

A Hideously Funny Dream

Adam Christensen

Why am I here?
You are here to fuck!
And why are you here?
I am here to get fucked.
What am I going to do?
You are going to fuck me!
Yeah.
Yeah, that's right.

I woke up at five from a hideously funny nightmare. Alone. Sweating. I was in a friend's bed. Downstairs next to the kitchen everyone was spread out naked. Cuddling. Tits. Arses. Dicks and pussies. I wasn't sure what I had missed out on but they looked exhausted. Far away on some other plane. I was delirious. Fever.

Flakey Cunt was waiting for me on the sandy shores of the Thames. Front of Southbank. He was in an autistic ketamine frenzy of self-empowerment. Orange trousers. Orange top. I matched it with an orange HighVis jacket. Chestnut coloured shorts. Neon trainers. The benches in front of the theatre were packed. A group of ladies planning a hen night. I asked them for a cigarette. They said that if we were desperate enough for a cigarette we would put on a little display of humiliation. We did a few frog hops over each other. Cart wheels. Bum rubbing. Snogging. They weren't particularly impressed and reluctantly handed us a long white menthol cigarette. Didn't give us a light. Flakey Cunt went to get two pints at the bar inside. Only to be escorted out shouting. Mean looking security guard. We walked past cardboard boxes. Scruffy sleeping bags. Through the tunnel with little blue lights leading to the IMAX 3D experience. Tom Hardy was trying on yet another odd accent, this time as Mad Max on the road again. Charlize Theron with a butt plug of an arm. Posh looking beauties in rags. Swamps. Dust. Blood. Electric guitar solos. Firebombs. Felt like a warm up to Glastonbury.

A man followed me off the train. Down the road. Up the stairs. Through the kitchen. My bedroom. I got his fat dick out. I kissed it. Went for a piss. When I came out of the toilet a hurried shadow rushed past the kitchen down the stairs to the front door. I went to the top of the steps. The lights were turned off on the bottom switch. I switched them back on at the top. The stalker was trapped by the front door. Desperate to get out. Needed a key. I dangled it from my hand. Went down to unlock the door. I asked him to lift up his shirt.

You left me alone!
Why did you do that?
Are you filming me?

Once again I calmly asked him to lift his shirt up. My laptop was neatly tucked into his trousers. I pulled it out. He was still going on about some secretly installed live feed camera. Pushed him out. Slammed the door in his face. Stood there listening to the muffled explanation about how he was the victim in this situation. The voice faded away with the sounds of passing traffic.

I went online. Found a young bloke looking for a sissy bottom whore/CD/TV. Drew a black line across my eyes. Hid my cock in a tight g-string. A purple butterfly on the front. The bloke arrived with a small bag around his waist. Out came a bunch of different chems. He filled a syringe. Dangled it off the warm radiator. He rolled up his sleeves. Asked me to tighten the rope around his biceps. I watched as the warm needle poked the flesh. A drop of blood. Yellow liquid disappearing into the vein.

What's that?
What?
What's that?
Where?
There!
Not sure what you're pointing at.
Is it a camera?
I don't have a camera!
Are you filming me?
What are you talking about?
Why are you filming me?
Maybe you should just leave.
You are sure you are not filming me?
Please.
If you are not filming me I will stay.
Just piss off, please.
Are you filming me?

It took a very long time before I got him out the door. No fucking. I had a wank instead. Woke up at five from a hideous hilarious nightmare.

There was a huge orgy in the living room. I was uncomfortable with my sister being there. I tried leaving. Two lesbians followed me. Forced me in a corner. One of them grabbing my arm. Pointing her long finger in front of my face. Told me to come back to the sex party or else...The other woman clicked three times on a menthol cigarette. Dry tobacco shot out. Hit my right foot with such speed it penetrated my skin. The tobacco got all moist. Absorbing the blood. My sister's husband suddenly arrived home. My sister quickly jumped in an outrageous dress. Sparkling hand sewn beads. She convinced him that nothing was happening. Naked people all over the place. Fucking. He saw nothing. Mesmerized by the fabric of the dress. Believing everything she said. I slipped away. Couldn't walk. Tried flagging down a taxi. No one would take me with an injured foot. Safety hazard. I tried pulling out the tobacco. It had expanded. Swollen flesh. Impossible to move. Yellow pus. Blue tears.



Adam Christensen before an Ectopia gig at Dalston, London 2018