

**ALBERT  
ALCHERBAD**  
presents

**THE  
DREAMCORP**

**#ONLINE BESTSELLER**

-BE READY TO LOAD YOUR DREAMS-



**18+**

# Albert Alcherbad

# The DreamCorp

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## **Аннотация**

We are «The DreamCorp»... We use the most progressive methods of ideas installation, of thoughts and emotions intrusion and brain controlling in the World. All the possible information We possess and provide is here – in the place, as We call it «The Brain-Control Centre». We provide you personal access to your personal dreams during sleeping. We form personal storylines, events, decorations, characters and scripts in your dreams for you. So have a pleasure, if you can survive inside your dream...

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# The DreamCorp

## Albert Alcherbad

*Based on true lucid dreams stories*

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**The DreamCorp Logo – The Brain Control Centre**

# Part 1

## Nightmare: Outer Minded

### – Enter the Panic —

The aircraft cabin (interior view).

There is nobody in here. Just me. I'm running through the rows. Apparently, we are going down, right into the nothing. I run into the cockpit – it's empty. Now I am seeking all around the craft in search for any parachute. I need to save myself.

The only thing I want to do now – is to get out of this nightmare – to get away in the fresh air – out of this plane, as soon as possible! Damn, where's the exit?

And only one second after that my body is already flying along the open air-space, without any air-chute at all, – and I am shitty-scared.

There are some miles of vast and empty space under me. And what is in there – right in the very bottom of all of this? Well, suppose, there are lots of endless and deep waters, hard and dries territories, and other deadliest surprises for me. And right now I am falling down into the abyss.

Well, I don't know. It'd be nice if the sort of air-balloon

occurred on my hands, below my feet as good ground, or something.

HELP ME! Wow! What a weirdo? I am standing inside the big basket, and right above my head there is a massive balloon. Ooh...

That's really nice. Okay. At least, I am safe now. The crucial thing of all is that the balloon must be really safe, without any hint on a big-boom accident.

B-B-A-ANG!

The sudden shot from nowhere, – and then the tremendous explosion everywhere. The air-balloon burst off. It is totally out of order now. What a traitor this balloon is! And I am falling down again. What am I suppose to do now? Gosh, I am dead...

Oh...

What a hell is that? Or... What a Good Lord is that?

I am sitting at a table and I am holding a cup of coffee in my hand. It is a kind of café, or something like that. There are tables, people and waiters on the street.

Yeah, the rich nose of coffee soaks all my body. That's a lovely place, I guess.

But wait a minute! How did I get in here? In fact, a couple of seconds ago my air-balloon burst off, and I was falling down the earth, like a small bird without wings, without even a license to fly, without finishing a special heading per bird-flying volpique.

I could not make a mistake in my suggestion. And what is that, finally? Am I going crazy? Am I a time-traveler? Or, maybe, a space-traveler? I really don't know.

Is it a small nice bird that has just already landed on my table? So it must be like that. Well I thought about a bird after all.

Oh. She probably decided to drink some morning coffee with me. That's odd. That's really quite strange. Even more, than strange. This bird makes me associate her with a charming girl, an elfe-type girl, who runs somewhere all the time, hurries up, but however she is able to cast a glance on me, which expresses a bit shade of interest. The sexual interest.

And then, due to some magic or sorcery even, this sexy baby, who has just appeared in my mind, comes to me and sits down at my table.

And we are chatting with her now. It is just a nice talk, or even a flirt. I hope so it is. She also drinks coffee with me. The same as I like to drink – the black with some milk. Well, I guess, we are alike already in some meaning. Yeah, definitely.

She tells me about something, but I really cannot get a word of her, as if she speaks in the alien language, – the language not even from this world. I have a feeling that I totally forgot all the words and all the thoughts in the Universe.

Now I am looking into my coffee-cup and I see water, lots of water, and the destructive flood... Oh, no... I am thinking of water, I imagine water and water again... The flood, the

storm? Oh, my God! Somebody stops me thinking about it, please!

But it's late now...

And rapidly, from beyond again, from the eternity of my subliminal mind, the monstrously huge wave of destructive water floods all the vision area around me, and me.

Gosh! HEEEEELP MEEEE!

I'm sinking to the bottom. I am already under the thick water-cover. Everything disappears out of my eyes, out of all my vision and understanding of anything...

But in the desperate efforts to survive I manage, I try to swim out to light, on the very water surface. And so here I am – “devour” the fresh air grippingly, some sort of wind of the sea, and its life-force.

But where am I again? Factually, lost in the middle of nowhere, – right in the deepest middle of the sea-world. Or maybe ocean world. There is water all around, and only water area without any frontiers. No horizon, only water there is.

Well, in any case, I make some attempts to hold my body above the water, but actually it is trying, very uneasy. Now I am really and completely anxious about sharks – small, middle, big, or giant sharks – that eat and destroy furiously every living creature on their way.

Just a second! What is the water-thrilling point afar in there?

I am afraid to even think of it. Is it... is it a fin casually, or something of that form? Oh, good God, I am scared mostly! And I am so deadly afraid to assume that this shark-fin is heading my direction, – and it's a fresh-meat destination is me! Gosh! It grows the speed enormously... I will not rid of it surely. I cannot swim so fast, as this fin water-runs.

Oh, the bloody-blooming shark this is!

Now the only thing I am curious of – that is it a small good shark, already full of fresh sea-food and so then, consequently, satisfied with its comfortable condition in its shark-stomach, or is it a really monstrously giant shark, a hungry human-killer weirdo from an ancient epoch, when the standard shark-size was about ten or fifteen meters long and weighing more than fifty tones, and its jaws made of steel, as a minimum? No, don't pay any attention to this. It is just my observation, curiousness. At least I have the right to imagine something scientific and interesting before I die in the mouth of this Ocean Devil.

Yes, as I may judge by its huge fin, and its growing again and again, – I now have the date with an ancient monster-shark that will kill me and my soul. And I am so deeply scared to imagine, how incredibly gluttonous it can be!

Now it is here – I even feel by my skin, as it's coming to me. I catch some impulsion that the shark effuses from itself. I feel it on the whole water surface around me. And then the ghastly opened jaws spread its meat-bloody stink all over the air. That is

horrible and disgusting. Somewhere near me I already feel by my “shell” some kind of burst of water-movement. But it has not even closed to me... Wait a... It’s here!

Now I see how it has appeared on the surface of water. I almost saw its “face”. Here is the fin. How can it be that this fish-meat, weighing more than 5 tones, moves right on me in order to “consume”? Oh, yes. Now I experience it, now I feel the hardest wave struck of all. And in front of me now the deadliest jaws are opening. Blood, flesh and water – everything mixed in this nightmare! I feel the hit. The five toned killer crushes my flesh, and the whole my body now is skewered with its unbelievably huge monster-teeth.

Yes, now I experience it, now I feel the real pain. My lungs are already filled with the vomity stench of some sea “gashes” and a billion of dead-rotten fish.

My nerves of ripped apart body are twitching, probably, with a speed of light. A bloody fountain from my flesh-burst streams out its torrent right on the shark’s nose, and it flows everything around.

And the one object that I can still observe at the very last moment of my life is its Satan dark jaws...

## – The Awakening —

Oh, my God! Where am I? Who am I? Where is that shark? Where is water? Where is everything that I have experienced now?

What is that? Is it darkness? Am I in Hell, maybe? But how can I be there, if I am still alive? Yes, I am surely alive. My heart pounds wildly, cracking my chest. My nerves have driven out lots of miles. My blood circling the veins as a washing machine's drum in its fully-loaded action. My brain has roughly being “pressed” and covered by a metal net. My hands' fingers curled up the blanket with the full strength.

I open my eyes and through the dreamy-nightmare image I see the shapes of a chair, a table, a bed, a window, and my room in the whole. But the beyond-phantom of the shark is still here, in the room. And it is still dark in the street and in the room.

What time is now?

I look at my watches. It is only 05:30. Wait a... Is it 05:30 by now? Gosh! I remember that I went to bed at about 00:00.



## **The DreamCorp – Red Logo**

Yes, it so many hours have already passed since I closed my eyes, but in the dream – hours fly through like seconds.

Oh, my God, what a disgusting bloody nightmare I had.

So I clearly understand who I am, where I am, and what I am doing now. So I am alive, I breath calmly. That's already good. So it was a bad dream, just another ugly nightmare...

## – The Dream RE-Loading –

...It is pitch darkness everywhere.

I put my hands out, stretching them forward in front of me, but I cannot observe them. Maybe, because I don't see anything at all?!

I do the first step cautiously. And then a strange sense of awareness comes to the fore inside me, as though I fall into the empty space – into the dark and silent entity. And now I am evidently falling down, into nowhere. There is a new abnormal feeling in my heart. And here, there is a straight road, a kind of an electronic network in front of me. It is a standard network that stretches distantly far away. Now I see and feel it clearly.

Colors inside this network sparkle among each other: the green, the dark, the purple, the white... They interchange from time to time, but the green one has the definite priority.

Now I make another one step and go ahead. But this time I go smoothly, as I flow down the calm lake. And again that unexplainable sense, as if I have wings and I fly in the air by myself. It is a deeply vast space that surrounds me – the only darkness and brightly green net-road, sparkles with lots of electrical flashes. Where it will lead me to? Whoever knows?

Maybe I should ask somebody to know about this place?

Apparently, that if this place exists – just because somebody or something created it, or at least started it. So if I am here now, in this strange outer-world beyond the reality – somebody took me here, and I am sure that somebody should know something about this place and the way-out of here.

The only question that bites me now is that where am I and where's everybody? Where are the rest of people, animals and birds, as well as the others living creatures and soulless objects disappeared to? Where's everything all of that?

It seems that I'll have to start the search for the rest of the world, trying to find out what actually had happened with the earth. And try to find somebody who knows all about this. This person (or something of a kind) should be wise and informed enough to explain me everything. But where am I supposed to find such a person? Yeah, it surely looks like that I need to explore the whole Universe, making the incredible efforts, before I reach somebody alike the wise or super-mighty smart one.

But how long will I be searching for? Maybe, for the rest of my life? I really don't know. The smartest one – the wise, the mighty – knows all the answers on my questions.

But wait a minute!

*“Who am I? What a kind am I actually?”* I am wondering now.  
*“AND DO I REALLY EXIST AT THE MOMENT?”*

Well, I wish I saw myself in the mirror.

But wait again! What is that out there? Is it a mirror? Well, I see clearly that this the mirror is. Where in such an outer place did the mirror appear from? It is really odd, because I am standing nowhere right now. And I am also going nowhere to. So hardly will I meet somebody. And never will it be, just occasionally.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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