Where’s My Room?

On New Year’s Eve 2010 I found myself wandering through endless hotel

hallways, unsure where my room was or where I was going or why.  After the band

stopped at 2 AM, I got separated from my date. I had to find my room. But every

hall looked exactly the same. I experienced one of the most perplexing moments.

On my way to locate my room I felt lost and confused. Anxiety crept in as I frantically

tried to find my room. Looking at each door there was no number or letter or anything

at all to differentiate the rooms. Was this floor vacant and undergoing renovations?

I could have sworn this was the floor I checked into prior to going downstairs to ring

in the new year.

I stopped in a small alcove off the hallway center, sat in a chair and promptly

fell asleep for what was about 30 minutes. When I opened my eyes, it was as if I was

dreaming.

Here I sat, viewing a long empty hallway and not knowing if this was a dream

or reality. The hall had blue carpet outlined with a ribbon of gold. I recall hearing some

time ago that a long empty hallway is a symbol showing the dreamer to another part of

their life. Where would this hall lead me? Perhaps it would show me my future! Maybe

I was being shown I was not yet settled in one particular area of my life.  I bet that

unsettled part of life was what brought me here in the first place, I thought to myself.

Today was day three of a college drinking fest. It was my first time trying

something like that and it wasn’t as easy as I thought it would be. I had no idea how

much my buddies could drink without stopping to eat. My mouth felt dry and my

stomach was upset.  Drinking all day long and night didn’t make me feel better. It

didn’t make any of us feel better. I had hope that the alcohol effects would soon

subside and my throbbing headache would go away.

Suddenly the thought, “Where is my date?” spilled out of my mouth and I heard

myself repeating the question over and over.  Was she possibly passed out in another part

of the hotel, or in our room waiting for me or just wandering around the hotel? I couldn’t

leave her alone. I had to find her. A fog lifted in my brain. What felt like endless miles

of non-descript hallways now upon further investigation had tiny pictures of various

animals hung by the thresholds of each door. There was an alligator, a possum, a horse,

a monkey. A Monkey! My room had a monkey picture, I now remember! Finally, I

find my hotel room and my date is quietly snoring in bed. I’m sure she was not impressed

with me tonight. In my head I hear the Rolling Stones song: “You Can’t Always Get

What You Want”. Gosh, I thought this night would have turned out differently. Oh well,

at least she is safe and I am, too.

I pondered if the night with the mysterious hallway was really a sign that my life

needed some type of course correction. I realized I could make life better, so much better.

I did not have to play into all the college stereotypes. I could be good in academics and

not have to prove to anyone my immaturity by drinking so much.

A few hours passed and I woke to find a note where once laid my date. It simply

stated: Too bad you missed the best part of the dancing this evening. By the way, this is

not your room. Yours has a picture of an ASS. Happy New Year.