

Dream sequences (with some edits for safety, respect, Protocol, and privacy), starting with the latest dream (within a dream, within a dream, etc. etc. etc.) ~

So, Don Juan's suggestions for the Art of Dreaming (according to Carlos Castaneda) are as follows:

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- Strive to remain as aware and in control as possible within any and all dreams (including what we perceive and label as "reality")
  - Strive to wake up from ### dream to the next and so forth, until achieving full control and wakefulness in all manners of possible dreams and/or realities
  - Never engage in eating, drinking, smoking or any other temptation within dreams; and, under no circumstances, verbalize agreements or enter into any sort of sworn promise, and if possible, avoid chit-chat with characters that only want to distract us
  - Always strive for balance and ultimate liberation from the veil of illusion both in dreams as well as in altered states of consciousness
  - The ultimate goal is to wake up from everything, to become fully conscious, in control, and aware... On the road to learning, transmutation, and full, total, and complete Liberation towards integration into Ultimate Consciousness (the Great Spirit within his framework)
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Sunday, June ##, #####

Just a familiar, yet strange feeling of full, total, utter, complete, absolute, ultimate detachment from absolutely everything... Just a feeling of perhaps "wanting" (without really "feeling" anything) to be left alone in the primordial, primeval, total, complete, unimaginable, incomprehensible, infinite, absolute (Great) Void. Just vaguely remembering going over a particular set of circumstances (lines of code, certain parallelisms/patterns, and minor details like "reviewing a script of some sort") or events (still "frozen" in time/space space/time from this perspective), and getting borderline bored by the endless cycles of infinite repetitions, but still witnessing all possible outcomes, without "liking" or "disliking" anything... That song came to mind: "Just hold on to something, the beautiful Nothing...🎵"

[**fun, funny {laughter, ease/joy/bliss/pleasurable/enjoyable/entertaining}, sensible, consistent, coherent, verifiable, fair, balanced, smooth, subtle, soft, sweet, careful, well-thought out, planned, tested, seamless transmutations and transitions into Ultimate Liberation:**]

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Saturday, June ##, #####

No more tests please! Of any kind! At least this was at a sort of training/learning facility and didn't seem too complicated, but didn't want to get involved at all. Uninterested in any further testing, demonstration, measurement, assessment, appraisal, verification, cross-check, validation, proof-checking, etc. etc. etc. Just free to roam among the infinitude of endless "frozen bubbles of events..." Interested in peering through some, but not attaching to any whatsoever in any way. Just flying free... 🎵

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Friday, June ##, #####

Mariano just showed up again in a dream, this time as tender and sweet as ever. He ruffled my hair and whispered some sweet nothings... Which were interpreted as to indicate he was doing

fine. There was nothing to worry about. Very sweet, tender goodbye. Bros forever!♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

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Thursday, June ##, ####

- <https://www.wordreference.com/es/translation.asp?tranword=immanence>
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- <https://www.wordreference.com/es/translation.asp?tranword=unaffected>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/es/translation.asp?tranword=inscrutable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/es/translation.asp?tranword=inscrutability>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/incomprehensible>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/incremental>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/scalar>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unutterable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/undefinable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/boundless>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unlimited>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unbound>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unbounded>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/limitless>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unfettered>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/everlasting>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/intrinsic>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/interconnected>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/trustworthy>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/dependable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/reliable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/immutable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/ever-changing>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/ever-flowing>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/ever-present>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/adaptable>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/transcendental>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-transcending>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-encompassing>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-embracing>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-inclusive>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-expansive>
- <https://www.wordreference.com/definition/ever-growing>

<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/ever-learning>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/ever-expanding>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/multifaceted>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/multilateral>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/multilayered>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/nonintrusive>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-witnessing>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-pervading>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/inextricable>

Beyond measure

<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/autonomous>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/self-reliance>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/self-reliant>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/self-monitoring>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/self-checking>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/self-balancing>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/life-enhancing>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/consciousness-expanding>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/all-liberating>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unpolarized>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/magnetized>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/self-alining>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/unfathomable>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/reassuring>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/respectful>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/fun-loving>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/comedylover>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/happy-endings-loving>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/coherent>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/consitent>  
<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/verifiable>  
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<https://www.wordreference.com/definition/balanced>

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Wednesday, June ##, ####

Almost parricide: a nasty, unbelievable, unprecedented, confrontation, fight, fist-fight, legal battle, and cops, and restraining orders involved when getting enraged at my biological father and ended up “almost” or “very nearly” killing him. So much violence and rage inside, justified or not, explainable, understandable, or otherwise... Just pure, absolute rage.

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Tuesday, June ##, ####

Driving around in my hometown at night, but the car was the blue Ford focus used to have in the US, and suddenly realized that **had missed a right turn, telling by the number (###)** on a house along the street (it should have been #### or thereabouts). Thought that it would be

easy to turn around, but found myself immediately blocked at every turn taken, with the streets ending in dead alleys with shanty towns blocking the way on all sides, everywhere, could not possibly find a way out. So, instinctively, became a little bit nervous, overly cautious, when all of a sudden a robber started chasing me, on foot, while myself still driving, suddenly the car vanished and we were both running. He was catching up to me, but myself was faster, and he yelled "I want the **gun!**" or possibly "Give me the **gun!**" in English, but myself threw him **my pack of cigarettes instead, because the gun still had # bullets in it**, and didn't want those chances (odds) to be used against me. Said something like "Already gave you the cigarettes, why are you still chasing me?" To which he insisted that he wanted the gun, but suddenly, driving again, and speeding up and leaving him behind somehow. No real clues as to how came out of that mess.

This other dream was eerie: working as a sort of servant and adviser/counselor, rather a clerk, record keeper, and scribe mainly, but also in charge of certain manual tasks at a very large hacienda, probably in Mexico, telling by the decor. Becoming very good friends with the son of the owner (the patrón) and perhaps revealing too many secrets to him. Because he suddenly turned into an old wise man, who was still very fond of me, and no doubt he loved me, and yet, there was this time when we were taking down notes or doing clerical work at the owner's office, writing things down on paper with those French (?) pens that have black, blue, and red ink. Suddenly the ages didn't make sense at all, because myself feeling as a teenager, sitting next to Mariano (who had appeared suddenly and for no apparent reason) who was also a teenager and seemed to have a right excuse (within the dream's logic) and seemed to be under the employ of the same hacienda owner. **Suddenly beginning to run out of ink almost at the exact same time the owner was verbalizing an intriguing question about the supernatural, or beliefs, or something like that, and the child/grandpa from behind him saying: "Of course, and ##### and the ##### don't exist either," and winking at me.** Panicking for a moment, Mariano and myself held our breath, but the owner didn't seem to register anything. My pen had stopped working altogether by then, and had to go get another pen and we took a closer look at the pen this point of view was holding (a French invention?), the owner immediately criticized that it was too phallic-looking, indeed, it looked like a thick and short penis with ##### big balls at the bottom. And the owner continued to say that it was sort of biased towards the dark/black ink, at least it was not symmetrical, to which myself had to point out that it depended from point of view, for example, on ##### examination from my perspective it was more biased towards red, but when viewed from all angles and considering all options, all ##### inks had the same chance of being used. In short, **it was balanced and it showed symmetry.** No matter how phallic it looked at ##### glance. Then the lady of the house called me to finish painting some flowers on the wall... They were old and faded, so wouldn't be creating original art, just doing my best to fill in the existing designs with fresh colors. **Somewhat relieved by having this new and refreshing task, didn't want to have any more tricky metaphysical discussions, particularly with old men that were in fact children inside or vice-versa and evidently couldn't be entrusted with any secrets whatsoever.** [:time to ponder:]

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Monday, June ##, ####

Somewhere in Rosario, with friends, probably Cris was there, but can't remember exactly who else **drinking a lot of beer!!!** (stupid)

Then, somewhere in the northern US, time uncertain, sense of self relative, having the images and sensations of traveling by car on winding roads, like Portland's; on the passenger's seat of a car driven by what was ##### perceived as either my boyfriend, or possibly J... Arriving at an art center that was a sort of a commune and a coffee shop as well (MEM trails about the Bay City Arts Center in Tillamook?). Talking to people and perhaps looking at some of the art. Then another day, after the rain, returning, and watching as an artist who belonged to the small commune was checking out some paintbrushes and noting down on a book what he was "borrowing" as if in a library. Then the guy in charge came to talk to us, and suddenly noticed that my "boyfriend" was in fact a young woman (even my wife? Could she have been Jor from my childhood?) who was also an artist and she was part of the commune or had made us part of the commune, although from my point of view, had not agreed to anything or signed anything for this particular endeavor. So the guy in charge started talking to me and suggested that "it was better to work as partners to strengthen our relationship" which did not sit well with me, as this point of view seemed to be more of an art admirer than producer. But saw how my "wife" had already sat down to paint some big beautiful flowers on a giant canvas, and somewhat considered the idea of joining her, but still not very interested, and simply didn't see the point in producing art that nobody would have the money to buy given **the current economic crisis**... Didn't really feel "sorry" for these artists, just curious, and wondered how they would make it to survive... Perhaps they should've been thinking about starting a farm? Then the guy noticed my lack of interest and started talking about the high prices of RVs and motorhomes and the like of all kinds, and protesting that on top of being outrageously expensive **because of the current situation** when everybody was trying to live outside of the big cities, they were old, clunky, and inefficient when it came to engine design, fuel consumption, and pollution. He couldn't think of the word "piston" so this point of view provided him that as a suggestion, and he said that's what he was referring to and continued to elaborate on engine design, at which point this particular point of view became so bored that the dream vanished.

This was more irritating, involving the story of ### poor women, probably low class, probably what is derogatorily referred to as "white trash" somewhere in the US that had been accused of a crime they had not committed. Became immediately interested in their plight, saw them ##### being detained, and then wearing prison clothes (that looked more like those shirts/coats {not sure if they are aprons or what?} that nurses wear, but in emerald green), even followed them around when they were having hearings about their blood having been tested and a certain drug that must have been present not being found. Something that sounded like "Thalamide(?)" but no real clue, couldn't catch the exact name, it was too complicated and unfamiliar for me. And the blond lady (her friend was a brunette and shorter but they were just friends, roommates, apparently) practically shouted at the cop/officer questioning her something like "Because we didn't have any!" or maybe "Because we didn't consume any!" So, cautiously approached her to get a feel for what was going on, and it seemed that they were just regular junkies that the cops were using as scapegoats for covering up their own assess/wrongdoings and shady business/crimes. When she somehow perceived our presence, although we had no impression of "being" (much less **physically**) there, she said to us, "**How do you think the justice system works?**" Which was absolutely shocking to hear. So, rewound the story and witnessed the exact moment when the cops were entering the girls' little apartment with loads and loads of drugs (with the intention to "plant" them there as

“evidence”), most of them in tiny bags, pills and powders of all colors and kinds, and some big bags, perhaps containing the infamous drug that the cops were still looking for because “something did not add up, something was missing on the cops’ end (apparently they themselves couldn’t even keep track and accurate records of their own misdeeds), and they suspected that the girls could have indeed consumed that particular drug, although they could not find any traces of it in their blood...” Intrigued, went forward again to see how the girls were doing and saw that mom was there with the girls, and at ##### feared that she might have been dragged into this disrespect for justice on all levels, because she was wearing a sort of green apron too, but quickly noticed it was just a different sort (lighter shade) of green and it had an inscription on the front that said something like she was a legal advisor or lawyer, so apparently, in fact mom was legally defending the girls, although feeling somewhat disappointed that if the cops were behind the whole thing, there was practically nothing mom could “legally” do... So, apparently, this point of view remained as the only witness of this particular case of police interference, disrespect, intrusion, violation of human rights, constitutional rights, and absolute disregard/disrespect for justice, paradoxically coming from the very people who were supposed to uphold the law... Was there something to be done? Were the girls simply “done for and condemned by an illegal and unjust justice system, could justice be indeed SO blind, unfair, and so easily manipulated against the “innocent”? Were there no other witnesses or choices? Intriguing.

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Sunday, June ##, #####

At or nearby a campus in Minneapolis, an art center (a big house with lots of empty big spaces and rooms) where there were going to be performances and a kind of film festival. Most of this was for University students, and believe to be among them, but not really as a student, not fully participating, and somewhat older or more experienced. The art performances were colorful and entertaining. A few forms of different artistic expressions. All of them interesting. But, out of the blue, this relatively attractive guy started hitting on me rather aggressively to my taste. More amused than irritated, played along and engaged in chit-chat (a no-no); he kept coming and going throughout the whole sequence. Appearing and disappearing at times, reminding me a bit of Dav H’s behavior and demeanor. Remember seeing Cor there, and saying hi and exchanging a few words with her. Then the guy returned, this time with the clearly stated intention of getting my contact information, to which immediately thought and said, you are just probably a realtor or a seller of some sort who wants to expand his database. But, at any rate, and against my better judgment, started writing down my contact info on what assumed at ##### to be a sheet of paper, but immediately noticed that it had some other properties, it was canvas-like, because when putting pen to “paper” the pen started producing something amusingly surprising and very hard to explain/describe. It was as if it was sewing/embroidering into the canvas, and the lines that it formed were clear and very straight and readable, but made out of white cloth, in fact, as if a strip of thin cloth was being attached to this canvas by the pen right down the middle leaving both ends (at even angles, yet fluffy) of cloth to each side. Extremely amusing (began to surreptitiously suspect that the environment itself was protecting me, drawing my attention to the weirdness of the situation, and advising me **NOT** to give my information to this **unknown**, sketchy, albeit charming guy) because when writing the ##### part of my gmail address, it would immediately switch to the yahoo end part of the address (as if completing it wrong/by mistake for me), and vice-versa, when trying to

write the beginning of my yahoo address, it would immediately “autocomplete” the end as the gmail address. By then, got the point, and attempted to try a few of my phone numbers, but noticed resistance immediately, so just gave up and gave the unfinished, incomprehensible piece of paper/canvas back to the guy so he would leave us alone. At another point the movies began. That was really interesting. ##### from a relatively small screen, probably TV-like, some old, some new, all relatively short, all interesting and engaging in their own way, some funny, some not so funny, but did not detect anything upsetting or too off-balance, even if some of them could be considered “questionable/debatable/open for interpretation,” they all had their own merit within their own context, like in the old TIE festivals. Perhaps without the violent/shocking/disturbing factor of some of the most controversial experimental cinema productions of my memory banks from Telluride in the old days (although, strictly speaking, these events would predate the TIE festival times, again, with my self-perceived age not matching). The next set of “movies” were entirely different, they seemed to be more like holographic, interactive projections of characters and settings that were so life-like that “drunk with enthusiasm and enjoying the moment so much,” something drove me to approach the “stage” (that was in fact a counter, like in a bar, with the actors behind it, like bartenders, completely “real” when inspected from up close), bang on the counter, and shout at the actors to interact with them, teasing them, making jokes, etc. The whole thing was so engaging that it began to feel surreal. When calming down and returning to join the audience, the guy started flirting with me again, this time, very tenderly grabbing my hand (in public), to which my response was, “What is this supposed to mean? Are we boyfriends now?” He laughed. □ just removed my hand gently, not completely rejecting him, since still felt some sort of attraction, not necessarily sexual, but rather “feeling nice to be sought after” to be “offered affection,” even if fully conscious of being somehow played. Then he disappeared again. Decided to mix with the crowd, don’t remember eating, drinking, or smoking anything. But a familiar face, probably that girl from the picture (the costume party in LaCrosse), approached me and clearly stated that the guy was a shill, it was better not to engage any further, plus, she “knew for a fact that he had a girlfriend.” Interesting, the dream was expressively protecting me... Interesting indeed. You never know when you are going to find an unexpected helping hand, useful advice, even if from a barely known acquaintance. She seemed well intentioned, so decided to take her advice into account and the guy did not show up again anyway. Then a sudden downpour started and the house started leaking everywhere, revealing its bad state of repair and probable old age. Immediately realized that it would be impossible to get out in the middle of such a heavy rain without an umbrella, and worrying about the fact of not only not having an umbrella at hand at that particular moment, but also having to acquire an umbrella in the near future, just in case. (Again, lack mentality?) Some of the water that poured into the house hit an electrical device which was interpreted as a kind of microwave, something that worked with electricity, and the thing burst out into flames. Everybody panicked, but out of thin air, by my own volition produced a bucket of water and poured it over the fire, extinguishing it while somebody from the background shouted, “Careful, it’s an electrical fire, you are not supposed to use water, and the risk of electrocution is just too high!” The warning had come a little too late. Had done my thing, my own way, and the fire issue was solved.

When the rain stopped, and apparently the event was winding down there was a logical temporal discrepancy, because the general feeling was that this event was happening from the

evening to late into the night, yet when stepping outside in the company of a professor to stroll around campus, it was obvious that it was just late afternoon, and just a few clouds in the sky... The professor, probably my own advisor or even "boss" started talking about a teaching assistant position for me, and my immediate reaction was worrying about money or even having a job and having to survive (not wanting to engage in any way)...

Overall, the dream seemed a bit too long, lasting an eternity, but never feeling really bored, somewhat amused at times and drunk with absolute bliss at other times. The surprise factor seemed to be carefully placed to learn to listen more to common sense, intuition, subtle clues, system prompts (particularly the inexplicable and novel behavior of the pen), and lastly, the real dangers of balancing a potentially catastrophic fire (incident) with water (obvious) but without taking into account the presence of underlying factors (electricity, since not all fires are the same, not all fires can be "safely" put out with water); and certain warnings may or may not arrive timely depending on a multitude of factors. Did not fully commit to anything, interacted only to a point, wasn't over controlling or excessively manipulative of the proposed environment and situations and the takeaway lessons were: beware of seduction from unknown guys with possibly shady agendas (shills and the like, particularly the dangers of sharing personal information with strangers, no matter how infatuated, or flattered we feel), putting to good use the honest advice from those who we recognized as "familiar faces" or friends, and being more aware of our environment and systems in general. Useful, sacrificed a lot of precious sleepy time for this, but at least it left room for self-reflection/knowledge/expansion/learning.

This other dream was also a bit too long and costly time-wise (too hard on the body that can't get a chance to fully recover and rejuvenate!). It was taking place at the Abes' in my teenage years, although their apartment was completely different, nothing familiar from memory at all. Flooded by fond, fun, enlightening moments of learning and growth. We sang together, played games, told jokes, had interesting deep conversations with Car (math and logic oriented) and spiritual/philosophical/metaphysical with Ste, while playing all the time with Rod and Sil, even cooking (yet don't remember eating or actually sitting down to share a meal). The unbelievable happened when noticing that Ste had dyed half her hair bright blond, so something forced me to offer a compliment, but the words (in Spanish) came out catastrophically wrong: "Elena, ¡sos la rubia Mirella!" which from my point of view was a compliment, but immediately realized the wrong name. She became beyond furious (internally), but she always knew how to make absolutely everybody around her "feel" upset as well if she was ever upset or inconvenienced, using extremely potent and carefully placed words that could shake out of balance even the best yogis in existence. She basically told me off by saying that if her name wasn't even being respected/remembered on my part why should she feel any guilt about not loving me/wanting to do anything with me anymore (notice time discrepancy) in the now? Felt inexplicably stupid, having offended her beyond belief. This was more than a faux-pas, this was a lesson to be more careful with words and statements in general. After that incident happened, found a paper (looking like an old-fashioned newspaper), but somehow being turned into an intelligent device with **Wordpress access** on it, and **immediately tried to make changes to an article that belonged to me, but somehow being told by the "paper" that the changes were impossible to make because of internal restrictions of correlation between my previously published papers, notes, sites, etc. So, got the point, very clearly and succinctly.** The next dream was shorter in relative and perceptual duration, but perhaps the most

disturbing of them all. Again approaching ### of those frozen “bubbles of events” and ##### observing from a distance, then getting progressively closer, and eventually taking a look at its “contents,” but never interacting with anything. Just watching certain key events. From my perspective, this proposed reality seemed to be a Simpson’s episode, with all predictable characters, particularly remembering Bart as “the terrible” and Ralph as “the completely innocent/unaware and borderline stupid.” Although Chief Wiggam {if that’s the correct spelling...} seemed to be in the background somewhere with some teachers and other minor characters as well, playing different minor roles. The thing that was most striking was to witness how these children {particularly a scene at the library} were being used and manipulated for “evil” purposes by a force they kept referring to as the “##### Element.” Remember laughing at Ralph wobbling when he walked and stumbling on all sort of obstacles, and Bart, and several of the teachers and particularly the “scientist” were moving/maneuvering a gigantic “Russian Doll” (that instead of being round, was rather squarely-looking with rounded edges, and immediately sensed a multilevel system of encryption, evasion, several levels/layers, and a multitude of methods/mechanisms for hiding its true contents that were purely destructive in nature) through a gate from the library into the gymnasium where it was going to be “unleashed” at the next day’s event, causing terrible destruction. Remember feeling no pity, no attachment whatsoever to the possible calamitous outcome of what was about to happen and how they were doing it, just a sense of how infantile, predictable, irritatingly unnecessary, borderline stupid and boring it all seemed from my perspective. Just very unsettling. Wasting precious sleepy time on this kind of crap. The last dream of the night/early morning had to do with the untold amounts of power, wealth, access to hidden knowledge and power to control others or vanquish enemies absolutely all Kings of Kings were offered access to/tempted with. Insurmountable amounts of temptations, almost impossible to resist for any living being. Feeling no pity, just bored at the stupidity of this particular strategy. Quite bored, upset for wasting sleepy time on this largely irrelevant information.

Nappy time after meditation: Just remember seeing Eug, fond memories, but no idea what the dream was about.

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Saturday, June ##, #####

At Mag’s after a meal, like last time {IRL}, asking Die to give me my money back, so he did, but not the entire amount, so reminding him that he still owned me for the beers that we had taken to Wal’s party and the raffle ticket he had bought from mom; he got extremely defensive and offended. He said something like “How can you possibly be such a penny pincher after all the cigarettes you’ve smoked from me? Don’t want to be friends with somebody like this.” So immediately felt having become like Mariano, so, so unbelievably, irrationally cheap, that now feared losing my best friend over an insignificant amount of pesos... Felt horrible about myself.

The other was more technical, involving the process of learning techniques for opening up and entering into each “bubble of sequence of events” and reliving them and changing them, experiencing them and manipulating them to my liking. “Totality in training.”

(Nap) **Mariano’s last attempt at “buying” me, controlling/imposing/manipulating/having his way with me:** Mariano invited me for dinner at a restaurant in downtown, which from my point of view was unnecessarily too expensive and proposed to go to his apartment instead (as

usual, bringing my own food and drink, and somewhat irritated by his sudden change of habits). He didn't want that (so unlike him), he wanted to go out and said he would throw in a ridiculous small amount of money (## pesos, LOL, absolutely laughable!) to help me pay the bill. Insisted, stood my ground and clearly stated that didn't want to spend any money whatsoever, and refused his pitiful offer. (Lack mentality, feeling poor? Mariano being cheap and manipulating again?)

Then the other was at a place that looked like a big warehouse/Home Depo, which in fact seemed to sell stuff, but a learning center at the same time. (Again, peering into and going into ### of those tiny "frozen bubbles of events") Not sure what my role was. Not interacting much, just observing how several groups of children were led among the isles by their teachers...

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Friday, June ##, #####

Somewhat irritated, annoyed, because was woken up by an extremely funny dream, but extremely early (what could be considered "middle of the night"), had to turn on the light to take down notes, and on top of that, had to take another sleeping pill, that apparently wasn't very useful either, very light sleep, hyperactive mind, overstimulated... not liking this at all... **do not like to have my normal sleep patterns interrupted under NO circumstances... will never tolerate that. My sleepy time is mine and sacred. Others must learn to respect that fact, and themselves. There are no excuses for this particular incident. Bad timing. Inconvenienced. "Pushed too hard into a total mental collapse and synaptic overload. Do not want to fry up again."**

The dream in question was about watching a TV show of some sort, somewhere, sometime (felt out of time/place) where they were celebrating, and paying tribute to a well-known actress who in spite of not being very old had had a great career so far. The host and the actress chit-chatted a little bit and then they started showing snippets of movies, plays, shows where she had been. For example, when she was in a soap opera and she had a torrid romance with a hot doctor and tore his shirt open revealing a sexy male chest before they started kissing and probably preparing for intimacy (so much passion LOL) before moving on to the next clip. That next episode was a comedy where a group of friends were discussing spirituality, and this particular actress was just listening. It was in fact a blooper, because the older woman {actress} who was speaking said something like, "All of you who said there was nothing/no ### before this universe came into existence {and she provided a number which completely caught us by surprise because it didn't fit within any paradigm of our "known" universe so far, it was in fact an extremely short period of time compared to what "we{within the dream's logic}" considered today to be the accurate number. This perception of mine caused the dream to react by correcting the number to a much larger number, but again quite inexplicably off of what is/was considered "our" reality, at least within the consistency of the dream itself, the numbers were just off by a long shot and preposterous at best, which immediately made me question which universe they were talking about, or where this was happening...} years ago, can't give me a satisfactory answer about who/what was there before the universe was created..." But then she accidentally let out a rather loud fart that could be heard by all, so absolutely everybody, including myself, started laughing uncontrollably. It was just a fart joke in a way, stupid humor, but surprisingly entertaining and definitely fun to witness and participate and join in the laughter.

Then out of the blue the phrase “looking for pattern” and immediately after “PATTERN FOUND” (Laughter, fun, joy, happiness, bliss, comedy, funny situations) popped into my mind. And that completely cracked me up and woke me up and had me all riled up all night. Terrible sleep. Both entertained, and **annoyed/inconvenienced about the bad timing and disrespect for my basic human need to rest.**

The next dream was about going into a restroom to take a leak, and half-opening the stall to realize there was already somebody there. The odd thing was, it was a woman (entirely sure about her gender and genitalia = female) who was peeing like a man, standing up. Somewhat perplexed and relatively amused, turned around to use the urinals. Just then, noticed that another woman, familiar looking, rather plump, had just entered the restroom and was telling me not to worry about having disturbed the other woman in the stall (how did she know?), that there was no harm done. Then she proceeded to also use the urinals, standing up, but the inner workings of how a vagina could possibly be used that way will remain a mystery within that dream. Found it mildly entertaining.

The next dream has been (partially forgotten) but involved a man who was talking about an event that would last all summer long, which from my perspective was just distracting and irrelevant. So moved on to the next dream.

The last dream (either futuristic or scientific setting, uncertain, but full of measurements, witnesses, and tests) was rather interesting since it involved the search for something they were referring to as “the primordial/initial/#####/seed number,” which immediately brought my attention to this particular proposal/point of view. The results however were so disappointing from my perspective. A single-digit number came to my cellphone, in white font against a red background in the shape of a square... No idea (whether to laugh or cry at the irrelevance, predictability, unprecedented stupidity/futility of it all). Whatever. Just annoyed by all these borderline irrelevant dreams/information at this stage, at least my humble {biased} opinion.

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Thursday, June ##, #####

Floating in the Void #####, then floating in space (nowhere and everywhere at the same time or possible outside of time-space) but surrounded by countless (infinite) events (entities, points of view, realities, etc.), each ### of them a world of their own, surrounded (encapsulated) as (colorless, or possibly grayish?) “bubbles,” and suddenly a blast, from nowhere, freezing and encapsulating everything into unmovable browning bubbles of “frozen events.” No effect on me whatsoever. Just surprised and amused. LOL

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Tuesday, June #, #####

**[(IRL)]**After the most amazing display of clouds neatly positioned in a glorious and surreal arrangement/placement, at around midnight {last night}, just above our house, but encompassing the entire city (perfectly aligned in parallel rows from East-West), saw ##### to ### ginormous clouds that looked like cigars (joints actually, because they had very delicately and pointy tapered ends) were all perfectly parallel to each other (surreal symmetry, beyond belief, words, explanations, you would just have to have been there and see it for yourself), and didn't seem to move. Just a majestic display of Nature's beauty, unfathomable perfection and balance of all forces, and was forced to raise both arms up at the sky in full recognition, awe, admiration, gratitude, appreciation for that magnificent display of

power/beauty/symmetry/balance/self-control that escaped all comprehension/understanding, words or explanations and whose mysteries must be acknowledged and respected {not necessarily worshipped but used as useful examples to learn from}. Just an indescribably beautiful/peaceful/introspective moment to pause and learn from Nature and its mysterious ways. Went to bed, completely “pacified” and expecting to sleep for half the day... However, something intriguing has been happening and it is being closely monitored, and it is the fact that sleep (even though it is always a sound/deep and restorative sleep) has been gradually decreasing in duration for ##### days in a row now, to about ### hours. Waking up from dreams, “just too excited and awake and ready for action” all of which are novel, unfamiliar feelings for me. This is the ##### (only and unprecedented) time {according to my own understanding and recollection of self} in this entire life that remember being so awake in the morning. Usually, rarely in full wakeful mode until late in the morning, as far back as the memory trail goes... Strange, very strange. We are just paying attention for now, and will seek medical attention or guidance/support if the cycle shortens below the ### hour limit, which we believe this particular system can withstand for about a week without the risk of frying again. We should wait and see.{:self-monitoring sequence has been alerted:}]

And here is where we seem to be at: Rosario, not really feeling young or old, walking leisurely around downtown and chancing upon Car A, feeling great to see him (he looked younger and healthier) and seemed happy and jovial as usual. We chatted for a short while. Then walking past the Flag Memorial and admiring its great, majestic presence and architecture (it contains an “eternal flame” inside a pavilion surrounded by columns at the base of a huge tower, and an incredibly long set of stairs {all in beige marble}, with statues and water features, some recently added, restored), will have to translate this later but the phrase that comes to mind is “imponente.” Just admiring the art, architectural wonder of old days, so much beauty, wisdom, ideals of old that still echo into the present. Overall, shaped like a ship, not truly aligned astronomically, as far as it is known (to this point of view), and just made to brag and impress. But respectable and dignified on its own right to testify to the mindset and talent of those who conceived it and placed it there, defying eternity(time)... (feeling very appreciative of all the different aspects and emotional range and implications, particularly fascinated by the statues, most of them by Lola Mora, if not wrong...)

Then entering (or somehow passing through a pet shop where there were mainly big tanks with fish of different sizes, and colors, but predominantly orange goldfish (different species) and some that looked like “koi” fish. Staring particularly at a rather large-to-mid-sized goldfish of the kind that have those bulgy, “bubble” eyes that make you wonder how they can see at all... (Are they genetically manipulated freaks, or did they come from nature? No clue. Just found it interesting to look at.) So at that point, being approached by the shopkeeper who explained that that particular tank contained fish that had been abused as “children” (believe him say exactly that word, and in English) and were now recovering. They all seemed to be healthy and doing well, not showing any signs of past trauma (like broken fins, and the like). So that at least was comforting to know that no major/permanent damage had been done to them, and they were somehow “recovered” from whatever traumatic journey they went through when young.

On the way out, saw what at ##### glance seemed to be somebody who looked to be an #####-year-old boy, but when speaking to him, he explained he had just stopped growing, and was in fact an adult, yet, still waiting and wishing “to be adopted” (¿?). His voice sounded more

like a gnome's however, rather high-pitched, flute-like (possibly borderline metallic), and quite strange. Then ### of his friends, a tall adult, came and greeted us. The short guy asked him if he had a cigarette and his friend either didn't have any or couldn't find them so immediately said that had just bought a pack so we could all share. However, when opening the pack, which was a big ###, found out that something was wrong, had somehow been cheated/swindled/unfairly treated {violation of (a) trust in a supposedly fair exchange of money for product, (b) value attribution and internal consistency or rules of exchange, plus rules of fair trade, (c) clean/transparent transactions/exchanges, (d) general rules of the game, and possibly "breach of contract" of common sense expectations, (e) justified cause for "money back guarantees/repairs to be made/debts to be paid as due, and per duty, corrections/amendments/rectification/just and fair balance of respect of the common basic moral/ethical/transactional 'universal' rules, behavior, and reasonable compliance with previously agreed upon expectations," (f) "business practices and code of conduct" in general as it would be understood by any fair/just/logically balanced/impartial system/ethical rule};possible wrongdoing, intrusion, undue interference and manipulation of communication channels:} and only about half the cigarettes remained, although was sure and fully remembered having paid correctly and just having bought the entire big pack. On top of that, there seemed to be rests of ashes inside, as if somebody had smoked some of the cigarettes (practically half of them!) and dumped the ashes inside the box. Extremely annoyed and irritated at feeling cheated/taken advantage of, charged for a "used" pack, etc. But at the moment of "lighting up" something very unusual and energizing happened. Out of the lighter suddenly and surprisingly appeared what can only be described as a shape of a flame (representing a flame, without actually being fire) exactly like Diana's memorial in Paris but made out of a luminous substance that wasn't fully real, but it glowed with a very bright orange light. So the surprise woke us up. And at least, we didn't smoke in the dream. But overall, feeling dissatisfied with my dream performance {it didn't even cross my mind/awareness at any point that the real objective was to "wake up." Is there a limit for our own stupidity? Including this particular point of view and heart/body/mind/spirit complex, of course. We should tread carefully when making any and all claims, at least from now on...} and somewhat relieved by the outcome. Now, time to face reality and figure out if quitting is even possible at this stage... Who knows... Trial and error... (Message received dear Bro, thank you. We'll do our best, although it is not our job to conquer/demonstrate/justify anything anymore... We will try to do it to show respect for your memories. Big warm hugs from the side of the "for now" living. LOL ;-)

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Monday, June #, #####

On returning home (perhaps after work? Absolutely everything was different. It seemed to be more like an assortment of houses/townhomes/apartments around a common yard. And mother was not "really" present; or at least her presence was somewhat different {non-intrusive}, but don't remember actually seeing her. Found that a sizeable group of friends were waiting for me. Not exactly sure for what. Feeling/remembers that they wanted me to go with them somewhere {like to the movies}, and wasn't really in the mood, so politely evaded and declined with some random excuse. The only ### recognizable was P O, there were a couple of women, some of them looking like familiar faces, some lesbians, known somehow, friendly but rather clingy and needy, the rest were gay or "gay-friendly" straight young men.

Remember seeing identical twins with that pinkish (cherry?) blondish curly hair, rather stalkerly, neither short nor tall, plump faces, but found them quite attractive and even talked to them in English, clarifying the fact that they were twins, and identical. The strange thing happened after they left. Heard something, like an alarm, and it turned out to be what thought to be my cellphone, but when trying to pick it up, the sense of weirdness began, for ### thing, it didn't look or feel like my phone, and it had different buttons (no numbers for example, just remember symbols, colors, and shapes, each to activate different functions, all incomprehensible and unfamiliar), in summary, couldn't figure out how to respond to the call. Then realized that it didn't belong to me, but rather to ### of the women (friends, lesbian?) and she was probably calling her own phone to locate it. Then some distraction happened and noticed that yet another phone, smaller, smarter, again, no numbers, this time don't even remember buttons or colors, just a screen with indications {directions?}. Yet again! Couldn't figure out how to handle the thing properly and yet somehow knew it belonged to some of the boys (probably ### of the twins?). So yet another phone had been left behind at my place by these guys. Finally, not sure how, if through my own phone or telepathically or through ### of their phones, managed to talk to P and told him to wait for me outside, that would take the phones to where they were. For some reason, it felt like didn't want them back at my place (particularly considering how careless/unaware they seemed to be by "forgetting their phones behind," were any of these guys reliable?), although not feeling especially annoyed or invaded, just wanted to be on my own and not be disturbed. Wanted my space, so to speak. Outside, everything was different. It was very difficult to tell which direction to go. Everything seemed to change or not make sense at every turn, and yet, knew exactly how to navigate my way around, it was familiar to me, just {the surrounding environment} behaving erratically (ever changing and adapting and trying to get me lost and confused or disoriented in every possible way), but this was my home in itself, my territory. Plus, had either my own phone or ### of theirs and could use a map {?} on it with orientation and guidance (albeit questionable, unreliable, inconsistent, contradictory, paradoxical+parallaxical from almost any perspective)... Whatever. Found my own way around (my inner guidance/instinct?), reunited with my friends at a corner nearby my place and gave them back their "lost/forgotten/misplaced" phones (didn't care much, not my problem). Just slightly annoyed by all the unnecessary confusion, and **NOT REALLY HAVING FUN...** Nothing made me really laugh. **Who enjoys being lost and disoriented and having the external world completely upside down, inconsistent, incoherent, contradictory, incomprehensible, un navigable, and working against you to confuse you?** This was shorter, watching, or perhaps listening to music (YouTube?) that enjoyed/liked at the moment (quite likely chilltrance, psydub, vocal techno, or electronica, and the like, or even mantras/meditation/yoga music, who knows..., at least that's how it felt) and being interrupted by an ad (with music, but not to my entire satisfaction, in spite of it not being horrible, just not exactly my piece of cake, plus with lyrics in Portuguese which were incomprehensible, and rather annoying{:wrong point of entry:}) whose duration was ridiculous (several hours, and **could NOT be skipped!!!** If wanted to hear the song/music wanted to hear... which lasted only minutes!). Getting really annoyed, and getting the feeling that somehow managed to escape/skip past the intruding/invasive ad, but not sure what had done, what the steps were. Waking up rather annoyed, as if having been inconvenienced and **"tested" YET AGAIN!!!! AT THIS STAGE/JUNCTURE, AT THESE UNFATHOMABLE/INCONCEIVABLE/INCOMPREHENSIBLE DEPTHS, HEIGHTS, IN ANY AND ALL**

DIRECTIONS (POSSIBLE, IMPOSSIBLE, PLAUSIBLE, IMPLAUSIBLE, EXISTENT/NON-EXISTENT/POTENTIAL/"REAL/UNREAL"/VIRTUAL/ETC. ETC. ETC. AND

PROPORTIONS/SIGNIFICANCE... unbelievable... Extremely annoying to have "ads" in dreams! Beyond incomprehensible/permissible/advisable/conceivable/reasonable/prudent/showing no real understanding, respect for anything, or any signs of awareness whatsoever... Very disappointed by absolutely everything and everybody. **Extremely inconvenienced.**

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Friday, June #, #####

Going back to the Polytechnic High School (IPS), but this time as an adult for a special event that included a supposedly "short" test of knowledge and opinion. After completing the test, came out of the room and talked to some of the teachers in charge and complained that the test had been just too plain and simple, focusing more on opinion and not at all challenging in any way (just excessively long, too repetitive, and painful). It was even hard to tell what they were trying to test exactly (it felt more like a marketing campaign mixed with an opinion poll). Humbly suggested that the next time (probably next year) they should prepare a whole day event that would test as many aspects and modalities of teaching/learning as possible, such as learning/demonstrating by action and inaction/skill/knowledge/mastery/memory/reasoning/perception/feeling/intuition/telepathy/spatial intelligence/coordination and physical ability/emotional intelligence and coping mechanisms/conflict resolution/empathy/extra-sensory perception/balance between competition versus cooperation, and as many associated skills as possible, etc. And the day could be divided in morning/afternoon/evening stages; a morning stage for athletics and all aspects that would involve testing of the body/heart, body/mind, and body/spirit connection/balance/integration; an afternoon section more focused on the different modalities of intelligence, reason, philosophy, ethics, morals, and hard sciences/languages/communication; and at the end (late afternoon into the evening), a sort of party with festivities, fun, laughter (joy and bliss), art, performances, music, dancing, celebration, and relaxation/contemplation/gratitude/appreciation and preparation for rest (**with all stages in perfect balance, equal distribution/importance, and complementation**). But overall, dissatisfied with the current test that was borderline boring, downright stupid in its usefulness, and not challenging enough; HOWEVER, not wishing (for anybody) to learn from pain, friction, hardship, distressing contrast/attachment and loss, or suffering and manipulation, survival of the fittest, enslavement, entrapment, deceit, cheating, lying, interfering, disrespect, etc. but wanting to learn from **FUN** activities (comedy, romantic comedy {**happy endings always**}{smooth, seamless transitions}, comedy of errors {own stupidity}, laughter, joy, happiness, bliss), detachment and rising above duality, the heart/body/mind/spirit interconnectedness, integration, cooperation, balancing of opposites, respect (for self, others, and everything), guidance from within, self-assuredness and assertion, boundaries, roles, functions/duties, responsibility, properties, and connection into a more wholesome, awareness-enhancing (possibilities for self-discovery, exploration, expansion, growth), and an integrated approach that would ultimately lead to self-empowerment and absolute Liberation into Ultimate Consciousness... A well thought out, planned out, mostly **FUN** challenge that would not necessarily involve suffering, too much agony, friction, conflict, etc... Would that be possible? Or are you still going back to "no pain, no gain," "suffering and pain cleanses and purifies," "crime and punishment," "hierarchy, power, superiority, advantage,



responded in broken, heavily accented French that “Oui, je suis allemand maintenant!” So we went back to our apartment, but upon climbing upstairs, we noticed a threatening-looking group of ##### very young and rather small {in relative size}, “ghetto” teens who were selling small square packets of parchment paper that seemed to emit glittery bright white sparkles from their contents and we interpreted as crack or something similar. We felt unsure and unsafe, but we were ##### against #####, so signaled my friends to keep on going past them and ignore them. However, our apartment itself was a completely different story. It was not really a party, not remember music being played, for example, just a lot of clusters of colorful people absolutely everywhere. The place was packed everywhere you looked by primarily young-looking punks/hippies/hoodlums/outsideers/rebels/non-conformists, and downright squatters, some of them from different nationalities and suspicious/threatening-looking (some even looking like witches). They had put bars with locks and sectioned off sectors of the {our} apartment and had completely remodeled the place to their liking. Our furniture was gone, our stuff was gone, even our beds were gone... We had been completely taken over, overrun, and occupied... **Very disturbing. Felt taken advantage of, surrounded, outnumbered, powerless, overpowered, impotent, invaded, abused, cheated, mistreated, unsafe.**

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Tuesday, June #, #####

STILL working as a translator, this time again for Gab M, but somewhere in the US (she had an American boss), we were supposed to translate the “Bible” and we were in a Bible Studies Building that was all white {marble?} and had many pointy corners, rooms, passageways, and staircases. For some reason, was not very interested or involved with the translation process itself and sort of refused to go in (or stay inside) the rooms where the job was supposed to be done. And, in general, spent more time outside of the working rooms, just inspecting the architecture of the strange building, fascinated, somewhat in awe when seeing the word “BIBLE” in all caps on a relief on a white door... Very impressive and intriguing. (Being somewhat lazy, or “not doing what was supposed to be done,” and roaming aimlessly, though.)

The other was more critical, but left only fuzzy memories. The most important being when unloading (**taking the bullets out**) of a giant revolver (**so that nobody would get hurt**)... which takes us directly into the “**Eternal Sundays**” story... and then, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, bungee jumping from a building... very odd.

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Sunday, May ##, #####

Working at that translation company in Denver, although everything was different, the building and structures were very unfamiliar. We were busy filing, matching names, putting things in place, and in order, but don’t remember translating per se. Remember Wen D, Wen A, and Gin W (no P, interestingly)... Then, another dream where there was this young woman with a familiar face, but her skin was light blue (remember thinking of Ursula, the witch from the Little Mermaid)...

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Saturday, May ##, #####

At a party (previous dream forgotten) probably in Spain because la Topacio was there with a close friend (Part Mariano, part Die, part Seb) who was sick and having to take care of him and telling him that it was only logical to be puking after so much drinking and eating crap.

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Friday, May ##, #####

#####, traveling on a bus full of old people (probably retirees), sitting next to mom, going to an event (felt like ballroom dancing in Minnesota).

Upon arrival, helping an old lady (not mom) walk and climb a complicated and perilous ladder, made of uneven, unsafe rungs, until we came to a point where there was a big gap which {this point of view} doubted the old lady could sort out. However, she showed me that there was an easier way in through which she came into the huge warehouse/building {by herself, her own way} where the event was going to take place and followed her. Then feelings of inadequacy, feeling that didn't know anything about ###-step dancing, and, on top of that, wearing the wrong clothes... For example, having a beige towel wrapped around my waist, instead of formal pants, and something like a turban... No idea...

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Wednesday, May ##, #####

Being an apprentice of an old sorceress (not sure if witch or not, or which side either), being a younger male studying sorcery under her wing. Until ### day, she found proof, in the form of some ancient writing, of my true {:from her perspective at that particular juncture:} age (###,###,###,###,###,###,###,###,### to the power of ###,###,###,###,###,###,###,###,### to the power of ###,###,###,###,###,###,###,###,### "years" {:only valid within the dream's logic:}) and was shocked and flabbergasted. She didn't understand why she had to be teaching me. **Explained to her that we all came here to play different roles at different times**, and had flashbacks of being a Peony boy with a shotgun and almost shooting myself in the head when the gunshot didn't come out and had no better idea than point the shotgun directly at my eye to look what had happened {this is reminiscent of those comically dangerous things that happen in children's cartoons}. The shot came out, but it simply missed my head. In that lifetime {:dream's internal logical discrepancy:}, played {:then or after:} the role of the woman's older brother {:which woman/girl?:}, and was constantly pranking her when we were children, for example, cutting her hair (with our dad as a naughty accomplice) by chunks of ### inches (instead of the minimal trimming she wanted) and dropping little pieces of hair on her lap for her to notice how short her hair was being cut. She didn't {notice anything} though, and woke up remembering rivers, mountains, and native life in communion with nature... Whose memories are those? (IRL: **Then the cellphone that had been turned off (before going to bed, as usual), chimed announcing a message... INTRUSION!**)

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Monday, May ##, #####

At a play and/or concert (choir) and performance at my old Teachers' Training School, but nothing looked familiar, except for some faces of classmates and teachers that seemed to have aged a □□□□□□ or so. At a certain point, recognized Val who sat right next to me. Asked her if this wasn't supposed to be a holiday and, after she said yes, then "What are we doing here today, then?" "It's a special event/celebration," she said, all in English. The performers (recognized teacher H among them) were all speaking in English as well, although they all seemed to have varying degrees of accents. Noticed how Val was looking gloom and asked her how she was doing. She said "Not very well," or something like that. And gave her the thumbs down for her to confirm, to which she assented by nodding. (Thought she might be having some marital problem of some sort because her husband was not there, but it was all pure speculation.) Then ate delicious flaky sweet pastries like a pig! (**BIG NO-NO**) And noticed that

my feet were comfortably, warmly, and carelessly resting on some bald guy's feet. Neither of us was wearing shoes, but thin black nylon socks (like those from last #####) instead. Apologized to him for my intrusion and he said it was no issue. Then could have sworn having heard my phone ring, just once, like a WhatsApp message and wondered what was going on since being sure of having turned it off {IRL}. The entire rest of the dream was about worrying on how to turn off my phone not to interrupt the performance and how embarrassing that would be... (NOT very aware/awake...) Woke up relatively early, somewhat worried in the back of my mind (still) about my phone being off or not...

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Saturday, May ##, #####

Suddenly {unexpectedly?:} trapped in the backyard of a house that was not mine, so exiting through the inside of the house was somehow not possible (at least from my perspective... maybe channeling a thief?) and there was a tall wall, barbed wire, and mesh completely encasing the yard. Knowing that ##### friends of mine were outside, asking for help, here it is where it turned into a "##### Stooges" episode, because a friend materialized inside, next to me, and offered me a tool that looked like a big stapler with a cutting blade on ### end, so told him that it wouldn't work because it wouldn't fit through the mesh to cut the wires, and then realizing he was inside, asked him how he had gotten in here, and he simply pointed out at a big rectangular opening that lead to another garden {probably neighboring house} full of plants and flowers (vividly remember red and pink geraniums {malvones})... Sometimes solutions and exits from traps are obvious if ### pays attention. Sometimes friends are needed to show us possible solutions...

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Lost in time:

[{There is a particular dream we have to address, mi pequeño saltamontes... do you remember that ### when the pandemic had just started and you did "you know what" to your mother? That brings up a peculiar/interesting/questionable shadow side of you that you have to process... shall we proceed...? No witnesses or records allowed. Just between you and you and your Higher Self... Say when...}]

[{A great battle has been fought, mainly against evil witches. And light/eye prevailed. Many times was wondering whether was dreaming or not, it all seemed so real. The ##### confrontation was in Denver: We were with Cla and an ugly-looking youngster who was probably a pothead, and for some reason we didn't like him much. Then saw a little bunny, although it was quite likely a small hare, judging from its color, and became concerned as it hopped along across the street. Immediately feared that it could get hit by a car, but to my horror, when it made it safely to the other side, a malevolent, albeit young, long-dark haired, very attractive woman swiftly snatched it {by its ears} and killed it with a pointy dagger. Became so enraged that immediately crossed the street to confront her. She was making a dance with another woman {or perhaps there were more of them, or just an illusion to confuse and hypnotize}, who was also wearing a white dress, and basically laughing at me, trying to hypnotize me or probably to get a reaction from me. Remember wanting to destroy them or hurt them, but all that could manage was to hold the hare's bloody hide and splatter some blood on them, staining their skins. And said something along the lines "You will pay for what you've done!" ... Then the following name came through: □□□□□ (very clearly spelled out and repeated over and over...) No idea who that was... friend or foe? Who knows. Then there

was another set of rapidly changing scenery with lots and lots of temptations, involving hot, sexy men, some borderline sexual scenes, and offerings to smoke, drink, eat, whatever, everything to tempt me and distract me. But this point of view kept having the feeling that it was all part of an elaborate trap to entice us and enslave us or keep us going in circles (Matrix?), so became somewhat enraged and wanted to destroy everything in my search for a way out. Kept wondering if was awake or not and □□□□□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□ for reassurance. Finally, it subsided on its own, without heavy casualties. The last dream, and most intriguing, took place in a set of dreams within dreams, very deep, where {this point of view} remember being anxious about “making it through the night” and wondering why the light of the morning had not fully manifested yet. We were at my grandpa’s house, in the kitchen, when a woman pretending to be my mother approached me sweetly, speaking in a very tender, motherly voice. Turned to her like a hurricane in rage and said, “Do you think {this point of view} wouldn’t recognize my own mother?!” in perfect English and with such a force that the woman’s eyes turned pale blue in astonishment and despair as she disintegrated in a nearly pixelated fashion, like a special effect, but each pixel was like a chip/feather or something like dark flakes that evaporated. Immediately after that, {this point of view} was flying at high speed and was thrilled to discover that my right hand was glowing with a faint bluish light. Had found hope.}}

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[ :deleted for safety concerns, respecting Protocol, etc. etc. etc.: ]

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Thursday, May ##, #####

##### at the beach, with a bunch of (younger?) friends, feeling like we were on the West side of an inlet (or maybe Argentina wanting to cross to Chile?), but we wanted to get high {on pot} and watch the sunset, and for that, we actually started going East, across the mountains (as if the Sun would set on the East!). And then got distracted because {this point of view} found a little statue that was immediately recognized as a version of Buddha. And therefore called it the “Rat Buddha” because it looked like a little rat/mouse with protruding front teeth. (Are we in the year of the rat {:IRL:}?) Then got all pissy because {this point of view} had only ### joint left and didn’t want to share it with so many people. So was very cranky.

In this other dream, we were at a house or an apartment with Mariano who was still going out with P... and she had her son with us in the apartment ({this point of view} was visiting, but doing naughty/non-terrible things, but did not want to be seen drinking water {big no-no in dreams} from a big colorful bowl, for example, which rushed to return to the fridge without anybody noticing... {this point of view} behaving surreptitiously). P’s son was still ##### and looked at me funny (not evil, just like saying “and who the hell are you?”) while P kept bitching and bitching about how much she regretted having quit her job, to which {this point of view} replied with a very enlightened and thoughtful phrase about a captain leaving his ship only to drown at sea or something that {this point of view} would have memorized, because it sounded great.

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Wednesday, May ##, #####

On board of a fast train, with others (friends?), throwing wads and wads of cash into the moving gears of the engine, but not sure what our purpose was... was it to slow down the train, to speed it up, or to stop it altogether? No idea.

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Monday, May ##, #####

Searching for something in the end... Always craving, always grasping, always trying to solve a puzzle, find a way out of a maze, or a solution to evolve, learn, and transcend. Always lacking. Always unfulfilled, unsatisfied, aggressive, angry, preachy, eating, smoking, misbehaving, engaging in pointless conversation and basically **FORGETTING to WAKE UP!!!!!!**

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Sunday, May ##, #####

Downtown Rosario, quite likely, although some time in the near future, not “out of this world” futuristic, but probably some ### years into the future. Standing at a mall/bank/shopping center/newspaper agency (although the “paper” was clearly electronic), subscribing to some service with my phone and unlocking something that way. Saw the news, a newspaper on a big screen, ads, the fact that something would happen between #####-##### to ##### days and {this point of view} **would get the last few days for free for having subscribed... Very strange.** Then my phone started showing **secret compartments** that pulled out of it, but made no sense to me as to how to use those parts/pieces, that were geometrical, but funny-looking, like you couldn’t be sure of their function. For example, it was black, boxy, made of plastic, and somehow reminded me of a hair/beard trimmer with little protruding brushes, very small, ### on top, and ### to the side... No idea what the use of such a device would be. **Very intriguing.**

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Saturday, May ##, #####

Talking outdoors, probably the countryside somewhere in the western US. There were a few men, but ### in particular □□□ □□□□□□□□ □□ □□ □□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□□□□□ **###** □□□□□,” according to him, the ##### {this point of view’s} □□□ □□□□□□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□□□□□. To which {this point of view} responded “□’□□ □□□□ □□□□□□ □□□□□ □ □□ **#####...** □□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□□ □□□□□ □ □□□ □□□□□□!” □ □□□□□□□ □□□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□□□□□□ {：“□□□□□□□□□□” □□ □□□□ □□□□? □□□□□□□□□□?;} □□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□□□ □□□□ □ □□□ □□□ □□□□□□□...

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Friday, May ##, #####

At a #####-story building that seemed to be located in San Francisco, or at least, it had that feel, and belonged to Zul... She was giving me the grand tour because she was very proud of the way it had been renovated and how much of the old-fashioned feel was kept when □ noticed how some of the floors (particularly the tiles and shapes and colors) were identical to my grandparents’ house. □ was immediately flooded by tender and sweet emotions. But □ noticed that certain patches on the floor did not match my memory. Especially, there was a sector of tiles that, in spite of being old, were clearly the wrong color: greenish/bluish turquoise... quite vividly, remember pointing out to her that those specifically didn’t match my memories. But the others were remarkably similar in pattern, shape, and color. It was amazing and it made me feel great.

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Thursday, May ##, #####

Multitude of vivid dreams, only a few remaining in memory. The most important ### being that of working as an in-house translator. It was getting late, time to go home, although □ had not finished a translation and would have to continue from home. The strangest thing was that

the inside of the office felt like Denver, but I was well aware that the outside was Argentina (quite likely Rosario) because I felt a sense of powerlessness about having to carry my cellphone with me and assessing the risk of being mugged. The most important thing was the presence of Orli and a less intense female presence, probably my aunt. They were talking to me, but I **wasn't paying too much attention** to them. I seemed to be more concerned about my unfinished job and having to carry my cellphone {on me}.

Woke up very alert and aware, extremely early, probably around #####-#####. Even thought that the dream was so important I should get up and write it down. It took me an hour to get back to sleep.

Then I was in **Canada**, inside a place that was part coffee shop, part bar/restaurant, and, interestingly enough, it had an ice-skating rink. It was probably Quebec. And the elements of cold and ice-hockey were present. But when outside, saw the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, words can't describe it. It was as if the sun was projecting all its light beams onto some gigantic whitish rocks that were protruding out of the waters, and as the waves came in, they created a cascade of indescribably beautiful light display. There was a promenade along the beach/coast, and a lot of passers-by. It felt expansive, full of light/love, and majesty. It was great, awe-inspiring.

Forgot the last dream now... But it was a very futuristic setting with spaceships and ETs of all sorts. I had a role to play of some sort, but it's all gone now.

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Wednesday, May ##, #####

There was this strange, unsettling, and unusual □□□ □□□□□ involving this very attractive guy who kept □□□□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□□□□ □□□ □□□ □□□□□ (J was there, and I had strange, ambivalent feelings for him), and we decided not to engage into a #####. So the guy showed us that it was a "**detachable** □□□□□..." {##### Level Shuffle Book reference} But I had the overwhelming feeling that I **had to fix something. Something was not right. I somehow wanted to right a wrong, although I am not sure of the cause of this, or whether it was my job to fix it.**

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Monday, May ##, #####

In France, maybe Paris, talking to a French gay guy, he was nice, and there was some attraction going on, but can't be sure. Then there was this **searching**, this thing I **had to do**. Probably going to the airport again... and everything turned confusing, as I started searching and trying to solve problems frantically.

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Friday, May #, #####

Some sort of teaching/learning environment, somewhat fancy/futuristic... Talking to a male teacher, I believe, he was teaching Spanish as a ##### Language, and we were helping (teaching assistant)... somewhat reminiscent of LaCrosse... Amity. Good times.

There was something about being able to donate blood to myself (?) by some new technological development...

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Sunday, May #, ####

Uncertainty and mystery, feeling of mistrust, conflict of self-identity as an extraterrestrial (or some other radically different entity) in a foreign town/land, surrounded by suspicious characters, ### of which was G (not sure), walking around, trying to find my way in this strange situation.

Darkness and big chunks of broken glass, some small, some huge sharp shards, some like pieces of bottles all over the cement floor... **We have to be extremely careful when we walk.** {MEM trail, somebody said, "When walking, we are actually 'falling' and 'recovering/getting back up/reestablishing balance' with each step."}

Something happened at the childcare facility; perhaps a snake had bitten ### of the children. When □ arrived to investigate, they offered me a choice of antidotes that were ##### or ##### different Jaw-breaker-looking, pastel-colored balls arranged in a neat row on a long rectangular platter. □ was not sure, but remember hesitating whether to take ### or not. What was this for? □ believe too have disobeyed my instincts and dream protocol by taking ###, although can't actually recall putting it into my mouth or how it tasted, for example. So, not entirely sure.

Then there was this small kitten that □ was holding rather forcefully, and somehow studying coldly. □ wondered if it would die if □ blocked its nostrils with my fingertips. But it simply opened its mouth like in a big yawn and continued breathing. □ was both pleased and surprised. But □ was **uncharacteristically cold and unfeeling** (very detached).

Saw a square white piece of cloth floating down and falling until it touched the ground and there was like a cascade of light, not fire, just some sparks and a bright light that consumed it, probably entirely, in something that looked like a silent explosion.

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