in her eyes made my stomach flip over.

"My friend Greg convinced me. He's very persuasive, you know." She let out a short burst of laughter, and a part of me was convinced that I could do anything to hear that again. Before I could speak, though, her phone began to ring.

"Excuse me," she said while digging out her phone. The shrill tone assaulted my ears as she inexplicably handed me the device. 6:00 am, it said in bold red digits.

I rubbed at my heavy eyelids and found myself staring at the digital alarm clock. It had been another one of those dreams.

All traces of sleep fled my eyes as I lunged for the phone on my bedside table.

"Huh?" Greg picked up on the fifth call, clearly still half asleep.

"I had that dream again!"

"Wh—what dream? Isn't it 6 in the morning right now?"

"Never mind the time. The dream! About the girl!"

"The two eyed girl?"

"The—Greg, EVERY GIRL IS TWO EYED! I mean the one with the

heterochromia!"

"Right. The two different colours thing, right."

"I don't understand why you aren't more enthusiastic about this whole thing," I was excitedly pacing around my room at this point. "Are you completely sure you don't know her? It's the same dream, over and over again!"

"No it's not. One night you meet her at the movies, the other night you take her to the carnival--"

"But every time, it's you who introduces us, or sets us up. So there must be--"

"There is no connection, man. How many times do I have to tell you? This girl is a figment. Of. Your. Imagination."

The force behind Greg's words made me finally stop rambling, and the truth sunk in. He was right. It was quite silly to expect there to be any connection between the two of them. Spirits deflated, I managed to mumble a hasty goodbye before hanging up. The day seemed rather grey all of a sudden.

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"The longer you wait to tell him, the worse it'll be."

Greg knew his wife was right. The problem was, he'd never been good with words, and even the most accomplished orators would struggle in his situation. His fingers hovered over the call button while sentences formed in his head. *You're dreaming of your wife. You guys met through me, you were fiercely in love, but she passed away in a train accident. You got away but lost chunks of your memory. All you remember are her eyes.*

*Despite being a hopeless fangirl, Marisha Aziz lives under delusions of awesomeness. Contact her at [marisha.aziz@gmail.com](mailto:marisha.aziz@gmail.com) to give her another excuse to ignore her teetering pile of life problems.*