

# Deja vu college essay



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BUSTER**

I've just woken up from a strange dream. I mean most of the ones that I'm able to remember are strange in general, but this one was odd even for a dream. It was more like entering an alternate state of mind that simultaneously brushes against your unconscious.

I look around and the first thing I notice is the tv in front of me which is tuned to some late night infomercial about maintaining a healthy colon. The next thing I notice is the cherry slurpy sitting between me and the tv on my glass coffee table. The beverage is drunken two thirds of the way while the rest has already turned into liquid dye and there's a small puddle of water underneath it giving me an idea of how long I've been out. I finally recognize the area as the living room of my apartment. I now remember watching some b-horror movie right before knocking out on my couch. I also remember buying the drink just down the street, from the Freeway Liquor store.

I suddenly feel my stomach rumble without warning and in that moment I'm thrust into this intense feeling of deja vu. I know it's not from the avalanche, but from my dream. I try to remember what it was, but now I'm left with a blank slate. Something in my head tells me that I've been in this very situation before, but when I try to remember I get hungrier without fully understanding why. Before I know it I'm in front of my fridge combing through small parts of meals rather than actual meals themselves.

All I have is a half stick of margarine, an empty dozen carton of eggs, and one last piece of beef jerky in the pantry. I check the freezer and that is when I'm caught off guard. I find the three pieces of meat that Dan gave me

yesterday sitting nice and stacked on top of one another next to the half bottle of Vodka that I haven't touched in weeks. That feeling of deja vu hits me again and I recall something in my dream that's still fresh in my mind.

I remember hearing something being spoken to me by a cold presence at my back. I felt every hair along my spine standing stiff and my stomach begin to scream. I know it spoke only two singular syllable words, but other than that my mind is a complete blank. I can't even remember where I was or what I was doing when I was being spoken to.

I immediately get fed up with how hungry the slabs of meat are making me and in a fit of frustration I grab all three and chuck them in the trash. I might be hungry, but I'm not exactly starving. I'm not sure what the sliced pieces of human animal had to do with my dream, but the last thing I want to do right now is fall back into that habit I just barely broke away from. However, I am hungry enough to get in my car, drive down Sunset Ave, make a left on Azusa, hit up the In ' N' Out window and order two rather than just one number one meals with no pickles or onions. Half way there I stop at a red light where Francisquito intersects Azusa and my eyes turn to the billboard with the Taco Bell ad.

I look down at the left hand corner and focus on the little catch phrase Feed the Need. Then, it hits me. I now remember what the cold presence said to me in my dream. It said " Feed Me.

" Fortunately for me, this isn't the same kind of hunger that's been taunting me recently. This is the kind that can be settled fifteen minutes from now with a side of fries. On second thought, maybe three orders of fries.

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