

In my dream last night I was hanging with a group of my friends which included Coach from Cheers (who was a famous ex-jazz musician), Trefor, and two other people who I think were girls. We started out chilling in a city where, for some reason, Godzilla was fighting some mechanical dragon thing. They were pretty evenly matched and just slamming one another into things until Godzilla rode/wrestled/pushed the metal dragon into a road where a full speed semi was going, which hit him real hard and smashed him to pieces. Godzilla disappeared. I was the only witness. My friends and I all found each other, I told them what happened. We looked at a couple pieces of metal dragon on the ground. Then we saw the jaw still moving slowly around. One of my friends read that there were four more pieces still alive from a stock ticker. We walked (very nervously) kinda near the jaw, and walked away. We split up, and I went into some newly abandoned buildings. There was a little man in them who I knew was one part of the dragon. He attacked me, and we wrestled for a while. I found out from hitting him against things that he was indestructable, except for his head. So I started slamming his head into things. While I was doing that, my friends reemerged from other places and watched. I commented how the guy was probably silently beckoning the other dragon parts. He stayed alive for a long time. Eventually I found something vaguely pointy and started stabbing him in the head. He looked pained, then realized he was okay, so I threw him on the ground, and my friends and I got in a car and got out of the city. Trefor drove. I rode shotgun. We knew each of the other four pieces had a power, but we weren't sure what they were. We drove until we found a hut to hide in, and we went inside. We cowered for a while. It was dark outside. Eventually one of them was outside a window, someone said they saw him, I couldn't, I shut off the lights, then there was a slight silhouette. Then another at the other window. The first guy busted in through the window and hurled bottles at everyone. Everyone went down but me. I grabbed a bottle and we beat each other for a while. Eventually my friends dragged him off of me, but really it was only because the other silhouette, the leader (who was the jaws, though in the form of a tall man), had come inside and beckoned him to stop attacking. He started talking to me while throwing bottle caps at me. Several of them dug in. I picked some up off the floor and started throwing them back, but only a few stuck. Then I picked up a bottle and started blocking all of them like a jedi blocks gunshots. He pulled a big box full of playing cards out of nowhere and started throwing them at me. The first one shattered my bottle. The rest just cut me. I tried to throw some back, but I couldn't really do it. I sat and listened. I can't remember what he said. I know that my friends told me to fight back and I said that I knew this man, and I knew that he could throw a card a thousand feet, through a door, and still hit a man in the heart. They were all shocked. He looked at them, then backed up. Anya was one of my friends also, because then I looked across the room and two of the parts were making her coo at a child. The male one could shoot little darts out of his finger that lodged in the back of your head and hurt so much that you'd do what he said. Also, he sucked your blood through them. He was doing that to Anya, and the female part was just holding her head in place. I got real mad and yelled something like "Hey! Lay off my girlfriend!" And then I kicked the guy away from Anya. He shot a dart at me, but I grabbed it. He retracted, cutting my hand, and fired it again, around the room, I tried to kick it off course, but I missed and it lodged in my head. He started making me coo at the baby. I struggled, but it hurt too much to resist. I waited a minute, and then spun around, put my torso against his legs (he was sitting on the floor) and my feet against his head, and pulled his head off. His spine was metal and blinking red. His head, we realized, was a bomb. I ran outside with it, and got on one of their big badass motorcycles (they had two, they shared). I took off with

another guy on the back, and everyone else crowded on the other motorcycle. I threw the head into the shack as we took off. We drove for a long time. Eventually we thought we had lost them, but we wanted to fight them. We knew that we couldn't hurt them individually. We could only hurt them when they had combined together. They formed an arm and hand, and the jaws/leader became an enormous straight razor. We turned around, and drove back toward where we thought they'd be. We saw our car in the distance and pulled over. They got fairly close, then did the same. One of my friends pulled out a package. He showed me that it was the guy's head I threw earlier. It turns out that he had already removed the guy's head and replaced it with a fake by the time I fought him. He was newly repaired, we saw in the distance, but it didn't matter. I reached into the gory flesh around the skull and found the activation button. I walked up to the leader, and shoved it into his ribcage. He said, "What's that?" I made some witty reply, then ran off. We got on the motorcycles and went as fast as we could. We were pondering how we'd know if it blew up this time when we saw a huge explosion in the distance. We knew we had won. Then, for some reason, Coach was in the woods burying some jazz award he had won and crying.