

THE INSANE GOD  
Chapter 7 Excerpt (Hardcover inside flap)

"YOU DYED YOUR HAIR while you were being held captive?" Nate was only half joking as they walked to his car after spending the day answering the police's questions.

She turned to him and grabbed the edges of his jacket with both hands. "No. I dreamed that it was longer and redder, and when I woke up, it fucking was."

"What?"

"I also dreamed, in the same dream, that I wrote that phone number down in your hotel room while you slept."

"Oh, wait. The phone number? No. that's ..."

"Do not say impossible. It fucking happened, possible or not."

"That would explain why you were so wound up all through the police questioning."

She finally let go of his jacket. "No shit."

He opened the car and they got in. He did not start the car. "You're saying you fell asleep in the kidnappers' house, and dreamed you had entered my hotel room?"

"Yes."

"And somehow the number you wrote down on that pad, in your dream, ended up on the real pad in my actual hotel room."

"Yes. It was the number I saw on their old-timey kitchen wall phone."

"And then your hair changed in reality to match what you saw in the dream."

"Yes."

"Has this ever happened before?"

"No. It feels like a schizophrenic split from reality, but it's totally real. I have no explanation. Worse, I can't get comfortable with any of it. I keep thinking it will all make more sense if I replay it a few more times. But it doesn't get any better. It's like I'm turning into the damn Dreamer god, cooking up shit for real."