

Let me start by saying one thing. If you're not a bit of a believer, this story isn't for you. I'm not talking about religious belief, an appreciation of the supernatural, or even faith in the existence of the hereafter. For any of this to make any sense at all, you'll need to believe that odd things can happen to normal people for reasons no one particularly understands.

If you've made it this far, it's time for me to introduce myself. My name is Jordan Ackerman. I'm a thirteen year-old boy living with my family in Idaho Falls, Idaho. I go to Eagle Rock Middle School, where I have normal friends and play saxophone in the band.

I know what you're thinking – *what's odd about that?*

I'm no expert, but to my understanding (I have studied this particular subject pretty extensively) our brain shuts down its active processing when we sleep. Sure, we breathe, wiggle a bit, and hopefully realize we need to get up and use the bathroom so we don't wet the bed, but for the most part our sleep is ruled by our subconscious mind. That's why we dream.

Only...

That's not what happens to me when I sleep. Not at all.