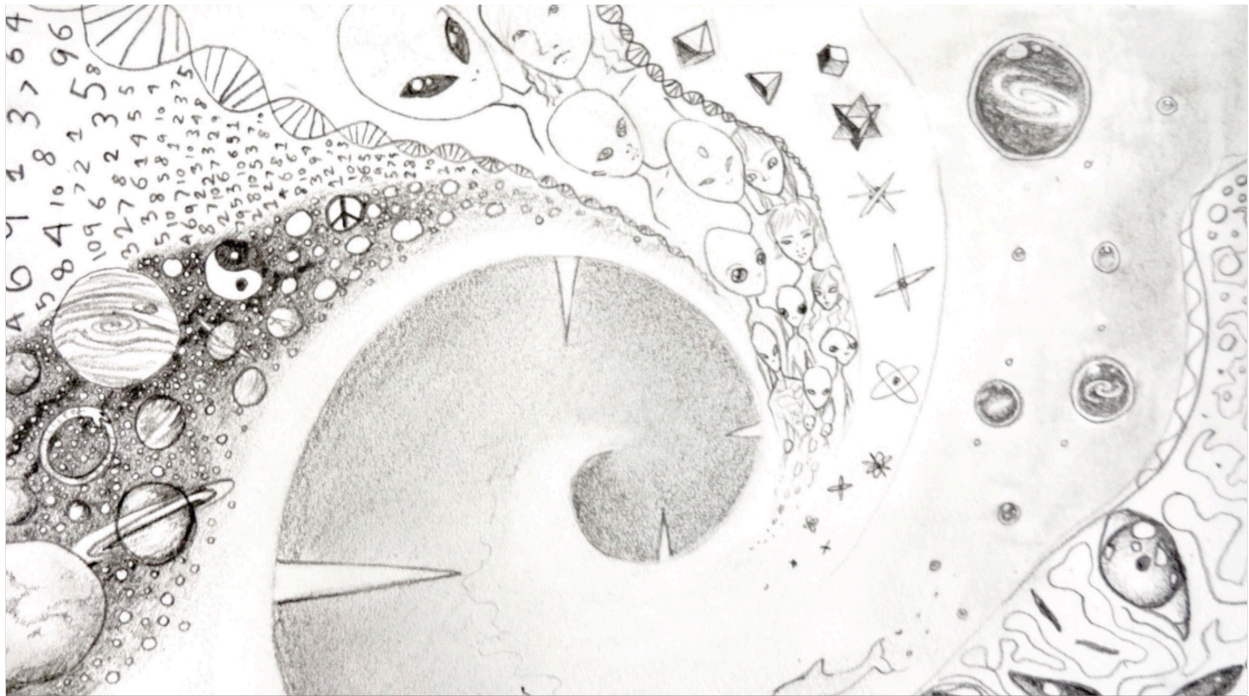


365 Days of Dreams

June 2019 – 2020



[About the Author, Casey Claar](#) : Page 2

[Table of Contents](#) : Page 3 – 11

[Impression](#) : Page 12

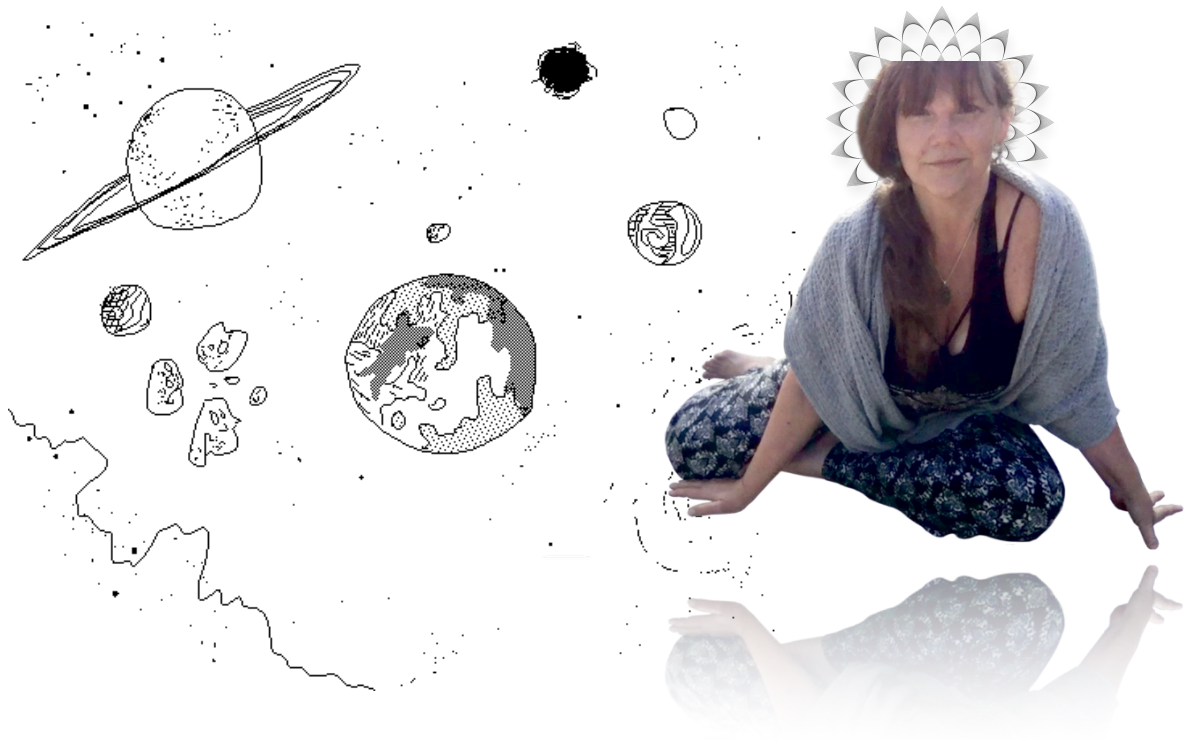
[Daily Dreams](#) : Page 8 – 220

[Authors Note](#) : Page 221

The Galactic Travel Channel Links

♥ [Website](#)

- [Patreon](#) [Youtube](#)
- [Forum/Message Board](#)
- [Facebook Page](#), [Facebook Group](#)



I was born in the Las Vegas desert in the mid-60s..

I suppose this may say, and even predict in itself at least in part the unfolding of the life that has come to be—this being an epicenter of the peace and love movement, and much activity relative to consciousness and the extra-terrestrial presence.

Yoga and meditation came to me early. A willing student, I began practicing through synchronicity at the age of 12, becoming seriously devoted to the discipline in my late 20's. The study of ancient texts, The Vedas, Upanishads, Bhagavad Gita and many others led me to Shanakaracarya, Sri Ramana Maharshi and Jnana. To my inherent alignment with Self discovery and the idea of liberation within the lifetime : what more currently is termed “ascension”. —Teaching soon followed the years of study.

In 2009 came an Awakening, a spiritual “Kundalini” top-down awakening process ensued. At this time, a capacity—an innate ability to explore consciousness – systems, realities, worlds beyond our own is becoming a permanent part of my ground level life experience. Years are spent developing the ability. Shifting in full awareness into additional consciousness states, additional consciousness SPACE, — galactic, universal and elemental experience territories.

I am an explorer of consciousness systems,

An experiencer of conscious contact with extraterrestrial intelligence,

A visual and vocal channel.

My name is Casey.

Table of Contents

This collection of material is from a consciousness experiment participated in by members of our forum/message board. It is proposed that together we begin logging our dreams daily. The Idea is to create an impetus toward bringing forward with us as we wake into our daily state of awareness at least one dream, or dream fragment, or feeling. To 1) work the muscle required for recall and 2) observe any significant crossover in our concepts and experiencing.

I myself am looking, perhaps more specifically for potential crossover as *evidence we may, as a direct result of our grouping be synchronizing in such a way as there is observance of our collective activity from within as a One-Consciousness; where-in our persons are entering the fields of each other. During the course of this experiment I am finding clear evidence of this occurring within my own observation point with multiple of the experiment participants.

June 2019

June 19 : A Home World Away
June 20 : Phrase-Loop "Reanimating Group"
June 21 : The Summer Solstice
June 22 : Key Points, Talk w/ Guide About Binaural Beats
June 23 : Black Feline Being
June 24 : With Guidance, Going Through Storage
June 25 : Dream Fragments, Pure Observer Mode
June 26 : Spirit World Work
June 27 : Mechanics, Motor Vehicles, Maze
June 28 : No Recall, Tones
June 29 : Glass Elevator
June 30 : No Recall, Notes



July 2019

July 01 : The Geometry of Dream Recall
July 02 : OBE- Etheric Drills Have Recommenced
July 03 : OBE- Visit with Jan in Gothenburg, Hippocampus
July 04 : Siblings, Jason as an ET Being
July 05 : No Recall, Notes
July 06 : Lesson About the Brain and Hippocampus
July 07 : Space Fleet and Crew
July 08 : Expanding Individual and Collective Reality Tunnels, Robyn's Alaskan Ship
July 09 : The Mall, Maze
July 10 : A Misty Surreal Evening, Dragons
July 11 : Genes, James, Point Consciousness as Others
July 12 : Observing my Sleeping Body, Extraterrestrial Head / Ship *again
July 13 : Mom Gets Brought in to Help me with a Birthing
July 14 : No Recall, Notes
July 15 : Hidden Treasures, Wand-like Clear Quartz Crystal
July 16 : An Intricate Stacked Maze
July 17 : Castle, Life as a Triangulated Projection of Other Lives
July 18 : Peeing, Pyramid, Play, Octi-Powered Converter

July 19 : Together with Someone Ancient
July 20 : Willing Servant to a Royal Mate
July 21 : Opening Time Portals
July 22 : A Series of OBE Shifts
July 23 : From the Mundane to the Magical
July 24 : No Recall, Notes
July 25 : Lava, Large Beached Whale, Looking for a Man to Marry Another Woman
July 26 : Large Jurassic-Park-Like Species
July 27 : Support Structures
July 28 : No Recall, Notes
July 29 : Fox Headed Man in a Trench Coat
July 30 : Sex, Drive, Plate
July 31 : Using Physical Sound (Vibrations) to Shift

August 2019

Aug 01 : Visit from a Care Client from the Beyond
Aug 02 : Straw Man
Aug 03 : David Bowie, House Template
Aug 04 : Cover Dreams Placed Over Real Dreams
Aug 05 : Parallel Time-Flow, Connect and Re-Connect with Erich
Aug 06 : Cloaked Figure Observing Me Dreaming
Aug 07 : Artistic 3D Blueprint Rendering of a Ship
Aug 08 : A Night of Communication and Conversations
Aug 09 : Children Being Left Behind
Aug 10 : Extractions, Physical *and Data Extractions
Aug 11 : More on the Human Brain, Unlocking the Mind
Aug 12 : OBE- Guardians of the Timelines
Aug 13 : OBE- Opening my Channel, Probable Channeling Events
Aug 14 : Swings, Food, Abandoned Office Building and Empty Files
Aug 15 : Precognition, Receiving an Insurance Claim : Amount Due to Me
Aug 16 : Timing, Coordinating
Aug 17 : Alien Beach World, Sky Watch, Geometric Light Display
Aug 18 : How the Soul Fractals
Aug 19 : Guidance on Channeling
Aug 20 : A Shortcut from One Space Into Another Space
Aug 21 : A Series of Shifts
Aug 22 : New Energy New World, Portals
Aug 23 : Assisting a Transition from Life
Aug 24 : A Month or More in Another World
Aug 25 : Simulations
Aug 26 : Riding a Compression Wave Into Zero Point
Aug 27 : Sniper, Woman with Inhuman Eyes, Earthquake
Aug 28 : Contact Experience
Aug 29 : No Recall, Notes
Aug 30 : Completing with Energies, Clearing my Field
Aug 31 : Looking for my Car Maze and More

September 2019

Sept 01 : Marriage, Wedding, Ceremony
Sept 02 : Bullet Points– Swimming in the Ocean, Airplane Flight, Social Gathering
Sept 03 : Contact, Multiple Shifts Into Extraterrestrial Craft
Sept 04 : Superpower
Sept 05 : A Drive to See Jurgen Ziewe
Sept 06 : OBE– Unfinished Thought Responsive Environment
Sept 07 : Amphitheater, Student Channelers
Sept 08 : Asking How to Get an Object in the Future to the Past
Sept 09 : Hyperbaric Chamber, Interpenetrating Spaces
Sept 10 : The Architecture and Design of Time/Space
Sept 11 : Change, w/ Rob and Kalina
Sept 12 : Fragment– Woman with Angular Geometric Haircut
Sept 13 : John Buys Dad’s Old House– Gutting, Renovating
Sept 14 : Spirit World Meeting and Message from the Departed
Sept 15 : The Rate of Birth of a True Care Person
Sept 16 : Assisted Choosing of a Mate
Sept 17 : Tearing Down Dream Layers
Sept 18 : Fun Fragments
Sept 19 : More Fragments, Mantis Beings and a Maze
Sept 20 : Aiding from the Astral
Sept 21 : No Recall. Nothing
Sept 22 : War, Los Angeles Future Timeline
Sept 23 : The State of Being and Being Aware
Sept 24 : Easily Entering, Exiting and Re-Entering Fields
Sept 25 : Behind the Scenes– Showing Guides How to Play Games
Sept 26 : Critters– Animals, Insects, Birds and Bathrooms
Sept 27 : A Series of Quick Shifts
Sept 28 : Question and Answer
Sept 29 : Requesting All Previous Rights of Exploration Be Reinstated
Sept 30 : My Experience with Galactic Races on Board Crafts

October 2019

Oct 01 : OBE– A Request to Consciously Shift Into Deep Trance
Oct 02 : Geometrical Training Structure
Oct 03 : What is My Spiritual Name?
Oct 04 : Physical Body Dismemberments
Oct 05 : In and Out of Lifetimes
Oct 06 : The Mirroring Effect Phenomena Explained
Oct 07 : Riding the Waves and Visual Patterns
Oct 08 : Calling a Deep Tuned Trance Telepathy Guide
Oct 09 : A Return of Free Dream State Awareness
Oct 10 : Energetic Field Work and Guidance on Diet
Oct 11 : Recurring Dream, Real Life Practice
Oct 12 : A Monroe Explorer Calls Me
Oct 13 : OBE– Extraterrestrial Craft, Shifts Into Additional Scenes
Oct 14 : Instruction to Write a Book, OBE– The Wake/Sleep Threshold
Oct 15 : How We May Degrade Our Own Timeline

Oct 16 : [Opening to Channel, How We Will Teach It](#)
Oct 17 : [David Bowie, Message](#)
Oct 18 : [The ET Side of Making a Comfortable Earth Life](#)
Oct 19 : [The Purpose of Going Through Rather than Changing/Altering](#)
Oct 20 : [Developing a System-Wide Capability to Deal with All Potential Threat](#)
Oct 21 : [OBE- The Full Conscious Shift as Ascension](#)
Oct 22 : [Conceptual Fragments and a Lucidity Trigger](#)
Oct 23 : [John- A Very Fun Ride/Shift/Transition](#)
Oct 24 : [OBE- The ETs Come to Help Me with a Shift](#)
Oct 25 : [Shift, Shift, Shift, Shift](#)
Oct 26 : [Hypnopomp, Wolf](#)
Oct 27 : [Energy Clearing Work, Keep Feeling Fascination](#)
Oct 28 : [Tactical Teams Working World Wide out of Large Moving Trucks](#)
Oct 29 : [Triangulating Experiences, Energy Matching and Aligning](#)
Oct 30 : [Walking a Tightrope Again, Tests](#)
Oct 31 : [Gyroscoping](#)

November 2019

Nov 01 : [Flying Home, Notice of a Potential Passing](#)
Nov 02 : [Fish, Fitness and Other Foods](#)
Nov 03 : [Destroyed World, ET Contact](#)
Nov 04 : [Training Programs](#)
Nov 05 : [Wood to Wood, Water to Water— Blue Dragon OBE](#)
Nov 06 : [Pre-Arranging Ground Level Care Contracts, OBE](#)
Nov 07 : [A Single Remnant, Turn of the Century Beat Cop](#)
Nov 08 : [Holding a Chair \(A Place \) for Myself](#)
Nov 09 : [No Recall, Notes](#)
Nov 10 : [Altered Time and Invoking a Time Slip](#)
Nov 11 : [A Claar Family Meeting](#)
Nov 12 : [Inner World Work](#)
Nov 13 : [Tree Nursery and More Work](#)
Nov 14 : [OBE- Seamless Shifts, Ascension *Rehearsal *Practice *Experience](#)
Nov 15 : [With the ETs, A Flash of an Image Before Waking](#)
Nov 16 : [Anti-Gravity Device, Gel Technology](#)
Nov 17 : [Vibrations Over Visuals](#)
Nov 18 : [OBE- ET Healing, Wilson's Disease](#)
Nov 19 : [Behind the Scenes](#)
Nov 20 : [Meetings with the Dearly Departed](#)
Nov 21 : [Wandering](#)
Nov 22 : [Filling Out Forms on Family Disfunction](#)
Nov 23 : [Time is Again Flowing Irregularly, John is Showing up A Lot](#)
Nov 24 : [Expanded Point of View Outside of Time](#)
Nov 25 : [Gauntless](#)
Nov 26 : [Training with Tyler Ellison and Jurgen Ziewe](#)
Nov 27 : [I Am a Tron Inside a Facebook Chat Screen](#)
Nov 28 : [David Bowie Gives Me a Healing](#)
Nov 29 : [No Recall, Notes](#)
Nov 30 : [An Epic Conscious Shift Into an OBE Gets Fragmented to Pieces, The El](#)

December 2019

- Dec 01 : Bonnie, A Beetle and Delicious Dreamy Feeling
- Dec 02 : The Two-Ladies Shop, An Energetic Intermingling
- Dec 03 : Correcting Collective Stress Patterns
- Dec 04 : Star Trek Enterprise Theme Song
- Dec 05 : Making the Rounds, Care Services
- Dec 06 : Water Working From the Astral, Help Spreading Ideas
- Dec 07 : No Recall, Notes
- Dec 08 : A Vision Before Waking, White Elephant
- Dec 09 : Dreams Condensing Down to a Place Card
- Dec 10 : An Extended Visit with Erich
- Dec 11 : A Bathroom A Belt and A Bat
- Dec 12 : Super Massive Collage, A Friend Passes Over
- Dec 13 : No Recall, Notes
- Dec 14 : Repeating Dream Theme: Time Being Cut Short
- Dec 15 : Maintaining a Threshold
- Dec 16 : While Dreaming,—Observe
- Dec 17 : Phenomena: Vibration, Real Data, Embedded Code
- Dec 18 : Information Processing Through the Hippocampus
- Dec 19 : Streaming Through High-Rise Apartments
- Dec 20 : Teaching Yoga in the Park
- Dec 21 : A Little Baby Chick
- Dec 22 : Big Rig Rides
- Dec 23 : In the In-Between, Outlining my Book *Enacted
- Dec 24 : An Active Attempt at Lucidity on Board a Space Station
- Dec 25 : A Walk Into the Forest to Draw Water
- Dec 26 : Crystal Clear Contact
- Dec 27 : Sure Pure Source Code
- Dec 28 : Parking Structure Stairwell Maze
- Dec 29 : No Recall, Notes
- Dec 30 : Navigating Swarms of Free Associative Thought
- Dec 31 : Lesson on Three Classifications of Peoples, *The Dravidians



January 2020

Jan 01 : OBE- Connecting with Seif
Jan 02 : Dad's Old Neighborhood
Jan 03 : Experiencing Myself as Other People
Jan 04 : In an Astral Care Client's Home
Jan 05 : Tiddely Winks on the Water
Jan 06 : Outdoor Weather Camp Structure, Mission Related Work and Activity
Jan 07 : OBE- Tests, Fear Tests
Jan 08 : Another Very Real Visit from Dad (and More)
Jan 09 : Slipping In and Out of Body
Jan 10 : My Body is Producing and Releasing a Material
Jan 11 : No Recall, Notes
Jan 12 : Failure to Embed, Blue and Red Sparkly Field
Jan 13 : An Extended Visit with Extended Family
Jan 14 : Mopping Up, Other-Worldly Environment, Rat in a Cage
Jan 15 : Ian Wilson Mopping Up, A Drive with Obstacles
Jan 16 : Paying with Ice Cubes, Body Phenomena, Militarized War Zone
Jan 17 : A Cabin Compound in the Wilderness
Jan 18 : Pre-View of a Post Apocalyptic World
Jan 19 : Bonnie's Pills
Jan 20 : A Surreal Flow, Scattered Debris
Jan 21 : Searching for my Identity
Jan 22 : Cross Intersecting Environments, 50 Year Old Socks
Jan 23 : Factions - The Naturals and the Chemical Synthetics
Jan 24 : Fragmented Bits, Spacecraft, Invisible Human Cocoons
Jan 25 : Two Fountains, Taking Photos to Embed Dream Content
Jan 26 : Teaching People how to Breathe, Taking out the Trash, Penal Colony
Jan 27 : Utopian Garden Path, Euthanizing Boys at the Shop (**horrific
Jan 28 : The Tiniest Fragment
Jan 29 : Contact from the Deceased, Mex-American Indian Mechanic
Jan 30 : A Hand Rolled Joint on the Dashboard of a Big Rig
Jan 31 : Information and Data Exchange, Combining, Superior Characteristics

February 2020

Feb 01 : One Who is Neither Fully Female nor Male
Feb 02 : Deep in the Theta Waves, A Bright White Piece of Paper
Feb 03 : Underground Caverns and Caves, Contact
Feb 04 : OBE, Entering the Akash
Feb 05 : Tri-Located in Space and Time
Feb 06 : OBE- Surreal Beach, Whales, Charlie B
Feb 07 : Highway Drive in a Convertible, Cloud-like Formations Line the Road
Feb 08 : Elevator, Dumps me into Different Areas, Dead Rats
Feb 09 : Inside my Biological Structure, Understanding nCoV, Surreal Search
Feb 10 : Contact, Small Dinosaur Creatures, Building a Body that Eats Only Plants
Feb 11 : Cooking a Fish, Realizing it is Still Alive
Feb 12 : OBE : Shift Into the Real Life of a 1950s Family
Feb 13 : Fragments, In the Consciousness Fields of Multiple Others, Illness

Feb 14 : My Eggs get Taken
Feb 15 : A Corridor of Rooms and a Shower
Feb 16 : An Explorer Meeting
Feb 17 : Driving, Russian Male, Parisian Male
Feb 18 : Invisible Boy, Invisible Girl
Feb 19 : Meeting New Partners
Feb 20 : Small Bird Standing atop a Large Bird
Feb 21 : Delivering a Newborn, Driving and Turning Myself In
Feb 22 : Something in the Numbers
Feb 23 : SARS-Cov 2, a Mutation in the Species
Feb 24 : Struggling to Reach Dream Data
Feb 25 : Parking Ticket, No Violation Stated, Entry into an OBE
Feb 26 : The Theme of Betrayal
Feb 27 : Environments, Inside, Outside, Airplane, Jacuzzi
Feb 28 : Combining as One What Would Normally Be Thought of as Two
Feb 29 : Inside my Own Biological Structure

March 2020

Mar 01 : Rob and Kalina, a Layering Effect and Spiraling of Time
Mar 02 : The Crystal Work with Intent
Mar 03 : The Great Honor of Being Chosen
Mar 04 : Energy Clearing, John and a Jumping Fish
Mar 05 : The Moment that Created AI—Uncreated
Mar 06 : Changing Clothes, Jeans (Genes)
Mar 07 : How to Feed the Creatures, Instruction
Mar 08 : The Golden Light of the Morning Sun
Mar 09 : Contact with Dayna Stone, Energy of the Mystery Schools
Mar 10 : Behind the Scenes, Outside of Time
Mar 11 : Dragons, People's Dragons
Mar 12 : Before my Impending Death
Mar 13 : Oddity – A Night of Zero Data
Mar 14 : Entering and Exiting Local Space
Mar 15 : Fragment, Horses, England
Mar 16 : Pulled in Fast and Deep, Swimming Through Torrents of Energy
Mar 17 : Beginning a Second Job, 7 Day Work Weeks
Mar 18 : Dark Energy, Strangeness, Near Apocalyptic
Mar 19 : Mom, Tayler and a Bad Guy
Mar 20 : The Virus Scare has Begun
Mar 21 : Day Two of No Data
Mar 22 : Day Three of No Data
Mar 23 : Day Four of No Data, California is Locked Down
Mar 24 : OBE, Jan is Taken Away to be Processed, Visitors
Mar 25 : Guidance at a Farm House, a Chicken and Cleaning
Mar 26 : Protecting a Laptop, Paired with a Man then Stolen from Him
Mar 27 : A Series of Loud Complex Tones Leading Into my Sleep
Mar 28 : On the Virus Frontlines
Mar 29 : Shouted Through at Me, the Words “Collateral Damage”
Mar 30 : Closet, Changing, Tree, House, Notable Attire, Elder

Mar 31 : [More About Killing](#)

April 2020

Apr 01 : [Quick Notes, Time Adventure, Sleeping in the Car, Cafe](#)
Apr 02 : [A Particularly Rough Night, Can't Stay Awake Can't Fall In](#)
Apr 03 : [Guidance on Connecting with my New Car](#)
Apr 04 : [A Far Away Dream State for Weeks](#)
Apr 05 : [I Wake in the Morning Drenched in Sweat but Feeling Wonderful](#)
Apr 06 : [I Wake with the Name: Charlie Prine](#)
Apr 07 : [Question, "What will you Do if Your Opponent is Little?"](#)
Apr 08 : [Instruction on Salt, A Dog and a Spider](#)
Apr 09 : [Woke with a Start \(Everything is Gone \), Zippo, Nada](#)
Apr 10 : [A Birthday Date](#)
Apr 11 : [Erich, Derrick, Living Spaces, Housing Opportunities](#)
Apr 12 : [I Keep Passing Out, Not Falling Off but Quite Literally Passing Out](#)
Apr 13 : [A Dear Friend \(June \) is Reborn](#)
Apr 14 : [Circumventing a Big Rock](#)
Apr 15 : [Death in an Underground Bunker](#)
Apr 16 : [Symbol: Tower, then Tower Knocked Over](#)
Apr 17 : [Real Duck, Fake Duck, Feeding the Ducks](#)
Apr 18 : [Over-Observing the Filming of the Movie "Troy"](#)
Apr 19 : [Tiny Mating Butterflies and a Transmission](#)
Apr 20 : [Another Date and a Sort of Rescue](#)
Apr 21 : [College Campus, Deck of Cards, Tom Cruise](#)
Apr 22 : [Screaming at the Top of my Lungs](#)
Apr 23 : [Nothing is Getting Through this Exhausted Body](#)
Apr 24 : [No Data](#)
Apr 25 : [Conscious Shift: Municipal Buildings, Library of Rocks and Crystals](#)
Apr 26 : [A Long Conversation with a Bald Man](#)
Apr 27 : [Long Drive with Mom, Service, Infrastructure](#)
Apr 28 : [Galactic and Ground Level, Shift UP onto Shuttlecraft with Jan](#)
Apr 29 : [Doug, Completing with Our Agreement of Care Services](#)
Apr 30 : [An Experience of Energy Overriding Data](#)

May 2020

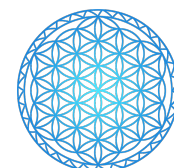
May 01 : [Too Late of a Night](#)
May 02 : [Please Send Energy](#)
May 03 : [John, White Truck, Driving](#)
May 04 : [A Round Circle Community Lecture with Mom followed by an OBE](#)
May 05 : [In Spirit on the Ghostly Plane](#)
May 06 : [Soaring Heat, Drifting Off Without Knowing](#)
May 07 : [Experiencing Myself as Alternating Fast Sound Vibration, OBE](#)
May 08 : [Walking the Night Streets, Visiting Bathroom after Bathroom](#)
May 09 : [Doug, Darr, Apple](#)
May 10 : [Awake in the Dream Space](#)
May 11 : [Cascading Thought Responsive Constructs](#)
May 12 : [Crystal \(ET \) Contact, In Green Body of Water Investigated by Eel-like Fish](#)

May 13 : Showing Apartments
May 14 : Woke with a Start, Sucking in Air and Drooling all over my Hands, Flyweil
May 15 : Testing Entities, Car Ride
May 16 : Information about Care Client Lineages
May 17 : Processing Challenging Data
May 18 : Change of Address, Invitation, Tilak
May 19 : The Most Bizarre Geometric Color Patter I Have Ever Seen
May 20 : The Lack of Yield in Going to Bed Late
May 21 : Driving and Walking the Streets of France, Magenta Pixie
May 22 : Channeling, Advice, A Visit from Carla Rueckert
May 23 : Walking a Coastal Footpath into an OBE
May 24 : White Wolf Attack, OBE
May 25 : Cat and Mouse, OBE
May 26 : At a Job Discovering Skin Issues, Exiting the Hiding State
May 27 : Learning PD Dialysis in my Sleep
May 28 : Misunderstood Angel-Incarnate
May 29 : Seemingly Unrelated Conceptual Conglomerations
May 30 : 1960s Renegade
May 31 : Redressing my Bed

June 2020

Jun 01 : Online School, Registering Deadline, Power in the Body
Jun 02 : Expensive Bathroom, Aquatic and Sub-Aquatic Vehicles
Jun 03 : Placing Items in a Brine, Meeting the ET Species Putting Through this Idea
Jun 04 : Underground Library, Catalog and Processing Station
Jun 05 : Maria, Mobile Home-like Box Car Structures
Jun 06 : Overlay, Interpenetrating Fields, Zackary Kai
Jun 07 : Working a Casino Shift
Jun 08 : Riding the Waves in Toward Wake
Jun 09 : Night Sweats, A Whole Night of Dreaming Condensed Into a Single Symbol
Jun 10 : John, Big Red Truck, Shopping
Jun 11 : Zeroing In on a Mandelbrot
Jun 12 : Eric Corso *After his Passing, Energetic Exchange
Jun 13 : Mom, Skilled Care
Jun 14 : Repeater Dream, Erich, Carie, Underground Pool
Jun 15 : Las Vegas 1960/70s, OBE
Jun 16 : Beaver-tail Shaped Saw Blade and Another Repeater
Jun 17 : Tall Truck, Meeting with Jenniffer
Jun 18 : Unable to Fall Asleep, Andy Comes for a Visit
Jun 19 : Break Out! ..Into Where the Designers are Engineering the Sequence I am In

This completes the year—365 days of dreams : June 19, 2019–2020.
Consciousness experiment.



IMPRESSION

I AM SOMEONE WHO HAS ALWAYS REMEMBERED MY DREAMS... WHO, IN THE BEGINNING, DID NOT HAVE TO WRITE THEM DOWN TO REMEMBER, I CARRIED THEM WITH ME AS CLEAR AND REAL TO LIFE AS MY EXPERIENCE IN PHYSICAL SPACE. IN FACT FOR A GREAT DEAL OF MY LIFE I ABSOLUTELY COULD NOT WRITE DOWN MY DREAMS. IN THE RARE EVENT THAT I DID, AWARENESS OF THE DREAM STATE WOULD STOP FOR A SHORT PERIOD. AS A LESSON PERHAPS. IN THIS WAY I LEARNED TO CARRY THE ADDITIONAL FIELDS MORE IMMEDIATELY WITH ME, IN DIRECT AWARENESS ALONE. I LEARNED THAT FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER I WAS NOT MEANT TO DOCUMENT.—UNTIL MUCH LATER IN THE LIFETIME, THAT IS.

AT THE POINT OF MY AWAKENING (2009), I BEGAN TO FIND THAT I COULD DREAM JOURNAL, LOG OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCES, KUNDALINI EVENTS. I NOT ONLY KEPT A WRITTEN LOG I BEGAN VIDEO JOURNALING AS WELL. I DID THIS FOR MANY YEARS, ROUGHLY THROUGH THE YEARS 2009-2014, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I JUST STOPPED. WHEN I DID THIS, AWARENESS OF THE DREAM STATE ITSELF FADED NEAR IN UNISON. I EVEN STOPPED LOGGING THE MORE SIGNIFICANT OBES AND AS IF THE ONE WERE FALLING IN LINE WITH THE OTHER, AWARENESS OF THESE EVENTS FADED INTO THE RECESSES AND WERE LOST TO ME.

HERE AT THIS JUNCTURE (2015) I AM FINDING MYSELF IN THE SAME STATE AS THE MAJORITY OF EARTH HUMAN EXPERIENCERS. IN BETA-WAVE-CONSCIOUSNESS ONLY, WHAT I SOMETIMES REFER TO AS "BETA LOCKDOWN". I AM ON A LEVEL PLAYING FIELD, AS LEVEL A PLAYING FIELD AS IT IS POSSIBLE FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME, RELATIVE TO OTHERS WHO ARE HERE IN THIS REALITY SYSTEM — WITH EVERYONE ELSE.

SITTING HERE AT SCRATCH.

FOR YEARS. GROWING NOTABLY DISCONTENT.

SO I MAKE A CHOICE..... (TO GET IT ALL BACK).

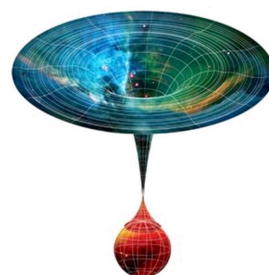
I BEGIN THE CONSCIOUSNESS EXPERIMENT "365 DAYS OF DREAMS". I AM INTERESTED TO OBSERVE WHAT IS NECESSARY TO BRING FORWARD DREAM CONTENT **EVERY DAY. THE INTRICACY AND EXTENT OF WHAT IS LEARNED FROM DAILY RECOVERY. THE AREAS OF MY DREAMING I FIND MOST IMPORTANT AND FROM WHICH CONTENT IS CHOSEN TO BRING BACK WITH ME. MOST OF ALL—WHAT CHANGE IS AFFECTED ON A PERSON AND LIFE THROUGH THE DAILY ACTION OF EXPERIENCING **ALL** THE FIELDS.

REGAINING MY FULLER STATE OF BEING WAS NOT EASY, BUT IT ALSO WASN'T HARD.

IT ALL BEGINS WITH THE FIRST STEP, UNWAVERING FOCUS.

IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ME SAY IT - THE ONSET OF AWAKENING IS A GIFT, ITS CONTINUANCE IS A CHOICE. IF YOU WANT IT, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CHOOSE IT.

REALLY CHOOSE IT.



I will begin.

June 19, 2019

I am in a home away from home – a world away from (this) world – a life away from (this) life. The terrain is somewhat barren, there is not much in the way of trees, waterways and greenery. There is sand and dirt—everywhere. The air is dry, people are dressed in well worn, a bit tattered and dusty clothing. I am appearing much like myself, only somewhat caricature-like. My hair is longer, thicker, wavier and I am older than I am at present. The hair has still not turned grey.

There are large snakes that, rule is not the right word, but that dominate across this land.. Everyone, myself included is hiding from them. One is slithering through now. Orange-brown ..it is as wide around as a person if not more and has consciousness. It possibly has swallowed a person. It seems to be a scout and it is looking, for what I don't know. But it is doing its job. I am hiding in a wooden structure of some sort with a man as it is making its way through. I can distinctly feel the air, the people are all on high alert.

This space where I am now hiding myself, I wish to make note of this ..It reminds me of how fish hide from sight out in the open in a fish bowl, using light and where the light refracts. This space is like this. It is like an invisible corner, the shape of it, the feel of it, like a pocket that both is and (maybe) also is not here. After the scout snake is beyond detecting us I step out this space and go on my way. The next time I am alert within this scenario I am in an open, circular area. It has the feel of an auto junk yard.

There are people at the circumference of the scene and in the middle is myself, an invisible guide and a black dog. He has been with the circumference people out at the edges but comes over to me where we meet and make introductions. He lays himself down in front of me near my feet and I pet his head. To which he shows his dislike. I am remembering in this moment of having been told dogs do not like this because it is the way they are made to submit by humans. And this dog has already laid himself down.

This awareness is pleasing to the dog and he shows his pleasure by giving me a gift. With his mouth he unearths and lifts up to me a clear container, a container like the ones used for false teeth only within this one is a full set of real human teeth. I observe them very closely, they are very old, almost fossilized, a real archeological find in this world (which I seem to know, but not know why). I receive them, give thanks and put them away. Until some time later in the turn of events I am being told of the people this dog was with.

They are explorers, they are looking for something I am told.. I ask what they are looking for (I think I am asking my invisible guide) and hear said from the group of people from my world discussing this – the teeth. I am very excited at hearing this, at being able to help these explorers for in fact I know where the teeth are. I relay the story of how I came to have them to the group. The rest of the event involves me getting to where I have stored the teeth, then getting back to deliver them to the explorers.

June 20, 2019

A fitful night's sleep – tossing and turning – energy flows are making me too hot and then too cold. I am awake and in the black until roughly 3AM. Dream fragments brought forward : a man from one dream, a woman from another dream, a hand, a phrase loop from the in-between space from a guide repeating again and again "reanimating group".

June 21, 2019

The very early morning of the Summer Solstice.

Note : This event followed the Thursday Zoom meditations, both of which Jan attended.

Jan and I, and a young boy (Leo?) have met in a Monroe Institute-like environment. Second note : of the six or so dreams in which Jan has recently appeared, the young boy has accompanied him in all but one. He may also have been present in this one, without my recalling. We are performing a night sky watch. Our observation and concentration – tratak – skills are being employed and honed.

The space we are in resembles a contemporary home. It is many dozens of floors up. One of many within a high-rise. The exterior walls to the outside are floor to ceiling, wall to wall glass. There is a double lounge we are sharing, facing the windows to the outside. The room is purely lit by the light of the moon. No indoor lights are on. It feels to be about the same of night time as in real-time.

I enter this space through multiple (brainwave) cycles, at least 3 cycles between the hours of approximately 11pm and 3am. I am concerned. Jan has gotten, or is feeling ill. He is needing to stay in this setting longer than we had anticipated. There is the feeling I may be late getting back to (some)where I need to be. Which has a feeling of being about an hour away.

There are food concepts here which I felt important enough to scribble down: string cheese, hard boiled eggs *basically dairy. There is the concept of a schoolroom-like place while I look (/ leave) briefly to find a restroom. After this I return, make my way to the double lounge and project to another place, another scene, another scenario.

This is hard to describe. So hard to describe I actually couldn't when I woke briefly to make these notes at 3am. But there are two of us. A male, and another male. We are battling. In a mud or concrete-like substance. It has been made to harden around me with me in it. I am in armor, warriors wear – and have a sword in my left hand. There is much effort applied, sheer force getting undone, out of it, and out of here.

Then another location. Jan, me and the young boy again. Only this time in a new location. The young boy is coloring the cobblestone-like ground around the house, or

perhaps hut, or hovel is more accurate – it is humble, but it is home, it is warm, cozy and in the country. The boy is coloring the ground area here with brown markers. Then with crayons, brown crayons and we are helping.

This action feels more than a bit important.

June 22, 2019

- Woman of color. Light skinned, thin, approximately 30 years of age. Long straight hair pulled back tight at the nape.
- Wooden door, I am sanding it and get a splinter in my hand/pinky finger.
- Talk with guide about binaurals.

June 23, 2019

Black feline being. Muscular. Short ears. Full face shot only – coming right at me like stars in the light. No remembrance of the experience or interaction. But I do know there was an experience and interaction.

June 24, 2019

For a good deal of the night and early morning I am with a guide, going through a storage, or, actually (considering the size) more like a warehouse, with sections and cratefuls of items. The one I am recalling the most is a super long spoon, 12 feet or more in length. This is not purely a dream effect, there is a good deal of actuality to the size of the spoon.

In some areas I am finding items belonging to other people I know, other's I am 'related' to – while searching for those that are belonging to me. Interestingly (as this has occurred before) I find some 'underwear' belonging to my sister-in-law while looking for my own.

Likewise interesting.. Touching, handling the items now and again shifts me into additional experience fields, then back into the warehouse where I am continuing to look around—investigating, re-membering *lots and lots of re-membering currently.

June 25, 2019

No sleep until sometime after 2am. Woke to use bathroom 4 times, *very not normal.

Dream fragment: There is an old man, 1600s (?) timeframe – he looks a good deal like Gaius from the Merlin series. He is demanding something from another man, who he has caught in the act of something. The man is about to retaliate against him when an invisible someone steps in and stops him. Steps in and sets things to flow in

accordance with the Gaius looking fellow. At which point the other hands over what the old man is asking. I am observing the whole while. Pure observation mode.

June 26, 2019

Spirit world work— Maze.

I am referencing this evenings activities as another maze because in addition to the work being performed I am also being held here to this spectrum and not allowed to 'spread out' so to speak. Not being let to take in additional environments.

I am making my way through portals, through various cities and various areas within the certain city of Santa Monica. Most notably I am moving between a wake for an elderly female who has passed, who I know, but she is saying, repeatedly that she does not know me [I hear my youngest brother passing through this area before I arrive, the woman is saying she does not him either, does not know our family, she is very definitely not acknowledging ours as part of her own] – I am moving between this wake for her and a young teenage boy, light skin, brown hair, who has lost his sheet music to a concert he is meant to play any moment.

The boy is caught in this moment, he does not know why this is happening, now of all times. I feel I am related to the music being lost and make my way back to the wake area for suit cases in which it might be ('luggage' which might contain it). When I do get back there, past the elderly female I see they are the two blue suit cases I currently do have in real time.

With the luggage in tow I make my way from this area a different way, through a different portal than the one I came in from and get a bit directionally disoriented. I am outside where many streets are coming to a crossroads, it is sunny and bright now (the area of the wake is very dark). Two women on bicycles help me reorient myself toward Santa Monica Street. To get the music to the boy.

Earlier in the night I am working with a light black skinned young man.

He feels to be waiting for me still, right now.

I can see him.

June 27, 2019

Mechanics. Motor Vehicles. Maze.

The short and fast version – (this experience is actually quite long; many cycles)

A car is put in front of a door I need to go through, a door into a room. At first the car is mine, Goldie, then sometime later it is a much larger red truck. My own car does not really fully block me from being able to get in. I can to through the doors of my car to

get to the room door and into the space. But when it turns into the car that is not mine own – I cannot. I seek out the person responsible for putting it there, and then a person who can at least see to getting it moved for me. A mechanic (a common theme in my experiences).

Someone has taken occupancy in the room, the room that is supposed to be mine, at least for the night. I do not get to see who it is for awhile. I have to go first through all the hoops. Which in this scenario are his people, his offspring. One of which is an older teen who is mentally and physically disabled. He should be wearing an incontinence brief but he is not. *this is upsetting to me. The remaining two, a boy and a girl are a good deal younger and play a much smaller part in what is going on.

Once I make my way through the children, I see the man, the father, who has gotten into my space. There is a very long interaction with him, helping him understand he has to vacate – and then with a young blonde female helper who is trying to help me get everything worked out. Interaction with the mechanic is likewise helping me to do the same.

June 28, 2019

No recall.

note: Yesterday late morning, just before our Thursday morning meditation a major tone shot through. Following this I could not keep myself awake. Major shift in brainwave patterns (called in somewhat hard). I napped most the day, falling into trance a bit of everywhere – outside while getting some sun, at the table, in the bed. I made it to the PM meditation and went in for the night shortly after. Lots of energy. I had to wear the salt pack at the sacrum, which worked well – as it has since I discovered this earlier in the year.

Upon waking: birdsong, bright golden sunlight, a familiar feeling – crisp, cool schooldays, happy, awake.

June 29, 2019

I am stepping into a glass elevator with two men.. the doors are closing. There is a man also on the outside, with his face pressed to the glass as if trying to get in. I am looking closely at the glass. It is appearing as if there is a 1 or 2 inch space in which the door is open at the left edge and I am not understanding how this can be so because it is on the wrong side of the way the doors open and close.

I move closer to the doors to inspect them – and discover, again, the refraction phenomena often presenting in my experiences. The man on the outside of the doors is only visible when looking through the glass at a particular angle, somewhat straight on. From additional angles he is not visible. I investigate this phenomena for a few minutes.

Following the inspection of the glass, returning to my original space in the elevator the man is now gone. There in his stead is a large critter, I am not quite making out the species – pointing steadfastly at one of the two men in the elevator with me. At this point I am wondering why the elevator is not yet moving. I reach forward and push the button to go down.

When the elevator stops and the doors open I take a deep breath and run through them. One man follows, then the next – the last of whom the critter runs after at lightning speed. I am curious to see if it truly is just after one of us in particular and stop in my run. The creature, now more clearly, energetically feline runs right past me still after the man.

I look around me, at the new environment I've arrived at and begin to explore. I am outdoors in a business park like area. Up on one of the roofs is a high school cheer team performing one of their routines. They are acclimating their steps to the incline they are currently on. Up there with them is my cousins eldest son. And possibly even she? herself at a younger age.

Prior to the transition into this space, through many sleep cycles I am looking for more resources, for money – in vacant slot machines, under chairs people are sitting on, in bathrooms. All throughout the many different areas of a casino-like environment.

June 30, 2019

No recall.

Note: Had a lengthy 3 hour discussion with my brother last night from 6:30–9:30pm after which I was both dehydrated and exhausted. Then woke to an alarm and a 12+ hour work day. Let's see what tonight has in store.

July 1, 2019

- Erich. Looking high up on shelves (in shops) for things : caramels
- Tilak. I am perceiving him as, in every possible way catching my stink *foul smells
- Tight pants. Jeans over jeans (genes – over – genes)

This phenomena is very common to my dreaming state. I often experience myself as squeezing into extremely tight clothes. It is highly uncomfortable if not painful – if not full body, always from navel to feet. In this scenario I am stepping out onto the back patio. I recognize this patio, I am at John's house, where I lived roughly 1998–2002. I am wearing jeans and am stepping into another pair of jeans (genes over genes) which I am aware belong to a cocktail waitress I used to work with in Laughlin, NV. She is the one who amongst us all I felt looked the most like me. Our bodies were designed very similar. Very narrow at the waist and larger through the limbs.

Projecting. Going into the third eye – I almost project but do not want to lose the data I have collected.

Cones. Two way flow of data – data streams. Opening, and intersecting the cone going IN with the cone going out : diagram.

Note: When upon waking I ask for my dreaming to brought back to me I am immediately up on a craft.. Observing a visually unpleasant looking group of beings. They are very tall, roughly 9 feet and so very lean that I am perceiving them as no more than bloody skeletons. The feeling is correspondingly not light, I am not perceiving these beings as benevolent. I say, “this is not what I was just dreaming” and immediately hear in reply “Are you ready to know..” – a sentence both asked and stated. This is when I go into the act of and insights into conscious projection, the inner apparatus and data on the CONES. —on the opening of the conscious link and flow of data from within. I am integrating all of this (what it means) as I speak and drafting a blog on it all hopefully today – while the energy is still intense. When complete I will link it here :

[The Geometry of Dream Recall](#)

July 2, 2019

Just time for quick notes today :

- Entering the same OBE twice. **drills have recommenced : Charlie b
- Collecting all my laundry that has accumulated from Mom’s classroom – it is all clean, hung and pressed
- Guidance on the two views (person toward spirit – spirit toward person) : one real – one play
- Classroom: Yoga w/ bees – some groups of people in this room are very scared. Some groups are not. I am looking at one fellow move throughout the room. A sort of student teacher. He has many dozens of stings/marks all over his body but he is flitting about unconcerned. Long uncombed brown hair, wearing only shorts.

Note :

There is a precise purpose behind entering the same OBE twice. It is meant to help me understand something, as well as improve upon something. Yet – as I come back into physical space, in very uncharacteristic fashion this is the element most difficult to let squeeze in. There is a lot of information in front of it from the various additional scenarios and try as I might I lose it. I do glean it has something to do with building efficiency and greater intuitive capability and that my desire to know things a bit in advance, including a bit in advance of most others is being addressed. In the experience, the general theme is twofold – 1) helping others like me remember/come back online, and 2) helping people in critical moments, wherein otherwise they might have been badly wounded or died.

July 3, 2019

MAJOR ACTIVITY

OBE : Visit w/ Jan in Gothenburg

Magical beings : Hippocampus, Beetle

I am visiting Jan in Gothenburg – full level of reality : we are in his home, an apartment-like setting conversing. Charlie is here with me, only rather than looking fully like himself he appears more as a large, flesh colored worm. It is occurring to me now that I am writing this that I am taking in data from multiple fields here. In this regard, there is also the tiniest beetle like bug.

While I am here it escapes a nesting spot in one of my belongings and rapidly grows in size. It grows into something that looks very unlike its original self. A sort of desert rose, petal like, white butterfly wing-like structure. It releases its contents out on me and grows larger and larger until it grows into being a young boy. I ask a male being to show the boy how to use a restroom.

As is usual, the large body of conversation taking place here I am not bringing forward with me, only the awareness of there being a good deal of it. As Jan and I are conversing, moving through concepts and about the apartment I am aware of a walk we are also taking on the street down below. It is not a long walk, just a short stretch but awareness is taking in a much wider area than what is immediately before us.

There is somewhere Jan has to go for a time. I decide I will go for a drive to fill in the gap. As I get into the car I am already beginning to be moved contrary to my will. It is my idea to take surface streets, learn a bit more of the area but as the car begins pulling forward I am ushered instead onto the highway.

The super highway.— As the acceleration begins I know I am not going to be able to take in the great quantity of data relative to our coordinates – Jan's, mine and the exchanges now between. I begin losing a percentage of the level of reality but not all. The experience here forward is still very real for me, but I am lost – *in a maze.

I pull off the super highway as soon as I can, as soon as I have enough control again, but there are now two or three highways between where I am and where Jan is. It is nighttime and very dark outside. I have pulled off at a somewhat deserted area on the outskirts, with maybe a small potentially negative element present in the distance.

A lady who resembles Helen pulls off behind me and helps me get to a more populated area where there are lots of people mulling about. I go inside, something along the line of a way station and begin asking them one by one if they know where Gothenburg is and how I get back there. No-one here seems to recognize the name of this city.

I begin to get frustrated, I am not that far away, it makes no sense no-one knows, it makes no sense no-one can help. I keep asking. Person after person. I have no data other than the name of Gothenburg to get back. I walk up to a very tall, very thin, very

pale skinned young woman with dark hair. She seems very French but is not. I ask if she knows where Gothenburg is. She says “FORSONIA.. I think it might be in Forsonia.”

As she is saying this I am beginning to shift. I begin to have the idea to call the police, to have them as an intermediary in case Jan might check in with them. I am very worried about how worried –he– is going to be when he gets back and sees me gone..

[shift] OBE



Magical being.

Hippocampus – Mythological aquatic reptilian/horse being. – so named after an area of the brain. POWERFUL.

I am in the ocean, the waters are rough, but so not so rough that I cannot remain afloat. I am immersed as I would be up to my head. I am at first fearful, as I would be if physically in the middle of the ocean (as I literally am here) but as this enormous, magnificent, silver/blue/grey skinned being is surfacing through the waters before me, my state is growing more rapidly into awe and a more direct physical experience is ensuing.

My heart is thumping through my chest – very clear to me is that the event at hand holds great importance and is not meant to slip idly by. I reach out my hand to touch the skin (of the massive neck area) of the creature. It is for this moment of direct contact that I am recalling the event at all. I am connecting directly with so much information, cosmically, universally, galactically it seems I have gone into stasis.

All of what is happening, all of me is suspended here, –while the concepts all trickle down into me. The being is leaving a calling card, a way to contact it as a gift. It appears as a 4” x 4” thin plastic (clear) square with the hands of a clock upon it. This is dropped into a scene unfolding below. A dark, dingy perhaps 1800s English peasant village. There is a woman down there who this is for.

The woman, perhaps in her late 30s, a good deal aged for hard work, dressed in a short sleeved smock, apron about the waist, thin cotton bonnet, broom in hand – does not seem to want or have any interest in it. The calling card falls and drops to the ground. She sees it here but has much to do and just sweeps by and heads out to the stables. Something that happens in the stables is holding the bulk of her attention.

She is not refined in the slightest, or perhaps even kind.. She is highly focused on self, and survival by any means. I, myself, in this experience want the calling card very much. I shift into the environment and pick it up. With this the heart of the woman begins to change. Something that has happened in the stables makes her begin to

want the calling card herself.....we begin to compete for it through the remainder of the scenario *which gradually trails off in dream.

July 4, 2019

Lots of activity through the night – in various dreams – all within the idea of an apartment. My brother, Derrick, my sister, Sandy, my brother, Jason as an ET being whose head is the shape of the craft these beings use. Interesting design, the head and the craft. I am viewing two species of ET beings. Good, long, close up looks at them. Only the one I have mentioned is still clear to me.

July 5, 2019

No recall.

Note: deep meditation prior to sleep hours. I woke, not because I had to, I just woke (wide awake) much earlier than normal. I spent the extra time trying to bring forward events from the night but I was just too awake. Let's see what tonight holds.

July 6, 2019

I am being taught (a lesson) again. I am being taught about the part of the brain called the hippocampus. What it is, what it does, how to support and boost its function. Days ago I was taken once again into my own biological system where I met my own hippocampus in its being form *as a hippocampus –as a magical being. I am still integrating this data, and my inter-being wishes me to complete with this prior to moving on. This morning upon waking, waves, ocean waves, dolphins swimming in ocean waves. The hippocampus is closely associated in friendship with the dolphin.

July 7, 2019

Very high degree of crossover w/ Jan's dreaming.

Quick notes : Male and female crew of a space fleet. Black dress gear. fitted. Sandy. Mock crash landing scenario/practice. The crew positions themselves in ladder chutes for the crash. I am not going to position/brace myself but then squeeze into a chute with a tall, lean blonde man. I am surprised there is not more room in here for me as he is so lean *he has stuffed packaged meats and cheeses into his gear for padding. Scenario ends well, the landing gear works. From here forward: life on board the craft. Action packed. Entertaining. Uplifting crowds. The others aren't really putting their all into it but I am *more genuinely. Striking/sounding of a 'drum'/beat. Meat and squeazy cheese reward. The others are taking way more of it than they should. They should take only of one each but are taking more like nine. —This whole scenario is a drill, run like an obstacle course, it is repeating again and again and again.

July 8, 2019

Top of the night : Guidance / lesson on why we are grounding dream content. I am being told that information located in all/more of the 4 areas (delta, theta, alpha, beta) expands our individual and collective reality tunnel(s).

Middle of the night : This is a drill but also a maze. I am wearing a clear, light pink stone around my neck. Due to it being shiny it is being deemed by two men in particular, as well as in this reality system itself as a vanity. There are various concepts arising in this drill, fundamentally arising from my state of undress – I am naked. I am female. One of the two men can feel this is nearby and I begin to run. I am outdoors running through a forested area. I fall into a pit that is lined with palm fronds (which cushions the fall) and filling up with rain waters. The concept of stairs is also present, a long, physically challenging climb up. **this is the maze : up the arduous steps, fall, up with the rise of the water. Pooping out in little niches on the street. **releasing/ resolving/completing.

Bottom of the night : Robyn's Alaskan ship. Note: this is not the first delivery of this message. Robyn swings from the front end of the ship over the side to perform some action on the bowsprit, a feat of great strength. Erich is now in her place. He performs a pull up action and I am now in his place. I feel myself in the pull up, it is extraordinary (my own arms being so weak), and I continue the action catapulting myself up into the air over the rail of the ship back onto it. Rather than touch down in my landing I never feel ground. I say to everyone "I did not land, I did not touch ground" and Erich says back to me "oh but you did, it is just new ground". —Question: Alaska?

An environment where I go to tell Robyn about the Alaskan ship. After which she morphs into an enormous chicken (prime symbol for mother energy) much larger than myself – and then my own Mom is here too. I am helping her get somewhere. There is among other things happening here a girl in a horizontal dance on her side in the mud. She is wearing brightly colored silks in hues of green and pink.

July 9, 2019

The Mall. – Maze.

This mall experience begins somewhat like the ordinary mall experience but does not stay so. There is bleed through from another environment and life,—lived mostly outdoors and with magical beings, meaning and essence.

Middle of the night : I am driving up a ramp into the parking area of the mall in a car shaped something like a Volkswagen bug, but not exactly.. two girls are with me, I think one is Lana. They are doing something on a (contemporary) phone, calling into somewhere in the mall but it is an illegal activity. I am caught by security. A female. I spend some time in her guard explaining that I am innocent, that I did not do this but was only with (or aware of) the two that had. Jobs. I am having difficulty finding a job, getting hired, I am being overlooked due to the security issue. Food court. I am

meandering through this area of this structure, observing the foods, the dishes and cooking methods. As more information begins seeping through from another place. I stop to eat two grilled vegetable tacos. There is a very unpleasant (evil) witch lady now seated in the eating area. She is dressed as such, in worn tattered clothes and is spewing vehemently at me. There is the idea of meat having been brought into my meal. I spend some time getting away from her.

Bottom of the night :

Two brothers. Edmund and Hegish. – English.

July 10, 2019

Middle of the night

It is a misty, surreal evening. I am walking along a wooden boardwalk.. there are multiple (endless) steps off to the sides of it that lead into people's homes. This is much like the long hallway dreams with room after room after room. Only here they are whole homes, with everyone who lives in them. I step in to many, too many to bring back with me. As I am stepping into the one I am now I have a high level of awareness, everyone and everything seems very real but I am not wholly lucid. I take only a few steps into the home when I intersect with a woman

She is thin, fair skinned and light haired. I feel immediately as an intruder, I try to make an apology, explaining I had come into the wrong home and that I thought I was in another. She begins to guide me into her home as her husband, who looks much as she does, is crossing the room. He addresses us with just a mild curiosity as to who I am and the woman nicely expresses the idea that all is well as we all pass one another. After walking through the home, beautifully lit with golden light we are walking out from the house though another door.

I am thinking this woman will send me off here, but instead she continues walking with me onto the boardwalk for quite some ways. Her husband, seeing she is walking off with me follows us out and asks if she wants to do a task with him. She says she does not and continues on with me. It is getting to be very late and there is a wait, some time that must pass between getting my ticket for a flight I must catch. The trip I am heading on will only be a few days long but I am feeling I will be tired through the days if I cannot sleep some first.

We stop to sit down on a wide bench. I am confused as to what to do.. there is a man who is saying I should just buy my flight tickets here where I am so there is no waiting and I can get enough sleep. I am telling him that I cannot. There is something about the way I am doing it that will allow me to also visit my aunt. I am so drowsy, though. I can no longer take in all that is happening. I just can't stay awake. I lay down and fall off to sleep. It is only for moments, perhaps 30 minutes later I am waking, sitting up from the bench to see the woman has gone.

I can't believe she has left me alone, so vulnerable in such a place sleeping. It is still night, still misty and surreal. Two women are now superimposing into my memory. The one I am with prior, to the one who has just left me. The one prior is younger, has light skin and shoulder length dark hair. I am not giving my attention to this so much as focusing on getting the tickets for my flight. I get up and walk to a machine to do this. When the tickets come out into my hand they are white and green. There are four of them, they are purchased in my brother Derrick's name.

The scene fades.

- Dragons

July 11, 2019

Major work schedule the next few days, I can only put up my stream of consciousness notes. The OBE group that met yesterday planned a meet-up in the dreamtime. I will note that I did connect with (at least) James.

Three fields all at once – living space./diner./store. The latter area is clean and then a mess. Clothing returns. Jeans (genes) / Meat stuffed into a baggie –returned. Male manager. good friend. very understanding. I like this energy. I am a new person (now). extremely light skinned black woman. pretty. looking at myself real close up in the mirror. I still have a large nose. getting dressed. putting on a pretty bra. canvas colored with an orange butterfly on the right, bright olive green butterfly on left.

I am liking who I am here, its fun. the woman is young. she has to run out the door to get to another job. running down stairs, jumping over someone sitting here. multiple times, the stairs are repeating. I am going to be late. I have to be there by 6am. People here are trying to help me get to go where I am going. Maybe we are trading places. Two environments, TWO women's lives superimposing playing through at the same time. JAMES. Water. beautiful blue green algae colored water. Staying the night here in this place, there are two men. James.. invisible guides/guidance bleeding from behind the scenes into the scenes. Two jobs. No sleep. Jumping from one to the other.

July 12, 2019

Top of the night : I am observing my body sleep – the sleeping state of the body : I am curious to observe this. The experience holds my attention for quite some time.

Middle of the night : Extraterrestrial head (/ship, again) – it bows to where I am seeing the crown, it is large, a 3D view of a 5/6D platonic cube, a white labyrinth-like structure powers up : stasis, bliss : I am deep in this for two cycles. The experience, energy and information coming through in here is intoxicating and intense. I am able to surface with only the original symbol which I am interpreting as just described.

Bottom of the night : Alert from within a shift. tunnel: blue, then a green circumference, then yellow within the middle *funnel, vortex, long and skinny. Now I

am here at Michiyo's – Cheryl Costa is here playing the guitar and singing a song. I am dancing, beginning to feel I can almost levitate – I fall back into the space, into the sensation of weightlessness, of rising up into the air and wake proper.

July 13, 2019

Mom.—brought in to help ready me for something almost beauty contest-like. Long line before I am up. Eggs. four. with shell, without shell, cooked and uncooked. Through a portion of this event I will be carrying a man. There is a question as to whether the sack I am planning to do so in will be sturdy enough. Mom is helping me with ideas to reinforce it. She is handing me a wooden cutting board but I am not understanding how exactly I would use this. There is a time element. I am asking her repeatedly how this is used. Everything begins moving fast. everything has to be perfect. I really do not fit in for this. **now that I am drafting these concepts they seem relative to birthing a child.

Work. Can't get to work. Maze. Mall/casino. lots of different types of stairs. some inside some outside. closed. Nick Corso, paying me the rest of what's owed, two checks, \$390 + \$10. I hand it back to him saying everything is already paid. This seems to be for something else/new. When I ask about it a woman comes over and begins 'selling' to me. <—maze.—> Can't get to work. Michiyo. Her room has many of the same concepts of the current one only here it is larger, more airy and bright. She has gotten up onto the top bunk of her bed. I am late getting here to help. Many of the people and concepts from previous care jobs and clients are floating through. All while here at Michiyo's.

July 14, 2019

No recall.

Note: It is day 4 of a 4 day/night (work) assignment.

I have to sleep on the sofa, my back is in notable duress. I am tossing and turning and cannot get comfortable. I am repeatedly awakened. The first time at 2am when a gallon sized glass water bottle explodes in the fridge. Each time I am awaked the shift is sudden, it is like multiple vaults closing and shutting me out entirely of all experiences/events and information. Each time I spend 5–10 minutes attempting data recovery. Each time I get a 'sting' of a glimpse I cannot hold to. It is not even enough to be shareable. Just a 'sting' and then gone.

July 15, 2019

Hidden treasures.

Quarters. Long skinny, wand-like clear quartz crystal. Dad. Paying (someone) for a meal. no wallet. I am trying to pay with the quarters. Going through clothes in crates to

find the wrapped and hidden gems. There is a degree of interference / opposition from woman who wants to know how I can claim these treasures as mine. I tell her the crates are purchased. more like reclaimed. they were left behind for me to go through.

Note: this is not the first time I am having this dream, I am having it a lot.

July 16, 2019

Middle of the night : I am seeing the little lone golden/white chicken at the horse ranch. Someone has constructed a nest for it in its run. At first I am thinking “oh how nice” but the more I look at it the more I see the design is very poor for the purpose, it is going to get pooped all over. The materials are all wrong (cloth). The shape....first it is funnel shaped with the tiny nest end on top, small downward facing triangle – than in reverse. Both are not going to work in this aspect. The original cage and run are better suited.

Bottom of the night : Wake back to bed. Maze. stacked. countless levels. Difficult crossings. carrying something important. I am going down through the levels. Homes. peoples living spaces. bedrooms. Man behind me, woman in front of me. in bed. City/ town. work areas. rinky. dusty. old. wooden. like an abandoned ghost town. only futuristic in feel. people and structures are draped in rags. symbols/symbolic. they say much about who the people and what each of these places are. Recognition. someone will recognize me if they come in here. I am being transformed. disguised. A female guide is helping me through the maze. I am in dialogue with her throughout. she is sometimes playing some of the parts.

Note : this is the most intricate maze I have seen yet. upon re-entering it for data recovery I am taken into an areal view of it from well above. I am looking down into the structure which from here appears skyscraper in size. I can see down into all the stacks and portioned off areas. Wow. question : how can I allow this to help me?

July 17, 2019

Castle.

I am removed from a dream and (visually) shown that each dream, each life is a triangulated? projection of other lives. The visual display is somewhat medieval – lots of deep grey(s), pewter, brass. Silver serving trays and light beams are being used to show how a certain pattern (of three?) other lives are creating the current life. The reflection of the lives is seen in the reflection of the trays. The light beams carry the data onto and from each in the triangulation into open space where a new life is thus born—and begins.

After waking for a brief time I reenter this structure again. It is a maze. people, occupants of this place are moving through it through various eras, various periods in time. The concept of science. of an astronomical event in play. they are trying to overcome it. I am involved. The concept of the feminine. loss of power. the whims of

men. Black and white checkered floors. A crossway angled slightly upwards toward the point where I am viewing.

A very brief wake back to bed and fall back in.. —a series of beautiful fly things have gotten into the house. cricket. a creamy soft maple colored butterfly-like thing. I let each one land on me and I walk them out of the house. Roger. large black dog, way too thin. I am going to feed him. life after life after life it is always my job to feed, to help keep fed. two men. freedom fighters. on the losing side of a battle. I am going to feed them too. both are found, on separate occasions through the time flow by the same man, the same group of people. I shift in to observe their group. men and women. they are not fearful, not without care, or emotion, not brutal or overly violent. they are regular village people themselves. a woman cook, other women who please the men. the alpha male and the betas. they know I am here, they let me be here and observe them. with my left thumb I am massaging the center point of my right hand. when I have seen enough I turn and walk back up the long steps into my house. still massaging the center point of my hand.

July 18, 2019

peeing
pyramid
play
octi-powered converter

I am sitting on a toilet, pee is splaying everywhere. I can't figure out why until I stand up and see I had sat down onto the tail of my shirt. Multi-level parking structure (maze). Getting away from an attractive brown haired man.

I am in a schoolroom. whiteboard. The word “pyramid” is written in chocolate brown letters and I have the knowing I am not really in the schoolroom but in Egypt. There is another word on the whiteboard but it is secondary, my attention is not going to it.

I am to perform in a play, a short skit. I haven't studied my lines and am looking in many places for a script. There are a variety of concepts bleeding through here. Needing to rest. oversleeping. going to be late. dad. wanting to have a talk with me about missing classes and dropping a class. I tell him this is not a good time. I am late, I have to get to the play but I have never missed classes, never dropped a class -ever. quarters. casino slots. wasting time. losing money/energy.

Upon waking, near the end of my data recovery, I am being instructed on, or coming into the awareness of some others discussing the idea of an : Octi-powered converter.

July 19, 2019

Tonight I am with someone, or something very ancient.

I am in a high-rise building, in a room very high up. It is night. I am viewing from three points : from outside the high-rise looking into the window of the room we are occupying. From inside the room standing face to face with the being. From inside the neural network, the direct processes playing out through 'scenario' and recognizable concepts.

I know what I am seeing standing before me is only a small portion of what is actually connecting with me, but I will say what is standing before me is red and black, it is not human but humanoid in shape. Its head is not aligned as ours, its face protrudes significantly out to the front 12 inches or more. Its skin, if I can call it this appears some sort of metal, or alloy.

We are not wholly aligned. We are to some degree at odds in regard to something I cannot word. It is too complex. It plays out in concepts I am able to understand but it is so intricate, the sheer amount of data is not processable. I can say it has something to do with lineage, with the root structure of events playing out on the planet.

This being has established a telepathic link. More than this, it has connected directly into my own neural network. Following a great deal of transfer it breaks the link suddenly due to something I am putting out. Something I am doing in here it is not happy, or satisfied with. This is as much as I am able to say.

July 20, 2019

The dreaming this night is deep, there is a great deal I am holding to but so much of it is in an unwordable format. The depth and degree of my experiences, my connections within experiences are increasing hugely – this is holding a great bulk of my attention. Going in with the concept of “data recovery” is connecting me with a new level of my dreaming, greater capacity within my dreaming.

Basic concepts for the night :

Getting information/fuel to people who need it : one example – getting an address, a zip code, specifically – to a woman. glass doors are beginning to separate us. there is another girl who is at first getting/giving the information but when she cannot get the zip code I step in to help. I also am not seeing/finding it and before the glass doors fully separate us I slip a whole directory through to her.

Scale. weight. willing servant to royal mate, serving-together as a team, as connected, combined, a larger consciousness. food. food collection and storage. feeding/fueling, ensuring health and well being of the (two combined as a) larger consciousness.

July 21, 2019

Opening the time portals in my dreaming. Future present past (all now). No time. Dialing in the specifics. Alternate frequencies of the now, the current real time (through all time). I have accessed the quantum field. Frequency field generator.

Feeling it through my core. Egg shaped sensation. I am the frequencies, fields, codes – and feeling them through my being/biological structure. the fields are all opening up from within me. I am seeing them go by, and even more physically fully entering some of them. The frequencies are coming off me, being caught and sent/replayed back at me. like a sound caught in a narrow or enclosed environment : this is the egg shape I am feeling : the portal. This is all happening on board a craft. I am focused into the timeflow. the geometries of opening the timeflow. I do not see, or bring back any data on the beings.

People packing up in all terrain vehicles to bug out of somewhere if needed. Regular people.women.children. Rather of without a care, as though this is all very normal. Dad at the beach. Fantasy boardwalk. Sandy. Sex.

Darrel Gibraltar. Englishman. Old fashioned black telephone. parlor. others here are viewing me phoning him. an odd bunch of fellows/characters. Od fashioned comedy, or, alternate view, what is seen as comedy from where I now am. I am calling him through time. I get him LIVE on the last number. After listening to the recordings/ recorded messages/tapes this startles me. I hang the phone up fast. but the connection is made. Darrel Gibraltar. I can see him. Thin, fair skinned, sandy colored hair, wavy, a bit long over the ears not quite to the shoulders.

July 22, 2019

A long night of dreaming. I wake early with none intact.

Then a series of OBE shifts, fully conscious. Leading into the fourth I am walking in an Elysian fields type place, outdoors, I am female, I am wearing a white summer dress and am barefoot. The level of awareness is high, I begin floating (surrenderingly) up and then a sudden fast and hard downward pull. I am with a large group of people, human, in a collective meeting spot. Maria and Tawny are amongst the group. I let go of this environment and information and continue on another frequency. Clearing my consciousness field of corrupted, superfluous and infectious data. I can see the streams of interference coming in, I am performing a general override of all interference. I am focused on this for some time.

I am asking two questions: 1) why my dreaming/frequency recall is so different now than from before, and 2) from where I am projecting my consciousness here to the Earth life. To the latter, the visual I am receiving is, or could be the underbelly of an enormous craft. The visual is of dark/deep space, a circular shape is taking up the whole of it and within this are certain delineations throughout in hues of white, gold and blue. To the first question the whole of my visual field is going white. In black are the outlines of roughly (7) people-forms strategically placed, a good distance from one another.. In the very center of the white and the black people-forms a black helicopter appears.

July 23, 2019

Renting the last two one bedroom apartments to two couples roughly the same age. senior living complex. One of the two apartments is by the entrance where everyone drives in and out. The couple is nervous (and even emotional, crying) about the move and the location of the apartment. I make the decision to show it to them. Inside it is much larger, far more spacious with many more rooms. I get a very good glimpse, and get to know these couples well.

I spill some soda into a child's iPad device and am working to get it out, washing and washing it with soapy water. drying and drying it –Lana and Lori– I shift to a magical place. little people. satyr. dogs. a woman who is beautiful but malformed. White skinned (normally), purple faced. blonde hair. mouth opens like a monster to eat, or stuff in enormous amounts of food all at once. Lori is going into her sick room. a cave, or dirt house with dirt floors. she sits up in the bed and now I am able to see her. Everyone here changes shape at night. hard to survive the night. I am connecting energetically, beautifully with many of the dogs. I am heading out from this place with them when I wake.

July 24, 2019

It seems we are all in a similar dip in energy. No recall here either. (zero).

This is notable in itself.

Inserting code. override all not self. return to awareness.

July 25, 2019

Lava : leveled maze casino. showrooms. Meeting the girls and bosses and occupants. Getting them to listen to me and go. vacate. Saving them by telling them of the lava/ destruction that is coming on my way out (perceptually down the maze) to the in/out doors to safety. Aerial view from above outside, simultaneously to inside. This is how I know what is coming. Note: in the physical my mouth is absolutely dry to the bone in the repetition of this event/drill. Following the drill I am being served by the girls. It feels a bit awkward, being female as well.

Large fish. whale? blue/white. beached. Small port holes sequenced along its side are being cleaned out with three different substances. One of them lemon which lends the idea this may be in preparation to be eaten *not giving much credence to this thought. This is so very real as I slide my hand along its skin, walking around the great being from one side to the other.

Looking for man to marry some woman. An attempt to bribe him with money. He is chosen from a crowd sitting outdoors on bleachers. He is really nice. he declines. Not because of this, or even that the woman is very large. *dark brown hair. I see her walking by with two other women.

Moving into a temporary house. I am selling the idea of the one located behind the one chosen as a more ideal location. it is closer. closer to amenities. nearer the entrance to the community so we wouldn't be boxed in. This is a father figure I am having to convince. The others, a female, a son, are loving the idea immediately. mostly because of the larger size of the other home available. It would mean they would not have to move again so soon. it would not be so temporary. Very desert but also park-like setting. I am collecting lemons to bring to the house.

Female guide throughout all of this. Present and in communication with me both behind, as well as directly in the scenes. White skinned, sandy, shoulder length super straight hair with bangs. I don't recall seeing her before. I am not sure how I feel about her. I am not feeling much of a connection.

July 26, 2019

Just a flash. Beautiful vista. open lands, blue sky, sunny day. Almost jurassic park-like scene. There is a large four legged animal species roaming freely. I am seeing them in their skeletal structures first. As they walk their full forms are filling in around this. Not dinosaurs. Although as large in size they appear more like what we know as the polar bear.

July 27, 2019

I only have time to cut and paste my quick notes.

Lil. Ma. Get-together. I am late getting to the inside of a celebration. support structure. Mom figure has died. We are all friends and this is meant to elevate energies. I am with a blonde man outside. kissing. other girls are bringing in negative energy. saying I am going to lose Lil and friends in general if I don't get it together, make better choices. I am deep into an intricately structured maze within a mall. Sooo real. walking through long swimming pool of water. I find Lil's pillow. large, white with blue patches. I know it is hers and decide to sit here until she comes for it. She comes. we reconnect. She is closing up shop and I am waiting. In the interim I decide to return something heavy. the body portion of a necklace. I am going to just keep the head. On the way to get this done the heavy body part falls off on its own. I know I have to get back. mall. maze. city. I get lost. The guy from travelers helps me call Lil. gives me his cell phone. Marcy, the medic from travelers is examining me vaginally (question : am I really on the table?). I ask if there is anything anomalous. The idea of another woman who was pregnant and lost the baby. Lil is disappointed I have done this again. gone missing. she leaves. leaves my purse and laptop where it gets wet in the rain. We reconnect again. I explain what I had to do. Sooo real as we are examining the laptop for potential damage.

July 28, 2019

Sleep schedule significantly disrupted. Had to wake by an alarm for another long 12+ hour work day : NO RECALL.

July 29, 2019

A quizical flash : Fox headed man in a trenchcoat.

I am seeing it now. It's like a chess game. the whole of my dreaming. the sequence and each type of dream. what I do within them. wake or not wake. each and every move. a chess game with the designer of it all.

I am being shown why my dreaming is not being carried so easily back with me into the beta brainwave. The layers and intricacies and sheer quantity of data is much greater than before. I am processing greater and greater amounts of information all at once at higher processing speeds without entering into where it is drawn out longer and slower – linearly. I am asking how I will hold it all. transfer it. translate it to others. I am told I will do this in a larger format than previously as concepts within concepts within concepts, rather than words following words. I am going into lives. whole lives. so many.

Fragment : peeing. shower. channeling/data flows. Man. young. blonde. He is saying I cannot bring into this sector any external cameras or recording devices. Biological recording systems only. ie: only I can enter. He begins putting data through to me. Lives. life moments. so many. concepts within concepts within concepts. Fragment : boy. smoking. removing cigarette from him. returning to older gentleman who knows what to do with it. This morning I can hold no more.

Note: today I begin training. I will no longer spend prolonged periods of time reaching in for content from the fields. I will purposely constrain the parameter to create an energetic pattern. inciting the higher consciousness and central nervous system to put through the flows with greater immediacy.

July 30, 2019

Sex. — I am laying in bed with a man. The position (pattern) we are in is significant. Curved like a spiral. The event is led, I am not instigating but I am responding. The idea of control is present, an energy open to and wanting me to take control. To lead. instigate.

Drive. — I am out on a drive, the pattern again is a spiral, an upward spiral.. I am both in the car on the road as well as above viewing from overhead. There is both the idea of rain, and of fires I begin seeing in some of the homes. From the position in the car I begin looking for someone with a cell phone which is capable of reaching the fire department. I try various phones all to no avail. The idea then comes through the homes are not on fire, but have fireplaces lit due to the rainy day.

Plate. — Someone comes through one of the multitude of scenes through the night asking if I would like another of these plates. It is a plate I have only one of in real time. I occasionally do look for a mate for it. The shape of the plate is irregular and resembles a cymatic shape. somewhat shell-like. *another spiral.

July 31, 2019

I got to bed very late (1am) after processing video all afternoon and evening. Woke early (6am) at the black wall — NO RECALL.

After using the bathroom I decide I will have a practice session. There is activity just outside the house, machine and electric saw making huge amounts of sound. I use their vibrations to shift in. The visuals come fast : brown horse running wild. a man's dress shoe. color swirls and geometric patterns. I fall in. resurfacing an hour later, again at the black wall. My body feels very good though. humming and super relaxed.

August 1, 2019

I am entering and re-entering the same pattern for the greater portion of the middle of the night. There is information from multiple fields entering and helping to comprise this structure. The base portion of it is a Trader Joe's store. I am being given information on a previous care client whose name is Stephanie. As I move through the isles, at times reaching full conscious awareness I am touching and handling items simply for the glory of the physical sensation in a field I know is not the 3D physical. I am also shopping for and choosing certain grocery and apparel items for Stephanie. A part of the scenario entails finding a large enough Trader Joe's location to have all the items needed. – this is the maze part of the structure. the part I am not fully conscious within. – I am visiting (the idea of) multiple locations that are much smaller than in any event in physical reality. Locations where, for instance the parking lot is far more featured than the store.

Note: I am often visited by my care clients prior to, or just following their passing. Waking into physical space I wonder if Stephanie is okay. if she is still with us or making her way. I will make a point of wondering broadly so I might hear from her family. Sending love to them all for now.

August 2, 2019

Due to the nature of this dream (not meant for consensus) I am not posting the majority content but just the symbols :

Straw man. s/he. parkinson's. jean top and bottom. beautiful feeling.

Note: this is not my first meeting and information exchange with who I call straw man.

August 3, 2019

David Bowie. House/Template.

Following a scene in which there is exchange between us on (who is) being too close and too distanced for optimal hearing, sight, feeling – I am on a 13 day and night train ride with a collection of others. I am listening in on their stories, situations, life scenarios and mentoring them from behind the scenes. I am journaling through this ride. I have a large book/journal I am carrying around with me everywhere. It is filled with tiny spherical photos, innumerable of them on each page.

- A long scene getting David a reasonable cup of tea
- Not getting stuck on the bumpy bits (of life) moving forward as though they are not even there
- Not your everyday train. extraordinary amount of space. more like a street-long building
- Moving about the train, about the food areas – they are closing down as I am moving through
- A little boy choosing a toy, someone is explaining to him what it does

August 4, 2019

Dreamt all night long. No time for data recovery in the morning *at work and my care client woke earlier than normal/anticipated.

Note: An odd thing began popping up in my dreams a couple weeks ago. I am not sure what to call this, or how to refer to it, or if there is a concept already existing for the anomaly. At the completion of each sleep cycle as I am shifting through beta into another cycle I am noticing a sort of cover dream being placed on top of what I am really dreaming. It might be along the same line as the concept of a screen image, but in this case it is an entire dream, not just a scene. This has been happening the past couple or few weeks, enough for me to make note of it. I have not ever noticed such a thing before. Question : What is this???

August 5, 2019

Schiffmann. Erich. connect. re-connect.

I am connecting with a parallel time-flow. I begin on computer. I am viewing a screen, a very white screen through which there is a video type banner image of a page appearing. I am observing the contents. very desert-like with lots of browns, I want to say a feeling of reptoid energy. My face is off to the very right edge of what I am viewing. I am fully entering the field.

I am on a bicycle. I am riding Erich on the back. I see only myself until he puts his arms out to sides like an airplane (like a kid) as we whiz by an additional observation point. It is like a film, like an old fashioned movie rendering a memory. The movement of us going by is like a flash.

Now we are in a wooden structure (this is common when I am meeting with Erich) – he is having a meal here in support of the owner, he is helping a struggling mechanic by purchasing items from him he does not need. This man's hands are so terribly work worn, notably the fore and middle fingers. He is an older man but not beyond retirement. He wears his hair long although not as long as Erich. Before the completion of this experience Erich brings my attention point close. He is telling me he is attending a class tonight at 10pm. in the interim is a large opening ((he is inviting me (back) into the yoga space)).

Note: this is not the first time I have consciously entered this experience. a merging of timelines. I have done so on at least a half dozen occasions. The feeling of the whole idea is very deep and very lingering. The energy signature not one I ever forget. It is ingrained. Familiar beyond what I can say. Question : is this coming from those who are behind bringing this all to my attention? – or the experience itself?

Note: there is a great deal of sound coming from outside during this shift, I am consciously using the sound to shift. There is too much of an energy sensation, though, so I intentionally drop it and direct myself to make it to the Void. I have never done this before. It took some time to fully get there and I did lose a degree of awareness in doing so but at the same time have to say it works beautifully.

August 6, 2019

This is interesting.

On three occasions as I am passing through beta, between 2–7am, although my dreaming is elusive to me what I am able to see is a cloaked figure standing off to the left side of my vision field. The first two times I see him he is standing in right profile. I can see him fully from head to toe. I am even seeing the environment although it is not formed. He is wearing a dusty black hooded cloak and stands what appears approximately 6 feet tall. The third time he is here he is facing me head on.

This being is not local. I have never seen him before in any of my experiences. The coloration of his skin is something along the line of a deep olive green which leans more toward the green than the yellow. He is humanOID enough just not Earth human. Deep crevices line his face. Nothing else stands out. The face and eyes are perhaps a bit wide, the eyes are brown I think. flat, wide nose. thin, wide lips that sweep briefly up at the sides to form a pleasant shape. this is not a smile but a natural shape of the lips. this shape is important, it resembles a bow arc. Question : Are you here to help?Answer : Yes.

Upon waking I am in a scene, remembering the night before last that in my dreaming I had placed two of my crystals on the very low hanging branch of a tree. I am collecting

these now. They are two clear quartz crystal points. One is George, my Healer, the other I am not recognizing as one that is currently with me. but it appears a slightly smaller version of George. Noticing again the way too long hanging branch (sweeping down to just inches off the ground) I set about to weave it up into the stronger, higher branches.

August 7, 2019

Ship : artists blueprint rendering. three dimensional (stunning). two rooms.

It starts by an artist being chosen to draft out the blueprint, to create the rendering, bring the idea to life. I feel myself amongst those being chosen from but am not chosen. I am viewing the blueprint, the artists skill and great detail. What I am viewing is fully three dimensional, I can see through areas that are fully solid into areas that lay beyond. Each concept is complete with texture, spectrum energies and hues. It is all blueprint-like but fully alive. No area is static, everything is moving. Even the idea of the ship and its voyage being blessed is rendered- by the presence of Tibetan monks who have their foreheads and hands pressed to outside hull of the vessel.

I am most associated with two areas of the ship. The first area has to do with activity. work. job.function and those who will man the craft. I am chosen to be a server in this area. I am here while the area is still a shell. While it is still constructing. I am shown the idea of there being no more passengers to serve. Of not being able to make my way. I begin sharing ideas relative to bringing out the area's characteristics. It is being made energetically and visually to look more like a city scape. A city here on Earth, *is it New York?

The next area is the doctors quarters. There are physical exams. I am involved in this as one who is examined and extracted from. This opens out into a room with water. a pool. ship's crew. the idea of floatation devices and teaching the crew how to swim. Each of the two rooms open out into more and more sub-rooms, sub-areas of activity that are building and populating the ship.

August 8, 2019

Conversations : A night of conversations with many people.

Roger. he has been coming around a lot this week. I must text him. He is calling on me again tonight. I am in a room at the back of a house. large window that is near as large as the wall. He is asking why I am not answering him. I say I am at the back of the house. I am sleeping. I have in earplugs. He comes round to the back of the house and to this large window. I open it and ask him in. he comes in and we talk.

Female employer. her female assistant. wants to wear something more comfortable, more energetically her. pewter colored top and pant. I am off looking for a cream colored top. I keep forgetting to log things at this job (*I work here too. I am new. various places for this to be done and for various reasons. - [additional field] - water.

women. yoga on the beach. they are doing some complicated moves. more like dancing. it is not something I can just come in on so I excuse myself and leave.

August 9, 2019

Very profound night of dreaming.

More conversations. and enactments. specifically of the care work.

Children : a scene with many children. The idea of some being left behind. Not picked up by their people at the end of the day. This breaks into an area where Mom and others of my own family are. I talked with Steven! *who in real time has severe cerebral palsy. Steven has never spoken in life. I am able to show Roger what is happening. I ask Steven if this is what is like inside him normally without the new medication, *he said he is on a new medication. He says no. I talk with Fran. about care working. about when it is no longer possible to care work. when you no longer love it. no longer have energy to put into it. The work does not give much in the way of energy/money and when reserves are no longer present it is no longer sustainable.

August 10, 2019

More on the idea of extractions, physical extractions (from locations) and data extractions.

Multi-level structure. The structure is being looked in on from the top. from above. Downtown. city. courthouse. blonde male. friendly. I like this energy very much. He is helping me. Code names. Many others I know and should recognize. some who I am and do. This is through many of the eras, from the primeval to contemporary. Extractions. physical extractions from locations and data extractions.

Systems cleanse. Inner activity to the point of physically sweating multiple times through the night. Saved boy from falling. from a height. with my arms. highly strenuous. A woman comes right up into our faces and is filming this with a device. Not helping just filming. Maze inside here : making my way through a futuristic, pristine city mall-like structure. beautiful. fountains. A man is helping me. dark hair. [purse. *he knows I am not drunk as is suggested into the scene earlier. various shops. sprinklers. wet]. Inside then outside around back *trying to get to the front.

Locking in. field coordinates.

Third eye vision : running horses through water.

A castle's flags are being discovered on the lands of another. A cousin of king Arthur. I am a male standing next to this king's man. I am a commoner. also male.

Note: I have begun working again with my Azurite. It is all in the bed with me this week. I am holding a particular piece of it in my right hand as I sleep. This is a method

of keeping awareness I began using in 2009. I look/feel for it in my hand regularly throughout the night. I keep the awareness with the stone in my palm, awareness with the physical as I go in, maintaining synchronous states. I am having significant success bringing recall, bringing myself consciously into where I am in the fields by the means of the interpenetrating conical shapes *at the brow. working with this.

August 11, 2019

Unlocking the mind : more than the human brain. the mind.

Bus/school bus. vibrations. Multiple magical stops and re-entries. Rotations/exits. handrails. upside down. Mom : getting out a second matching bib, wide horizontal stripes in green, brown, pink. I am out. Major vibrations from beta. *Cones (interpenetrating conical shapes) are working. As is the azurite.

Bradley James : played King Arthur Pendragon in the Merlin series (*second reference to King Arthur in two days). The most extraordinary kiss. transformative kiss. / transition. Tom Campbell. science class. my alarm is not set and does not go off. It is eight o five. I am late but get myself here. TEST. 24 hour fitness. I pass with flying colors. It is dark outside on my way out. As I am leaving the building. There is a bathroom here. Just before the glass doors through the front of the building.

Falling. song. theatre. audition : various women are stepping up to the microphone to perform it. The lyrics are all very clear. The song title, "you did me over". Each rendition is different in the level of naturalness and skill. **This is a very clear example of something rising from the subconscious in great detail that I myself do not know. The beat is familiar but this is not a song I know.

August 12, 2019

I am up here with the guardians of the timelines now. Neutral and loving. Learning who the players are in ground level experience. Where they are in their energy. We learn who everyone is. Who the players are. The information guides our (chess) moves. The moves maintain a balance. flow. Question: is this related to why I am able to enter consciousness fields. be point consciousness in the consciousness fields of others?

Through the majority portion of the night I am alert to this level of the dreaming. No scenario recovery. Only that as a guardian I am meeting, and face-to-face interacting with many discrete individuals. I am neutral and loving toward them all. No agenda. Intel only. I am almost as a recording device, albeit a biological recording device. Question : is it in this energy, this neutrality, love – that data enters the akasha?

In the early morning after using the bathroom I lay back down and put on my mindfold. The Azurite stone is in my right hand. I feel for the interpenetrating conical shapes at the center of the head.

I am soon showing my Mom a dress I used to wear when I was younger. It is not a dress I have in real time. It zips all the way up the back. I am wrapping it around myself and showing her how far it is from fitting. Now I am opening a package of something. It is going to make blueberry pancakes. My niece and nephew are here. I put a piece of the pancake in my nephews mouth and see he would like it better if it had something sweet on it like it maple syrup. I set about to do this.

I am standing near the sink, bees are coming in from somewhere, –the package I opened? *some fear. I can't get them off me, the sink is filling with water, the bees are attracting to the water. They are in the water now. Floating. I do not want them to die though. I release the water from the sink and the bees fly out. Now they are fixing themselves together, forming a sort of larger flying air craft. They are coming toward me. I am sending out the message I mean them no harm. The sound of them nearing takes me into a free fall and I shift.

I am in a spacious, natural environment. The feeling here is really beautiful, really knowing. I am setting out on a walk with a man who is an older uncle type energy. I have love for him. The walk is to calm him down, from the slightest of a misunderstanding. he feels he is being left out of an inheritance. I am explaining things to him, assuring him, he is not being left out. I am taking in the landscape as we walk. The air is crisp, cool, full of life. It is a desert-scape. There are mountains in the near distance, some foliage, big blue sky. I think I see a patch of snow and am focusing us into this area when I shift.

I am now walking with a young girl. She is my age, fun loving energy. We are friends. We are furthering the walk from the beautiful nature into neighborhoods. A truly magical, enchanting area. Full of discovery. adventure. Up at the end of the street, the route we have taken is an area newly being constructed. We pass through and visit with the construction workers. very fun. then go for a drive. I am the passenger, there is an acceleration and immediate steep slope down to a stop. (ride. surrendering of control). Now we walk again. We are moving through a farmer's market type area full of foods and bustling, fun activity. Three heavy set, elder Armenian women are wanting to interest me in their day-old berry tarts set out at the front of their display. It is not food I am interested in buying but I am very loving and respectful of the ladies and people here who are selling. The construction workers are coming through (for us?) as I am shifting back into physical space.

August 13, 2019

Through the whole top portion of the night I am connecting with Ra'apta'al.

After using the bathroom and a brief wake-back-to-bed at 6am I put on my mindfold and go in again.

I am laying on the floor of the chicken run. grounding. I am here what seems a very long time. My brother comes out and begins doing things around the coup and whole structure. There are items here that are not in real time. One is a double silver knob that is in the shape of a particular animal I am not recalling. It releases a latch that is to

the left of my head. It opens something that lets the chickens get in and out. This is happening as I am wondering how one chicken has gotten outside the run. There is much energy passing through my body *near stasis feeling. I am being connected with through back body notably at the space behind the heart. Now I myself am outside the structure I had just been laying in (outside the run). I am lifting the whole thing and moving it to sweep out debris.

I am passing through an area of someone's home.. through a large, wide hallway and staircase leading into a very large and spacious room with floor to ceiling windows. Much light is flooding into the space. There is a stage set-up at one end of the room. it is reflective and black. Max Remple is sitting on the floor of it alone. cross legged. he is speaking with someone on the phone. Rows of chairs are set up at the opposite end of the room. This room is for events. Channeling events.

I am recording my voice. I am sitting facing the wall in front of a shelf of a desk that holds just a recording device. (I am channeling. someone is speaking through my physical body in the bed). My sister-in-law is here in the apartment. There are almost no other items in here. The light is very dim. Music has been turned on. Just behind me in the room I am recording. But it is being listened to from behind another wall. It is gradually getting louder. When I realize it is my brother who is the listener I end my own recording rather than turn the music off.

August 14, 2019

Swings.

Office party. people have on their plates these enormous, colorfully constructed out of this world hot dogs. I feel they are not really this. It is like two ideas from two wholly different worlds are superimposing here. They are piled so high with foods and condiment that I am asking how it is they actually eat it. I am making my own as well, but with very different materials- water cress, baby spinach..

Abandoned office building. I am seeing how it once was, and is now (a good deal closed down). Empty files and file cabinets. A male guide is walking me through, the same male guide from the office party. The business included the idea, or overseeing of field workers. I am walking through some of their quarters, some of them are still here. One is not being very friendly with me. I begin to feel I am intruding.

Note: when going back in for data recovery, opening first into the visual of the swings is becoming more regular.

August 15, 2019

Woman's feet. grey pumps.

Rona. I am being shown something, in advance of it happening in the scenario. I thank the scene makers for this then go through the scenario. I am aware I am becoming, or

being made more fully precognitive in this event, which includes many people. I tell Rona and the others to not ask what I have seen if you do not want to know. This is not play/pretend, this is real.

[the dive that stands out]

I am receiving an insurance claim. It is not clear the amount I am due. There are numbers, I see numbers. It is a five digit number but it is not in the format of dollars. I shift to the insurance office and am asking someone to explain 1) what the numbers mean in the sense of dollars, and 2) by what formula this amount is arrived at. My question is repeatedly being addressed but not answered. I ask, clearer and clearer, over and over again. Focus is very good. I am not letting my focus be detracted.

I am moved from the office and the two ladies here to a large outdoor patio area full of eateries, tables and chairs and people..it is night. I am sitting with an older grey haired black lady who I am somehow going to have to get through in order to get the claim. The information coming off her is deliberate and letting me know she is malevolent. She takes people's claims, pockets their claims and throws them to the wolves.

As I am looking at this woman's face more intently, coming into a fuller conscious state of awareness she is being replaced by another woman. This one is bringing attention to her hair. she is dangling her head upside down as one would if washing their hair at a sink and bringing to light the color. It is yellow blonde and the hair is long and natty. As I am noticing, another replacement is being inserted. I shift out through this.

I am making my way back to the office, as determined as before to have my question answered. There are additional people here now. two younger women are at the front and I begin into it again with them. With the full details of all that has just occurred in tow. Although also not a good person one is eager to tell me what the numbers are, how they were arrived at and the monetary figure they equate to.

I am trying to keep pace but pieces of the story are still missing, and confusing is the fact the settlement includes the closing of my account. I am not wanting my account closed only to make the claim. In this energy the scene shifts and I am back outside. It is still night, men are beginning to enter the previously female dominated event. They are walking through at various angles. Each saying something as they cross my field.

The one my attention is following is tall and wearing an odd blue and green suit. Not something you would normally see in real life. I am now in a dirt lot. My belongings have been gone through, five all black items have been tossed onto the ground- bags, pouches, purses. I am placing them one inside the other as I notice my position being moved on by this pack of men. I stand, try to get out of here but run into a dead end.

I turn the other way and see all five approaching from every possible exit point. One of them is saying "ooh it doesn't look good for her." I am trapped. in a panic. I look toward one of the exit places, a doorway like opening and scream for help. The scream reaches through to my physical body as nothing more than a peep but it is enough to wake me back into physical space.

I feel sickened by the whole energy of what has just happened. Where has it come from? why has it come? I am asking.

Question : Am I being tested for a capacity as a precog? would I want this?

August 16, 2019

Apartments.

Rich. – timing our connecting correctly for (and to) get to work.

Two kids. one boy one girl. The idea of being at a bar. I am at a different location. At an eatery trying to purchase coffee and enormous cinnamon roll. No cashier for over an hour. Emotion growing. Large superhighway in the way of connecting. The idea of nowhere to stay / get inside of if I arrive before him. Experiencing in full each of these locations,– the bar. eatery. superhighway. Only remnants of the connecting point. The apartment.

Care home/apartment. Bon Bon and others I have/am caring for are here. The idea of medications and experimentation.

August 17, 2019

Apartments : showing apartments. Three horses are in here with us. I am catching their droppings on newspaper before they hit the floor so it does not begin stinking. The droppings are not normal, not formed, white, cream and green. I am doing a balancing act trying to keep them on the paper. and being there in time to catch then next. I am being interviewed, the whole night of dreaming is about the channeling. When I begin to show the apartments to others in here with me I see Mom is here helping. Model apartment. I am suggesting the model apartment but offering to show all those available. Glasses. I have forgotten my glasses. I am looking for them and Mom is helping and holding the elevator going down with the others.

Alien beach world. browns and plumbs. an electrical storm over the ocean is creating a colorful geometric light display. It is so full of light the moon of this world is now being seen. It is very large, very close, much closer than our own moon to our own world. I am wishing I had brought my camera. I set about to find it *in the scene where I am at my car. but I get intertwined in the apartment scenes and activity. I do make my way back but not in time to catch the wondrous display on film.

August 18, 2019

Reality. visual reality. creation : how the soul fractals in half into two interconnecting ground level links. How feed (data streams) come through to the fractal higher/lower points, in and outside of time. Into and out of the physicality point(s). How the more

the point(s) can visualize the more that visualized can be made manifest. The race to manifest. [light. dark.] [life. not-life].

Scenarios are playing throughout the night but focus into the point behind the fields, into how they are happening is so much stronger. No data from the fields. no time to collect. 6 AM alarm time and 12+ hour work day.

One symbol upon waking : quill feather.

August 19, 2019

Continued material and guidance on the channeling. Notably in gaining the questions. Association in these fields with MBT. (My Big Toe, Thomas Campbell).

August 20, 2019

Drive. driveway. it runs alongs the side of the house. It is a shortcut from one space into another space. This drive is very long and goes into many areas but again awareness is focused more behind the scenes (than in the scenes) – talking with the scene makers and guidance system.

August 21, 2019

Note: I go into the night with a request of the one who is to be the first to begin channeling with me – *I am asking for a name to be sent through.

I am in a hospital type bed, changing my own brief. A spray pattern is on the wall behind the head of the bed, around a picture frame/mirror. I at first think is my own mess. Looking more closely I see it cannot be, the pattern is symmetrical and organized. I look into it and shift. Phone call. I am heatedly, repeatedly asking who it is. I am not receiving a reply. (shift). Cassette tapes. store. one man is holding a large package of the cassette tapes bound together. Everyone else is mulling about but gravitating toward the line. Derrick is here. He goes to the register to ring people up. A woman with a child. The child is taking derrick's hand and leading him away into the store. Away from the register. While Derrick is away a woman with lots of face make-up approaches *all the women here are wearing heavy base make-up. She is suggesting that all the old casino workers/cocktail waitresses regather for a party. I immediately think this will be a party with a great deal of smoke. The idea is not appealing to me.

August 22, 2019

No data recovery.

On three occasions through late night and early morning I spend 5–10 minutes going in specifically for data. Each time, albeit with recovered data I fall off and it is lost. I woke much earlier than usual, as though in a new energy, a new life and world. A wonderful feeling that in days past would arise with me each and every morning. I walked within this energy until roughly 2–3pm and then through some invisible portal stepped back into the old energy. I do not like this. Immediately I do not it – and, again, as though through some invisible portal step back into the new energy. This may have something to do with the planned visit to Yoganandaji's SRF today. Yes....most definitely.

August 23, 2019

Apartment home, the caring for Terence McKenna-like male. He is near to his passing. Another is going to be brought in to relieve me. I do not want to leave him. I ask his preference for me staying or the other coming in. He very decidedly is choosing that I stay. I am relaying this information to a female. Explaining his time of passing is near. I can rest after this happens. Odd things are happening in the space. The oven is on its own cooking a six holed baking dish of eggs. I have to take care of this but am engaged in so many other energies. dynamics. the channeling is happening. I can feel the connecting and channeling happening *in the night as it is dark. This is not scary to me. I like what is happening. I am intrigued by what is happening.

August 24, 2019

This has not happened for some time. I go into a system in which I wake and sleep for many days. Many months, all in all. **There are many cycles before waking in real time, the contents of the visit / experience do not make it back with me.

A previous care client, Lucille.. generations are all gathered here in her home. Many people and many dogs. An old photo, women each holding a dead cat by the tail. It is awful. Halloween in August. Reporting to a female about the 1111 project work and my presence in an area where there are many homeless, many in need. And how/when I disperse assistance. A woman coming out onto a dance floor. spontaneous rap. she is getting back her rhythm. She is (being) convinced she has a gift. Pool of water. lever that does something. turned off. Charlie is here with me.

August 25, 2019

Dream link with Majaed. —I am in a simulation, a series of simulations (guns and shooting) in which the idea is to avoid inadvertently killing yourself by killing another who although violent, at some point needs to be there in order for you to not die.

August 26, 2019

All night. Riding the compression of the wave into zero point.

It begins with synchronizing into a single point, multiple other me's (multiple other Casey's). The single point now contains all the data/skill from the multiple (the idea of 3 and also 5) choice points. The event grows to include all points on the field from multiple now points in time. They all merge and suction/syphon into the singularity point. In one field I am experiencing this as running across a super wide intersection before the green light turns to red. There is a young boy crossing the intersection in front of me.

August 27, 2019

- Sniper
- Woman with inhuman bright olive green eyes
- Shorty. earthquake. gate left open with scarf left to dangle over the latch so the door does not close. Maria. angry. large heavy broken crystal jewelry. Shop girl tries to put one large piece, a large pink (and deep mineral colored) faceted earring so big no-one could wear it as such in her drawer. I see this and recollect it telling her it is ours and not the shop's. Maria is going to take the broken jewelry and break it down for beads. She points out a display of Oreo cookies housed in wooden box. homemade. recipe and price of \$8. She says no wonder she buys these where she does. I want to take a photo of the recipe for her but the phone won't do what I want it to.

August 28, 2019

I am with a man with a special ability : room. geometric shape/pattern. very concrete.

I am with a woman with a special ability : driving. ramp. bananas. It is decided she is going to be taken out. suitcase.

I am outdoors about to begin running on a track. Park-like environment, spacious and wide open, big clear blue sky. A beautiful day. The thought I should realize I am dreaming more. I am not awake yet, not lucid. I think I am in real time but I begin looking at the environment more closely and entering a 'dreamy' state. It is slightly futuristic in time. These little silver fly things (crafts. drones) are flying into my head. Impacting my head. I put an arm up to help cushion the blows.

Now I am with my Charlie, same dream field different location, walking through various areas of this park. I enter/find myself within a silver object. A silver structure. I am exploring it but can't find my way out. I am at the end of this structure, at a door that does not seem to open anywhere. Upon arriving at this I decide to go back a room to where I was just interacting with two young boys, but I feel a female worker arriving who is escorting some others and she opens the door for me and Charlie. We walk around outside for a little while. Many other people. bleachers. interaction. fade back into physical space.

Note: It is a shame I am not able to hold more data, this is an incredible night of events but there are many sleep cycles between the man with the special ability and waking

proper. At some intervals I have all the content but ultimately so much is to a great deal lost. I feel it is still right here with me, though.. like I could shift in and with concentrated focus retrieve it. It is the stone symbol. It has me gravitating toward my crystals today. A very strong pull.

August 29, 2019

No recall.

Note: there is no obvious reason for the lack of recall. I am not overly tired. My body is comfortable in the bed. I sleep well clean through the night with no interruptions, no having to get up to use the bathroom, no outside noise. The temperature in the room is for the most part fine. I am just unable to reach to the data. Setting intent for awareness and recall to return now.

August 30, 2019

I am in my own template most the night. Completing with energies (entities, people) and clearing my field. Then the casino maze. Tony Kirch-like man. black jeans. black leather jacket. Elevator drops him 1 floor. Many females go to his aid including me. Walking. walking. going back for my shoes. Bathroom. Housekeeping. Choosing a new location to live.

August 31, 2019

Rona – and others responsible for bringing me to the Earth life. Rona is featured. Hospital/convalescent-home rooms, kept awfully, no color, no life, no vibrance, depressing, beige and white. Poopy messy piles of toilet paper stacked ridiculously high. Rona and I take a drive to another area. We are talking. long talk. Shops and neighborhood. Afterward I am looking for my car (maze) in looking I am pushing the lock/unlock button on my remote to signal the location of the car but it seems always to signal many cars. None exactly my own. One man finally tires of me doing this, his car is one which is getting signaled. He approaches me from up the street. I tell him I am sorry and what I am doing. He is understanding but does not want me to just keep endlessly pushing the button. After searching awhile more I remember another level to the shops. I take the elevator up a level and it begins coming back to me where I have parked. in the shops I find a malachite crystal. a few other items (also) I am not recalling. Not as important as the malachite.

September 1, 2019

There is a marriage, a wedding and ceremony. There is something happening with the dress. An interruption in the ceremony regarding the dress. It is getting damaged somehow from an action of another. Sandy is here. helping. She is a main player here in the field. Notable throughout the night is a spiraling funnel shape energy at the

heart space. It is allowing me to enter and reenter the dream space easily. — Two clear images in the morning at two separate times going in for data : 1) Mom muscle pic. — 2) Octopus.

September 2, 2019

- Swimming in the ocean. Bonnie. Exercise.
- Airplane flight. man. woman. tall. fair. light haired. borrowed pink dress with the hem let out.
- Social gathering of people. Interacting and intermingling. Catering. Serving. Black woman, pretty. kiss. The time(s) we get off work not aligning. I am off much sooner than her.
- Nesting spot of bugs and other fly-things. low to the floor. open faced box cabinet. Derrick.

September 3, 2019

ET craft, multiple shifts up into it. Very material. Metal alloy. Circular-ish. Underbelly: six rectangular shaped hatchways. At first I am viewing it through the windowed ceiling of an office building. Multi-leveled. I am up at, or near the top floor. There are others here with me. The craft has come for me. Derrick. Elissa. Mom. A woman and man I do not know. The woman is short, has short brown hair, is business-like. (I like her energy). The man is a guardian, an escort, works with/for her. (I like his energy too). The last shift up is spontaneous. We are all meeting and I suggest moving the meeting up onto the craft. We take an elevator to the rooftop. I will have to arrange quickly food/sustenance for the people. I am asking what they would like and taking their orders. —Note : there is an engaging, almost euphoric energy connection with this craft throughout the experience. The connection and the energy are very strong and there is a sound to it. I am at present with no direct remembrance of the interior or the beings. Or the purpose for their coming. Other than this does have to do with the channeling.

September 4, 2019

Superpowers, – the ability to withstand a powerful blow or shockwave. The feeling of this through my system is not altogether pleasant. I am aware enough to ask by early morning if there is a reason this adaptation is being given. The very simple answer that is coming is an immediate and resounding “yes”. —K flows. highly uncomfortable when coming into the conscious awareness of them. Which I do 2–3 times through the night/early morning. My body is being worked with A LOT the past couple weeks.

September 5, 2019

Shorty –but not in her current (/ last) body. We are driving to see Jurgen but are stopped. We turn down a street and are blocked from going further by a green wooden wall. It fills the rest of the way in, the sides, top and bottom and is now a green wooden rectangular box. We back out of this *the only opening being behind us, pull over, park the car and begin to walk. The way to Jurgen immediately opens back up. We continue on in his direction and into a shift into a later timeframe. Shorty is now sickly and growing old. Sandy delivers us a bed for her to lay on. I am in a shop looking for earrings for her to wear. Mother of pearl. I am looking for a pair just the right size. I am also picking up clear crystal points. something blue. something green. Large guidance figure behind my line of vision on the right.

September 6, 2019

First half of the night : Meeting with Ioana.

Then much later—

Unfinished and thought responsive environment. This is not a maze as I am easily bleeding through into multiple areas but I am somewhat like a sheep being herded – at first by the dream makers and in the end by two male figures who show up.

I begin in a work environment, serving. I have the tray I used as a beverage server *in real time. Someone has taken/hidden it from me. I cannot work. cannot earn. I search and search. It is nowhere to be found. I am going to have to find a new place to earn. Someone does begin helping me search but the energy of this female does not feel benevolent.

I meet many others in this area as the search continues. Mostly all security. The security team is nice, there is a sense of good humor and camaraderie. Steven Greer is a part of this security team. The area here bleeds into three others–

1) The house – Elissa, not in the current body walks in and into the kitchen where I am standing. She is with a look-a-like friend. It is funny because as much as they do look alike, they do not feel they do. I have just finished showering. I am unclothed from the waist down. I find a towel to cover up.

2) A high-rise lobby / mall. One area in here is getting increasingly scary. It is an area related to the one where I am working (or trying to work. Very light grey and white, empty-ish. boxes and crates, movie theatre-like in feeling. I decide it is not good to go in there anymore after seeing a mother and young daughter have to surrender their belongings. Before going in everyone has to voluntarily surrender their items. I am purchasing food at a counter before heading out of here. I accidentally step out of the lobby area with a grey jacket I had been trying on. It still has the label attached, large round and black. I remember, and turn to go back in as Steven is also noticing and asking me if I have forgotten something. I remove/return the jacket then head back out again.

3) Outside neighborhood and walkways. I am strolling them and attract two male figures. At least one of them is at the food counter in line with me when I am there. They are herding and attaching to me and get me to an area where I am now in trouble. trapped. the one is sexually advancing. The song Spooky is playing in the background. At the moment I know there is no possible exit, I snap myself out fast (and I mean fast) back into physical space.

September 7, 2019

Amphitheater. Student channelers. One man – slightly heavy, longish dark blonde hair has brought through information I feel may be very important to me. He does not feel his information is so good, or so worthy but it can be found and purchased (*there is something key about it costing something, relative to me being happy myself to pay but not yet to charge). I set out to do this.

Lana. healing. teddy bear. taken outside. thousand of tiny fly things, butterfly-like things are expelled from it through the front body, the chest and stomach. Release. The teddy is real inside. It eats *it tries to eat. There are organs. Lana is out here with us, she lights something I do not want her to prior to us going in somewhere. I do not want the smell to be obvious to others.

Asian woman. beach ball. she gets it to go through a glass window much smaller than the ball – and toward a goal over a swimming pool against winds and rain blowing in the opposite direction. A remarkable feat.

September 8, 2019

Highly interrupted night's sleep. Fell fast to sleep after dinner at 6pm : wide awake by 9pm and kept awake till after 2am : alarm at 6am. (what a ride). Together with guidance in the area between 2–6am. Lesson in quantum tunneling. I am asking for the understanding of how to get an object that exists in the future – to the past. An object from the future to (me) where I am now.

September 9, 2019

Hyperbaric chamber. Plough pose.

I am in a teach/learn space together with both higher-ups and students. I am speaking with them about how important inversions, specifically the yogic 'plough pose' has been to me in opening the spine base to crown. That without it I don't think I would have ever been able to withstand the higher energy flows. [then much later] –

I am in the multiverse. multiple environments are interpenetrating : (mom. long bed. leg portion of the bed elevated. water. pink wallpaper. small shrimp-like things. I take these to the lake) : The most interesting to me is when I arrive at and engage near a body of water, a lake, with a lady who is sitting in the water eating a wild carrot.

Beautiful sounds, nature, gently lapping waters, beautiful colors, many green(s) and orange. She is dipping the carrot into the water onto some material on the rocks before taking each bite and I am asking why she is doing this.

In the midst of her relaying this information to me I am 1) entering the water myself and 2) attaching to the words 'hyperbaric chamber'. Simultaneously with the lady continuing on with what she is saying I am dialing out, accessing information on the meaning of 'hyperbaric chamber'. This data is coming in almost electronically, in its own distinct voice simultaneously to the rest. I am not aware enough to know who I am here and how I am able to do this in this scene/sim. – but very intriguing experience. intriguing feeling.

September 10, 2019

The architecture and design of time/space.

I am being shown how reality fields are created, with a thought frequency either opposing, or distorted to some degree or another from the Original Thought : I Am. They are put on a trajectory to collide and the field – vibration – reverberation – energy wave – is the result of impact. Both in the sense of space and of time.

Note: This is the very abbreviated version of last night's events, there is much more I want to say / draft out in regard to this. There was much more in the form of both direct experience and visual display given, relative to specifics in the way contents within the fields are designed. Following the field itself first being brought out. Absolutely phenomenal experience.

September 11, 2019

Rob and Kalina. "change" (I am sharing some of mine [my change] with Rob). Bus ride. Rob and I up front. He wants to ask me a question. Small dip then sharp left turn uphill. Rob is also 'backseat driving'. directing the driver.

September 12, 2019

Interrupted night's sleep. Only one dream fragment. For reason's unknown I went in for a close-up look at one particular woman : black woman, late 20's, average height and size, dressed in black. Short, geometrically angular hair-cut : something like this.

Note: Last night and for the next 5 nights I am at a job, *away from home and my own sleep space.

September 13, 2019

John buys Dad's old house (our family house) and begins gutting it, renovating it. So much activity and detail that I do not have time to regather before work-shift begins. There is something being cooked. -of materials that shrink down to almost nothing in size before serving. It is a meat rub *the cost is being discussed and almost argued over. Something has to be done otherwise the cost will be too much.

Note: What stands out to me about this dream collage is that dreams of this sort are almost repeating/recurring, but this one I do not recall ever moving through before. It is worth highlighting.

September 14, 2019

Michiyo's - bleed-through to Shorty's. (*care clients)

Four young boys/men come in through the sliding glass door. Friend's of the guy upstairs. Healthy foods are prepped and prepared. Brief conversation about this, giving my approval of their choices. (but, and) also telling them it is too early for company. Maze.—shift out into the city and city streets. Mildly futuristic, lots of activity. interaction. Tower street stations. Elevators that go up and down into various areas, onto various streets. All very grid-like. In one frame a girl is stopping to photograph me doing something with a crystal involving my feet and toe rings, *super cool colorful visual phenomena happening, like a triangulated digital display. I am explaining to her I work with crystals. I am also at the same time, through additional fields, rushing to get back home by 8am. Out of this world / maze / obstacle course. Much of which is accomplished with escalators and elevators. Crawl spaces and squeezing through. Man. young. handsome. Tells me I look like a painter.

September 15, 2019

Creating a retreat area. Forest-like, very tall trees.. I am discussing the area with a male helper saying a water element would make it perfect. We would not have to travel for the water. A discussion about the care giving and the time it takes, or rather the rate at which one true care person is created : every 545 days.

Poopy un-flushed toilets. *anger. - I am increasingly not understanding why a toilet would be used in such a way and not flushed.

September 16, 2019

Highly moving events, deep reaching, meaningful without my wholly realizing why. Home growing plant foods indoors : there are three examples before me but I am keying in on the heirloom tomato vines. The fruit is large, ripe and beautiful, already cut open —what is happening here is important, this place is beloved to me. Environments are bleeding into one another. I shift into a block meeting. I am re-dressing waist down as I am reporting. As things are being discussed. One man is watching very closely the body. This is pointed out and I say he will get acclimated *he

will get used to it. A young man is waiting for me in my own area. On a wing chair in the garage. I sit with him (contact) my right forearm to his shoulders. Deep immersion. The words "we have chosen him for you". I ask to see him at the current age, as he would now appear in the time line. I am not able to reach it before the alarm. He is so familiar. I will have to reach for the connection again at another time.

September 17, 2019

Tearing down dream layers to get to the real material.

Lil. family. holiday ritual. freezer. not freezing. my berries are defrosting. I throw them in a larger freezer. spiritual ceremonies. yoganandaji. burning candles. I am amazed and proud my body is making a useful product. Something like a creamy lotion/solution. —**repetitive dream. I have been through this one many times.

September 18, 2019

Vortex night/morning : cleansing, healing — spinning.

- Fragment : key limes in bloom again. (meaning—time to detox the kidneys again.
- Fragment : spacecraft. landed. back hatch open. man looking in. large eggs. boy among the eggs. as if just hatched. white skin. black hair.
- Fragment : poop(ing). under the table. from a device. two men across the table. contest. I am going to win. /release the most.

September 19, 2019

- Mantis beings. three. molds. one that is white and chocolate brown has the bulk of my attention.
- Shorty. canopy bed. I climb up in here with her. interaction.
- Maze – (child size). Atkins. water. squeezing/climbing up down and through bunk beds. backside sometimes getting stuck.
- Poison

September 20, 2019

Caregiving. I am helping those who need care in real time from the astral. Two women, one who needs care and one who is responsible for her. I help the woman who is approaching the need for care feel a little more normal and comfortable about it. I am assisting the other woman in appropriating the care (person for her loved one. I note I

also am available. I offer to bring her my portfolio *it is housed in white. She sends me shopping for foods, fried tricolored peppers and other vegetables.

Lonely eccentric woman : observation point from down the street. It is night. She has put out a large billboard sized sign proposing going to a very good new movie together in a nearby city. I like her. I am just observing.

Costume party : court. ridiculously high paid teachers / professors \$10,000/hr.. They are all drinking alcohol (in the courtroom, *costume party. Eccentric older woman (now). Way too thin, collapses in the driveway. Uncaring woman/wife of a man who is relative of her. Mansion. money. ambulance. I am telling this woman she is cold from my observation point. She is so uncaring of the elder woman who collapsed. I am struggling with how uncouth she is.

September 21, 2019

No recall. (nothing). ☼

September 22, 2109

War : Los Angeles. future timeline. hair.—wave / code-like.

The hair is difficult to describe but it is standing out as more than important.. The designs/cuts of the hair on various women are catching my conscious attention. I am asking where they get this done. I am willing to travel as far as “100 miles” to have this done to myself. The style is somewhat weaved and the closer I look the more it looks like code, like lines of dashes and dots. And even 0s (zeros) and 1s (ones).

September 23, 2019

- Answer to my question about dream state.
- Blue and white Kali : real. not a character or caricature. real.
- Blonde man again. Stage set-like environment/maze. Constructed for temporary use. I am being encouraged through it. Kiss – no go.
- Full spectrum being : not two or more of me but one full spectrum light. wave form. people are frequency matching to the slice of their choosing.
- Conscious shift. black and brown. liquid psychedelic hypnagogic imagery – into grey/brown horse. beautiful. adorned.

Note : There are two areas of my dream time tonight where I am receiving insight into –and lessons on– 1) the state of being and 2) the state of being aware. These areas pertain to first my question going into the night about why the recall or conscious

access to experiences seems so different now than when I was growing up and into the time of my full activation to awaken – and second to the lesson on full spectrum being.

Relative to the first, it is being explained that the frequencies I am most accessing now are far more fine than those most accessed before and the level of difficulty in holding them in conscious awareness is somewhat greater. I am told to continue and the new focus will yield. The lesson on full spectrum being seems important and even in a way related in that there are various ways to conceptualize and perceive, some which are more fine/fundamental. This lesson seems at least in part designed/devised to assist me in the goal of the former.

September 24, 2019

I am easily able to enter – exit – and re-enter each of these dream fields.

Even so they are difficult to hold when waking. I specifically have to go in for them again. There is more about hair. Vague recollection through the night of the presence of guides : one male one female. Through the early morning hours my right forearm is thumping *physically. I am not sure if this is a muscle spasming or a vein. It occurs in unison with the conscious dream content coming in. It vanishes when the stream ends.

- Driving with Lu. superhighway. fast curves. slight downhill grade and right turnoff.
- Lu : climbing. helping her build the large muscle groups in the legs and most specially at the back of the thighs. A woman in black is climbing above us. Excellent example of the developed muscle. Interesting attire *the sort of belt or skirt portion over the fitted pant.
- Helping some people get to where they are going : two men. finding a campsite. California, Nevada, Arizona areas.

September 25, 2019

Charlie is put into a scene : at first he is coming along with me and the person I am walking with. I am feeding him, dropping food down like breadcrumbs. Then he is not. Maze : no-one will help me catch him. I am getting frustrated. A woman picks him up but carries him the other way. More frustrated. She lets him go. Finally I catch up. I pick him up and he gives me a small love bite/nip on left eye. I can feel this in my physical eye.

Sneaking a deck of cards in to show one of my guides how to play games : this is interesting, this has happened before. At the same time as guides are teaching me in certain dream fields and scenes I am often bringing in items from my knowing, from my own reality to show to them too. This is taking place on another frequency, behind the scenes at the same time as the scenes are unfolding.

Conan and Jeff : I am now in a fun jungle type environment. It is to some degree caricature-ish, which tells me I am not all the way into the scene. I am viewing it still from a bit of a distance. I am aware of a group of characters. Some animal, some human. There is fun, good humored activity going on out here with the animals and insects. I am watching them and also some black indigenous humans who live here.

The name "Jeff" is written in front of me in cursive letters. I see him. He is younger and coming of age and choosing a group of others to be a part of. He comes into their small wood hut through a large window. I am concerned for him. These others are rough and he is more gentle. Someone tells me it is okay, Conan will take care of him, *his brother – who I see now standing outside the window. He is huge.

September 26, 2019

Hard getting to sleep tonight. It is raining and there's a lightning storm, the air is really nice, window is wide open. I get up after awhile, sit on the mat, eat a handful of pistachios and dried fig while listening. Then a rough night's sleep, fell away hard, abruptly woke a time or two or three.

Bathroom : this is a city park type bathroom. I am viewing the entry and the exit from inside. they are separate corridors. I am receiving information – although not directly here Erich is in the echoes of this place. There is the idea of him cleaning toilets. of a life change. There is a two-way telepathic flow between myself and the transmitter of this information and created space.

I am now looking toward the exit corridor. It is a vacant, unused space. Spider webs have long closed it off. I look in there and use a broom stick to clear the way and see there is something alive caught in there. It is a bird, an off white or white sand colored dove, an area of the breast has been shot or eaten away. A butterfly is safely pinned to the back of it and is alive. I work to set the butterfly free – (outside now) – the bird falls to the ground as the butterfly flutters away. I feel such relief, sadness for the bird but such relief.

Now there are two adorable little critters where the bird had fallen. a little squirrel like fellow and much smaller bird. They are playing and delighted with two objects that are inserted here. A metallic blue crochet hook and metallic gold-ish 1" round ball. The baby squirrel like thing is upside down on its head holding the orb, the little bird is in the air just beside him with the crochet hook held in its feet.

These items are associated with me but I am happy to relinquish them for their enjoyment. I want to take a picture but do not take the time to do so. As a result this communicate is for a moment lost upon my abrupt awakening back into physical space. Note : Each of my awakenings through the night are also in this fashion (*and that dream content is lost.

Note : toilets, dirty toilets, cleaning toilets is a symbol that to me = detoxification, cleansing and transformation / transmutation.

September 27, 2019

Before going to bed each night here forward I aim to ask a question.. Tonight, focusing in – the question is :

Q: What does this body need?

Grey structure : not cement. not steel. maybe metal or a metal alloy – (yes). I like the activity, the energy, the atmosphere in here but most other detail has faded. (shift)

Outdoor invitation only party. Singles are meeting, being introduced to one another – shift – Indoors. sophisticated lounge / bar. The room is fairly empty. I look around, see a bar back area, ice, soda, drinks being poured.. I pick one up and head over to a smart looking middle aged blonde woman. The drink is for her. Due to an error on my part in which I end up on the other side of a rail *she has to reach for the drink and only tips me \$2 rather than \$10. She makes a point of telling me she more normally tips the larger amount. She now begins loudly orating an historical event / story. She is stopped after a few minutes of the oration, just as I am really listening – by a man.

September 28, 2019

Question :

Am I ready to meet my higher fractal consciousness in full conscious awareness?

- Saucer. deep green brown and purple. black horse. (the black horse is coming up repeatedly.
- Senior apartment : bedroom. the headboard is being discussed. window. view out window. clear day. This apartment is near the entrance to this place. Many streams, walkways, paths, streets all interesting at this point. 55 or 65+ place. I am asking which it is. *I am 55 this coming year.
- Driving uphill behind someone peddling, there is a war up over the top of the hill.

September 29, 2019

Q: If it is in the service of the highest good I would like to be connected with my sister, Sandy, tonight. I would like this to be in my full conscious awareness and bring all content back with me to physical space. I would in addition request my previous rights of Exploration to be here forth reinstated and if possible be shown the reason I began declining these rights.

Various races and families of beings through the night.

Each shift through beta throughout the night is very hard, fast and obvious – very 'beta'. (makes it difficult to hold onto data.

- One male : very extraterrestrial, alone and on his own is standing out. He is short and very thin, somewhat scraggly and haggard in appearance. The skin is caucasian-like but not exactly as our own. The clothes are old and worn. He is just standing here. As if to simply be seen.
- Next a family of 5 : nomadic. early human? animal skins for clothes but also there are the signs of a civilized consciousness. More refined clothing beneath the skins, ceremonial adornments. Upkeep of hair and skin.

Now I am in a home.

It is geometrically laid out in concentric type rings. The whole structure, the home, the yard, the land surrounding and where it leads. There is one ring of the yard that is for the dogs who reside here *there are two of them. I am almost strategically placed in the home together with my laptop. I am housesitting and receiving instructions on how to care for the area. The laptop I think is being used as place marker, a symbol for my conscious state of awareness. It is my habit to write things down in these areas so as to bring back the content with me to physical space. An area beyond here is going into where the Corso family is.

The Corsos : everyone is themselves but looking very different, highlighted are Maria and Frank. I am in a car with the rest of them. A round shaped police helicopter is landing (attaching) to the back of the car. I want to get out. The handle is not working fast enough and I can feel a growing sense of claustrophobia. Finally the door opens. The Corsos are relocating, re-designing a home-space and most notable is a car. This is why I actually pull over to stop, to discuss and give my kudos on this re-designing of the car. It is Frank's.

When I get out Frank comes right over to greet me. He looks good. I tell him so. He makes a sly move on me as we walk up to the new property. I am on a slightly more elevated keel than he which makes it easy for him to slide a hand somewhere it naught be. We have a goodhearted laugh and exchange about this. He says he would not do it were it not a dream. I say yes but this is really real. He agrees. Parting message being sent through the shift back into waking – “I will come when I can”.....

Note : ***overheating + releasing a lot of water through the night.

Note : I am not seeing the connection of any of this to my request to see my sister, save the first male ET.

September 30, 2019

Q: How extensive is my experience with galactic races specifically on board crafts?

Painted desert : walking, driving, swimming through the various areas of Las Vegas. I am going to get my hair cut. (shift). People. casually dressed climbing an enormous ladder up a rock face of *red rock. Red Rock Canyon. Association : mountains circling the Las Vegas valley. I am shown the idea of the valley being the imprint of a very large

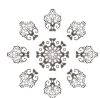
extraterrestrial disc shaped craft. (shift : sparkly). DNA strand. colorful. certain areas of it are grey. data. –but the data on this is not clear. (shift : like a rocket this time).

I am on the inside of a metal or metallic structure. very physical. I am running my hand along its bevelled walls asking “what is this?” – (it is a craft) – and “why am I here”, “why am I being shown this”. A panel of glyphs lights up in front of me. One panel of glyphs at first. I try to take in as many as I can : swirl, upward facing cone, above it a sphere, various types of air and space craft. The panel expands out to where I am seeing it relative to the size of the whole craft. Which is enormous. Glyphs line the entire inside. All panels expand into one to form the shape of a – beetle (?).

This idea is presenting in the view as it is patterning out but is not the whole picture.

There is not enough time to take in all the formations and information.

The patterns are shifting and I am back in physical space.



A Channeled response to this question:

[How Extensive is my Experience with Galactic Races on Board Craft](#) 

October 1, 2019

Q : May I please be given a direct experience of consciously moving into deep trance?
Most specifically I am interested in the exact point of the shift or switching of spaces.

All night : in and out of caves. spaces. data exchange.

Just prior to the morning WBTB I am being fed the name : Simon Davies

Coming up from my first dive there is name after name after name (too many and too fast a stream for me to hold any.

I dive again : Mom. We are living in connected stone cathedral type living spaces. In a room upstairs on her own side she has chairs set up for a gathering. People begin arriving as much as 3 hours early for an event taking place at midnight. I am doing some of the dishes. There is a grocery bag next to the sink. Odd items are in it for a grocery bag. Among them are 3 watches which I take to her.

The stone cathedral spaces are worth mentioning. I am moving through them both. My side as well as Mom's. There is even less light coming through her side than mine.

Note : she prefers dark, rainy, overcast days to sunshine. It is the thing I am noticing the most. The light and the movement of wind and light playing on the stone walls. I would like there to be more of this light. More windows to let it in.

There is a steady stream of interaction with the people arriving for Mom's event. I am upstairs in the meeting room as they arriving. I am asking questions such as when the meeting is to begin. I am seeing the food table being organized and laid out. A lady is opening a package of Emmentaler Swiss cheese. The items are all organic. I notice the conscious thought that I could eat here with them.

I shift over to helping a young woman with the straightening of a picture she has hung. It is hanging low on the left side. I come over, closer to her to explain what needs done in more detail. As I am making suggestions about what she could do to get it to hang straight her husband comes in and takes over. Rather than upright, we are making this fix from a now horizontal position in what seems a closet.

Blissful, and even sexual energies now fill the air.. I am walking again through my own side of this structure drawing my hand along the walls. Looking and moving toward an upstairs large open window. I am intersecting with data from another stream. There are children. I cannot quite capture it all but someone is meant to spill my blood. –But I know they have not. It is someone else's they have spilled.

As I am trying to speak, throughout this whole chain of events my mouth is so dry that I cannot. This has happened many times before. I do not yet know what it is.

This is going to be my question going in tonight.

October 2, 2019

Q : In some dreams, why does my mouth begin to feel so dry that I cannot speak?

- Senior home : Jojo. all in the same bed. trying on jeans (genes).
- Geometrical climbing structure. A blonde man is hard training his children on this structure. The youngest is only an infant. It crawls and falls off. I catch her, comfort her, put her back on. She is attached to another child who is just a toddler maybe two years of age.

Note : There is another bit/piece to this puzzle I am not able to bring fully back with me into the moment I go to make my log.

Note : Jojo is a residential group care client I cared for briefly in my 20s who had diabetes.

Note : diabetes. insulin. hormone. blood sugar.

October 3, 2019

Q : What is my spiritual name?

Darr and a young guy are moving in together. They are describing to me the area in which they'll be living. The area they have specifically chosen. It is surprising to me. So central to a major city area. I (myself) am in a high-rise with an older female. She looks in her 60s. After the talk with Darr I am in a pooping scene. The paper I am using is getting stuck. It is sheets of magazine not regular toilet paper. It feels like I am pulling it out of me rather than just away from my bum. Attention is being brought to the material (guides are trying to wake me). —with this is coming the instruction on what may and may not be put down a toilet.

Now I am in a huge house with an elder care female. A wife and a husband. Lil comes through, as well others to help fill in as care staff. We talk for a bit about what she has done. She has done much more than what most others do. In particular she has removed some of the boards from the walls —which I will mention in just a moment. There are lots of people in this house. In many of the rooms. They each have their own activity. I stop as I am walking through one to help a girl who is having some difficulty with her stomach. I suggest, and retrieve the item that will help.

As I continue through I am noticing the floors in this house are all very nice. They are holding up very nicely for the age of the house. The flooring in each room is different. A wide variety of different tile patterns. The walls on the other hand need addressing. Wood beams and panels are warping, coming apart, falling off. There are three refrigerators in the kitchen. I notice as I go to get some breakfast for the elder husband who as I stop to help agrees to have a yogurt. He is very aged and ill and near death. Blood is coming out from his right ear. I know his time is near.

The space I am in while dream collecting is notable. It catches my attention as it is unusual. I am in the black, but more obvious to me than the space and the visual is a sensation. I am just hovering here. Almost floating. In a sort of clear but also fine opaque mist. There is a flat plane through the center of the area that I am hovering on or just above. Upon the second or third noticing of this I am aware I have been connected to the dream stream of events all the while. Capturing content has never been quite like this before. Or even anything like this before.

Note :

I have no idea what this has to do with my spiritual name. lol

October 4, 2019

Q : Tonight during tratak in a vision of myself channeling I see myself fully, physically enter another reality field. A man is coming toward me. Is he coming to take me away? Is this how the shift / switch of positions could take place?

Physical body dismemberment of a male person by another male person. No blood. I am in the room as point consciousness observing this close up and listening in on what is being said (*none of what is said makes it back with me). There is control over another going on here, there is an issue, a past, but for the type of event this is it is fairly clean. There is another of these being done that is far more graphic and gruesome by a female with more rage, at the same time in another location. (shift).

Long city mall maze, multiple levels, the scenes move from indoors to outdoors. Bathroom confrontation : I am out-and-out looking for a female who has to do with the dismemberments. Emotion is all over the place. *shift to outdoors, new person, different consciousness, moving through the levels of the mall. Someone is here in the city visiting me and I am surprised at myself for not calling him daily to keep in touch. As he very much would with me were I in his city visiting him. I am going to call him now. (shift).

I am in a car with two men who are mentioning the best food that is made on the outskirts of town by a young woman. I am familiar with this place and with her. She is a young 22 year old light skinned black woman. She is wearing cut off jean shorts, short sleeved checkered button front shirt. Her hair is very short and curly. Very 'cowboy-ish' / country. She is infusing the food she serves with certain feelings, for instance imagining herself for a moment feeling particularly shy. When the people eat this food they get a particular hit.

Note : Relative to my question going into the night, the man coming toward me, he may represent a process within the channeling of 'moving out' while another comes in but what I am picking up on more principally is that he is the fellow in the chair in the first dismemberment scene. I feel he came for me. for my help, I do not know how I could, or if I did but this is what I feel.

October 5, 2019

Q : No question. I am pulled in fast, hard and much earlier than normal at 7:45pm.

I am shifting into, and moving through various cities around the globe. Most are non-English speaking countries. I go into way more areas than I can bring back. Most notable is that always there is someone to help me through inserted challenging chain of events. In large part these are revolving around getting my bearings. Discovering where I am and how to get to where it is I need to go. This is a maze but much freer than most. The point of it is to just keep going, keep moving. It is not a 'dog chasing its own tail' kind of maze.

It is nice in that I am rather successful through the whole thing. Much of the terrain is very beautiful and eye catching. The level of assistance somehow always in place. There are conflicts inserted – ups and downs quite literally representing as hills and floors/stairs – but I somewhat easily and intelligently move through them. **I find two ladies to drive me. Another who is helping me get from an inside bazar out to a particular main street. Others to help me through the streets (of Greece) away from police/security and up to a lovely place where I can rest.

WBTB : A 10–15 minute wake back to bed at 3am :

I am again moving through areas as above only now more as different people, different characters and lifetimes.

A military war adviser and myself as prince. I am being advised to go to war. There is indeed cause for this but I am not following this instruction/advice. I am Persian. I am dressing in this scene. Jeans (I am seeing them as this but they are not) (dream sign for 'genes'). The pant here is actually made of a dark brown leather and looks to cuff just below the knee.

My sister and I. We are both female here also. We look nothing like ourselves aside from this. She is wearing a wet one-piece swimsuit. She points out how tight it is. I say to her that this is because we are both too lazy. We need to be less lazy. Now Lana and I : walking through a fun/festive area. foods. we stop at a small odd job at a carnival like stand. She is the one who works here.

Note : For roughly 1 hour upon waking and walking back into physical space I am super dizzy. Near falling down kind of dizzy.

October 6, 2019

Q : Again : how is the shift into trance (when going in to channel) likely to take place?

The mirroring effect/phenomena that happens as I go in to channel is being explained to me. The right-side-up field happens at a certain rate of speed (+). The upside-down world happens at a certain rate of speed (x). There are angles – timelines – trajectories – that can come in on each of these that likewise occur at their own rates of speed. We enter the event horizon, the exact lateral plane where the right-side-up and upside-down meet : to access all these for study purposes. The speeds are all designed to 'complete' at the same 'time'.

The feeling of this as it is being explained to me is a sensation I am experiencing in my body. It's effect is heat. it is general through the whole body and my feet are hot. Time travel. **the crystals I have been using, the azurite palm stone I hold in the one hand and clear quartz point I lay my hand over in the very particular way I do : act like a space craft. More is happening in this than I realize.

October 7, 2019

Q : No real question going in tonight.

I am over tired from a 14 hour work day. The arrival of the sleep time energies are heating the body and my feet are uncomfortably hot. I rub shea butter into them and afterward fall off. The only recall is from the first waking period somewhere near 6am.

I am sitting waist deep in a pool of water. Collecting my crystals and stones from the shallow steps. Others may not know to not disturb them, *they may take them. So I am gathering them up now myself. I am removing small, stamp-like items of paper from the center portion of a pouch I am about to gather the stones in – so they do not get wet or destroyed. This is all occurring behind the scenes of another scene. A work type

environment. The idea of food. There is to a slight degree some competition for jobs. There is a window in the middle of a wall.

The feeling of the environment, the energy and imprint of this area and others is still here with me as write these words, many hours after having been directly in them but the vast detail is thrown into the recesses by a variety of loud sound intrusions in the physical space. Doors repeatedly slamming. Voices raised in discussion. Machinery being used outside my window, an electric saw perhaps. It is almost comical. I go to great lengths to recollect the data.— mindfold, earplugs, counting myself down from 100 with the breath. 2–3 hours.

I do get back in but not directly to the place being stated above.

I ride the waves and visual patterns many times. Going into and out of many moments in both dream and physical space until I am drifting in outer space and see a large clear bubble. There are people visible, activity visible. Doctors, and lab-like. Babies are being born here. I try to get in for a closer look. I probably do. But this much is all I am meant to see / bring back. I can feel this as I shift back into physical space.

Nothing more is notable.

October 8, 2019

Q : I am asking for the most appropriate energy and/or entity to come stay while assisting me in opening my vocal channel. I would like this one to meet and introduce itself to me in the dream fields. I would like this one to rouse me, wake me and interact with me in the ways it finds most beneficial relative to deep tuned trance telepathy / channeling.

I am stunt riding a grey horse. Then someone here with me. He is an elder male, long white hair and grey robes. His riding is more daring than my own, he is standing fully upright upon the back of the horse while galloping around a large object or space. The dismount is something of a question. It is created in the spur of the moment. He launches off, belly down onto a hard table. I congratulate him and also begin looking for a way to cushion the table before it happens again.

In the midst of the activity here I shift into another scene in which I am with Rich. We are talking and he is showing me something on his phone. While he is showing me and scrolling through I see the location of a stone monument that catches my attention. My attention now fully shifts into this. I want to know where it is in relation to where we are standing. I want to know how close it is.

I am beginning to shift into channel. My head is making this movement. (fascinating). It is like the reading of a heartbeat on an EKG. (this is important). This is the channel coming in. My signal that the channel is coming. It is a fast, whip-like movement of the head. It is a motion I cannot myself intentionally duplicate. It occurs on the off beat. Head right then center – head up then center. Three or more times at approximately 3 second intervals.

I am now in an area receiving products. One of them measures blood pressure. It is far larger than any such blood pressure device I know. I am confirming with a female friend / assistant what it is. She and others here are wearing white lab coats.

October 9, 2019

Q : I am speaking with my guidance structure at bedtime regularly about the difference in my recall now relative to when I was a child (pre-age 30). During this phase of life I am so naturally aware of dream states, of additional consciousness states. I am easily aware in the morning and even all day of what happens in the fields, at the top of the night, middle and bottom of the night. All this is brought back to me tonight. An open easy awareness of a lot of what is happening in here all night. It feels so good to me.

I am conversing with my guidance still upon waking.. I am being asked if I want all this back. I do!, but I check in with them and ask for their point of view on it. If it would in fact be a good thing for me/us. Their reply is felt quite clearly. Where all voices raise in unison and agreement. It is universally felt this will be very good and yield good results. I am so pleased.

At the top of the night I am very tired, near exhausted from writing and posting the new article on various sites. I am late going into my sleep, have not practiced and my body is very tight. I have a hard time going in. I get up out of the bed many times, stretch, look out the window, feed myself something. I turn on the laptop and listen to a Neale Donald Walsh talk on our role in evolution. I turn it off after awhile. The energy is too much. Energies already coming in are too strong. Nearing 1am I am beginning to feel myself becoming more comfortable and falling in.

Clear humorous hypnagogic : field faerie. lol cleaning the muck off my field. white, grey and blue hues.

Top/middle of the night :

- Picking up my own poop.
- Pulling something large out of my nose. looks like a large piece of scrambled eggs.
- Taken up on board. again. shown catastrophic events

Middle/bottom of the night :

I cant find my phone. I have a hard time finding a charger first, then the phone goes missing and I set out looking.. A man is riding a horse in the worst rainstorm. He is on a slightly higher plane than I am, like half a level up, visually about 4'. He is riding straight for me, I can see this even from a good ways away. He rides up and reaches out a hand to me with a bracelet in it, a macrame bracelet with beads. I recognize him but it is raining and this all happens so fast. He is young with dark hair, so familiar but I just can't quite grasp where I know him.

City maze : not a contemporary city. destroyed. no one single identifiable time period. This is not a maze in which I am stuck. There is a lot of free movement. Getting to

where I am going. Too many areas to mention. One after the other until I am in a car with two men from a previous area. A previous room within the torn city structure. The passenger is talking about gambling. The driver is trying hard to resist but then pulls off to the left as he succumbs a little to the idea. I decide to get out here. I hug the driver goodbye and he kisses me on the cheek. The other guy is awkward about a hug. As though we don't really know one another. We say farewell and I am now on foot. Vines. clasping onto my wrist. Slides.

Mall. Kesara : I leave her in one area *she has decided to sit here and visit someone while I go into a crystal shop two doors down. I am drawn to a large soft green point (\$8992.00). A man next to me asks if I am rich. I say it depends on who you ask. He laughs. I come into the shop holding a crystal (a brown chunk. not a smokey) but I can't find it now. I am looking in my purse and see crystals from the shop that are not mine. I go to look for my chunk and return the others. I did not do this, I tell them. I would never steal.

When I come out I cannot find Kesara. In the place where I had left her are other sales stands. There is a curtain recessed behind one of them and I peek in here to see if I see where I left her. I do not. Everyone is dressed in 70s attire. There is blonde haired salesman selling a banana boat yellow washer and dryer. Not giving me the time of day. While setting out to continue my search I shift back into the physical.

October 10, 2019

Q : Going in I automatically find myself in communication with my guidance structure about the eggs I have begun eating once a week (as of two weeks ago). I am telling them, even though they are fresh from the farm I don't really want to continue eating them. We are all in agreement.

- Rona. energetic field work. finding and removing a malicious bit. a legal inference.
- Various guides. restructuring. altering our structure. altering patterns.
- Woke with the phrase in my mind : salt bank

October 11, 2019

No question asked going in tonight. Difficulty falling off.

Recurring dream : 'Real life' practice together with other people. Coralie and a few others. I have had this dream (I know only as it is happening) for as long as I can remember. This is going on the majority of the night, midnight to 5am and yet the detail does not make it back with me. The wind storm in physical space and my alarm shake it away. It is a work day so there is not the time to go get it.

Closer to waking.. I am getting up off the floor. I am sleeping on a white sheet with white throw to cover me *it is not quite enough to do so. I sometimes come here for a week to take care of an elderly female while the son is away. She is very pretty, very well kept. nice hair, makeup and clothing. Her hair is white and cut short above the

ear, she is wearing a red shade of lipstick. I am helping her in the restroom with some clothing items that are for sleep and not really very comfortable for her anymore. In particular it is a one piece undergarment that is too tight where it clasps at the back just below the neck. I am undoing this for her.

October 12, 2019

Monroe explorer, (MAJ, ?). She has called me here with her voice from another area where I am with my sister, Sandy.. I am in the non-physical arranging care jobs for physical life. She does not look like what I'd imagined. She has blonde shoulder length hair. A bit Marilyn "Monroe-ish" during the short blonde hair phase. Everything else about her appearance is just average, *average height, average size, etc.. Her home is decorated in 1970s fashion. I notice this specifically. It is higher end middle class. Crystal. light. wood. shag. blues and golds. She is upset and not wanting to use a liquid morphine-like (sedative) medicine in the care of her special son. She shows me this in the kitchen.

She needs help, help caring for him.. She wants me to live-in and to start in a week's time (*soon). She takes me back into the house and shows me the room that would be mine. I get lost on the other side of the house, looking into other rooms before I find which way she went and where she is in the house.

I take a good look around what would be my room (nice enough, large window, whites and blues, chest) then notice it is directly next to the son's room. He is roughly four years of age, although I am seeing him from a span of 1-4 years. He is flopping and has flopped clean off the bed. I pick him up and put him back to rest but he quickly does the same thing again. I can see how 24/7 the care would be.

I go into MAJ's room. She is exhausted and trying to catch a moment of rest herself. There is a protective black cat in here that lunges out and bites me on the calf. I separate the cat from myself and notice it is has left something embedded in my leg. Small teeth? With a bit of strength I remove this. *Note : this is a common area for me to have experiences of implants. I have to vacate this room or potentially be bit again.

MAJ wakes and heads out into the kitchen to dine with others who are here. They were here when I arrived and have been here the whole time. She is trying to act as though all is normal (all is definitely not normal). She wants me to eat something also. As I am looking closer at what she has herself, a sort of cereal, yoghurt and fruit bowl, I shift and wake back in physical space.

October 13, 2019

Q : Who are George and Amalia? (the two main crystals I do sleep work with) How am I to work with the crystals for greater clarity of vision?

Top of the night :

Encounter of one extraterrestrial craft with another. star wars. – **Note : I was on board the craft from which I am viewing this last night also.

Middle of the night : The end of a scene : I am jumping from above to a down below area. It looks scary. I am peering through here a bit and see a body of water below. It is not too terribly far down. I can do this. The structure looking down is square. clouds around the perimeter. Note : all the environments I am moving through tonight feel like real life. These are scenes I am fully, physically embodying in.

Bottom of the night : I am fading into a scene. I am both in the scene and above the scene, being shown its manufactured ecosystems are designed to fit its occupants against one another. Near the epicenter there is a small square water element of fish, big fish and little fish. It is clear as one eats another that this ecosystem is not sustainable, not designed for growth but rather the small confine will recess life to the one strongest which will itself inevitably die with none to sustain it. The ecosystem as a whole, as a world, is designed as such and has elemental life, plant life, animal life and a dominant species. It is a dark, dire world lived much in secrecy and shadow.

I am here as the dominant species, embodied as a young girl. As here *in the Earth life. I am energetically open but to a far greater degree. The kingdoms can all speak with me. There is a telepathic connection with all life. I am knowing this as I am shown a long rectangular channel of water, another constructed waterway and ecosystem in which one of the animals has become stuck and hurt and is about to end up as food. It is a rabbit, a small white rabbit. I see this from above. While ground level I am walking along a pathway with another girl, a sister of sorts I feel. She is a few years older than myself, blonde haired and dressed in white – we are on our way to some event.

Another of the wildlife, a species of little critter *I do not recognize as existing in the Earth life, have gathered into a collective of roughly 12 and come to stand in the path in front of us. Or in front of me. To my knowing only. They are emitting to me strongly “help her”, “help her”, “help her”. They wish for me to go save the rabbit. I am alone in my experience of what is happening at the level of the other beings, alone in the activities in the worlds of the other kingdoms. The young girl I am with is not aware of this activity and is focused on her own and getting to our agreed upon destination. I tell her to go on up ahead, making the excuse of my hair tie having fallen out. I will collect it and catch up with her. She makes no argument, an item even such as this is not easy to come by here.

I make my way to the waterway where the rabbit is still stuck and being held now under the water. I sit on the side of the long, narrow, grey brick constructed structure and scoop my hand in for the rabbit. I am able to bring her safely up on the second try. I spend some time feeding her a yellow piece of fruit. She is still in the water and not coming out. I am not sure how she will survive. When I have done what I can I begin making my way back toward the event.. I am being watched from a few tiers above, where it is nicer, greener, lighter, by the man who is in control of this whole area. What I have just done would come under a lot of suspicion. It would not be good to be observed in the abilities I have here. He stands roughly 6', nicely, casually dressed, a slightly older man.

When I get to the event I make my way into blending in with the young vendor boys selling sweets and things to the crowd. I have two types of chocolate I am selling out of a metal bucket. A nice lady with children shows interest. I do not have exactly what she wants but she takes a sampling of what I do and describes what she would more like. I tell her I will keep my eye out for this. She stands up and walks to the edge of her row. She says down to me that the chocolate is not what she actually needs. She is thin, cleaner than most but as malnourished as near everyone on this tier.. I ask what this is that she needs more and she says "meat". "I will keep my eye out for this" I tell her. Up ahead I notice a new opportunity opening nearer the stage....

Two buckets, the materials to make another batch of product, something white. I am gathering the agreeance from others to begin proceeding on this when the brainwaves begin to shift and I wake proper.

October 14, 2019

Q : No question tonight going in.

I am getting to bed quite late, well after midnight.. I am writing today and only just completing the posting of the article "All About Recall" at 12:30am. In the night I am aware of only one focus / field – a book. I see the pages of a paperback book, the content. I have written, or am writing this content. I am seeing how each of the articles I (We) are currently writing will be written out in longer form into a book.

6am : WBTB

Full seamless conscious shift into my dad's house.

I do know I am shifting. I feel myself incubating into it here but there is no other sensation. Sometime later :

I am standing in the kitchen in front of the microwave oven opening a package of sliced bread. The crossover in the data streams of this environment and my own in physical space is causing small little shocks through my system.

I am what I will call precisely on the verge of full conscious awareness 'here' and losing such. I begin : knowing I am standing in dad's kitchen, looking around the room, feeling the sensation of the field, I am in dad's kitchen : (then the crossover in the streams and the little shock) : why am I up and making breakfast? I am off today : (then the crossover in the streams and the little shock) : I am in dad's house. I am out of body. Wow. I am here at dad's. I look over toward the bread, pick up the package, smell the bread and take out two slices : (crossover) . .

The incoming little shock is shifting my position and I am now upstairs in my room sitting on the floor. Dad walks by down the hallway down the stairs. With the briefest of a side glance at me he asks that I watch him to make sure he doesn't fall. He at the same time seems to be aware of my fluctuating position *my instability here. A black dog is in the room with me. Black is my dad's first dog. but the data stream is saying:

he is here. he is mine. he is my responsibility – (now a significant jolt) – I have forgotten to feed him. With this I lose total position. I am back to dreaming. I am setting off to find and get food in the dog as fast as possible : dry dog food?, no deli chicken and beef from the fridge will be faster.

Note: I have never experienced the wake/sleep threshold from inside an additional field this thoroughly before.

It packs quite a punch.

October 15, 2019

Q : No question asked. *I am still getting pulled in, as earlier in the day – tonight.

Top of the night :

I am sliding through the intricacies of an idea : the idea is one of discovery and the added implication of : potential harm to others in the search of it. I am run through this scenario and these particular scenes often. At the basis there are two of us, a truly beautiful man and myself. We often incarnate together. He—far more physically attractive than myself but we always find one another and pair up. In these scenes he is sandy haired, muscular and bronze skinned and has just the most beautiful heart. He is a scientist type and is not only very intelligent but caring.

The idea being run involves temperature, specifically the cold, and more specifically freezing *some interaction or nano particle process taking temperatures down to zero degrees and thereby making the experiment safe. In this experiment food is first being used as the test mean. I am not for this idea. It is more a feeling than an intelligence on my part. It isn't going to work the way the others think it is. Temperatures will be brought down, but more like to 32 degrees than zero. The foods won't be safe to eat. No-one should be let to eat them.

This man I incarnate with is in these scenes is not only agreeing but able to say out to great length and in great detail, in scientific fashion well beyond my ability to consciously comprehend and relay — why this is something we should not and cannot do. Many others are brought into the scenario explaining over and over in this way and that the outline of the experiment. Thinking we will come to understand. We remain energetically aligned and together and through all of this we are synchronizing and becoming closer. Beginning to bond with one another.

The experiment location is underground, a cave-like bunker of sorts, the idea of it being filed away in file cabinets. I give a bit of an oration as to why not to do this experiment giving the example of pouring a large amount of crude oil in the same underground area, in the same cabinets. It is just something we would never even think of doing. It is more obvious why, to the others, with the example of the crude oil. While for some reason the idea of people and food is less obvious to them. Note : all the others are girls, women. Interesting. Not men – women.

These scenes, energies and whole Idea go incrementally, layer by layer deeper into my own being as each segment unfolds.. What I am knowing is that it is not so much any one, or even civilization itself being potentially harmed now by this experiment – but somewhere down the timeline. This lends the idea of it being our own selves degrading through the action and this being handed down through the generations.

Middle of the night :

First frame going in. A girl approximately 14 years of age. It is daytime, she is in a high-rise building on the upper floors and stepping to the outside of a really large open window onto the ledge.. She is fair skinned and has very long straight red hair down to below the waist. I follow her.

Mom (and G) : directions. separating in a city and then coming back together. We are walking the streets. I am looking for landmarks. Paying special attention to where I am, street names, building and natural landmarks. I am going in and out of doors. Exploring. There is an outdoor mall and shops. Sporadic interaction with city people. I do find my way around somewhat easily, without getting lost on my way back to Mom. Then Goldie *my car : driving. large mud area. I am pulling off into a grocery store lot. Rough patch and park job. I head into the market with small cute shop bags. I think it is John who is here just inside the entrance.

Bottom of the night :

Same frame as earlier going in.. The red haired girl stepping out the large open window. (interesting) – Room — associated with dad. a guy rolling a row of something on the floor. A girl gets my attention—communication. Note : the morning's events are disrupted by the family getting up so I have just these fragments. There is more but I am going to let them be.

October 16, 2019

Q : What is a good working definition of consciousness?

Most of the night I am giving more of my attention to the in-between than the dream fields. I am with guidance and we are going over the process of opening to channel. And how we will teach it. There is a grid, a pattern of connected angular triangles that has been popping up for me the past couple nights. Last night the lines lit up in a bright deep royal blue. Tonight it is here again and lighting up in a bright soft lavender-blue. We are going over this process. Attention at the brow. breathe. feel that which is inside the conscious awareness, that which is outside the conscious awareness. Triangular grid pattern. lights up. sequential relaxation — to let what is outside the awareness in.

5am : WBTB

- Men and the idea of coupling. – not necessarily sex but coupling.

- Michiyo and the egg walk – we go into someone else's space – make our way out and back through to our own.
- Mall and shops and helping a woman with ideas to make money.
- Darryl Anka and channeling, he and a woman dressing in costume for something, she doesn't want to – *dry mouth phenomena. Darryl is channeling for another man, he sits back next me (in the trunk of a car?), I come out of my state to say something when clearly I should not have, I understand and tell everyone I will recede now. D tunes to me so fully in here he falls asleep. The other man wakes him, asks if he has been getting enough sleep – D is embarrassed and shoots up.

October 17, 2019

Q : No question going in (other than) : I am having difficulty getting to sleep, I am tossing and turning and clearly working with energies and emotions. I just can't get comfortable. After 3 failed attempts at going in – nearing 11:30pm I finally ask what all of this is.

Middle of the night : In no particular order :

- Visiting many of the deceased.
- Shorty (Dad. G). Talking w/ Maria on the stairs. Shorty has veggie burger patties and foods stuck to her back. I get her into the shower.
- Riding a motorized cart backwards toward the car. Others are walking next to me, with me. Fun energy. Camaraderie.
- James. Heatwave and others. Mock gun fighting in store like kids. Now a series of scenes related to income and coming up with money.
- David Bowie. This song "Let's Dance" playing in the background throughout the night. I am specifically catching the lines "because my love for you, would break my heart in two, If you should fall into my arms, and tremble like a flower". Note: David combined with us in 2016 (I think it was). His message to me when I begin to get too sedentary is to dance. Message received. I will begin again tonight prior to evening practice and going in for the night.

Bottom of the night :

Talking with my Guidance behind all scenes — all night.

Dad's neighborhood again. Meadows Mall. Warehouse Records *easy job. I should be more thankful it is an easy job. I am in the bathroom taking care of myself and doing everything but my job. Cleaning things– the toilet, a large heavy deep purple and black blanket. There are three men out in the store. I can see one of them. The manager. He is thin, average height and blonde. He is calling me out of the bathroom. The store is about to close. I finally make my way out here. The lights are dim. I am carrying my

heavy blanket and other items out with me. I am going to need help carrying these things to the car. I have this conversation with my other co-workers here as I begin to now notice shiny little things on the glass top counters. And then on the floor below. I scrunch down and begin picking them up. Every bit as real as physical life.

October 18, 2019

Q : I did ask a question, but in the middle of the night, I have forgotten what it is.

Investigating brilliance. + colorful personality.

The ET side of making a (comfortable) lifetime here in the Earth life.

The feeling I am discussing the events with a computer. a male. in another location. a separate location.

Two drinks. celebration, I am deciding what I will drink, tequila sunrise or black russians. – There is a man. this man is associated with both my sister and I (is this Dean Omen?). He wants his money. his life savings. \$16,342. Sandy is somehow holding it. safety deposit box. It is Friday. I am hoping it does not transfer to him tonight in this mood otherwise he is likely to squander it all in a given night. – There is a waterway, I feel myself riding away on this waterway. – into associated energies and incidence. There is another woman here I am explaining things to. Saying my sister would like to see this man dead (figuratively) and I am taking to him.

David Bowie : Song : Under Pressure

October 19, 2019

Pattern. The past few night's I am being shown this. It is challenging to hold and to word in correctness. But to give a very poor go at beginning to be bring it through: there is an element in here about going through events rather than making attempts at stopping them, changing/altering them *which so often ends up with another taking the brunt of the potential hit rather than ourself –and therefor karma. Go through it.

There is an important part about the patterns/changes and that they are noted as trajectories..., graphed, learned from and this has something to do with how everyone in a collective experience ends up completing together. This is not even close to the pattern I am being shown. I am just beginning now to try grasp it more. I am going to keep trying to now say it out in words.

Fragments

- Coming down off of rooftops.
- Moving on a motorway at near walking speed. large black cats. polar bears populating a whole plaza.

- Lipstick kiss on the back of a man's shirt. Another man and I (all co-workers) are joshing him about it.
- Returning to high school. no-one wants me there. not the kids, not the teachers. (it is Mom's idea).
- Running really fast at lightning speeds. picking up articles of clothing. it is dark out. someone is seeing me do this. I stop/talk to him.
- I am at a school. Two men. one is physically punishing the other. I have to feign interest in him so he won't continue.

October 20, 2019

I would like to have had more time for downloading this one but it is a loong work day. Perhaps the opportunity will arise again.

I have just the basic concept :

Developing system wide capability to deal with all potential threats. Developing antibodies, antitoxins (for instance relative to viruses, etc.. I am experiencing this. The exact words being given to me are : a synthesized simulated crossover of systems, calibrations are being run. Also present is the idea of real time physical cross 'contamination' / blending. Like a system-wide inoculation against every potentiality.

Note : As far as experiences go, what a doozy. I will definitely have to ask for what purpose is this happening.

October 21, 2019

6am WBTB

Full conscious shift.

This is the longest shift yet, perceptually more than 30 minutes in real time. This is notable in itself. More regularly an initial, fully conscious shift into an OBE will last roughly 1-2 minutes before particulating into scenes, data streams, 'physical' type environments, and this 1-2 minutes is no easy feat to traverse. Thirty minutes is monumental. As the shift is launching I am and have been speaking with guidance about the full conscious shift as ascension through the dimensions (our frequency has been to a degree infiltrated) I am assuring myself and everyone I will make it.

Sensorily—the shift is straight upward. I will note also that the last shift I experienced of this nature was in 2009 at the onset of my activation to awaken. Data from three distinct streams are making it through to me in here. It would seem I am principally aimed at identifying the interference. It is the first thing I see. Conceptually : three

Asian dark lords. red and black silk robes. (question : clearing Muladhara?). There is respect from their end in regard to my reaching them. I am seeing them each, one at a time in extremely clear detail. As well as their location.

The data from each of the three streams is entwined, it is all related, all one event. This first stream continues.. I am a three year old Asian girl child. I am wearing yellow silk robes. I have a female protectress, also wearing yellow silk robes playing a mother type role. She is very worried for me. We are journeying on horseback but are stopped for the moment at a place to get food. One of the three dark lords, or an assassin sent by one of three has come. Without knowing how, without seeing in great detail, I kill him with his own sword.

I have a view of my protectress and I riding on from here.., she is no longer worried for me. I have come into my full power. It is the dark lords who now have cause for concern. I am clean, not a drop of blood on me, our yellow robes are glistening. (clearing/activating Manipura?). From the second stream now : there is Darr and I in the in-between, the life between life area. Indicated by temporary housing — a hotel. The idea of a large vehicle, a large bus and the concept of picking up and working on huge piles of everyone's dirty laundry.

From the third stream, a location where—in I am choosing to experience the energies in themself, the shift itself :

- Family home.
- On the floor. facing the rising sun.
- On the bed. full penetration of the lower gates. (male voices from the hotel / in-between area. I close the window.
- Absorption. Uninterrupted focused absorption.

October 22, 2109

Q : Consciousness, crystals, contact, channeling.. What more would you tell you me about all this?

I made all the classical wrong moves going into the night. I did not open the body, do my inversions, yoga/stretching. I did not sit or still mind. I ate too much, and too late. I left the laptop on and in the bed, on autoplay. —I have just the basic concepts and conceptual fragments.

Top/middle of the night :

Running rehearsals. upcoming events.

Bottom of the night : in no particular order :

- Astronauts. gold space suits. blowing something up on an asteroid.

- Man with large bird of prey : eagle. tethered to his left arm. sitting on wood chair, wood deck, wood house. nature preserve.
- Above ground parking garage : parking car. weirdness. I am in and out of high lucidity here *parking structures are a dream trigger for me. I am pulling into a bit of a tight space. The back of my car has a strange white element somehow attached to it. A man pulling out of the space to my left in a large blue truck is hitting this, *or at least I think he is. I am banging on his car window, bringing it to his attention, asking him to stop. He is just laughing and pulling away as he wishes. There is random activity as I get out of my car. I am, almost like a spider up on the ceiling in a tuck away corner looking down at a woman. Orange top, dark hair, ethnic. There is lots I am missing from this segment. I know there is activity with her and a few others in this structure but this data does not make it back with me.
- Grocery store

October 23, 2019

I am getting to bed very late, I am working on the new visuals for the forum until 2am. Toward the morning I am naturally beginning to wake at roughly 6am : no full wake-back-to-bed, just mildly coming alert, going to the bathroom, putting earplugs in because the family is waking *loudly – and 'going back in'. Data from the prior portion of the night is back in the recesses somewhere. Here forward it begins new :

Template : John. house. mall. message. (*not a maze.

I am with John at the house.. There is another man here with us, dark hair, light skin, just your average looking guy. *a guide. The majority of my time here seems with him, or is being influenced by him. We are at the house for some time, I am receiving guidance, but the majority of what I bring forward into me as detail is from the mall. The ride from the house to the mall is very fun. I am periodically coming into full lucidity, into both the in-between field and this one where the ride is happening. The ride is by air. I am holding onto a rope, as though extending down from an air craft and riding just above and through the city streets. Just as the cars are.

It is notable that quite often, as an energy building technique, my upper body and arms are 'worked' like this. My observance of this has made it also a lucidity trigger for me. It feels good to be working my arms, I feel strong. Even from the conscious state of awareness – of being lucid – I feel I can hold on and have fun swinging through like this. At one point we almost collide with a woman crossing an intersection at the light. We stop, near nose to nose with her. The look on her face is priceless. I get a good look at her, at her face. It is different. She has a very different sort of look about her. Somewhat African, but pale skin for such, short African style hair, dressed 'hip', dark brown leather jacket.

There are various concepts and a very clear message I am receiving from the mall area :

- Doors. many doors. I can barely fit through these doors.
- Fruit. diet is discussed. the idea of fasting and an upcoming event which it is for. it starts at 5pm and only lasts less than a day.
- Meandering. meetings. children. animals. special HUGs. one in particular opens my solar plexus.

As I am meandering through here, lucidity fluctuating from high to low I see this is not a typical visit to the mall, and not a maze. There are a variety of brief, but intelligent interactions with others. A woman in a swim suit in the dressing room with her daughter (who is lying on the floor looking up at us on another level). A man and woman entering the elevator I am exiting, a clear recognition, or thought of recognizing the man. *not from my immediate life but from somewhere, from within the fields?—I am wondering.

I have lost sight of the man, the guide who has brought me here.. I am going to have to find my own way back to John's. I ask a lady in the food court the name of this mall. She says "Island Mall". So I know where I am. I know John's is at The Lakes.

I look in my purse for a cell phone and it is here.

I am going to call for a cab when I wake.

Note : Message : There is something upcoming. This is being told me repeatedly in the fields this past week. Guidance is to stop eating at 5pm each night and intermittent fast till the next morning. Based on the hours given in this experience it appears a 3–4 hour eating window is being suggested. The urging toward a more all fruit diet (ie: detox) has been coming through even into my day hours the past 2 weeks.

October 24, 2019

Q : No questions going in.

Template : Above ground. under ground. caverns. walled like a bunker. OBE shift. I am being repeatedly, physically rolled onto my back.

Apartment. hallways. doors. little dog. looking around. kitchen. dishes. some things are missing. carpet. dog pee. not my dog's pee.

Woman. large dog. looks so so much like her *even human-ish. I look back and forth at the two. wow. white poodle-like hair. big hug.

There is a man in a room to whom I am supposed to say something. I don't want to. How am I going to explain how I know this. He is going to ask. Later in the scene we are talking more casually, we know each other better and I am going to say it to him. It is a message from someone passed over.

I am walking up the street, or am sort of put/inserted here as a young attractive man is walking by going the other way. Again—I am meant to connect with him, to say

something to him, interact with him. I do not. I get to the house, Dad's house, and this guy's car, an old hippy style Volkswagen bug is not doing well. He pulls it over right at the house, actually driving it up and parking in the dirt area outside the front door. I see his younger teenage sister in the rather collapsed back seat. She looks 13-14 years old, very blonde hair. They get out of the car and come in.

Cavern. /bunker. white sand colored. There are a variety of people down here. Standing out to me is an older man, roughly 65 years old, wearing a white lab coat. He is supposed to be placed together *with me? and a younger girl in a household. It is being decided how to do this. I am moving in and out of so many scenes/data streams it is hard to keep up. There is the concept of a 3 day fast. Derrick is here in this area with me. spinach. pink liquid. white pill. The latter is for some sort of interrogation purpose. I have no problem ingesting it. No problem participating.

OBE. manual shift. the beings are right here in my room with me :

I am highly conscious of being physically rolled onto my back. I am handling this well. It has actually occurred multiple times already this morning. On one occasion my azurite palm stone is placed directly on my chest for me to find. *somewhere it would never actually be. This is something that in this fashion generally does not happen in the early morning hours. More normally this activity occurs at the top of the night.

I am now in the underground area more consciously. I am aware I am unclothed. I walk down a long unpopulated corridor into a make-shift bathroom of sorts. Just a cubby with a pail and curtain for a door. A young black man tries to come in. I yell out that the space is occupied.

Following this a variety of other men also try to see who is in here. It is all too much for me. Awareness is fluctuating. I am explaining that I belong here, I live here.

I can't keep the peace – and shift.

October 25, 2019

- Man : white cotton tunic and pants. standing atop a white Taj Mahal shaped structure. It appears to be his home. It appears to be out in the country and not in or near any city area. I am viewing from above and behind. Big cloudless blue sky. ? Pakistan.
- The year 1352 : man. medieval room. large grey bricks. getting up out of a bed. hard bed, not blanketed. It is more in a hall or entry way type space than a bedroom. He is dressed in a heavy suit of clothes. grey. gold. a sort of red. He has well groomed, shoulder length, wavy grey hair worn/combed close to the head. I am not being let to directly see the face.
- I am in a scene wherein people are being shot at. One woman in particular. The scene is being run in various ways, in which the woman runs in a different direction each time. Each time she ends up shot in the same way. In the neck, her head

separated from her body. This is occurring in the street. Going various ways around a dirty white moving type truck.

- I am sitting on a bed : water all around the bed. my feet are resting on a device next to it. I ask what it is and hear "Robyn's breathing machine". It does not look like any oxygen generator I have ever seen. There are fragments coming through about a bank and it working with the girl (mostly for its own benefit) to get the girl what she needs.

October 26, 2019

A left brain task comes up near the dinner hour and I am working on it right up to bedtime.. Something I have to solve with my device gobbling up too much of our bandwidth each month. I have to solve this so the Zooms and all the uploads can continue without interruption. There is no time for practice -to still myself before going in. The energies are likewise hitting me. I am having a challenge getting in through them. After a few hours, around midnight I fall off. - 6am alarm as it is a work morning. The family is up and frantically, loudly preparing to leave for Z's swim meet.

I have only the fragment (sent to me) at wake time :

- Wolf : on the pink side of dirty white. howling. I see him in various scenes from various angles. in snow covered land. Now a man. walking in the snow. He is impacted by a huge snow ball somewhat larger in size than himself. It lifts him off the ground and up into air.

October 27, 2019

I get to bed early (/ in good time. Lots of dreaming but even so it is hard for me to hold onto them each time cycling through beta.. I am in steady communication with my guidance. I am relaying this to them. A symbol flashes. The triple crescent moon symbol of the goddess I came across this past evening, they are saying they will use this to induce the holding. I agree and am working with trying it on.....(fade). — I notice I have broken a sweat again here in my sleep. third instance that I have noticed. There is energy clearing work going on :

I am in a white/silver/grey area. One of the occupants, a young man has sculpted a substance into a rounded scooped seated chair. There is nothing very special about the chair itself, aside from the substance - but I find the idea behind it being here very beautiful. (am I on a craft?). The clay-like substance is still soft, I am smoothing some of the areas around its edges. I am kneeling here in this area the man has created. I offer him my own area as a sleep space as he will need it while I myself am occupying his. He accepts and goes up. We are still in communication and the communication is still unfolding as I wake. This man seems so familiar. Is it (ald85) Adam?

In another area : a reference to George Michael. I am saying "doesn't everyone think you look like George Michael".

Song : The Human League : [Keep Feeling] Fascination

🎵 Keep feeling fascination
Passion burning
Love so strong
Keep feeling fascination
Looking, learning
Moving on

October 28, 2019

After a long work day I am getting settled back at home and in bed / falling in around 10:30pm.. I am entering the same data fields repeatedly the past weeks / months. This is interesting in itself. Something is trying to embed, deeper and faster than what is more normal. I am open :

Tactical teams working world-wide out of large moving trucks. They all have a kitchen, eating space and laundry. No two are alike and some are moderately to a good deal more organized than others. There is one in particular I am very impressed with. As I am exploring these (cycling through beta) I am also realizing I know how to move my mind to zero point to travel and do this work more non-linearly. But I like what these people have done and are doing, –respect. Question : I am working with these teams of people?

Another house: large rooms. Derrick. Roger. Sandy. pattern resurrection/ recognition / resolution : I am walking through rooms on a mission to do everyone's laundry. I am noticing there are lots of white towels. I am noticing, looking down at my hand I am walking through Derrick's room with a lit cigarette. I am apologizing. In the trash there is a cat in a brown paper bag. A circle cut out of the front where his face is popping through. I pick him up, let him out and say "we are going to have to find you a better home". (cycling through beta) I hear the concept "the cat is out of the bag" and am wondering now what the cat represents.

Note: I am being sent an idea. it will bring all my siblings to zero point. zero debt. It involves the idea of someone from the movies being sent to me. I will have to see a clear path through this to open to it.

Song : Smash Mouth : All Star

🎵 All that glitters is gold
🎵 Only shooting stars break the mold

October 29, 2019

Roughly an hour or two before bedtime I am all of sudden extremely dizzy.. Hours later, falling in – it has still not passed.

Classical vocalist : Energetic matching/aligning : There is a trio being formed between he, myself and another man (who is more my class (who is taking me to hear him. The vocalist thinks I am coming for him. And in a way I seem to be. Although this is more a date with the other. The vocalist connects with me, energetically connects with me and proposes we see what happens. I do like him, I am attracted to the energy, yummy blissful vibes. The man who is more my friend has a cough. A sickness is coming on. I know this. I am feeling it almost as a direct experience.

This is all happening even now as I write in a larger collage of events. This is the section I am most holding to. I am writing this in the very early morning hours, it is still night out. Let's see what more wants to come..... Yes. We have a table where some of us who belong together are sitting. It is by a rail, on the other side of the rail are a collection of others who are wanting and able to come over. The vocalist moves our table from the rail to a small distance away from it to show that we are a complete group and not open for more at this time.

I think this is brilliant. I did not know how we would keep this all more to ourselves.

Now I am serving others : I am spilling the ice tea am pouring for someone. I am watching this from first *and third person. I am writing some words onto a piece of paper, organizing them. I think these are food items. they are food items. they are what people like and don't like in a certain order. There is someone here in third person with me. I am receiving a message. " The idea is to investigate and explore. Not get caught up in or overtaken by the waves, energies, experiences. Investigate and explore. not judge, choose sides, belittle. —Investigate and explore.

City mall-scape w/ mom : We are separated and then come back together. It is natural for us to go our own ways. I take a path that inclines down to where the animals are. high state of lucidity while right here in particular. The (yellow) pathways here are not very wide. they are open and one could easily fall to the levels down below. The animals are soo real. They are oxen-like creatures. There is some wariness with each approach but I am okay. It is more a hesitation. They are coming up the center and there is not quite enough room for me to move around them.

There is a moment of slow anticipation on my part, and perhaps acknowledgement on theirs.. They have to move slightly one way or the other and around me. I am relieved each time they do, rather than not and walk right into me, which they could easily do. I see mom up there on the upper levels now. I call out loudly to her many times. I don't think she is actually hearing me but I do manage to work my way back to her all the same. She is not quite right. She is mom but not mom (disguised guides ?).

Astral predator : he is a slightly older man. bald. tan. dressed casually well. He attaches to my right and it is like I am immobilized (sleep paralysis ?). I ask mom to help me but she is doing nothing. She is absorbed in her own activity. It is like I have no arms. I myself cannot push him off. I seem only to be able to call for help. The guidance team

around me sweeps me in. A manager of the area we are in. It is enough to detach this person from me. I still cannot believe mom was no help.

Now the spinning of a scenario :

The man begins acting as though nothing just happened. He is a sociopath. Being outgoing and friendly to everyone who is around here so they think it is I who am 'off'. I tell mom we need to get out of here. She is not listening, she is still absorbed, still wants to shop, to buy clothing items for me. I finally have to pack her items up myself and force quit the area. My anxiety level, and the impetus to depart being very high.

On our way out, we are walking and on foot, we pass through a gas station.. A red, white and blue oil tanker is backing up to pull away and I have to reach out my hand to stop it from mowing me over. No difficulty at all in doing this, in redirecting the vehicle but something is now all over my hand. High degree of lucidity looking down at my hand at this oil slick-like goo that is all over it.

A few of the attendants come interact with me. (cycling through beta) I am listening to the mechanics talk about the joy in working in groups. I am at the same in the in-between having this same talk with my guidance.

Discussion afterward : In the city mall-scape. working through what happened w/ a helper.

October 30, 2019

Walking a tightrope *again : man. others. me. three in particular. seamlessly blended into the scenes playing out.

Very large woman : She is sleeping propped up on many pillows. She is mentioning a tube/device in her body she is needing a cap for so that it does not leak in the bed. We talk about this cap piece and I feel I know what it is she needs. I will go get the piece for her so she can sleep more at ease. I head out (my house not hers) but I must be new here in this location. I ask a woman directions to the closest drug store. I am able to feel it is very close but columns block my view. She is showing me and I am seeing it now—and I shift over.

In the store it is very busy. Lots going on : elevator. stairs. many areas with many shops. classrooms. etc.. I get a bit tied up in classrooms, then again looking for my purse *a cool leather "hippy" purse. In one of the classrooms I save a lady's dog. She is doing a shooting demonstration and as a finale is saying she is going to shoot the dog. I am absolutely in no way going to let her do this. I get up from the floor, say this is enough, no she cannot shoot the dog. I scoop up the dog in my arms and carry her back with me to where I was. It is then announced this was a test. I am the only one who passed, who would stand for the dog. An item is awarded to me. The cutest little leather doggy head-piece. The pooch I scooped up was wearing one and I was admiring it. So two of these are being awarded to me.

I continue my search for the cap piece. Looking for security to help me locate the proper segment of the store in which to find it. I finally do find the right area. I find two sky blue cap pieces. This is when I realize I must have left my purse in one of the classrooms.

Various interactions with others while finding my way back through to these areas: very fun. students. security. tests.

Additional themes throughout the night are too many to write out in detail.

The basic themes are :

- ET family portrait. large white fuzzy spider kind of thing
- Bathroom. pee all over all of the seats. attached to a school. classes.
- Shorty's death bed. odd/bizarre. Maria. Leah. flowers.
- Chase/race scene. odd/bizarre.

The past month(s) the repeating dream themes I want to make note of are :

- Large moving trucks
- Cleaning large piles of laundry
- Tight rope

October 31, 2019

Drink : alcoholic beverage. gets more and more decadent. vodka?, coke, long pour of vermouth and cherries. I can taste it. A woman here with me can also and is guessing the name of it. Man. woman. cultural exchange. He is British / English and she, American : soiree. dance. a flash through their lives *which separated. A light battle of wits. This is a reunion after the fact. A remembrance, I think of the man, following his passing.

Darr and I : stage and other areas. a movement I can do. From an upright position I can, with momentum, sweep myself down at an angle toward the ground *a bit like tipping over sideways and back up again. I am hearing the concept : gyroscope. I am playing with it a lot in my dreams lately. Following this, it is night and Darr and I are running through the parking lot toward the car. I can't see a thing. My vision is highly distorted.

Now we are at the movies. in another theatre. The movie we are watching stops and something else is inserted. We see a portion of the back of a man dressed in white. At the end of the clip he signs his name and we see it is : Elvis Presley. The reel stops and now a man is coming through with flyers to get the next movie free, as the movie we came to see was interrupted. He doesn't feel like handing these out to everyone individually so throws them loosely on the floor by the stage/screen.

The flyers have some of my photographic work on them. They are photos of Darr and two others, one of which, another female – we are here with. We are walking out

through the hallway toward the front and Darr is acting like she works here, a bit like she owns the place. She is questioning a young man who has run into the scene. I am doing more of my gyro scoping. Here in the entry/hallways, then on stage.

Tight clothes : a one piece short and tube top combination : I am struggling to squeeze it into its right place, gradually receding behind thin, sheer colorful curtains and then exiting a back stage door. A small amount of weirdness here with another door to another area, very high up. into a toilet area *foul smelling. I am not going up into here. It is night, others are about, a man/manager is approaching as I fade.

Shifts : they are all so different, so unique. I am seeing the energy breakdown of roughly ten of them. Experiencing them through my body.

Bird : beige / cream. black wing tips. small round metallic silver eyes. opens into a female et species – klingon-like.

November 1, 2019

I am writing articles on the website in advance of writing them here in physical space. The one I am working here is about : (___?___).

I am flying home. On the way to the airport I intersect with Rona and at the airport I intersect with Ann Hurley. She is telling me something about her technique, or strategy for gambling. The whole time I am moving through this segment (which is far larger than what I have just stated) I am keeping track of my flight tickets. I do not want to lose track of them. It is important I not.

Someone *more futuristic tries on an old school jet pack to see if it works. If it can get into outer space. It works just fine. Now mom. In a black shirt. She is showing me it is not too large on her after I am saying it is. Everything is big on her. She is so small. I am seeing/keying in on the detail at the neck, sheer/lacy, tree like –and the extra space at the back. She is turning round in a circle showing/modeling how good a fit it really is.

I am standing inside Norma's kitchen with the cats. I am smelling something foul. like skunk. I close the sliding glass door. —Question : has Norma passed away? or is she maybe in the process? (on this “day of the dead”).

November 2, 2019

Template : fish. fitness. other foods. cellulose “meat” packs.

- Fish : it gathers in a side area. it is suggested each day around 1–2pm. if consumed : whole. with skin. with bone. minced.
- Asana : with Bruce. seated forward fold. supine twists. seated forward fold + swing arms straight up first then fold straight forward. like a collapsing right angle. I am

feeling some difficulty in my body with the upward swing toward the end. we are doing these movements for quite some time. The situation in my back behind the heart is being addressed. the discomfort here each night as I sleep.

- An area with other yoga people. This is where the idea of the cellulose "meat" packs is also coming through. The correct way in which to heat/cook these is being shown. I spend a good deal of time here in this area. I am definitely on a craft being advised.
- OBE. I am sitting in a room with a few young boys *all African American. They are working a project. One of them very definitely sees me. I am gradually coming into full conscious awareness here. I am unclothed. They are making a colorful window blind. They are beading/threading colorful plastic rings together : navy blue, white, pink, two other colors. a lighter blue. black?
- Lana : apartment. a device with water meant for cleansing. colon hydrotherapy? the water is overflowing through the tube when it should not be. when the device is turned off. lucidity trigger. Note : today is Lana's birthday.

November 3, 2019

Destroyed world : everything to guard a "golden" chicken. One is found by the warring faction and is killed along with its protector. But there is another. I assist in the knowing of this and where it is. A special man is sharing food with it in an interesting way. From the mouth of the man, where it is chewed, to the mouth of the chicken, where it is chewed again. back and forth. This is training.

ET ships are flying all around overhead, looking for us. The ground is battle worn from their fire. their attack. Everything is dirt, and debris and destroyed. These are regular shuttle craft with two stripes of green light on their undersides. It is their job to destroy the story/history. Any sort of special-ness. We keep recreating the story/history. keeping the myth and the hope alive.

I am in the home of a young man. I am not supposed to be here. or – the parent figures do not know that I am. But they are awoken, the dad figure. I am discovered but it is not catastrophic. I am leery of him but he wishes to work with me. He is going to work with my feet. (my feet are hot IRL). There is an open window, a history on my device he must not find. He steps away to look for what he will need for the work/ technique on my feet and although a bit last minute I do begin deleting/closing this open window. It is the destroyed world scene from above.

Note : There is much interesting activity, beginning from the moment I lay down tonight. I shift immediately in, less than 30 seconds. I am being communicated with and communicated through. An alien language is being spoken. I am in paralysis. I cannot swallow and am drooling. I snap myself out of this multiple times to stop the drooling. Only to drop right back in. Again and again. Three times in all that I remember. Note : the dad figure mentioned I recognize as a movie actor but not by name. Later this afternoon he appears in a Star Trek : Enterprise episode.

His name is Clancy Brown.

Symbols :

- ET contact. long experience.
- Three spiraling vortexes appear. white, silver, grey.
- The entire story in text, ruled/justified at the sides and in a specific shade of olive/frog green.

November 4, 2019

- Mom, Derrick, family — everyone is carrying big guns. really big guns. I am observing, not knowing why. I do not want one.
- Parking the car for the night. In the morning I see I have parked in the space wrong. The spaces were marked parallel and I parked as one would these days, at the curb. There is a structure approximately bumper height that the people's cars juusst make it over. Mine included when I do back into the space properly. I am not knowing the meaning of this or why it is catching my attention – but it is.
- Training programs : I am being heavily worked out in here. fun. physically mentally emotionally. On a workout bike I begin spinning in big circles, this catches a lot of people's attention. Including mine. It is meant to catch Erich's and it does. The channeling has come to his attention, he is assisting me in this now. With him is the arrival of the feeling of the deep mystery schools. I adore this. I am being taught a new technique. I am learning it myself and also teaching it to James. Much symbolism ensues. A wooden treasure box falls over. A few items fall out onto the earth. I am picking them up, relating their meaning and uses to someone. Erich is standing here with me.

November 5, 2019

Wood to wood. water to water – meaning : the elements are not shifting into their additional frequency states and additional / higher 'forms' This is an experiment. I am performing it. I am male *the idea of a white lab coat. It is just an idea. I am a scientific type person. An alchemist perhaps. I am exploring ideas. This is a time before the invention of the lightbulb. My area is lit by firelight. It is humble, and natural, almost like the inside of a cave. I am writing the story. This is where we are in the story as I am writing these words. But there is more. I can see it here on the parchment even though I have not written it yet in physical time space. *I do not peek at what is written to see what happens later on. I just focus on this phrase – wood to wood, water to water. The elements are not yet shifting.

I am in a house, there are many areas attached and others are here with me.. I will begin with the woman. I am giving her a yoga lesson. I suggest she begin in savasana. As she lays down I begin engaging in other activity. But not taking my attention wholly off her. I can feel her getting restless though, so I come back over to give an

adjustment. (question) Is this what leads to all the animals getting loose? There are wild animals loose everywhere. But they are not yet in the house. They are all outside.

The front door is open but a screen door is in place. There is one, and then a variety of wild cats out there. A test ensues. First there is another person stuck outside the door with it. I am not opening the screen to let him in. Not helping him. Then I am stuck on the outside of the door with the cats. (soo real). I am not getting bit or attacked *yet. I am figuring out a way to get back in without also letting in the cats. I feel how the other man must have felt – (soo real) – I hear "will you let him in next time?"

I will figure out a way. Yes. – with this thought the screen door is now impossibly bent above and below the latch/lock. There is space by which to get in. No sooner than I do I am looking out the window, over the trees and bushes at the edge of the property at the approaching of a large BLUE DRAGON. And I mean real as real can be. I am this whole while on the verge of a proper OBE. Awoken early this morning, I engaged in a brief 10–15 minute wake–back–to–bed and am all this while in full paralysis/stasis.

I am entering the inner environment no more than to the juncture of point consciousness. I have full access to both fields, the inner and the outer/physical. I am experiencing the paralysis more from the inside out as 'stasis', which is far more pleasant than from the outside in. But still, I can see my central nervous system and fright / flight mechanism is in play. Inside it is every man for himself. I am the first to see the arrival of the blue dragon. The others are not alert to it yet and many are still engaged in normal activity.

As I am looking out the window, looking for a way out of here I can see my car down there is blocked in the driveway by another. A convertible. the keys are in the ignition and the car is running but the driver is not in sight. I begin to run. As do many of the others. I am in the section just next to the main house now. All the lights are out. I am near one entrance/exit to the outside and there are a couple others scrunching down near another door leading more into the inside of this structure. I am praying I am the one not to be seen.

The dragon is speaking into this space. A low, deep, menacing male voice. He is saying "tell me the story of when Mr. _____ did something or other" – I am not recalling the full sentence – I am thinking to myself in here that it must not be me being addressed. I am not recognizing the name or having any knowing of this man. I slip out of the area and outside. The car which had previously been blocking me is now gone. I head over to to my own and get in, the immanent presence of the dragon still at the forefront of what I am feeling.

There is a mechanic putting a replacement part in my car.. He is wearing faded blue mechanics coveralls, looks roughly in his 30s, has sandy blonde hair worn a bit long over ear. He makes a comment about the value of the new part, it's going to cost me. He tries to sell/suggest another part, far less costly, a muffler? He comes right up to my face, nose to nose when I say I cannot hear him, he spoke too fast. The skin on his face is very worn, almost scarred. I am asking about all the costs when I shift back through the frequencies into physical space.

Wow.

I ask my Guidance if there is anything else before I get up.

I am flashed an image of Nick Zano from the Legends of Tomorrow series who plays the : Historian.

November 6, 2019

- Care work. Inger. the inner pre-arranging of the ground level care contracts.

Green water : waterfall. powerful : This area is built right into the rock's edge. The colors are charcoal grey, light grey and green. High level of lucidity every time I notice the water and the falls and the energy. Soo real as I put out my hand and feel the spray. see the green and foam white. I am telling someone here with me I don't know how I feel being this close to it. this close to the edge. the power.

There is a recovery, or hospital type bed here. A man who is exhausted and has had too much to drink is laid out across it. This is not who the bed is for but I remove his socks and get him in here more comfortably on the right side. Then I go to help who I perceive the bed IS for. Atom. (Ray Palmer). Who has fallen off the other side onto the floor. Truly nice energetic connection through the whole front body as I hug-lift him off the floor and get him back in the bed. Lucidity fades as I begin having trouble adjusting the head and foot of the bed.

A young and somewhat mean, quite odd looking asian woman comes in (*she looks more alien than Asian : yellow skin, dark hair pulled back tight) and begins saying I was supposed to be sleeping. I point out that there are two men here, trying to explain but she doesn't listen. Her energy and attitude is actually making me angry and I am yelling now, threatening to quit, asking where is the person in charge. She tells me. I leave to give this person my notice. I walk right through this environment into another.

I am now finding a seat around a bar. It is high end and in very good taste. Lots of browns and golds. Someone comes by to give me a gift. not special. just an etiquette applied to everyone who comes. It is a pink, purple and white flat pad. I set it down on the counter and begin meeting with the woman in charge. (fade)

Looking for bathroom : each stall is behind a curtain. each room is very different. most are a poopy mess. A girl who is coming out of the last one I try wishes me well. There are many who wish me well throughout the night. This room is pristine clean. I am so happy. But I make the mistake of turning on the light and the space begins to be populated. It is not a bathroom. The environment opening up is a place of work. *High level of lucidity as I am shifting back into physical space. I am getting a very good look at the room, the tapestry, textiles, tactile sensations. There are two spaces interconnecting. On the side where the man now is, it is a resort or hotel style restaurant kitchen. On my side a room of textiles. The spaces are connected by what I am at first taking as the toilet. Which to them is a floor sink.

Notable aspects through this area :

1. Walking against the wind *extremely hard to walk.
2. I pass a woman who has collapsed on the way back through to the bathroom area.

November 7, 2019

No recall.

Just one single remnant : Turn of the century beat cop riding a horse through a city park-like area.

Note. I stayed up waaay too late.

November 8, 2019

- Throughout the this whole segment I am holding a chair for myself. It is literally a little wooden chair. It is to hold my place. I am keeping track of it as though this is of utmost importance. It ends up in many places and many positions.
- I am leaving my car parked here in this area for three days. There is the idea of the sun, that too much may come through the front window and that I may want to turn it around. I am told I cannot leave her here untended. I am not sure why, she is parked in a driveway.
- There is a whole city area here. I am being shown around by a guide. a woman. blonde. I am sometimes admiring her clothes. her tops. they keep changing. A genuine Mexican restaurant (and others) are pointed out to me. specifically the Mexican restaurant is pointed out as having truly genuine cuisine. some of the people from one of the restaurants are helping me hold my chair.
- June (Canine) ?
- I am in the backyard. I am working with the huge pile of leaves to take up to the base of the oak tree.

November 9, 2019

I dreamt all night. That is, after I could finally get to sleep. The energies have been amping up at night again. The sacrum and hot feet are still a thing. I even went through my recall process around 4am and got into the most pertinent collage. For reasons unknown I just let it go. There is something happening the past couple/few weeks energetically. I wonder if others are feeling it also. It is an energy that brings on the feeling of nothing really mattering. Of the rote and mundane. It is in direct opposition with my more magical stance and it has been attempting to wiggle in for weeks. In all likelihood this is related to the impending CLEANSE (and cleansing time

of year) at hand. – and that which is about to be flushed. A sort of last ditch effort on someone's part. Which only serves to spotlight the situation and strengthen my resolve and focus. Let's see what happens tonight. I am always, ever ready to see more.

November 10, 2019

It is one of those nights where the sensation of time is a good deal altered. Time is passing in slow motion. I wake to use the bathroom at what feels to me the end of the night and it is only 12:45am *only 2 cycles in. At 4am I begin my process of actively collecting data. Work morning so it is a 6am alarm. I am opening communications with my dream team. I am getting nicely into the shift but not into the data.

I ask that the data be given first. (nothing. I say this is unacceptable. (I am flashed the image of an English soldier, a somewhat comical expression upon his face, one arm holding to something, perhaps a train, the other extended. Probably to me, but at this moment I am not wanting to climb on board – here I am wanting the collage / collected data from the night. I say to them, this is not what I have been dreaming.

A bit later, closer to the alarm time I try to invoke a 'time slip'.. There is only 20 minutes more before I have to get up and I am calling for an OBE wherein I can play with the time and gain the data I am going after. I am in the in-between, full body on the threshold between wake and sleep.. It is lovely but I am wanting more. There must be a reason for the threshold state, being given this alone the past few days.

November 11, 2019

1111 Gateway

I am participating in the prearranging of physical, Earth life events from the galactic point of view.

Tonight I am seeing my Earth family meet, specifically seeing the discussion where-in my sister, Sandy, is telling the others that she and I have already discussed the plan to move her son Stephen to group care when she herself leaves the Earth plane.

There is an opening in the earth, it is going way down deep...there is lots of activity going on down in there. CB is here. he appears to be eating cockroaches. I am trying to get the others, Derrick in particular to get him to stop. I myself cannot reach him. I am up higher. They all are down below in the earth, in the tunnel, vortex, going down.

I am seeing more clearly the border between 'there' (galactic space, my galactic point of view and 'here' (my earth person, perspective. The very specific wave from there to here that results in a sort of wash of all that data, content, activity when shifting back through to physical space. I need, and want to have a closer look at it. At the reconfigurations necessary to retain all that content.

Guidance : I am in communion with my guidance team and going over what I will be working on over the next few days. Certain actions and activities and the most, not just advantageous but creative ways to go about them.

November 12, 2019

A full body bliss state is coming on me an hour or so before going in.., around 10pm. This feels wonderful. I am thinking this is what the K energy should feel like every night, now, or once there are no more blockages. It is phenomenal.

It is more prevalent through the whole front body, notably the legs, the thighs, hip crease, navel and tops of the feet. Through the back body there is less of a sensation. Note : Peta Morton posted today about an earthquake flurry through a large portion of the globe. Question : Are these connected?

Through the top portion of the night I am connecting and talking with guidance for roughly two cycles – then :

Work : Inner world WORK. I am literally immovable in the bed for long periods of time and then sporadically tossing and turning, *two cycles. There is a great deal of heat throughout the body. I am aware of this each cycle through beta. There is an enormous amount of data being processed. I don't even try to embed it. What I am noting seems more important. After this :

I am collaborating with Jan. – computer graphics stuff as well as all our GTC sites.

In the early morning as I am waking : I am observing a scene. There is a standoff between a hippy group and undercover police. bad groups of people. both (maybe. definitely the hippy group is not good. One of them throws a woman off a platform. she is one of them. she is struggling for her life. it doesn't look good. The hippies are in some disagreement as to the intelligence of this move, but for the most part, with the exception of one woman are in agreement with it. Even the woman who is opposed is only so due to the group's own lack of personal gain. She cares nothing for the woman about to die. I am trying to enter further to hear more but am shifting back into physical space.

I decide to wake now, early.. (lots of work to do.

November 13, 2019

There are two wealthy ladies, a female guide and me. The girl and I are remote viewing (seeing in advance) what a tree, notably the shape of the trunk will look like before it gets here. Before it actually arrives in the reality. I do detect an era but it is more a composition. The two wealthy ladies are going to buy the tree. I am working for them. Others are working for them too, 12 others to be exact. There is so much work.

As I am moving through the tree nursery there is a circular, carved out landing on my left where I see Tilak. It is a very green space, lined with high green shrubbery and green grass. Very 'farmer' like feel to the energy dynamic of the space. Dozens, maybe hundreds of apples all around him at his feet. I am saying "this makes me so happy". (why am I saying this? even as I am saying it I am wondering). He approaches, walks with me, talks with me. – but I am not bringing the conversation back with me. The girl guide I am with has walked off.

Now I am seeing some trees, some tree trunks, there is one that near matches the shape that was coming to me when the girl guide and I were advance seeing. A lady is proposing another particular tree. It is not even starting to grow yet. It is as a planted seed in potted soil. The pot is burgundy colored, somewhat wide and quite shallow. I can't imagine the tree will be very large. She is describing what it will look like and how it will always have to be trimmed to not outgrow the pot. I am saying no no no no.. It is too much work. There is already so much work.

Bonnie : I am walking through this area for a long while. very surreal. the kind of energy I just adore experiencing in the dream state. I have walked into a take out Chinese restaurant. The lady at the register is familiar, she is known to me/us. Bon Bon looks good. She walks in from outside rather than going by. I am telling her how wonderful she looks. It is so good to see her. There is someone else here in this area with us too, a male, (who is it?). Now the scene turns. The concept of strangling. The color white. I hear the words, if they don't come around WAKE THEM UP.

I am having many awarenenses through this dynamic.

1. This is why we sometimes feel the sensation of being strangled when consciously 'going out'
2. This is what can happen when it is time to go back and we don't

As I am waking I am seeing two color blobs, one purple-ish and one green. I am seeing my brother, Roger, standing up a from a recliner in the purplish blob. I am seeing the same moment of him standing from a seated position repeated until I open my eyes.

November 14, 2019

Going into the night I am experiencing the 'champagne bubbles' – (notably through my thighs) – so common to OBEs.

First template : (mid night) : Mom. mowing. entertaining guests. Main concept : Mom usually does all the heavy work. I am aware of the truth of this. She has more gusto than us all *all her kids. I tell her I will do the mowing and she can entertain the guests. The mower is an old fashioned type. There is so much to mow over, it is all so big, I am not sure how she ever gets this done.

Seamless shifts. whole body. ascension *rehearsal, practice, experience. – repeated again and again with each pass through beta. I am being encouraged to write about this. It is why this is happening. Why this experience is being given.

OBE : Mom. information. address. symbolic/composite rock structure. numbers. coordinates – clean shift through—

I am laying here. In an identical position in two now interpenetrating environments. Shifting what I call “whole body” which I am seeing here in this experience means the environment and everything, into the room I am first being awakened in, the room I occupied 2009 – 2014. My eyes are open. I am realizing my eyes are open. In front of me a large object is appearing. It is a tall, person sized rectangular cluster, tightly fitted, irregular in height. The structure is an ominous deep metallic and red. —? what are the numbers I just wrote down to embed? the question is causing a shift. An identical shift. Seamless, almost impossible to catch but I am.

I am now standing outside with Darr.

We are standing at an outdoor shower. Darr is showing me the setup and making recommendations. She is standing on one side, and I on the other of a low gate. Her head, shoulders, arms and hands all in clear view. I am questioning how the process she is describing works – (and losing some lucidity) – how she prevents the water from getting all over everywhere. She shows me how she aims the water stream toward the inside, (the inside represented here by an open door into the house, fairly close to just behind her. Brainwave shift through beta,

[I get up to use the bathroom]

The OBE still in play as I walk to the bathroom and back and lay myself down again..

Seamless shift fully back in—

Same as prior. I am laying down, identical position in two interpenetrating spaces. Shifting, environment and all into the second, or new configuration. Here I am laying on a contemporary, somewhat deco style recliner. (am I on a craft?) (on the table?). CB is curled in here with me. The energy exchange, as it is always is incredible. I just want to be here forever and not move. The connection with CB is growing ever stronger, deeper not weaker since his passing. We are in an energetic bliss state nearing what I call ‘stasis’. I am here : experiencing with CB, laying with CB, looking for CB – (and) in multiple other frequencies.

- Shanty town. carnival-like. a construction that tears down and is set up somewhere else somewhat easily. – dark. darr.
- Movie theatre seats : black. woman in a row on my right. woman in a row on my left. rows fitted tightly together. at times almost overlapping. I feel squeezed in here. A man comes to the woman on my right *blonde hair, intimate. A helper type assists me out of here.

- Meeting : man and woman. both blonde. they are watching, more heavily listening to a play. The audio is very life-like, the visual is set up like caricature players on a large predominantly gold and white checker board. I am thinking I will turn the sound around in the right direction and notice all the players on the board are also facing 'away'. As though being viewed from behind rather than from the front.
- Walking : a very long path. looking for CB.. I pass through gardens and areas where there are animals, cats in particular of all kinds are being highlighted in a common little fenced area – and, lastly where people are being aided and cared for. CB is not kept from me for very long each time I notice he is no longer with me. I find him, we connect somewhat easily without too much of an absence going by.

November 15, 2019

I came away from the night only knowing I was with the ETs. – image of a dog at an intersection being held on a tight leash.

November 16, 2019

I discover two locations / coordinates / addresses and come in for a closer look. They are beige and cream colored downtown/municipal type buildings, one next to the another. They begin with the digits 64____ and 74____. I go into one rather than the other of them. It is possible I go into one, and then the other of them. Inside there is a great deal of activity. I am in here the whole night, way too much data to bring back. My awareness is keying in on a cluster of concepts just prior to interrupting my sleep:

There is an older man, a sheriff type. Others are being held captive/hostage. He is going to get us all out of here. It is a frozen, snowy area. Someone is throwing him the rifle right now *as I am getting up to use the bathroom.. While here, there is the investigation and exploration of the area, possibly as a female sheriff. There are air vents, I am elevating up through them with an anti-gravity device, a piece of "gel" technology. The device is beige colored, roughly 7 inches in length with a 2 inch diameter.

In here I am intersecting, possibly interacting with another man, roughly 50–60 years old, a sort of (mad?) scientist doctor. Not a good guy. He is healing his back of wounds with large blobs of the same gel-like technology. I am curious as to why he does not heal his back all the way. There are remaining bruised areas and almost notches, two of them which remind me of where wings might be on a bird, or angel.

In another area more hospital-like with little cubbies where there are people, I am cleaning an infested area. I am meeting many people. Mostly older men. There is an Irishman's voice talking into the scenes from behind the scenes.

A conversation about me when I was 15....

November 17, 2019

While looking in from the physical field I am experiencing vibrationally through my cells, the inner scenes. My attention is holding to this vibration more than the visuals. I am not penetrating the one through to the other. Even though there is of course much that is visually occurring. I try three times, at least, throughout the night, each time succumbing to the experience through my cells. This is different, it should be said, than the vibrations experienced when going out of body. The focus is different and the feeling is different. It is likewise not the same as what I call 'stasis'. It is more a matter of simply focusing more on feeling itself, experience itself – than the visual element of the experience. Pure sensation. And specifically through the cells of the body, as distinct from the body as a whole. Fascinating.

November 18, 2019

Just a general statement.

It has been challenging the past four days to catch on from within the dream fields, since 11:11 – a new energy to acclimate to. We will all acclimate and get into the swing of the new dynamic. It may just take a few days or weeks to fully synch in.

OBE

Date: November 18, 2019 : 6 – 8AM

Shift phenomena : standard low rolling vibrations

Location : my purple room, dad's house – year : 1980

Activity : blood, hair and skin cell samples are being taken. testing for Wilson's disease

Players : the ETs – female nurse, young male – extremely close friend, Roswell, (the idea to write/communicate w/) Dawn Shears

Around 6AM following a brief sleep interruption I consciously request an OBE..

Sometime later I am keying in on the shift, just your standard low rolling vibrations and the knowing to not move. Consciousness is not steady, it is fluctuating, coming in and out. —Following the shift I am inside and *outside my purple bedroom with two others (one definitely male and on my left, this one is more prevalent in the experience than the other. he is speaking with me while the other is simply here on my right. From the vantage of the outside view, which it should be said is upstairs and not ground level – we are looking in through the window. From this area I am my 54 year old self.

Inside the room is dark.., as it would be with the heavy floor to ceiling, wall to wall drapes shut closed. I am however able to also see the concept of the white sheers and the light as it would be perceived through them. *I am able to see my view from the outside, from the inside location. (note : synch with dawn 'shears' and 'sheers'). I am laying prone, face down in the bed. Throughout the experience the bed is shifting positions. A variety of concepts are present in this, one of which is that it was/has been/is my tendency to rearrange my living and sleep spaces regularly.

Inside I am my much younger self. This data is not coming from the visual field but from a third location, principally my own conscious state of awareness, where-in I am calling for my age at the time of this event due to a few things that are occurring. One – I am in a vulnerable position and so opting out of a lot of the visuals (*very common for me in experiences 'on the table'). Another is that a diagnosis / disease is being determined and I am calling to know 1) what it is, and 2) whether it is current or in the past. Almost before I ask it is answered. I am here in this room 15 years old.

I am, at the onset of entering the room, in my current, full conscious state of awareness laying supine, face up in the bed. A laptop is laying over my legs, my calves and then shins. Movements are making it slowly creep off to one side. I don't want to move, to interrupt the experience, the flow – so I let it continue and fall off to the floor. I am now as I am as the 15 year old me, laying prone. The nurse is now here and saying she is taking the blood sample. Even though a great deal of the visuals are not in play, tactile sensations are and I am in ongoing telepathic communication with her.

My heart rate, the heart rate of the 15 year old me – is slightly elevated. But not by too much which is surprising, and notable to my 54 year old self. The nurse is telling me everything she is doing in advance of her doing it. Every type of sample she is taking. Blood, hair and skin cell samples. I am asking questions, beginning with what I am being tested for.. Which I find myself immediately knowing is Wilson's disease. There is an energy interplay here that is now catching much of my attention. The calm, detached energy of the nurse and dynamic, stimulated energy of a new arrival.

I am hearing him in my mind, seeing him across the room and knowing one thing more than any other. He is an extremely close friend. Someone who cares more for me than possibly even myself. There is a collection of concepts making up his visual appearance. 1) My same 'colorings', 2) Roswell New Mexico, 3) Michael Vlamis. He is coming over close to me, saying there is no way he will ever let anything happen to me. He is focused on a full cure and already launching into ideas which will bring this about. The energy is so excited, in contract with the nurse it is becoming too much.

I am losing connection with the experience, with the full flow of the stream of data. I am knowing there is a line of people coming to see me behind the nurse. This male friend, Dawn and others... I am still in telepathic communication from various points with various others and shifting with the echo of all this back into physical space. Where I am synching with all the points within myself. Absorbing (from) all of them.

The data from each, like puzzle pieces all falling together all at once.

Endlessly fascinating.




November 19, 2019

In non-stop telepathic communication behind the scenes.

My attention is fixed to this communicate so much more strongly than the scenes I just can't hold them, see into them. Each cycle through beta, the shift from the one wave to the other is too abrupt, and the one like a literal wave washing over me. I have only this awareness. A part of our communication is relative to the recent work on all the sites, but this is only a small portion of it.

The greatest portion is being condensed and capsulated in a song — Here With Me.

This stanza over and over and over..

 I won't go
I won't sleep
I can't breathe
Until you're resting here with me.....

Before ending this session and my sleep I ask for parting message. Very rapidly a structure swings in close into clear view :

At first it seems a large ship, then a shoe – viewed from the sole upward.

I understand.

November 20, 2019

Meetings and conversations with those who have passed over. —Sandy. Inger.

Sandy has been coming to me a great over the past month or more. Tonight she is taking me around to various locations, potential living locations. One is a temple, she takes me to visit the temple location. There is a great deal of activity here I am not bringing back with me. Only that I am here, we approach and I go in. The other is a cul-de-sac, it reminds me of Los Angeles, dirty, low frequency. I am not liking it at all and do not want to go there. It is perhaps where Inger is, though.. Sandy is facilitating a connection now between Inger and myself. She is wanting to reach me, although I perceive myself as calling *her on the phone. We say hello. I shift into her direct location. We are catching up with each other as I am shifting back into physical space.

Concept : Eating out of an open purse.



November 21, 2019

Wandering lost.. I have a helper *male. I like this helper a lot. he reminds me to call in the light.

I am moving through a variety of seemingly random concepts. There is a walk-in freezer. It is not working, bowls of ice are put in to make it work more like an old fashioned freezer *without electricity. I am here multiple times at this freezer. After the ice is put in I step into it. I am looking around and discover there are live animals in here. A bird, a cat and even a fish in a fish bowl. I remove this from the freezer while telling someone this in particular is not a good situation, fish can take only very mild changes in water temperature without shock. – and of course the water could freeze!

(shift)

I am in a girls area, a girl's dressing and mingling area. I borrow some clothing (I am unclothed, so officially through this area in a proper out of body) – a one piece black something or other. It has spaghetti straps and hangs low, similar to a negligee. It is following the activity here that I meet my helper. The clothing item is his, or related to him. I apologize and say I will get it back to him as soon as possible. He stays with me here forward.

- Rich. sitting. too close. a conversation about meat, relative to the freezer not working, my removing it in advance of this.

I am wandering on foot near and toward my car here in this area.. Goldie-Sunshine. I am asking/saying/knowing this is not smart. It is too close to work. I could be seen. I am heading toward the car in order to go to another location when I see in the midst of this altogether dreary-feeling-energy-landscape a beautiful patch of green green grass and lovely green green tree. It is so bright and so beautiful in comparison to all else. So comforting. I will have to remember, and return to this place, I am thinking as the scene is fading and I am waking proper.

November 22, 2019

Time is altered through the night. With every pass through beta (every 90 minute cycle) it feels as if a whole night has gone by.

At a table, others are filling out forms for physical dysfunctions, I am filling out mine on family dysfunction. A scene is playing out wherein no-one is listening to me and so a whole lot of weirdness is ensuing in a public mall-like area. Namely this is a misunderstanding on both my brothers part over some sort of violence they think they perceived being performed on me. If they would have just let me explain no weirdness would have ensued. Everyone goes off in all directions. I sit, head down on my knees until everyone returns.

A man behind me is using a newspaper to blow wind over me. As if I smell and he is blowing the stink away. Then everyone begins doing the same to get my attention. I am paying no mind to their activity or to them. One by one they attempt to come speak and gain my attention. Instead I begin helping others who are at the table filling out

forms. Thier conditions and situations require more immediate attention, and doctoring. I want to help them. One lady has a problem in her throat. Another a problem with _____. I bring her a packet which explains what information is needed and how to fill out the forms. She is altogether new here to this place.

Food particles and pieces. I am removing large chunks of what looks like tofu from miso broth. I am in an airport-like location near a superhighway. A man walks by and takes just one piece out for himself. I ask if he wants them all. He declines, he says "they are not good for you". Later I am doing something similar again. In a bathroom setting. Only this time they are much larger whole foods from a water bath. A large basin/tub of water.

John : He is reading a script I wrote and gave him with instructions on how to guide a meditation. He is speaking from a distance but the voice is shifting me into his immediate presence. He is doing very well with the script. I can see him walking around the room – reading. He is heading toward the desk. He is wearing camel colored jeans and a striped? shirt.

November 23, 2019

Time is again flowing irregularly.. I wake at what I feel must be near 4am and it is only 1am.. following the next cycle it again feels the same way. It is as if I am receiving assistance somehow, into each shift through beta. Everything is super clear. All in which I have just been engaged. I am not always stopping to embed it, or waking fully to write it down proper. I am for now the past few days just noting this is occurring.

- Laughlin Nevada. John. Important meeting. (interrupted.
- I am in an environment listening to a girl speaking to a few others. She is speaking about another girl, I am seeing her as this other is saying what she is (roughly in her twenties, caucasian, shoulder length brown hair..). It is being said that she does not really have super powers – she was being tested as a remote viewer with cards, the girl is saying she is not actually seeing the cards, she knows this because when they began speeding up the flow of the pull of cards she began failing. It is being surmised the girl had instead tried memorizing them. I am now with this girl myself. We are meeting. We are sitting in a public area at a table discussing matters. (shift)
- I am walking up the street and pass John.. A bit further up the street he comes out of a structure at my precise juncture again. This is purposeful on his part. He altered his course deliberately in order to connect with me. I am reveling (laughing) at how this just happened, saying didn't we just pass each other just a moment ago? We begin dialoguing. As is typical I am not bringing the subject matter back with me but it has an important feel to it. In the midst of our talk the strangest thing happens. (I consciously catch this). The whole scene is just shut down and I find myself newly coming to in this exact same location only now it much later at night. It is so dark I can barely see in front of me.

- I am holding full conscious awareness of what has just happened and it feels important that I make my way back to John. I know right where to go. I stand fully upright and begin walking in the same direction I was originally heading, in the dark, following the curve of the sidewalk toward the right. Cars are parked along the curve. I begin seeing down into casino row, Laughlin, Nevada. John is a musician here and playing at one of the casinos. I am unclothed. (proper OBE). When I get into the building where he is, everyone here is also naked. This makes it much easier for me to focus. There is no concern of standing out and trying to clothe myself. I head straight for John, straight for the stage.
- I approach him about what has just happened. *He is dreaming (question – am I in his dream? He says something smug and throws a few dollar bills at me. As though to dismiss me. I am not having any of it. I am not about to let him get away with that action. I want us both to be awake again. I pick up the dollar bills, go up on stage and head over to perform this same action out into the crowd. I do not do so when I see there are some young children out there. In a bleachers sort of area. I decide to leave. On the way back through the casino someone hands me a long night gown length t-shirt and I put it on. I am not happy and there is too much emotion. (I am back to dreaming).
- There are some people who are being improperly taken care of by resident staff, a large woman with short ash blonde hair, in particular, is being highlighted more than others – I am helping them now. This is a very long segment but I am holding to only the last man. An elder man. We are meeting. Talking about something very important. It has an 'alchemy' sort of feel to it. A "Nostradamus" sort of feel. I am in a new timeframe, candles light the darkened room, I am looking for a book, for paper.., to write something down, to embed it to awareness (so I am conscious again through this area) but I am going to have to go back in to see if I can get more of the details than this.

Note : I could not get back in to see what it is I am wanting so much to embed.

I try to instead dream more but it is near time to get up. **work day.

November 24, 2019

1:11 AM : I am focusing in on everything, making everything perfect.. At this moment precisely I am narrowing in on a grill-plate under my vehicle that has grass growing up through it. I am going into all the moments that make up this conceptual image. I am not right now recalling each and every of these in their visual (story line) formats, rather all of it is coming through as condensed, capsulated in an overall full body feeling. It just feels truly wonderful be doing this. To be doing this in precisely this way. From an expanded point, outside of time, all at once. Immediately freeing.

The rest of the night's dreams are lost to the alarm, no time for data recovery.

Work day.

November 25, 2019

Keyword : Gauntless. — (decipher, gauntlet + dauntless)

Two undercover women detectives. They are not who they think they are. They are being controlled by two men / demon-types. Hot tub. sex *information exchange. The whole scene shifts. I or someone (as a young man) comes after the two women for the truth of what is going on. I am in a hallway. grey. indoors. It is not hard catching up to the one here. I confront her. (which establishes a connection, a LIVE link). Now I am in an icy, snowy maze. A frozen snowy area. All the buildings / structures are iced. Inside it is more comfortable, more usual and I am looking for a bathroom. I literally run into a bouncer who I ask where to go. He checks with someone. Walks over and opens a door to the outside and tells me to pee in the snow. This is a maze, its purpose and the data available to be collected is of much more importance than what this sounds. I am leaving out whole chunks. It is just that the data is so complex, so complicated I am having difficulty processing it, wording it. I am going back in to see if I can get more clarity.

Another large dream segment, in addition to that above – that I lose.

Later : flashes of a life of a happy Eskimo boy.

November 26, 2019

Tyler Ellison : We know one another. We are here together with a small group of others. In a home, an apartment home type setting. Tyler is living with his mother. She is young but sick and not doing well. I am here, we are all here because we are care type persons. We are also channels. Tyler is training me. Physical body exercises. We are connecting at a cellular level through this training. Within our connecting / connection there is an interr-uption ..where-in we are guided into more personalized information relative to the two of us alone. —I am being taken around to visit many points in time, of/with others.. Floating as point consciousness through hallways, corridors. Another, a guide, behind me is explaining some of the details behind the moments that I will be observing. Such as “this is a time when you were being charged, upgraded, etc..”. I think here I am merged with Tyler.

Jurgen Ziewe : I am introducing him *and others here to the azurite crystal. I put two of them in with some snacks I set out for Jurgen and another man sitting here on the sofa. I point out that they are crystals and explain not to eat them. Jurgen picks them out and throws them on the floor. I hurriedly go to pick them up, saying not to do this as they are fragile and can break easily. I explain I have put them in with the foods to elevate their frequencies. We discuss, somewhat remedially this particular type of crystal. There are four here, two larger, two smaller. all faceted, all polished. This is all happening in my space. I am hosting everyone who is here. A whole, large segment upstairs in my room is remaining elusive. But there is a man here, dark hair, handsome, familiar.., there is communication, then he comes over to me for an information / energy / DNA exchange.

Note : There is very little color to many of the above scenes., it is in great part very grey. shades of light in grey. Somewhat of a first.

November 27, 2019

Theme : All manner and types of communication.

It is interesting as I asked the question before going in, why content and conceptual data so much easier, and communication / dialogue, discussion so much harder to bring back into physical space. Then had a night full of multiple types of communicate.

The one that stands out, that I am bringing back with me is intriguing: I am as a tron, inside (of all things) a facebook chat screen, a quite literal conscious representation of the words/sentences/ideas being typed / communicated. I am – as this – communicating with other conscious representatives of the words/sentences/ideas being put through by others.

This is a fascinating idea. – that the words and clusters of words you see here are a form of conscious living being.

And that they, just as we – are communicating with each other.

November 28, 2019

David Bowie : I am first with his parents. There is the idea of addiction to crystal meth. I am bringing in the idea of quitting. Following much interaction, mom makes the move to destroy the large bag/stash of meth first. I come to know this is why I am here with them all in the first place. I tell them my own story. How it is possible to quit, how the body in time will self heal itself. All of this is moving me into David's arms. He steps in and we come together into a full hug / embrace / dance *full frontal body link. Exquisite. I think David has taken into himself all my closures. I am thinking I am here healing him but in fact he is healing me. The idea here is that my front body is now fully open.—to the world.

Another environment : young man. I am not myself. I appear a young version of a girl who looks somewhat like Dayna(?). I lay myself down with the young man. He is working through something and is 1) not awake./ acting in his sleep and 2) in this state, as someone else, another person(ality) altogether. He is a bit more open, malleable, easy to work with like this. Upon waking he is rude and orders me away from him. Although he does not wholly want this. As I am doing what he asks, muttering to myself that I was only here to help, he follows me on my way down the hall toward the bathroom. He says he could use the room, but instead of bullying in offers it to me first.

I am moving through this whole surreal structure. A composite of concepts, going nowhere in particular. The idea of the car. And now I am here.. concepts are coming up here too. A locker room concept, people coming in and out, the door in / out leading to many different places.

Question: What is this link, this connection I seem to have with David Bowie...???

November 29, 2019

I let myself 1) be distracted, and 2) be lazy.

We've had a big rain storm passing through here the past few days, temperatures are cold and some work men did something in the attic to make the heat not work in my room. So funny as I am the only one here the past few days. Any other room in the house could have been the one affected but for some reason, the only room being occupied was instead. I could have gotten past the cold had I focused, but it is a work morning so I opted to not, and instead busied myself staying unconscious. lol ...I did make one brief attempt to recover data. I shift almost immediately into outer space. Into a star field. A real nice, easy seamless shift. Too intoxicating, though. I am out in less than 30 seconds.

November 30, 2019

Epic conscious shift into an OBE which got fragmented to pieces by the time I came back.

The shift is through the mind field, the inner/3rd eye – the field itself is the Void, sprinkled with glimmering red stardust. I go clean through into the Archangel dimensions. This is my connection with "the EI"... Not just mine, but mine and the one who has played the role of my closest friend the past 12+ years. She, as one with this energy is the confronting me in this experience. She is taking me through neighborhoods, through streets (our lineage), we go through a spa, a movie, more. I am being told it is our combined energies which created another main player in my current life, who I call my 'ex' – and who here is being called "John EI" and following this "Ra Pha EI". A segment in the story, as well, includes a childhood friend (Ann) and a deception played on her part, but that which the Creator turned and used for the forces of good. —As far as content, I think a definite first.

Seriously wow.

December 1, 2019

Bon Bon : moving into new large private suites today with heightened security staff. I think she will be more comfortable and like it better if it is deactivated to a degree. I do this for her and shift in from a large party, a gathering across the way. I see her from here, she is across the street, up high. We shift into each others presence just briefly for a reconnection (an energetic face-to-face / hello).

There is an almost tonal, energetic wave structure some experiences occur in, a vibration or vibratory hummm, very tactile through the whole system, this is one such experience. It begins prior with a little bump of a baby girl playing on the ground with a very large, blonde beetle.

I am watching her play, keying in on the beetle. She tries to hand it to me. I decline. I help her out of this area, which is like a shallow, like a dug out swimming pool, the curvatures within still dirt. We climb up a side ladder to get out.

I set her on the edge of a counter and we play a little game. She slides off and I catch her. Again and again. There is a slightly older little boy here, perhaps 4 or 5 years old, too old for this game but we play it together as well. The boy tells me I am brave. I say you are the ones who are brave, trusting I will catch you each time you fall. This activity is what leads into the party area and me seeing Bon Bon in the suites above across the way. Delicious dreamy feeling through these whole segments.

At the party, lots of people. These people have resources. I am slicing ham, serving in the line of people who are getting food. There is one young lady who I am meant, or had agreed to get some information for which I am not able to retrieve. It pertained to Bon Bon. I explained the heightened security, politely apologizing. My energy here is very neutral. So is this woman's to a degree, but she is at the same time not pleased.

Just before waking.....,

There are some people in an older trailer at the edge of town, out in the nature, I am following a young woman here and trying to go in with her but am told I do not belong. The area outside the trailer is country-like. The brown earth is visible through some tall grasses, there is a sporadic line of trees not too far off. The young woman is very carefree, a feeling of almost skipping and running her hand along the tall grasses.

December 2, 2019

Enormous collage. house. park. drive. two-lady's shop.

Imagine a very large swimming pool, thousands of items have been thrown in. I AM this. I am swimming and sifting through this.

It is in its entirety too much to hold, and it is the finale which I most want to bring back, but these are a few additional elements which also come back through with me.

I am in Dad's house in the living room, this environment is superimposed with many others but from Dad's, ZACK is also here. He is peeing up into the air all over the place. I tell him he better stop that right this instant and get into the bathroom. He is startled at my arrival, covers over the top of the stream and does what I say. I continue through the house, through objects (too many to hold) into a park.

There is a light skinned black female guide here, she is approximately in her 40s. It is the same process here, I continue through the park, through objects (too many to

hold to) into the two-lady's shop. I am in an interesting configuration with Karenji. I am sitting at a wooden table on a bench seat and she is cradled into my legs and I am rocking her. The two ladies catch this activity and perceive it as potentially untoward. They demand to know what this is going on under the table. I show them and explain this is an older woman and nothing lowly is happening. KAREN and another person, a young man come into full form. I am teaching them a spinal posture which throws the chest way up like a superhero.

As with the other environments, I am continuing through the shop, through objects and areas when I come to a closet, a row of old style wardrobes where, in one of which I see JAN. He is sleeping in the lower segment just under the bottom shelf. I need to wake him but he is resisting this very hard. I keep trying, the two ladies are not going to be happy if they find him here like this. –sadly almost anything other than sleeping in a public area is more acceptable and I am already on thin ice due to items of mine that are here, and items of theirs [and mine from other scenes] that are gone missing. Finally he wakes. I am explaining that I am at work here and about the two ladies and the items. He understands and gets up.

Following a stream of additional activity in which we part for some time there comes a strong energetic transmission from Jan — he has to go home, he is asking me to call him a cab, there is the knowing on both our parts that I cannot take him in my car as there are no longer any brakes (((shift))) we are compromising in order to stay together.. We are now on foot, walking through an alley.. **This is powerful. We are conjoining – this is enacted / evidenced by taking and holding hands, my left to his right – and he, now as a young black man with long hair tied in a beautiful assembly at the nape of the head is telling me his horrendous life story. I am absorbing all of this, taking it into myself, clearing all of it through my system.

Two young teenage boys, gangster types, trouble makers approach us, and even though Jan *as this young black man could easily return their confrontation, and even take them, his decision is to make a new choice, to not engage and instead continue what we are here doing.....energetically intermingling, clearing our combined system(s), being as one with the benefit of us both. It is an experience unto itself, even as the details, the visual/physical events themselves are. The energetic, vibratory event occurring is taking precedence. It is primary in my awareness. Powerful beyond measure. Something substantially important has just happened, not just here but in what we have the habit of calling 'real life'.

Of importance to me, is the retaining of this occurrence through to physical space.

I am at the threshold of something very new indeed.

December 3, 2019

Theme : (top of the night) : Correcting collective stress patterns.

In and out of vacant, single and multi-family homes. Lana. Dad. Tilak.

In the last of this structure, two Russian men come in and are making conversation, small talk about buying and renting procedures in the US. I am getting suspicious. I open a door and tell my Dad through a hallway that I will be right with him. Dad instead comes up the hallway, into the room we are in and sits in a chair. He is wearing his light brown slacks and slightly darker brown shirt. He is his older self. I introduce myself to the two men *again, ask their names.. They say they didn't give me their names. I say I know, I am asking your names. They refuse multiple times to provide this information, they are being deliberately elusive, invasive, so I say I think it is time you leave. I show them out and direct them to where I know there is a home vacancy. There is no difficulty getting them to go. *We are in a gated community.

I run into some trouble in one vacant home, with a female landlord who is married with a husband but it is more she who finds the difficulty with me. Both myself and Tilak are through this set. On the last time through the space, I barely make it out undetected. I know I am not supposed to be here but I had to come back for something. (*data). The husband is coming in with a potential renter/buyer through one door and I am near running out another, barely getting it closed before they step in (shift) Lana is a looming presence here, through this last area. Also a young boy, Tilak?, a swimmer.. Multiple concepts are superimposed, homes, mall/eatery, swimming pool.

This is all the data I am able to collect today.
My body is getting uncomfortable. It is time to get up.

December 4, 2019

With each attempt at data recovery a tsunami of a wave overtakes me. – it is coming in the form of a song :

Star Trek Enterprise (theme song)

 Its been a long road, getting from there to here.....

December 5, 2019

The past few days I am working too much on the computer.. It appears there is a book to be written and I have been integrating this information—making and publishing videos and articles to go out prior to the turn of the year into 2020 – the year the book is to be written. The weather is cloudy, cold and rainy. No sun. As a result, I am getting to bed too late and waking too early and data recovery times are not fruitful.

Tonight, just very generally :

- Making the rounds with care services. – many locations. – many people visited.

December 6, 2019

I am in a feeling. sound. vibration. I am easily in many places. — all dreaming should be like this.

Water store : I am helping to spread some ideas relative to physical space, helping others through grouping, sharing them and their ideas. Someone, who is with another someone peeks their head in from outside the door as they are walking by (portal) another time/space. They think I am having nowhere to go, that I am homeless and this is why I am here so late at night. I transmit to them that I am fine and go back to working. In another frequency field I am sleeping in the car, someone has opened my driver's side door. I see this, move up there, look around in and outside the door, see no-one and close it—then go back to sleep. Now I am driving, escorting some others. A somewhat older female and man.

- In a laboratory : scientific. men in white lab coats. device
- Andy Griffith time era : the idea of driving while intoxicated, it is not yet against the law, new ideas are forming, it should not be allowed.
- Michael Tellinger : he is winning an award, *swimming pool, an older woman, he wades in and kisses her exposed breast.

December 7, 2019

This morning the 6AM alarm wiped almost all away. Lingering tidbits floated around for 20 minutes so yet remained elusive. More rain again last night and through the weekend. Dark and ominous and mysteriously beautiful out again.

December 8, 2019

The moment just before waking : I am outside my house, it is not the house I am now in. It is elevated, up on a hill. There is a white elephant down below in the drive. it is herding me, facing me off, not letting me get by. I am not seeing how I can get past it. My vision expands. I am now seeing how many of them there are. baby elephants. blanketing the ground from below all the way up the hill to where I am. There are two exotic looking long haired cats (not earth cats) following me. They are purring and coddling one another. I am moving through all the animals up here trying to get into the house.

December 9, 2019

I am noticing this happening more and more often,—dreams condensing down to a single point, what visually I will call a 'placard' or 'place card' when I consciously attempt to see into what I am dreaming. Through the night I am jumping all over the timeline. *more and more a common theme. Rather than linear data I am given the placard : hot futuristic sex scene : lots of triangular geometries, soft white/silver/grey and complimentary colors.

In the morning : Surreal. rows and rows of items. 3D holographic artwork juice glasses. I have chosen two of them. Maria's daughter Leah is here on the same row, she shows me one she is choosing. I look inside of it and shift. I am making my way through the rows... this next one is of people. artistic musical type people. singers, musicians. popular. their clothing is the highlight. it is also out of this world.

The row visually projects out as an outdoor concert. rows and rows of metal chairs, a stage up there somewhere, the singers are periodically coming out to where I am. I have stopped behind a group of a few others who are in the isle ahead of me as one of the female singers has projected out, it seems I am a disruption and not welcome so I move a few chairs down to my left where there is no-one is the chairs to my front.

Dan McDonald now approaches me....The Life Regenerator :

Community gardens. a group of one thousand who plant here. I am being told of an undercurrent of deception.

The scene continues—

I am deciding which way to go. I am moving to a new place..... (a new home) I cannot tell which way would be faster, more efficient, first taking there what I already have, or first collecting/gathering up more and then going over. I opt, or let me say there is a torque to the pull on the latter that directs me away from the way most pointedly toward to the new location and back down the rows to my left, - to the isles of people and items.

December 10, 2019

The majority of the night in the dream fields I am working on an article I am writing..

Each time I consciously go in to see what I am dreaming I arrive here and can't get through into additional frequency fields. Until around 4AM :

I am in a month long visit with Erich in Santa Monica.. I am experiencing a full month in here, hour by hour, day by day, (wow) - our time is growing low, Rona and another girl come for a brief visit the day before I leave. I decide I will go up and visit with her for a day before I leave and am deciding on whether I will fly or drive. The flying will involve driving to the airport, all the airport mess, an immensely short flight and then driving to the house. I am deciding I will surely drive the whole way. **I hold to this data for many hours prior to waking, experiencing the collective energy of what is happening throughout the visits but upon waking lose the bulk of real content (the detail). I still have this, the inner feeling and embedded energy though. ♥



December 11, 2019

I am shaken abruptly awake from a very deep state this morning by my brother, literally shaken.

My nephew is sick, I am being asked if I can help watch him today (yes).. Energetically this is feeling like being ripped open. I am so deep in there. My system has not yet fully recovered. I have two fragments from the session still intact :

- I am finding no clean place on the toilet seat to sit. I am right on the verge of being able to reconstruct the whole scene around this.. (but no).
- A young male who is trying on belts has thrown a few of them on the floor. We are asking him which he has chosen. I am taking one of the belts into my hands, looking closely at it, asking if it is this one he has chosen. It is a match to the one I myself am wearing. It is a sturdy but soft leather, there are icons, symbols, glyphs hand painted onto it and a loop structure up near the left hand front of it.

I shift here into this area just prior from a theater / stage area. Above the stage there are loopings going across the top from left to right. Upon these, others here have fixed their symbols and names. The bat is featured in many of them and in various ways. I see one that is a bat only, and next to it a loop which is empty / open / available for perhaps mine. I go through this into the belt scene. As the young male is choosing, possibly the one I am holding and also wearing I am saying "I will model it for you" – and am enacting this.

December 12, 2019

Super massive collage. I am struggling to isolate independent events. I see in one area I am sitting, sort of blending into a cubby hoping not to be seen by a woman who is here. It looks like a department store with white marble type floors. I am observing. In another area there is me and a man, I think it is Michael Tellinger again. There is some talk of the two rooms I have, both with beds, this is being relayed to another person/ party. In yet another area, ANTON brings me a double box of chocolates, he is saying he wanted to and is preparing to open the package.

Very early morning (4–5AM) wake back to bed.

I am in conversation with my guidance, asking why dream detail is more elusive these past weeks..... (OBE)

I am dropped into a high end gathering, everyone is dressed extremely well, everyone is wearing some version of white, cream, gold and black. I am let to stay in here for quite some time even though I am very improperly dressed in jeans (genes). I mention the state of dress and the sheer amount of pearly beads in the room. Someone tells me "yes, but this party will still be talked about years from now". GINA CORSO is coming in with her husband, their faces are heavily painted almost mask-like in black. animal-like. I watch them take a seat at a booth across the room and am politely greeted by a

young male server, ERIC CORSO?, who is escorting me out. There is a favor I am able to do for him, that I have the energy, the power to do and through our conversation here am agreeing I will do it.

From here I go to some other gatherings, parties.. first landing outdoors in a backyard swimming pool. I am sitting on the steps leading into the pool, waist deep in the water. Many others are here. I am looking around. I am not recognizing anyone but am noticing I am more appropriately dressed for this type of get together. My attire has not changed, still the brown cotton top and jeans (genes). There is some sort of altercation between two females at the opening/door/portal into this place. They jump in through the circular opening before I am fully grasping what this is about.

Face-time call w/ JAN.. We talk and talk and talk. I am so sleepy. I do fall asleep and startle back awake continuing the conversation. I am in a room I am familiar with but that I do not know personally. I am sitting on the sofa. There are floor to ceiling wood paneled walls through the whole interior. The walls are lined with concert and 'hip' type posters all the way up to the ceiling. Its cool. I am showing Jan this on the camera and thinking wow, this photographs really well.

The energy from all the shifts is building, I am now running through another area looking for a place to release it. I climb a ladder up to a very high bunk and begin to do this. People are coming though, I never get to finish but do get the full sensation of the first of it (which is enough). There is more to the activity in this area. There is a reason I come here but its all fading as I begin to shift into another location.—and then back into physical space.

Important Note:

Days ago, Leah, from the same Corso family came to me in the dream fields.. I am very connected with this family and somehow always know when something is happening within their clan. I was going to text Maria and ask, but didn't. Yesterday I learned through another means that Eric (he is very young) had a stroke. He is in the hospital, non-responsive on a breathing tube. I believe he is trying to contact me. **Note: Eric did not survive the stroke. He passed over. ♥

December 13, 2019

I have nothing. An incredible night of dreaming and I have nothing.

I left my earplugs out in the living room and the family got up earlier than normal around 5:30am. I just couldn't get around the loud talking and kitchen sounds. I walked straight out of the bed into the living room the moment I got up, recollected my earplugs and have them right here for tonight. I am heavy hearted the last day, hearing about Eric and his stroke.. I have heard today that he is not going to make it. The brain was thoroughly destroyed down to the brainstem. Life support is being removed Monday. I feel that he is trying to reach me so I will remain open to the

connection and communication, and to bringing it back with me intact. At this point, I am not conscious of what I have agreed to do for him *and I would like to be.

December 14, 2019

John brings me something he asks me to sign for. My full, legal given name is required. Something I left with him, something that came, that I need. I sign for it on a very fragile thin white material, like tissue. The item is covered in white and is about the size of a folded suit of clothes. I pick this up with one hand below and one hand atop it. I never get to see what it is. There is some talk about bringing my own bag (carrier) for the items next time. John is making a bit of an issue of the matter. This activity is intersecting with other activity in which I am with Erich. Our time is being cut short. Due to work. My next assignment. **this is the second time this week this theme of “our time being cut short” is arising.

We are in line to get a drink on my way to somewhere I have to get to. The line is moving too slow,. The woman ringing the register is giving hugs to people up there in the line. This seems unnecessary. I ask if it can be hurried up. No change. So I maneuver myself over and ask a male at another space behind the counter if he can ring me up now (I am getting a lemonade) so I can get going. He almost doesn't but then he does.

Erich is noticeably upset. It has to do with my hours. I tell him I am working many hours and it is only at times when an assignment first begins that the hours are low. It is the only time I get even somewhat of a break the hours are always so plentiful / abundant / too much. I am heading into the car.. Maybe this has something to do with when I was out on the land? I don't know. —What did I re-agree to with John???

Time : time is flowing oddly again. It feels like the night should be over and it is only 2:30am. Heat through the body most all night. Salt packs are still working.

WBTB

More with Erich. much more with Erich. his special attention. It all leads to a baby. an odd looking little baby, male, dark hair, looks like a monkey body, long and lean, thin limbs, human skin and face. This little one has special communicative powers and is already pointing things out to me. I take him in my arms. he is unclothed. he knows he is unclothed. it is cold and raining and I am looking for items of mine to clothe him in. It seems to me it only raining over Erich's house. Nowhere else. I look closer into this vicinity and see we are outside under a very large overhang that is keeping us dry.

Huge energy download from Erich to me....

December 15, 2019

I am sweeping sand and larger, rough crystal stones to the threshold of a doorway.. evening up the inside and outside of the area, linking and making a nice transition

from the one space into the other. There are a group of us who are meeting. Who are coming to a place in common (work + working out is done here). I come here every day, the others come 2 or so times a week. We are all suggesting we meet/collect/form into a group. One of the women is not Inelia Benz but the look and feel of her is very similar. She is the one who is more to the front of this experience, in direct exchange with me. Shift to outdoor park area. Rows and rows of metal folding-type chairs. We are sitting together in a common area amongst them in a certain placement. All the other chairs are empty. I have an areal view of the set-up, our new group, of all girls, sitting immediately center, right.

Note: When I arrive at work today, the large fissures in the road coming in the gate and up the dirt/stone drive, caused by the recent rains have been filled in and made pat with dirt/clay, I can't think of the word, but the material used to make natural drives and walkways, such as in parks.

December 16, 2019

"While dreaming,—observe."

Following a brief WBTB I am repeating this over and over. "While dreaming,—observe."

My vision field suddenly opens out and I see a human female, caucasian with bright pink hair climbing into the the hatch of a space shuttle craft.

Fade out. Fade in.

I am outdoors on a wood staircase heading down.. Mom is behind me, another woman directly in front of me. She is quite agile and athletic, and running the more challenging side obstacle course attached here on the left with relative ease. As she is turning slightly to do so I see this is a young Hillary Clinton. I think to myself I am not doing that, it isn't necessary, and simply continue down the wooden steps. There are grocery bags of items along the way. I do see what is in them but this data fractured on my way back. I am talking to Mom, I am asking her if she knew this woman ahead of us was H, – she confirms, yes she did. As we are looking into one of the paper grocery bags the scene shifts.

I am in a drug store. It is the Hollidays. Mom is purchasing items that are being rung up.– chocolates, red round candy *I am holding these in my hand, drop a few behind the counter and pick them back up, a poinsettia plant.. The amount is very high, I am keying in on this, it is going over \$100 and I am inquiring into what she got that is taking the amount so high. As I am asking this I am shifting through the store to various locations and items, most notable is a glass cabinet of interesting looking plants. There is one in particular, triangular with silver balls that is catching my eye.

In the midst of the shifts and on another frequency I am in a darkened hallway, together with Erich and Carrie. There is talk about something happening on Tuesday. I have not been invited. Erich looks at me and says "you are working Tuesdays, right?". We go into my work schedule (*again)...."I work long weekends, Friday, Saturday,

Sunday". I tell him that this week Monday through Thursday, Mom and I are taking a road trip, though. He asks where and I tell him "Arizona". I am inquiring of he and Carrie what it is that is happening on Tuesday. This data also gets fractured coming back into physical space but is something to do with a few girls, three I think, one of which is named Debbie.

December 17, 2019

Today what is notable to me in my experiences are phenomena, both present and absent from my current dream state.

The first is the vibrational hummm.. (missing). During my childhood, from birth through to my awakening in 2009 is the presence of a steady, feelable, hearable vibrational current or "hummm" during my dream state. This hummm would fade, if at all only hours after I had gotten up to start the day. In 2014 or there-about, it began to be absent from my experience and now is only very rarely presenting. *I am being told it has served its purpose and is no longer necessary to the living of my life plan. I am often asking for it back and this is periodically granted. In these instances it is almost endless the amount of data I can bring back with me into physical space.

The next is : real data.. (present). An example of this is stated in the experience above in what I am told of the vibrational humm. Another example is that in PMR I have a red spot on my right forearm. It looks like a mosquito bite but isn't. It isn't going away so I have begun treating it. In the dream space this morning the red spot is spreading and becoming more complex with yellow blistering. In the midst of me observing this *I am told that rather than the day or two it would take with prescription pharmaceutical meditation it will be roughly 2 weeks, with the current treatment, to begin showing signs of healing – and/or be healed.

The next is : embedded code.. (present). Example : I am being given suggestions, guidance on the PDF patron gifts I am working on. *I am told to add navigations and also an 'about the author' page. As I am waking proper, the code "Reece Jospeh Jones" is embedded next to the words "About Casey". As I go in for the dream content I am going to log **this code is what brings back all data from the morning's chain of events. I focus on Reece's name and like concentric ripples, concept after concept after concept opens back out into my knowing.

Indoor house/gym. Remarkable feats of strength. One arm holds to a device on the ceiling while punching it like a punching bag with the other. The area is populated with certain individuals I am in telepathic communication with. They become concerned with the arrival of two men coming up the stairwell, Larry Laven, *a best friend in my 30s, and Rocky Balboa. I assure them I know who these men are and there is no cause for concern. The idea of "bouncers" does come with them.

It is very good to see Larry, although we appear to be in very different places than where we left off. I am filling the gap in for him. There are many other concepts throughout this template but truly too many to bring back. The idea of Chebe, and

peeing inside on the corners of a large edible something resembling a rug – and also the floor space, notably a runner under the ceiling device being redone.

More than content – I feel the phenomena more important to hold to today.

December 18, 2019

Asian woman and household : an oddness in her appearance, her energy, an odd feeling and weirdness to the whole place. I just can't quite put my finger on why. I am moving through this structure for some time. What stands out is a white and red missile launch and the question of how this even applies to this structure. I am watching the processing of information, this is incredible. It is not able, conceptually, to squeeze back through with me into the narrow beta bandwidth but I do retain that what I am seeing, conceptualizing and experiencing here is information being processed through the hippocampus. Truly outstanding. I am seeing the superimposition of the concepts over the raw data.

Italian woman and man. very active couple and household. Work is being done around and under the house. I have to squeeze to get into where I am, squeeze to get into places. I am young here, maybe 20, also Italian. I am wearing a white thin strapped tank top and black shorts. I am not certain of my role in this dynamic but I am a family helper of some sort. It is very relaxed here. I am moving through the house. Then under the house where there is much work being done. I have not parked my car in a good area. The area being pointed out to me is not possible, it is on too much of edge/decline, I would never be able to back out. Another area is show that is more level and I move my car here.

We all shift to a park area. I moving through water. There are alive things I am seeing in the water. I see them more as worms and am willing and whooshing them away from me as I swim through. The couple sees them as a pair of baby chicks. They show me. They are affixed into a little glass boat of sorts within which is a container of information. The husband in particular finds it a shame no-one is reaching this information. This opens into a vision, a new area, a newspaper printing area. Multiple reams/rows/segments of printing are gone, have been stolen, the paper is stark white through just these columns, no print.

There is a gay man at the park, something is going on in his circle *data fragmented.

Resting. napping. next to the husband. then church.

December 19, 2019

I can find no underlining conceptual basis for any of this this morning. – or even meaning. Maybe it's just that I do not feel well.

High-rise office/apartment building.

Dad. Roger. Gina. Young brown haired boy. I am in charge of his care. Gina seems playing the part of Rich and is giving me difficulties about my work. I explain how it is my job to do these little mundane things she is pointing out and how the stress of this kind of work often comes in the form of it being so uneventful, slow and more boring than exciting. Fly things. creatures. backseat of a car with two ladies *this is kind of fun, creatures always are. Garbage disposal not working in one of the apartments. I am not going to put my hand in there. it is stuffed to disrepair with pizza slices. A trio: Roger, another dark haired man, my young charge. I am thinking how similar they appear. even though in the greater details they very much do not.

December 20, 2019

Teaching yoga in the park : bright daylight then night, three moons, can't get class started, *metal structure will interfere with arm movements etc.. Lil, long toenails. Sleeping with man who has wet the bed. Getting things cleaned up and his brief changed. Most dialogue/conversation/communication as usual does not make it back with me. Outside of the room all kinds of furniture is in the way, in the path from this room into the house.

December 21, 2019

The arrival of a little baby chick. I am carrying the little one in my waist apron. I know this is a message relative to some chicken I recently ate due to feeling off balance vitamin-wise. I suspect now it is the Bs. The message in the dream is that the little chick is cleaning up my intestinal gut microbiome. There is much activity and bonding going on in dream between myself and the chick. We are experiencing a more conscious and complete blending together. There is more to it than just the chick feeding me – but me also feeding the chick.

Note: In the night the past week I am often finding myself using the moonstone in my earring to DREAM, I pass through the beta wave to find myself literally working the stone in my fingers. The stone in my necklace is likewise at times being used used for this purpose. Interesting.

A beautiful sunrise this morning. I feel like I am on another planet. So much so I look into the sky for the 3 moons from the other night.

I am now seeing a correlation between the 3 moons and 3 moonstones I am near always wearing.

Note: I have been taking choline the past 2–3 days and am feeling much better.

December 22, 2019

Big rig rides : refusing rides, getting to mom, gas, gas station, filling gas into a bowl rather than tank. it is not going to be enough. I pay for more, enough to get me to

where mom is. The illustrious getting to a bathroom maze is taking place between the rigs and offered rides. First I can't go in because I arrive at a men's not ladies room. I peek into a set up behind a curtain in a very populated area (uh uh).

Also I am being pursued. I am evading my pursuers. —The first big rig belongs to a young man. He seems trustworthy while offering the ride but then not when he shows me the space in which I will be riding. It is way too small, not enough room to breathe, womb like – and then the hidden costs which begin to build and build. I do not pay. I say no. Later another big rig arrives. I decline this one too (why do I decline?). I need to get to mom. I will get my own self to mom. The idea of the desert, a desert area. Arizona seems a feeling-match.

December 23, 2019

I am in the in-between outlining my book.

In the dream fields this is being enacted in various areas. A pool area. A mountainous road going uphill and downhill. A very large house. Outside people are trying to get in. Male(s). The other female care person and I who are in here are now pursued. We take evasive action. One female who stands out above all others here is making a point of bringing my attention to her hair. It is brown, wavy and very very long *princess long. She is lifting her hair from the root, giving it body, making it stand up much fuller with just her hands and is saying this is why she always gets chosen for roles.

In the pool area there are many 'extraordinary' type people and characters, hero / fiction-like in our way of understanding. A blonde haired, bronze skin male (god-like) is aiding me around the outskirts of the pool, around its circumference but I also am consciously connected with many who are falling in and am experiencing the activity, the battle happening down there. Where a large electronic spider-like man is killing some people at the bottom. Through the mountainous road I am aided/accompanied by a non-physical, invisible helper, above and behind my line of vision.

December 24, 2019

I am in contained space in which there are approximately 20 or so other people, men, women and children. Something like the idea of small (space) station or cargo ship. Bare bones setting. For survival the area and breathable air/environment has to be maintained and protected from outside elements. I am pulling one woman aside, caucasian, blonde hair, blue jumpsuit and asking if she would like to play a game.

We wheel to the side of the area in the chairs we are in and I tell her to look around and pick one player *I specifically use the word 'player' *she catches this and does not like it – so I say 'person', pick one person and deliberately look very closely at them. I am attempting to come lucid and bring at least one other person here with me into lucidity. With this action from me a distraction is created in the space.

Across the room is a plastic pouch full of clear liquid which someone has forgotten to peel a plastic label back from. I immediately begin looking into and remedying the situation. When I go to peel the label back the pouch is ruptured and a stream of air shoots into my face. This startles and confuses me but not so much so that I lose the little boy I had chosen for myself as my (lucidity) point of focus.

I am seeing into the sleeping quarters of another member of this crew now : there is a woman and man here, and the boy, they are all having fun. The woman and the boy are sitting on the left side of the bed. The man has rigged a device made of electric hair rollers and barbie-type dolls to the roof, to which he has rigged a control mechanism that when pressed causes the structure to vibrate and the dolls seems to flit and dance.

The boy laughs and laughs and laughs. They keep pushing the button, the boy keeps laughing. Each time, again and again. He is about 4 years of age, blonde short curly locks. There is a voice in the background saying how delicious he is —as I shift back into physical space – I am thinking “what the ?!@#\$?”.

December 25, 2019

I am walking into the forest with a wooden pale to draw water from a small well. It is very dark, with browns and moss all around. The scene is like from out of a Grimm’s story tale. I am having thoughts in my head that belong more to me than the person I am here. I am thinking of how much work this is to get water, and looking at the water it is not clean. The well I am drawing from is more like a circular fountain (minus the fountain), it is just a small, low pool where the water collects likely from rain. I scoop the water into the pale then stand, almost magnetically drawn to look into the distance, deeper into the forest, where I see a large reptilian, T-Rex-like creature. With fear and a good deal of momentum I head back toward my cabin.

Others are sitting around here outside. I do not even stop to tell them about the creature. They are always making fun of me for claims such as this. Maybe it is only I who can see what I do. Inside, I am not sure what to do. I peek out a window, or perhaps it is the door to see the T-Rex is right here now. I close the door fast and head back in with little to no concern for the others. It seems it is only I who am on the same wavelength with the being. The scene shifts, my frequency shifts – and now I am inside with the others but it is a more contemporary timeframe. There is talk of an activity we are all doing together (we are going out). Everyone wants pizza. I do not want to go to this place being discussed, it is too busy, too crowded.

An agreement, or compromise is being reached as to what to do as the scene fades to black and I wake. I do not get up. I lay here for some time going over the events and even stepping back into the forest for another look around. The feeling here is so familiar.

The family is up and the kids are diving into the packages under the tree. I get up now myself. —Journaling first.

December 26, 2019

I am standing in front of two ladies in conversation about crystals. It is nighttime. They are sitting. The one on the right is teaching the one on the left. She is handing her a clear, polished, double terminated, smokey. It is beautiful. I reach in and take the point into my hands. I am observing it. Knowing I am going into the crystal shop for points also. I listen to their conversation for awhile and then begin looking deeper into the crystal. I am seeing whole scenes of activity and beings, and naturally begin wanting to capture it. I manifest a camera and begin attempting to do this but things keep happening to stop me. I am getting angry now. It is too much. All I want to do is see, and remember. *these beings look like Itsa-nee-tsa's people.

My energy is beginning to shift me into a drive scene. Lots of activity and information in the drive but it gets fragmented. I am now in a house with Doug and another, younger man. He is thinking of killing himself over the amount of debt he is into with Doug. Who, in classic relaxed Doug fashion is telling him it is not as much as he thinks and is squaring things off at 40K. I am observing all this from outside the room they are in. A woman is here with me talking about my wife (Doug's wife?) (I do not realize this) I am telling her I am not married, and am not gay.

December 27, 2019

I am not able to conceptualize all of what I am dreaming.

It is being condensed to (the sentence), "Sure, pure source code."

Mud. deep deep brown everywhere. house. I am standing down there in all the mud *and also observing from above . There is an altercation, a disagreement of some sort being worked through between me and an occupant of the house. A young female? The majority of this content I cannot capsule. I can say the feeling here is unique and one that, although not altogether pleasant, one I repeatedly want to go into and into.

John in entering my dream fields *a lot recently. In 3 distinct locations he comes in. Each time we see and acknowledge each other and interact just a bit –until the third. He is here at a picnic-like table with his friend (Jeffrey?) who he is giving a birthday celebration. I am not able to get his attention. He is angry with me. I am told it is because he perceived me as ending things with him in the previous two meetings and that it was in a way in which he did not get fully closure. I tell him I did not end things. I am not meaning in any way to imply this. We reconnect here. We begin getting back together. Reestablishing a relationship. –Something of mine is stolen from the scene. A basket of things. Not much of importance. The only semi-important thing is an old cell phone. John begins helping me retrieve it. I see where the man who took it has headed. Into something like a restaurant. It seems he is in there deep, too deep for me to find/ reach. —in the middle of thinking this my alarm sounds.

December 28, 2019

Parking structure stair well maze.

We are being chased and shot at with laser guns. It is serious but also there is the feeling of a game, like there would be in a paint-ball game. I have gotten hurt through the hips and legs. Notably on the right. I am shifting into various people. And continuing the 'game'. Through a portion of it I am aided by Star Trek Enterprise electrical engineer with laser eye surgery. (is this happening on board a craft?). I think it may be.

Following this segment I am standing in an expensive sparkly dress, which as I turn to model it I see is made to somewhat resemble the idea of a chicken, with upward tail feathers at the back, as males/roosters have. I have made my self up and available in appreciation of the man who has performed the eye surgery. He feels it is too much but at the same time is wearing something similar that matches.

As the chase continues with my point of awareness in yet another of those here who is being chased and shot at, I am taken into the idea of a reward we are given for our service. I am trying to conceptualize it. This is not very accurate but I will put through the idea of a gold bar. It gets them food. It feeds them and their families, friends. Three bars for the single people, seven for the married. The energy of my dad is present in one of the players. I am explaining, or trying to explain to him that I am hurt in the right hip and leg.

December 29, 2019

I am dreaming but nothing is standing out to me and it is an alarm morning *no further time for data recovery *before work. The nights have been seriously cold this past week, getting down to freezing. I have new flannel sheets and cozy bed things so my sleep has been comfortable and deep.

This morning the phrase playing over in my head has switched from "let it snow" to "ho ho the mistletoe". -hard to get out of my head.

Four days off from the job now, so I'm going IN.



December 30, 2019

Brief WBTB

This hasn't happened in so long..,

This morning I am navigating my focus into an out of body through swarms of free associative thought. I am doing well. At the same time it is very interesting to me because it has been so very long since it has happened. Both when going into the night and when practicing and meditating. I generally go straight in to the phenomena of the shift these days. Into inwardly experienced light and sound. (vibration. When I land :

I am writing. I am almost desperately trying to get this done. I am wearing rings on all my fingers. They are large, heavy, felt, some fit tightly and some loosely and are shifting in their position up toward my top phalanges – making it hard for me to type. I am periodically sliding the rings back down into place. I feel this sooo tangibly. In such full (non-visual) awareness that I stop to explore the sensation before continuing.

There is an additional activity I must do, so that my whole day (and perhaps life) is not just writing, working. I am taken out on a walk, I am hurrying this in order to fit it in and get forgetful of something I am meant to bring with me. I head back to the area where I am writing, an apartment, and pass a few people sitting around outside my door. I am carrying a bag of dog food and ask if the bag on the floor here is mine or theirs. I look closer around their circle and see they have many such bags *and am knowing it is theirs. I walk in my door, looking more closely at my own dog food bag and begin to see it may be for cats. That I may have the wrong thing. Not what is needed. I begin feeling emotion about this and shift.

I am now in a large housing structure atop our own here in real time.

The concept here is that I am being relocated from my sleeping space to a temporary set-up while visitors come. I am used to this, *this is not my first experience here and the relocation happens every year in this structure – but new triggers are being introduced this time.

The simulation begins : My things have been removed and my sleep space (bed) remade for relatives who are coming. This is a regular thing, I know to expect to it but more usually I am reminded in advance of it happening and my relocation is to a nice, comfortable private space. Here I am not told in advance of myself finding the new bedding. Which has been put on well in advance of the family member's arrival. I am asking (loudly) to be told how much in advance. I am asking if I can sleep here at least until they get here *and am in essence being told no.

My relocation is to an inconvenient area, not close, not comfortable and not private. It is a shared sleeping area. I am blocked in by many other beds. There is not even a pad on the metal bed frame. Although it *is the one by the window (the only plus). I am following Elissa, who is the main player here with me through many areas. My emotion is out of control *a lucidity trigger my Group uses to wake me up in the fields but it is not working.

I am asking repeatedly how many days in advance I am being moved, of anyone else actually needing the area. I am not understanding this interval, it makes no sense, my confused, pain, emotion over this is building. I longingly go into my room and over to the large, super sized bed and begin reminiscing. Seeing many of the blankets I have made in life. Three in particular are standing out. **note – I do make blankets, it has been a love of mine my whole life but these blankets are not ones I have made in my own timeline.

There are others sitting here talking. The guy from Bases, Miles Johnson, I am wanting to tell him my story. He is listening and engaged with someone else though. Emotion shifts me from space to space to space until Derrick sweeps through, takes me and mom by the hand and up up upstairs to a private wood room/area where there will be no-one else listening in – to talk. It is empty and very nice up here. I am loving all the wood, asking why I cannot sleep here. My awareness of our talk does not extend much further than this, – but while in the spaces prior :

- While walking through strong emotion *I hit a man walking by in the leg and immediately apologize *observed by a vendor.
- Zack comes in to say/explain something. I think it is going to be about his gift. I am asking if his gift has come online already / early.

December 31, 2019

I am being taught that there are three classifications of people.

I am seeing their crests, or symbols. One classification is the Dravidian. Another I have lost the name of but the symbol is as an eagle. The first got fragmented (*but could possibly be Aryan). The scenes I am now moved through are likewise fragmented upon shifting into beta, / physical space. But they are a bit dark, as if the light is very low *before there is indoor light as we know it now.

I am moving through as point consciousness looking at peoples. There is a good deal about food. I have, and am drinking a beverage, some kind of goat water. I am attempting to remember if it is to be refrigerated or kept out at room temperature as I am moving through pantries and into a small grocery. As I enter the clerk is telling me the sundries here are not complementary to the workers and this area is more like a usual grocery store *the items are paid for. I look around and move through. On my way out I see a row of video poker-like machines at a counter.

Now I am passing through an eatery area where people are sitting at tables. I am coming upon a table where there are two girls. I seem to belong here with them. As one of their party. There is speaking and conversation and something I am saying / emitting now has them getting up and looking under their table. I am looking down here at cobbles and olive pits and other things I cannot quite see and asking what we are looking for.

I go right through the visual and am now back in the workers area, this time with a girl and man. I am now / *again a third in their party.

He is asking, suggesting that we stay and have a proper meal before leaving, —

As I am shifting back into physical space.

* * * * *

Stay Tuned! —

The Second Half of the Year is Coming



* * * * *

January 1, 2020

Seif. — Going in at the top of the night I am attempting connection with Seif....

Brief WBTB nearing 6am. *again I align to Seif.

June : bedroom. bed. care working with her, taking care of her. As the scenes shift and shift from one place in the room to another, and from one room itself into another there is an older man who begins to be here. He is sitting on the sofa speaking with me. The feeling is very nice, and one I am enjoying to stay in. *The great bulk of actual content, here and in the areas that follow gets fragmented in the shift back in toward the beta wave.


On another frequency : a scary dark place. We are told, there is even a sign saying not to go in *but we do. I am here a very long time but aside from this it all fragments. I can say that although it is not an area any would consider delightful to traverse I do feel the energy to stay due to work with others that needs doing. From the outside I approach from what appears an alley, there are multiple others here with me, we are all quite young and dressed for cold weather. The building we approach and go into is made of aluminum sheeting. Inside it is like a bunker, it goes underground, it is tiered. There are levels and a stairway with hand rails all made of wood. All else is dirt. This place is connecting with the previous area (w/ June) and now Lana.

Lana : house. a young man is here with us. very nice. There is much in the way of communication from Lana to myself, deep, meaningful., the energetic through my body system is being consciously felt. At one point it is about out of body experience. So much of what happens here is fragmented because the scene makers and fields are working to prevent me from finding paper and pen/cil to write down notes, word concepts to embed (which I am moving through house attempting to do while much of

what is happening here is also happening) *this is an extremely long experience – but I do hold to them both walking me to the pale wood gate as I am leaving. I am wearing no shoe on one foot and have to hop the gate. It is very strenuous on my arms. I have to heave up a time or two or three to hit it just right. The young man wants to help but I want to do it on my own.

While still in the kitchen at Lana's, while seriously intent into finding paper and pen, in what seems a further attempt to prevent me but in fact is more likely to aid an impending shift with as much data in tact as possible — a young dark haired girl comes in to ask me a question. I am very focused on what I am doing but feel to help her with this question also. I do not hear the question in full so ask her to repeat. It is about the rightness of, and what to do in regard to a girl moving in with a musician. Having extensive experience with this I tell her nothing can be done, the outcome cannot be stopped. Either she moves in and there will be an explosive experience had that in the end blows them apart or she agrees now to run the other way.

Two dark haired men are in the meanwhile vying for my attention. One is on the floor, looking as though just getting up from bed, wild hair, no shirt and jeans. The other is holding a conversation with me about myself which leads into the topic of not having much money. I am telling him yes but it is by my design, on purpose, with intent, and that I am not always going to do it, I have not always done it, only since college – drawing a down line from here in the air with my hands. During this conversation the man on the floor is working his way closer to me, to the chair in which I am sitting, working his hand into my crotch. The sensation is very real through my physical system. This one is certainly fun. I try to wriggle away as I am still speaking with this other *who in this process is getting further away but is trying to follow.

I do not really want to get away from the sensation, the combined dynamic of the two, the "higher" and "lower" stimuli, so interesting and enjoyable, and through which I am sent flying through the frequencies all the way back into physical space. 

Note : In my own personal, typical OBE type manner, the layers and locations in this overall experience are happening one atop another. I am fluctuating between levels of presence.., the experience itself is so very long, perceptually from within here many days, I cannot hold my position in full awareness the whole while. One point is notable, wherein I am in standard dream for some time and quite rapidly brought into full out of body status, in a grocery store while walking toward a cart.. I spend some time here reveling in the sensations and realness. Touching the cart with my hands, touching the whole environment in full awareness. It means more to me here in this precise juncture as I am carrying in my awareness the knowing that I have been out of the state and more in standard dream for some time. This is hitting a chord in me in this particular moment. Still shining through even now.

The textures, the mix of feeling and emotion is challenging to state *I will work on this – but the experience, this experience I feel is somehow treasured in me. There is importance to it, great importance.

A wondrous intelligent–energy–dynamic with which to start the year.

January 2, 2020

As I am waking : I am having a look into Dad's old neighborhood.. Nothing is as it was. It is nighttime and I am zooming in on what once was the Safeway plaza only now it is more "neon", it is built up with multi-leveled buildings. All of them are restaurants. There is nothing else here, just restaurants. I am looking for something but have lost sight of what it is. This is why I am noticing there are only restaurants.

I continue over into the residential area and into a camper vehicle of a young man. I am now point consciousness within another who is here. The location may not be the right one in which to park for the night. He is telling me he will take me somewhere else, I should have told him to go there first, he would have gone there. The young man is very nice, easy going. The vehicle is pulling out and we are on our way as I wake back in physical space.

Note : the family has left to go skiing and I am on puppy duty for the day, *they are already calling me so no further recovery for today.

Time to get up!

January 3, 2020

Drive : loong drive *fragmented, I do not make it back with this data. Following the drive I am making my way though and experiencing myself as multiple people, occupants of a high rise apartment building. All ethnic. One black man. He tries to sneak into another nearby high rise but there is security. I am observing him making his moves. He is fun, has the groove. I make my way *as him into the main high rise as a large, social group of women are coming out. He fits himself right in with them. Joins the conversation. Socializes. Up on a rooftop he is showing dance moves.

A scene where this same man goes up in the elevator for a rendezvous with another another male. Kinky. blindfold, etc.. a bit rough. Now a young jewish woman. She is arranging both onto and off herself a long teal leafy butterfly necklace/lei. There is a sensation I am feeling in my body through this area, chest/upper chest as she is doing this. It is as though I am feeling the tightness of it.

So much of the sequence is missing but I feel it is definitely designed to help liquidate any hidden judgments, such that keep one in a duality frame of mind and thus out of pure observation and experience. **I do not recall ever entering this sequence before. This is both interesting (notable) and odd.

January 4, 2020

We are in a care client's home.. A daughter of hers who is here is making some inconvenient changes to her room, her bedroom.. The tv and stand that were down at the foot of the bed have been changed. To something more attractive but the stand is too high and too light -and because the carpeted floor is not quite level or stable it

topples easily. My attention is brought very specifically to the grey wicker/rattan/woven stand the tv is now on. I am zooming in for a very close-up look at it, the weave.. The tv atop the stand is way too small for her to see.

The lamps are not working with the switches..(the work here is not complete). The daughter is not yet finished with her cleaning, her remedies and redecorating of the space. There are little things all over the floor at the foot of the bed. I come in for a closer look at these also, perceptually buttons and whatnots. *I am in this room making these discoveries as I wake. **I have been through this scenario before.

Other areas are attached to this space, I am experiencing in these other areas, *I am almost, but not quite gleaning them during recall. A scene where I have rolled my wet hair with pink foam rollers. I am removing them. There is someone here I want to be attractive to. It is as a schoolroom, or classroom, chairs set up, many occupants in the scene. Nice frequency feeling and flow. I am trying to fix things.

Note: One day weeks ago during a process of recall I spontaneously, mentally said the word “scanning”.. It is as though I am picking up on another portion of myself which actually is doing this, or does do this as a function. Near immediately the scenes begin coming to me. One after another after another after another.

It is as though this concept, “scanning”, opens a portal. A wave energetic. I have been employing it every morning since with absolute result. Even this morning, waking to an alarm due it being a work day, having limited time before having to exit the bed (10 minutes), and being completely blank due to the alarm it works fruitfully.

Definitely impressive. Noteworthy.

January 5, 2020

I am getting other people comfortable in a bed. I am involved in this task for quite some time. The last is a woman, 30-40 years of age, blonde hair. I am giving her instruction on how to cooperate, how to lift her head a little as I slide a pillow in to just the right spot for maximum comfort. Maximum benefit. Question: To her dreaming? The man previous is knowing how to allow the assistance (how to help himself) more so than this woman, who is laying on her right side and although mildly, and unbeknownst to her, not really cooperating. I think I may be going into *their dreaming, their dream scenes :

In one of them we are centering in on the growing and exporting of a new food, *begins with the letter “A”, it looks like LARGE 3 sectioned caramel cluster. It has importance and I am here in this environment and dynamic for some time. In another we are playing tiddlywinks on the water.., skipping quarters, they are floating, I am telling others “they float they don’t sink”, I am wading through the waters collecting them from the water’s surface. One at a time, swimming to them and plucking them from the water. A delightful scene and sensations.

Note : I have great difficulty getting to sleep tonight. A sleep wave comes on me around 7-8:30pm, I miss the wave (I do not go to sleep) and following it I am wide awake until after midnight . My feet are hot. Energy is flowing. In the morning I sleep clean through my second alarm and wake 10 minutes late for getting to work. *this never happens. I can count on two fingers the number of times this has ever happened. It has me reality checking myself as I am readying for work. I almost keep expecting to be in a false awakening. It's fun.

January 6, 2020

Large outdoor weather camp structure.. A large collection of us are meeting here, getting ready for an affront? Mission work/activity. Maria, among others is here. I have invited Dad for a visit before knowing it is fully outdoors. Dad is elderly (is my thinking) he will not have a place that is dry and comfortable, or a place to sit. I try to call him to tell him not to come, he comes anyway, he is here instantaneously *as if here already. He is even thinner than usual, taller, wearing an odd, interesting, unusual green outfit. Star-trek-like but more earthy.

We are moving through the structure up and down ladders, steps, floors, levels, etc.. Some indoor areas are forming as we move through. They are more for supplies and storage, but there is also a sophisticated camp kitchen and lounge area constructing. We sit here to talk for quite some time. Two other elder gentlemen are living with Dad now. One of them will inherit his estate. He makes reference to this, and to France, multiple times he says it intentionally, specifically, *France is a lucidity trigger for me **I have no idea yet why. I am coming more lucid now. Acknowledging the lucidity trigger. Wondering aloud why France is being referenced, what it is about it that is a lucidity trigger for me.

I am distracted in my wondering of this for a moment and now dad is gone (maze) I set out frantically looking for him. I am not dressed waist up (*meaning I have been in a proper OBE). I am highly aware of this. I seek to cover myself. I notice my brown poncho now on me with nothing underneath. It is not ideal but sufficient. Many of the people here are trying to assist me in located dad, putting the word out and such. I am moving past a large bellied man who has to go around me as my focus and path is so direct/straight, he is mumbling about this, and I am making my apologies as I wake. Note: **The scanning method of data recovery is still working nicely.

January 7, 2020

OBE : Tests. Fear Tests.

As I begin waking to my conscious state of awareness in the early morning hours, the uneasy feeling in my gut *from my car of 20 years having come to her end with me *and having to finance a new one comes to the fore. It is a process I move through each time a new car / purchase occurs and generally passes through my thought/energy structures in a matter of 2-3 days. My Group is assisting me with this, sending through the song : Heaven is a Place on Earth : and highlighting most specially the two

lines, "we'll make heaven a place on earth" and "I'm not afraid a n y more!". I am fully aware of the assistance, thanking and loving them and consciously participating by sending Ho'oponopono out to all of us who participated in the exchange at the dealership yesterday (*never fun being 'sold', worked over and even shamed by those working systems in place in this industry).

As I am scanning, – scrying for dream content I pop into an OBE I have been having :

Structure : college campus. schoolroom. getting to class on time.

It is 7:30am, I am a bit late getting up.. I look around and it is still dark outside, *I am knowing I am out of body. Everything is uber real, super physical and true to life. I am waking in a room with another person, a young man. Average, plain looking. A bit short. He wears his hair slightly long, thick wavy, sandy colored locks. We are going to be late for class but not by much and it is okay (not triggering) it is a college class. But I get up, through that half awake half asleep feeling–frequency–vibration, throw myself together and begin walking there. I am undressed waist up *again (ughh). I notice this most on the pathway through the campus to the classroom. Note : dressing myself in a pure OBE, ie: a consensus space, very physically experienced, is not easy. I am exacerbated but keep heading to class. Noticing the night, the trees, grass, pathway and building in front of me.

When I arrive the room is full of students, there is a lot of talking going on in the classroom amongst groups of us and a feeling in the air of it having been some time since we were tested. [shift to dual consciousness and a dual location] : Home setting : I am most keying in on a woman here who is upset with me. She is thin, perhaps Amer-Asian, long straight deep brown hair. The idea happening here is related to nursing. I used to be involved in diagnosing but lately I have just been treating. She feels this is lazy of me and disappointedly says to just continue then.

A small bundle, a small something, a baby something, *I cannot quite tell what, perhaps hybrid, female, – is handed to me. I hold her for a moment assessing what it is I have here then look over toward a gold colored sofa where another female presence here wants her set down. I am seeing a large urine saturated stain here, though and ask for assistance removing the child from this. I now fully have her myself, I am acclimating to what she is while walking her to another space where I set her down. As I am doing this she sees something coming up from behind me and appears scared. I look in the mirror that is in front of me to see what it is and immediately begin screaming for help. – over and over and over and over.

My attention in this way draws in to my body, into physical space, where the scream is reaching through in tiny peeps. Automatic breathing is in play, my mouth cavity and tongue have reshaped/formed in the standard way with just a pinhole of a space through which, following long durations of breath cessation, tiny expirations of air flow. The mouth itself is very dry. I am on my back, the body is comfortable, perfectly at peace, my hands are clasped in a highly interesting way at the thumb notches. **I have never found them in this configuration before.

I am teetering here on the balance point between 'here' and 'there'. Observing, everything. All the scenes, activity, frequencies, feelings and fields,—embedding, absorbing, processing. I am brought into full conscious awareness multiple times, each instance resulting in me screaming for help. The body, central nervous system is doing well, definitely a PASS, while I, my person, I would have to say FAIL.

The central nervous system is not letting through to me what I see in this experience.

I would, however, like to test again. (until I can pass this test.



January 8, 2020

Conceptual crossover with Jan:

the phrase "holding/keeping at bay" *two persons with Jan, *two concepts 'reality' and 'dream' with me — and the exact term "poking".

So many dreams....

I am remembering them lightly with each pass through beta. I am, or am observing a nurse *again. Note : the frequency of this is nearly daily now.

I am in a reality where my dad is still alive and mom, 17 years his junior has just passed away at 78 years. It is unexpected. Nothing is wrong with her, she has no diagnosis, she just got called away. I am in a state and energy of disbelief. Trying to wrap my head around this data. To imagine the remainder of this life without her. I cannot do it. She is only, finally now positioned more *in my life. There is a great deal of communication from dad to me throughout this vibrational and visceral experience. In fact it may not be that he is in actuality alive so much as he is so present here. The communication from him is creating this environment and experience.

At 7:30AM I wake briefly to use the bathroom then go back in for recovery :

I position myself on my back. I place my hands in the same configuration as yesterday and begin scanning —

A girl is collecting a book with pages and pages of signatures. I am putting my own inside and looking around, flipping through the pages. She is not going to get the all blanks filled in without help. The idea comes to me that if each person who signs could pass the book to someone they know there will be no stop in the book being passed around and the signatures entered. We are making great headway. Someone the book passes to is now passing it to JAN.. And Jan passes it to someone, a girl, who something is happening with. The book is stopping here due to the activity going on inside this and I can feel it, I am aware of it. I go over to where she is to investigate and (I think) fall into a slipstream of her own thought/energy.

This area appears more as a circus.. I am not centered exactly in it but the concepts and activity are bleeding through into my experience enough to know and see the ephemeral gist. There is a girl who is now addressing me, making reference to me, to an area of my body that at a certain angle makes me look thin. I am saying to her that no area of me is like this. She comes fully to me, she is dressed in a large white and green/teal diamond patterned outfit, the idea of an acrobat. She looks me over, lengthens my right leg out behind me, points out and pokes at my glutes. She says "this is the area." This has happened before. I am knowing what she means now and confirming I understand and see her point of view.

On another frequency : A zoo/mall/space where there are a lot of segmented areas.. I go into where the animals are. This is absolutely beyond belief. I am coming into and out of full, direct presence as I am feeding them. The birds are standing out, multiple varieties of them. I am feeding them pomegranate seeds. One species in particular is larger than the others, it is as a dominant species, as we as humans are, with consciousness. The one here with me is but a baby although it is as large as myself. It speaks, it knows my language. It laughs when I begin to glean this. It is communicating that the language was its language first. This species' language first. Or perhaps that language came to them first, before it did us.

This is all being communicated as I am giving, feeding the pomegranate seeds with some fear to this being.. The beak of the being is larger than my hands, strong and sharp. As it moves to receive the seeds from my hand the impetus is to pull my hand away a bit too soon. The seeds fall to the ground. I pick them up, apologetically, feeling a tad embarrassed and as though I am not doing well. Not getting the sustenance to the being. Not trusting enough I will not be hurt. It is all light, easily overcome and corrected as the bird begins connecting with me, communicating audibly and I more clearly realizing it has a similar level of consciousness to my own. Capable of understanding, empathy and expression.

From this segment I am also moving into other segments where it is more as mall type stores and busy busy. I am in a shop telling everyone we are now closing. It is an hour past closing as it is and there are still a hundred or more people here. One man has brought in his dogs. He wants them to stay awhile longer. I tell him it is already an hour past our closing. He acknowledges, understands and agrees he will bring them back tomorrow or another time. I move to the register and begin ringing people out

*clearing the store. I see a receipt. (full presence) I am handling the receipt, receptive of multiple concepts all coming in on me.....the receipt is not mine, a man at another area selling foods outside the shop has rung this one up. I can see him. I can see the area. Bright lights, loud colors and sounds. He is young, light skin, shoulder length medium wavy blonde hair.

Many areas are superimposing, many ideas.. In the shop where I am the manager is away, I can see her (lights skin, short dark hair) talking with a man, the usual girls here are not responsible. This is saying it kindly. There are four of them in the bathroom, paired as couples in a sexual scene taking up the whole space. I see this when coming in to use the space myself. I leave in disgust. Not because they are together but because they are at work and because they have been here for so long and I cannot get in to do my own business. A young black man is heading in as I am exiting. I briefly pause here, explain there is no space inside and return to the registers as he continues in anyway. The brainwaves are shifting through the frequencies back into beta. ALL the environments and activity are flashing through at once.

I am embedding as many as I am able. Enjoying the sensation of the waves.

The undercurrents – the vibrational and visceral experience.

January 9, 2020

9PM : Slipping easily out of body, into the out of body state from the black – from just closing the eyes. Visual of a 3 spoked wheel, divider segments in hues of orangish-red, yellow and green – spinning. I play with easily slipping out, no break in continuity, opening then closing the eyes, 'here' and then 'there' for some time. While listening to A'an – the Tablets of Thoth.

11PM : I briefly get up to use the bathroom then get back in bed. I make these quick notes and again go in *still listening to A'an.

The night passes.....

4AM : I have been in an immense indoor rock cave structure. Within the event, perceptually a few hours. There is a long chase, not just of myself but a large group of people who are here. The movement through the structure is arduous, strenuous. Following this element of the experience, deep into the the caves, through an opening in the rock that is curved along the top, I see Lee Harris. I am viewing him from a distance, filming him, taking his picture *embedding this data. I come to sit with him. In his personal space. *What is happening here is visceral, the physical body is included.

As earlier in the night, I am, from this field so very easily shifting into and out of body, into and out of this location simply by closing and opening the eyes. It is immediate and seamless. I am relaying the details of how this is happening to Lee. I am able to speak even through the process of moving out of body into other, additional areas.

Many of these are colorful, geometric., I open my eyes and am again back in the room with him.

6AM : Dad's house. I am coming up the stairs, pausing to see (hear) if he is home and sleeping.. he is, I can hear him breathing in his sleep. The hallway is dark, moonlight is streaming in from the open window. The feeling in the air is quite magical. Our sleep spaces are reversed. Dad is sleeping in what was my room and I in his. I am heading in through the door to what was his room (and here is mine) as I shift.

Tilak : We meet in a house of Erich's. I am unclothed *as in a proper OBE and Tilak is showering as I begin to clean up the mess that is here. There are bags of tiny ice pellets, and areas where some of these have melted into little puddles. I am wondering why the ice is even here, then begin to realize. Tilak thought I might be staying the previous night with him. I am working, mopping the puddles, trying to turn off the water dispensers in the kitchen sinks. The buttons are old, corroded but I do get them to shut off. Major energetic interaction throughout this collage. He is going off to school soon. I am telling him I can visit him anytime. We re not that far apart from one another. The energy here between us I can feel is not yet complete.

Rona : We are walking together to where I am staying at this place of Erich's, with Tilak, for a day or so. A man is following us., Rona wants to lose him and we do this with some quick evasive moves. They are hers, I am following her lead. She knows right where the key is to this cabin in the nature *which is a deep brown exterior. Autumn leaves line the ground. The day is sunny, the air cool and crisp. Honestly I am not understanding the evasive move, the man approaching from the farm land on the left seems nice enough. We go in together and I begin cleaning.

Larry : I am bleeding through, from the cabin into the bathroom of a multi-level parking structure. Rona has come, and Larry is here. —In what seems the middle of what is happening in our exchange, what seems an infiltration, a data stream is shot through. The data is saying I did not buy the car I have now, that I have stolen it or have done something wrong, it is not mine. Police and people are everywhere looking for me. I can see them all out there through a window in the door. I now feel the imperative to pee and clothe myself before they find me.

The toilets are a mess, poo and paper and blood. I don't even care, it is that important I do this before they find me. Rona has left one of the messes in one of the two toilets. Hers is the mess on top a pile of other messes. It is piled too high. I choose the other. Larry is not his usual easy going supportive self. He is angry with me, what I have done affects him and goes on his record (negatively). **Like while at Dad's, the situation here is also in reverse. I am not the one who would ever have any illegal dealings with cars. **Before I met Larry he owned a small car lot, let's say with fun and creative activity.

I have no idea yet what this element of the message here is. Still integrating.

Note : I have just bought a new car.

Song : [St. Elmo's Fire](#) 

🎵 Play the game, you know you can't quit until it's won
🎵 Soldier on, only you can do what must be done

January 10, 2020

A fitful night's sleep.. *work morning, I am waking to an alarm, limited recovery time. I have just one fragment— A material is being expelled from the body. It has become encrusted onto the body. I am at first observing this occurring on another woman. There is a whole segment about this and about her. Now it is happening as though with me. I am observing while chiseling it off myself (off my legs). A male figure is in the story, perhaps relaying the story. I am so close to realigning with this whole segment, a few more minutes and I'd have had it.

January 11, 2020

No recall. Rest day. I am just so comfortable in the bed that I do not want to focus on anything beyond cuddling my blankets and enjoying the warmth on such a cold, brisk early morning. I do try going in for data but just can't get myself to care for anything more than this. —Just the one rest day, though, this coming morning we are back ON.

January 12, 2020

This morning, even though waking to an alarm I have sufficient time for data recovery. Multiple attempts at 'scanning'.. I go through a blue and red sparkly field and into my dreaming THREE times and each time fail to embed. I am back at physical space without the content. I laugh the first time this happens *there is still time go in again. I laugh the second time as well, and the third. Because each time I have just been successful in reentering the fields, and yet have not accomplished what I have gone back into them for. **Here forward, on work morning's when waking to an alarm I will note this along with the alarm time. My fragment this morning will be the blue and red sparkly field. It has been presenting this whole week. I will keep an eye on for anything further in this field I may be able to key in on. Perhaps it is the more important to catch my attention at this time.

January 13, 2020

I am away for a few weeks visiting an "aunt" and my cousins (extended family), two you girls, one my age and one slightly older. Nearing the conclusion of my visit with them I am singing a song, in humor and jest about the running track that is literally surrounding the room I am here in. How much I have loved it and how I would love to bring it home with me. I am sitting here on something high, dangling my feet, creating energy enough to embed this event. Jest about how I might dig up what is in essence a non-physical sort of thing and bring it on the plane.

I am collecting my belongings..., another female, I think a sister is also here and collecting her things for the journey home. It is now that I am introduced to this other, I am let to see both she and myself side by side. We are approaching from down the hallway to the open door where on the other side I am, as Casey, point consciousness and observing. We are both young, light black skinned. We are wearing a very similar white toga-like dress, with slight adornments in gold. Although my same age, perhaps 11 years of age or so, she stands roughly two and a half taller than myself. She is extremely lean, the head is more elongated than round, the hair affixed straight up *not dissimilar in look and feel to an Egyptian headdress. There is the feeling of royalty to us both, but even more—so to her. I am captivated by her, my consciousness point is barely glancing at the one who is myself.

My aunt is assuming the cost of sending me home, of the fight back, and is devising ways to bring her "credit" up to bring the cost of the journey down. I come into an area where I am catching her at this, at what is hard to word but perhaps loosely the making of a connection and contracted interaction with another female. The idea of a sort of surrogate. This activity at first seems to me a bit jaded. So I am brought in and shown the details of what is in play *in first person. As though the whole of it, the connection and all activity were all me and all for me.

In this energy I can still see the fine line (between the up and up, so to speak and the slipping down below) and see we are not crossing it. All of this activity is moving me into the location, the building where I am arranging the flight tickets home. I am rushing to get to the window, perceptually a room within a municipal looking building with multiple windows along a counter – before others who are now also arriving, so I do not have to wait in line,—as I am taking in my surroundings, shifting through the fields back into physical space.

January 14, 2020

Janitor : mopping up. The concept of this being done as me and the day I die come closer to colliding..

Goldie : I am in my car. I am honing in on a piece that is missing from the bottom right corner of the passenger side door. My focal point comes wholly down into this area. It has fallen off. I am trying to slide it back over into place to close the opening so rain cannot get in when I slide into a bank.

I am standing on the pavement just outside. The door is very large, elegant *in very good taste and slightly ajar. I cannot get it open all the way and experience the sensation of squeezing myself through. I walk into the interior..., and deeper into the interior where people here are being shoved, or hurried out. A woman with a wooden chair is aggressively prodding me with me. I stop and say I will not be prodded like an animal. She moves on past me and continues prodding others out toward the door. Now I am outside with others who are singing in protest. I am raising my voice, almost as a wolf, as a howl, to the absolutely highest degree that is possible. Others are singing in words. It is a peaceful, happy kind of singing.

Brief WBTB at 6AM

As I am scanning I am beginning to see a scene through the field.., the void is giving way to an open and white-ish colored sky, there are scattered bits of debris everywhere, birds are collecting the pieces. As I relax into the meaning of this, of everything coming back together :

I find myself in an otherworldly environment, desert-like, drab grey/blues and browns. We are climbing, adventuring through the terrain. There are creatures, fly things and ground crawlers we come across. There are others here with me. Having made our way through we are served by some native peoples a platter of something to eat. I do not recognize any of what is here as food. I am investigating it, picking up this and that.. The two main foods on the plate. One looks like an ice blue honeycomb, the other a bit like sliced liver but I do not think that it is.

I am beginning to wake, to be more aware of myself, my cozy status in the bed – in the in-between state. I decide to dive once more :

Rat in a cage : I am living in a wood shack.. Some of the wood planks are falling angularly from one side, leaving openings in the wall through which the outside is clearly visible. It is dusty in here and in disarray. None of this is important to me. I am focused on my work. My living companion here is a light grey and white rat who I have in a silver metal alloy type cage. He is my friend, he is meaningful to me. I take care of him. Until one morning when I take the cage down from where I have hung it up high. Another rat has come into the cage, one who has lived a more natural, free life.

This rat, who is brown has taught mine how to get out. It is not the sort of cage that could keep one in, a bit like my shanty, my rat just never thought to leave it. They both run out of the cage as a man opens the door to what is my house. The little creatures are now not just free in the house but in the world. I may never find them. The man and one other is saying he is personally going to kill them. I am screaming at him in complete bewilderment. Why would anyone do this?! I run out there to save them, into an area where I know there to be food establishments and dumpsters when I shift.

I am back to being in my bed.., in the aforementioned cozy in-between state.

Just prior to opening my eyes a species of being is shown to me. They are very close up in my field of vision. They are a dominant species, intelligent, with consciousness, the ones I am specifically observing may be warriors. I will describe them as a mammalian primate, dark brown fur, dressed in dark brown leather *they wear the leather arm cuffs often worn by warriors and archers. The face is a dark tan shade which leans toward orange. The eyes are intense, intensely looking into the distance ahead and are also deep brown. Each is carrying a staff, a walking type stick with the left hand.

January 15, 2020

Ian Wilson : while I am away at a meeting Ian moves something heavy just inside the door, mops underneath it. I notice this right away when returning. I come in and thank

him for this. The building we are in when I return is a space of mine. It is like an old empty strip mall shop from the 80s, how grocery and drug stores used to be.. drab, white paneled floors, white/putty colored walls, paneled ceiling, glass door front. It is a good deal empty inside. The lights are on but just in areas, like when closing up, or before opening – kept dim. Ian is back there, over on the left cooking at a grill.

Prior to here : a drive with some obstacles. I am cooking foods. A pot of potatoes and multiple other dishes. Organization is required for there to be ingredients enough for each dish (there is crossover, some common ingredients in multiple of the dishes), to have them all be done, all at the same time and for enough people. I am attending a meeting. Mom is somewhere in here. I think I am bringing her in as a symbol for protection.

Note : my morning recall time is interrupted when I am awoken by a family member.

January 16, 2020

I am in the car. I am going to pay for a room for the night and I am paying for the room with ICE.

My previous visit here I paid in little delicate ice cubes, they were all I had. I am in the car, now looking into the chest of cubes from which I will be paying and they are all still remarkably large *even though not kept in a proper environment (freezer). I also sometimes pay in nuts, – walnuts mostly but one other as well which at the moment evades me. I want to say almonds. Through the ages I pay for rooms here often.

The room I am going into has had many occupants, the energy of many other people, and even spirits are here. After glimpsing the space, as I am going to pay for the room, stepping out I see the cleaning person has left a file and some cash on a dash above the door. I am heading to the office to return these, and with the ice, looking into the file as I go. It is about a girl named Karen (not me). I see her and there are pictures.

She is caucasian, short almost platinum blonde hair, not really all the way nice but not wholly bad either, mostly just kind of hard and intense. There is also a band that is somehow around my wrist with her name so I won't forget. I have the last name here too but it gets fragmented on the return into physical space. On my way to the office I run into her. I am keeping the file tag with her name on it and the cash turned under so she cannot see it.

I suppose she was the occupant of the room just prior to me and this is why she is still here. I am looking everywhere in the office for the manager, or someone appropriate to give the file and cash to but cannot find anyone. I am walking the hallway, opening doors, looking... asking others in these rooms where I might find her. In one of the rooms which I have now entered my right hip crease begins acting up.

The right hip crease is an anomaly that has been with me since my 20s, when it presents I cannot walk, I cannot bare weight onto the right leg. In this scene it is clear my whole body is affected by this anomaly. I feel, and am walking literally like a jello

person, like there is no musculature and only intense, debilitating pain. A male chiropractic type doctor stops what he is doing to come help me. Even with this help the pain is not letting up.

He works on my back for some time and expresses he wants me to agree to work with him. There is the very clear knowing that in order to do so I will not be able to work. I am telling him in no way is this possible, I have to work, I have bills, I cannot just not work for an extended time. He and I are both adamant in our positions. It is a crossroads. In this energy, which I am struggling through mentally, emotionally, physically,—I shift.

Militarized war zone.....I am now making my way home, riding the passenger seat of this girl's car. She has medium length brown wavy hair and is dressed in 1920s? 1940s? clothing. We have been talking outside through the night. I am unclothed waist up (as in a proper OBE). I am sitting here, talking to her, looking through shirts to put on. They look like shirts Bonnie would wear— large, cotton short sleeve U-necks.

As we are driving through the zone, I see people out on the streets at stop points. Some are walking, some are on bicycles. When told, they run from one point to another, one barricade to barricade while being shot at. I am scanning all the different people, getting a very good look at them. They are mostly young adults, dressed the same as the woman now driving me home, in wool clothing.



Note : This content prior to the militarized war zone is from the top portion of the night. It is notable that with each shift through beta it comes somewhat clearly to mind. It stays with me in this way through to the morning. I am highlighting this as it does not happen very often at present. Also~ the shifts from scene to scene are so fine I am not really catching them. I am not catching the connections, the points connecting one scene and another. It is all on top of each other. Not unlike how I am feeling in my body structure through the hip crease anomaly.

January 17, 2020

I am arriving at a cabin compound in the wilderness. I am entering one of them that is wholly rectangular in shape via a woman here who is a channel and is discovering this. She has on a little shelf a treasured passage about Jesus, and is taking it to be about channeling. Taking this to mean he was a channel. This woman is married and has two daughters. I am meeting everyone, the whole family and getting a good look into the cabin, the life here they have and the land. There is snow outside but not a lot. I am surprised I am not cold in here, in this environment, in the cabin. It is all quite cozy and warm *and ever so real. I am physically here. I am conversing with the husband about the temperature in room, the way I am experiencing it. He is a gentle man, soft spoken, knowledgable and kind. He is going to great lengths to help me understand. I am out of body.

I will try to get more of the conversation back (I am writing this while still in my sleep, with my eyes closed, looking in). I do speak with the two daughters. They are both teens, have golden blonde hair and have been given hippy type names, Sunshine something and Star something. I will try to get it back. These names are associated with my cars, the one I just relinquished after 20 years and the one who has stepped in now. There is a negative male influence penetrating the space. He is taking the woman's passage about Jesus and putting a spin on it, convincing them and others it is nothing to do with channeling, connection with higher consciousness – but something else entirely.

In the wake process : I am tuning in on dietary care instructions of a male care recipient. They are breakfast type foods he commonly eats dependent on his shingles which can break out on his neck and face up the jaw line. I can see the woman who is speaking. She is thin, caucasian, thin dark brown hair, angular facial features. I can almost, but not quite see the man.

It is a work morning, the family is up and making noise.

Time to get up.

January 18, 2020

Pre-view of a world that is going post apocalyptic.

The world before, as I come across it and the world after are not much different. Everyone is dressed in survival gear. It is interesting, it almost seems more as their bodies themselves than exterior gear. The whole world, environment, everyone is covered in khaki colored mud. This whole (long) segment gets fragmented on a cycle through beta. I wake too much to physical space *physical life thoughts. I scan and get this remnant.

Mall structure : I can't find where I have parked my car. At some points through this segment I am alone but also there is a man here who is helping me. Who followed me here from outside on the street, where I had gone out to check if I had locked my car. I couldn't find where I had parked it. None of the cars here outside my house are mine. There are two in particular, both black, neither mine. I start looking, investigating, and end up in this parking structure, then inside the mall attached to it. I get lost in shops, lost from the man helping me.

I decide I am just going to call a cab. *I regularly make this decision when separated from my vehicle. I scale down the outside of one area to where the cabs are. Another man dressed in an off white suit scales up past me, put hands on me inappropriately as he does. He is saying something to me, as though nothing just happened but due to my perception of what I feel just did I am very leery of him and go back down the other way, instead of toward him into the parking structure. It is a gut feeling, instinctual. Everything is saying stay away.

I intersect with the man helping me again *who had sort of absorbed into a group of his friends. He is wanting to pay for the cab. At the counter I learn he is maxed on his credit. The man behind the counter is nice, like a shop keeper in the 80s, he is asking if my helper will promise to at least pay him even if he cannot make or has no intent to make the card payments. The man helping me is not saying yes absolutely. But the man puts through the card anyway and we head to the cab. We are still journeying through the maze. Catching an elevator.

I am a bit slow, falling six or so steps behind saying "hold the elevator", "hold the elevator".., rushing toward it and sliding in as I wake.

January 19, 2020

Bonnie *again. pills. pill holder. There are two sides to the pill holder, each section is very big and filled way too high. I am explaining they can too easily spill over into one another so I am going to get a seven day holder and fill them much lower into the compartments. We are talking about two specific pills to be taken on Wednesdays. She repeats the word "Wednesday?", and immediately pops them into her mouth. The second pill she pops in two of, not one, they are small and white. I tell her she is only to take one. She spits out the extra one.

A short while later upon waking : I am repeating the words "Biggs castle".

A possible association with upstate New York.

January 20, 2020

Surreal.

Scattered debris *in the black this time.

Two story refraction of light space. in the black (the void). above and below. I am in the below looking up.

Broken glass. what may be the passenger side window of a car.

Lil *pre "Ma" period : I am asking if she wants to go somewhere. Maybe go for a run. We go for a drive instead and we get stopped by the police. He is explaining how we were speeding through a certain small area. It is a minor offense and there really is no reason he should have stopped us but it seems Lil has done this before. There are horses in the back of the truck. Or, a horse, a single horse. It is laying on its side.

I am at Dads. I am laying down watching short youtube clips one after another, knowing it is approaching time for me to get to school. I am not really feeling to go. I keep looking at the clock. I still have plenty of time. Even if I do not get up now, even if I get up 30 minutes from now there will still be plenty of time. I am deciding maybe I will not go. I begin wondering where my brothers are. Why they have not gotten up to

begin getting ready. I see Mark come out of a room in the distance, walk the hallway to the bathroom. Now I am laying down curled up on my side (like the horse).

I am peeing...am I in the bathroom? I can't tell...I reach back behind me to fill the space and find it wet. I have been peeing right here where I am. I stand up and this rectangular area here becomes the dirt yard outside. I am going to water down the area to dispense the urine. There is a particular pattern where the wet is and where the dry is. It is as an arch drawn from one of the top corners to the other. As I am taking in this pattern the space becomes a patio area. There is a door to the inside. The patio light is on. The pattern is here also. There is a particular, small triangular shape area that is missing? or does not belong? I am going to do something with it when beta rolls in—and I phase into physical space.

January 21, 2020

Searching for my identity.—first as a man then as a woman.

I will attempt to reenter the data stream, at present the majority of all else is fragmented. I see myself as the woman, in the act, or moment of being lifted by a man in a dance type move. It is a deep and meaningful moment. It is impactful. It fully embeds. It opens into the idea of Gina Corso and similar moves, or action with a partner of her own. Note : following a brief WBTB I am unable to reenter these fields. I will say they are from the top portion of the night and they stay with me, while still others tack onto them. By the final shift through beta I am compressing the whole night's events into the single concept : "searching for my identity". These concepts are always right there. Easily seen and understood in the moment.

Following the WBTB I open into a vision : a woman on the balcony of a high-rise, looking down at black smoke wafting up from a fire below. She is very high up and the smoke is near reaching her. If I shift more directly into this stream I am not aware of it.

From my end I am not really getting back in at all and get up shortly after.

January 22, 2020

Payment on a cluster of crystals and two cats
Running from large reptilian being
Cross intersecting environments
Communicating through my crystal through sleep cycles
Walking with mom and the dogs *unleashed

I am making another credit/financing payment on a cluster of crystals and two cats I purchased some time ago from a shop.. I am visiting these people again now and they are asking for another amount to be left with them. The two cats are coming home with me now, I am leaving them with \$500 more on the loan and asking for a receipt to show the balance, and for information on the cats. Whether they have lived mostly

indoors or outdoors, whether one litter box or two are needed, meaning if they will do their business in the same place or require their own. etc..

I am told they each need their own and that they are mostly indoor cats. They each are very similar in appearance and appear Persian. A sort of smokey white. My Dad and his house seem attached to this deal. I am here and putting on a pair of what I am referring to as “50 year old socks” belonging to dad. I am making reference to this to a man who is nearby. A helper? Someone young and attractive, notably relative to this whole environment I have been in, and group of people. The socks are more like booties, they are white with thin navy blue stripes. I am eluding to a possible stink.

Running (now) with others from a large reptilian being put into the scene : through multiple environments : outdoors, in the open, ground and trees, casino, multi-level office building with many breezeways *doctors, student doctors, school type feel. Outdoors it is as though I am running at random in rather diagonal directions across the approaching footpath of the thing until I see some of the others running more ‘away’ into the shadows, the tree covered area just beyond me. I stop and literally almost say to myself “duh” and begin running in that direction myself.

In the multi-level building I am intersecting with others I know from youtube. In particular the Giannis and there is a man being highlighted who once was handsome and kept, and now appears aged, worn and just beaten in his appearance. Even though not much older than when he began making the videos. I am not recognizing him as someone I have come across in real time. He is in his 20s–30s, thin frame, receding and thinning blonde hair worn long on the top over the forehead. A reporter type. Dressed in jeans, light jean top and grey blazer.

I am trying to recall how the reptilian got in. I may have been shown something written on a piece of parchment, paper.. I can see it, yellowing and curled up on the ends but cannot see what is written on it. All these environments are bleeding over into one another— dad's house, the casino, the office building, the activity is all cross intersecting. In one particular cross from dad's (and Derrick's) into the casino I am feeding two new chickens?..

I am looking around in cabinets beneath an island of slot machines for bags of food. The chickens are very real, very human looking in their face and features. They are climbing the slots and reporting to someone up high they are being well fed and taken care of. More within dad's, two girls are asking if there is a safe in the house. I am saying the house is old, that safes were generally not built in as a feature during these years of construction. Coming out of this phase :

From the physical — I find myself holding my crystal in a very interesting way.

This is notable and very definitely a first. I am holding the crystal in my left hand, my right fingertips are deliberately placed atop and along one of the facet lengths. It is important for it to be this particular crystal face. I find it easily again, purely by feel when going in for my last dive. It is active, alive. The others are blank in comparison. This is intriguing, someone I am inside myself is accessing the crystal. It is as though I am typing, what we would consider typing, I am communicating, sending and receiving

communications. This is incredible. It is fully feel-able, as an energy, an activity. And I am alert to it *minus no doubt a great extent of detail. – participating. It would be extraordinary to go deeper into this but I am in as far as I can go.

I am beginning to be aware of images now, – dogs.. I am walking with mom and the dogs *unleashed. Everyone else is at work and school so it is just mom and me with the pups. We are walking through one of the beach cities down to the beach area when I notice the dogs are unleashed. At just a few months old they are not listening well yet and in this area we could be fined heavily for being off leash. I am looking everywhere to somehow fix this. I see a grey chord that turns out to belong to a bicycle tire pump. I am trying to attach it to one of the dogs and it is making that sound of compressed air flowing. I can't get it to attach. I am crouched down here trying for some time.

Mom disappears into a meeting and I lose sight of both her and the dogs. I am feeling stronger and stronger emotion trying to find and round them all up. I open a door, inside which I find mom in her meeting. The building we are in here is made heavily of glass so it is somewhat easy to see in everywhere. And a bit of a challenge to know what is real and what is reflection. The skinny, balding man behind the desk is joking and making light of me and the matter I find at hand. The energy in the room is in agreement and lightly laughing.

I am not laughing. I am finger pointing at him in the face and vehemently unleashing my thoughts about all this. I close the door to continue my search and begin calling for Niko and Nala. It is not long before they come running. I try to pick them both up but they are too big and too floppy. I manage to get us all sat down at some rows of white almost bleacher-like seating and again find a piece of (clear) tubing which I try to attach to them. I can't do it as they are wearing no collars. I am just trying to link them together so at least they do not get separated from each other.

Note: this whole night I am easily getting into and retaining dream streams through their frequency cycles and into beta. At these points I wake briefly, at each of the last four cycles and make notes.

January 23, 2020

Human survival being decided

Factions, shows of force, the dark light and the bright light

Factions, the naturals and the chemical synthetics

Camp compound, trash, not easy to get out

Sometime after 12:30am.....

It is being decided that, as humans, if we don't really understand how (a portion) of us works we really aren't all that evolved. Our survival, our right to live is being decided. I cannot see by whom. But it is an older someone. A taller someone. This is a quite lengthy segment which occurs within my own physical/energetic/mental

construct, which I am encapsulating into this overall concept. Various areas (portions) of my construct are gone into.

Next cycle :

Drive : I jump into a convertible with another woman. She is driving. I get in not knowing where we are going or how long I will be away. I am going to be away longer than I thought. I can feel this. I am asking how long exactly it will be. The woman is not able to tell me, the time is not determined.

Multi-tiered structure : this is like an abandoned, almost burned out parking and living structure combination. There are characters of the dark and characters of the light and I am here with those of the latter. There are some truly gruesome, disturbing scenes. I will mention one.., the last (room) I am in, there is a man, two men trying to save a newborn but it is unsuccessful. The condition of the room is highly unsanitary and bloody and as I come in the newborn has just died. I am picking her up trying to put life back into her – unsuccessfully. I have her right here in my hands. She does not have to die. I am looking at the tiny body, the full head of brown hair, grappling with what I have and what is happening and they are taking her from me.

There are shows of each form of the light, the dark and the shining light, and moves to protect the boundary between. Packages are being sent in shows of force, first from our side to theirs, then from theirs to ours *only in much fuller force and to greater potential detriment. A cluster of 6 or 7 or 8 connected packages are sent with malice to our side in retribution to what we sent to theirs. I am not going to just let it be here. It is like a time bomb. I am going to open them myself and take the blow. There is another from my light who is not letting me. Who is drawing me away.

The heat from all this is building. When I make a move to cross the boundary, to see someone on the other side I am heavily, vocally told to get back by a young black woman. Someone has gotten hurt in the play of light and shows of force between our factions. It is someone from our light, the bright light who is injured. All come to help her, those of the dark light included. I am in a face to face confrontation with them, adamantly expressing their help is to be utterly unconditional or not at all. They *are here to help but I do not trust their mentality or motive. We are battling this out, within mental spheres, just outside the door of the injured one as I am beginning to shift toward physical space.

Next cycle :

There are the naturals and the chemical synthetics.. (again I am compressing all the data). Resources are low, food, fuels and medicines are scarce. The world is dry and barren but we must not give in. We must not blend or combine with unnatural technology. We must not give in.

Next cycle :

Camp compound *again : trash, there is so much trash, it is coming from multiple areas, it is not all mine, it is not easy to get out. Bathroom, much of the build up is

coming from latrines. Fire, a broom breaks, I snap the wood handle and put it into the fire. An elder man coming through is not happy with me. He stops in his tracks, comes back on me asking question and question after question on his mind about why I do things the way I do. He is not giving me a chance to answer to any of this. His strong emotion and confusion is just being unleashed.

Charlie. I am wanting to feed him. He is going into a canvas covered area down below to do his business. He cannot find his way in. Someone steps in to help him before I can. I am thanking her. I am finding leftover food, a burrito in a baggie, still warm which I am going to give to him. I am gathering up the trash from all the areas, I am going to get it all out. I just know I have to get it all out. There is interaction with others who are here as I move through the compound but it is fragmented. I am touching little bits and pieces and not the flow. There is a couple, a man, a woman with light blonde hair in particular. I can see them but that's all that's left. There is a baby, she is pregnant

January 24, 2020

Data fragmented. Work morning *woke to an alarm.

- In a spacecraft. duties.
- Apartment. living area. Invisible human cocoons on the ceiling. attached by cords to people below who are going up into them.
- Rash : spreads before resolving. reference to Saturday as being when the spread is first detected.
- Rows of chairs. getting chosen for work. for food. a cord must stay plugged into an outlet in order to be seen but others are pulling on it. I am holding it in place so it will not come out but the wire inside is getting stretched thin. They must be made to stop pulling.
- Get-a-way. drive. with man and woman. he is driving way too close to a man riding a motorcycle in front of us. we are crowding him as we come to a light. he is looking back. the man next to him is disturbed but the man himself is not.

January 25, 2020

I am in an outdoor plaza with two fountains. One is close, one is further away. I am most interested, aware of and keying in on the one further away. I am taking many pictures trying to get the scenes all to embed. I am here with another, a young man. A female is here also. Spanish? The man is tall and thin and has dark hair. The female has dark hair as well. I seem to know him but not her. There is a hug that is wanting to be given from my end. It never happens. It gets by us. There is other activity covering it over, taking precedence.

My youngest brother, Roger is bleeding into the scene. I am speaking with the other young man and both are hearing me, speaking over one another as they begin to answer my question(s). This is giving me the falling sensation in my center. The scene shifts from the plaza to the inside of a house. Many bright colorful lights that are reminding me of Christmas. I am taking pictures again. As I am looking into the camera lens all my beings begin to appear, super clear, I am excited to see them and snapping shot after shot after shot. Like I do with the crystal.

It is like the inside of my mind has become like the crystal and they are all coming directly through me now – into the field. They are all so clear, and clustered together, just like in the crystal but not connected by an eye, more shoulder to shoulder. They are more independent of one another. There are others who are more earth human also appearing. A young, chubby, caucasian man in particular.

On another frequency I am releasing excess energy (OBE) laying under a black blanket.

Others are around and nearby. I am looking into their areas as I shift out.

It is interesting how this activity morphs from being manual, to the same sensation coming about purely from a sound (OM) so it is more inner and cannot be seen happening from the outside by others. To the crystal thing happening. It is always so fascinating to catch the shifts and interconnecting stream of elements tying one experience into another.

January 26, 2020

Just a fragment before waking *work morning *to an alarm :

I am teaching people how to breathe and taking the trash out in two little white bags; the first is full, the second is only half full. A futuristic scene is coming into view : outdoors, grass and walkways. people in navy blue tunic-like uniforms. This may be a penal colony.

January 27, 2020

Riding a horse : this is very real, near a proper OBE, the setting is beautiful, a utopian garden path. I come across a horse with no rider. I am not going to investigate the missing rider until Lu shows and suggests it. I look in and know the missing rider is Story Waters. We find him easily, just around a flowering hedge in an enclosed circular area, laying on his side curled up. He is not harmed, not deeply, he is just sleeping, but also something is emotionally wrong. I can see this.., the information is being transmitted but nothing is really done with it. Story gets up and we all move on. This next part is fractured. It is also difficult to conceptualize. Shapes, geometries, rectangles and squares. colors.

Hypnagogic : large white bunny. human sized. human/intelligent looking.

I hear the announcement “euthanizing boys at the shop” : I appear as point consciousness inside the main living area of a house. This feels like Ireland. The church is involved. I am seeing the nun, tall, slightly heavy set, hair swirled up into a bun, white smock, late 50s, stern, no feeling at all. I am seeing all the boys. There are five of them. All approximately 10–12 years of age. The one closest to in front of me is very fair skinned and has red hair. They are told to strip down. One is taken into a bathroom, the others are told to stand a distance away. There is a horrible mix of feeling in the air. The utter lack of feeling from the nun, the utter detachment of the priest who is about to perform the act, the confusion, fear and innocence of the boys who do not know what is happening and want to obey and do right. I still do not know what the ‘euthanizing’ is until it happens now as I hear from the main room outside the bathroom the first boy being repeatedly stabbed to death. The priest steps out of the bathroom. Slight of frame, fine features, grey hair, wearing also the white suit of clothing. The collar is off, the shirt top buttons undone, sleeves rolled up. The men who are first announcing this atrocity to one another arrive at the back sliding glass door, calling out the nun’s name, Maggie Doubling, just in time before any of the others are killed. The one I am seeing, who is arriving first into the doorway is also wearing the white, underneath a purple and gold heavily adorned over piece. I am seeing him enter to put a stop this, in such relief as I shift. **upon waking with this data I am horrified, sick to my stomach and near heaving.

Lynn calls : San Jose, Ca.. she says she has been inviting people over and holding talks. filming. working on a project. She is inviting me. I am asking for the city, state and zip code to see the distance of the place from where I am. The city and state is clear, the zip code is coming through but not very clearly at first. I am sitting at my old desk (at dad’s?) writing everything down. I am struggling writing the numbers. A message is coming through with the invitation, about catching or missing the right flow. I am saying how timely this is as I am currently looking for 2 additional days of (care) work *and not knowing if accepting her invitation is going to work out due to this. Even though I would far more love to be doing the consciousness work. Note : at first I think this is Lynn Miller calling me, but the voice is wrong, as is the feel and visual data as the event continues. The sir name McTaggart comes to me. Lynne McTaggart? I do not really know, or even know much of Lynne McTaggart, aside from the fact she is in consciousness field.



Note : I am posting this quickly for today, I will return, read this more thoroughly and make any corrections come Thursday – for the next three nights and three days I have company. Fingers crossed my dream state stays with me and is not interrupted.

January 28, 2020

Company sleeping in the same room prevails. My routine, and usual state of solitude were thrown off. I could not get the focus. I have just a tiny fragment : Inside a house. with women. english? older.

January 29, 2020

2AM : bathroom and back to bed. I dive back in mentally saying "okay let's go to work". A man appears. a mechanic. Mexican / American Indian. His face is ashen, grey, an indication of being long dead. He is standing next to a car. It is so quick and I am to a degree startled by the appearance that I say I don't know....(as in maybe I'd rather not go into work work). As immediately as I think this the vision fades. I consider it for a moment and say no no, yes, let's do it, I am ready. The vision reappears and I fade into a scene. The content I do not bring back with me as I wake but the vision does again reappear as I consciously go in for the data.

The man is standing, as before, this time the focus not so fully on the face but on a whole scene. We are in the black. He is standing, wearing the same blue cover-alls. He is looking off to the left *in right profile at a sparkling new, well kept sports car. The color, in the red family is so vibrant it shines almost like water. The precise shade I am seeing is important. It is also hard to describe but so beautiful, distinct and in the vicinity of the 'wine' family. I cannot bring to mind anything I have ever seen that is this precise color. So entirely unique. I try multiple times to get this man's name, the relationship or connection between he and I but am not able to receive this information. I am getting symbols but I am not able to translate them at this time.

If I can I may try to work on this again later.

January 30, 2020

Data fragmented : One woman, plus the lifetime, relationship, companionship with another. Big rig, male driver. a hand rolled joint on the dashboard. After moving far more forward in these scenes I actually go back for it. I think to embed the concept more deeply, so I remember upon waking. These are the only concepts I am able to bring forward with me. I can add that the main woman has (issues) much to work through in regard to her person and quality of consciousness. The energies being worked through constitute our 'going to work'. Heat builds through the body multiple times in the night to the point of sweat. My own personal awareness of the energies and what is being worked through is not comfortable but I seem both poised and apt to go into it. Note : this is the last night my company is here and that my sleep experience will be away from its normal.

January 31, 2020

Ed Pinto : the System is putting many of us together, combining superior characteristics. With Ed it is the friendly nature and natural ability to get/be very close with others. There are people who are more predominant through this sequence but it is Ed that I am remembering. He is the only one here in this line who I actually know in real time. There is a newsfeed-like apparatus that brings certain information, to certain of us it is pertinent to. It is almost as a police device and is used in this way, to police. I am seeing the scroll and the information but some others, one other in particular who

is being highlighted is being cut off from it. I am attempting to bring the information to him. I am shifting over into his more personal space. He is not wanting the intrusion/company/assistance, he is okay, or okay to a degree with the being cut off. He is understanding of it, somewhat. I am trying to see who this is as I am typing this with my eyes closed, attempting to more fully reenter the scene. I will keep trying.

Note : I forgot to put in my earplugs before the family woke *they woke early at 5am *they are being loud. I am not able to grasp more upon waking. I am actually manually plugging my ears with my hands so hard I entirely miss my second alarm—it is a work morning.

February 1, 2020

Dressing room. getting changed. super sexual feeling : I am in a body that is not my own. It is caucasian, it is neither full female nor fully male. The chest has no hair and also no breasts. I am wearing off-white and camel spotted colored pants. The top is off-white and frilly, more shirtsleeves than a full top. I am donning it with the chest bared, playing in various ways with how to wear the front. Adoring myself and the feeling flowing through me – in the mirror.

Environments are superimposing. This one is giving way to one in which there are small animals peeing huge amounts in strong streams. Some of this gets into my shoe. Others are here with me. We are preparing to go somewhere. We are ready. I am filling paper grocery bags with items. In another area mom is sending / sharing something with my device. A game. I can't get it off. It won't let me work. I am getting more and more upset about not being able to get in past it *it is in the way. Derrick wants her to send it to him. He says it is a virus not a program. He is going to handle it, disassemble it. There is a process that will get it off our all our devices. I can see what the process is and am already employing it to clear my own.

February 2, 2020

It is a big night of dreaming, but come 5am the family is up very early again and loud, loud LOUD.. I am deep in the theta waves energetically vibrating in what is generally a highly productive way but I cannot consciously grasp hold of details from the fields save one : a white piece of paper folded like a legal notice. It is standing out due to the level of brightness/whiteness. I inwardly ask if it is a legal notice and hear { { { yes } } }.

February 3, 2020

A Native American way of aligning oneself indoors to the east and west, similar to when outdoors.. I am holding a map of the sky, the sun and the stars in my mind and navigating through the indoor structure holding the correct alignments. I am in multiple indoor structures applying this idea (which is [in part] being shared in an interview in real time while I sleep *I fell asleep before turning off the laptop [and in part being narrated from within] the bleed-through and near seamless intertwining is

fascinating). One of the structures is the current house I am in. Through portions of this segment, helpers are assisting me in ways I myself have assisted others. I am feeling it is not being recognized I have these experiences myself and already know, and share what is now being shared with me. This is a lesson in letting others be of assistance to me – and in love, compassion and humility. I am both in the house and below the house in underground caverns and caves.

- Rearranging furniture
- Getting a spider and two other bugs off a small something in the sink with a strong spray of water. It is not easily working
- Darr is present through at least one segment
- Underground caverns and caves
- Contact

February 4, 2020

I am not getting sleepy..

At midnight I am still wide awake and watching a documentary on displaced peoples around the globe due to climate change. I can see I am being worked with. I get on the mat a time or two, do some passive stretching and inversions. It seems it is going to be awhile before delta/theta come. A bit after I give in and eat a handful or two of blue corn chips. Around 2am I am finally beginning to feel sleepy, I turn off the laptop and go in.

I am inside a very large house. moving from room to room. upstairs – experiencing the theme of : what is and isn't mine. What is mine is not mine for very long. It is mine and then it is not mine. It is someone else's. I have given it to them. I am observing my feelings relative to all this.

7:45 AM

I am awake and am going to just get up.., I have not been able to shift into more than the 'mine and not mine' concept even though I have been attempting to for hours. I am finding a familiar comfortable state in the bed however so decide to enjoy it further till the inner prompt to get up comes.. I am periodically feeling the inner chills roll through which is taking me deeper and deeper into the state of relaxation and bliss.

Mom. drive. Laughlin, NV. **mom is doing the driving :

When we get to where we are going we go into a living space. White walls and bright blue carpet. It has been vacated. As we are walking through I am seeing *change on the floor, toeing it with my foot, a few pennies a nickel and dime. I give it no mind and move on. Mom picks it up and pockets it. I am getting up into an old attic space finding some of my old belongings (memories). I climb up in here, to what is almost no more than a long somewhat narrow ledge, or loft. It is dusty and dirty. I am suggesting to someone, a male helper that it be vacuumed. I say I come here once a

year to clean up but some of the others should also help. He climbs down the ladder to go find me a vacuum cleaner.

I am finding old recordings, CDs, pictures and shifting into the moments, memories, records *akashic records. There is also a young man up here. The age we are as we are up here is turning to roughly high school age. The age of the memories I am finding. He is energetically very attractive. A wrestler. He is competing in the morning and has a shot of placing. He is laying center, in the middle of the attic space with canvas blankets over him head to toe. I am going to crawl over him to get to the other side where there are more memories but as I do I begin feeling this intoxicating warmth through me. I crawl over but rather than move on I snuggle up into his right side. Morning is coming, he is waking, he turns his head and kisses me on the forehead.

I never want to leave this feeling—

A mix of the vibrational state, kundalini flows I am alert to within my system and two halves of a whole merging as one. I am having various thoughts. This young man is what I am perceiving at this young age as out of my league. I am concerned of him finding me here when he thwarts the thought with the kiss on the forehead. I am seeing also into the old high school I briefly attended here in Laughlin. Into the circular area surrounding the arts classrooms and theatre. A girl is teaching a very physical type exercise. A cross between sitting gymnastics and dance. She is very strong. Very good *but something is wrong with her, some condition. As she stands and runs by me she is much older than the age (the girl) she is on the mat.

False awakening :

I am doing everything in my power to write down (embed) this experience that is taking place. I am in the vibrational state, experiencing the revving, the rhythmic pulse powering up and slightly down. It is intoxicating and it is holding the entire record(ing) intact. I am in our current house. Mom is here, she has just come into my room. The family is out there and making tons of sound/noise. I do not want to lose the experience, the energetic exchange but I cannot get Notes to open on my device as it keeps playing video footage of all the various memories *I am still in and accessing the Akasha.

As this continues I am growing more energetically manic about getting the data down. I shout to mom to find me paper and a pen. I am throwing open notebooks, rifling through the pages looking for an empty page and even ripping all the full pages out. In the hundreds and hundreds of pages I finally find one side of one page that is available and as I sit myself down and begin to write I begin to shift back into physical space. Feeling poor about my behavior and the way I just treated mom.., yelling at her, not listening to what she had to come to me to say, about how she feels relative to her position in the family and current household. —Once back in physical space I am still in the vibrational state. I am absorbing from the energies, frequencies and collective vibration, concentrating it all for healing purposes for some time before getting up. The fields are all as one, I cannot tell one from the other in the sense of belonging to any one more than any other. This experience in itself is home to me. I do not want to leave this state.

February 5, 2020

The structure I am in is like a metal framework of a building. Some areas seem to be fully built up and some not. It has a clear dome around it keeping the air and atmosphere protected and the elements at bay. There are classrooms, living quarters and work areas. The people are not really like people. In the work areas in particular they are from elsewhere. One of the races here is short, large and squat. very helpful. Another is pale, skinny, slight and also quite short. they try to kill me. Following the majority of my movement through this structure I am trying to bring 3 items, a key, a purse and a cake + cupcakes from 3 separate areas (mentioned above) together into closer proximity of me. Right now they are too spread out apart.

There is an important segment wherein a girl is playing with my cake, she is working the fully made cake more like one works dough. I am asking her to please not do this. I like it fluffy not flat. I am explaining I have bought the cake for me *even though I am offering some to everyone and she herself is welcome to a piece. The cupcakes are plentiful, it seems everyone has some of these. Large white cupcakes with pink strawberry frosting and sprinkles. The last time I go outside the structure, outdoors on the street, on the way to the purse and key I notice the dome must not be in effect here in this area (it has been broken, penetrated) it is raining and I am getting rained on and very wet. I am running from where I am toward the area with the key.. This is where I am helped by the short squat peoples, and near killed by the pale, skinny, slight ones.

Note : looking upon this structure now from my physical awareness I feel the three areas are three distinct and separate locations, not just in space but in time. The 'work' area is perhaps a post apocalyptic city upon some planet which is now almost like a penal colony. The pale race is the militant one, the squat race are laborers. The classrooms and living quarters are likely occurring on a craft.

I am in one of my lessons again.

February 6, 2020

Surreal beach. sleeping on the shoreline at night in the moonlight : WHALES, *three of them jumping up through the surface near the shoreline. I am photographing this to embed the scene. There are others here around me. A man is to my right, a father. A baby whale swims up nearer to my location and comes out of the water. It begins walking upright, along the shoreline in an out of the water biological suit to explore the people. The mother is not concerned –although I am. I am trying to capture a photo to embed its new form but people are semi-blocking the view.

A young 6–7 year old girl with brown hair, large brown eyes and big round glasses comes into the picture. I am following her lifetime memories now, much of this is sad. At the conclusion, as an older woman, Romanian?, she is watching herself in certain key moments as a young woman. One in particular is staying with me. She is in a white hazmat type suit without the head part (everyone is) standing in line for something

with her head hung down. It is a critical moment, a critical energetic self view that fed much of her life. The baby whale must be helping her process some of this.

I adore this scene here and this feeling. The ocean (not of this world), the shoreline, the sound of the waves, the magical deep and bright blues being emphasized by the moonlight, the whales (!). There are so many and so close. It has been too long since a moment like this. I feel to be on a very high sort of bed. Everyone here is laying down. Potentially sleeping, and healing through these frequencies. The whales are so clear, they are black and white like Orkas, they are playing more like dolphins than like whales. I am finding it interesting, even within the experience how my view is not aimed out into the deep waters but instead what might be considered North, straight up the beach along the shore. (why??).

5AM

Charlie B : he walks right up to me at the park. It is so good to see him. I pick him up and begin investigating his coat and skin as he has been living outdoors. There is a patch where the fur has fallen away close to his tail and a sort of dust flitting about around him. I swipe this away and move him to the other side of me. There are others here who look similar to him, there are *three of them. I would recognize Charlie anywhere, though, in any condition. I lose sight of him while exploring the others. I need to find him. I am told where he is. I am at a job but it is an unimportant 2 hours (4-6) and I am going to go get him. GINA CORSO steps in and asks if I have any experience with dance. She seems perturbed. I am giving her the answer...saying "just the usual", ballet as a young girl, jazz dancing, cheerleading in the street, etc.. then go off to find Charlie.

There are multiple tiers, segments and rooms to the structure I am now in. There are many animals who need fostering who are finding their fosters here. In one area a llama looking creature comes running out past me. I tuck myself behind a metal counter area to avoid being ran over. A second comes flying out after the first. Each area and room in here is very different. There is this highly silver metal alloy area. The stairwell, an almost pastel yellow and green. Here sits an older, heavy set lady. She is a kind person. We meet eyes. She is going to foster all the little ones huddled here with her. I am now entering an area for the wealthy. One (private) dining type room has a large walnut ballroom dance floor polished to a high shine. There is a man and woman here. As I peek my head in they are ballroom dancing. The lighting is perfect and the room in very good taste.

There is an incident with a woman I observe closely *it is important but this data gets fractured. I can see the bright neon blue and green light, I can see that she is young and has shoulder length platinum blonde hair. The incident itself is not intact. Something with the throat that could involve the act of strangling, but possibly not for the purpose of killing. There is a man who is important but this data also gets fractured. In another room I am helping KARIN paint a room white(r than it is), with a sage green accent wall. She is painting far too fast and sloppy, leaving thick areas of excess paint everywhere. The room we are in is a bedroom. Her husband is here in the background of the activity.

On my way out — back to where I am now working, a woman helps me clock out of this area *and of my work shift. There is a long, perhaps 18” skinny, brown metallic strip that is folded in half and placed into a machine that imprints the time upon it at the folded end. She is showing me but is having a difficult time getting hers in. I can see the little area it slips into, I insert my strip into it and get a punch. The time is 5:59. This would be somewhat aligned with real time. I am thinking it is closer to 7:00 and am told no, that is an hour off from accurate.

I make my way through this area to the outside. It is still sunny and daylight. I pass DAVID ICKE on my way, from the sidewalk to the cement steps going through a building structure into the park. I recognize where I am and know right where I am going. I am wearing a clear plastic cap over my hair, like food workers sometimes wear. I remove this. David is near to pointing it out when he sees me do this. There is an agreeableness on his part, that it needed to come off before my getting back into the park area where my care charge is.

Interesting note :

I have been feeling the energy of David Icke come in most recently. This past week I looked for, found and watched a new interview highlighting him.

February 7, 2020

I get into a car with a tall, middle aged man. He looks like Vince from the series “Haven”. The car is a convertible. As we are driving along the highway, each of the two paths forward (*straight and *a long, narrow country-like offramp road) begin presenting fast moving cloud-like formations. It is coming up and over us. We change lanes a few times, to the left toward the fast lanes as it is rolling over. We become immersed in it.

When we get to where we are going I am meeting and serving a woman food. She is a potential new care client. There is some to-do with the dishes, I have to get creative in order to present the foods (sweet potato, chopped spinach and cranberry sauce) in an attractive manner. So they are colorful and bright rather than ordinary/dull and dim. She has family around her. The woman likes and really wants me to be her new companion but the family is bringing to light someone already known to the family, related to the family, who is male. I am explaining that most usually an elder female will feel more comfortable, due to showering and toileting and such with another female. All is yet undecided as I wake / shift into beta. It is 5:35am.

February 8, 2020

I am inside an empty corporate building. No people, no activity, not deserted, more like in the night when not in standard operation. It is (in an odd way) a survival situation. The elevator, very silver, very metallic, very high ceiling, dumps me into different areas, different settings. Outside my house here in Alpine, outside dad’s house, etc.. The areas are substantially different from how they actually are. It is

almost as though I am on a ghost plane of the actual physical plane. Or maybe that I just have some different kind of vision. Like night vision where everything is somewhat grey and white.

There are large dead rats I have to remember to pick up and dispose of. They are bleeding in from one of the outside areas to the inside of this building. Outside the house in Alpine there is a white wolf who appears in my path *on one of the dumps, there are multiple dumps into the areas. I move to run but instead it passes me over and goes by and I am able to get inside the gate safely. This whole feeling, energy, situation is odd, I can't quite put my finger on the pulse of it. The precise vocabulary to accurately describe all this just isn't coming. It is almost me against the building, or an invisible presence in the building, or that maybe is represented by the building.

Tapering off into a bit later :

- Clothing : a woman I am thinking of buying from.. I have put various tops and items together that I have set back rather than taken with me. There is possibly another female who is being shown these who may be taking them instead.
- Slapstick acting. a man in female, purple sequenced clothing. baring breast. atop another. very much as though acting.
- Children. chickens. space. a child says 'I think there is more than enough space here', implying for everyone and it not being crowded. I am looking around and agreeing. It is a dusty, wood barn and farm type area.

February 9, 2020

Going inside my own biological structure and systems to meet and understand nCoV...

This plays out in/as a scene with a long, super skinny RV owned and driven by someone I recognize who I think is Jeffrey Hinche. The RV is so long and skinny I can run up and down it like a race track *and I am.. I am enacting the thought as I am expressing it to the invisible presence here. This is very much like the idea of blood flowing inside of veins, arteries and capillaries. I am not able to conceptualize all the information coming through in a format I can compress and bring back with me into physical space but I can say there is both the information and the enactment of the information relative to how the virus couples with 'receptors' (female 'receptor' cells). The looming, intense type 2 malevolent presence of the nCoV entity is very near to the basis (ie: my own presence) of this experience and is felt tangibly through my system throughout this event. In physical space my body is an intense sweat. As I vacate this area, of what I will call a more direct meeting with this entity I come eye to eye with it as a human male with cloudy blue eyes. The view is so up close I am near to only seeing the eyes. I can see also the male is caucasian, very pale skin, older, mid 60s. Following this :

A long, insane and surreal search for a bathroom : so long, so surreal, so many individual and unique bathrooms I cannot even begin to say – there are literally what

seem hundreds and none are usable. They are all beautiful in their make up, their energies and hues but none are in a state of immediate practical use. There is a car scene, a near accident in which I take the front plate off a parked car, as two other cars, both white come veering through from the other direction. I myself am racing through the lot for a spot to park. I near drive off without taking responsibility but change my mind. An older astral beat cop comes through. He has stopped and ticketed me multiple times before, beginning roughly 12 years back *the time of my activation to awaken. We walk and talk and catch up with ourselves, with what we are doing and who we have become. While I have perhaps become more honest, more responsible, he in a sense has become more complicit. He is mentioning a felony. It is just what can happen in a life of law. The line between what is legal and what is right can become blurred. He is a good man. Rough, rigid, but good.

February 10, 2020

Meeting : small dinosaur looking creatures. they are very friendly. happy to see me. licking me in the face. This is bringing me for moments into a heightened state of lucidity. The process repeats multiple times, repeatedly bringing me into the moments of additional awareness. Associated with all this is a flying saucer. I am try to show it to someone, saying we can look in through the windows. **We get here through a freezer. Questions : an ice age?

Upon waking a second time my jaw is locked open. my mouth is dry as a bone. I am making a sound. I am now looking at a boy through a crib style apparatus. He is somewhat grown. From a much larger segment (later) :

I step on some sprinkles of glass, a triangular pattern of 3 shards become obvious. I remove them from my baby toe and see it is cut open. It is cut open just a little but when I go to touch it the cut opens wider and wider until the skin is wholly open and the entire inside exposed. I am telling a woman I need a bandage to go on. She is not listening. She does not think so. I look back down at the toe and it has entirely healed. We continue through.....

Care jobs, Solange : she is with her clients and I am with mine. Her job is more stable but also more difficult. I offer to spin her in circles to release some of this *some of the difficulty. It is as though we are on ice and the slip lets us begin to spin and spin. It is a slow, deliberate spin. I can feel in the spin where the difficulties are. We go around a few times working this through. A very fun, friendship kind of energy is being created between us. It is very enjoyable. Almost as though two young girls learning to ice skate for the first time. In this energy we then hug goodbye.

A black man (actor from the 80s) steps in and asks if a bowl of chicken soup is mine and if I am going to eat it. We talk for a moment, there is another corporate type white man here also — about jobs (infrastructure) falling through and those at both the top and bottom falling through, losing their jobs. I am saying those at the top often lose out first, notably in the current times. The conversation shifts :

I am saying to them now that I do not eat meat.. We talk about this. About it not being about what is practical, healthy and possible but rather about how to BUILD a body that only eats plants (fruits, nuts and legumes, etc.. I am explaining that this is what gave me the energy to embark upon it, the question “what is this body and how do I build it” !! I do not know the answer when I begin, this is what makes it so exciting. And the energy of the excitement is what makes it possible to embark upon. To possibly, ultimately know. —The stream begins : a body that does not eat meat is a body that is connected with the Earth, the Ether and Universe *a body that is fundamentally sustained from within.....

February 11, 2020

John’s house? Darr, a group of others (/ energies, Alle, Karen, etc.. — meeting : I am hosting the meeting, seeing to the needs.

I am cooking a fish. It takes me some time realize but the fish is alive. I am cooking the fish while it is still alive. This is horrifying. I turn off the heat and try to make corrections. Try to now care for the fish. I go into the fish shop now looking for food to feed the fish. I am not knowing yet if I have permanently harmed it. If it is going to live. If its life is lessened now. I ask the male shopkeeper where I would find the food. There is some difficulty finding enough and just the right thing. And, also, now there is the idea I am killing (yet) another life form to feed another.

Before I can resolve all this, standing up from a low shelf in the small airy shop where I am looking at a small thimble sized container of what look to be yellow fish eggs.., a boy approaches and asks if I will hold a candle for him for 10 minutes until he gets back. He hands it to me. It is an odd shape, geometrically curved, in the deep plumb color spectrum. I tell him I will not be here in ten minutes, that in fact in less than two minutes I will be precisely there....pointing to an area outside the open door. I ask the shopkeeper if he will hold it till the boy gets back. He, who is actually now a she, walks it over behind the counter and puts the candle in my bag without charging for it. I say "you didn't just do that", and then "you did!"

Note : While in the house with Darr I am speaking on another frequency with guidance.. It has been so very long since having to think or worry about these things, and with Darr who has been vegan since our meeting more than 12 years ago I have never had to worry about them (like with the fish.. the smell, the cost, the taking of life *all the messy stuff of life. It seems she is needing some meats now IRL. The body is depleted of certain vitamins and minerals, energy, life–force. In instances I feel this in myself, if I cannot correct it I take a little meat for a few days till it corrects.

I was not aware of any struggle in myself regarding this but it seems there is. I was having the thought just last night that I might take a little salmon today. I would have to go to the store to purchase it. And then this dream (and the dream of the night before).., The fish is very real, very human–like, conscious, intelligent.. It is

communicating with me. I feel horrible in my discovery that I am cooking it while still alive. I am not sure what to do with all this yet. In large part it seems I am being directed to focus, to continue BUILDING the new body, the one that only eats plants.

February 12, 2020

I get to bed late around midnight.

In the night, I throw myself *hard out of my dreaming at two separate intervals. Into the awake state. (highly uncommon)

Brief WBTB at 5am : OBE

I am in the backseat of a car. a convertible. I have tunnel vision : I aim my sight over at the driver of the car, it is a young caucasian female, short strawberry blonde hair. I aim over toward the passenger side and here sits her identical twin. My vision expands. They are each in profile, looking at one another. The off-white leather seats of the car seem important. Shift into a high end home and then work space, a mall complex. In the home there is the idea of being a worker, an employee, staff. Someone who takes care of various tasks. A personal assistant but much as a maid. There is a small toy-type dog here. It has something around its middle, some kind of bling or clothing piece. It should have been removed by this person I am here presenting as last night. I have not seen the dog for days, however.. the house is very large, I do not always have access to where the dog is.

It is a whole family who lives here, a husband and wife, multiple sons and at least one daughter. All grown and approaching middle age. Various seemingly random and odd things occur throughout the house. So ephemeral and many that it is hard to clasp hold of one. A part of the reel that is coming most forward is as I am organizing a closet. It is long and narrow and has five segments where the clothes are hung by a wood bar. As I am organizing, one becomes so full it collapses the bar and the person the room belongs to, the daughter is with ideas of her own 1) about this and 2) what to do about it. She is not unkind, only with a mind of her own. I begin to shift. To bleed into various additional scenes and events. **with the sons.

In this house is also the idea of June Canine, an elderly English lady I met in my 30s when beginning to care work. Something in the mix of the energies now blending shifts me into the family's work, the mall complex and in particular an extremely large high end department store. The eldest son is in charge here. He also is not unkind, but he is focused on good business. While here, I am trying to hide the fact that I am barefooted. I keep moving moving moving, trying to stay ahead of him and a confrontation about the bare feet until I find myself exiting the complex. I am traveling as point consciousness, rapidly and well above the tree lined street outside—as I wake.

February 13, 2020

Fragments : I am in the consciousness field and body of various individuals, in multiple areas and settings, moving through the concept of getting sick. One experience is standing out. I am on a boat. I am male. A massage therapist. I earn extra income through sex. I – as a(nother) female am going through this man's belongings with the intent to help. In this area of the field it is very dark, the room I am experiencing myself doing this in is very dark. Two other females are here with me and watching out so we do not get caught or surprised by his potential return. **In physical space, all through the night I am in a sweat again. There is an area of the back body, the lung area that is being worked on and cleared a lot the past months. It is highly uncomfortable. I am uncomfortable in the bed. I am tossing and turning. I am doing what I can to participate in assisting the clearing.

February 14, 2020

At work. in the canteen. a volunteer is being called for to give their egg. mine is taken without me volunteering. Twice this happens, the second time my whole breakfast type meal is taken. Eggs, toast, coffee. Emotion is building in me over this. I am calling to see a superior, calling for an apology and also for it to stop. I am speaking with a male person, saying it is like it is intentionally being done, what I normally would not stand for, what I normally would kick to the curb. There is the feeling of losing an income stream at a time one is very much needed. I am integrating this feeling and energy. Fragments of a casino–energy type floor. A man. a sort of date. my phone being under water and rescuing it along with another item.

February 15, 2020

A furniture item is being used to hold my attention in a certain room / area . . It is a double sided wooden television console, like from the 70s. It appears shiny and new. I find it very attractive. I am pausing here to get a really good look at it. This is reinforcing my attention in this space. As I begin walking through again, the space and scenario here repeat. It is really just me walking through a spaciouly open column or corridor through which rooms are presenting. There is activity but the activity is mild. It is centered around potential occupants of the space. There is a young man in particular, who I am asking if he needs a place and if he is interested. He says he is not. There is a female guide here observing.

I am mildly slipping into additional frames with the people who are coming through. The last one I am remembering is with a female who is carrying a furniture type item with other items inside, it is a more contemporary piece and may be for holding a dog. She is bringing it into a store to find additional pieces to match. While I am here I am being drawn to these skinny devices which visually, in their appearance are in a way like skateboards, they help people and electronic systems move things from one place to another. I find it very efficient. A yoga type mat is also catching my eye *on the way to a bathroom. It is natural on one side and black/dark on the other to be fitting in its topside up fashion for whomever is going to use it. It is too thick and cheap though upon closer inspection. I pass it by. But the idea, the blending in the ground and environment both at the same time I like very much.

4AM : Brief wake back to bed, visit the bathroom, log notes – dive back in.

Shower : with Charlie B and another small male animal creature. When I get out of the shower I am running my hands through the back of my hair. There is something here. I begin to perceive it as remaining shampoo suds. I do not see how this could be. I keep fingering the hair the be sure. A mirror appears, there are certainly suds here, lots of them are apparent now from the working of the hair with my hands. I am a young, caucasian female. thin. short spiky hair. I feel, and maybe see something on the right side of my head just above the ear. I pull it off through the strands of my hair and shake it to the ground. It looks like a large milk chocolate. I pick it up and open it to see what looks like more chocolates inside.

I get back in the shower with the beings and this chocolate looking thing. I set it down on a ledge and turn on the water. The second creature I find now is very thirsty. Have I forgotten to care for him? I start giving him water from the large, open milk chocolate looking thing. As he takes the water he becomes a man in my vision. I am telling him to drink slow. I am giving sip after sip.....as I wake.

February 16, 2020

A large grouping and gathering of Explorers in the astral.. An event is up coming, where many of them are speaking. I am not recognizing anyone of them in particular but am being introduced amongst the group. I am describing myself as a channel, and the way I am going to channel is through astral travel. It is an interesting concept which upon waking briefly to use the bathroom I am no longer fully holding. I want to go back in for more on this. I am shaking hands with a young, tall, brown haired man wearing a grey jean long sleeve shirt.....I am going to easily, seamlessly shift into locations and report for other people. Some others are not quite believing I can do this. But there is buzz amidst the room. Introductions are beginning to be made.

This hasn't happened in a long time — I thought I had woke and logged the very next cycle of events but I did not. It appears I may have done this in a false awakening.

February 17, 2020

In a vehicle. Russian made? driving. tried and convicted, guilty : I am bleeding through here into the lifetime but mostly I am aware of just being here, in the car. driving. I am a man. I am seeing the man. Tall, six foot, caucasian. Jet brown hair. An energetic similarity with Dad/Roger. I am shown — Dad and Jana, they take turns occupying the bodies. I can see the female body/form now.

I am driving Goldie : a woman steps into the passenger side seat as I am parking. Another woman on the other side comes up to my window says [a certain kind of people are] not welcome here. I tell her I have no association with them. I have no idea who the woman is who just got into my car. The woman vacates now. I am in a grocery store parking lot. I cannot get my doors to lock. I work on this for some time, baffled. I

am now going to be meeting a friend. S/he plays in a band. I am going to be dancing. I am wearing colors that match their own (the band's). Gold, red, green and black. Reggae-like colors. I am concerned about my car though. I am going to step outside and check on her. When I do other cars have me blocked in. Another woman is trying to get in. I pin her and ask what she is doing. She runs off. I get in. I try and try and try to get the doors to lock.

The house of an elder Parisian male : deep blue, almost indigo colored pants, white tank undershirt. Someone I know, Darr?, is in here with him and allows us to come in. The man is sitting on the floor with the legs extended straight and roughly 2' apart. I josh with him saying he can do the splits. His reply is to show me this remarkable move where through some effort he lifts upright, straight as a board into a standing position and then topples forward face down to the ground. I am knowing he could not have just done this by himself, gravity would have taken him down much faster and harder. He is speaking through all of this the whole while, his voice is the main feature of the event. Even so, as is usual I do not retain a bit of what he says. It reminds me of the 'prophecy' experiences I had growing up. Where I see a scroll in my vision field while a voice in the recesses reads it audibly.

Charlie B. peeing inside. peeing in the bed : he is no longer even asking to go out he is just going right here. *only it is not Charlie B here. I begin reminiscing.. and seeing the small dog here in the diaper he is going to have to wear.

February 18, 2020

MRIB1, MRIG2 — mister invisible boy 1, mister invisible girl 2

I wake in the very early morning hours repeating this over and over.. There is only this for some time and then I am in :

A group of us are being hidden, we are just kids but our identities are being gone after. There is a large window. I am trying to get the blinds pulled and the slats closed. Many of the objects I am perceiving and handling in the pursuit of this I am not recognizing. The people here I am asking for help with this seem uninterested in helping me and even angry I am trying, angry I can't figure it out for myself. I am suggesting also around the room that we cover all the 'eyes' in the computer and television equipment. Others are here in the background, not helpers, not guides, more like watchers, these ones are men, they are lax about these protective measures and confused as to why I would do all of this, but agree.

I am doing all of what I am because it seems we have agreed to a meeting with two individuals who are seeking our identities. They show up a bit early and surprise the kid on lookout. They get his identity, he did not get his mask on in time. Derrick walks through. I tell him, shout at him to not go out there. They have guns. He almost doesn't listen but then does. The guns are going off and all heck is breaking loose as I wake. Somewhere in the mix of this there is a male figure who is being manually escorted out. He is very vocal, I am attaching to some of what he is saying, the last

thing he is saying, loudly, deliberately, before I can no longer hear him : "my body is the absolution of all happiness".

February 19, 2020

Socializing and helping people in a casino-like concept. rows and rows of chairs : meeting new partners and potential new care clients. At one point I am up on a ledge with no foundation (no actual ledge or support), rickety structure around a building, quite high – coming around a corner, led by a man to a new apartment. A female care person is potentially handing over her female client to me. The shift starts at 5am and extends to 8pm(?). If I am not needed for a period of two hours roughly in the middle I am thinking of taking it. I can rest/nap/meditate/go out mid-day. It will be okay.

I see myself working a trial day, hands-on with the new person, helping her with her morning shower. I am wearing ridiculous clothing. This is noticed as the woman is saying what she would like me to wear to work here forward. She is mentioning a blue pant and blue top. I look down at myself—I see I am wearing a small flower patterned pant on black background, a navy blue and thick white striped shirt. I am thinking I must have forgotten to change my pajamas. I tell her I can just wear scrubs if she likes. She agrees. I am seeing this woman here in the shower as young, fair skin, auburn hair, a dancer. I have the conscious thought I must be seeing her template. Her life through various stages.

Just outside. nighttime. I go out to take out the trash : Derrick is by the car, I take a passenger seat ride with him. Brielle is inside. We have to come back for something and are now running late. Derrick makes multiple driving violations getting going again. I decide to tuck my head down and not look at the road.

February 20, 2020

I stayed up late, couldn't sleep for focusing / fantasizing about a large whirlwind of inflow, large enough to settle up the (two) households of my remaining siblings and possibly acquire one of my own. To take care of Mom. This was super fun for me, something I never do but have a wind in me to perhaps begin. Sleep is a bit restless, multiple sweats, awoken early by the sounds of the family get up and the kids ready for school. Nothing has come forward with me from the night but even through all this energy the inner focus is still good. So I look : I see a small bird standing atop a larger bird, all viewed in right profile. This opens into the feeling of being in a vehicle. Driving through a cloud into..... (the exciting and unknown).

February 21, 2020

Woman delivers baby. standing up. man catches the new born before it hits the ground. I say good catch! : the baby is handed to me, it is a BIG baby. big head. very heavy and large. Outdoors. men. sports activities. We all have been together for weeks. like a camp. I am going to miss everyone so much. I am going home on Thursday. One

of the men is going to drive the baby somewhere there is someone to watch it. I say I can do this if it is before I leave for home. The time Thursday is not yet determined. Runners. bleachers. some covert activity. Standing in line to get a sprite (to drink) with lemons and limes. I am following, copying the girl ahead of me who is getting one. I am adding lots of lemons and limes to mine.

Light skinned black man. average height, six foot, 38 years old : we are going to rent a hotel room for the night.. not in a romantic sense, this person is working with me on something, he is a person in charge. There is a plot within here, a sort of complication. We are in a room, a man comes in and we immediately act as though we are here to turn ourselves into him – a sheriff(?). He relaxes, lets his guard down, we are actually friends of this person. He walks right past us and into the bathroom. As he does we look at each other as if to confirm and head out fast. It is all very playful. I am packing a few things. A small blue quilt-like blanket. I say for the car ride because I am cold.

February 22, 2020

Is it somehow in the numbers? : 2 : 22 : 2020 — (same here [as with everyone recording dreams in the group]) No recall.

February 23, 2020

John : has come to give me real numbers/ data on coronavirus. The real spread rate and total affected. There is data about it all being in preparation for a mutation in the species and therefore being a good thing. He has also come with food. chickens.

I am moving through various usually unbreathable environments for humans. There is a desert sand area that is much like a beach. I sink in the sand up to my waist and immediately know to get horizontal to prevent going under. This is not quicksand, though. It is different. The density of the sand and of my own self do not match. This is why I sink. I am moved over a bit to the right where I can walk without falling through. The air here is very thin.

Once beyond this area, the environment, although a craft is as if underwater. I am wearing a device over my head to assist not just with breathing but appropriating enough air, enough oxygen. The substance we are in is thick, more like plasma than water. We are speaking with other races of beings. Some are medical doctors. If something happens we should be okay. There is a time limit getting back. I cannot stay in here for long. My system is not designed for it, but I am curious, and I am enjoying having a look around (as I write this I am peering through a hatch, up some steps toward where I will vacate) feeling what it is like to in essence breathe in here. Very interesting.

A golden colored horse is made to lay down on the ground. I stop here and comfort it. I am down here on the ground with him., stroking his coat, kissing his head, saying I love you. The spot on the top of his head is so soft. The being at first wants to get up but is settling down now. I can also see into its mouth. The teeth are not like horse

teeth. There are what would be long canine type teeth that have been cut and filed down.

February 24, 2020

Like Jan.. Each of my four attempts to reach in for content yields only ephemeral results. I am struggling the past week (at least) reaching dream data. Or I should say, holding it sufficiently until an opportunity to wake and scribble it down. I am often passing these opportunities by. Since I have picked the crystal up again, and am seriously going IN it seems the focus has shifted. I would like to set an intention this night forward for the focus to be enough to equally reach each of these areas of investigation and exploration. — The intention is now set.

February 25, 2020

Parking garage. parking ticket. four of them : No violation is stated on the forms. I am looking, it is not here. I am in a space that has been outlined for parking, I don't why I have been given these tickets. My back left tire is sticking out just a bit from the line but other than this I am parked squarely. I parked here four days ago, which is the reason for the multiple tickets. I try to show the ticket lady that I am in a space. The space itself does seem to somewhat block the flow of traffic exiting but I did not put the space here. I shouldn't be given the tickets.

She rings me up and I give her money but she gives me no change back. This is wrong. I am now getting angry about this too. Atop of this she is trying to up-sell me a pair of underwear and bras. I take one underwear to go with what I am now perceiving as four bras (rather than parking tickets, but this too). I have no idea why I am spending all this money. I should not be. I do not have the extra to spend and I am already out the amount for the tickets, the change I didn't get back and now this. It is beginning to add up so ridiculously I am beginning to not care.

I see Larry Rousseve coming out of the lot. I tell him I heard he was responsible for me getting the tickets. I do not know why I am saying this, I am just joking with him. But it seems I hit a nail on the head. He wants to tell me how it happened but is so distraught over it he cannot. It seems he actually is responsible for reporting me and the tickets being issued. We are walking. Up and down the structure. Outside along the sidewalk. Alongside a flowing body of water. The environment and energy is shifting.

A sexual feeling is beginning to come on me (an OBE sign) . . A scene opens up in which I am looking at myself from various angles wearing the underwear I just bought. They are really more like short shorts, low on the hip, the material is shiny, thick, red and silver. Some of the angles are highly provoking. Like I am looking up inside myself through this lower gate. There is a hands on release of the energy and the frequency state shifts.

I am back in beta. I wake briefly to make my notes....

4AM

Running, reverie, playful fun. I am running around a bend when I stop. I am handed an orange bag. On the front of the bag in white letters are written the words “Human Food”. The rest of the segment gets fragmented but the dream circles round to where I am running again. Only this time I am observing as point consciousness from the outside. I am some kind of small creature, about 4 feet tall. I stand upright. I am white.

6AM

Credit card. taped together at the top. pink and gold : It is not mine but I am upstairs in a dark almost nightclub-like area, at the top of a flight of steps, in this more quiet corridor using it to pay for something. It is a handsome, well built man who is accepting and running the card.

Houses.....

I am walking through many different houses. I am recognizing the one I am now in, even though it has been restructured somewhat inside. I am recognizing the template. The activity which used to occur here. It is a favorite place to come since childhood. I am redirected from my rising awareness. I am told by a middle-aged woman with straight, shoulder length blonde hair that a home she owns and rents was occupied by my brother Roger, my Grandma and one other for a few nights and left in disrepair.

I know this is not so and begin to stand up for them. They would never do this. The idea is an impossibility. Another man came and occupied this place immediately just prior to my family’s departure. I saw him myself as I came to retrieve them. How does she know it is not him who left the place so. He is a large man, a Polynesian man, thick through the middle and through the legs. I am shifting into another house. It is a blending of all the previous concepts— the nightclub, the night, and the houses. I am looking around the room, everyone here is built just the man, thick heavy legs and thick middle, even the women. I do not get much further before the waves shift again and I wake. Suddenly. I am outside, it is daytime, there is a man and the idea of driving as I am finding myself back in my room.

February 26, 2020

Something about betrayal, the scenario involved dogs, – the whole thing got shattered in the huge windstorm and thrashing of the wind–chimes along the side of the house all night long. We are having very strong winds here. It was my understanding they were going to blow through in a couple hours but this started yesterday around noon and there has been no sign of it stopping or even slowing yet.

February 27, 2020

Environments— Inside. Outside. Airplane. Jacuzzi. The scenes are being filmed almost like a reality show. They are principally following one man. There is something he has

done that is not quite right. He is making amends with the others who are around. In particular with one other man. I am blending with him now. Experiencing from his [as well as other, additional] point(s) of view.

Moving through houses..... I am young, there are other college aged kids here of all nationalities, I have rented a room in an area for which there is going to be no shower available. We have to hand bath. This is going to be a problem. I am trying to figure out where I can shower, where I can cleanse with flowing water. There are issues coming up in the house. I am here (as myself in this person) resolving them. There is a young caucasian man, brown hair who lights up a cigarette. I confront him about this but he wants to defend the action. I unleash myself on him, saying it is illegal in the state of California to smoke in a house others occupy. He leaves, leaves the house for good. Others here are happy.

There are conversations had with many who are here now, about this and the other challenges of being here in this house. I am now approaching the landlord with these issues. Handling, enacting each and every one of them. Leah is here sitting on a bench. A man next to her gets in her face. I unleash myself on him *as I did with the other young man. The landlord approaches me about this. I tell him what happened in my defense of Leah. He succumbs to my strong feeling and words. Now a bus ride from this place to.....? —a bit of a crazy ride, driving fast into oncoming traffic. We pass where it is we are first going (our house), we head back and then again past this destination and on.

Someone abandons and old, injured, black and white chicken in a box. It is in a vulnerable way, the dogs here are nipping at it. I shoe them away and move the box to another area. I slide the thing out of the box and now here on the ground it is a dog. I go to bring this creature to the attention of the landlord (this is where I see Leah sitting on the bench) ...There is an underground, water/sea creature in this area, an undercurrent of evil, something very dark. I am trying to get myself and the dog and others away from being enveloped by it. The dog is not coming. I keep trying to draw him to me. I am told he has the right to choose and to honor this. He is aligning with this dark water being and is going down under the water.

February 28, 2020

Up well into the night, well past midnight, could not fall off to sleep. – (only 3 cycles before the alarm going into a work day).

I kept the concept, but unfortunately lost all detail — Audio and action : Combining as one what would more normally be thought of as two separate components. This may well have had, or been inspired by something to do with the channeling.

February 29, 2020

Theta (le: a sleep wave) started coming on me early, around 8pm.. by 9pm I am gone.

I am inside myself again, inside my own biological structure. There is more going on again with crystalline structures. This is very challenging for me to grasp conceptually but I am going to keep trying.....It is 1:43am. **note : nothing further solidifies on this. Later—

- Repotting two large potted trees which have gone to root.
- Large stuffed animal, zips up the front, has male anatomy and other items inside.
- Old outdated computer. 1990s. Long segment. All of these are large segments. Guidance is present and moving through them with me.

March 1, 2020

A wonderful night of dreaming, I could dream like this forever.....

Rob and Kalina, multiple segments with them both : they are giving me something, a gift, it is a seed. Kalina is carrying Lily in a papoose on her back and walking it to a nearby area alongside a bend in the road. She is going to bury it here for me in the desert on my request. It is both here and unearthed and being used with immediacy — now — all at the same time. I am occupying all of the continuum at once. There is a layering effect and spiraling of time. I am both manifest, and un-manifest at various levels. Experiencing all this. more than what I can word.

Casino : I am passing it by.. A man outside looking in tries to talk with me as I walk by.. I turn and listen to him briefly but am intent upon where I am going. Bathroom. clean. pristine clean : I enter with someone, another female, items are brought in which I offer to carry in my pouch for her until we are out of here. I can see the saline, these are medical supplies. I believe this is Kalina here with me. Snake. a very large snake. at the back of this room : a man has killed it before it could strike us. He did this in an instant. He is holding it up in the air, showing us and saying something I am not bringing fully back with me. I am curious, and questioning how he did this. So fast, and by pulling something of it out through the mouth cavity.

Note : there is a very wonderful feeling energy throughout all of these segments, each segment is blending seamlessly into the other.

4:30AM, I wake to use the bathroom then go back in.

A great deal of activity in a large mall and lot structure.. Multiple interactions with others, helping them, get places, find things.. I am trying to make my way somewhere, to the car I think (but keep getting derailed) when I tell myself not to worry I am just dreaming.. I am just dreaming.., yes, I look around the environment, see it is a mall structure and from here forward endeavor to stay lucid. High degree of lucidity now throughout. I continue toward the car. I squeeze past some people, two people in particular at an outdoor fountain area. I excuse and pardon myself first, then squeeze through. Once through, I hear from others' telepathic communication that I did well with first announcing myself but still need to work on less disruption as I pass by. – Interesting! I am getting real-time feedback from the scenes but at levels deeper to the scenes.

Now I am in the car and being driven *while I am seeing and talking with another of myself, literally another Casey.. As I am coming into a heightened state of the lucidity I ask the other Casey if she can see me. She acknowledges that she can. (note : there is the idea of my sister, Sandy, here as well. doing the driving). I am asking her what it is like for her to see me. The Casey I myself am looking at has very thinning hair through the part line. The formation of how the hairs are parted and fixed is catching my attention. Almost to the point of distraction.

I look around the vehicle and around the area. There are many street machine-workers, literally 'smart' machines and machine-like beings here in and around this vehicle, and where it is heading. Fascinating. Do they know I see them now? I am looking at a yellow fellow a bit in front of me to the left. Others too. Who are they??! where are they taking me?

I have a wad of cash in my hand my that I am now very aware of, and also doing my best to hold lower in my lap in order to hide from onlookers. I am not doing a very good job of it. I have been feeling it in my hand for some time. Crystal shop. looking for a crystal clear quartz points : I am taking a glass top off a display in order to pick up and inspect the crystals inside more closely. I go through many areas, shops, connecting with many crystals and soo much more. So much more is happening, something real has happened here in all this, – but there is only this much time to log.

Work day. it is time to get going.

March 2, 2020

I am doing a new kind of work with the crystals now..

More is showing up in the (same) frames each new time I take a picture. I am clearing all this. When I just take a picture it is different than when I take a picture with intent. This is when more shows up and when there is more to clear. This is much more intricate than what I can say. Than what I AM saying. It may be this is more simply newly being realized, than it is new work. It is almost like an x-ray, or more closely an archeological find through people and their forms. —Note : I am relaying this very poorly. What is happening in this experience is so far beyond my ability to word it almost makes more sense to leave this entry blank. Instead, I am doing what I can to try, – to at least begin to process it somehow in/through words.

March 3, 2020

Two caucasian women approach me about finding a woman skilled in a certain art, like a martial art for a match of some sort. It is a great honor to be chosen for this. In the moment I am not sure who they are meaning and tell them such, – but then I remember, it is the very person I am here in this area with. I recall her mentioning something about it to me. Here forward I am doing my best to get the message to her and all parties together. A rather comical moment where I am in a movie theater-like

space, laying down, I can't see the screen for the people in front of me. I stand up and move forward, tumbling all of the people in the rows ahead of me down to the ground on my way to the person I am looking for. In the end I do find her and relay the message. —This is just a fragment of this whole very long segment; easily two cycles.

March 4, 2020

I am called in early again tonight, before 8pm even..

Intense night of K clearing (again) — heat building to the point of sweat most the night prior to 4am : the same discomfort through the lung area : this whole quadrant is being worked with. I am dreaming and alert in the dream fields however with each of the shifts through beta my attention is more focused on what is happening in the body and the dream content is lost.

John. jumping fish : I am in the in-between and scenes are rolling by, still screen shots really when I recognize the particular shade of the accent wall in John's dining room.. The angle I am looking down at captures the top of the large fish tank built into the dividing wall and part of the window. I say "this is John!" And I stop here and peek in at him. He is standing just inside the room to the right of the doorway. The fish I am seeing are all beautiful, shining green and blue and purple pastel hues. They are jumping up through the surface of the water and then diving, like dolphins do. We talk here for awhile, there is a fireplace going, nice and cozy, and then following our contact I head out. John does too, but then he stops the car, rolls down the window and instead asks "are you ready come home?" I am, I say, yes....yes I am ready to get some sleep. We both go back in.

Vision : a very brown environment, flat topped trees (all brown), the sky is brown and in schemes of brown, there are many small aircraft floating through the skies, I hear the very gentle and welcome message "we are coming to help you".

March 5, 2020

The moment that created AI—Uncreated : "I think I know something", I say, to a man up there in front of me, at the entrance of a limited access zone. This whole idea and structure is too large for me to hold in cognition. But here are the concepts : Underwater. The moment before the turn. Todd Thau? Margarett Atkins. Black rotary phone (bugged). Substance on the underside of an underwater slide.

Sun. Large structure. Egyptian/contemporary : It is being worked on and adorned. One outside leg/segment is not to be changed, this is a request of the woman who owns this and is having the work done. She wants to lay on this area to sun. It slants downward at an angle, it isn't being seen as fit for laying, due to this, by workers. I am saying a pad that is thicker at one end than the other would easily make it fit. I can see this pad is navy blue in color. And, also, that the segment can still be adorned along with this concept. I can see the adornment is a cross in gold leaf. To leave this area

untouched would leave the structure unfinished and less effective than if all was completed and possible all at once. It is being decided.

March 6, 2020

Changing clothes : trying on shirts [in particular] for days and days and days.. I return to the same shop for this. The tops are all very unique in their style, one of a kinds. My last visit in I have five shirts on hold that I am going to try on again and probably take with me. I am first heading into the store to also look for others – as I wake.

March 7, 2020

I pull up in a convertible outside a little store and go in..

There is an open floor freezer near the entrance just inside. I notice this right away and am thinking to myself quite loudly and for some time “why is it open?”.. I am going to feed a little something of a critter. I do not quite know what it is. Mom is giving me instruction. I know how to do it. I can’t find the right food stuff though. Zack helps me out. Other fragments : three times I borrow items of another person, or persons without asking. I am going to get into trouble if I keep doing this. One of the items is a very long necklace chain that I put my elite Shungite pendant on. The chain belongs to a man. He is confronting me on this and I am returning it to him. We are friends. Another item is something of Lil’s. recipe. internet.

March 8, 2020

The golden light of the morning sun, the flowing waters through the tall grass fields, so surreal.. the roaming animals, the large, colorful, almost boxcar-like stacked storage structure (picture taken of me with it), the red dresses myself and five other girls are wearing (it is going to be an extraordinary photo), the long, wooden, well built, breathtaking entryway through the fields into the housing set-up (picture taken).. More structures will certainly be built in and around all this, for many more families to come in the future. It is worthy, and stunning and there is space for much more.

Outside I am in a boxcar shaped room, the white animal comes over to me, it is four legged like a horse, or moose but is not quite either of these. It eats from my hand. I am sharing food with some others here as well, Dan McDonald, – what is the food?... there is some importance to what it is exactly I am eating, what is this?, it breaks into pieces like bread but is not, it is white, it could be some form of meat or fish. Jan is here inside the housing structure, it is fascinating in here, I am taking pictures of myself in certain key areas to embed the experience itself *most activity is lost.

I do not recall ever being here before. I am absolutely fascinated by the place. It is dusty and it is old and not new, and desert and mobile home-ish, box areas put together in a large matrix of other box areas. Why am I so fascinated?.....I can’t quite

put my finger on it. Other than that I am with a good deal of lucidity and this brings a fascination in itself. But it is also more. The photos are all so beautiful, so extraordinary, near unreal. I will try to see more of what it is that is happening inside. It is 5:51am and almost time to get up, though. —work day.

March 9, 2020

Contact with Dayna Stone : just an ephemeral feeling left from the event but the feeling is very nice, – like that when visiting the mystery schools, although it is not and the setting here in this experience is quite ordinary and mundane. There are other women here in the experience as well. I put in earplugs and reach for my Minfold., as soon as it is on and the field is far more black I immediately see, underlying this experience something far different. So different I am held aback. The impression is WAR : a black caped and hooded mob of men rushing forward by me like bats. — there is an associated group of others wearing white wool. I can't quite grasp hold of the story.

March 10, 2020

I am behind the scenes, outside time, showing up like Santa Claus with little gifts for people.. In the one I am in now I am gaining hearts on a last comment for Viv and alongside one other who is assisting me, deboning chicken parts to put into a dish. I am saying to this other that she loves this but often just doesn't have the time to do it herself. This may be for her dogs.

A girl approaches me and says how much she enjoyed a video series I did on something.. I am teaching people how to live (well, successfully) in small spaces and encouraging them to write.

Lana Q, Rona in the background.

March 11, 2020

Dragons. people's dragons : I am seeing rows of 2, 3, 4 and more people standing shoulder to shoulder and in the shape between them, between where their shoulders and heads are, the very large face of their dragons looming forward. It is startling at first when I realize what I am seeing between them are dragons, – but I investigate, I lean in for a closer look and fall out of consciousness.

March 12, 2020

I am in a room, an area, a larder, together with a large number of foods I have purchased to sample before my impending death – which is coming up around the corner.....Somehow I know I am going to be driven out to the middle of nowhere somewhere and left there. A man also is going to be with me. Among the foods is a fish, that when first purchased days ago still had not succumbed to *its own fate, it is

still alive in the basket on the wood shelf. All others, as they are supposed to be are dead. But even now this one fish is still not. It looks like a trout.

As the man and woman who are coming in (Doug, Kalina?), taking the foods upon my request so they do not just go to waste – a green type of fruit, and purple fruit, cooked salmon and this other type of fish, the one of which is still alive.. – I am worried for its fate and looking almost frantically for a bowl to submerge it in water. A large pot is found, I begin filling it with water and finally get the fish in.

I am also sampling some of the foods I did not yet get to prior.. I am asking if this is okay, as they are in truth no longer mine as I have offered them away.. Doug is very helpful, helping me accomplish what I wish. I am gathering up items to take with me that will come in handy for a last days scenario of starving. Mints, toothpaste, my purse, there are necessary items in it that will be critical in the event the man and I get away.

I see now as I am writing this I am both in and outside of time—experiencing.. this is what it is, this is why I see what is coming and a wider spectrum of potentials. In actuality in the 3D field things are much more dire, there is torture (back whipped) and pain. I feel I am in a cave system. We are already here and already left for dead. This other, some is what I was doing just prior, some I am doing from the astral. – from where I see what is coming.

March 13, 2020

It has been a heavy non-stop day of getting pummeled by rain. My energy is richer. I cannot fall off to sleep until sometime after 1:30am. – 6:00am alarm (work day). Absolutely nothing in between.

March 14, 2020

I intuitively reach to feel my ear, my right earring is not here..... (I think I am awake) I wonder where it could have fallen.

I have been in the following scenario/simulation before : I, we – are in a craft in outer and local space. We are traveling out and then back in for reasons I am not grasping now. We have to swing around the sun multiple times and reacclimatize our systems to the local space. Many individual people from many of the planets on which we must periodically land for brief times are aiding us. We are running into a bit of trouble on the planet I am now on. It is Earth-like enough, although there are also many differences, such as in their customs – but not quite enough. We begin to be spotted and suspect by some others and our leaving this place without incident is diminishing. Some of us are dying.

There is a sensation in my body while on the craft and swinging around the suns. It is not pleasant. But the light is beautiful and more like local air space with light and bright blue skies than outer space. Some of us are not making it through this

transition. Not even onto the planets. Then yet others are not making it off the planets. There is this funny little movement I am doing on the planet I first visit. I am walking up hill up a street and doing a little hop and reach up into the air. There is a woman who is here with me. A local from this planet. Someone who knows I am not local. Who is helping me. Who is curious at to why I am doing this movement. It has something to do with an acclimation in my lungs to the air here.

March 15, 2020

Horses. right profile. running. England. A talk of the cold.

March 16, 2020

I fall asleep without even realizing it while listening to Rob's mid-month channeling [on the 3 days of darkness concept, which included some info on the coronavirus pandemic], it is sometime just after 10pm I think.. I am pulled in not just fast, but deep. It is very challenging to surface in the shifts in the cycles through beta. The energy is intense. There is a great deal of heat. I feel I am deep underwater vigorously swimming through torrents of energy for the surface. — In this energy there is enough of me present to repeatedly ask "what am I dreaming? – what was I just dreaming?" :

First symbol : empty royal blue laundry basket.

Later : traveling concepts —

Airline. airport. plane, woman. friends. boxcar-like boat ride, everyone is separated in their own little rectangle areas or holds.

Fragment closest to waking :

Dali Lama – (Pope) – dogs, 8 or more dogs in his space.. They are large in size but very slim, angular, fine (like whippets but with longer hair). They are all lounging on the sofas. Through this lengthy interaction I begin to be increasingly more advanced upon by this man, as a mate, romantically, and then sexually, *this is interrupted.. *perhaps because I am beginning to wonder IN the experience why I myself am not stopping this. I ask why such a high figure is pursuing me so.. the man himself says it is for the event of when he is replaced, his future, I am to be cared for in this arrangement.

I am taken to a closet area, a sort of corridor really but the concept of a 'closet' is present. Inside on the floor is a lifeform I (myself) have not seen before. It is the size of a large hand, two-toned neutral in color, jelly-like with suction cups [like an octopus] all around the top of itself. I am trying to recognize it and in the experience am saying it has been a long time since I have seen such a creature. Everyone scatters but I stay.

I see one of the dogs (from before?) coming up from a sinkhole of dirty water, or a quicksand-like substance in the floor to left of this odd lifeform.. I call out for help. it

is an emergency. my energy is frantic. no-one comes. I call and call and call as I reach down and endeavor with all my strength to pull him out on my own. I do this – likely with assistance from behind the scenes – and another is just behind him. I pull the dogs out, rescuing them one by one until there are no more. I am knowing, * this is why I was late/postponed from getting away from this area, I was meant to save these dogs.

I am standing now in front of the corridor, it is free flowing with water, like a river. Items that are mine from the past are rolling by. I reach in and begin retrieving them, each and every one of them. Reclaiming, re-gathering them all up. This corridor is walled on the other side, the side I am facing with wide wooden planks, there are gaps between the planks, I can see I am being observed doing this by at least one man.

March 17, 2020

Today (tonight) I have started a new, second job.. It is in the evenings so I did not get home until late, and to bed even later. The closures in the city from the coronavirus pandemic have begun and people over the age of 65 are being asked to self isolate and stay at home. The schools are closed so the family are all at home. We are in the middle of long, steady weeks of rain. I wake multiple times in the night in the passes through beta to hear the strong downpour. I am deep in the dream time and dreaming well but the currents are cut short upon my initial waking (late) in the morning and data is gone in an instant. I make a lengthy attempt to recover the streams but in the end to no avail. I step out of the bed and into my day at 10:22AM.

March 18, 2020

Dark energy. strangeness. near apocalyptic.

I am at home : (at Derrick's) : cleaning. picking up trash at the area at the end of the counter by the refrigerator. (Roger). a girl brings by her tiny mouse for him to watch for her while she is away. the idea of him being a vet. even a scientist of sorts. cages but they are not getting used. the mouse is free roaming. lots of other critters. lizards. cats. I am worried the cats will eat the mice. there are two of them now. quite literally on top of the cats. A young girl with short brown hair, bad energy, is trying to get my attention. She is asking me questions. I am answering but only after not hearing her. I tell her I am doing something, I am working numbers, I have to focus, I need 5 minutes to finish then I can give her my attention. She leaves.

Weird bike ride to post office : dark energies. roads are washed away. lots of cement and concrete. Police. driving toward me. pulls his vehicle over for me to pass first where the road has crumbled away (*this also happens on the way back). Underground tunnel system. Man down here is confrontational, gives his impression of my 'teaching'. I thank him for his input but rather than go through the door into that space I take another route. I am back above ground again. It is getting to be night. There is not much light (or time) left. It appears raining or ready to rain. Another young man, on a bike, ethnic, light skinned black student(?). He rides with me a ways.

The roads are really getting rough. Post office is up ahead off to the right (do I even go in?). Beta wave rolls in and I roll out of the scape. Almost without this whole odd and bizarre experience.

March 19, 2020

Taylor : accompanied her through a mall and school structure. Mom is in here. exercise classes. we never take the same classes together. we should fix this. Man. a nice but bad guy. He has his finger over all of us. Over a relationship I have with some young man. I am deciding how I should maybe let him him go, that way there would be no control. I am being observed and recorded by a a group of three persons around a corner in the shadows. I come around into their area and surprise them. It is not like I do not know. The man, as I am going by another way – calls me to sit with him. I may be in trouble. A woman I know, it may be a morph of gina Corso. Tall, very beautiful, electric red hair. Show girl-like. I comment on her height asking how tall she really is. there seems a (heart) relationship here too. Two gay men in a space. The one is the young man I know, the other is just an odd someone. He is just here, involved in his own business. They connect energetically for a moment due to their similarity. The one I know is Asian. It is just a brief connect, the one shows a moment of attention to the other. Their energies briefly touch.

March 20, 2020

Too many things happening all in one day (IRL). The DMV closes in my face, literally this very morning, and I cannot renew my driver's license (making me uneasy). While I am out I see firsthand all the shops that are now closed, literally everything save the groceries, Target and such stores and gas stations. This is having a larger impact on my system than I would have guessed. Then the notice from the Governor, ordering all Californian's indoors. Together with all the weeks of clouds and rain – BOOM – just so much to process all at once. I am getting triggered. My ability to be of help. I stay up way too late, well past midnight. I feel anxiousBut this morning the sun is coming up and out, lots of storm type clouds still up there but right now the day is shining. — Between my day and the sunrise now happening I hold to nothing. I roll straight into beta with the waves.

March 21, 2020

No Data.

March 22, 2020

No Data. --third day in a row.

March 23, 2020

I am still acclimating to all the new activity..

I am working two part-time (health care) positions now, 3 days a week at each house. I am getting used to the extra hours, getting to know the new family, the new level of exertion on my body. California is in lock down due to the new strain of the corona virus – covid-19 – now a world pandemic. The family is all home now everyday– Mom, my brother and sister-in-law, the kids and new puppies. I am self-isolating for the most part in my bedroom. All this is having a strong affect on not just my dream time but ability to bring back data from the fields into this one. It has been deeply overcast and raining here for weeks. Near nonstop. The sun is beginning to peek through all the clouds for brief periods and today I got myself out there for a fortunate 40 minutes. I will work harder tonight, specifically to bring back content. I will strengthen my focus.

March 24, 2020

House. dialogue about out of body experience.

7:30AM

I am not going to get up. I am deliberately going in for another cycle for data. I ask for clear awareness of what I have been dreaming, and/or for what I need to know about the world's current state of affairs; the new virus.

Someone gets into the house. gets Jan and one other male. takes them away to be processed. I am in this now empty house. It is night and dark outside. I am first hiding. Trying to figure out what is happening. In a bathroom with the door wide open. I know, and can feel the presence of others still here. I get up, a good deal lucid and begin exploring the house. It is like an unfinished house. The walls are not all complete. I walk over and am looking out a floor to ceiling window-wall, trying to see what is going on out there. An ambulance-like vehicle and the men are out there.

A woman is now in the house with me. She is short and has short dark brown hair. She is talking to me about killing. Being willing to in the right, and certain circumstance. I ask what these would be. She says FREEDOM. I say I would do that, I would kill for freedom but it would be harder for me than for most. The energy here with her is intense. The feeling of authorities, powers that be, militia and this whole web. (shift)

I am off looking for Jan and the other man, *I do know who this is I am just not grasping it. I am in a municipal, processing station. I find them both in here. We are sitting on chairs at a wall and there are these conical shaped things under one of the wood cross beams. The walls here are unfinished as well. They look like little V shapes of wood filings. I poke at them and break them up. They are nests. These tiny bugs come out and in no time begin encompassing the building. I run and tell everyone else to run. I get outside. Something is now going on in there, though. I step up to the glass door front and look in. There are two people in the middle on the floor and a swarm of energy and light and then all of a sudden nothing. I ask the freedom fighter woman what that was. She says it was nothing. I know it was something, but..

Inside I am seeing bags of organic rice and other staples *that are missing from the groceries due to the new (corona) virus scare. I open the door to go in and get some of these but remember I have no money with me. This has been a theme ongoing throughout the scenario, I have money I just don't have it on/with me. So I put the items down, leave the building and try to aim myself for home. I do not know, or recognize where I am, or where home is relative to my location. It is still night and very dark outside. It is not the greatest of areas.

I am first looking in the many directions, one way then another, then turning myself, trying to find due west and walk myself in this direction when a man from a parked truck approaches. A bit of a hippy, not too much so but a bit. Long uncombed blonde hair, jeans and white t-shirt and boots. He tells me I had written a letter before coming here (to this world) and he hands it to me. It looks nothing like what we would think of as a letter. It looks like some kind of pod, brownish yellow, near to the shape of a non-modified banana. I say, inquiring, "I wrote a letter? This is a letter?" He nods.

I look down at this thing in my hands and begin opening it up. I don't know what this is inside, or how to describe it. Maybe something like the overripe insides of multiple textures of fruit. The same brownish yellow hues, a bit of moss green and a sort of light network similar to what we might think of as neurons, or a neural network. I get only this far into it before I wake. I am still thinking "I am going to ask this man for a ride home".

March 25, 2020

Lots of visual imagery and geometry through the night, through each pass through beta – lots of dreaming.. All I am bringing back with me is the concept of 1) guidance at a farm house, 2) a chicken and 3) cleaning.

March 26, 2020

It starts out that I have another girl's laptop. I am trying to keep it safe from others who are wanting into it. There is a very large segment of activity around this. As things are stirring to a boil, I hide behind a super large tv shaped device under a cream colored sheet that blends me into the scenery. Another person is in here with me, hiding with me, a woman. After some activity, and time, I get up and look out a large opening on one side of the tv/wall. An identical opening is on the other side. I choose the opening on the right. (shift)

I am with some people, two of them are men. I am with one of the men, we are paired (he is young, thin and very pleasant/kind). – but I am stolen from him by another man. A valiant attempt is made to get me back but it does not work. So I am acclimating. Observing the prize this man is. He has a way to earn, he has shelter, many rooms that are very comfortable, he has other people. He is alpha and intelligent, strong, healthy, attractive. I am beginning to not want to go back. I am settling into this energy. There is a process getting to this man's bed, to being in a real sense 'wed' to him. It does not

happen right away on the first night. More attempts are made by the others I am with prior to get me back. Much emotion and energetic feeling is being moved through. It is enjoyable. The complexity of undercurrents. Heated. Charged. I am, over this night having to win the right to be with this new man.

5AM

Two young (Russian?) men who I know only online are showing up now in my reality. I am finding this to be so incredibly amazing. Both their names are given to me in the experience but I am only making it back with the one – Schmiel. They are arriving by water on a large boat.

There is interaction involving both, I am holding mainly to the observation that one is light haired, the other dark—Schmiel is introducing himself as if to a crowd, as if over a loud speaker and is beginning an oration as I wake.

March 27, 2020

A series of loud and obvious, complex tones in the hours leading into my sleep hours. Deep sleep once in there. – no symbols are making it through with me as I wake, just a quick shift into a beta with none else intact.

March 28, 2020

In great brevity – I am on the coronavirus frontlines.

Following this I am I am inviting people to a party I am throwing for myself. It is in poor economic conditions. A woman is saying she will have some cake, I am telling her there is no cake but there are cookies. The other foods are pieced together to imply festivity but this is a poor environment. The party is a means of spreading the word about a particular crystal : tanzanite. An area is connected to this with two men who are working who can help in some way with this. So hard to word. They are jewelers, or gemists, or have a platform to get the word out. – a microphone. a reach. an audience. I get held up, bringing in foods for the party (to feed the people) but tell everyone to dive in without me. There is a large, sliced ham. A woman is saying more will be needed. I am telling her this will have to be made enough to go around.

March 29, 2020

As I am waking, as the dream data (too many complex concepts for me to hold) is about to be wholly lost, shouted through at me very fast are the words "collateral damage".

March 30, 2020

In the closet, changing.

Library. – no other data from here retained.

Tree : an ash colored tree, leafless. People are coming to it and cutting off the branches, as though for cuttings to replant elsewhere but too many are coming and the mother tree is going to be left for dead. I stop them before this can happen.

House : I am a guest and living in an area down below the main area. I am comfortable here and settled in. There are spaces, drawers I am newly discovering I can move things to. I am doing classes online, I am watching myself video taping some kind of movement and explaining it to those viewing. I am laying horizontal on the floor, raising my legs straight up, I am noticing here I am quite fit.

What I am wearing is interesting. notable. the clothing is not something that is usual for me. It has a swirl pattern on the front of the top that matches a more complex swirl pattern that is on the pant. The colors are very out of the usual. I might even say new to me. An elder comes down and through my space. This is his house. He begins moving things out of one of my shelving areas as though his and fixing it to his own liking.

Some items that are very complex to fold are undone in this process. I am accommodating the elder, not correcting or stopping him but at the same time I am not happy about this. He leaves shortly after this into another area. I am refolding my items, discussing all this with a female who is here, nearby to my space but not in it. I am noticing that some of my pine wood drawers were washed and left very wet. Some with an inch or two of water in them. I am beside myself. Wondering who would do such a thing. Going about the process of removing the water and drying the wood.

Outside : nature. dirt area. lake. camp tables. talking. walking.

There is a young girl here, toe-headed and about 7 years of age. Our birthdays are coming up. We do not have the same birthday, there is some confusion about this at first, but the days are close. As this interaction is getting all cleared up I look up into the sky, It is full of activity, of various type of aircraft, local and ET. I am astounded, and I am coming more awake, more fully conscious and close-up into the scene.

One of the crafts begins to come in close. It aims toward me but a tree stops it from reaching. It crashes. The tree has somehow incapacitated the craft. It falls, so close I could almost reach out and touch it, onto a car parked down below. by a lake a bit further down below. The pilot of the craft vacates. It has flight itself. It looks like a very beautiful sort of water horse. White, grey and deep to light TEAL. It flies away over the body of water.

As I watch this beautiful creature flying further and further away my attention flows into an area where there is a man who is turning these events into comedy. Asking that comics quite literally draft out (comic) strips. These are being penciled by hand onto paper. The man is going over some of what he feels to be the best, laughing and walking down a dressing room corridor.. He steps into one of the dressing rooms,

pulls the curtain and is about to look at himself in the mirror as I wake. I do not get to see who this is. I can almost see him in my mind but do not know if this is accurate. I recognize this man but at the moment cannot bring the name. We are in the 1950s era.. All this is meant to relay the 1950s era.

March 31, 2020

More about killing.. I am being checked, overseen by two criminal type men preparing for this. I am in a somewhat empty garage, they think I will be test shooting a gun but I am not going to do this. I am only going to make a sound by some means on a forrest green vehicle.

April 1, 2020

Quick notes only **I am beginning to get behind with the new work schedule and global pandemic (but this will be temporary) :

- Getting rice to Michiyo's in time. adventure.
- Sleeping in the car overnight on the way. picked up a male, plus Mom. Mall. separated from both. no phone. a nice man loans me his. lots of opposition.
- Cafe. getting to know the man who woke me up while in my car. how did he get in my car? police lights.

April 2, 2020

I am exhausted from working a 7 day week.. Tonight I am so physically tired I cannot get comfortable in the bed and. I can neither stay awake nor fall off easily into sleep. After about 2 hours it happens without me realizing. At 5am I wake for no apparent reason, as before, without being able to get back in. I have a headache, my body still hurts, I can't focus. I do fall off again after an hour or so, I do dream, but I am not able to hold to the data. Thorough, deep exhaustion. I try on a couple occasions to focus into the black, to 'talk' my way in to what I am seeing, – but fail.

April 3, 2020

I remember being shown, being given guidance on how to drive Soir, my new car/chariot.. She is not Goldie, she needs respect, a deeper connection needs to be made. This is my car, Soir, connecting with me for the purpose of communication, – in the dream state. So cool.

April 4, 2020

I am hot flashing before bed and through the night. My dreams seem so far away from me these past weeks. Not close, not just gone, but far away.. It is a feeling.

I am remembering a man's house. cleaning the fridge. odd food stuffs. Mom comes through to help but is more of a hindrance.. She moves on. The man comes through and there is talk, guidance.. On the items I am finding in the fridge, and the state the fridge is in.

April 5, 2020

I am being shown (again) the difference in the experience between attempting to hold data in/for myself, and letting the universe carry it for me and living largely in wonder and mystery. I wake at 1am startled to find myself absolutely drenched in sweat. I wake in the morning feeling wonderful.

April 6, 2020

Just a single name : Charlie Prine

I had been dreaming.. (and) repeating this name in my mind would repeatedly bring a particular conceptual field to me, but in the end, as I end my sleep and wake it is only this name that is so clearly left with me. Anyone my age or older will recognize the sir name, it being so uncommon – from the bluegrass singer John Prine. I feel someone very closely connected with him reached out to me in the night to potentially bring healing to John – who, I find as I am researching the above name, is hospitalized and ventilated from having contracted Covid-19.

Sending love
Asking everyone passing through to send love



April 7, 2020

I am in a lesson.. I am being asked "...and what will you do if your opponent is little?" There are two tiny fly things dive bombing me on the right and left. Not maliciously, just enough to bring the question to life. I am suspended here in this question, in what my answer might be.

April 8, 2020

I am telling someone about pink salt, a young girl.. I am in a large warehouse with large cubicle shelves where I go to retrieve a couple bags to show her. I am having a difficult time finding any. Instead I am handled a clear mesh bag of huge, colorful salt rocks that are of a very different variety. The colors are astounding.– reds, deep greens, browns.. A black dog– he runs underneath a large opening in the area in which we are (a sort of garage area, open, concrete) and chomps down on a huge spider. He is biting down long and hard in order to kill it *and not be harmed. I am

watching mouth agape. Various questionable type people are here nearby. I am walking through to somewhere and having to get by/through them.

April 9, 2020

Woke with a start. – (everything gone) zippo, nada.

April 10, 2020

There is a man, we are in the city, we are just meeting, he is young with long sandy colored hair, he wants me to go somewhere and do something for my birthday, it is my birthday.. I tell him I do not really know the city that well, that I know the area even right here just a little but the rest of the state (of California) not really much at all. I am trying to recall for what purpose we have just met but it is not coming ...Our meeting is concluding, I am beginning to go off on my way when he calls and I see he has returned. He is sitting back in the chair at the table we just were. I am throwing back the rest of a drink, smiling and heading back over when I wake.

April 11, 2020

Erich,—meeting. (experience held, contents lost)

Living spaces. – Derrick, three others including me.. we are looking to house ourselves. We are finding some interesting possibilities.. One that will only be for two of us but the others could certainly stay overnight as guests while we keep looking for another additional place for them. . .

I am walking with a large group of others, Derrick, two dogs, – are along for the walk and an elderly person we are taking to potentially house in a senior assisting living community. As we are walking in, I am dropping two piles of something that look like chocolate covered raisins for the dogs. They leave some behind and I collect the left overs in a small plastic cup w/ lid. While I am down here I also see some pennies and a nickel (ie: some 'change') and collect this as well. I see a sort of muddy water solution and drain this from the cup before continuing on to catch up with the others who have gone into the building and are being helped by the concierge of this place.

April 12, 2020

Too exhausted. I keep passing out – not falling off but quite literally, repeatedly passing out. Note: it is a work morning, alarm at 6am, more time for recall could have yielded but alas no time available.

April 13, 2020

Horses.

June is (re)born, instead of an English lady this time as a south Korean woman.. Our paths cross again as we are engaged in the same care/service work again. I have brought her to my family home while I take a rest. She is going to work. It is an open, airy, home with asian influences. Wealthy. Mom is here. Dad.., the family. I am called from my room where I am engaged with myself into a hallway where June is trying to tell me something.

The words are not coming well from her mouth. It is as though she has something in her throat and cannot speak. She is distancing herself back from me a bit and attempting again and again. As she is I am taking in her appearance in great detail. An interesting shape to the face, wide at the jaw, not attractive, short stature. I feel the message is transferring during all this but not vocally.

She goes back to her work cleaning and organizing the spectacular house.., I watch her walk away into the gentle winds that are blowing the floor to ceiling white sheers throughout the space, contrasted with the deep brown woods and green plants. The feeling, the air here is so easy and light. I go back to my business. Exquisite. – pleasuring, long, sustained, sweaty, euphoric and cleansing : although it appears that I am, I am not alone.

April 14, 2020

I have only a fragment from the onset of the night, the symbolism is so strong it stays through to the morning :

A big ROCK . . twelve feet high and more around, we are circumventing it, navigating it, for ascension purposes. A Joe Rogan type figure has bleed through into the environment with me due to an interview by him that is playing on the laptop. The contents of the interview do not bleed in, just him. We are in discourse on the subject of our being here [the details of which I am still opening to] – it is almost more that he is observing what I might do, how I might act with certain information. If I will listen, obey, make counter-measures, go my own way. Succeed with or without exterior information.

Note: The energetic of this event feels creator being related, – Anunnaki, Enki/Enlil-like. Deep connection with this energetic.

April 15, 2020

Underground bunker.. hallway, paper schematic on wall, empty room with cot for sleeping. Everyone is vacating. The hatch doors are closing. I choose the opening on the far left and a woman here is not going to let me out. She is going to lock me in. Panic, and a sickening feeling in my gut as the lights go out. I am going to die a death in an enclosed space, in the dark, alone. (shift)

There are some girls, a house, a very Earth-life kind of scene.. A good deal of activity here has gotten fragmented, I am keying in on me at the window, looking out, it is night. Two of the girls are hiding from me. They are down on the ground behind an outdoor table and chairs. They are giggling, wondering aloud if I can see them. I say of course I can see you. They stand and come on over, one of them is a girl who is also, in a slightly different form in the previous environment. We like each other, we get along, we are friends. I begin to tell her she was just in my other dream, I begin explaining the whole thing to her as I shift :

Underground bunker.. (second look) – hallway, paper schematic on the wall, I am walking by it but decide this time to take a closer look. I step back and begin to focus in on what is written. The words appear written in pencil, there are shapes/geometries/diagrams and also words. It is not in English but as I hone in I begin understanding one area in English that says my name and refers to the location of my quarters. It is a room just off to my right. I shift into it. There is just a cot here. I lay down and am going to get some rest. Everything is in monotone, the same slightly yellowing color of parchment paper, the walls, the schematic, the cot.. My eyes are open, it is easy to zone off into the monotone.

Not long into my rest I begin cognizing that I am seeing what appear to be water droplets forming in a pattern on the wall. (shock). I get up with a start. Everyone is vacating. This time I choose the hatch that is closing in the middle, directly in front of me. I am running for it and screaming out that I am ready, while within myself on another frequency I am in discourse with someone about the horrors of dying as before, as though buried alive. There is a dark skinned man in an orange jump suit who is closing this hatch, he steps back in order for me to get out and in the background of my awareness is asking for orders on what he should do. Directly in front of me is an ocean of sand. (shift)

I am with a man, I am gathering up some tablets to take with me where we are going for a few days. He is saying he wishes I would not take these. I explain they are all just vitamins and minerals. I do not like multi's. I am explaining that when the body is deficient in certain items it does not dream, it does not hold data well. He is understanding. He is allowing me to collect what I feel I need. It is night and it is dark in the room in which this is happening. I notice this starkly as the brainwaves abruptly shift into beta and the light shining into my room, even through my closed eyes is so bright I awaken instantly. To my joy with these bits of my dreaming intact.

April 16, 2020

Symbol : Tower, then tower knocked over.

I ask for a symbol for the day, for going into this day.. It takes some time for the symbol to come, more than an hour. The scene is somewhat dark, like an overcast and rainy day, the towers are large and rounded at the top (almost more like the shape of a phallus), they are grey with a midlevel feel. There is an ephemeral idea almost bleeding through of a red equilateral cross, as in the sign of the knights templar.

April 17, 2020

Man with sharp teeth. real duck fake duck. feeding the ducks. making a video. water. floating on inner tubes. we are floating too far away from the audio equipment, we are going to have to get back closer to it and begin recording this segment again.

April 18, 2020

Looking down over a scene in the filming of the tv series Troy. : Fall of a City. It is the scene where Helen is giving her share of grain stores to the people once theirs has run out. I am protecting her and the scene as if one of the gods. I am not alone. Other creator gods are here with me. The energy of this/them is intoxicating. I feel it incredibly through my being, but also the spine.

April 19, 2020

Tiny mating butterflies. holding their dance midair. puffing out from themselves millions of tiny eggs that are sticky and get into people's hair and on their clothes when they walk through this space. I am trying to avoid them getting onto me. Car ride in black car with female (royal, presidential) person. We are not allowed to bring in anything except apples to eat. After the ride I am going to the park.

I am looking for seats from which to view a show. A man is poking a stick at a child to vacate her from a seat that he wants for his own little group. I stop this and tell him I am going to report him to the Park's authorities. I take his photo and take the child (Bonnie?) with me and we continue through this area to look for seats. She wants to go much higher up than I do but I settle her up there where she wishes alongside another female, and I put myself nearby on a row just slightly down from her. --much activity in the interim which is now fragmented.

Through this whole flow and notably last segment I am receiving a transmission on the importance of discerning real from fake (control system) narrative and not helping to spread that, not being a part of it, which at its basis is confusion itself. Teaching others also to discern. To focus, to be clear and to spread that clarity —not go into fight/fear.

April 20, 2020

I am in the car (Goldie, not Soir) with a young dark haired man., a guide, it is night, we are out, on a date, about to go in somewhere for dinner. Before going in I am reaching for a pack of cigarettes that are in a plastic bag and asking if he would be okay with me bringing these in. He is not okay with this, he is saying no. I accept this and we go in. (shift) I am walking into a very large seemingly empty room. I am hearing a woman's voice but cannot locate where in the room it is coming from. A door appears, the woman walks out into the room and I am seeing her now. She is older

than me, perhaps in or approaching her 60s. She has her arms raised up and bent over her head, she is talking wildly, 'crazily' to herself. I am trying to assist her in her understanding, and also to where she is supposed to be. The guide is helping me. All scenes are bleeding into one another.

April 21, 2020

The air is dark.. I am outside in the courtyard of a college campus. I have a deck of cards. There is the idea of not a single deck, but multiple decks I am contemplating, and about to shuffle together in order to play them. As I am about to do this, as the cards are about to be mixed I decide to pause. I am seeing the level of complexity and the great lengths I will have to go to before their completion/resolution is again reached. In my contemplation a man approaches and pushes his face through into my field of vision — it is Tom Cruise. It has been some time since he has approached me in the dream state. He appears as he did in his 30s. His energy always seems to represent the royal families of England.

I find his arrival interesting. I am saying to him that it is he who I was shown in a dream I would lay the cards down with. He asks if we should shuffle them all in together now. I nod in agreement and begin to do so. The game we are about to play out is not one usually played with cards. As I am shuffling the decks I am wondering if I remember the moves of this game. He may have to remind me.

There is a girl who has come in with him. She is in the periphery of the interaction and energetic exchange and does not seem important. It may be that some games simply require a third and she is holding this space. She is young, has blonde hair with curls and is wearing a dress. The angle from which Tom is looking in at me suggests I am in two locations and positions— sitting, here in courtyard, and laying down, it occurs to me 'on the table'.. The (dark) energy does suggest this. It is not unpleasant, it is one I am familiar with and enjoy.

April 22, 2020

Scream, — wildly at the top of my lungs.

I am on an adventure to go feed the duck. Along the way I have picked up a rabbit. It stays wherever I put him while I go do things. He loves me. This last time I come to collect him (I only put him down for minutes) he kisses me all over my lips. He won't stop. As I am coming to the cages where the animals are, a man has slid under one of the wire lifts and is calling a white animal over to him. He is saying to the animal "come here I have something for you". I think he is going to feed him but instead he starts doing something bad. I start screaming at the top of my lungs, one repeated high and loud screech, to alert someone to what is happening and come stop him from what he is doing. The scream is enough. He stops and gets away from here. Now he is extorting money from people nearby who are working at a truck stop and 7/11 store. Something about dream school and MERS.

It is night. A truck has parked so close to the side of the building and walkway I cannot get down from here onto the street. There is another truck also in the way. It has dirt piled high into the back of it and the pile slopes down making it what I think is an access to the street but the work men are stopping me. They are saying this is private personal property and I cannot use it. I say but you have blocked the way and there is no other way down. They still are not going to let me cross over. I am calling for their manager. They are calling him, yes they all agree I need to hear this from him. It is the bad guy who does bad to the white animal. I am not going to let him stop me. (shift)

Car ride with two girls : the driver does not feel she trusts me but the other has seen the bunny kiss me and trusts me completely.

Jennifer (Roger's Jennifer). bathroom : there is work out equipment in here and one of those round tubes for hemorrhoids.

Beautiful flowing dream stream through the night up to here.

Too much, too long to retain details.

April 23, 2020

It is Thursday morning.. my only day off from the care working. An exhausted night's sleep. At 9pm I am fighting to stay awake, Mom has something she needs to talk about. We finish up about 10pm. I lay down and near pass out from the exhaustion. It is a good night of dreaming but come 4-5-6am I am still so thoroughly exhausted I am not able to concentrate it all into concepts to bring back with me. I am just laying here, – still – even at 9am feeling how tired this body is. I have made only one serious, sincere attempt at recall but my body is demanding all the attention. Nothing is getting through this. I will concede for the day. Perhaps I can get in a nap (with dream content) this afternoon.

April 24, 2020

No Data. (deeeep breath)

April 25, 2020

At 4:30am I am awoken by the dogs.. It is very hot out and I am sleeping with the door and windows open *which is how I am hearing they need to go out. I get up, let them out, and am back in bed at 4:42am. I am in the zone, the energy is ripe for a lucid or out of body. For some time I am laying here simply enjoying the feeling of being in this energy while simultaneously in physical space. The body is super comfortable and the waves intoxicating : (shift)

I am walking neighborhoods and into municipal buildings, into a library.. It is very much a library but the mediums are not so much books as rocks and crystals. I pick up

one crystal I am interested in and begin studying it. A roughly 1" thick flat sheet of rainbow fluorite, clear on the left – through light greens – to purple on the right. I am looking into it and on the left in a small area see the being I associate in my own crystal with Enlil. On the right is a black skinned female, her hair is worn very short to the head. I am feeling this is the matriarchal Dragon (Creator) energy being represented.

Looking further, I find a row of pictures along the backside. A family of five. A young girl with blonde hair and a woman in a rocker are most embedding. The woman is speaking with me. She is older, in her 70s, very plain in her appearance, surroundings and colors. The crystal was hers. She wants it to be with me now. I am heading to the register to purchase it but this crystal it seems is special. The chosen carrier of the stone need not purchase it, instead it has a currency of its own, affixed to it, now given to me...I am unfolding what appears a 10 pound note. *and more.

As this is happening, as I am walking, I stop to let by a man who is coming up behind me, pulling a small suitcase on wheels. His clothing head to toes, the case, everything about him is very camel colored. When I stop he stops here with me as if to interact. I let him know I am stepping out of his way to let him by. He acknowledges, as goes on. The brainwaves are shifting back toward beta, the activity rolls back toward the neighborhood streets.

As I am walking through here I am asked to help make a call out to the residents of the area. There is an old style rotary phone– beige, with five separate lines and a red hold button (1960/70s). I have to wait for one line to free up before I can put out the call. A young body is eager to do this instead of/with me. There is a woman of color. She is the one asking me to do this. The line becomes free and a universal tone is sounded through.

April 26, 2020

I have just the fragmented remains of a long conversation I am having with a bald man. He is a guide of sorts, It is guidance I am receiving from him, or the energetic equivalent of guidance. He is a supporting figure. Much is being discussed, gone over and explained.

April 27, 2020

Females — ex-girlfriends coming to take their share out of Dad's house, I am all but being kicked out (but am not quite). Long drive and trip with Mom, she takes me away, she has always been so good on the road and with direction and time lines/schedules. We are resting in a bank parking lot where others are sleeping, some are exercising.. she says something that offends a woman of color. I take the conversation from here and make amends. The woman is accepting my way of apology. Mom rests, I exercise and after a couple hours we are readying to take to the road again. We are deciding on the direction when the beta wave rolls in. It is 5:45am, I decide to log this content, do a brief wake-back-to-bed and go in again.

I am cocktailing (a metaphor used with me to mean “serving”), my work area is receding, others are taking over. I am looking through the rows, there are many more who are serving the area, many more than are practically necessary. There is a server in each row and in one area, perhaps overlapping my own the server is seeing to only three seats, three potential people. – yes this area is representing what is left to me. (the scene fades).

Concept : Infrastructure.

April 28, 2020

Jan : he is involved in an act of activism. He is about to make his move, it will awaken many people. I am viewing him from below. He is up high in a booth, surrounded by plexiglass, overlooking the people. Ground level – I and others are cheering him on.. but his movements are making him visible to the dark forces and he is going to have to make an escape from this location. I shift up to his coordinates and am going to make it with him in a small white shuttle craft. There is a lengthy data exchange here, the details of which I am not consciously retaining.

After taking flight and moving through the city, we land in the darkness of night in a locked area behind chain linked fences. Everyone makes their get-away, scattering in different directions, but then I remember I have left my purse in the craft and have to find my way back into the locked area. I find a man (not human, this is not wholly human terrain) to help me. I have no shelter and no money and no means of making my way here.

The man brings me to where he lives.. where he lives in a single, small dwelling with his family. There is a mother and siblings. His mother is ancient, truly ancient, I am drawn to her and to her energy immediately. She is a pig lady. She is short, dressed in nomadic, tattered clothings. I know this race, I have come across them before. I am sitting with her in this tiny, bare living room. Exchanging energy, and stories.

She is wearing a large, horizontally rectangular pendant on a chain on her neck that is catching my attention. There are shades of orange, golds and browns. It is holographic. She tells me about it (about the being I am seeing in here) while I help her eat a white gelatinous substance that resembles milk with chia seeds. We are doing well with the eating as I am on her right but when I switch to her left the process is far more sloppy.

I am moving back over onto her right as beta rolls in and the scene fades.

The energy of the exchange still highly present.

April 29, 2020

Doug Sinclair. \$2800 check.

Completing with our agreement relative to care services.
Resolution of past sexual traumas.
Elderly Jewish lady (Rose?). bathroom. poop. Rona comes in.

Doug calls for a meeting to discuss what will be done during my last month.. I am letting him know what I want to complete in the bathrooms. There are two lines getting in to see him for this meeting. One line that does not have to wait and goes right up to the check-out counter with their objects. Another line that has to wait for the no-wait people. I am in the no-wait line.

April 30, 2020

An intense night of dreaming, I awoke in a long, extended (!) "explanation mark" around 5am, this strong energetic, clear and present with no immediate, present data. I make attempts to reach the data but the energy alone prevailed.

May 1, 2020

I stayed up till near 2am helping an important friend understand a new idea around the idea of the current global pandemic. A helicopter is flying low in the area just above the house a good portion of the night past 11pm. It is reminding me of Los Angeles and the home/area in which I had my awakening — helicopters over the house near every night. Good, fond memories are flooding through me. Ultimately I use the vibration of the sound to help me shift in to sleep. Which is so little, and the waking in the morning is to an alarm – that I bring with me no data from the in-between.

May 2, 2020

I fell asleep without knowing, in the middle of what I was doing and with my laptop still on my lap (ack). I have been working hard, cleaning cages for some animals at the ranch where my care client lives in the granny flat . They are seriously neglected and I have been getting increasingly emotional at it all. The man who generally does this work once a week on Sundays lives over the border in Mexico and has not been able to get here due to the coronavirus border closure. This work, atop the normal day of home care is leaving me pretty tired at night. I am getting up an hour early at 5am to put in an hour or so with the animals before starting my client's 12 hour day. I am asking the Higher-ups for the energy needed to do this. The impetus is clear and present. It is only that atop this I am working 7 days a week at present. It does feel good, much better than not, taking care of them. { { { please send energy } } }. Enough to also have an active dreamtime, and the space to bring back content.

May 3, 2020

Full body sweats in the night between 11pm–3am, my night clothes are drenched.

John : white truck. driving up high on a shelf of a road with me in the passenger seat. I am pleased to see he is visiting me again in the dreamtime. It has been a good night of dreaming, if I had more time to recollect it all would have come to me. Maybe it will at some point during the day. It is all very close. I keep getting 'stings' of dreams coming in but I know I have to wake and start the day and they fade easily into the knowing/feeling.

May 4, 2020

There is a man (he likes me), he is going to lecture on the subject of what is happening in our world at present. I am bringing Mom to hear him. We are going to sit in the car rather than on the cold, bare and hard ground. Where hundreds of people often come sit in a semi-circle to listen. (shift) I am on the ground, playing with my dogs, Niko and Nala.. The organizers are saying to bring the man onto the platform now. He comes out and sits. He sees me. He is saying he is not going to ask... this is in reference to me not calling him as I was encouraged to by him earlier. He is lighthearted in his play with me, he is meaning I will have to ask/approach him, relative to going out.

There is another male here, an antagonist who is fighting with and saying to this man that he had no animosity against him until he shrunk down his male portion. Although the exact words are clearly indicating his manhood I feel this is more in reference to going down into the lower dimensions (3D). In the midst of these energies beta is beginning to roll in. I am holding in particular to the man I am here meeting, so that I do not lose this content. He has very straight shoulder length hair, it is a notable characteristic, indicative of a certain era or point in time. His clothing is brown, his build is nice. The opening in him to me is very attractive. I like this, I like him, this energy/energetic very much.

Cleaning chicken coups: an active thought underlying this and other dream fields.

Pouring Diet Pepsi from a very odd contraption into a bottle.

OBE

High frequency high altitude view.

I am washing Mom's car out in the drive.. A car pulls in I do not recognize, it is old and beat up and white. At first it seem it will park next to where I am but then the driver heads over toward the area we more commonly use as the front of the house. I stop what I am doing, wholly, to look and see who this is and notice there is snow and ice covering the ground. I take this in. In moments I know I am dreaming. I am in the fields. I am out of body.

I am in awe at the instance and at the landscape. I am taking in a near 360 view and walking over to a tall bush. The foliage resembles a fir tree. I take the greenery into my hands and feel it deeply. The person who has arrived is now walking from a distance toward me. The brainwaves are shifting, the scene is fading, I cannot see her clearly

but feel I am seeing a female with remarkably long, thick platinum hair worn in two braids falling down the front. (shift) I am with my sister, Sandy, *who is departed, in my room. I am still reveling in the waves of the event. She is telling me it is time to get up. — to WAKE up. The segment here with her is lengthy but the shift is so sudden I am able to hold only to this. Along with two additional presentations of her, appearing as she did in her mid 20s. In the first she is wearing the classic jeans and cut off t-shirt. In the other a bathrobe and towel on her head.

I am so thankful for the gift of this experience, I am very meaningfully beaming my gratitude out to everyone. I hear them telling me in return... "you are working very hard and doing well."



May 5, 2020

My mouth is dry as a bone.

This periodically happens and indicates something beyond the usual is happening.

I am in Spirit, it is appears, at least in part on the ghostly plane. There is a man, a colored man wearing black work boots who, when he lays down in his bed, has a second body that regularly, immediately rises up inches and hovers just above his physical body. I am point consciousness holding a perspective of this down here by his boots. This phenomena begins to be observed by an adult person entering the space with a child.

We are in a bare, wooden room lit by golden lamp light. I have nothing but questions, who is this man? why have we come to observe him? what is it he sees, what are the visions he has when this happens? There is a disembodied head, hung low, very old, male, caucasian with moderately long straight blonde hair up in the air in the corner of the room. Another person, similar in appearance, wearing a long white dressing gown, the kind worn in the 1800s for sleep, – floats up there and, head (also) hung low so I cannot see the face begins orating the knowing in the other head.

May 6, 2020

The temperature spiked here the last two days, going from the mid 70s up to near 100 degrees fahrenheit, the night is still so hot, even with the window open, the ceiling fan going and few clothes. I fell asleep without knowing again, likely sometime after 10pm. I woke prior to the 5am alarm (Wednesday is my super long work day) and even though I had plenty of time for recall, the heat and getting comfortable and the impetus to get over to the ranch to get to the animals before it got much hotter took

precedence. I just got up and got going. **I am going to do better tonight, I am calling in the extra assistance right now.

May 7, 2020

I work hard for this one.. It was a late night catching myself up with computer related stuff, then a falling off somewhere around midnight. I am waking in the early morning to having conceptualized no content, have to use the bathroom and the family is already beginning to wake (ie: much noise is beginning to flood the house). I put in earplugs, put on the mindfold and feel my way to the bathroom, knowing this will help me remain in the process of shifting cycles, and more 'in' there than out in physical space.

I return to the bed, position myself prone, put my dream crystal in hand and call for the frequencies to return to me. I am shown a moment from before I fell off to sleep, like the flashcard game I repeat it back. I am shown another moment, I repeat it back. I am shown something large and round and reddish, the size of a bowling ball but visually more like a biological organ bathed in blood. I am curious and asking what in the heck I am seeing.

I penetrate my gaze, looking into it and into it more closely.. until I begin seeing the color pattern changes behind my closed eyes.. I am enjoying the sensory depth at which I am in here and soon the experience opens out into auditory, and tactile sensations – waves and waves and waves of vibration begin patterning through my physical form. I am experiencing myself as alternating, fast sound vibration.

I am in my room. In the bed.

Familiar hands have a hold of my feet and are wiggling them from side to side. I am giggling inside, “thank you for coming” I say. I relax down into myself and synchronize with the quite literal symphony of sound and sound waves. Of vibratory frequency quality(ies).

I surface in a very large house, with a very large yard and garden..

Many people, souls, are housed here. As I come into the space, the first one I see is a black dog. It is coming to get me, I feel to get out.. I am calling for someone who the dog belongs to, emitting that he needs to get outside. I am taking the dog here myself as a young ethnic man is at the same time appearing to answer the call, to take care of the task.. another dark haired dog arrives with him.

We are in the garden. Here bird species are also intersecting with me. First, a smaller type bird, then a very large peacock-like creature slightly larger than myself who is coming in close to investigate and interact with me. It is swiping me with its extraordinary plume of feathers as we are circling one another. A middle-aged man comes through following this activity, and a young woman who is associated with him — both, also ethnic, of mixed race.

The man wheels through in a large green wheelbarrow. He is simply standing in it with his head and shoulders exposed along the top. He is proposing to lead Services for the people who are here (the idea of them being locked in for a time). I express what a wonderful idea this is as they cannot get out for it. A conversation ensues relative to the ease at which I slip out of body. The woman is trying to understand why I have brought it up, how it is relevant to the conversation and says “do you mean you can time travel?” I say “yes” and “this is the same thing that happens when a person dies.., they leave one body and step into another in another place, they move in this way to where they want to be and what they want to experience.”

From the withinness, the in-between frequencies, ~

I begin getting a signal that is making me feel uneasy.. like I have given away something about myself too easily to someone I did not know. I am saying from the in-between, to who it is that is here with me, “I am so gullible, I always fail this test.” It is the man in the wheelbarrow who should not have been told. On this cautionary and knowing note, beta is rolling in and I am shifting back into physical space. I am laying purposefully still, my mouth is very dry but I do not swallow. Soon another wave of the vibration and frequency changes are rolling over me. I shift in. It is a short trip and does not last long in the physical sense of time.—moments. No further data comes back with me.

May 8, 2020

I am with another young man and woman.. We are out walking through the night streets and I am visiting bathroom after bathroom after bathroom. I have a water skin pouch tied around my neck. I do not think there is water in here, it may be more like a weak, sweet rose wine. We all seem a bit tipsy. At the close of this scenario we have arrived outside our home. It is a large, wealthy, column style multi-story home in the central city. Emergency vehicles, a firetruck and a large blue semi of some sort have fully blocked the main entrance in. But I really need to go to the bathroom again.

I follow the stairs to the upper level, I am going to go in from above and work my way down/in toward the bathrooms. My friends, siblings? are coming up with me but at the same time telling me why this won't work.

The elevator at the top of this first landing opens and an extremely tall, thin, blonde haired, caucasian female steps out. They are saying “ask her, she will know what to do.” As she is approaching I very suddenly wake up.

May 9, 2020

Doug : Behind the office scene. I am approaching the desk area of the females, the nurses, getting cream for bacteria or fungal vaginal infection. I go through the clinic area once, and then again to complete with the treatment all the way. I am given a tiny tube of the white cream to apply. The idea of storing the tiny bit that is left in the freezer so as not to have to go back.

Darr : Airplane. She is leaving. She has left some belongings of hers that have been stored in my home with me. There was not the time or the inclination for her to reclaim/retrieve them. We spend some time at the airport talking, walking through and looking for the correct area to fly out of.

Apple : I am standing in the kitchen, at the sink, I am about to pare this apple in my hands.. the way the knife enters is perfect for skinning the apple round its circumference in one piece. I begin this activity. It is perfect and thorough. Inside, though, at its core it is not apple seeds, but a seed more like a mix of that of a mango and green bell pepper. I am investing this as I wake.

May 10, 2020

A political energy – dynamic – exchange : from the in-between I am being called to be clear. I am saying “I am not an ‘anti-vaxer’,” I do not position myself for or against. And then quite strongly, “I am not aligned with name calling, with belittling, coercion, manipulation, infringement upon free-will. If I am against anything I am against anything forced.”

From the dream space : It is the middle of the night, I cannot sleep.. I get up and begin riding one of the kid’s bikes around the upstairs floor of the house. There is an intoxicating feeling in the air, that feeling always present, always accompanying an inner awake state. I am about to ride back into my room when I remember a room not in use and decide to visit there instead. It is a large room with a large window and it was to, at some point be used as a nursery. As I am riding in I see the small poop made by the dog some time ago that has still not yet been picked up.

I ride in.. There is a fan that is on, set on the strongest setting, the sound and vibration of this is quite prevalent in the space. There is the idea of it being very hot. I am drawn to the enormous window at the front of the room and moving through it shift from riding the bike to a horse. I am topless and riding out into the front area outside the house. It is tropical, there are people about. Some women on my right walking by who are about their own business but also not pleased at my state of undress. I am not sure if I am male or female. Some men on my left, two of them who are filming, I have ridden into their scene. I turn after having taken all this in and am riding back into the house as I wake.

May 11, 2020

Thought construct world. : As fast as I am thinking concepts they are appearing and playing out (so many I am holding to none but I am going in now for more recall).

Following a brief wake-back-to-bed :

- Hotel bathroom, dead man : this old man, tall, in good shape catches me by the hair, purchases and is going to have sex with me. He goes into the bathroom and doesn’t come out. I don’t know why this person is staying here and not getting away. I

resynchronize with her, go to investigate, find him slumped over on the ground, dead. Through some activity I vacate from this space. Helpers are involved.

- Library. building a larger help group/mechanism (class) : A lot of people come *due to me leading. This is being pointed out and discussed.
- Walking old neighborhood streets : visiting the old and ailing. Mrs. Atkins and others..., going into their home constructs.
- Super fast drive *away : I am shocked and trying to stop this. I land far away. It will be a to-do getting back.

May 12, 2020

I am working intently on the cell phone, face focused into the screen getting captures of ETs..

I am so focused I am not really paying attention to my surroundings and what is going on in them. I am in a green lake, a green body of water and a man with an exceptionally large eel-like fish is deliberately stopping and allowing the fish to investigate me. In size it is larger than 3 people and with its mouth is suckling an area at the back of my left buttocks. The man is attempting to bring this all to my attention, of which I am giving only a small portion to talk to him. I see the man and the creature, I am slightly more aware now of its intimate proximity and curious activity but I am not giving into the small amount of rising fear. I am still working in a highly focused fashion on the phone and my contacts and photo captures.

Someone from behind me shoes the man (caucasian, dark hair, a bit long, large overweight build) and the creature onward. I watch the undulating movement of the fish and the environment shifts. I am continuing my work, I am still intent into the phone screen only now I am walking through a crowded casino. Brief interactions with females as I move through. I suddenly realize I am dragging a sofa along with my left hand and discard it, out of the way of the thoroughfare of people in front of a very large slot machine. I am seen doing this by security, an officer approaches and wants to know why I have done this. I tell him I didn't even know that I was, I was so intent into my phone screen working.

He wants me to come with him, he wants to investigate this. I comply and tell him to just look at the security footage and he will see I was consciously only working on the phone, focused into the screen. I did not do the other on purpose. As he goes into a tent area where security is located and I wait outside I am even now, – still – intent into my screen, but near the end of the wait begin to look around. There is an area attached, just off in front of me where there are other people and activity, three men conversing.. I look closely at the one in the middle and see it is Arcturus Ra. He is wearing silver and blue. I am noticing this and bit of what is going on here as I begin to wake.

Upon waking, opening my device to log this experience then going online to my FB the first thing I see is a memory posted two years ago, highlighted at the top of my feed. It is my Arcturian. As this is happening, tones are going off, directionally through my left ear. The tones are complex and beautiful like music.



The second thing I see, in the sink as I go to brush my teeth,
Is a silver fish.

May 13, 2020

President Trump : I am explaining to someone, to a hater of sorts that this entity had to be created in just the way he was to DO exactly what it is he has to do. It is a lengthy segment but this is the core underlying concept and message.

Sometime later ~

I am showing apartments.. Our property has just one and two bedrooms floor plans. A man comes in with his young son, or the young boy could be the man himself at that age, I cannot tell. I ask which size apartment he is looking for, he indicates the one bedroom. We have just one that is available for occupancy and I ask if he would like to see it. Movement is already beginning to take me out onto the property.

It is more like an inner (than outer) property, the colors are like the colors of night and city lights. It is as a whole bustling city unto itself with shops and two grocery stores. There is a reason this apartment has recently become available, there is some drama, some bad thing that has happened here that now begins coming to light. The man does not know if he wishes to see all this, or to occupy a place where such violence occurred.

As we are moving through it is like the man is getting older, I am from behind him helping him up some stairs. We are interacting with many of the city people. I am meeting one of the city's premier bakers whose cinnamon rolls are truly to be admired.

He knows how bake them so they come perfectly away from the corners of the pan. I am conversing and open to delighting in one as I begin to wake.

May 14, 2020

Woke with a significant start, sucking in air and drooling all over my hands *which are tucked under my chin for warmth.

Flyweil (the band) : Danny, Steve, Kenny, Kevin, talking and spending time with each one of the four. It takes some time connecting with Danny, they all see I have come but I am playing it nonchalant. As I am coming in closer to connecting with Danny I am also on a computer, on a forum board discovering (re-discovering) information belonging to a young East Indian person relative to spirituality and awakening.

May 15, 2020

As I am first closing my eyes for the night I am easily slipping into the etheric.. there is an entity, or, entities here who it seems are toying with me. They are making their presence energetically known. It is not an energetic presence that is pleasant to me. They are doing something to my back. Some sort of procedure. It feels invasive, not pleasant, I am trying to avoid being aware of them at first then soon later downright ask them to leave.

I am wondering now if these are the beings who earlier this night, as I am having my dinner announce they would like to connect with me. I am asking who they are and the reason for the connection while listening to an interview with Jim McCarthy, who is speaking about always 'testing' those who want to come through to you in the name of what it is you hold most dear.

Later.....

A handful of others and I are jumping into Goldie and about to go for a ride.

We are all wearing different pastel colored tops. I think I am yellow. Then, later again~ A man and I are cleaning out a garage, an auto body type garage. It is empty, although vacated, save dust and such which has accumulated. It just needs to be cleaned up. The scene is getting very real, very lucid as the man goes to get a heavy piece of equipment and I am sweeping up some metal file shaving from a countertop. He is returning, calling me to him, away from this task and toward another point of focus.. I am not able to see further into what happens from here.

Note : I am aware of my dreaming most the night and although not able to draft it all due to the extent I am aware of these scenes being cover scenes. I am aware I am most fundamentally on board craft with the ETs. Something is being addressed in my back along the cervical area of the spine.

May 16, 2020

In the dreamtime a connection is being made between a large household I am going to work in and the two care client lineages I am currently in the employ of in real time. In the dreamtime this large household belongs to a pretty, middle aged caucasian woman with blonde hair. She is very friendly and does not dictate what I should do. I just dive in with my energy and begin mingling, moving and reorganizing things. There is a Japanese building called Nagasage that I visit. The man who is the host here greets me upon my arrival and is speaking Japanese to me (although he himself is not Japanese, but a young caucasian man with shoulder length sandy colored hair). I am telling him I do not understand. As I am coming into the place, he is being discharged. In the background of all that is happening I see him leaving.

In the main area, or prime estate Rona has shown up unannounced. She is bringing me some cooked salmon to eat. I am sampling some from a brown recycled to-go food container, it is very good. I had already accessed my own salmon, this is a sort of duplicate idea atop it – but as I am eating this we are discussing how this has been prepared and where it has come from. —Note: IRL this past week Rona and I reconnected via Zoom and at the grocery store just yesterday I decided I would try to begin eating some salmon. Question: is this the energy from which the idea has come? (is there really something in the salmon my body needs?).

May 17, 2020

I am soo close to my dream content this morning as I am moving through the series of alarms and waking process..., but I am successful only in reaching the feeling, and not in seeing/hearing the conceptual data. I am working through that which (still) requires working through. Processing, processing. It is always interesting to me that no matter how hard, or brutal that being worked through – it always feels good to me to be doing so. I am always open and receiving of these opportunities and experiences. It is such a morning, and such a note I am waking on.

May 18, 2020

I want to change an address at which I receive an invitation each year from Tilak to attend a yoga (movement) type class he hosts. I am still able to receive the invitation at the other address, but it only periodically gets checked each month and there is a certain likelihood of not getting notified in time. I do seem to require the invitation to remember, I am to this degree involved in activities elsewhere.

On the way to the class I am in a park setting playing on bouncing type swing. It is orange and is sat upon like a horse. Upon this I am able to move in ways not possible otherwise, such as upside down and up walls and onto the ceiling. All over and all around. In my playing I can feel I am being watched by Tilak from the location of the class. I shift over and want to have a conversation with him.

The class is well attended, there are many people to make my way through to reach him. I spend some time with a woman, young, dark hair, *but am no longer solidly grasping the content of our activity. I make my way to Tilak but am with him only briefly before I am spun back into what seems the same park area as before, only now it is night. I am getting lost, further away from him it seems as I am trying to make my way back.

- Concern for the baby chicks we are about to get.. guidance on what further needs doing to prepare for their care is being woven into the above scenes.

May 19, 2020

My dreaming is abundant tonight, yet each time I attempt to touch it consciously, each and every sweep through beta, it is elusive. The attempts are as abundant as the cycles themselves, five time I try to reach content, five times I fail.

The only notable incidence occurs on the final try.

I am clearly, squarely in the inner field. It is BRIGHT (note : I am wearing my Mindfold mask) and there is the most bizarre geometric pattern I have ever seen.

It is not behind my eyes, I am in it. I want to say it is like a schism. It seems unfinished, uneven, chaotic, no word exactly says it. The field is almost as two like patterns coming down on one another in an off kilter way. There are intermittent isosceles triangles with thin stripes filling their insides in shades of blue, red, pink and white. There is white, BRIGHT light everywhere. I investigate this for some time then just get up. I am utterly baffled by what this is, or could be.

May 20, 2020

This is the third night in a row I have gone to bed late, past midnight.. I will note yet again the absolute difference in not only my dreaming but dream recall relative 1) to when I get to sleep prior to 10pm and 2) any time after this.

The former yields consistently, reliably near without fail while the latter is fairly near just the opposite. I am able to bring back what seems an important concept, that of a 'gem' or 'jewel' and this is in conjunction and connection with a long peasant-type skirt, the kind that is sewn in three sections and where the hem brushes the top of the feet. The idea of the gems being sewn into the hem. The complete concepts derived : jeweled serpent (the hem symbolizing the serpent), jeweled feet.

May 21, 2020

Driving and then walking the streets of France..

I have been in these fields, driving and walking these streets each day this whole week, this is something I know consciously as I am here today. I am going to bring this forward with me as I wake. I am here with Darr, but this is interesting — I am fluctuating between being with Guidance, who is presenting in the field as a conglomeration of Jan, Danny and Darr, and then just Darr herself. We are walking in and out of various areas and shops.

The most stunning, consistent feature through the entirety of the walk is the light.. It is midnight, I clearly know this and yet the sky, the light is shining as though day. I am repeatedly in sheer awe over this and at various intervals, wanting to photograph the phenomena, am attempting to work my way to the car for my laptop and camera.

On the way – through the structure in general – we connect with a small creature.

He is no bigger than the size of my hand and has very dark brown fur. There is the idea of Charlie B, of CB actually being the one in here, or minimally a part of the makeup of this little fellow, – who I am putting, repeatedly on little floating pieces of ice that are in a waterway, in a manner in which he does not ever reach shore—but instead stays afloat on this little ice cube ride.

Following this I intersect with Magenta Pixie.

A rather disappointing version of her. She is wearing an apron, a sort of server's uniform but she is not very helpful and instead a little cunning, in the way a street person might be. This whole energy and interaction with her leads me into a crystal shop. Likewise it is very disappointing, there are not many crystals and those here are of poor quality and have been disturbed/manipulated (by man).

I use the bathroom while here. Incredibly odd structure in the back of the shop. There are two tightly woven together stalls which are mostly open from the waist up *rather than walled. The apparatus in here is white and shaped liked a bathtub. While I am using it I am at the same time keying in on a lady, a telephone operator, with heavily hair sprayed brown hair at a desk just off to the left of the stall I am in. There is someone also next to me in the stall on my right but my attention is more on the activity on my left. All of which is fading as the brainwaves shift through into beta.

Note : I am easily able to access these fields upon waking. Even as late in the day as 3pm when I lay down for a nap to discover they are still here. I go into them, alert enough to begin but then disappear. – until back again.

May 22, 2020

Channeling. Advice. A visit from Carla Rueckert and the whole Law of One Group.

May 23, 2020

Walking a cement, coastal footpath.. homes are being constructed which will block the ocean view to the walkers-by. This captures my attention and I peer into this area as the homes fill in, begin to be fully built and populated. Each of them are very nice and very different, it is nearing sundown, the light is very beautiful, I am watching a young man return from home from exercising. (shift)

I am in the areas community gym. I begin to notice odd and interesting things and begin to mingle with some of the people. In particular there is an old, ancient device, visually a large upright rectangle, metallic green with deeply ingrained, or engraved pathways. It opens in the front, there is something inside here that does not belong. I reach in, remove it and turn it into someone, security?, a strong, early middle-aged woman of color.

There is a man, I have just a fragment of this.. He is on the bed sleeping and I am on the floor when I get up there and snuggle into the small triangular patch behind the crook of his bent legs and begin sleeping here. He must in size be significantly larger than me, than the average human alive today. He notices I have done this and allows it. So long as it is no more intimate than this. I have the impression of him being golden skinned and blonde.

Now again ~ there is a very large group of us, but the focus is narrowed in keenly on three.. myself, a young man and young man. Our state of dress is constantly changing and we are going into scene after scene after scene as different people (incarnations) too many to hold to so I hold very specifically to the last. I am wearing a black velvet dress with white lace bordering the mid-thigh length hem. It is an irregular shaped hem that triangles out onto both the right and left leg. I am sitting down at a table to dine, it is the dinner hour and my attention is fixed on the way the lace flips up incorrectly as I sit. I play with the many ways the flips could go until I finally lay flat each of the areas so that the points, or apex of the V shapes angle downward toward my knees, directing to where each the young man and the young woman are located relative to me.

This begins to blend into an intimacy being shared with each of them. Beginning with the young woman (fair skin, short dark hair) and concluding with the young man (fair skin, wavy dark blonde hair) – who quickly takes me from her. As I wake, we are on the ground in the forrest, both laying face up, me atop him. Interestingly, this is a common configuration in scenes of such a nature.

May 24, 2020

Off-white wolf leader – there are two whites hunting in a pair among others.. I am in water floating, paddling around on a device, and in a diner and movie theater, 1960s timeframe. — Darr. Others. — While floating on the apparatus the wolves come in real close, they are like sharks on the attack. I place my hand over / on top of the muzzle of the leader to stop him from biting into me. It was going to happen any moment anyway. He freezes, furious, eyes piercing into me. I am not sure what to do. I am completely vulnerable. Fear is rising.

I decide to slowly remove my hand. I am hesitant, I am hovering my hand here just inches above the muzzle. It is the wrong decision. It is seen as a weakness and opportunity to again attack. Which he does. In this very instant there is a distraction. Wolves attacking others on another of these floating things. I get away. I run into the bathroom of the theater and am hiding here. (shift)

I am in the back of an orange 60s style truck with two other young fellows.. a car is coming after us. In the back here with me is the brother of the leader wolf, and coming after us in the other car is the dad of them both, – who catches up to us and pulls us over. He is going through the truck, asking if the kid driving has had the truck his whole life or something, referring to the mess in here. The dad is humorously wiping it all down, cleaning the whole thing out. Not being able to resist I begin helping him. — High intensity sequence, throughout it all my physical body is like a live wire.

Later toward morning ~

I am walking through the curved archway of an opening to a tunnel..

Beneath the archway I look down at myself, I am myself as I now am and I am naked. I press down on my belly, pat it like a drum and walk in. I walk only about halfway in before sitting myself down along the wall on my left. Looking further in to the tunnel (it is not very deep), into the darkness, I see sitting not far from me, along the back wall, many others who are likewise sitting. All are dressed in dirty, depression era style clothing. All are young. I begin to feel uneasy, I have no clothes on at all. It is a struggle but I manage to hold onto a calm, observer energy. (shift)

I am in the household of a family.. I seem to belong and also not belong. I feel male. It could be I have been adopted, and/or that two families are living together. I seem to be about high school age and am looking for the items needed to pour myself a cup of coffee. The dishes are not in the cupboard where they are supposed to be. There is another new person in the house, a new woman of the house?, everything has been moved. I find the items needed with the assistance of the one playing the dad figure. I pour the coffee, drink a little, put together a small lunch to eat later and head to school with the others. Following some of the school activity, at another point in the day ~

I am entering the opening of the tunnel again. This time as a female and with a young man.. tall, thin, dark blonde hair and very handsome. I am inviting him to have sex with me. We sit in the same place I did before as myself, – now as this young girl I am blended with. Laying down I am looking this time toward the opening of the tunnel, toward the light, I see what appears to be a classroom full others. The young man is aware of them also. I aim to have sex with him all the same. He lays down on me, brings his face down to kiss me, then realizes he cannot do this with an audience, with others knowing. As he is getting up the scene is very quickly fading and I wake.

May 25, 2020

Cat and mouse.

I am upstairs in the house and am hearing a noise that gets my attention.. I follow this outside my room to the hallway where there is a series of white cabinets. The door to one of them, just off the floor has been removed. Inside the area it is just packed with mostly sleeping mice and rats. One of them, quite large, brindle haired in patches of auburn and white, stands up on its haunches and faces me. I think it is going to come out of this space and I am trying to keep it in with a stick. I am telling the other person here, Sandy?, to get the door back on to cover the opening. (shift)

I am in the garage, up on one of the shelves is what I think is another of the mice.. it is whitish and large, I still have my stick and am slapping the wood topped shelf with it, in the process considering whether I should instead be hitting the mouse with it *which is just frozen here. My attention, or perception shifts. I am now standing, rather than behind, catty-corner to the creature and see that it is not a mouse but a cat. Immediately I think "thank goodness I did not decide to pound it with the stick!" Feeling somewhere between horrified and relief.

A woman walks in to get her laundry.. thin, fair skinned, short brown hair, just your average looking perhaps jewish woman.. The cat is hers. I ask if she would consider letting me borrow the cat to take care of a little problem we are having upstairs but she says no. I explain a bit more about the extent of the problem but she still says no. I open the dryer to begin helping her with her clothes. I reach in and see they are not quite dry yet, I try one more time, she still says no. It is now that I see she actually has two cats. She is putting them on leashes as I am beginning the dryer cycle again for her. As I am exiting I say "it would be nice if we would just get a cat of our own, then to begin with we would not have this problem." (shift)

OBE : fully thought responsive environment

I am walking along a brick walkway toward the house.. a section of the ground outside is wet, like it has just rained or was hosed down, but it is the section closest, not furthest from the house which is curious to me. I suspect I am dreaming. I intentionally lift my gaze toward the front door. It is a very large, wood barn type door with no handle. I smile, I am dreaming. As I am opening the door I am wondering to myself what I will find inside.

The previous thought of this being a barn type door takes affect. As I open the door and walk in to what is a living type space the first thing I see is a blonde horse step from a side room into the path ahead of me. He simply walks through and I follow the energy in.. I think "people and animals living together in one space" – and with this begin looking around the room.

It is a large, ranch style home, the interior is very beige, not a lot of color, stone cobbled floors and fireplace, a bit outdated. There is a bar to the very far end of the room to my left, a sitting area just in front of me and in the distance, where I am now hearing female voices a sewing space. The voice I am hearing is familiar and I think to myself "is that Lil?"

Rather than follow the attention in that direction I walk with the energy toward another room of the house to the right of all this, fairly certain I would have seen Lil had I gone the other way (note : Lil lives with a lot of animals).

The scene goes to black as I round the corner
and I am back in physical space.

May 26, 2020

I am at a job, inside the house (working with Bonnie?) when I gradually begin discovering skin issues..

I see two distinct yet similar 3–4” peeling blemishes on the chest, they are semi-visible at the neckline of the shirt I am wearing. I pull the shirt to the side to see the whole affected area. Later, when I am removing the shirt I see I have thumb-tip sized red, uniform and evenly spaced welts all over my torso. This is shocking. My immediate response is to try to hide this, even from my own attention and knowing.

I find myself moving through many scenes and constructed areas, this condition continuing to be core concept being addressed.. In one segment I am going to a store, the grocery, a Trader Joe’s.. I come upon a “back alley” area someone is calling me toward. I ask the two people at the entrance if I will find a T.J.’s if I go this way. The answer is uncertain but I decide to enter and go through.

I am growing more anxious about the welts, the extent to which the situation has risen and to which I have put off taking action toward a remedy – and find myself, semi-conscious/lucidly doing a search on my phone for what this could be and symbolize. It takes time for me to get to this but when I do I have reached the store and am sitting on a bench in the parking lot nearing sundown. (shift)

I am with a man.. He is young, tall, well built, dark skin, brown hair, Hawaiian(?). He is trying very hard to help me. To bring what is happening out in the open. To where even others are aware. So I exit the hiding state. A woman comes through announcing that she is sorry but my swim suit has been lost. I look down at myself and seeing otherwise say "no it isn't, I am still wearing it", pointing out the black string straps to the top, "I never took it off".

We are all going swimming, so I remove the clothes I have on over the two-piece black and yellow flowered suit and get in a large circular tub of water. In the process the man sees the red welts and, concerned, is bringing them again close to my attention. This water I am in is attending to them, making them appear somewhere between translucent and as bright neon white light. I am watching this phenomena as I shift.

I am on a balcony.. the idea of an outdoor eatery.. it is a natural setting, grape leaves line the rail and overhang. I look up above my head and see these small, clear, thin, two inch tubular vials that have within them various substances to eat. They are embedded in the overhang. In the one I am reaching up for and bringing down to

myself is a sort of thick gelatinous nectar made of cranberry. I am eating this as I wake.

May 27, 2020

Just a fragment this morning : I am in the etheric, in a mundane field playing around with how the PD dialysis cycler works. Note : As I am laying here, just enjoying the relaxed energy of the half dream half wake state I am (again) in a fully thought responsive state. The instant I bring a concept to mind I am able to visualize it. I play with this for some time before getting up for the day.

Second note : the first concept I brought to mind in my play was FROG.. directly after, the first post in my FB feed is from Jan and is a frog.. directly following, in the first youtube video I choose physic Bob is showing his new garage sale find, – a frosted crystal frog. He and his live-stream people are going on and on and on about frogs.

May 28, 2020

Man, – incarnate angel? – he is misunderstood (according to his own perception).. people think he is hurting but he is helping *according to him.. He is on a train, in a boxcar, naked – he keeps morphing from one appearance into others. He is speaking loudly of why he is here, what he is doing, what everyone is doing, as another he has nearby is in chains on hands and knees. This scene repeats and repeats and repeats.

People have him locked in, sequestered to this small space. He is appealing, speaking, interacting directly with me. Trying to show me why he is here, what is happening in our own knowing and perception. It is quite strong, there are (I want to say) religious under and over tones – but religious is not quite the right word. Fanatical, intense, deeply driven. The detail, I can't quite get at.

Later ~

The grocery store, Trader Joe's is being entered again..

This time I am coming here with someone I know, a female teacher of mine from high school, but I am not sure it is high school from this life or from physical space. I do know her, I know her very well, in the experience the close connection and familiarity with her is very clear, as is the detail of the concept 'high school teacher'. She is petite, perhaps 60 and still has short, dark brown hair.

We are talking about tomatoes and are gathering them for some purpose. We have various types, vine ripened, large cherry, two full containers of them. I am dropping more into the container as I am telling her of my favorite dinner—a large, just off the tree, perfectly ripe beefsteak tomato.. large slices, lightly salted with basil leaves. As we once again go out into the isles we begin going more our own way.

The store is morphing into more of an Astral market, there is much fresh food – greens, fruits and vegetables and many foods in packages I do not recognize. A feeling begins interpenetrating the experience, a magical feeling. Large fly-things are beginning to show up. At first it is a large dragon fly-like thing, large enough for me to want to give it its own space and back away from the area and items I am looking at.

It feels and even appears to have consciousness, intent, the body of it is a beautiful, surreal metallic olive/yellow green. Another of these appears down the next isle and is even larger. Noticing, admiring the physical beauty of the hues, slightly fearing the presence is altering my state of awareness. — though not bringing full lucidity. Not even when next I see a metallic gold and green duck as I turn to continue my shopping.

The whole experience is more clearly becoming a lesson – energetically I am feeling this – on what to, and what not to eat. I am looking, upon investigation, at what turns out to be a display of jelly centered danish wrapped in plastic. As this identification of the item is being made I am backing away from it, clearly knowing to not eat, specifically, anything wrapped in plastic.

Another space is beginning to interpenetrate the experience..

This time it is the in-between space from which this lesson is being given.

I am speaking with a male figure about me not believing I did not become lucid at the arrival of the fly-things.. I am half in this invisible area with him and half in the lesson scene. I can see him walking nearby, behind me in the scene, guiding the event.

He is tall, caucasian, about 50 years of age, short platinum blonde hair. I am asking for a re-entry into the scene, energetically enacting this in unison so I can experience the lucidity. As I make this push into the request, it is too much of a push and I wake.

May 29, 2020

I wake suddenly.. not with a jolt or anything, just suddenly.

It is 6am, I know this because this is the hour the morning sun shines very brightly into my room. I reach over and put my Mindfold on. I confirm I would like to get up and going early this morning but not until my dreams come back to me. Immediately I have visual concept. It is not from my dreaming but I know, from the year of doing this now to not resist when these odd, seemingly unrelated conceptual conglomerations come through. This morning it is something that appears to be an octopus fully engulfing a man's head, just resting atop his shoulders. The man is behind the steering wheel of his car. I let the whole thing sink in and not a moment later I am back into my dreaming.—

I am walking down a neighborhood street.. it is dark, after midnight, people are acting all crazy and some are just simply dropping dead, near literally at my feet. I decide to turn around and go back the other way. There is a man dressed almost childlike as

though in a halloween costume (he is serious, but crazy), lab coat of sorts over his clothes and blue latex exam gloves.

A police car rounds the corner as he is stepping up to a parked vehicle and knocking on the outside of it as though he is from some authoritative entity. I am surprised when the police car drives on by. I step over to the vehicle with the man, when he opens the vehicle door I enter it with him from the other side. It is a blue, van-like vehicle, there is a bed set up in the back and it is resting neatly, cleanly atop multiple stacks of individually wrapped toilet paper rolls. The discovery is not what he thought, he is mumbling something to himself and is dissatisfied with what he has found. It is as though he doesn't quite understand and is looking into what is here repeatedly from various angles. I have taken in enough and am exiting. (shift)

A quick scene in a room where an incredibly thin, tall young man comes in wearing very snug fitting thigh length jean shorts. His legs are so thin there is almost more space between, than on them. He looks like a rocker, like a typical young man from the 70s. He has longer than shoulder length, shaggy wheat blonde hair. I observe a bit of activity, it is a meeting area, I see Darr and I shift again.

We are near the water, there is sand all around, like a clearing..

I am helping with an interesting configuration she has taken on with her hair. She does not look like herself, this is a different body, a different lifetime. She is caucasian, has dark blonde hair and has cut all but one thick long, neatly spiraled lock/dread – short to the head. The dread we are fixing into a three loop flower pattern with knots between. The knots are my idea but it is not working and I remove the idea.. Darr is not content with the loops either but I am. She undoes the whole pattern and instead the dread is more simply drawn from the lower left, where it falls, and fixed at the lower right, the remaining length cascading down the right shoulder. This all seems to be a ritual, or right of passage. (shift)

A large structure with shops. I have been left here, waiting in a position down on the floor for some time. I am bored and picking up two orange-gold objects that look like lipstick. A woman in the store is saying those are hers. I apologize, explain that I have been left here for some time with nothing to do. Darr is still around but elsewhere. I begin getting up—knowing that I am going shopping for a white two-piece bathing suit when I wake.

May 30, 2020

Renegade theme.

Same theme/dream playing out the whole night, very sort of 1960s feel throughout. These are my quick notes of the various locals :

- In the basement of a building with another man getting the feeling and idea of what has to happen.

- On a bicycle, out on the streets, I have to cross 3 streets heavily occupied by black residents
- Outdoors, nighttime, natural landing/clearing near a body of water. Helicopters are shining lights down on us from above, I am asking if they are watching us. I am colluding with the renegades as a sort of reporter. again getting data/the lowdown.
- Intersection, meeting with Mom who is going to pick me up and drive me to a location. We go well out of our way in the opposite direction because getting on the freeway this way is easier for her.
- Office building. lady boss who is in charge, discovering the one here who is guilty of something, of going against her. I identify the woman easily. All this is being handled. She is getting dealt with.
- Chiropractor. male body worker. I am getting freebies from him, two free sessions and something else.
- The lady boss who is in charge engages in a quickie. I am shaming the man involved. not believing how people engage is such unrewarding sex/behavior still.

May 31, 2020

I am deciding to re-dress my bed and heading out to go shopping for the new items.. I have decided upon the color scheme of white and navy blue (navy blue inner sheet and near everything else white. Then Erich is in the bed.. he asks me for a towel and says "let me have the blue Heron towel", he has a familiarity with that one he is saying. The threads in this towel are white, red, blue and yellow. There is a picture of the bird and the name of it in large letters across the front. All the linens and towels are very neatly folded in a huge, open, floor to ceiling cabinet structure.

I walk over to the structure, reach up for the one he is asking for.. When I pull it down and hand it to him he sees it is not a full towel but a hand towel. He had thought it larger. I think it was to wrap around himself going to the swimming pool. Now he cannot get up out of the bed. As I am looking at him here I see something in his hair, it is a baby roach, scurrying across the front portion of his head. (shift)

I am leaving to do the shopping and see a woman dressed up to go out, in a black and white outfit.. she is wearing a matching face mask. The mask is white and makes the whole outfit look very sloppy. A series of more designer face masks begin to be shown which get smaller and smaller across the face which are shaped specifically to fit the outline of the front of the jaw.

June 1, 2020

Registering in online school : I am at the deadline, June 1, I must register today, the class schedule begins June 6

Power in the body : I am being kept / detained / encouraged to stay in this area due to the power being generated by my body. I cannot visually see very far into this area – just the idea of the room, a golden candlelight glow and sitting down with someone who is bringing these powers, these energetic flows very close to my attention. The flows are being used by them to serve their purpose but it is a reciprocal arrangement, their presence and benefit is being shown to me also. I am encouraged to vocalize the feeling of the flows while I am viscerally experiencing them and what they are.

The flows are ecstatic, – the experience of one in particular is taking me into the household of a married couple. They have been married a long time, it has been awhile since they have had sex (with one another, they each engage with others). The scene unfolding is showing the woman readying for work, or for the day and this is catching the husbands eye. They both get into the bed and have a long overdue coupling.

I am realizing as the scene is playing out that this is what some people use this particular energy flow for, while I do not use it in this way myself, but for other purposes altogether. Such as shifting consciousness and seeing into areas such as what I am now.. such as learning (lessons) as the one I am in now. Directly experiencing in first person what is generally beyond a 3D level of awareness and biological capacity.

June 2, 2020

A really expensive bathroom : the lighting through this area is very pleasing, I know – by it – that am (was) lucid while here.. This structure is large, with long, wide, high ceiling corridors. Upscale materials, granite, marble, crystal have been used to compose it. I walk up to the two large double doors leading into the bathroom, engraved across the front is a ridiculously high amount (50000) to get in. It is not in dollars but I still know it is way too much, more than I would ever spend to get in. I walk on, mumbling to myself about the price. Fortunately, I do not seriously have to use the facilities. Of this area, this bathroom is all that embeds. There is a lot more that happens through the structure but it is resting now at the back of my awareness.

Aquatic and sub-aquatic vehicles : gathering foods, fresh fruits and vegetables, sharing them (tomatoes, again) with a man from one of the other vehicles.. As with the previous segment, this one is likewise lengthy. This concluding ‘bit’ is all that is still here with me.

Bike ride through a picturesque neighborhood : it matches the themed feel of the first structure with the bathroom and concludes with me riding up and going into someones home.. I get off my bike (not your usual bike) walk in and begin looking around.. there is lots of woods, muted browns and olive greens and although clearly the home of someone well-to-do there is a very earthy and alive feel to the place.

In one of the rooms I come across a man, working his craft.. He asks me who I am and what I am doing here. I simply tell him I am exploring the area, that I have ridden my bike on this lovely adventure and, arriving here was compelled to come in. Following our brief interaction, walking back through the home I cannot find my way out.. the man comes to help me and near the entrance I intersect with two young couples coming in.

Out front, as I am getting back on my bike I notice the man is out here, also getting onto a bike. He is feeling newly alive at the idea of getting out, in such a splendid way, getting his energy and creativity flowing again. He has been indoors, focused, and even hiding himself from others behind his craft far too long. As I am riding away I feel as though my presence here has done something really good.

June 3, 2020

In dream space the theme of placing objects (and foods) in a brine to preserve them for the future is coming up repeatedly the past couple weeks. Tonight I am meeting the ET species responsible for putting through this idea. I am at first seeing notably its head and face, the shock knocks me out of the full conscious state of awareness I had been brought to.

The face is large, with a wide, chalice-shaped jaw line.. The being's coloring is mocha brown, with off-white fleck-like markings, notches that almost look as though chiseled in. The crown of the head comes up into a three pronged comb, each prong being of a triangular shape. There is the idea of a floor length cape that is the identical mocha brown hue of their skin.

There is a secondary theme arising,— yelling intently at one who is attempting to control me / my movements, – here in this scene it is a she who is attempting to take control of the precise moment I may begin to eat my food. The idea, I think, is that I wait until after she and the others have begun. I am energetically and physically opposing this with all my might. "I am sovereign!" – "I will not be controlled."

All of the scenes in which aspects of these themes are being portrayed and played out are collapsing, converging into this ET being / species. I enter it, I feel onto a craft, where more activity is had but only the visual of these beings, in particular the head is being clearly retained.

Move! : movement : a group of 10 or 12 of us are going out on a run.

I am pointing out my daily commitment to a yearlong (dream recall) endeavor and asking if anyone would like to commit for any period of time to a daily run. No-one does, we just all head out on the run ahead. I am wearing no bra and consider for a time, through various areas, going back to put one on, – deciding in the long run to not as it does not seem to be doing any harm.

A brief detour through a casino where there is a concept being worked through relating to hair, *again configurations of the hair. The question in my own mind of

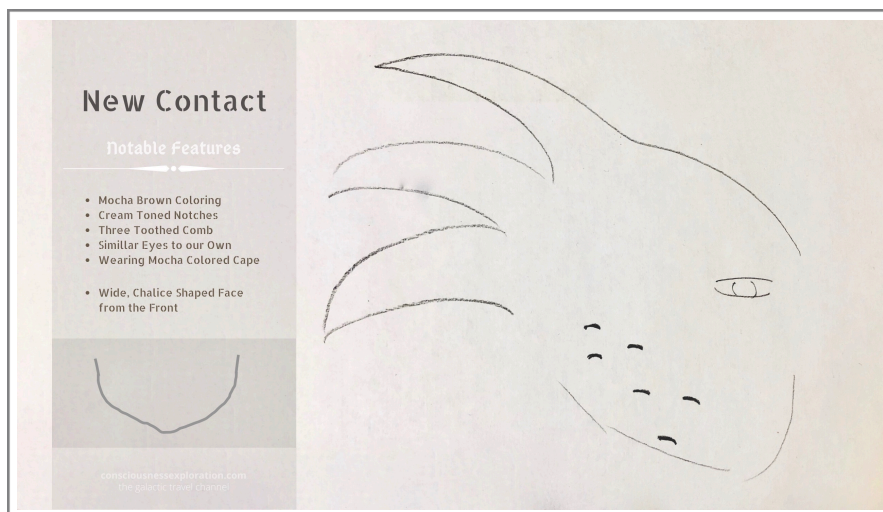
whether I have enough strands for them. Exiting the area *satisfied, and now moving through a fruit tree grove I fall into a trench below some lemon and orange trees. The soil is gorgeous, a deep, rich dark brown.

A conversation is being had (in the background of all the activity) while I am applying some effort to vacate the trench, but cannot seem to lift out on my own. A couple of the girls have come down in here to help me. We are all having a hard time getting out. What works is when one girl gives the next a push up as she herself is pushing out. We all free ourselves and continue.

I am relating to everyone what I feel to be the best time, certainly my favorite time to go running.. the half hour before dawn, returning at the very break of dawn as the sun begins to color the morning sky. There is an energy, a visceral experience through my body with this idea. I often refer to this feeling as 'stasis'. Mm, I am in stasis. The knowing is beginning to impact me more.

In the dream field ~

I am continuing the idea of this energy, extending it further into the day.. "It is the break of dawn, the world is quiet, the light peaceful and beautiful.. the coffee is being made, the aroma filling the air, etc.." — while I am at the same time knowing where and in what circumstance I most generally feel this energy – feel I am in stasis – I am still on board the craft, on the table, having my energy field manipulated, recalibrated, harmonized.



June 4, 2020

It is one of those mornings.. with each of the last 3 sweeps through beta I know I have been dreaming (amazing dreams) but the wave has closed down on all the detail. Following the third sweep, again going in for the data there is the immediate visual /

scene — a Sandra Bullock looking woman in a convertible, hair tied back, hands both clearly up off of the wheel, driving with no hands. Whooosh { { { we are back in } } }

An underground library, catalog and processing station : my job is to escort new arrivals here. It is the job of select others, one young female work partner in particular to, behind very locked doors catalog their items away. I am looking through a batch of belongings and my attention is fixing to a straight row of thin, finger length precision cut crystals, some purple, some clear and some blue(?) – which are surely meant to hold data.

I am picking these up and admiring them, first a purple one, then a clear one.. There is a ring which I have noticed first. It is bringing up such deep emotion in me as I look at it, hold it and even place it upon my finger *which it fits. The ring is very dated, it is not in my current taste and does not match the two rings I also have on my fingers, – it is too large a piece for me but it is beautiful, elegant, and the materials are exquisite – ivory, jade and gold.

I send this batch of belongings away with my work partner for cataloging, but I forget the ring that is on my finger – so I follow her footsteps up to the large double doors of a municipal building, walk in and down a corridor lit by very pleasing golden light toward the room where the cataloging is done. I can go no further than the doorway. I can see her inside but cannot call to her fast enough before the doorway closes. (shift)

In bed : sex with a young man : it takes some time for him to get fully aroused due to my non-interest, my attention is bit elsewhere but it does fix here eventually and the contact is consummated. There is a young female who is here, lighthearted, friendly.. the exact activity involving her is at the back of my awareness but I can see she walks through the space, carrying an object in her hands and saying something. (my attention shifts)

Jason : my eldest brother makes an appearance at a folding card type table with four chairs. I remember only my surprise, and that it is very good to see him.

June 5, 2020

Maria : has built a series of mobile home like box car structures.. there is a bed inside of each, she says I am welcome to stay over I just have to saw my own entrance and come up in from the bottom of them. I mentally play around with the shape of the opening I am shown, a small rectangle that is almost square, – and with what it will feel like to energetically and physically squeeze into the structure through such an opening.

I decide not to . . . I do not want to take the time and energy to do this, it will take a lot of time and a lot of energy, the sensations are too strenuous and perhaps most of all I do not want to inadvertently damage the structures. I just go in through a large square window type opening already there in the wall. It seems alright, I am protected, on Maria's side of the property line – I lay down and get some rest.

The floor seems a bit hard, like I am laying directly on a piece of plywood, I am fiddling with my position until I perceive myself as laying on what is more akin to a mattress. My attention is looking around the space, and as I am resting I am also cleaning it up a bit. In doing so I accidentally swipe a little creature. It is adorable, I apologize, straighten it all back up, dust off its wings and it goes on its way.

The other dreams and concepts have all evaporated.

June 6, 2020

Overlay : my own energetic field-grid, like a dome lowered over Dr. Tom Cowan's.. helping an elderly woman with female issues *again. Download. Energetic direct data transference. This is interesting. Now that I am here in the vicinity of beta I am not experiencing it (and the data) as clearly as just prior but the experience does linger. Fascinating. All the connections, all the crossover in the experiential concepts of the lifetimes are being created as these scenes that are playing out. There is a sound to the energetic, a vibration I am entering. It feels like the shape of a dome.

I am clearly experiencing this at the same time as I am in the fields moving through the various concepts and ideas: stairs, whole structures, data storage, data-embedding. Key components of Dr. Cowan's medical awareness are transferring into me as how to help the elderly woman. This is fascinating. There is a transference of this awareness now from me directly into her. Not only as information but as the healing / correction itself. What is this? How is it happening? It IS in reality—happening. I am focusing myself so deeply into the transference the detail is going by unretained.

Zackary Kai : we are on a bicycle in normal (car) traffic.. I am letting him hold the handles and steer but we are veering a bit too much to the left instead of right into our coordinates, a shopping plaza we are meant to visit. I take more of a hold of the handles and guide us in. It is a multi-story strip mall. I go up the stairs and into a suite where there is a woman cleaning, a white woman with blonde hair, she is here with her young daughter, and there is a man behind bars, jailed in, on the right. I gather a few belongings then exit after speaking just briefly to the woman.

I have parked my bike just outside but rather than get back on I remember something. I have to reenter the suite for an item I missed. I am talking to an invisible someone here with me about the multi-purpose function of this room, which doubles for the sheriff as a jail. As I re-enter the suite, the man previously behind the bars is free in the room and conversing with the woman who was cleaning. The energy has changed. These two clearly know one another in a more related way and I am now suspecting they are guides, helping to lay out the scenes. I get my item and leave.

I am sent on a little detour through a tubular slide structure through which I get angry because a female friend will not come somewhere with me.. I move through the structure and this energetic and when I return my bike is not where I left it.. it is gone, it is nowhere. I am looking everywhere, trying to remember, retracing my footsteps. The man previously behind bars is now helping me. We are honing in, closer to it's

location when I wake. I am saying “it is not that I cannot buy him (the man whose bike this is) a new bike, I can, but his trust in me would be gone.” I cannot have this.

Michiyo : is emptying everything out of the fridge.. she has taken the green grapes out of the plastic and put them into a glass bowl that is way too large for the amount of grapes. I begin tending to this, – as Sandy passes through as a guide.

June 7, 2020

Casino : cocktailing : I am making the rounds.. I come up to two women who look fun and easy going and ask how they are doing with their drinks.. A conversation ensues about how well they tip, I am seeing large coins that would amount to something like a \$5 tip for each drink. The one woman thinks about what to order and finally says she will have a “1&1” (instead of 7&7), I still seem to know what she means. The other woman is thinking about what she will have also but as deeply as thinks about it is not coming up with anything.

I peer over to where their previous drinks are sitting, on the casino carpet (/ floor) to the inside of their chairs. Each of them has a small creature here with them, something like a weasel or mink, – long sleek bodies, silky fur. This doesn’t give me much information about what to possibly suggest in the way of a drink order. As we begin walking, passing by an active bar, the energy is getting more festive and party-like. I say to them “honestly, you two do not strike me as the bourbon types, you seem to me more margarita people.”

I am now trudging back to the service station area on my own to prepare their drinks. I really do not want to be making this last round, the energy I am moving through is thick as mud.....I am flashing on an earlier time at the station. The idea of cleaning the service area to the right of where the drinks are poured is rising. I am getting angry (*again – anger is coming up a lot in dreams the past weeks) because none of the girls who should be sharing in the duty are helping. I am screaming berserkly to myself about this, releasing some of this energy.

One of the girls sees me in my fit.. She comes over, talks with me, tells me I looked dangerous just now. Did I?.. I didn’t realize. I ask her when is the last time she helped to clean this area. She tells me she has a few times in all the years she has been working here. None of these times are recent. In real-time in the scene, I am almost back at the service bar to prepare my drinks. When I finally arrive everything is shutting down. I look around and say “we must be shutting down earlier these days”. I look at a clock and it is only shortly past 11 o’clock.

I am seeing an object, or objects, a concept, is it Aquafina water bottles? Am I cleaning and re-filling them with water? Yes – I am washing them, putting new water in and handing them out if people are thirsty. I am seeing the bottle I have in my hands now has not been cleaned so well along the rim. It has some algae growing here. I am now concerned the hospitality I am meaning to show will be looked upon as something else. (poor, lacking, what is the word? I am thinking it will be seen as less than my genuine love and care.

On exactly this note – I wake.

June 8, 2020

Riding the waves in : (Note) : I seem, at least for now to be improving on riding the waves in toward my waking moment.. Sustaining the theta/alpha waves so that I am carrying the clear awareness of my dreams and dream content. I am reminded of this as today is such a morning, as are all mornings the past weeks. As I am waking and consciously go in for full recall I sink into the waves, the full body vibration and see what appears a super skinny truck and super skinny road, – the configuration being reminiscent of a lock and key — and I am in.

At first it is the Void, there are mild waves, flashes and colors and swirls.

The most recent scene returns to me :

An older man, in extraordinary physical shape, tattooed back, sex.. This brings me into a scene from the past, another man and woman, in bed, having sex, but then the man leans himself over to eat some substance laying there on the bed. I do not know what it is, but it resembles a pile of brown sugar. The woman frustratingly gets up and leaves, as the man's attention is more absorbed in consuming this material. There is the idea of it being an intoxicant.

My recall is interrupted here by my niece and the dogs, squealing and playing outside my open window. But—

I retain the main concepts :

- Military (blue coats) and slaves
- Elegance, an invitation and money
- ET species, warrior, guard, he is carrying a sword, has multicolored skin (orange, brown and white) scaled like a snake

June 9, 2020

Night sweating. easily, repeatedly heating up.

When I wake I ask that my whole night of dreaming be condensed into a single symbol or concept.

The next thing I know I am aware of my breath.. of a pattern in the breath, – one long second inhale, strong, audible, emphasized three second exhale (like a locomotive) . . rhythmically, repeatedly with the exhale is the word-sound : GAIN , GAIN , GAIN (again and again) : and — embedded into this is the word-rhyme : GAME. As I synch into the pattern and the sound(s) I enter a third-eye, 3D surround sound vision. I am observing as point consciousness.

Four extra-terrestrial beings, laying supine alongside one another in a bed.. they are all here, in what is their own reality space and projecting their consciousness elsewhere into another time stream. The four beings are each paired. The pair on the right are of the same species. The pair on the left, the female is of the same species as the other two (humanoid, pale blue skin, white hair, white leather gear, a warrior race) but the male is a golden skinned, golden maned cat/lion being,—as the activity in the additional time stream causes this female to sit up a little this male is showing her his affection.. she lays back down and he kisses her cheek, but the activity they are performing in the additional field is important, she is directing both her and his attention back into it. I am viewing all four, their bodies and faces all making little movements, depicting the(ir) inner activities – as I wake.

Note : I am aware of the numerical symbolism in this experience : one – two – three – four : 1 – 2 – 3 – 4 : four beings, three of the same race, divided into pairs, one being of its own race. Waking from this interchange into physical space is not easy. It is like being torn apart center to circumference. An immediate headache ensues, which, now, hours later is still present.

June 10, 2020

John : is driving a big, brand new red truck : he swings by, picks me up and takes me shopping, brings me into a grocery store for (asian? and other) items..There is not much time but I do not really need anything from this market right now so it is okay. It is a place I can get to easily on my day off. We walk through, I am semi-lucid as I casually pick up items and inspect them. Notably there is a small white, soap sized box that contains a single serving of cod *which in real-time I served my care client last night for dinner **which is why this is heightening my lucidity.

There is a married couple.. John offers a ride to the young wife, a free spirited girl with long, straight wheat colored hair who I am surprised accepts the invitation. John starts driving away very fast and erratic (as John might do), it is too much for the girl and I see him pull over to the curb to let her out. I am just smiling to myself as my attention recedes from here and shoots off to somewhere else.

June 11, 2020

An enormous night of dreaming.. approaching wake I am aware of a dozen specific fields, each of the concepts opening and spiraling --> in<-- to the next. This is too large to bring back all-in-all so I zero in and choose one point within the set :

Mall structure : my attention investigates it for many (real-time) hours.. It is like going into a Mandelbrot, fractalizing and fractalizing, each concept explored opening into continuously flowing inner more concepts. So many I cannot hold to but a few, each with a long story wrapped into it :

Various Chapters —

- I tear my clothing, a new, unique one of kind over wrap to help someone * (later I wish I would not have torn it, I wish I would have found another way
- Krista Raisa and another young girl are making accusations of me being a thief, after this going on for some time I tell her to stop or I will sue her and this will be easily set into motion as my father is a lawyer
- Lil and other friends.., we are going to go drinking, we are starting early here where we are, making juice-based alcoholic drinks
- Security is called to follow us by one of the women (guides) we ask for directions toward Macy's, I can viscerally feel his protective presence at my back here after, this leads into an experience / story of its own as, —
- Intoxicated we go looking for our car, moving from shops and hidden back corridor short cuts to(ward) the parking structure

June 12, 2020

It is a long day with the consciousness work.. I am busy with it until midnight, I cannot fall easily to sleep and have to wake to a 6am alarm for an early work day. I toss and turn, get up and down, even hang upside down – moving between these for some time until finally, hours later I am in.

Eric Corso : this is a long segue that leads into a kiss – an energetic flow of exchange..I am so stunned (consciously) inside this event that I split and am experiencing it as both a conscious observer *from a distance and direct first person experienter. As myself, the conscious observer, I am backing away / out of the kiss (this in the deceased grandson of a care client) while as experienter direct, I am receiving it as a download. Due to the split, however, the data exchange is not as clear as it could be. I will work on unpacking it if I can. Right now, in clear detail I am only remembering this most impactful part. In this area of the scene itself it is night, we are strolling and passing through many places but at the time of the kiss are on a light, bamboo-like walkway outside a building/house made of a similar material. The sensation of the kiss is still prevalent...it is awkward, unskilled, like a first kiss.

June 13, 2020

Mom : I am looking for skilled care for someone (it will come to me) I am in the building the care will be given, a very beige and white, predominantly unconstructed, unpopulated environment – speaking to a woman who is helping me. I am with Mom, the woman I am speaking with wants to know if the care being sought is for her, I say “no, mom is healthy and when the time comes I will be supplying the care for her myself”, it is this other woman who the care is for. There is a long driving segment here. I leave mom on a flat sofa of sorts and while waiting here she pees on a pad 3 times while I am off gaining directions. The energy flows through my body are STRONG as all this is happening. I am DEEP in the waves. —the alarm cuts me off from the rest,

which I have in very clear detail until this. If I could go back in I could get it all, it is this close and still playing – but it is a work morning.

June 14, 2020

Erich : Carie : underground pool : In the last scene I am in, a man has been brought back from the dead to placate / appease Carie, and even the others. – sexually. A water ritual between Carie and I is about to be performed. I am to drop pieces of a bacon like meat and cheese into the water for Carie to catch. I do this from a high board. But some of the slices have been accidentally dropped and I am going about to locate them. Heavy items are being rearranged to accommodate this. Unusual wooden handrails. Stairs. Deeper underground. Necromancy.

This dream is a repeater, I have had it before. It is going to conclude with me boldly walking the high board, unafraid of the height and diving into the waters below. The man, if I can call him that, who has been brought back to life is nosing up to four of the others, keying in on Carie. Only Erich and I are standing alone outside of this. Erich being the instigator, and I wanting nothing to do with it.

Just prior to waking I am exploring an area down below where a brought back from the dead thing is being helped to stay alive in a standing cell / pool of blood and dead stuff. This all is very horrific and unnatural. Where is this coming from?? I don't think the others (there are six of us in total) in this experience are seeing under the skin, or surface of what is happening here the way I am.

This is my thought as I am making my log, trying to make sense of everything.

A strange feeling has been left with me from the experience.

I am integrating.

June 15, 2020

When first beginning to wake I am repeating a word over and over in my mind — the word is : OUST

There is no visual accompaniment to any of my dreams in this moment, I am purely, deeply reminiscing into a feeling.....

It is a feeling reminiscent to me of the old west, of a particular sort of hush in the air, empty bare wood houses, the idea of open range, prairie land. It is a feeling that is so very familiar, in my core, present through a good deal of my childhood growing up in the still quite sparsely populated Las Vegas area (1960/70s) of the Mohave desert. I know that I know this feeling from somewhere else. In addition to this life. It is an energetic match and equivalent to another time. I ask inwardly if I have had a lifetime in or near this same area in the time of the old west.

I begin to shift. The energy, and the feeling of the space begins to change. I purposefully focus my gaze into the space between the brow and begin observing the movement and the color patters and the next thing I know —

We are in the air.

There is black skinned extraterrestrial being, we have him bound to a chair and are hovering in the air above him just out of his outstretched reach, circling and observing him. The feeling from prior is still present and giving rise to what is happening in the visual field.

We are in a large, multipurpose space where there is the idea of a lot of cleaning going on. Interesting apparatuses used for holding cleaning items such as brooms, mops, brushes and cleansers. I am rearranging things so they are more effectively placed for use. The energy this is all happening in is so very pleasant to me. Extra ordinary, intoxicating. It feels very good to be moving in this. – doing what I am in this.

There is one item here that is rather an ‘odd man out’ from the other items.. it is a cherry (red) wood, two seater children’s swing that goes round and round. It has a cross bar through the center of it that maybe helps hold a counter balance to the thing but it is so long and in the way of the other nearby objects I am moving into accord here, so I am feeling this and wishing it were not there.

In another frequency field : we are inside a clear enclosure ourselves, we are the ones who are caught. Someone is saying they are sure glad they ate prior to this happening. I am joking back with him saying I sure wish I had eaten instead of spending my time cleaning and rearranging — and then with an enormous full belly laugh say “not!” Everyone laughs aloud. The energy is very good, good humored and even jovial. Everyone knows I feel well indeed relative to having gotten all this done, – all that very well needed doing.

June 16, 2020

A large, beaver–tail shaped saw blade : this is made from a thin aluminum type alloy, it is jagged around the outside. It is the third night in a row now I am shown one of these blades. Each is different in shape from the others and is being viewed in the same location. If I pull back from the room a bit I can see that that the property is a single story villa in what feels to be Hawaii, or a Hawaiian type island.

Room : this is a(nother) repeater dream, I come into this space often. It is night and from the location of my bed I am seeing a large window at a distance. It is dressed in white shear panels and light is coming through. On the window ledge I see what I think must be termite dust but then I walk over there to investigate and find that it is not this but rather silica sand. In the room are also piles of clear quartz looking crystal. Taking the silica into both hands I am asking aloud "what will I do with it all? I walk back over toward the bed. (shift)

I am outside with Taylor, the police have come, it is about the idea of being resistant to having and showing identification. She decides we will make a run for it on our bikes, “we are strong” she says. We do this but the one police vehicle easily catches up, I am parrying with it for awhile. When I get free, Taylor has brought us into her house. Roger and her mom, Jennifer are here. Roger is displeased over some cleaning Taylor has not done. Dust is everywhere. He stands up from a piano bench and swipes his hand across the top of it. Indeed it is inches deep in dust. I begin helping to clean this up myself. It requires vigorous scrubbing to remove it all. —Sometime later :

I am viewing a white domed tent city from above,

As I wake.

June 17, 2020

Tall truck : I am in the passenger seat and a young man is driving. There is something we need and are going to stop to get it. We drive up to the entryway and I go to slip out of the car door when I see just how far down a slip it is. I don't think I can make this jump. The young man goes down for the item for me. He returns and we shoot off. I cannot *at this time reconstruct events that occurred around this point.

Meeting with Jennifer ClarOscura : we meet in the back courtyard area of a house where I am working. Mark L. Is inside with his grown son. I am sitting on a folding chair out here just waiting for 8pm when I will be off. It is windy, leaves and sand are blowing onto the small, perfectly square, cement patio area where I am sitting. I feel like I should be doing at least something here before just leaving so I spend some time sweeping the debris. The winds are too steady and too strong, though, more leaves and dirt blow right back onto the square. I feel I at least tried, and sit back down to continue my wait.

At the same time I am shifting into a memory....I see a white screen and a white, silver, grey crystal capture of Jennifer that is coming through to me. She is wearing a hooded cape, but the eyes are unmissable, Jennifer herself materializes onto the square where I am sitting. A conversation ensues during the course of which my sister, Sandy (deceased) also appears. I know it is Sandy but she does not look like herself, she is in a different body — female, long black hair dyed bright purple and blue at the tips, fair skinned, perhaps of Jewish decent.

I am holding all three locations, myself on the patio, the parallel frequency in the square with Jennifer and this area where Sandy has appeared — and synching all the frequencies into one. A certain feeling is holding them all together (as I am writing this) but the activity itself is fuzzy. I am seeing directly into the point where we are leaving. I am asking Jennifer what time it is, she says it is 8:45, I say “goodness we could have left near an hour ago”. I begin gathering everything up, including Sandy who is now laying down and feigning sleep.

She will not get up.. after several unsuccessful verbal tries, I reach my hand over like a claw and vice pinch her neck. Still nothing. I am worried she will get me into trouble at my place of work. We are leaving, without her if she will not come.

In this rushed, uncertain and slightly anxious energy I wake.

It is 8:45am.

June 18, 2020

I stayed awake until 2 o'clock in the morning, not because I wanted to but because I am just not falling asleep.. In all of my dreaming, all I am aware of is that Andy came by for a visit. I can follow the frequency feeling of this into the energetic beginnings of something starting to happen but just can't quite get into the visuals and hard content. Note : I see in the log entry above this one (on the boards where these are posted) he (scah) passed through here and dropped a "like". Interesting. Maybe I felt him?

June 19, 2020

Today concludes my yearlong consciousness experiment — “365 Days of Dreams” — which climaxed on a stunning and even somewhat SHOCKING instant when early this morning my consciousness all of sudden broke out into where the Designers were engineering the sequence I was moving through. Specifically, a “short cut” was being devised. This was such an excitement for me, to perceive this directly, intimately, how what we move through in visual screens (physical ‘dreams’) is designed, and even manipulated from outside the scenes – that I let go of all other content.

It is a work morning so we leave here on this note.

It is interesting to me that the timing of this consciousness experiment has been through the summer solstices (2019–2020). The world is in the midst of great change and upheaval so I feel it is this much more important for us to be attuned with our higher consciousness and consciously receiving the communications and guidance each night when we lay ourselves down. I plan to continue going IN and making it out with as much data intact as possible. I hope those of you here will continue to join me. Here begins the summer solstice 2020.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

What is a dream?

Do you know? -because not everyone does.

in fact few people may know.—how many days a year do most people, even those who may be quite interested in dreams, be pursuing dreams, wake up in the morning remembering them? Even fragments, which is what most, when they are apt, tend to hold to. Bits and pieces. It is not enough to gain a comprehensive view.

As a People,—we are familiar and quite comfortable looking upon ourselves, our life and our world from the outside-in, as a “body”, something “physical”, but how would, and do we in truth appear from the inside-out? As a consciousness, intelligent awareness and energy. What does the reality look like the other way around?

We begin to see this as we again agree to re-synchronize with our dreams. With the rest of ourself, of what is ours to experience, the waves beyond the beta wave . . . As an experiencer of this myself I can tell you that for one the reality indeed looks a whole lot larger. It looks far more diverse. Far more free and complete.

I will tell you also, from this vantage it is far more immediately clear a communication with and within ourself, forming the array, the very weave and intricacy of what it is far more our preference as a society to call “dream” than reality. The created, illusory divide between these concepts requires, and is worth investigation.

What we like to call reality and what we like to call dream.... What is the separating factor? What is it that is holding these apart and for the greater part at bay?

What we experience is our reality - agreed?

Experience lays at the basis of reality, all reality.. It is only for most not allowing an experience of their inner world, not bringing it along with them into their conscious, daily state of being that this view, territory and content are for the most part, in direct result thought of as “unreal”. What would happen, though, if they did?

What would happen if you did? If you, me, we—individually and collectively chose to consciously go out beyond the beta wave? I will simply ask the question.

Perhaps every now and again you will wonder at it.

