

**Dream: “Theo and the Fenstra Pill”***(2025-10-29)*

I’m visiting what seems to be a man’s home office—maybe for a financial or tech consultation, possibly something to do with taxes. The man looks a bit like Ryan Reynolds or perhaps a “Theo”. He has the air of a high-tech consultant—smart, confident, and relaxed.

At one point, he comes around from behind his desk and climbs over the recliner where I’m sitting comfortably with my feet up, reaching for something beyond where my head is situated in the chair. It doesn’t feel awkward or inappropriate—just surprisingly familiar, as if we already know each other well enough for that level of casual closeness.

When he finishes whatever high-tech work he’s doing, I recline fully in the chair, and it feels as though he performs some sort of energy work on me. Then he calls in a young woman—his assistant—who escorts me outside.

Outside his place feels like a small Saturday farmers’ market: bright, open, friendly. His office itself was one big rectangular living space filled with his belongings, more like a studio than a traditional house. I remember as I get outside that I knew this guy when he first moved in there – and there is something about a rug in that place that maybe something got spilled on but he cleaned up.

At the market, I see people I seem to know in the dream, though not in waking life. One woman holds a little girl—white skin, dark hair, maybe four years old. Another person carries a baby. Someone else joins us with another young child, and I laugh, saying how I wish I had a baby to hold too. Everyone laughs with me.

We sit down together in a booth, maybe to play something on our phones or iPads. I set my iPad down while we’re comparing screens. Later, I go into a movie theater; when I come out, I can’t find my iPad. It’s not at the booth or in the theater, so I think maybe I left it at the man’s office.

I find him again—the Ryan Reynolds / Theo figure—and tell him I might have left my iPad at his place. He tells me to go ahead and check. That feels natural because we’ve shared deeper conversations in the past, and I sense a genuine rapport between us, even if we’d both somehow forgotten it earlier. I figure his assistant reminded him of that connection.

When I return to his place, I decide for some reason to lie down on his couch and nap. I hear him come in, joking good-naturedly about finding a woman asleep on his couch when he lives alone. I sit up on the floor, and we just hang out casually, like friends.

Then he says he has to leave soon. He seems wealthy, confident, and involved in some kind of advanced tech consulting. Before going, he mentions he’s taking a pill called **Fenstra**. For a



moment, I wonder if that's a street name for fentanyl, but I realize I'd know if it were because I have spent 10 years anchoring a county Behavioral Health Consortium – and know an awful lot about drugs. It feels more like Fenstra is a tech-related drug—something futuristic.

Instead of swallowing it, he presses it between his eyes, as though it absorbs through the skin there. Almost immediately, I see text messages appear—scrolling down the left side of his forehead and across his glasses, like digital projections. The messages are oriented so I can read them, not him, which seems odd. It's as if the pill activates a technology that makes his communications visible externally.

He puts on his backpack and suddenly vanishes. Then I hear his voice calling me to look. In front of me is an old-style arcade booth, the kind from the early 2000s, with a video game running—and he's inside the game. I can see him moving through it, wearing the same backpack, living out an adventure.

I realize the Fenstra pill is what allows him to enter the game. He takes it so he can play faster, learn more quickly, and become more skilled—then return to our world more advanced than before. It's like he's training inside a simulation to enhance his real-world expertise, perhaps for his consulting work.

I find myself fascinated, thinking he's one of those brilliant, boundary-pushing people who blend technology and consciousness to expand their abilities.

Oddly, I feel no tension with him. I sense he's gay, so I'm not worried he'll misinterpret my comfort or my decision to nap in his space. Everything feels safe, intelligent, and slightly surreal—like witnessing the next phase of evolution, where tech and consciousness merge through some mysterious new element called **Fenstra**.

And that's what I remember of the dream.