

Notes from W.O's. pocket note-book.

4/3/89.

CVS417/85.23

Horrid nightmare - no supper!

Thought there was someone on the bed, holding the clothes over me. I struggled fearfully. With heart going at a fearful rate and, as I thought, perspiration standing out. I debated that the door was locked and that it was probably only nightmare. Of this I am positive, that I urged this upon myself and endeavoured with all my might to break the spell and wake up, but for several minutes, so it seemed, - without avail. When I did wake up my heart was not beating violently, nor was I sweating. The sensation which I had experienced at once brought to mind poor Clarence's dream - The

Dreams: Night of February 7th '85.