

My friend lived in a tiny house with an enormous garage

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One evening, I had a series of three dreams. In each one, I visited an unusual home. In the first dream, I visited the home of a friend of mine. But instead of living in his condominium in the city, he lived in a house built into the side of a cliff. The house commanded a breathtaking view of the valley below, but the living quarters weren't very large. This was to his liking. "Moving in didn't take long." The top floor was a single room the size of a typical bedroom. The bottom floor was half that size. There was a six-inch-square mesh of wire covering the downstairs walls. "That lets the dog roam freely downstairs, but when he goes upstairs, he has to stay on the path."

Also downstairs was the combination garage/shower room, a sleek, empty, 6000-square-foot space in dusky slate blue. You open the faucet, and water gently rains down from the ceiling. Now you and your 1000 closest friends (?) can shower together. And the car gets cleaned, too!

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