

Dream (Morning, Sept 5th, 2025):

As the dream progresses, and I'm now sitting on one of the wide wooden benches near the front in a classroom lit in white light with a few rows of such benches, I see that I am surrounded by other students sitting around me and there's a teacher present in front of the class. It looks crowded. I'm carrying a white lined Hindi Notebook open in front of me on the desk with something written in blue ink in small font on the pages. I'm supposed to learn or memorize the writing in the notebook. Perhaps he's asked us to sing a song because of which I happen to think of singing. I've to begin singing quickly, so I begin singing the song 'Sha la la la la' while looking at my Notebook - which is apparently the song written in it. I see that I'm singing quite melodiously with the right variations towards the end of some lyrics' sentences. (It's the same song that I had once sung in a gathering back when I was in 9th class in school - I hadn't watched the video until much later but had only learnt the lyrics. In the dream, it seems weird to me to find that the song that I am singing is what's written on the Notebook below, as the Notebook was supposed to be carrying something from the coursework.)

There's a girl who was sitting with me who has now gone to the back of the class. I am anticipating for her to play an instrument while I sing the song, for her movements suggest that she too is preparing to perform with me, but when I look back, I see that she's instead moving in front of the wall at the back - being represented by a lean and slim light green character as it seems that she's preparing for something. I sing the song till its end. I sing it well.

The next event I remember is me walking through a closed narrow corridor inside a building - perhaps that same building - and stop in front of an open, almost square space to my left with light icy blue colored walls. It looks like an open room lacking a front wall, so anyone can look inside the wide space, well-lit in white light. I see a light colored square table placed against the outer edge of the left wall on my left side as I stand facing the open space - the table too being of a similar colour as the walls. I see that my dad has placed an almost square-shaped photo album on the right side of the table. It is missing its outer cover and the inner album is placed directly on the table with the photos of the upper half of my birth mom in her thick red bridal attire embroidered in gold - one below the other - visible on the top page, as apparently, he's sitting on the floor beside the table to its right busy with something on the floor as his hand reaches up to the album intermittently. I wonder why he placed the album there. He's standing to the right of the table as I am looking at the photo album. I then see, as the album is shifted slightly to the left, that it has the wedding photos of my dad's second marriage with my step mom as well where both of them are sitting on their seats on the elevated platform, dressed in their wedding attires, with the one or two photos of the little me carrying a boy haircut, and dressed in a fluffed sea green jacket over loose jeans standing on the platform, as well, near my step-mom, unwilling to leave her as relatives were pulling me away - the moment of pulling away captured in a photo. It's the album carrying the photos from his two weddings.

After observing the album, I move into the open space - behind the table - and walk till the end of the space and sit facing the corridor, closer to the wall with the table - now to my right, while my dad still stands at the front near the table - on its left side and facing the corridor. Perhaps he's talking to people as they come or attending to them about his business, but I'm sitting at the back with several songs coming to my mind as good options to be sung, now that I'm in a singing mood after singing that Sha la la la la song in the classroom. Good Pop Hindi songs come to my mind unexpectedly - one after the other - that I feel like I can sing next and then I'm thinking about writing the titles of the songs that are there in my mind in my notebook, so I can look into my notebook and choose one of those songs the next time that I (have to) sing in a gathering.

When I've to leave, I walk out of the open space into the corridor and turn to the right.

After walking through an open corridor on the ground floor and taking a left into an open cemented ground with a huge tree at its right corner, I see that there're a few climbers with huge leaves lying on the ground that've grown there. The cemented ground with the open corridor with perhaps pillars present between the ceiling and the ground floor along the edges, gives the look of a hostel (reminds me of RGHG because of the cemented ground and the pillared corridor).

I need to shift one of those climbers inside. Apparently, my mom put those climbers there and she's present there on the ground as well. There're a few snakes on the ground as well that we need to be wary of. My mom then shows me the climber she laid there as she moves around the tree's face away from the corridor, showing me its path on the ground leading up to the tree's top. As she's showing me the climber with huge leaves tangled with the small tree-leaves around the tree, I'm waiting for her to remove the climber from the tree, as we are supposed to do, or are perhaps asked to do by others for the discomfort caused by that climber on the ground, or perhaps it needs to be shifted inside, but since she's not removing it from the tree and doesn't look to be in a hurry to do so either while showing me how it's wrapped around the tree's back, her attitude and behavior showing her unaffectedness by what needs to be done - I stand there - a few metres away from the tree - a bit confused, listening to her, watching her, and waiting, but the wide-leaved climber doesn't get removed during the time of me standing there and watching, and the dream progresses to the next event.

Somewhere in the dream: Inside a room is a small cubicle to the entrance door's right, which is covered with curtains . I'm in the small cubicle of the room for some reason and it has a printed blue curtain covering it on its right side and a printed light red or baby pink curtain at the front, with both the curtains' backside facing the inside of the cubicle as I can see. The about-a-meter-long cubicle is present on the right side of the door and as one stands inside it facing the room, one is covered by curtains on one's right and the front with the height of the cubicle being almost the same as me, perhaps an inch or so shorter, and with no ceiling or covering above, but the room's ceiling present at the height of the room. When I'm out of this room, after a while, I come across a group of people who I get to know are to be in that room and I need to inform others of the same or go inside the room and hide in the cubicle before they reach there. I quickly move towards the room and enter it, with the men some distance, about 10 meters behind me in the corridor as I catch a sight of them in my hindsight, approaching the room, but not having seen me enter the room. I enter inside the cubicle, and draw the printed blue curtain on my left in a haste as I'm trying to hide myself properly by the curtains - to not be visible to anyone who enters. As I'm standing inside the cubicle and still adjusting the printed blue curtain on my left lightly, having almost adjusted both the curtains to their best adjustments to hide myself, the men enter the room talking and get a glimpse of me standing inside form the top as the cubicle is almost the same height as me, because of which I end up saying something to make my presence known to not let it be apparently known that I was trying to hide. Though they now know that I'm there, and I'm also talking to them, showing myself out, the situation doesn't seem too threatening to me, and it doesn't look like they're a danger to me.