

Unfortunately I didn't write this dream up right away, so some of the detail is lost, but it was a wonderful dream.

The dream started at Brown, or at least in Providence, where me and 5 other friends from school were starting a snorkeling trip down a river. We were all outfitted in complete wetsuits with snorkels. We also had air tanks that were on our chests (not our backs). The air tanks were not metal tanks of compressed air, they were just plastic tanks filled with regular air, so when we were in the water we were sort of floating on top of these things with our backs out of the water. Our faces, however, were underwater (in that special way of dreams where impossibly contradictory conditions co-exist perfectly naturally), hence the snorkels. We were wearing flippers, but instead of regular flippers we each had one big wide flipper that both of our feet went into, and we propelled ourselves down river with dolphin kicks.

After swimming awhile we entered a sort of water museum, which I don't remember much of except that there was one exhibit that was a gigantic inflatable whale that was anatomically correct that you walked/swam through. I remember being very impressed with inflatable brain. You exited the exhibit out the mouth and the tongue was like a big water slide that led into a pool.

Then I think the museum turned into a sort of water sporting goods store, and I was walking around the various rooms of the store (my companions had mysteriously vanished by this point (as was my uni-flipper), though I did not miss them – it was as if they had never been there).

Then I turned through a door and was confronted by the largest pool I'd ever seen. It was a multi-story pool, like multiple pools, with the higher level feeding into the lower level via short little waterfalls. The lights were all out, with disco-type lights flashing and it was New Year's eve. Two different musicians were duking it out, trying to win the right to play the first song of the New Year. Each musician was surrounded by a crowd of swimmers cheering, and whoever the crowds cheered for the loudest would win. I joined in cheering for Peter Frampton (I have no idea who Peter Frampton is in real life, or what his music sounds like, I just know that that's the name of a musician) and he won.

Then I went back to walking around the water sporting goods store, which turned into a wicker goods store, and then I turned through a door into a room where the walls were made out of wicker. In the room was a fake cornfield – created entirely out of paper. It looked incredibly realistic, but you could still tell it was paper. There was also a mother bear with two cubs made out of brown duct-tape; again, highly realistic but you could still tell that they were made of duct-tape.

Through this room wound a real river, and at the edge of this river was a man with a large, irregular piece of leather spread out before him. He was studying the marks he had made on the leather intently, but didn't seem satisfied. I somehow knew that what he was trying to do was draw up battle plans for how to defend this room. There was another door on the other side of the room and suddenly it opened and in walked this guy with a powdered wig and a big hat and he strode purposefully over to where this guy was mulling over his plans, and took up the pen, drew a few marks, then signed his name with a flourish and strode right back out again. The name he had signed was George Washington, and, although we didn't talk about it, I could tell that the guy thought he was

a fake. I, however, knew somehow that this was the real George Washington, traveled through time.

Then there was a girl in the room, and she was a Freshman from Brown, so we got suited up and started swimming in the river back toward Brown.