

When I close my eyes at night I am transported to a town I know so well and yet it is a strange place.

This town is in a small valley, nestled by mountains. A river runs along one side of the town. Unknown to the people of the town there is a large chasm running under the town. I don't know why they don't know and I do. The people of this town come from all over the world. Like me they only come here when they are asleep.

I know, you will tell me I am dreaming. I would agree with you, except I had a conversation with a woman while in this town and then ran into her the next day at work and she reminded me of the conversation. Weird I know. There is a part of me that thinks I should be scared, but for some reason I'm not. I really can't explain it.

Last night I ended up at the House. Strange name, I know, but we all know it as the House. It isn't that big on the outside, more of an old Victorian. I went into the front door and up the stairs to an large room. To the side of the room was another set of stairs going up to the attic. I don't know why I went up there, but I guess I was exploring.

You enter the attic in a very low ceiling hallway. On both sides are different colored pastel rooms. Each painted a different color, with white trim around the doors and windows. As I walk down the hall, the ceiling gets higher, by the time I'm at the end I can stand upright. The hall turns, running a little ways before turning again and running back the direction I started. By this time the ceiling is normal height. Some of the rooms are empty, while others have a bed and dresser in them. It is strange that if these are bedrooms, why do they have windows looking into them from the hallway? While I am pondering this it strikes me that all the doors and windows are built at odd angles, none of them are quite square.

At the end of the hallway are three short stairs going up to a door. I think about where the door is and realize it would be at the front of the house, but I don't remember seeing any doors in the roof. I open it not knowing what to expect. It opens to a large grassy patio. A flagstone path leads to wooden bar, just placed in an open area. To the left are small tables and chairs, each on their own flagstone pad. Low boxwood hedges separate the table area from the rest of the massive patio.

The tables are empty, but there is a man at the bar. I walk his direction and realize it is Ty Pennington. He is shaking a martini shaker.

"Good to see you Dave," he said. "I have been wondering when you would make it here."

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

"I come here sometimes. It is a break from the other world."

"You mean the real world."

"No, this is a real world too, I mean the other one," he replies. "You see, this is a world we have all built. I like what you have done with the Victorian."

"What do you mean, what I have done?" I ask confuses by his comment.

"Right now it is you who is building this part. It is your imagination that has created all of this."

Now I am really confused. Looking around I notice behind Ty is a large lawn ending at a large brick and window mansion. Why didn't I see it before? I know that place; I know every room and the mysteries of the upper stories.

"If you want to go back out on the street, just go to the right here and through the hedge. It will put you a block down from the Victorian," he says, smiling at my confusion.

"How can that be? We are on what should be the roof."

"Hey man, this is your construction, you tell me." His eyebrows raise at his comment. "Don't think in the rules of the other world, it won't work here."

Suddenly I am surprised at how normal this conversation is. I am talking with Ty Pennington — Ty Pennington. I should be star struck. I have watched him on TV and thought it would be exciting to meet him and here I am talking to him like he is a good friend.

“How can this all be real?” I ask. “I mean isn’t it just a dream?”

“Dave, we are creatures who like to create. In the other world we are limited by resources. Those resources may be money, time, or materials. In this world we don’t have those limitations. This is a real world and I will prove it to you later.”

I thank him and head for the gate in the hedge. I want to see more of the town. As I walk through I find myself waking up in my own bed. What a weird dream, it seemed so real. Too real. The dream follows me all day long. I can still see the rose, yellow and green pastel colors on the walls of the attic rooms. The details of Ty Pennington are clear, okay I can understand that. How many times have I watched him on TV?

It was just a dream — a strange dream, but just a dream. The day has gone normal, well fairly normal. My wife got home, we ate dinner and watched some TV. It is close to bed time and I decide before going to bed to check my emails. You never know when something important might come through.

The blood drains from my face and I start to shake a little as I see a line on my email menu. It is from Ty Pennington. With shaking hands I click on it.

Dear Dave, It was good to meet you last night. I am impressed by the house you built, and trust me, I don’t impress easily. I told you I would prove you weren’t just dreaming. Hope to see you “there” again soon.

Ty