

# Luna

## A Writer's Wet Dream

by  
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I had one of those dreams last night. I don't know if you have them. The type that last all night. You know that they last all night because you wake up repeatedly and in a groggy half sleep you keep on adding to the dream throughout the night. I had that sort of dream.

I dreamt I was a successful writer. I had like a best seller or something. Maybe it had sold a million zillion copies or something. They'd probably made it into a movie, but it didn't matter. I couldn't even tell you what the book was called.

I was rich, well off, didn't have to work -- so I didn't. And I was on vacation, someplace down south, maybe Bermuda.

This is all just a set up, because that's when the real fun begins. I meet Sarah. Somebody heard I was a writer and thought it might be fun if the two of us met. Turns out she was a writer too, a child prodigy. She was something like twelve and had written like a zillion books -- at least 15 by then, maybe more -- and she had like an incredible fan base. She lived in this large plantation style mansion and her books had paid for it -- at age twelve!

I woke up, time passed, the next thing I knew she was older and I was back at the plantation. Once again we were meeting for the first time, but then we weren't. I remember waiting for her in the hall. There was this bookcase there -- odd shaped thing. It was custom made to fit books stacked up, so the series would all go

together as they related to one another -- some Luna Trilogy or something that had gotten out of hand. Each part of the trilogy was composed of five books each and then came the serial spin offs consisting of twelve and fifteen books in a story arc. All the books were color coded -- primary reds, blues, greens, and yellows. On the back binding of each was a title and series name as well. I couldn't tell you any of these names -- and being a dream I didn't get very far in the reading. I opened the book and read a chapter -- The Musings of King Atremedis - Continued Part II -- or something. It was a long name, but the chapter couldn't have been more than three short pages long -- and each page probably only 150 words on it. Granted this might not be terribly interesting to some -- most, any, all. But I am a writer, so it was important to me. And I flipped through the book trying to estimate its length. 25,000 words I decided. I felt better about her prolificacy. Her five book epic sweeps, were really just one book if you wanted to go by the word count. But that's just one -- unpublished -- writer defending his ego.

“Please don't do that,” Sarah said as she gently took the book out of my hands. The voice was mournful. It had a sort of bittersweet quality to it. Sad, but lovable. Sarah had aged again, grown into adulthood, and had stopped writing years ago. She said that the stories gave her pain.

Don't ask me why we decided to get married. Maybe I'm just a horny old goat. That's probably a good reason, but if I was making a fairy tale, I wouldn't have written it into the plot that she had already been married once. A horrid affair, I was led to believe, and it is easy enough to see the echo's of abuse in my mind. I think I played that role as well.

We did the honeymoon thing, started a new life together in the mansion, but we never did seem to become writing partners. That had been the goal. I was at least hoping she'd edit my work, but she wasn't interested, said she couldn't.

And that might have been the end of it. Wake up and start a new day. I'm in the middle of a novel. And there are other stories dancing around my head. But I couldn't get Sarah out of my mind. I call her Sarah, but she was also Luna -- the star of her own books -- a graceful beauty, who sat in the window of her room at night and wrote out in flowing script the words to a new story.

I didn't really know this at first, but when the mail came, the acceptance letter, the publishing contract was unmistakable. Although it was addressed to Sarah, I took it upon myself to open it.

I took it to the Priest, a character from one of her books who happened to live in a small cottage like monastery on the estate. He was just a kid, a law student, who had taken her books to heart and decided to live the role -- the role of Priest -- for the rest of his days.

He advised me to take the package to her old editor, so I did. When you deconstruct it, it doesn't make a lot of sense, but at the time, in the dream it did. The editor was a kindly old lady, retired now, but we -- I -- convinced her to become Sarah's agent. Don't ask me why squeezing every last penny out of the contract was important. It just was.

Sarah signed the contract without even reading it. She would have signed anything that I asked, do anything that I asked. It would be hard to put my finger on what she got out of the relationship. I wouldn't have called me actions abusive for I loved the girl -- turned woman -- and doted on her, but that did not stop her from considering herself a slave.

I never read the new book until it was published. In fact I had never read any of the other books at all. But the new book, the new series had a black binding. Instinctually I knew I had been cast in the role of a villain -- and that's when the dream took a turn for the worse. If calling a story a bodice ripper has erotic overtones, then you may wish to consider what transpired to be the antithesis of that. I enjoyed myself, and -- ever obedient -- if Sarah did not enjoy, she at least performed and obeyed.

Once again, time passed. I awoke in a pleasant state of arousal, but still I did not think of myself as a villain. My sweet Sarah had put out three volumes of what was to be a 27 volume epic and the covers where all black. It broke my heart.

Something needed to be done. To this point I had honored her wishes. I had not read her books, nor interfered with her writing. Here we were living in this fantasy make believe kingdom and we did not acknowledge its existence. We did not acknowledge her writing. It was as though it didn't exist. At night she simply went to her room; but instead of sleeping, she wrote.

I took it upon myself to end this charade. I barged in on her one evening as she wrote. I had the first book in my hand -- the one with the pink cover and the number I written on its binding. The small, hardcover thing, was hardly bigger than my hand. So much money, so many minds captivated from such a small thing.

Sarah went to hide her writing, but I ignored her. I sat in a comfortable chair opposite her and read. She was appalled.

“WRITE!” I commanded her. If I was to be a villain, I was going to be a much wealthier villain. “This is my house and if you think you are getting a free ride, you’ve got another thing coming. WRITE!”

It was all a lie, but it was a dream, and she obeyed. She wrote. I read. And as the books in the series came out, the binding changed from black to red and then finally yellow. An accord of sorts had been reached.

By this time the bookcase was pretty full. It had spots and slots for all sorts of offshoots and story arcs, vertical stacks here, horizontal plot lines there, but the time had come: the bookcase was almost full. All that remained empty were the slots for four more storylines -- a pink series, a pale blue series, a light green series, and an amber yellow one. These would be our children. I cannot tell you what they look like, nor the contents of their books. What I do know is that Sarah calls herself Luna these days in

honor of the heroine of her first book -- and of all these books really.

I only pick up my pen now -- as if this now is real, but I suppose it is real in Luna's head, which is to say it is real in mine, and that is close enough.

Sarah, I mean Luna, continues to write, I am sure that I play with the children in the great pool, trot after them in the surrounding forest as they run about, and do the things that a doting father does. Luna joins us in the day and writes at night and she is happy. I know she is, for I have commanded her to be filled with joy. And villain or not, I know my will, and that she must obey... my every whim. For is that not what characters in stories are eternally condemned to do?