Dream Analysis

 In my dream I was asleep on my bed, when all of a sudden I felt something attacking me. I couldn’t wake up at first, however when I did I felt drugged. I finally got what was attacking me off, and turned the light on to find out that my cat was what was attacking me. I struggled to run out of my room and into the kitchen where my mom was standing. The lights and appliances were all flashing on and off and my mother was acting strange. She said that my grandmother was the one who was affecting the electricity because the bill was too high and told me that I should just go back into my room and to sleep despite the attack by my cat. Instead of doing that, I got in my car and drove to my boyfriend’s house. We’ll call him James. Upon my arrival I found James hanging out with our friend Todd. They were sitting on the floor watching TV, and when I told them what had happened they told me to just go back to sleep. I fell asleep in James’s bed and when I woke up it was morning and I no longer felt drugged. Then I really woke up.

 Growing up in a world as hectic as the one today, you learn to hold on to certain things throughout your life. Certain values, collections, people, or memories mean so much more than you would normally care to admit. However, when one of those memories comes to you in a dream and is doing the opposite of what it has been doing all your life, you don’t know what it means. For all of my life, I have had a cat. I have a collection of different figurines, stuffed animals, and little cat knick knacks that my mother has built for me since I was a young girl.

We’ve had Dunkan, our long haired Tortishelle, for almost seven years. She brings me peace in times of anxiety, and she always lets me squeeze her when I’m excited. When I woke up in that dream, and she was attacking me, I was devastated. My cat was attacking me, the person who feeds her, pets her, and loves her. After looking back on the dream, I realize that it’s a clear indication of an unconscious and persistent fear; the fear of being hurt by the people I care about the most, and the fear of sexual abuse. In a world such as today, it’s hard to trust people, or their intentions. After witnessing the different things that I have in the past, it’s hard for me to willingly trust people. Knowing that there is always a possibility that there are people lying to you makes you constantly question what they are really thinking. In turn, questioning leads to not trusting what they say or wondering what they really want to do. When you do find people to trust and care about and they hurt you, it’s hard to find people to trust again.

 While feeling drugged upon waking up, it felt almost as if I was drifting in and out of consciousness. I had no control over my actions or what I said. I was clumsy, and I couldn’t react as well as I would have liked. This could also relate to the fear of people and their intentions, however, it was more of a lack of control. As if no matter what I did, I couldn’t do what I really wanted to do. Being more aware of this fear in a conscious state makes me wonder how much this fear affects me if it is occurring in a dream as well.

 When I reached my boyfriend’s house in the dream, I walked inside and went straight to his room. I wasn’t expecting Todd to be at his house at that hour, and when I walked in I was kind of upset to see them together. I was jealous of them hanging out. My insecurities led me to believe that James enjoyed hanging out with Todd more. Despite knowing that that isn’t true, I’m still very insecure about it. My unconscious mind is telling me to beware of the people around me and be wary of what they are saying they are doing, and what they really are doing. It is also telling me that as much as I say I trust people, I may very well not trust them at the same time.

 All in all, my dream is telling me that I have very deeply rooted trust issues, and that it is very difficult for me to believe in what people say. Although I know that there is much truth in this, I like to think that I trust people more than I let myself believe.