

the invisible alligator



Written by bubba



5:58am

The alligator is back. He's been growing too. This time, he's in our bedroom. I'm there sitting on the bed with an animal trainer when feeding time comes around. I'm not even sure this is the same alligator I've seen before because it seems so much bigger. From the bed, the trainer pitches large chunks of raw, red meat into the water, which surrounds our bed. Some of them land in the alligator's mouth, some of them he has to

dive for. I remember thinking that it is better that we are feeding him. I didn't think there was any way a hungry alligator in our room could be a good thing. (more)

Minutes later it was just Rhonda and I getting ready for an event of some sort. The problem: something had turned the alligator invisible. He was on the floor of our bedroom still, that much I knew. But where he was on the floor was impossible to tell. We stood on a narrow ledge jutting out from our window. I became panicked about the baby, then about us. If we couldn't see the alligator, how would we ever stay safe? I tried to move the curtains in a way that would show me if there was something below. Then I found a stick and poked around, trying to identify where he was and then make a plan. Finding him was impossible, yet I knew he hadn't left. Rhonda never seemed as scared as me. (more)

I'm in an unfinished basement, looking for things that will help me protect us from the alligator. It's dark and nothing seems like it will be helpful. I feel as though I am wasting time. (more)

We're driving now...Rhonda and I ride passenger while someone else, I think one of my ex-girlfriends, drives. She (the ex) is going on a date and there is some thought that her date may know something about the alligator, may have advice. The area we are in is built on waterways. Businesses, single-family homes, apartment buildings...everything sits right on the edge of channels filled with very green water. It's a hot and humid afternoon and people are jumping into the water from their balconies and roofs. No one seems concerned about drowning. I silently wish I know someone who lives in one of those places. What they're doing looks fun. Then I remember the alligators and wonder why no one but me is afraid. Suddenly the bottom drops out of my stomach. I ask Rhonda if she shut the bedroom door. No. The alligator is free to leave our room. He can walk throughout the house undetected. He can eat all the dogs and he can make it to the babies room. (I wake)



I don't know. Whatever is bothering me hasn't yet been made obvious. I am generally fatalistic about the baby and I worry constantly. If I wake in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, my first thought is whether or not she is still breathing. During naps, I check on her several times to prove to myself that she hasn't over-heated, stopped breathing, choked on something or been suffocated by a blanket. This dream doesn't seem limited to fears about the baby. But I don't know what else to think.

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