

now bears everywhere



Written by bubba



5:58am

My dad and I are driving to what I know is the Cincinnati airport. I was here just weeks ago, but arrived by boat. At that time, I used a two seat jet ski to make it from the island, where most boats dock, to the airport. Then I parked the jet ski, but can't remember if I covered it or not. There is a little bit of stress as I tell my dad about this because the jet ski isn't mine, it's a friend of ours and I didn't ask or inform them about using it.

When we stop at a light, I see an off looking white seal walking along some hedges. Upon looking closer, I see that it is really a grizzly bear wearing a white seal pelt. *Look dad, it's a decoy, I say. He's hunting.* It doesn't seem strange to us that this is going on a sidewalk in a small parking lot. Sure enough, another seal comes walking along and seems interested in the white seal. When it gets close enough, the bear pounces. We watch uncomfortably as the bear tears at the seal. Soon two other bears are attracted to the scene.

An activist I know from work knocks on the window to say hi. I say hi too and show her what we're watching. She becomes very upset and grabs a tennis racket saying she's got to put a stop to this. *Don't,* I say, wanting to tell her about the movie *The Grizzly Man* and how dangerous bears are. I even get out of the car and take a few steps towards her, towards the bears. When she gets close enough, she hits the first bear in the nose with the racket. *The seal is already dead, I think. What's the point?* The bear becomes enraged and chases her towards our car. People are walking around in all directions, no one noticing what's going on. The woman runs and tries to lock herself in our car. My dad has disappeared. The bear jumps right through the window. She scampers out the driver's side door and starts walking in a crowd, immediately blending in. Surprisingly, the bear becomes less interested and turns around...seeing me.

I become terrified, knowing that I am in a life and death situation. The car and a few dozen feet are between us. The other two bears still seem preoccupied with finishing the seal and haven't set their sights on me yet. I assume the first bear to be pissed that others are finishing his meal...pissed at me, as it was my friend that stopped him from eating and then made reason for him to leave his kill unattended. Ducking so that the car blocks the bear from seeing me is my first maneuver. Then I get inside and sink myself as low as I can into the floor area of the passenger seat, locking the doors. My goal is to be unseen by the bear. He has already shown that he can jump through the window if there is something inside that he wants. I wonder if I have made a bad decision by boxing myself in. I remember a bathroom door from somewhere that has a big silver deadbolt. If I can remember where that is, maybe I can make a plan to get there. I don't think the bear could knock that door down. I sink down further, closing my eyes. Even though I can't see, I can tell when the bear's head fills up the window because the light hitting my eyelids is blocked. I hold my breath and wait for him to leave. He seems to be there longer that would take if he was only going to find that I am not there. *Does he see me?* Is this the end of the road for me?



(I wake)

I don't know what the jet ski and island around the airport are all about. I do feel a little disconnected with work lately and Cincinnati in particular has been a separate beast from the rest of the cities in Ohio. The recent contact I've had with my dad is similar to his role in the dream – hear what I'm up to, me always seeking his approval at some level.

Re: the activist that couldn't stay away from the bear...I often consider activists to be extremely naive.

One in particular has opened a can of worms lately that may have the potential of growing into something unmanageable. Though bears are scary, some people know how to work with them and stay safe. The man I speak of doesn't know how to do anything but throw fuel on the fire. I've been ignoring him lately and he's made efforts towards throwing fuel on me.

I think the fact that it was bears in this dream is related to me watching The Grizzly Man on the Discovery Channel. But the rest of it, the actual fear, hiding, observation and planning is work. I have been dealing with some very high level people lately...people whose tables I don't normally sit at and who I feel could consume me if they so desired. I try to get them what they want and keep them happy without being too in the line of fire. If someone happens to step in front of a known predator, hey, that's the cycle of life. I just don't want it to be the cycle of my life.

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