

I didn't remember any dreams clearly from the first time I slept. It was a stressful day with much less breaks than usual due to something coming up I had to deal with. So I think that might have lowered my dream recall and reminds me to live less stressfully today, take time periodically to unwind, and take breaks.

During the next sleep I dreamed about some different things.

One scene had to with my Mom, and a car. I think we were on ice. I remember something to do with the trunk. Kind of vague.



I also remember waiting outside someones house, I forgot why. But I saw someone smoking in their drive way and got really mad.



Something where I had to go to court. I was looking for a seat. Something with a

baby. But I was in the audience of the court, not the one in the trial.

Then I was driving to the Arboretum. I parked in an extra space that was by the entrance, not there in waking life. It was busy there.



When I got out there was a child telling an older man to fix the fur on his cat. There was a really soft-fur cat with orange fur. I

remember it having a greater proportion of orange fur in the beginning but then it reduced.

Then there was a scene involving laundry machines. I had run my clothes in a laundry machine but some how it didn't get soap. So they were all wet but I had to hang them to dry without soap.



Then I was putting my dishes on a metal shelf to dry. But that meant I would have

to put whatever was on the shelf in my dresser?



Then I was with my friend (J) and he was downloading something. He showed me how he could have the program export the download (used the word "parsing") at its current state so he could use that much of the file. Then it gave him a CD with some audio files on it.

He also showed me a small, maybe 15'x15' plot of land, with fallen autumn leaves. He said that every year, he would do leaf removal on one 15'x15' plot of land, and get paid \$70.



Then some interesting books in a library I was going through.



I ended up being in class, with a stack of papers. The teacher was mad at me because my test was a month late. I was preventing the other students from getting their tests back.

I was thinking, "Well, I'm not that smart, so its not that much of an advantage." But something about how I actually did get 100 and so it seemed unfair. But I would have got 100 anyway.

Then I was thinking about how a student who had kidney stones would be allowed to take the day off every now and then.



Then I was in another class setting, with a different teacher. The teacher asked us to tell some Spanish words and their English equivalent. Two girls quickly said some words. I didn't want to because I didn't want to imitate the accent, thinking it would be awkward.

I went to the bathroom. Then no one was saying any words so I opened the bathroom door a little and called out, "y" is Spanish for "and". The class laughed.

I was reading from two books. One was the Spanish version one was the English version. The English version had a sentence and I wanted to compare it to the Spanish version. In English it said "powerlessness" so i went to look for the Spanish equivalent, but both books only had English.

I called out another word to the class, from the bathroom. I meant to say book but I said "pero"/"pero".

When I got back to the class, a student was challenging the teacher about her "badge". I'm not sure but I think in addition to being a teacher, the teacher was also a detective or agent of some sort.

Someone was wearing a bronze beetle-horn kind of helmet. Then the whole scene became very surreal. I remember watching it and being somewhat surprised at the turn it had all taken.

I woke up, recalled and recorded. But I was very groggy. I almost thought there were no dreams there but luckily I was able to recover some details.

I had another dream that I forgot the beginning parts of. It was something interesting though. But then, I became lucid kind of spontaneously. I was seeing myself from outside, walking over a bridge (third person).

I was a blue-grey muscular type of character. Also I was radiating with electricity.



See how the electric lines are around him.



Or the way the electricity goes around this block of Energon.



It wasn't like a DBZ aura but more over the surface of my body.

I went into the first person perspective and arrived at a door. Trying to open the door seemed like the next thing to do. I put my two fingers into a laser gun shape to point them at the door.



My laser lit up the whole door, but when the laser faded, only a small hole had been made. Maybe an inch or two in

diameter. I poked my fingers through to make a flash light, and inspect what was beyond the door. It was another door.



I woke up, recalled and recorded it, but I felt groggy. Kinda weird to have lost the previous parts of the dream but I went back to sleep.

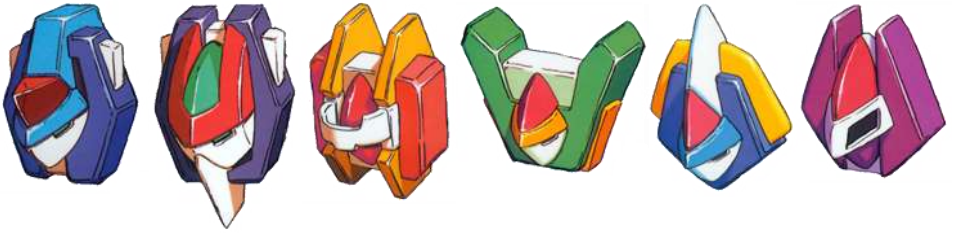
The next dream began with some non-lucid parts. I remember looking online

through a kind of file-database for a music clip. It was going to be of video game music, maybe megaman music.



Then I realized that it was an emulator site. Not what I was looking for. There was a picture of megaman though.

I also remembered a part that reminded me of Mega Man ZX.



I had a custom screen where I could mix and match the various Megaman forms. (I tried this game a few months ago and only for a little while so that was interesting for it to pop up now)

The dream must have gone on a little. Eventually I dreamed that I was falling to the ground on my back. But I noticed there was no impact so I must be dreaming. I think my sister or my aunt was

there. They might have asked me if it was a dream. not sure.

I remember not being totally sure if it was a dream. but I looked around the sky. It was grey, with an orange highlight. The quality of it made me more sure it was a dream. I think i tried to show (my sister or my aunt) that it was a dream by flying up.



My recall is not perfect for the beginning of this thing so I will do my best. I remember at one point being in my Nana's house. And phasing out through a window. I went on the roof and rubbed my hands to try to stabilize.



The sky was a night-sky blue at this point.



It seemed to go on for a good duration. I remember walking down the hall to my Nana's room and there was a dog. It bit my hand!



However, I knew it was a dream. So I wasn't really upset or scared. I could feel some sense of teeth sinking into my hand but it wasn't too severe. I just gently pet the dogs nose to see if it would relax.



I forgot exactly how that one ended but I know I woke up briefly feeling the mild sensation of the bite in my hand. I was thinking it through and accidentally did a DEILD.

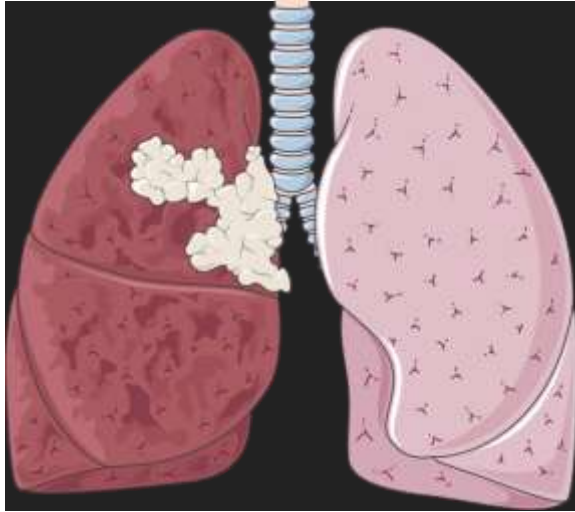


I "spawned" at my Nana's again. I think I was in the bathroom at first. Eventually I got to her room. She was on her bed, sitting at the edge, watching her TV.

She said she wanted help "resting". And indicated that "cleaning up with the handle" would help her. this seemed to mean emptying the small waste baskets.



As I spoke with her I wondered what exactly to do. There was a cigarette in her left hand... I wanted to address that because I hate cigarettes. I knew it was a dream though so it couldn't toxify me. Still I became fixated on it.



I decided the best thing to do would be to show her it was a dream. So I went toward her big sliding window to phase out through it and fly.



I got stuck partway through. As I tried to extract myself from the window, I woke up again.



So I was back in my bed but still in "the phase". This time the ringing came on. (I haven't had it in a while!) Seeing this as my chance to keep exploring, I rolled out of body.



My eyes were closed by I found my desk and pulled myself up on it. I got a spontaneous idea to spin, and teleport to my Nana's. The idea of helping her clean

seemed purposeful so I set that as my intention and spun.

I remember successfully "spawning" in Nana's hallway again. I guess I was in the bathroom at first, trying to rub my hands or establish stability.



I noticed a mirror and decided to talk to myself. I was like, "We really have to make this dream last!" looking myself in the eye

like a pep talk. My eyes were a greenish-yellow color, which they are not in waking life.



As I talked, i felt surprised that it actually stabilized me. However, the dream threw me another curve ball, when my two eyes became four.

Luckily I just stepped away from the mirror and kept rubbing my hands. I almost lost it. But i could feel my hands so that stabilized me again.



I walked towards Nana's room, remembering my intention. but then I realized the dream would just end anyway if I didn't focus on concentration. So I just walked up and down her hallway, counting my steps, as a form of meditation.

This helped me a lot and I felt a lot more stable doing this. I guess the simplicity helped. Then I noticed Nana's TV was on kinda loud and it was a dream version of the news. I usually avoid the news in waking life but I realized it was the dream news so it was nothing to worry about.

However, the sound made it difficult to concentrate. So I went down the stairs, and continued counting my steps, through the kitchen, and out the kitchen door to the back yard.

My uncle was on the swing set on the far-away tree. He was wearing black.



To my right, on the patio, I saw my Dad and his friends with a bunch of instruments. Someone was smoking and a huge cloud of smoke was flowing up but I didn't become angry. I think it was because it wasn't cigarette smoke. I don't smoke anything but of all the smokes, cigarette and cigars are the ones that I get angry about. Others I don't mind smelling occasionally but of course I still avoid second hand smoke of any sort.



My Dad was talking about a poster at the train station when they were kids. It said, "are you in a struggle?"

In the dream context, that had been a popular song at the time. I walked around the other side of the house.

I climbed over some cars, still kind of counting my steps. I could see how as I tried to concentrate on my steps, the

dream threw me some curve balls. Luckily I didn't get too distracted and wake up. I think the dream will resist my efforts to meditate but maybe thats due to that belief, circularly.

At this point I was in my Nana's front yard. There were some trees and her pebbly drive way. it was a good replica of waking life.

I decided to do a jump to about 20 feet up the tree and land. I guess I was practicing dream skills. There was some bright green moss I aimed for.



Before i jumped I noticed I had on my black grey winter gloves. And I had a water bottle.

The water bottle seemed useful because I've had dreams where I felt thirsty. So maybe it would help to have that with me. I expected the dream to go on much longer.

I jumped up the tree about 15-20 feet like I aimed for. I grabbed a big thick branch.

(I'm not sure if it was there before I jumped) Then landed again. My goal was to practice short-range jumping and flight on the trees for a little while.

When I landed, I was back in my bed. The ringing occurred again though. I tried rolling out once and couldn't quite separate. So I waited for the ringing to build up a little more, rolled out again, and had a success.



I probably would have been best off keeping it simple and just aiming to teleport back to my Nana's. However i thought of more possibilities. So one idea was to ask to go to "a good place" but I was afraid the dream would play a joke on me. I also thought of "a pleasant place" but kept thinking. So I settled on, "Please take me to a dinosaur world but only with nice dinosaurs and I want to be safe from predators," spun, and (almost!!!) teleported.



I found myself back in physical bed with a cough. I guess I had an itch in my throat that brought me back to my physical body. Kind of weird but maybe it wasn't meant to be. My awareness must have shifted back to my body just before the cough but I don't know.

So then i was physically awake, so i recalled and recorded them.

And this is my 5th good night of sleep in a row! Hopefully it continues... I think if I get back to consistently sleeping well, I will have more lucidity and recall again. (For those who werent reading before 5 days ago I had 3-4 nights of near insomnia)