

## **Living Among Jungle Cats**

Written during a Nine-Day Silent Writing Retreat in Hawaii

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Dear Friend:

I imagine this playful manuscript now on your screen. This is my 2016 completion gift to a circle of friends.

In mid-December, I spent nine days at an organic tropical fruit farm on the Big Island in a self-created writing retreat. This book took form there: shaped, guided and inspired by my experiences and dreams.

It's my way of reflecting on themes from 2016.

I've set the font at 14 to be easier to read on a screen. I decided to send it out as a pdf instead of creating an eBook or printing a book.

My writing style is casual. I use abbreviations of expressions to succinctly get ideas across with fewer words. The "enter" button is my friend so white space abounds. I'm releasing this out to be grazed upon. Any mistakes you catch in here = mistakes I've missed in my editing. It's more about content than commas, although I imagine that most commas are accurately lodged.

I'm curious if friends are having similar internal experiences, themes arising and dream trainings. Some uncomfortable material is included as these are transitional times.

One key provocative theme is releasing my "savior" tendencies, especially in context of their weave with the victim and perpetrator energy fields. If that construct is new for you then let's chat about it. Some of my dream sequences will be more coherent if you comprehend this energetic weave.

Please openly share verbally any stories or insights from the book with friends. If you'd like to share the actual pdf with a friend(s), please check in with me first.

Joanna Arc

1.

“Cats were once worshipped as Gods and they still remember,” is written, in carefully printed black ink, on the bathroom wall of this organic tropical fruit farm. The toilet and sink are modern and clean; the farm is fecund and mysterious.

Any direction I look: cats and chickens abound.

Lush, wet, tropical vegetation hangs around us for the set.

It’s silent retreat time. Four days. My boyfriend and I have been co-creating these experiences together for years. We choose a spot where we don’t have social obligations to the people around us.

We decide on our food menu and that’s it. We’re in.

2.

Today is day one of a four-day. We might extend it. With ten days here, we might ride the whole time in our inner worlds.

For myself, I’m allowing writing of this piece with no editing. Allowing creative flow forward instead of critique backward. No reading or email or outside world connection. I will walk two paths through the jungle, as needed.

3.

I wake from a dream to roosters calling in the dark dawn. I dreamt that I had left my two dogs in a crowd of people and ran home alone.

I realized it and was flooded with fear for their lives and shame at myself for not thinking of them.

Immediately as I woke, I recognized those as arising themes:

\* releasing my fear for the lives of others

\* gaining more tools to work within myself when shame shows up.

Bam.

4.

I'm in an air bnb cabin on stilts in the jungle. It has two rooms. One-fourth is a kitchen and eating area, with a comfy set of pots, dishes and an ancient gas stove that works with ease. There's a table and bench, upon which we've added pillows for comfort. A small vase with tropical flowers sits on the table. Two African masks hang on the wall.

The bigger area has two beds, one queen and one double. There's a wooden rocking chair and a plastic chair.

Walls have a lower half that is wooden, painted white. Two panels have childish art of yellow ducks and blue or red butterflies. Upper half is mosquito netting with moldy patches. Mold happily lives here.

5.

It's morning on the farm. People are up and around. There are about ten farm dwellers.

They seem like characters out of a book.

One pair: a son and father. The blond boy is five, with a consistent cough. The father drives a newish green BMW, practices kundalini yoga and recently pulled his groin muscles when he fell riding a skateboard for the first time. Both resemble movie stars.

Different from what you imagined?

Yup, my life is different from what I imagined it'd be too.

6.

It's almost a decade since I became a doctor. I like phrasing it that way. It captures the ridiculousness of my situation.

Life outside of academia is still a mystery to me.

Here in this primitive cabin, I'm envisioning what I wish to do with my life next. Where to focus my energy and intellect? What calls?

Intentions for these four days:

- \* listen to what arises
- \* be in my breath
- \* daily walks & yoga & movement
- \* inner journeys

7.

Sounds: chickens nearby, roosters at a distance, water drops hitting large banana leaves, a child's voice, mourning dove calling and a few other birds whose names I don't connect with a call.

I can identify at least four different bird sounds, their names unknown. Roosters, I've got down.

8.

I take time in silence because I need to reboot from the current earth ride that many are riding. It's not the roller coaster that I wish to be riding. I'm not sure how to switch onto another track. I get caught in dramas that aren't mine. It's not an inspiring way to spend time.

So I drop within asking: "What now? Guidance please. Thank you."

One way I listen is by walking in the jungle.

9.

My walk begins by opening our wooden door to find a gray and white kitty sitting directly in my way. She's meowing even before my fingers touch her fur. She pushes her body into my hands and fingers, her body vibrating with purrs.

I squat by her and we exchange caring connection. I'm not sure I'd go so far as to label it love, as my love for a wild jungle cat I've met for the first time isn't instant. Love takes some time to develop. Instant connection is another flavor of experience. It's usually a projection of my desires onto another with an expectation for that being to reflect an ideal. Not recommended.

I'd like to create a vocabulary or glossary of love for myself.

Love for a wild jungle kitty that offers her purring body to me is different than love for my purring boyfriend offering his affectionate body to me.

Yes, Andrey purrs.

10.

I stroke the kitty and then walk down the wooden steps. Two cats sit up on wooden ledges off the stilt cabin. They watch me intently.

The path is muddy from the rain, with a grassy patch that keeps my feet more wet than muddy. It's rare for me to walk in mud and I delight in it, looking down at toes that are no longer creamy white.

I walk with myself as my friend.

I pass more cats and chickens, pass the BMW that turns out to be light blue, pass the large shed where fruits are sorted. I turn right onto the unpaved road that dead ends into jungle. On both sides are large lots with fruit farms or retreats or private homes or whatever I can't even imagine.

This is owned jungle, managed jungle, maintained jungle. It's still a rainforest jungle.

11.

Living and seeking a mystical & spiritual life = sampling many practices, tools, ceremonies, dances, healings and expeditions.

I return to my consistent favorite: walking alone, in silence, in a wild place.

Yup, the Joanna walk.

I can walk with another or in a group. That flavor of walk has its gifts too. Yet there's something that opens for me in solo walking, especially in wild areas.

12.

Themes I've been experientially studying and researching in 2016: trauma, healing from trauma, learning methodology, shame, blame, coping mechanisms, reactive and repressive patterning, inherited wounds, mother-daughter wound. Not light material.

I made time to read again. Making time is a worthwhile skill to practice. Andrey and I listened to audio books during our travels.

Books of 2016:

Art of Learning

Art of Asking

The Body Keeps The Score: Brain, Mind and Body in the Healing of Trauma

Daring Greatly: How the Courage to be Vulnerable Transforms the Way We Live, Love and Lead

Flight Behavior

Gene Keys

Geography of Bliss: One Grump's Search for the Happiest Places in the World

Influence: Science and Practice

Rising Strong: The Reckoning. The Rumble. The Revolution.

Tibetan Peach Pie: A True Account of an Imaginative Life

Animal, Vegetable, Miracle: A Year of Food

1Q84

13.

I write because it's how I process and reflect. Yet I haven't done much with the writing besides occasionally delete it in large batches.

I've decided that this piece will be my gift to close friends and perhaps a few to-be-closer friends. I'll create a pdf and poof — off it'll ride into in-boxes.

A rooster crows. The rain has stopped. I meditated and saw white patterns as if I were flying through space and those were stars. I ate some avo on bread with salt and now head inwards again.



14.

Hum of bees. That's what I've been hearing and not hearing. It's constant and coming from the large tree behind the banana trees. It might be some other insect. I'll check later. For now, I'll call it the bee hum.

Cocks keep going off and bees keep humming.

More of my consciousness arrives into this space from wherever she usually goes. The inviting, cozy and primal nature of this jungle shack supports my inner integration. On the entire planet, out of all the places where I could be, I've chosen to be here.

There has to be a reason.

Reason: still unknown. Experiences: still to be lived.

Perhaps I'll learn to crow like a cock.

15.

On our first morning here, the first cock of the dawn stood beneath our cottage and sent out the wave of awakening. Loud. I was partly sleeping so I could appreciate the charm of a roar, yes it sounded roar-like, of his manly let's start this day off with sound. Then the responses began.

Cocks from around the jungle responding to the cock beneath our cottage. Oh farm jungle life.

By the second morning, that was this morning, the sounds faded into background.

Amazing, being this human creature that I am.

Day one of sleeping in a loud city like San Francisco or NYC and it's cacophony. Day two: it's background.

What else am I hearing or seeing as background that I could remember to appreciate for its being? What other background wants to be foreground? Center stage.

Cock crows again.

16.

“Anyone home?” we hear a woman’s voice from outside. Andrey and I are in a cuddle-meditation (cuddletation).

We had agreed to break our silence to interact with people on the farm when necessary, as it is only our second day here. The silence is between us.

It’s the owner and our hostess. We chat and she shares that she’s one of two certified organic growers in the area. The other is “biker dude.”

We learn that you can’t pack organic produce in any boxes — organic labeling is required even if reused. That makes sense yet I had not thought about it before. Reuse of boxes is common in many health food shops.

What sat in the box before my current food sits in the box?

“All the cats are neutered and we have a vet who regularly sees them,” she shares feeding them in their individual bowls.

Knowing that the countless cats are counted brings me some ease internally that I had not been aware was dis-ease. Some part of me unconsciously immediately worried about them.

We return to silence.

I eat half a banana; they’re short, fat and sweet here.

Return to cuddletation.

17.

I drink a coconut that Andrey had cracked and go for a walk, exiting our farm to turn left this time on the gravel road. A young, tall man is walking about five feet behind me. I glanced him out of my eye's corner.

It's an isolated Puna jungle road. I haven't passed other walkers. Seems like a set-up. Either I share that I'm in silence and continue to ignore him or I decide that there's some reason that both of us are walking along the same path on this day.

I keep walking in silence; his footsteps follow me. It sounds like he's slowly gaining on me, now perhaps three feet behind.

"Hey," he says smiling.

"Hey, I'm in a silent retreat," I begin. I could have gestured.

"We don't have to talk," he says. I can sense he's one of the angel-boys who I meet with some regularity. I enjoy them. I decide to chat briefly. Soon the road splits. I can walk in another direction.

I've connected in mysterious settings with many of these young angel creatures soon after they've leapt out of their last reality and are following that inner call.

"Strip malls of Dallas suburbs to here: I'm so grateful to YouTube," he smiles. He decided to drop out of college, worked three retail jobs saving up to fly out to Hawaii to intern on a fruit farm. No one he knows has done anything like that. He found out about the farm through a YouTube video.

He's confidant, articulate and openly shares of his life. Meeting young people like him on this planet gifts me instant-inner-smile. I can recall any of these people for years to come and instant-inner-smile comes on. Some people leave shards of trauma around them and others are passing out instant-inner-smiles.

In some creative way, I wish I could play mentor to the youth that isn't called to go into the university systems and isn't to wilt in mass-American grids. Then again, I'm not here to play savior. What's the difference between a mentor and savior? Still exploring that one.

A new word perhaps?

One of my themes for this silent time: stop trying to change or save people. They are fully capable of living out their own lives however they wish to live 'em. Celebrate 'em or witness 'em and live me.

Breath.

Return to an inner journey.

18.

There's a wooden statue wishing to communicate with me since early morning. I haven't had the concentration until now.

S = statue & A = me

a: "I'm ready"

s: drop the quotes, it'll flow with more ease

a: dropped

s: count 123 bird songs & then our connection is established. Breathe through — it supports and stabilizes our connection.

s: it's easier for us to reach you when you're off line and off the human grids

a: what's a grid?

s: invisible grid that runs within grids that you already track

a: am I to learn to track these too?

s: nope. They track you.

s: it's not a two way

s: you're not a two way anymore either

a: can you show me what you mean

a: (((rainbow)))

s: Δ

19.

One dream last night was of these colorful stuffed toys delivered for pleasurable destruction by dogs.

Yet I saw the stuffed toys to be conscious — and had to witness some of them bravely escaping and trying to save others from the fierce teeth of puppy dogs. I guess it's all perspective here.

20.

It's day two of silence. Sunshine came out — I welcome her light with such gratitude here in the rainy jungle. I didn't realize how much it rains here. I wasn't actually aware that this region was a rainforest; I seldom do my research lately. I simply show up.

The rain is moving something from my field. Perhaps the rain is crying instead of me. I haven't cried here for some time.

21.

Without Facebook & email & texts, I quickly forget that I'm connected to other people. They simply fade away. Like they weren't real to begin with or like friends from a dream.

I intend to study attachment theories in 2017. I sense that comprehending how I so quickly adjust to new settings and cut away from the past will bring me more inner ease and less self-critique.

Andrey functions as my life raft to earth these days. Without his body, I float far, far, far away and sometimes forget why I ought to return.

22.

Coconut tree fronds wave to me through the moldy screen windows. The wind visits me. Coming in gently at first to get my attention, then increasing in force until most leaves are waving.

Sound of green palm fronds and banana tree leaves rubbing is distinct from wind moving through them. My ears hear the difference: of wind rubbing leaves & leaves rubbing leaves.

The continual movement around me due to an invisible force that we call wind intrigues me.

What is wind?

I communicate with wind in my internal way. There's calmness outside as I type, wind isn't here right now.

A: Hey wind. Can we chat?

W: (Enters the scene by moving leaves around my jungle hut.)

W: I'm here with you, always by you, always your friend. You forget about me and I don't mind. I don't have a mind like yours — that seems to steal you into it. I play with the plants and wave to you. You can feel me.

A: I can feel you. I've felt you with me since I was a little girl. My earliest memories are of trees waving to me — and it was you waving to me too.

W: You're not alone here. None of us are.

(Drop into a tele-chat: much faster flow of energy & not really type able.)

23.

A spider with a round belly and inch long legs hangs outside, suspended from the corrugated aluminum roof.

She hangs motionless when watched. Twice now, I've caught her release herself and free fall about two feet to then swing on her web. With a slight bounce, she climbs back up to her motionless spot.

She's motionless right now.

24.

A day is a really long chunk of time when I'm not busy doing things.

Such a gift. All these minutes — and these minutes — and these minutes — to simply be with me and witness what unfolds.

Right now, my friend the wind is blowing through again. It's more wind on leaf than leaf on leaf.

25.

This time off from earth-stuff is my way of decreasing my ecological food-print and foot-print for even a short bit.

I'm living in a shelter without electricity so we enjoy the candlelight for a bit then head to bed early and rise with the cocks.

We're not driving anywhere for this window — local walks only.

We're on a veggie-n-fruit diet of mostly local produce. Here from this farm, we're able to get our bananas, oranges, avocados, rollinia, eggs, basil, greens, eggfruit, coconuts and lemons.

From the health food store, we brought: oats, raisins, bread, coconut oil, sesame oil, butter.

From the farmer's market we brought: beets and sweet purple potatoes.

Healthy and delicious mixes come together with those ingredients.

For years, I experiment with my food. How to be healthy on minimum prep/cleanup? Spending my days in the kitchen isn't my thing.

I happily subsist on smoothies yet the Universe matched me up with a consistently hungry tall boyfriend who needs solid food.

26.

These solo-couple retreats work really well for us. We could pay thousands: spending the time with others and on schedule. Yet isn't a retreat about being off a schedule and facing oneself?

Retreats cater to a variety of needs. My needs are primarily to take a break from the lives of others and to actually land in my own body & life. Big relief within when that happens.

27.

We get our fruits and veggies here at the stand; which is a large cage with shelves, guarded by an uber-cuddly orange tabby.

We enter the cage and first have to love up the purring cat that rubs all over my hands.

The fruits are either labeled with an individual sticker or are in a basket with a little card. A large glass jar, usually empty, stands on the wooden shelf near where guardian kitty hangs out. I haven't seen any of the other cats in the open cage or near it. Perhaps some serious kitty drama went down for this orange kitty to have set the "my cage" territory claim.

Today's treats are two rollinias and two papayas, with a bunch of bananas. We're set for the afternoon.

A rollinia is our current favorite fruit and it's at the end of its season, so we buy them when we see them. It's the size of an orange to a large grapefruit with medusa-like tentacles of thick yellow flesh. On the inside: sweet and slimy pudding of the gods, with black seeds.

28.

I walk down the unpaved road with thick, huge, wet leaves hanging off the trees. It's photo-classic jungle yet what's missing: unpredictable dangerous animals, snakes, any venomous anything, buzz of mosquitoes and sketchy people.

Temperature is perfectly balanced with my body. I don't sweat nor is there even a slight chill on my naked arms and legs. This is one of the newer treats of my reality: not too hot, not too cold. Goldilocks finally satisfied.

If I'm on a perfect-for-me jungle movie set, then the prep team did their homework. Oh yea, thanks.

There are wild pigs, walking food to some.



29.

A few cars pass me as I walk the empty, unpaved Puna road. We wave.

One car stops. The driver reaches his arm across the empty passenger seat and extends his hand to me.

“I’m Josh,” he says. I take his hand and shake it.

“Joanna,” I say wondering if I ought to use a fake name. I don’t.

“Do you like jewelry?” he asks next in an accent that I can’t place and barely understand his words.

“What do you mean?” as it’s both an odd question and I’m not even sure I heard it correctly.

“Do you like pearls set in gold for earrings?” he clarifies.

“Nope, I’m not into that,” I say pointing to the empty holes in my ears.

“Well, you’re beautiful anyhow,” he says and slowly drives off.

I’m left perplexed. Was he attempting to sell me pearl earrings set in gold along this jungle road? Or is that some odd pick-up line that only works for women into pearls and gold?

One other man passes me on foot. He’s carrying two large bags with veggies and fruits from the farmer’s market.

The image of this man carrying his food along this jungle road warms up something in my body. Some simmering pot that I’ve had on a back burner of my consciousness is almost ready. Yet I’m not sure what that means.

30.

Andrey chops at the coconut as a chicken chases down another chicken in a figure-eight pattern around a tree and us. It's fierce. They race past us again, now in a straight line until the chaser leaps on the chased. Squawks fill the air for a few moments and I wonder if we're in for a real chicken fight.

Then the redheaded cock charges in. Breaks up the fight. Runs off the chaser. Checks on the chased. It's over. Tension released.

They stand around us as we pour coconut water into a container and then Andrey chops into the meat of the coconut. They stand there as if they're often fed coconut. We disappoint them and head back to our cabin to drink and eat of our coco. We're learning to share, even with each other.

31.

"I killed a pig yesterday," says our smiling landmate, which explains the three gunshots we had heard yesterday mid-day.

"My first kill ever. There were two of them living under one of the jungle shacks," he says.

"Did you use a rifle?" Andrey asks as if the weapon matters. I guess it's a guy thing. He had plenty of toy guns growing up.

"Nope, hand-gun. I had to chase it down into the jungle. Took hours for my adrenaline to slow down," he shares looking more like a vegan than a pig hunter.

Some part of me wonders if I'm missing out by being so prissy. Spending my time in spiritual or intellectual pursuits when perhaps I'd learn way more about myself running through the jungle with a gun and then chasing down my kill.

Is that what I seek unaware? Accessing my inner savage?

Pigs are overpopulated here, a nuisance creature. Yet sadness moves through me for the boy pig out there whose girl pig is now food. Not sure if savages sense sadness as I haven't met one yet.

Someone, perhaps our pig hunter, is at this moment belting out songs with his guitar. We've had about an hour's live concert: "I will survive," are the lyrics of the moment.

Really.

I love this moment.

32.

I had my first emotional reaction: from holding a plastic container of a name-brand banana-strawberry yogurt. Andrey handed it to me, as he was about to chop open a coconut. Remember the chicken chase earlier? Yup, in that moment, I was having an emotional meltdown due to fake food.

I got angry because it doesn't seem right to me to call this genetically engineered fake sugary stuff: yogurt.

Yogurt has live cultures: living creatures healthy for our gut. This stuff does not.

It seems to me that if a yogurt is a banana-strawberry flavor then the yogurt would actually contain some bananas or strawberries and ideally both. Amazingly, nope.

The container proudly claims that it's partially produced with genetic engineering. I get it that to some people, that's probably impressive as engineering & genetics are worthy sciences. Those same people are probably ten pounds overweight or perhaps one hundred pounds or more. That's common in America.

Thin people like I are a rare breed in many circles these days.

It's ludicrous how much precious life force energy I've spent dieting or dropping weight or changing my body or figuring out what to eat that doesn't hurt my belly.

This particular yogurt container is a style of yogurt I used to eat: back when I had daily stomach cramps and couldn't poop for days or weeks, often. Really.

I thought yogurt was healthy. I didn't know that some yogurts are not yogurts.

Back then; I had so much confusion about what was healthy for me.

Today, in this jungle where I'm living primarily because I have access to fresh fruit and veggies that don't hurt my belly: I roar out in RAGE at this yogurt container whose second ingredient is sugar and third is modified corn starch.

ROOOAAARRRRRRR goes my inner savage — perhaps I'm not chasing down my just-shot pig in the jungle yet and I certainly wouldn't ever put this addictive modified food into my mouth ever again.

33.

Now I go for my evening walk in the jungle.

Gray-white-beige kitty sits waiting again on the wooden steps. Purring. I stoke her head and back.

Then I walk.

34.

Feelings arising. Old stories arising. Emotions moving.

So I walk.

Andrey joins me and we walk silently along the unpaved road. Big leaves hang off vines. Birds call out.

I stay in my breath. I witness feelings arising connected to: food and feeding myself, my bellyaches, my self-hatred of my body. They move through my brain, my thoughts (they don't all dwell in my brain), my limbs.

I allow whatever wishes to arise, to arise. I'm simply with it.

We walk.

We hold hands.

Birds call out. A flower drops out of a tree and falls at my feet. I pick it up, appreciate it and set it afloat into a puddle.

We walk.

I'm indignant with myself that I believed what I was told about food and my body when I was a teen in America. I was new to America, new to this type of food and wishing to fit in.

I believed that fat-free and full-of-chemicals food would keep me thinner and therefore more desirable. I ate that stuff.

I'd crave that stuff. I'd overeat that stuff and gain weight then throw up or take laxatives or simply not eat for a day or days. I'd starve myself for the thinness. I obsessed over food and my body.

I let the stories move through, allowing my emotions to move. I walk.

I'm not in the present moment of the beauty of this moment, walking with my boyfriend on an empty wild road: I'm in my head re-living trauma.

I do that often. I can't appreciate the beauty of the moment because I'm still working to clear out pain of the past.

We walk.

He puts his arm around me and pulls me into his body. Even though we're silent, he knows I'm having a challenging inner time.

Most of us know when someone is having a challenging inner time.

Offering comforting touch in silence might be one of the most supportive actions. We work through our inner stuff within.

We walk.

I'm aware that I'm looping in victimization fields created within by those experiences. I move my awareness to research about the triangle: victim-perpetrator-savior. I'm starting to feel more confident working with my victim-consciousness, especially after experientially studying and working with these constructs for years.

It's an energy field that holds control over most people with whom I've interacted in my life. I haven't fully broken out of this grid, although I've tasted life off this grid.

It's an amazing sensation in my body to know that at least for a moment, I'm not a savior, victim or perpetrator. That's what I'm working towards: to free myself from those three energy fields.

To get there, I allow the sensations and thoughts to move through me, witness them. Current-version of me gently sends caring energy to younger-versions of me. I don't discharge into anyone or into the jungle. I'm getting stronger in enduring these inner discomforts without discharging the energy or numbing it up.

I walk.

I breathe.

Then I finally ask for support: "Hey Inner Council. Aloha Jungle Friends. Aloha to my invisible support team. Guide me in how to move through this. Thank you," I whisper within.

Then close it out of my head. It's their work for a bit. I need a break.

I work to return to gratitude and the present moment. I look up into the tall trees covered with vines. I side-step puddles. I squeeze Andrey's hand.

My food stuff: more clarity will arrive. For now, I've looped enough.

I begin a gratitude list in my head...

(Gratitude is natural for some people. Not me. Some of us, myself included, use gratitude lists in the head to replace other loops. Gratitude's an ancient energy field and can release me out of some victim patterning faster than anything else I've found. I fake it to start and then sense it...and then there's freedom ahead from my head.)

I am grateful for Andrey's hand.

I am grateful for Andrey's height.

I am grateful for the height of these jungle trees.

I am grateful for the lack of people around us...

35.

Funk and sadness join me as I climb into bed. It has darkened outside and the cocks and chickens are silent. Bees are silent. A child coughs across the compound. A dog barks in the distance.

Full moon shines on my face. My blood-time completed yesterday.

Full moon + hormonal changes = amplification of inner unprocessed emotional stuff.

No wonder something is attempting to clear out of my system. I relax into the sadness. It's what is here. Andrey strokes my hair and holds me. I breathe my way into dreams.

36.

Various shaman friends visit me in my dreams. I appreciate seeing them and receiving their support.

37.

I enter a semi-lucid training dream where I'm an angel-guardian to a new Mama of twins.

She can see me and thinks of me as a nurse-helper type. From her gruffness, I assume she doesn't like me or herself or these babies.

The twins lean on a large sofa bed. Both dressed in white jumpers, they scream. I walk closer and see urine and brown poop leaking through their cotton clothing and running onto the sofa.

"Your babies need you," I say to the new Mama.

"I don't need them," she replies in anger.

"They're crying to get your attention. It's time to wash and change them," I say gently.

"They're soiled," she replies.

"Yup, human babies need care. You as their Mama have that pleasure," I say.

She glares at me in rage. Picks one up in anger and the scene fades.

It's a few weeks later in the time-space of the dream. The squat Mama is walking before me along a narrow path through a forest. She's carrying both babies awkwardly as they squirm.

The trail takes us next to a pond and I'm admiring the stillness of the water. My angel-guardian self relaxes in the beauty of the moment. Perhaps this Mama is starting to enjoy her Mama role. Perhaps this will be an easier gig that I initially thought. My break doesn't last.

One of the babies, thrashing in her arms, falls into the pond. There's a loud splash. She stands there holding the other one.



“It’ll drown. You have to jump in and save it,” I say automatically as time is passing with her simply standing there staring at the water. I know my training isn’t to say this stuff, yet if I stay silent then this baby will drown.

She stands there.

“You have to jump in. Here, hand me the other one,” I say.

“No, the water is cold,” she replies.

“So you’ll let it drown?” I ask.

“There are snakes down there. It’s disgusting. I can’t go in,” she says.

Too much time passes. I know there are consequences for me in getting this involved and yet I jump in.

The water is icy with floating mud chunks of swampy waters. I reach around first with my hand for the baby. My hand lands on it instantly. I’m thinking of it as an it, as I’m not sure which twin fell in. One is a boy and the other a girl.

I pull it up out of the water and look at its lifeless face. It’s more cartoon-like now, more fractal. I’m fully aware that I’m in lucid-dream training and that I had crossed my boundary. I was not to save this life. Yet I know how to pump its little lungs and bring it back alive.

I kick froggie strokes with my legs, hold its back in one hand and push onto its chest as I lean it forward. It begins coughing. On earth-grid, that little boy nearby coughs at the same time.

“Here, it’s alive,” I say and pass the baby to the Mama.

I close out that dream training, leaving myself in the in-between zone for discussion with my Guides.

“That was ghastly. I requested no more of these nightmare baby dreams. I want other dream assignments,” I say with fury.

“You still saved it. You’re in one main training: to stop playing savior,” I hear.

“I know. It’s so hard to simply watch them drown,” I say.

“Some must drown so that others snap out of their spells. Until you learn your lessons, you too remain under your spells,” I hear.

One of the incantations or curses that I experience is living through repeating sequences in dreams and in my 3D life. I call them loops: with different characters or scenery, yet same lines and lessons and patterns. Predictable yet I don’t have a key out yet. So I loop. Many of us loop.

One key lesson that’s difficult for me: I keep learning it’s not about them or other — it’s something within me that I’m attempting to grasp.

I wonder how this dream is connected to my recent wave of victimization connected to eating fake food.

“Hey Inner Council. Insights please about yesterday’s emotional ride that was stirred up by the yogurt that isn’t yogurt,” I say, bringing it personal again.

“Are you eating any of that food these days?” they ask.

“No,” I say.

“Are you craving any of it?” they ask.

“Nope,” I announce proud of my many eating habit changes.

“Excellent. So simply remember to not play savior with other people’s eating habits. Let them go deep into their muck,” I hear.

I wonder if writing this down is fine. I hear laughter. Well, dear reader, please eat as you wish.

Drowning in eating muck seems like an aspect of every American woman's life journey. Each one of us navigates our own way out of addiction into balance or calls addiction by another name.

And perhaps I'm on the wrong path myself. I don't yet know.

Cocks crow to one another. It's morning.

The long-legged spider hangs in the same spot.

The gray-brown-beige-white mix of a kitty greets me with purrs when I go to the clean toilet to pee.

Morning message from the toilet, written on a printed tile: "Blessed are those who are amused by themselves for they will never cease to be amused."

Yup. I'm learning to find amusement in myself. I'm way too serious and even that is funny.

38.

I walk outside and pet the purring kitty. I'm not sure I've ever seen fur mixed like this — with the gray, white, gold and black woven together.

I'm making cat friends these days. Not sure why there are so many cats around me and they're certainly showing up in higher numbers than ever before in my life.

39.

I walk.

Thoughts move through.

I walk.

I list stuff that I'm grateful for in this moment.

A dark green truck with two guys passes me. They wave. I wave.

People wave here.

Ten minutes pass. Perhaps.

The same truck is returning. It slows down.

The driver, holding an unlit joint in his left hand, stretches it towards me.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," I say. He smiles.

"Do you have a lighter?" asks the passenger out the back window as they're already slowly pulling away.

I shake my head no, smiling.

Riding a jungle road and lacking a lighter.

Guess most lack something to get that perfect high. For me, it's not a lighter. Not sure what it is.

It's why I walk.

40.

"Work trade

12 hours/week of mowing grass

Rustic cabin, solar heated water

Wi-Fi/charge station nearby."

Reads a sign on the announcement board

There are so many unique ways to vanish off into the jungle. What will Andrey and I choose next for 2017?

41.

Reminders thus far from my Inner Council:

- \* Your food journey isn't over & you'll know when and how to share someday. For now, continue to focus on yourself and keeping your digestion healthy and pleasure of eating alive.
- \* Let other people do as they wish. Let them go invisible if that helps.
- \* Focus on your own canvas of life-art.
- \* Expand your creativity in your own life.
- \* Create > (complain + critique + criticize)

42.

It's day three, late morning probably. I'm more aware of sound than usual. It's not irritating like in urban areas when I tune it out.

I'm aware of individual sounds blending into a complex song.

- \* Someone cutting large leafs off banana trees
- \* Sound of both cutting and leaf hitting earth
- \* Flip flops walking over fallen leaves
- \* Chicken calling out
- \* Woman asking: "oh yea?" and her other words fading
- \* A cough
- \* Electronic jingle of a washing machine having completed its cycle
- \* More chickens calling out
- \* Cocks are silent

The lawnmower that had been running for at least an hour has fallen silent as I type this. Yes, someone was cutting lawn in the jungle.

I enjoy the soundscape here. It changes throughout the day.

Chickens and cocks are silent for the last minute. Odd. Perhaps they also fall into that silent spot that sometimes a large group dining together drops into — a silence.

Oh, one cock. Silence, broken.

Someone has to go first.

43.

We walk together to buy fruit and eggs. It's our first time without orange tabby kitty there.

We place a \$20 bill into the glass jar and put into our bag: eggs, bananas, a huge rollinia and two oranges.

Walking back in silence, we get an invite.

"Would you like to come in for some tea?" asks our mysterious neighbor.

We look at each other, a mutual nod & smile.

"Yes, that would be lovely," and we head up the wooden steps of a new abode.

44.

I'm a character on a film set with castaway humans. My script is within. The depth of experience is created by how vulnerable and raw the characters are willing to go with one another. We can chat tea and weather or we can free-dive into soul muck.

My life often feels like a film. What's missing: cameras, behind stage peeps, and a final product. Lines are improv.

Mystical convergences happen when we show up.

45.

Our tea is ceremoniously served at a tea table, with official pots and cups and a rich puerh. The fermented tea's grounding effects land us into the space. I find it easier to chat over tea.

Magical cards are involved.

Topic highlights: untethered soul, spirit of the land, Aleph, Glastonbury, pyramids in Guatemala, Nepal, healing oils, processing in large vortexes of energy.

One of these times, we'll have our own camera rolling.

I pull a few cards. Helpful phrases: "peaceful perseverance." I like that — the image of working on something consistently and peacefully.

Another card echoes a repeating message: not wasting my energy by putting it into things/people/experiences that are less than absolutely nurturing/inspiring.

46.

Even here, even in this ideal spot to drop within, there are distractions that pull me into the outer world.

To create an environment that truly allows a deep dive within: masterful art creation.

47.

"Aloha Inner Council. How do I return to me?" I whisper.

"Go shower in the jungle," I hear so off I go.

I pass my kitty on the stairs, get the purr-n-pet-purr then take the narrow trail to the outdoor shower.

I rinse with cool water, lather up with some Dr. B and then rinse off with warm water. A tiny stream flies out at an angle and bypasses the shower curtain, spraying out into the jungle. A smile lingers on my lips; showering under banana leaves in a food forest offers me what perhaps some fancy body wash offers others. It amps up my delight. I wash off the energy of our tea host's space.

I emerge clearer.

Spending time in other people's spaces delivers vast amounts of information into my consciousness, yet much of it is distraction.

"Peaceful perseverance," is a construct that joins my inner navigation. I now dive within again to see what arises.

48.

Thunderstorm time: bright flashes and booming thunder. Rain pounds our cabin.

Wind is pretty mellow considering some of the winds we've ridden through here. An erotic field moves in.

It's sexy time.

I tend to avoid mentioning in my writing that I'm a sexual creature. Seems like most friends are as well. We talk about it more than write about. It's still an edge to type it.

Full body orgasms as I guide the energy within = delicious.

Someday, I'll get braver and write about my sex life. For now, I live it.

Making love in a thunderstorm while in a jungle shack, after eating a huge papaya = yum.

49.

Changes within on day three of being in silence (well, mostly — we chat with people when necessary) and being fully disconnected from the Wi-Fi grid of Facebook & Email & mass reality.

\* It's creative outflow and movement through instead of scanning information or wading through other people's dramas.

\* Anxiety is nonexistent. If I check Facebook, I'm often flooded with anxiety for chunks of time and it's running through me to some degree consistently. Not even mine. The anxiety of people I know or Americans or global anxiety.



Here, I hear cocks instead.

Distant birds.

My inner anxiety tap is turned off. It's such a relief.

I type this on my Neo. It's a battery powered typewriter that stores text. The screen is not illuminated and it's only four short lines.

It's about my fingers and not my eyes.

I'm reprogramming myself, one stroke at a time. Fingers guide my body into deeper self-knowing.

50.

In the evening, our radiant hunter friend brings us some of the wild sow from his hunt.

It's in a Greek Gods yogurt container. (It has live cultures so I don't spin out).

We share life adventures on the back wooden steps. Having him here on the farm, while we're here, comforts me. My creative inner world thrives with more ease when surrounded by truly present and inquisitive souls.

The wild meat smells and tastes exquisite, although I eat little as I haven't had meat in months, besides a little liver that is Andrey's medicine food.

The meat energy flows through my muscles, as if the wild sow's energy is merging into mine. I haven't experienced that with meat so clearly before.

It's like drinking a glass of wine: the alcohol moves through my body until the first wave of tipsy hits.

This movement through my muscles offers me earth grounding.

51.

Day four: sunrise filters through the jungle into our cabin. It's our first morning light here and I'm so appreciative.

The golden glow hits our white, drooping ceiling and reminds me of a dream moment.

I went into a bathroom that I had known as new. It was now peeling and falling apart, old and moldy and yellow stained. Some part in my heart ached as if this bathroom represented more than a room in a dream.

52.

It's our last retreat day and I sense we'll remain in it.

I decide to reduce my Facebook time even more, as however that platform interacts with my body isn't serving me lately.

\*\*\*\*\*(< online time) = (> living time)\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*(< online time) = (> living time)\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*(< online time) = (> living time)\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*(< online time) = (> living time)\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*(< online time) = (> living time)\*\*\*\*\*

((Playful self-created loop to help me remember this insight))

53.

I walk through the jungle. A large bush tree has broken and is slowly dying upside down. It probably broke yesterday and perhaps even today. The leaves still green, yet wilting.

“What do I do?” I hear in my consciousness, a bit panicked like a human clinging to a cliff.

“Enjoy your transmutation. You’re energy not a tree,” I reply unconcerned with its death. It’s not a tree I know so it’s easier to care differently.

“Well, you’re not a human, you’re energy,” is the reply and I agree.

Perhaps I too am transmutating.

So many trees here are covered with vines and other trees and tree-vine hybrids. Interwoven. One feeding on another or supporting one another; that’s unclear to my eye.

If someone slowly kills you by living near you or on you, yet brings you companionship through the habitation —is it preferable to live longer alone or die earlier with a buddy?

54.

Sunshine has been happening now for at least three hours. That’s the longest sunshine I’ve experienced in probably three weeks.

Thank you sunshine for finding me.

55.

I walk.

Aloneness and nostalgia wash over me.

Andrey’s hand in mine might lessen those inner states yet can’t fix them. The fix is within.

I call in two dead writers for a chat: Rilke and Hesse. They're my buddies in times like these.

"Stop and listen to water falling on the leaves. Watch sunlight coming through the trees," says one of them.

Our chat ends there.

I stand mesmerized; loneliness vanishes and is replaced with Divine awe and connection to the beauty surrounding me. I stand in silence on this unpaved red road and become a part of this primal jungle — not apart — a part.

Amazing what space between letters and space within changes.

56.

I walk. My footsteps seem louder. The grit on my toes is rubbing on my sandals.

"Pick me up, pick me up," I hear and look down at a fallen flower.

I reach to the red road and bring her into my palm.

"You're a flower with feet," she says in a childlike excited voice, like she's about to open a present. I'm glad to belong with her.

She has five muted, orange petals — more mauve than orange — with an inner explosion of yellow from the center that runs yellow along the veins of the flower. In the center, over the yellow, is a blood-red five petal flower, the red more like wet paint or blood than flower. Out of the center is a tall yellow pistil with a blood-red tip.

This is one incredibly beautiful creation. If she had not requested a pick-up and I had not heard then not a single being on this planet might have ever even noticed this incredibly beautiful and conscious creature.

I take her home to live out the rest of her flower existence with Andrey and I. She's cut off from her plant so her time is limited; I appreciate she'll be with us.

Talking flowers alter earth into a talking earth. Far less lonely.

57.

"Hey inner Joanna fragments, let's do some integration with the whole work," I whisper to myself, laying in bed next to my flower.

I breathe.

I watch my wind friend wave to me on the banana leaves.

Fragmented parts of my consciousness begin arriving, like lost flowers on back jungle roads from wherever they've been wandering.

A tingle of ginger-turmeric tea moves down my throat and through my body as some physical reflection of those parts of me returning.

"I call you back to me. If you're lost, come home. If you're enjoying your journey out there then there'll be another call back," I whisper to them.

I breathe.

They continue returning. In my lower left calf, a muscle contracts and kicks, releasing an energy that had been held there.

(Soul fragments like wildflowers – some % of me out of me)

(Some % of me returns into me)

I wrap my arms around me and whisper: "You're welcome to remain here, within me. If you'd prefer to return to Source Energy then I'll hold that doorway open this evening. You can decide: here on earth with me or return to Source," I whisper.

I've played this scene out many times. I'm not sure it's working or even real or yet another shamanic scam, yet it seems supportive of integrating disjointed parts into a higher functioning whole. It's a tricky process working with fragments that don't know trust — in other or their own needs. My embodied self trusts this process with parts as I gain more experience with it.

Working with parts has parts. Hehe. Those who know this batch of inner healing know the importance of self-patience and gentle humor.

58.

When I'm in silence for extended days, friends from my past pop in to visit. Not their human bodies, rather their energetic signatures. I recognize each one and appreciate how we've cared for one another at precise stages of our lives.

Few hang in there with us for an entire life. Thankfully many care for us dearly, even if it's a short window of time.

To my past friends and companions: I send my appreciation from this jungle. We've felt less alone because of one another.

59.

A man I haven't seen walks by outside carrying laundry detergent.

"Chicken," he says to a chicken.

He keeps walking.

60.

I'm considering fasting for the next three days, only having coconut water and ginger-turmeric tea.

"What do you think of that?" I ask the banana tree outside.

"Do a slow instead of a fast. Fasting is easy for you, slowing is new," comes in as an immediate flow of not words yet my brain translates them into those words.

“How do I slow?” I ask.

I don't get a response that I can translate in words.

Big green leaf knowingly nods at me. Like I get it already.

Hmmm. A slow. Let's see how that'll unfold.

61.

I'm slowed a bit already physically as my body is growing back skin around an area on my toe that rubbed raw and bloody with grit on today's morning walk.

However tapped in I felt to the beauty of the jungle, I didn't notice that my own toe was getting rubbed raw. I could have stopped and washed the mud off in a puddle or wiped it off.

Yet I didn't have enough sensation in my feet to notice.

I seldom do. I'm working on it.

Foot awareness = fuller body awareness.

My toe growing skin over the blister seems like a gentle training.

62.

Oh I got it: a slow. Slowly eat my food and really be with each bite, not doing anything else besides eating.

May slow eating be a new art for 2017.

Yup. To taste of each bite. That's new. I tend to check out when I eat.

Thanks banana leaf.

63.

Andrey and I cuddletate: hours of silent meditation in bed while cuddled up together.

We have three primary poses. Super formal.

If curious, ask.

In my opinion, I can go deeper internally and remain inwards far longer while wrapped in loving arms and horizontal than sitting upright on a little cushion surrounded by uptight meditators.

If you know of relaxed meditators, please send 'em my way. I know the way of the upright, uptight and super rules oriented meditators.

I don't belong among meditators I've met thus far.

Glad I've now officially created: the cuddletators.

64.

Evening of day four with myself. Check in thus far: no craving to check messages or Facebook or know what's happening in the world. No craving for unhealthy food — even was going to fast then decide to slow.

Slow is a challenge. Tonight, I cooked four eggs and peeled one orange. I ate one egg and half the orange. Andrey and I silently enjoyed our dinner. Took about an hour. Silly perhaps. Yet nutrients landed into my craving-head-place and I'm fully satisfied.

Considering how eating a huge plate of food and still wishing to binge on irks me...I say slow on.

Other check in: skin on toe growing = walk again tomorrow.

Sounds of birds, chickens & cocks are quiet in the evening. The bee buzz only happens in short windows earlier in the day.



65.

I wonder if I'm a human to dream.

Lucid dreams — all night — one after another — each rich, deep, with their own sound and sensation scape. Oh wow.

Sleeping in a jungle isn't sleeping in silence. It's sleeping in a changing soundscape of loud sounds. So I wake up often to shift between one lucid dream and another.

Sounds are perfectly timed with my dreams, so I shift to a new dreamscape due to sound here on the 3D when I'm ready to shift. It's like pieces are working together, not against.

66.

I'm at Burning Man and pop on lucid. I look around. Anything is possible here and I'm curious what'll tease my attention.

I walk around. Imagine burning man plus (the plus being a lack of any eco guilt for the resources being used out there). Dust on my skin grinds in a bit, the heat of the sun penetrates my skin.

I notice a field of energy that is of another field of energy slowly moving through the field. (Tracking?)

I leap run to it. It's Michael Jackson on a small purple motorcycle, slowly weaving through the landscape. That's it. I'll ride with MJ.

It's a motorcycle for one. I look at it and breathe in my extra lucid dream powers to make it a cozy ride. Next moment, I'm on the bike.

Immediately, I'm surrounded by music that I couldn't hear before. It's the saddest, most delicate, most not-of-earth MJ song. It's unlike anything that I've ever heard, perhaps it's not even classified as music. It's his voice, yet more of a calling to him and he's somewhere alone. I taste his sadness and aloneness.

We ride.

The song continues to play as we weave over the sand, passing stilt-walkers and fire dancers, families in costumes and large pizza ovens smelling of baking dough.

I'm not sure he's aware that I'm riding the purple motorcycle with him. He seems lost somewhere by himself. I press into his body, yet he doesn't notice me as if I were the ghost. I might be.

The melody is haunting, as if dragging me into that isolated reality that I know so well. I realize that even though it's MJ, I don't wish to dwell in that isolated reality anymore.

In that moment, MJ notices I'm on his bike. He stops. I get off, nodding my thank you, yet we don't speak.

It's a relief to be off the purple motorcycle of melodic aloneness.

67.

A bird squawks in the jungle. I wake up. Shift my position and pull up the covers. It's a chilly night. With breath, I drop back in.

Same landscape. Lucid. I go explore.

I run into two friends and their two daughters. If I had to give an award to "giving their daughters the most loving, nurturing, supportive, expansive childhood of anyone I've met" — that award would go to these two.

I haven't dreamt with them in some time and it's our first lucid dream. They're not aware we're in a dream. OK, fine. I have to watch my words, yet I'm aware that there's a reason it's these two.

"We had another baby," she says pointing at a large metal art piece shaped like a box. I'm not sure if she means that they created the art or reproduced again.

“We put her into that box maze over there because it says that she’ll get to experience another birthing. From what I read, it’s a box filled with water and she has to figure her way out. She can’t drown because it’s like she’s still in my womb,” my friend announces.

“She’s not in your womb though and she doesn’t have an umbilical cord and you dropped her into a box filled with water at Burning Man?” I ask, indignant and immediately worried.

“Yea, she’ll have such a great time. What a wonderful first adventure. The person near it said she’d be out in less than three minutes. Fifteen minutes have passed so we figured we’d go for a walk. I guess she’s having fun exploring,” says my friend dreamily.

OK. I breathe. This is a lucid dream for me and they’re not aware that we’re in a dream. Clearly, this couple would not drop their infant into a box filled with water.

This is for me.

I breathe.

OK. It’s once again: the saving of someone’s kid theme. This loop needs to end. Consciously. I’m being given another opportunity.

I take a breath. I release any responsibility for the baby in the water box. I release any responsibility to motivate the parents to go check on the baby in the water box.

I look down at their daughters standing before me.

“What are you excited to check out here?” I ask.

“We’re going snorkeling for the first time,” they say in loud unison.

“Snorkeling in the desert sounds awesome,” I reply curious where this desert now has a snorkeling pool. I wish to snorkel in the desert too.

“Do you have your masks yet?” I ask. They head shake their no.

“Mama said we have to find our masks,” one says. I pause internally for a moment and decide that I might as well use my superpowers sometime. I materialize two masks into my hand.

“Like these?” I ask and they squeal with delight.

“See, I told you it’d be easy to find masks here,” says their Mama.

They put on their masks and stretch them down so they also cover up their mouths.

Quickly, the girls run out of air. I watch them figuring out the masks.

“How do you breathe with a mask?” one asks after pulling it off her face when she ran out of air again.

“You don’t stretch it over your mouth. The mask is only for your eyes and nose. A snorkel goes in your mouth to breathe,” I say.

“Where do we get one of those?” she asks.

“You simply ask and it’ll appear in my hand,” I say, laughing.

They laugh too. It’s like we’re in a joke together. They put on their masks and stretch them over their mouths again, as if our conversation didn’t happen. Again, I watch their faces, through the glass, run out of air. Then they take off the mask and gulp air.

I hope my Guides are watching this dream and that I’m passing some test to end these “having to save other people’s children” nightmares.

At least I’m fully lucid. It’s easier.

“I’m off to discover something new,” I say, hug my friends and their daughters and run off into the desert.

68.

I wake up to the sound of ocean waves.

It's a still night. I haven't heard the ocean here. A silence hangs with sleeping birds and chickens and cocks. Instead ocean surf pounds land. Has the sound been here all along and I simply haven't noticed?

It's loud surf. I know we're close to the end, yet how is it that I haven't heard it before?

I listen to the ocean, appreciating her sounds.

This moment. This choice of appreciating the stillness of the jungle night, Andrey's warm body wrapped around mine, the sound of ocean or returning into the mystery of dreaming.

These silent retreats are awesome.

I listen to the ocean, Andrey's warmth wraps gently around me and I drift back into a lucid landscape.

I find Andrey there.

69.

"You awake?" I ask him.

"Can you use more precise words?" as if it's 3D.

"Are you aware that we're in a lucid dream?" I ask, more precisely.

"Yup," he smiles his big smile.

"Let's play then," and we run across the landscape, holding hands.

There is a store selling bikes and motorcycles.

“In here,” and I pull us into the shop. There is a creation that I wish to ride. It’s light pink. The front is a mix of a bicycle with petals, a motorcycle with its own petals and a car with lots of dials. Three sets of petals, depending on how fast we wish to ride.

Attached to it is a pink carriage of such dollhouse cuteness that I squeal with childish delight.

“This, let’s ride this,” and I get into the carriage.

“That’s for display only,” immediately says a deep voice of a man pretending to be a salesperson in this store.

“That’s in your dream. In my dream, this amazing creation wishes to have an adventure with us,” I announce.

“Well, let me check in with my manager,” he says and vanishes.

Andrey gets on and we begin riding around the store first. Someone brings us pizza.

“Is it organic?” Andrey asks. It’s not and he rejects it for both of us.

“Really? We’re in a lucid dream, love. We can eat pizza here,” I say to myself really as he’s fully focused on figuring out different petals.

Competing with tech toys for his attention seldom ends well.

I note to discuss this when we wake up. I don’t think keeping to organic food in lucid dreams is a necessary standard. I chill out. I release the pizza. I’m riding in a pink carriage on this unique contraption and it’s time to ride out into the desert.

Perhaps we’ll find someone else to drive it and Andrey can relax in the pink carriage with me. We ride out into the unknown.

70.

It's morning and full of sounds. Sunshine reflects off the banana leaves and coconut fronds. Dogs are barking wildly. Cocks call to one another. A lawn mower is going already.

My morning task is getting us bananas for crepes. I walk down the steps, without the kitty there this time, and walk to the cage.

Outside two little dogs are wild with that hunting dog fury as they attack an old, broken down, red car parked there. I can't imagine what might be hiding out in that car to bring on such incessant scratching at the car and wild barking.

There are cats and chickens in abundance. There's an occasional mongoose. The dogs don't seem to care. What could be in that car that they're so aroused?

I go into the cage.

I have \$20. There's no way to get change. I decide to get \$10 of stuff, return later for more.

I fill a cardboard box (not marked organic) with organic oranges, papayas and avocados. I squeeze a few eggfruit but they're hard.

I arrive home with the fruits. I'm playing out this European fantasy I've had of bringing home the morning croissants and fresh breads from the bakery. Instead, it's the jungle and I'm bringing home the fruit.

Dogs are barking wildly. Distant grass is being mowed. Birds are singing their song.

I wonder if MJ is still out there cruising on his purple motorcycle to that sad, sad melody. Are realities playing out on different levels of energetic consciousness? Playing out in someone's dream? Playing out in someone's mind?

Where is MJ now? Could a man with such energy simply go poof?

71.

In 2017, I wish to do more silent dreamy retreats like this one.

Two coconuts fall as if the Universe concurs. That's my interpretation.

72.

Andrey and I walk hand in hand out along the red road until we reach the trail for the mermaid pools. Walking together in silence heals something in me.

As we turn onto the muddy path, we drop into a wilder jungle and I notice the path has many of the flowers that I've befriended already.

Although it's an unwalked path, a familiarity exists due to my flower friends shining their beauty in the mud.

73.

We walk. We slide. We sink. We walk. We grin at one another. It's adventure time.

There's a fallen over tree like a gateway to the lava playground. We climb over it and enter a new world.

These are pools created for mermaids. The whole area sparkles of magic and other-worldly play. Big ocean waves crash into the beautifully designed lava formations, flowing through in patterns.

Andrey and I look at one another with huge smiles. We have this whole area to ourselves with wild ocean waves, small pools, flowing pools and tubes of fast white water moving in and out.

We walk until a specific pool calls out. It's about eight feet long and five across, with walls of dripping rock on one side. Ocean waves roll in and crack the wall that separates the pool from open waters, exploding foamy ocean up high into the air. It then free falls and lands in unpredictable volumes into the pool.



Each time the white water spray bounces off a particular wall, a big full rainbow appears.

I strip off my clothing and step ungracefully over sharp rocks.

I get into the warm, salty pool and ride that danger-beauty edge. This is beauty at its extreme, with the wild ocean, black lava formations, dripping walls, warm crystal clear water pools. Yet I have full awareness that one rogue wave and this is also a truly dangerous situation.

If there's an addiction I haven't cleared it's this one: the nature-danger-beauty ride.

I sit alone in the pool. Andrey sits up higher watching the ocean, getting to know the wave patterns.

The next big wave coming in announces itself through both a sound of rumbling in the lava formation and a clashing of waters behind me where I cannot see.

Terror moves through me. This wave seems much larger than the past ones. I have a history with huge waves coming out of nowhere to greet me. Yet I breathe.

I chose this. This chose me. I breathe.

The lava around me trembles as the wave crashes into the wall forming part of my pool and gets sent flying high into the air. A pause. Then bam. A huge volume of water crashes down on me. It's more frightening than painful, yet I have awareness that even a bit more water or falling from a slightly higher distance and this could be deadly.

I breathe.

Several small waves move through and I relax.

A part of my brain creates the scenario where the wave is huge enough to catch me and washes me out into the ocean, throwing me through the air back into water. I witness how quickly I create these scenarios. I clear out that possibility.

I breathe.

I connect within.

“Am I safe here?” I ask.

“Yes,” I hear immediately and relax.

This is one of those places, one of those moments that can't ever be relived. This is it. Another big wave moves through, rumbles, flies, falls and I sit in a rainbow.

I am at the end of a rainbow or perhaps the beginning.

I am rainbow.

I relax.

Then the incoming rumble and groan of lava and rock amplifies in size and wildness. Andrey is motioning that it's a huge wave; he has our video rolling and seems totally relaxed.

My fear isn't obvious on the outside and his calm brings me relief.

I ride that danger-beauty wave. The roar gets louder and I actually cling to the lava wall in anticipation. There's an in between moment of a huge volume of water being sent skyward, then the crash-crash-crash of water on me.

I laugh with delight. I wipe the salty water out of my eyes and find myself in a rainbow again.

Some frightened part of me releases out of my body and flies skyward. An ancient part of me, a dweller of deep ocean spaces, returns via wave and rainbow.

I rise out of the pool.

74.

I slip on my sandals and walk gracefully to the flatter lava rocks in the sunshine. Andrey walks gracefully down to the pool, his sandals on.

Smart one that one.

Walking with naked feet on sharp lava doesn't look graceful unless you've fully bonded with the lava. I haven't yet.

Andrey enters the water. The waves are small, barely crashing into the pool. It's gentle, calming, nurturing.

I smile.

Our realities, although weaving, are different. Mine has that edge and battle too often. Andrey is on more of the getting loved by the Universe ride. He requests gentleness and nurturing and calm; and he tends to get it.

He looks like a merman in the pool; like some ancient water nymph with his long, lean body and wet curls.

A larger wave comes in, yet still gentle, and I see him engulfed by white spray and a huge rainbow.

Andrey in the rainbow. They fit.

No big waves pound the pool while Andrey's in it. That's a lesson for me. There are ways of experiencing life without creating an inner sense of danger or actual danger so often.

Once he's out of the pool, a series of huge waves move through as if the ocean was holding back. They crash perfectly, leaving our bags dry and creating an enormous rainbow.

75.

We sit naked in the sunshine eating our bananas, watching rainbows be born and fade out.

A rocky corridor runs between the lava, filling with white water, bringing up energies from the ocean to rest in the pools. I squint my eyes wishing to see a lovely mermaid swim up for her afternoon spa treatment. I wait with some patience.

Mermaids @ mermaid pools = totally possible.

Not today in our experience.

76.

I thank the ocean for this experience. Gratitude moves through me.

In return, the largest wave thus far hits the wall: sending flying water and projecting the largest rainbow of the day.

77.

We walk around exploring. There are many other pools and wild runways, through which the ocean pulses fast, foaming, white waters.

Reminds me of a moat around a beach castle, made of lava not sand.

I sense that there's more happening than I can comprehend.

The waves crash and splash about a foot from where we stand dry. It's a rush, as here too, we could get wet or soaked or dragged out to sea.

When I'm balanced energetically with the ocean, more primal in my nature, she wouldn't hurt me.

78.

We head toward our jungle stilt home, hand in hand, silent and in awe. Walking the red road surrounded by giant trees, I gently squeeze Andrey's hand and he squeezes back.

An approaching vehicle's tires grind the red rocks and two razor blades come over the hill in a convertible. They roll up to us and ask about the warm pool, clearly irritated at being lost. Another car pulls up behind them, agitated at having to stop on this otherwise isolated road.

*Razor blades* is a term I created recently for a particular batch of tourists who drive around in convertibles. (Not all tourists and not all driving in convertibles, some.)

I can sense their complete separation from this energetic grid, ecosystem and wildness. Their energy slices through space, like a razor blade, creating a sub reality interface through which they experience the Big Island.

They drive through in their bubble of scented shampoos and perfumes. I often smell them for more than five minutes after their scented bodies drive past me on a road. They're covering up any human smell.

I know that style of living well. I've been a scented human, constantly obsessing that I smell bad, reapplying deodorant during the day, adding in dabs of conditioner to keep my hair smelling of fresh chemicals. I was terrified that someone would notice that I smell like a human.

I've been a razor blade myself, slicing through other's realities as I cruise around in a convertible, top down, or my Echo, music blasting. Sometimes alone, sometimes with a friend. I get the taking of selfies along beautiful coastlines and the not knowing how to connect with the wild or local people.

Although wishing to connect then, I wasn't aware how I was instead projecting: "leave me alone."

I'm not sure all razor blades wish to connect, certainly not with people too different from themselves as that triggers some programming.

These razor blades are two frustrated women who can't find the warm pool. They don't seem to see the beauty of the jungle around them. They have a destination and they're not there. The current scenery, us included, is invalid. Oh how I know that.

The driver glances in her rearview mirror, throws up her hands in anger and drives forward, leaning out of the car.

"We'll figure it out," she yells at us.

"You're driving in the opposite direction," I reply.

She drives on.

\*\*\*\*\* (frustrated human energy) ~~#####~~ (wild nature energy) \*\*\*\*\*

The contrast of human frustration and wild nature is crispy apparent to me in this moment. This is another core theme arising for me: awareness of my own human frustration and how to settle it out of my field to return to a natural, primal elegance of the graceful feminine.

\*\*\*\*\* (PRIMAL ELEGANCE of GRACEFUL FEMININE) \*\*\*\*\*

79.

We arrive back at the farm to scattered chickens and cats. The fruit stand is stocked. No one is around.

I walk up the wooden steps and enter our cabin. Something is happening although I don't see what. I go into the kitchen area and look around. Our compost needs to be taken out. Bananas look tasty. Yet the energy field is unsettling. Then it catches my eye.

There is a large butterfly, probably four inches across, caught in the spider's web outside. I watch it panic in the web. I stand there for a few moments, being with it. Then I walk into the other room, to a screen closest to the web.

The spider approaches the butterfly and attempts to inject some venom, but the wild wings flutter fast enough to keep the spider away.

Its wings are brown with a white eye pattern. Its thick body has long antennae. Perhaps it's a moth.

The spider backs away, about an inch from the action.

The butterfly stops, hangs limply. I wonder if the venom did get injected.

Andrey catches what's happening. He motions if we ought to free the butterfly by throwing a broom up at the web. I shake my head no.

This is one of those savior tests, in the 3D.

A spider needs to eat. This butterfly, if it wishes to live on in butterfly body, will have to save itself. I'm simply the observer.

So we stand there, observing. It begins to flutter and thrash its body in the web again, fully alive, as if it had been gathering strength in the limp hang.

It fights the web. The web holds.

We observe.

It pauses and hangs limp again. Spider remains motionless.

Another wave begins of wings thrashing with force, and it releases.

The web breaks.

Butterfly flies up to the wooden beam holding up the corrugated aluminum roof and rests.

I realize I wasn't fully neutral. As the spider's dinner flies off, I celebrate a butterfly's freedom of more adventures in flight instead of worry about a spider's hunger. Celebration over worry: that is new for me.

I've passed some inner test. I didn't save it and I celebrated internally instead of worried. Oh yea. I'm learning.

"Did you see me not save the butterfly?" I whisper to my Inner Guides. Perhaps this will earn me an upgrade from tragic dreams.

80.

Andrey gestures that he'd like to check messages. Since we're riding in for a longer time, touching base with the outer world is responsible.

We walk with our laptops over to the main lodge, passing our hunter friend in the forest.

We walk up the stairs to the outdoor porch with sofas. A dog comes charging over to me, pressing his body into me and greeting me as if we are best friends.

If there's a loop I enjoy reliving, it's this one: having unknown to me animals treat me as if I'm their human. Happens often. Such a gift.

I pet my furry friend and a familiar young woman emerges from inside the house.

I'm in this 3D reality where most people are strangers — we haven't yet met — and there's a quality to them that is familiar from the start. Someday, I'd like to land in a reality where I'm surrounded by people I love instead of familiar strangers. I'll get there.

"Peaceful diligence," and I'll get there.



81.

Chatting with strangers is an art that I excel in. Getting people cozy enough to share the fascinating details of their inner lives and core adventures in a short exchange, yup, that's what I do.

She sailed over from Cali on a solar powered sailboat without an engine. (Navigation gadgets were solar and the wind pushed the sails). I'm impressed as she describes the rough waves. Yet as I take in her reflections on the monotony of hand steering, feeding the crew and attempting some rest — I conclude that we've made a more easeful choice of living on an island instead of sailing to one as our current lifestyle.

82.

I flip open my laptop and connect online.

My brain begins to fry, sizzle, shutdown, contract and shift into another brain.

Reading through lots of messages, I respond super fast, almost automatically. I'm going for speed, not heart. I wish to be back in my silent jungle reality.

There are some fascinating requests and intriguing messages. It's not them, it's me. I'm not fascinated or intrigued by the laptop exchange.

The stinky, loving dog is no longer near me. I'm missing stinky and realize that an exchange via computer can't ever have smell. I record fast type and complete.

I nod to Andrey that I'm done and we head through the darkening jungle to cook our dinner of purple potato with butter, egg sunny side up with half an avocado with a touch of sesame oil and salt. We finish it off with half a papaya each.

The check in with the world out there was necessary yet we're both drained. It took something out of us and I can touch it in our bodies.

It's like the water nymphs of delight had to become fast fingers poking at keys while staring at screen creatures.

We curl up and go to sleep. I'm curious if I'll regress in my dreams or stay in the expanded dream teachings of lucid landscapes.

I breathe. I clear out the emails and fb messages. I clear out the people. I clear out.

I return to me.

83.

My dreams are like complex video games; with levels to complete, themes to explore and specific skills to master.

I track my dreams back into childhood. I'm seriously committed to my dreaming life.

84.

One of my telepathic healers comes into the field to offer me a rebalance after my time online. I accept the work.

My consciousness fragments; I dip into sleep and wake and sleep and wake as if my insides are getting rewired. As a young teen, I was awake for a while on the operating table when my tonsils were getting removed; this energetic surgery reminds me of something being removed while my full sedation is being fought by some inner warrior energy.

If I were a computer, I'm getting a new operating system. I fall asleep.

85.

If the new operating system is meant to be an upgrade, my dream night takes me back several levels to the video game task of becoming lucid.

I'm not lucid: I'm trapped in unconscious dreams where I'm fully focused on some task and not aware of other possibilities.

I know this level well. I've been trapped here for many years, only occasionally getting out.

The theme is: moving into a huge new house my parents have bought for the family. I'm an adult yet we're all moving in together.

Sometimes the mansions are fancy. Sometimes they're falling apart. Sometimes the stench is unbearable. Sometimes they're funky homes in a big cityscape that I dream often. Sometimes they're a beach home near the ocean.

Clearly, I've had many of these dreams.

They can take up an entire night of dreaming.

Yet I've placed in reminders into them to help me get lucid — to wake up in the dream with awareness that I'm dreaming and I can change the dream.

86.

In the first dream, I'm attempting to find the house and don't have the address.

It's located in a conservative region where many people seem to know me. I know none of them. They watch me move through the landscape and offer clues, none of them sharing the actual address.

I attempt to get online. Yet just as the address is about to load, servers crash.

I attempt to get the address from a local library. There a woman in red delights in meeting me and says that she's bet that I'll choose her church over the others. She leans forward; pressing her finger into my arm as her nail painfully pokes me.

"Ouch," to the church lady as I walk away.

I meet an elderly professor who used to study feminine insanity in literature.

“Then I began to be confused about what was my life and what was literature,” she says.

“Are you still a professor?” I ask her.

“No, I’m more of an insane character in a dream,” and she laughs. It’s a clue for me that I don’t get. I often miss clues.

I need to find the address.

That’s my focus. I can’t relax and enjoy the dream because I’m convinced that I’ll be in danger if I don’t get home before dark.

That is my inner driver: find home before dark.

I locate my car to my relief as the sun is setting. I start driving around the landscape that I know from other dreams, wondering if I’ll recognize the house.

I do that often. Recognize a house and simply walk in. Move in. Make it home for that dream.

“I know where you live,” says a male voice.

“You’re next to the railroad tracks,” he says and I drive away. I’m not sure if the house is next to the railroad tracks or I am right now.

I wake myself up.

I hear ocean. I hear the banana leaves rub other leaves. I cuddle into Andrey.

“Really?” I ask my Guides.

“After the lucid tease, I’m back at this level? Please...guide me out...”  
A childish whining energy shows up. Sometimes that whine is effective as children demonstrate for many generations.

87.

I drift into dreamlands.

I’m again moving into a huge house that my parents purchased. This time I have the address and am already exploring the house.

Six cats greet me in one of the rooms. It’s familiar. Cats. Why are there so many cats?

Yet the inner drivers are: a focus on figuring out which room I wish to have and how to rearrange the furniture.

Those tasks dominate me from within.

I walk around the house. The rooms are large, painted white with wooden hardwood floors. I evaluate details, seeing precise painted walls even in the areas that usually are low-pixel.

This is a well designed (dream) home. (Dream) lingers on the edge of my awareness, like almost remembering a word and not yet.

Where are the cats? I’m aware there were many cats and I wonder who’s feeding the cats. Am I responsible for feeding the cats?

I’m to figure something out in this house, but I keep getting distracted by how well built and maintained it is. And that sofa clearly needs to stay against the other wall.

Living on the road for so long, I’m excited to live in a space called home.

I wander into a familiar new bathroom, although I remember a future version of it, dirty and broken down. That doesn’t seem possible; knowing the future before the present.

I take off my clothes and try out the shower. It's hot with strong pressure. A tiny stream flies out at an angle and bypasses the shower curtain, spraying out into the room.

I make a mental note to get that fixed.

A bone thin meowing cat appears then vanishes. I'll need to get cat food too or else find them another home.

I decide to replace a large dining table with a low tea serving table that I remember from somewhere. I pause. Where did I last drink tea?

A cock crows. I look around as the sturdy home is already reducing its pixels and falls apart around me.

Oh I didn't wake up. That was what I was trying to remember. I remember, as I wake up into the dawn of this cock calling reality.

88.

I breathe in. A wasted night. Nothing learned. Old loops of the home that won't last.

A new day.

Tomorrow is a new night. Perhaps I'll go lucid again.

For now, I breathe.

89.

I eat my breakfast of hot oatmeal with raisins, banana, coconut pieces and coconut oil.

I eat it slowly, silently.

90.

I can't go walking in the jungle today as the skin on my toe is again raw and open. Yet I wish to be outside in some way.

I see a blond woman washing turmeric at the metal, netted table. Water is splashing out in random directions as one current of it laser focuses on clearing the dirt.

“Would you like a break? May I take over?” I ask her.

“It’s messy work,” she says, gesturing at her soaked, dirty clothing.

“Awesome. I’ve washed turmeric before — after digging it out — and that remains as a special memory to this day,” I share.

I stand there for more than an hour, spraying two types of turmeric clean. One is a medicinal variety that I haven’t seen before and it smells of Vicks vapor rub. It’s white.

I imagine that as I wash these roots, I’m also metaphorically washing my ancestral roots. They could use a wash.

A foot-long stick falls and lands before me on the table. I look up yet don’t see a nearby tree that could have dropped it.

“Remember the stick,” I hear within. Water and dirt splash up at my face and body. In this moment, my task on the planet is to wash these roots. Simple. Keeping it simple.

91.

I’m walking back to our cabin when I smell man from the jungle.

It’s the artificial, clean, American man smell. The chemical man scented with body wash stuff that some women are trained to associate with man: sexy man, clean man, desirable man. Different smells for different classes.

It’s not my smell. I see that the outdoor shower had just been used and that man must have used the man-smell wash in there.

I prefer Dr. B.

Yet it's weird to be smelling "man" even when I know it's only a body wash designed to cover human man smell.

Humans I've known smell different. Why can't we simply smell like we smell? Clean natural, not dirty. Why do so many choose the chemical cover-up?

92.

More scattered or random thoughts flutter in my head after the online time yesterday. I'm more fidgety.

Cravings return. I wish to eat, although I'm not hungry. I had an excellent full late lunch of bright yellow egg yolks & avo with sesame oil.

I put my head on my pillow.

"Help. Insights," I whisper as I connect with my Inner Council.

"You've wanted to live out this exact experience. To be in Hawaii on a tropical fruit farm in an off grid cabin. To eat of the land. You have three days to go here. Are you aware of what's around you? What you've created for yourself to experience? What will you choose with your remaining moments?" arrives into my consciousness.

Yup, I dive back within and stop pecking at this keyboard. I sense some important inner work. Massive grids have been splitting and I can jump onto those projects.

In I go.

93.

Day darkens into evening.

Andrey hunts mosquitoes around the room with a large flashlight in one hand and a bottle of vinegar in the other. He tracks one and attempts to spray or squish it. After three attempts, it flies free and vanishes, for now.



Wind is quiet. No sound of the ocean, although I'm certain the waves are arriving. Chickens and cocks are off to their evening nesting ground; they are silent.

I breathe.

In my chest, behind my heart, a previously bolted, heavy door is opening a tiny crack. Light floods into the space behind the door.

Watching Andrey's movements, both a man and a young boy operate his body. Such tenderness moves through me for him. My inner door opens further.

94.

Epic, incredible, insightful, sometimes a bit chilly, amazing, delightful, ridiculous night of a thousand obscure, abstract, paradoxical, ludicrous, complexly messaged short dreams.

Night of a thousand short dreams.

One dream.

I'm driving around in a toy car with my convertible top down in the packed parking lot of a popular mall. It's almost Christmas. The human shoppers are in adult cars, stressed, angry, and competing over parking spots.

I drive around without purpose in my pink toy car and wonder why so many humans choose to be stressed out and angry, year after year.

If even a small batch of them changed their own patterns and bought these presents that they are pressured to buy — earlier or elsewhere or online — then those shoppers wouldn't have to relive this exact loop. They could enjoy a relaxing shopping experience or no shopping experience even. This parking lot wouldn't be such a madhouse right now.

My brain spins out wanting to change others. Oh yea, no savior thoughts. Simply be.

Oh it's a dream, I realize, and begin floating around in my toy car. Why drive when I can float? There's more pleasure and safety in being on another grid. The faces of the shoppers don't reflect any appreciation of my floating pink car and smiling face.

"Where's their cheer?" I think.

"I'm like one of Santa's reindeer friends, out in the parking lot," I say to myself. Perhaps they can't see me. When I'm stressed out, I too can't see much beyond my task.

With all that thinking, I get serious and forget it's a dream. I need a purpose. I begin to run an environmental report in my head how to reduce the amount of waste being generated by the holiday industry. I see numbers floating around me; my computer within begins to overheat...

The wind hits my floating toy convertible and rips off the folded top.

I see it flying across the parking lot — generating more trash.

That breaks the spell of wanting to figure out the trash problem.

It begins raining. Without a top, I giggle as water begins filling the car.

I wake up, pull the blankets up more and snuggle into Andrey. I drop back into the in-between, chat a bit with my Guides, and then drop into another dream.

95.

I'm chatting with a friend who leans forward about to share a secret.

"I'm divorced now," he whispers as if the trees can hear. He looks around to make sure no one else heard.

“Oh yea? When did you get divorced?” I ask. I’m working on finding something in my black car that keeps filling with pine needles. I can’t see the pine tree and can’t figure out where the needles are falling in from. Oh and the back keeps floating up. As if gravity can’t hold down the back of the car or it’s too front loaded.

“We divorced in 2000,” he whispers, his old man face looking like a mischievous teenaged boy in moments.

“Wait,” I pause, figuring out if it’s the same year here in this dream as back in 3D.

“Isn’t it now 2017? You’ve been divorced 17 years,” I state. I think it’s 2017. This whole time thing is challenging to track.

“Yea, I didn’t realize so much time had passed. My wife was so ashamed to get a divorce that she requested if I could pretend we’re still married and that our lives are the same — for some time, so I’ve been pretending,” he says.

“You’ve been pretending for 17 years?” I say it loud. I scoop out huge handfuls of pine needles. I don’t get it.

“Help me get it. You look like a retired pro football player and you have a ton of money and you could do anything in the world,” I say.

“I don’t know what anything in the world is like. I know how to play pretend husband in a pretend life,” he sadly admits.

I recall he said this was a secret.

“You haven’t told anyone for 17 years about this?” I ask, more softly. This is a big moment in his life.

“Nope, I was afraid to say anything. She, my wife, my ex-wife, there, I finally said it — she kept saying she’d die of shame if anyone found out that she wasn’t the perfect wife and mother,” he admitted.

I really want to recommend the Brene Brown books, yet I hold back as it seems more fruitless in dream realities than on the 3D.

My car back lifts up even higher and I fly up, push it down onto the earth and it stays on the ground.

“You don’t think it’s weird that I can fly?” I ask him. I’m not sure if he’s aware we’re in a dream and I don’t want to add that to our processing if he thinks this is real.

“It’s not any odder than living a pretend life for 17 years,” he replies.

A friend of mine, whom I seldom see in dreams, drives by us.

“Cricket!” I yell and he turns his steering wheel as he turns his head. The back end of his vehicle catches the front end of mine. His drags mine; at least it stays on the ground.

As both vehicles are dragging, he leaps out of the window with a loaded backpacking pack on his back and rolls across the road, into a ditch with rushing, fast waters.

“Are all your friends this dramatic?” asks the life-pretender.

“Even more so, especially when they’re aware they’re in a dream. They’re unpredictable,” I say and run towards Cricket.

He’s not an insect. He’s a grinning bald man, wearing a huge backpack twice his size, fighting the white waters of this now river.

“Remember not to help me,” he yells out.

“You know about my dropping the savior gig?” I laugh.

“Totally. That’s why I concocted this whole scene. Pretty elaborate right?” and he’s laughing.

I'm laughing.

We tend to laugh together for no reason. Right now, it seems like we have a reason.

This is ridiculous.

"Watch this," he says and I see him change into a blond girlfriend of mine and then another man appears to grow out of the straps of the backpack. That unknown to me man takes the pack and my girlfriend steps up the bank towards me, soaked and muddy.

Cricket has vanished. Or perhaps he's now the girl? Or the boy with the pack? Or invisible.

"Joanna, it's been so long," and my dirty girlfriend opens her arms to hug me. I look down and notice for the first time that I'm wearing a pristine white silk dress. The hug would ruin it.

Whatever. It's a dream. I hug my friend, releasing any care for my white silk dress. Dream reconnections get priority over ephemeral clothing.

"I got the pack, don't mind me," calls out the strange boy who hatched out of that pack.

Got it. Got it. I think. Remember it's a dream and you're not to play savior.

I hear a cock nearby. The pixels begin to dissolve.

I cuddle into Andrey.

96.

It's the night of a thousand dreams.

Insights from the other 998: I see my dreaming life in a new way — using the metaphor of a stick shift in a car.

First gear:

- \* being in a dream yet without awareness that it's a dream
- \* being lost or panicked or afraid or confused or an outsider
- \* having some purpose or task yet it is difficult to accomplish
- \* uncaring strangers
- \* seldom enjoying myself
- \* playing out victim, perpetrator or savior archetypes/roles

Second gear (semi-lucid):

- \* having awareness that I'm in a dream in moments
- \* experiencing confusion for parts of dream
- \* mostly confidently moving through flowing experiences
- \* having internal navigation for the odd quirks of the dream reality
- \* meeting dear friends from 3D reality
- \* enjoying moments not the whole dream experience
- \* adjusted to dream reality and resilient
- \* playing out perpetrator or savior archetypes/roles

Third gear (fully lucid):

- \* steady & comforting awareness that I'm awake in a dream
- \* embodied, confident, expanded conscious awareness
- \* inner-design facilitates navigation
- \* interactions with strangers and dear friends
- \* ability to connect with my Inner Council for guidance
- \* clear themes for learning or time off to play

I'm working out comprehending more details about upshifting and downshifting. It's such a gift to upshift when you're hanging off a cliff as angry snakes leap up at you from below. (If you don't know those dreams, well, be grateful. I dream lots of attack dreams.)

Having awareness in many dreams in one night, I practice: moving between dreams, returning to earlier dreams, questioning dream characters, waking up into 3D and returning into earlier or new lucid dreams.

I grasp new constructs about navigation of my inner dream world.

Now, it's time to eat crepes with bananas and egg fruit. Cocks are going off. An insect that I can't name is louder this morning than other mornings. Ocean is either covered up by those sounds or quieter.

97.

I land back fully into day. This day. I wander around the farm. The bees turn out to be bees. They're in the upper area of a tree that has purple flowers.

I see little jungle huts for the WOOFers. It's a special way to live for some time, so close to the land and working with the farm fruits. Not sure it's for me though.

I return to bed. Bed is for me. Cuddletation. Andrey joins me.

Two little lizards peek down at us from the edge of the white ceiling. One of them has been watching me for hours today.

Cuddletation time.

98.

I squeeze more than thirty avocados in the fruit stand cage. All hard.

Half an hour passes.

I return and squeeze them again to make sure that my squeeze didn't set off some accelerated ripening process.

Still all hard.

Countless avos and none for lunch.

Oh the hardships of jungle living.

99.

That could be funny.

100.

“Vog today,” says someone picking fruit.

Vog = fog from the volcano.

Sky is gray, yet the dimming quality hangs through the air. It’s different from clouds blocking the sun; more like air dimming out the sun.

I don’t have an opinion about the vog thus far. It’s new, this living next to an active volcano whose lava bubbles and flows out into the ocean.

Voggy day. Not a line applicable elsewhere. Echoing inside my head, the phrase is cozy. Perhaps it’s dimming some of my looping inner dialogues or letter writing vents.

Cock crows.

101.

I’m working with the uncomfortable inner sensation of not being wanted alive on earth.

Feeling the sensation of...

- \* not being wanted.
- \* no one caring about my existence.
- \* lack of connection.

I breathe.

I drop in.

102.

Cuddletation.

I walk passing countless cats.



The cats watch me differently. Whoever feeds them hasn't fed them tonight.

It's actually more unsettling than words can convey.

I am watched by hungry cats, some sitting, some standing, some moving through the jungle as I move through the jungle.

There's this energy field of hungry animals that hangs around us.

They watch me, their open, unblinking eyes consistently speaking of their hunger for more than cat food.

103.

As I get into bed for the night, a new fear grips me.

Earwigs.

What if one gets in my ear?

There are a bunch of them in the cabin. I haven't had any thoughts about them until this moment; categorizing them with the cute, brown lizards and green geckos.

Now my brain begins to spin: how to protect itself from ear penetration by earwigs?

Paranoia, I know.

Yet also perhaps a valid paranoia?

I guess that's what gives power to fear — making it a possibility.

I decide on pink earplugs. We have 'em. Andrey sleeps with his green ones. It'll quiet the evening noises of a child talking and crickets.

I put in earplugs and relax that no earwig can penetrate pink rubber. I settle in for the night ride.

104.

My head on my pillow, I am totally awake.

That uncomfortable sensation of not being wanted here on earth lingers around me and I breathe it through me to release. Probably most humans have felt this at some point in their life; some of us more than others.

I notice a bright light shining through the banana leaves and jungle trees. It vanishes. I see it again. It's Venus. Venus is shining her bright light on me.

We have a special friendship. She tends to show up in the sky outside my window when I'm lost in the "oh I'm so unappreciated on earth" internal loop. Silly as it may sound, that bright light in the sky attempts to love me from afar.

That settles something in my heart.

With pink earplugs uncomfortably sitting in both ears, I drift off into the night.

It's silly what I endure to placate my paranoia.

105.

It's an alien themed night.

Tonight, infiltrating into my dream space, are the type of aliens who live in human bodies and imitate humans, yet I know them to not be human.

I've lived among many different humans. I can usually distinguish an imitation human in a dream.

Human behavior fascinates me.

It's a night of practicing all sorts of skills; including emergency upshifting of gears.

106.

Two dream share.

Dream one is a classic theme.

I've signed up for a series of university courses and realize that I already have a Ph.D. so I don't need to take these courses; yet I'm not sure how to get my money back and unenroll.

So I have to navigate the university system of that dreamscape.

That's a nightmare I know well, both from the night spaces and 3D earth reality. Yet there's a darker side to this university as it's training students to take on alien ways by looking down upon their humanity; to find disgust in the soft, squishy, tender ways that humans care for one another.

Here, it's all about being cold, numb and calculating.

I decide to show up for my math course and immediately fall asleep with my head on my desk.

I've missed this: sleeping in class.

I dream of airports.

"Miss. Miss. Miss. I don't appreciate you sleeping in my class," I hear from the alien professor who is standing directly above me.

I look up and the whole class is staring at me. Some of the students are standing to get a better look at me.

I'm in gear two. I've just awoken out of a dream reminding me to head to the airport and I'm generally aware that this is a dream.

"I'm a Dr. not a Miss," I say standing up and walking out of the classroom in front of the shocked group. I leave all my stuff.

I've wanted to use that line forever. Finally. And I ought to be earning bonus points for my bravery of following my inner knowing of who I am.

I am late for a flight.

That driver takes over my internal navigation and I shift into the new dream.

107.

"Finally, you're here. I've been waiting for hours and our flight is about to leave. Aliens have taken over most of earth's airports and we have to move through security immediately," announces my flight companion as soon as I arrive into airport reality.

"What are you taking about," I say not as a question to cover-up my belief in aliens.

There is silence. I take some breaths. I almost got trapped in a full night of dreaming about university courses and sitting through math classes and navigating getting my tuition reimbursed.

I know airport dreams. I usually can't locate my ticket or passport or I'm late or something dramatic is unfolding.

I breathe.

I attempt to upshift from second gear to third gear. I visualize that stick shift in my head and then am interrupted.

"Miss. Miss. This way Miss," I hear and am ushered into a long line of people.

I wish to reuse the Dr. line and it really doesn't matter. No one seems to care that I'm a doctor and no one here certainly cares that I aced those courses. I'm just another passenger in line for security.

Unaware, I start downshifting to first gear.

I frantically begin looking for my passport. I know I packed it. I search through my bag several times.

The security line is moving swiftly. I don't have my passport.

I vaguely remember something about it being on the stick shift. No, something about a stick shift.

I panic. Fear runs through me. I'll miss my flight. I search through my bag again.

"You're looking for this Miss?" asks the security guard holding up my open passport. I see my smiling face.

"Yes, thank you," and I reach for it.

"Oh we've been awaiting you Miss," he says and I realize he's an alien. I mean, he looks totally human but his eyes don't resonate with the movements of his mouth. It's like they're not synched.

I remember the first man of the dream saying that aliens had taken over airports. OK.

Breathe.

I connect inside and see a car's stick shift. I upshift to second gear and immediately relax. Got it, it's a dream.

I'm aware I'm in a dream that to them might be real. They may live full-time in this reality that I'm visiting as a dream reality.

I don't have dreaming realities figured out at all, nor the earth 3D reality to be honest.

So here I am, in gear two, aware of this being a dream and being ushered by aliens in human bodies into the area for the body scan.

It's a bit scary.

There are six guards in uniforms staring intensely at me, like they're hungry. I think of the cats from last night and that helps me stabilize my consciousness to know this is a dream.

If it gets too frightening, I can wake myself up. I think.

"We've been waiting for you Miss," says one of them.

"Yup, heard that line already," I say probably too casually. Men in uniforms require the formalities otherwise something in their programming goes ballistic.

"Oh you have?" he responds with anger. My body is swiftly lifted up off the ground with metal wires that appear out of nowhere and are now wrapped around my wrists and ankles.

I'm floating suspended. It doesn't hurt and would be terrifying if I wasn't able to maintain gear two. I keep reminding myself: "remember the stick."

They begin taking measurements. A thermometer is placed in my mouth. One of them takes a blood sample from my fingertip. Some x-ray machine scans my whole body.

The thermometer is removed.

"Your vitals are all healthy," one says as if we're now at a doctor's office and I ought to be grateful.

"You can't do this to me," I say calmly.

"We're the airport security and we can scan you however we wish," he says.

"No, you know what dream laws you're breaking. You can't do this to me even in a dream. I'm human. You can't violate me in a dream space," I say. I sense his anger.

“We can do anything we want here to you,” he says and pulls out a large syringe connected to a plastic bag filled with blood. I can sense other medicines in the bag too.

Getting injected with stuff in dreams triggers some ancient resistance in me. An inner warrior arrives to guide me.

He gets into my brain and I’m downshifted to one.

Fear inside me escalates.

A large metal hook is inserted into the vein in my right arm and that bloody medicine starts pumping into my body. It’s icy and burns at the same time and I taste it on my tongue. It’s fast moving, whatever it is. Like peeing asparagus scented urine minutes after eating the green sticks.

Stick. I remember. Deep breathe, my consciousness expands.

“This is being recorded: visuals & audio. You won’t get away with your cruelty in dreams for much longer,” I state formally, then throw the stick into third from first.

Gears grind and I find myself floating over the airport. My body came with me. Relief flows through, tinged by my concern about the stuff already injected.

I’m lucid. I’m free. This isn’t my reality and clearly some scary changes are moving through here.

I fly to a bunch of other airports. Not superman fly, rather appear there. It’s faster.

All of them have these security guards and they’re choosing certain people whom they inject with this bloody medicine.

108.

I connect with Inner Council.

“Are you wishing to play savior again?” is the first line I hear.

“Oh yea. Wow. Still playing that old game,” and I shake my head. Fooled again.

“I woke up at the university and the airport,” I say.

“Excellent. Now remember that no one is attempting to hurt you and you don’t have to save anyone. Life will get easier when you do,” I hear.

I wish to argue because it certainly seems like 3D earth reality has all sorts of unfoldments that could use some tweaking, yet it sounds like it’s not my job.

Not on this round.

“What about what was injected into me?” I ask.

“It’s only as real as you believe it to be,” answers my Council.

“Right. I’ve gotten that one before,” I think.

“Thanks,” I say and wake up to a cock.

And bees.

No ocean.

It’s morning in 3D earth.

109.

I sit in our eating area and have my oatmeal with raisins, coconut, bananas and coconut oil.

A cock chases a chicken outside and jumps on her. When I stand up, he senses it and immediately jumps off her body and walks away.



I sit down, eat a few bites of oatmeal.

Two chickens chase each other in a fury.

I don't stand up.

I eat my oatmeal. It's a voggy morning.

110.

More chickens run past our cabin. They seem extra agitated this morning. Or aroused.

One rooster jumps on a chicken. Holds her down. Again, I stand up and it's like he senses me. He jumps off her and walks away.

Am I a chicken savior now simply by looking?

I head to the outdoor shower under the banana trees. Hum of bees. A gentle rain begins. I shower in rain and warmed tank water at the same time.

Mosquitoes swarm my legs. I don't even bother killing them. It's faster to shower and leave than to swat and shower. In the end, I'll have a bunch of bites either way.

They itch for a bit. Then they stop.

It's not a big deal.

Andrey doesn't see it that way. He's on a mission to prevent bites. Maybe that's the way to go.

I'm not sure which way to go with all sorts of choices.

So I go walk in the jungle.

My raw toe has healed enough so I can walk again with ease. Yay new skin.

111.

I walk.

Awareness that tomorrow is our last full day here increases my appreciation of the beauty.

I walk.

This wildness here is a setting where I belong.

Many more cars drive by today than on other days. It's closer to the holiday. No razor blades, yet most of the cars contain visitors. I can sense their excitement and joy.

I wave. They wave.

I walk.

A large truck on elevated tires honks at me from behind and I turn around to see that the passenger has his cellphone with a light sticking out the roof, pointed at me.

They drive at me, camera rolling.

Two Hawaiian dudes, smiling, filming.

I walk. I'm now some girl in a cellphone film walking along an unpaved jungle road.

They drive off, filming me. It's creepy and some paranoia stirs.

I walk.

I see a dog running towards me at a distance. That's often unsettling here as there are many pit bulls and fighting dogs around.

An unknown dog is an unknown experience.

My dog skills are pretty Jedi-level, yet a recent foamy mouthed, ninety pound boxer running at me unsettled my Jedi-ease.

I check out this dog. I watch it.

It's stinky.

Relief moves through me.

112.

I wonder if I've upshifted here too in this earth 3D reality. With my peaceful tenacity, hehe, I'm moving from face offs with unknown wild dogs of the jungle to sweet stinky, my buddy.

Yup, I'd like to imagine that my inner awareness work will bring in all sorts of gifts. Less fear of my own life being one of them.

113.

More settled within myself than I have been all year, an inner simplicity accompanies me. It's like parts of me needed some time with other parts of me: without distractions or having to perform some role.

Few people give themselves time to be with themselves. It's a true gift.

114.

I return home to Andrey with head on his pillow. I cuddle in.

We cuddletate.

115.

A man walks by outside with a black cat following him.

Stinky runs by. Chickens call out to other chickens.

No sound of the ocean.

116.

Is this starting to drag? Would a passionate, jungle, sexy time scene add some spice here?

Yea, I'm not ready to write it yet. Living it first.

117.

Jungle sexy time.

118.

Our dinner is light because the fruit and veggie shed didn't get stocked with what we eat today. There were star fruit and eggfruit. Our beloved papayas hang on trees.

In the morning, there was one egg. By afternoon, there were two eggs. Felt like an egg joke. I'm missing the punch line though.

I drink turmeric and ginger tea for dinner. Andrey eats the remaining buckwheat. We split the last banana.

119.

We haven't been speaking words to one another for eight days, yet we easily communicate.

We've created a whole set of gestures and sounds that convey what we are expressing. They're often silly and sometimes ridiculous. It lightens up our inner life.

We also do type to one another on my Neo. We had agreed that we could type about logistical stuff or more complex stuff, so that we're consistently in a clear between us space.

Being frustrated at someone and not being able to speak about it would be a distraction to a silent writing retreat. We've learned that one before.

So we use our mix to communicate and by this eighth evening together, we're energetically closer than we can experience with verbal connection.

English words are rough. They're action focused. They lack diminutives and coziness. They're for head centered doers.

Somehow communicating outside of English for even a number of days increases a love flow between our bodies. That intrigues me and I'm glad we're continuing to have more experiences with various communication styles.

120.

It begins to rain. The rain increases in volume and pressure until no other sounds exist besides the rain.

Being in an open cabin during a jungle rainstorm is delicious, raw and highly recommended. We stay dry. Rain falls hard all around us.

We cuddle, different from our cuddletation, and drift off into dream worlds.

121.

Another full, dream into dream into Inner Council Chat into dream rotation of delightful and insightful proportions.

Jungle rain dreaming is a field.

I explore through experiences in navigating gear two to gear three spaces. Practicing how to upshift or downshift.

I take time consciously:

- \* imagining different scenarios I wish to live out in dreams
- \* evaluating (external factors) as learning system containers
- \* assessing how to increase my long term (learning curve)
- \* gaining more clarity on short term versus long term learning

Some lessons from the night include:

\* My emotional connection and sensitivity decrease tremendously with gear three: full lucidity. Due to the awareness of the ephemeral and “not real” nature of the container, I focus more on dangerous adventures or adventures rather than emotional closeness and connections.

\* For example, if I am riding a mountain bike at a fast speed along the edge of a cliff with 5,000 foot drops offs at both ends — that’s an adventure dream. I wish to have my fear numbed up and to ride that edge of danger with the coziness of “oh it’s a lucid dream so if I fall then I can simply fly” so I can enjoy the ride in a way that I’m not skilled enough to enjoy in earth 3D.

\* I’m more into enjoyment than the fear/adrenaline ride that I experience plenty of in my 3D living.

\* Having an experience in a dream usually releases my pursuit of it in the 3D. Extreme mountain biking is alluring and I’ve enjoyed my 3D rides yet the adrenalin rush wasn’t worth the risk. Third gear is a fabulous fit for living out those risky adventures.

\* Emotional dreams are different. If I run into a dear friend whom I really miss from 3D earth and wish to have a deep, soulful conversation over tea at the top of a mountain, then gear three numbs up some of my emotional and intellectual soul parts. Gear two is actually a better match for reunions with dear friends in dreams. Kinda real and not fully.

\* Dropping into gear two with high revs (like when I’m in gear two in the car and the engine is roaring and that little hand is telling me to shift and I’m needing to shift), yup, that’s a space of both emotional connection and freedom from the limitations of the space.

Now if I wish to have a memorable adventure with a dear friend in a dream then gear three is an excellent choice — although it's helpful when they're in gear three too.

Those were some lessons.

I navigated in and through and backward in dreams. Somehow, the rain increased my dream structure, leaving it up for longer so I could retrace into earlier dreams. Fascinating.

122.

I'm an Experiential Dream Researcher.

I'd enjoy meeting others who learn in these ways.

123.

Dream one.

I'm in a future 3D NYC with Andrey and my sister. My sister is giving us a tour of NYC's new trends.

We're in a large room with a light colored, wooden floor, located in a skyscraper. It's evening. Across the road is another skyscraper with lit up windows into room stages in boxes.

That building is some sort of health club and spa. In each window are humans in various activities: the stationary biking room, elliptical room, group cardio, yoga and variations of dance classes. The participants look fit, strong, vibrant and actually in pleasure.

In some rooms, one massage table is set up and is either empty or with client and masseuse in action.

I'm not sure what our entire building is about and I do know that we're to experience some new tech.

“Here’s your remote for the personal pleasure device that we call the PPD,” says a chubby woman with her face thickly covered with make-up.

It looks like a large remote control, nothing futuristic about it. One large screen is at the front of the room.

A group of chubby and overweight teenagers, led by an obese chaperone, enter the space. They’re subdued as if they don’t know one another or are hesitant to interact. Most of them are eating snacks out of small plastic bags.

I don’t recall having obese or even overweight people in my dreams, so being in a room with so many keeps me aware that I’m dreaming.

I’m sitting towards the front of the room with Andrey and my sister. I observe the crowd gather, somewhat like being first to a movie theater and not having to greet anyone and simply sharing the space.

More overweight teens come into the space and also obese adults. I’m aware now that we’re the only thin people in the room. We’d fit in more with the people in the lit up skyscraper across the road.

No one seems hostile to thin people. That’s at least a relief. Defensiveness is unnecessary.

Two artificial looking women walk into the room and head to the front. Their faces are thick with make-up, almost so it’s peeling in places.

“We’re here to share fabulous new hair products,” one announces and the teens stir with excitement.

They pull out two bottles.

“Can we demonstrate on you?” one asks and pulls me up from my spot. Before I can in any way respond, she has filled her palm with white foamy stuff and has squished it into my hair.



Some part of me wants to freak out as I don't put those products into my hair and I'm aware it's a dream, gear two, so I chill out.

An ahhhh spreads across the room as teens stare at me in fascination.

My wild jungle hair has morphed into textured, styled waves of a 1950's movie star. My hair is now a wig.

I touch it. Yup, I got me a wig.

"No, don't touch it. You'll ruin it. It needs to be sprayed," says the hair lady and grabs a tall can of hair spray and creates a cloud of spray around my head.

I hold my breath.

Gear two, gear two. No need to pummel this woman. She's playing out her role in the dream. She has no idea how I treat my hair and head in 3D.

The teens and some adults applaud.

"You can be styled, set and ready in under five minutes," declares the head lady to the delighted crowd.

I walk back to Andrey and my sister. She's amused, although concerned I might be upset with her. Andrey's in shock that I didn't speak up.

"It's a dream," I whisper to him. He nods and moves away from me a bit as I smell of chemicals.

I'd move away from myself too if I could. I smell of chemicals that burn my nostrils.

A new lady enters the room and goes to the front of the room.

“Do we have anyone among us who is new to using the PPD?” she asks.

There’s silence. I look at Andrey and we both raise our hands. A gasp moves across the space. Clearly, it’s rare in this crowd to be new.

“A special welcome to you two then,” she says as if her voice is rubbing its hands.

“Your lives will never be the same again. You won’t have to slave away like those people across the road in the building. You can relax, be stimulated and let your PPD do the work,” and I notice heads around the room nodding to her words.

“You don’t ever again have to be in conflict with anyone, no more anger or misunderstanding. No more relationship drama. You can relax, watch the stars on the screen having the dramas, and you can enjoy your own body grow large with pleasure,” she says commercial like tone coming on.

Wait. I take a time out with myself. Breathe. I’m starting to get it. This group of people sees physical fitness as slavery. They perceive their fatness as a sign of prosperity and superiority. Oh wow.

I look at my sister. She’s smiling.

“We’re in the pg-13 PPD room. You can pull out your mats and space yourselves out. Once the room is set up, we’ll bring in the PPDs,” she says and people quickly begin to find their spot.

It’s like a yoga class, but not.

My PPD is brought over. It’s shaped generally like the drill at a dentist’s office with many attachments. I start to get it more. Those attachments will be touching or stimulating different parts of my body as I watch the TV show in this room with these other people whose PPDs are stimulating their bodies.

I scrunch up my face in disgust at my sister and Andrey.

“If you’d rather start in our R-rated or XXX-rated or even unrated room, then we can easily make that happen. You simply have to pay the extra fee. If you start here and get too aroused, press the “happy ending” button on the remote and we can move you to a private room. That’s a free service the first time,” says the operator lady with her make-up face.

I look down at the remote and actually see “happy ending” written next to a large button. This dreaming is getting sillier. It’s easier to stay awake and not merge into the illusion.

I take a breath. I wish to wash my hair. The idea of being stimulated by a machine — especially when I have a hottie boyfriend — is totally not desirable.

Time to be a dream skipper.

“Let’s bail,” I say loud to Andrey and my sister. We get up, leaving our stuff, and walk out into the brightly lit hallway.

It has that sense of a fancy hotel without the guests. An alarm goes off. It’s loud at that level that it’s frightening. I guess not many people walk out here.

We start walking faster towards one end as water begins spraying out of various nozzles hidden into the edges of the walls. Perhaps our action simulates a fire energy, a danger that needs to be put out.

We start running and get to the end where there’s a large sign: “dirty laundry drop here.”

Gear upshift to third. I look back at them to get a nod from each. I jump into the shoot.

I free fall through darkness. It’s surprisingly dry.

I fall until I sense that I'm suspended in air.

Not flying. Not floating. I know those sensations. Suspended in air.

The air has a viscous quality here and it holds me.

124.

"Hey Inner Council, reflection please," I silently whisper and we drop in together.

"Humans experience their world and one another differently. Slavery, freedom, beauty, health, pleasure = seen differently by different groups of people," I hear.

Countless images flash before my eyes. Not dreams. More like slides from a PowerPoint that communicate at a deeper soul-level with me.

And it sinks in more.

Humans are here to have his or her own experience.

I get mine.

125.

I wrap my body around Andrey's back. The rain increases in sound and volume until no jungle sounds can be heard over the rain.

I'm safe. I'm cozy.

There's nothing that I lack in this moment; nothing that I crave.

My basic needs are met, and more, my heart needs are met.

Our love bubble surrounds us, nurturing us with our self-created fuel.

I drift back into a dreamscape.

126.

One of my favorite treats at the end of extended dream training: visit with April and Amber, my dogs of my late twenties and early thirties.

I see them being walked down the street by a man with a hat. He recognizes me and stops so I can have time with the furry ones.

I squat down. Slow down time. Gear two, request extended time here.

I wrap my arms around April first. Her warm fur smells of almond milk, as no other dog has smelled since. I breathe her in. Amber snuggles in behind me, maybe it's Andrey. Either way, love snuggles in behind me in either man-form or dog-form. I relax.

I run my fingers through April's long, black fur, remember each rib, her thinness, her long limbs. I recognize her body with my eyes closed. I have each part of her memorized within me. I hold her.

I wrap myself around her, sending her such immense amounts of love to wherever she might be. I'm aware this is a dream and perhaps she's dreaming the same one too. In case that's possible, I show up with my full presence.

We stay woven together like that for an out of time period.

I focus next on Amber, her body instantly wiggling and she rushes at my face, as was her habit. Our noses hit. She licks. She wiggles. I pull her into my body, loving her, appreciating her and also sending love to the soul who dwells in this dog's body.

Both of these dogs on 3D earth experienced such loss, pain, abandonment due to me leaving them. Yet they still love me in dreams. My love for them didn't dim, even when I had to leave them.

There are so many animals and people who are no longer in my life, yet I care for them in my own way. We sometimes connect in dreams. Perhaps someday there'll be some way to appreciate each other's existence in a way I can't yet imagine.

127.

I sense Andrey's awake. Cocks are calling to one another. Rain is heavy.

I open my eyes and Andrey wiggles his body, huge smile, happy to see me awake.

He opens his mouth with his "I'm hungry" gesture and we begin our day.

It's our last day on the farm.

128.

It's raining. It's been raining all night. At times, it pours. Then it continues to rain. Thunder rumbles.

I think of areas experiencing drought; the western forest fires. Here in the jungle, water pours abundantly out of the sky.

That's part of earth. Some people and places have in abundance what others lack. Yet somehow sharing doesn't seem possible.

Then again, even Andrey and I have issues with sharing.

129.

We cuddletate.

130.

The downpour is total imaginary, jungle storm, extreme and our cabin is starting to leak. Older jungle cabins can only withstand so much rain.

It's our last day. Water is being blown through the screen in our kitchen and eating area. It's leaking from the roof in two spots and starting to pool on the floor.

I throw towels to soak up the water. It keeps flowing in.

Wild rain as the grand finale of nine days in silence is the end of a phase and a new beginning.

Washing it clean.

131.

We eat crepes with avocado in our leaking dining area.

We smile at each other.

There are only so many humans right now eating a delicious lunch in a leaky cabin in a tropical jungle storm. We have no worries.

Tomorrow, our lives restart in a cabin near Kalapana — the town destroyed by lava in the 1990's.

Destruction and rebirth. Themes. I prefer to show up for the rebirth.

132.

We cuddletate. It's chilly to the degree that we're both in our hoodies, hood on, warm pants on, huddled until two blankets.

Sometimes the tropics forgets it's the tropics. Today is one of those days.

My bones are icy. It's like winter in Michigan not Hawaii. It's that chill that enters inside and takes root. My hands and feet are cold and can't seem to warm up even when pressed into warmer body parts.

The cabin is collapsing in that slowed down film way. New leaks open. Something is collapsing. I sense it in the grids.

Today, something is happening energetically that is larger than a flooding cabin on a farm.

133.

I walk out in the rain. A wet, white cat sits next to a vast puddle.

I pass two ducks standing in a deep puddle.

A giggle moves through me.

I'm not sure a cat in a puddle can ever experience the pleasure of a duck in a puddle.



## Epilogue

(New Matrix transports us from a muddy fruit farm into the unknown.)

Thanks for joining me on my writing retreat. It's new for me to write one piece as a process and then bravely share the flow.

I'd enjoy hearing about your reading experience if you would like to share. We can have a conversation or you can send me a note to [blissmeander@gmail.com](mailto:blissmeander@gmail.com).

What happens next with this piece is unknown. Its journey might complete as a holiday gift to a small circle of friends. It might be edited into a shorter piece and shared in some other way. It might...

I'm open to ideas.

If my writing brought up any questions or stimulated reflections, then please do share. I'd love to continue learning and growing from the experience.

If you're the editor type and couldn't help but make notes on where some words could be tightened up then I am open to editorial comments. Was there a phrase that was irritating or unclear? I'd love to know. Insightful reflections support me in growing as a writer - if you feel called.

Only my eyes read and edited this text before it was sent out. That's new for me too. Kinda risky for a perfectionist like me: a gear three move.

Thanks for being in my life and taking the time to read.