

Rêverie

—Maun Suang Boey

The suspicious lemon scent drifting from the refresher towelette entices you to sniff it, despite your skepticism at a towelette originating from KFC being scented. You realise that hidden under the lemon fragrance is a strong and sickly sweet ether, but it is too late, and you feel yourself drifting into unconsciousness. Your vision becomes blurred and it feels like you are flying upwards, caught in a draught of the gale raging around you.

You land in a strange place, the sky blue and the sound of birds in the air. You look around, and though your vision is still not clear, you make out strange shapes scurrying around. A rabbit and a man in an oversized top hat sit around a table filled with teacups, while a walrus walks along a beach, stooping to pick up something which he then puts in his mouth.

Floating high above this vivid scene and looking down upon it, you lift your head and standing before you is a woman wearing a strange costume with an immense red cardioid on the front. You notice the corner of her costume is marked with a red letter Q and a smaller red cardioid, and somehow get the feeling that you've seen all this before. She hurries past you, muttering something about heads under her breath as she disappears from sight. Some footsoldiers rush after her, each of them slapping you in the face with a leather glove for not bowing before the Queen of Hearts.

The slapping wakes you from your dream, the scene of strange characters vanishing from before your eyes. The ether not having worn off completely, you drift to another fantasy world, this time with two blurry figures in colourful clothing. They seem like the suspicious duo from before, but you are unable to focus your eyes.

The vision fades further, but now you hear two voices; the first with a gruff, rumbling bass, the second in a light, breezy tenor. You immediately recognise them as the two you thought you saw, though somehow, they seem younger, as if this were a scene from their past.

“Yarrrrr,” the first voice moans, “we ain’t sailing again, are we?” The second voice is insistent.

“Si! Si six scies scient six cyprès,
Six cent six scies scient six cent six cyprès!”

“Avast,” the first voice groans, “’tis awful! No need to repeat yourself, I heard you the first time, you scurvy dog.” The first voice harrumphs in displeasure. “Aye, I’ll meet you at the docks.”

As you drift back into your nap, you wonder where they are going.