

the

# WONZA DREAM

by  
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2006

Are  
you  
sure  
it's  
okay  
to  
wear  
his  
bath-  
robe  
?



Of  
course  
it's  
okay.  
I'm  
gonna  
put  
it  
in  
the  
laundry.


The night after Honza's memorial, I dreamed  
I was his housemate and that I had been  
wearing his bathrobe.

I walked out of the basement  
and thought I saw him in the  
backyard, but I figured that  
I must be  
mistaken.



When I saw that it was Honza,  
I thought that if I  
blinked, he would  
disappear.





I blinked.

He didn't  
disappear.

He looked  
radiant.

I confessed.

I've been wearing  
your bathrobe.



And he spoke.

WE'LL JUST  
WORK OUT  
A TRADE.



I must have looked distressed,  
because he continued.

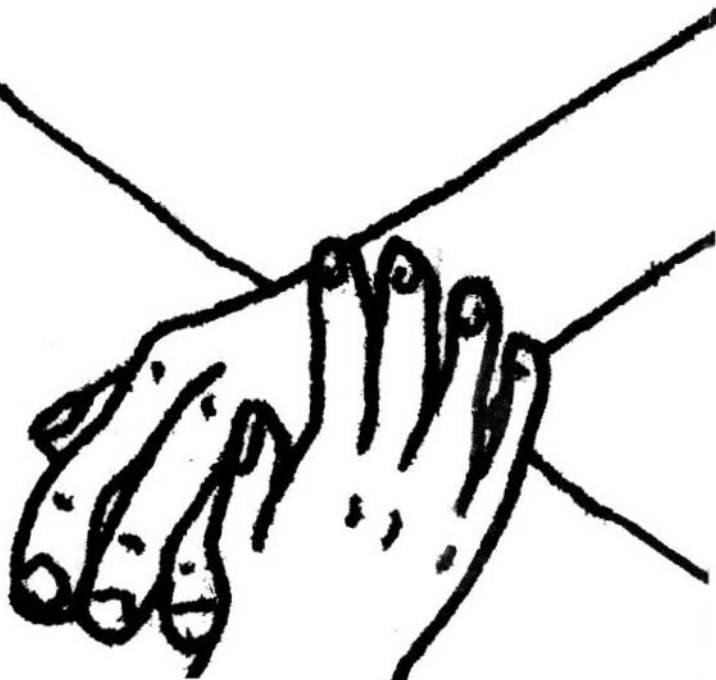


DON'T THINK  
ABOUT THE TRADE  
DURING THE DAY.  
WE'LL JUST BE  
FRIENDS AND THEN  
AT THE END OF THE  
DAY WE'LL KNOW  
WHAT THE TRADE  
IS.



I touched his hand.

I didn't want to go, because  
I knew I'd never see him again.



He tried to reassure me.

WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER  
LATER TODAY AND  
WORK OUT A TRADE.



I had to walk away.

And then I  
woke up.



If you're Honza's friend,  
ask me for a copy of this  
zine & I'll give you one.

artnoose.

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