

Blazing Land

9th of September 2025 around 10:15 AM

The setting and location of this dream was akin to a school trip in an area with lots of elevations of terrain, which in my mind was most likely towards the French-Italian border, in what felt like a touristic or vacation spot I was staying in with other youths. (I already did such a trip in Spring 2005 in the south of France near Uzès with a club for youths from my hometown.)

I did several things in this area and I can't remember what I did in what order, but I'm quite sure I started with a jogging towards a village or city which was Chamonix in my mind. The area I ran among was elevated and wild like in the woods of a valley : By the start I crossed what was like a quite vertiginous bridge dominating a highway, and it's all I can remember of during this activity that I stopped halfway compared to the distance I wanted to achieve for some health-related reason. (I sneezed a lot the day before this dream due to a sudden shift in temperatures, so I was sick for real...)

When I came back, the area and the hotel I was supposed to stay in was suddenly consumed and devastated by an ongoing blaze : I was contemplating the incredible scene from an elevated spot with wild paths bordered by small walls made of old stones like ones from alpine villages. And the extensiveness of the fire was impressive to witness from afar, from East to West, with a constellation of flames dancing among a wide incandescent red-orange area that resembled a multi-layered forest divided in small plateaux, now all ablazed as if it was set in the vicinity of a volcano that just erupted, a good one to five kilometer square of wildlife consumed like by streams of lava in an instant. In fact the land was so ablazed the ground itself was all incandescent with no trees left in sight, just masses of lying logs glowing like red rocks, like a Hell-like scenery.

In spite of all of this, I came back towards the area in some kind of city or village preceding the blazing land with enough distance, as I realized that I lost all my belongings, like my laptop and my pouch with my credit card, in the hotel I should have stayed in on the other side of the wild area towards the west. The only thing I had left in my possession was my Android tablet, somehow, and I was reassured that my computer work wasn't all gone down in smoke or flames. I in fact used the spared device to send a SMS to my mother to tell her about what was happening here — but the tactile keyboard's behavior was doing tricks on me as it kept turning some of my words into emojis, like « incendie » would instantly pop a « ? » flame emoji everytime, and it played with my nerves soon enough.

The place I was writing my message in was a covered one with benches and tables to sit in, like a narrow plaza next to something like a range of shops in a long single-story white building itself facing a road ; and it all reminded me of a road toll area nearby the Mont Blanc tunnel, somewhere like Courmayeur, except there was no Mont Blanc or high peaks in sight from what I saw from higher up as I discovered the northern part of the area on fire, unless I haven't payed attention enough. In fact there was a truck that annoyingly stopped close to me in the roof-covered place where I was writing my message, that I thought sending later on, knowing commercial trucks are used to take the alpine tunnel I mentioned (which is currently closed from September 1st to the 12th of December).

The atmospherical and architectural setting was hence reminiscent of this kind of equally busy and quiet mountain area, but I don't know if it was in France or Italy for sure. However the various geographical indications I saw from my own eyes as I witnessed the wildfire (on the north and east to west = looking toward France from Italy ?) and thought about when I did some jogging in the wild (going toward Chamonix) were probably not random informations.

I then came back to the wild area with the sloped mountain paths I started my jogging from to see what the blaze looked like once more : And strangely enough there was snow on the same path I took few moments earlier, like we went from Fall to Winter in just a minute. Some students from my middle-school years were following me, mostly girls I think, and most likely the ones I was doing a trip with. And I can't explain why but there was some kind of pre-revolutionary or pre-insurrectionary thinking happening between us, knowing there were also few concerns about the French government at some point during the trip before the northern area went ablaze.

And that's all I can remember of as I'm left unsure if I could see the incandescent area for a second time before waking up.

I don't like to do interpretations and even less prognostics with my dreams, but I wonder if the « **Blazing land** » that I witnessed from afar was supposed to indicate a « **France on fire** » in a metaphorical way, as I found myself in a safe area on the south in a place that reminded me of Courmayeur, hence in Italy or towards the French-Italian border, while the « **northern area from East to West** » was consumed by a raging blaze that « **I didn't see coming while absent** », and avoided luckily. And since the scene took place in Fall and Winter where a wildfire has close to no chance to take place for real, especially in a safe alpine area, I can only see this « **Northern blazing territory** » as an indication for a type of « **Dramatically hot event** » that has nothing to do with a wildfire.

At least I can tell that it's the first time I dreamt about a wildfire — at last ! And fortunately I wasn't in the middle of it as it erupted suddenly.

As a final note, I happen to have had this dream exactly 5 years after I moved to Italy, having spent my first night in Chamonix on September the 8th of 2020, and arrived in Italy by bus the day after on the 9th.