

My Experiments with Dreams

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I would like to dedicate this book to my wife Bozenna Siedlecka, with whom I have been sharing my waking life and my dreams.



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My Wife

My wife Bozenna Siedlecka with whom I share my awake life for over 30 years is a wonderful partner whom I can tell freely the most bizarre dream of mine. She is very supportive to me and takes my dream adventures seriously. Her dreams are so different than mine, so we both enjoying listening to each other. Bozenna has less skills in recalling her dreams than me, but from the pieces she presents to me, I help her to recall more details.

Bozenna has some other skills in her waking life that I am completely deprived. For example she can look at the floor tiles we have in the living room, and next she can move up the view of the tiles closer to her eyes. In her view the tiles are in the air enlarged. She can experiment with them by immersing her hand into the tiles. The hand penetrates the tiles, but the don't disappear. I can stare at those tiles forever and they will remain in fixed position. My wife explains my inability by saying that I think too much rationally, and I guess she is right.

In summer when the water is warm enough, we go for swim in Sasamat Lake ten minutes drive from the place where we live. Our dog bravely jumps into the lake to fetch a tennis ball. After swim I relax in half lotus position and my wife discreetly watches people when they pass by. She can see above the people's heads a luminous cloud. It has an irregular shape and follows a person who walks. If somebody is not moving, my wife can't see it. That shape is more or less intense, but all of them are reddish-brown. Bozenna believes that this is an energy people have around their bodies and most of the energy is visible above their heads. When they walk their energy interacts with the air and becomes

visible.

And she is a wonderful cook. Having no job, Bozenna is creative in the kitchen. Her banana bread is devoured immediately by my co-workers in Creation Technologies Inc. a company where I work as wave solder operator for over seven years. Polish bigos or a cheesecake prepared by her for Christmas or other occasions is just delicious. My older daughter Marlena has also cooking skills and often she shares her new recipes with her mom.

About the Author

Peter Siedlecki the author of the book *My Experiments with Dreams*, was born in Poland in 1948, in the textile city of Poland. After graduating from Textile University in Lodz with a Masters degree in velveteen, he moved with his family (two daughters, Marlena and Krystyna; his wife, Bozenna; and a dog, Aga) to Germany in June 1987. Because Germany was not an immigration country, he decided not to return to Poland, but instead to immigrate to America. First he tried to immigrate to the USA and New Zealand, but with no success. Thanks to Canadian sponsors from the Polish Catholic Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba in January 1990, he and his family immigrated to Canada. After living for about two years in St. Catharines, Ontario he and his family moved to British Columbia, where he settled; he now lives in Port Moody.

His interest in lucid dreaming began from the question: "How does one make money, for survival, as an immigrant?" The answer to this dilemma was: "Win a lottery!" But how? Using dreams!

As you will learn by reading his book, you can learn that he had failed in this endeavour...though not completely. Something remained: his dreams, which he put into this book. In his dreams, he regularly visits his city, Lodz, where he was born.

Foreword

I was inspired by *Creative Dreaming*, a book written by Patricia Garfield, and I have followed her techniques on how to plan dreams and become conscious during dreams, and hence developed dream control. My dream diary records hundreds of dreams, and about five percent of them are lucid dreams. Some of them (also lucid ones) are too personal to share with anybody. I was able to control and change my dreams (to some degree) when they were actually occurring.

To improve my dream recollection, I have silently repeated the following mantra during the day and into the night from which I wanted to remember my dreams:

I want to remember my dreams and I will remember my dreams.

Once you have been fully conscious during a dream, you know it can be controlled or changed. You can consciously influence the happenings in your dream state. I believe that through dreams you can understand yourself better, and you may also find support and help for waking problems. You can learn to become conscious during your dreams and you can do anything there. You are free from all the restrictions of body, time and space. Once I made a conscious wish in my dream to go five meters beyond our universe...and it happened. I was traveling horizontally, with my feet out front.

I also had a dream where I was in two places at the same time. How is it possible? It is quite simple: if you can imagine yourself in two places at the same time, you will be there. In our dreams, we don't have to worry about time

constraints. Our dream body can travel with the speed of our thoughts.

Here are examples of what has happened in my dreams:

- A stock-gillyflower bites me when I try to touch its stamens
- A little white dog jumps on the chair and smiles at me
- I see that I wear a tie that reminds me of tree roots
- My belly is swollen, so my neighbour licks it
- I throw ropes at a big bear, but he throws furniture back at me
- Somebody shoots at me, and I can see bullets entering my body
- I sprinkle my face with cold water, but I don't feel it
- My index finger works like an air blower
- Big, exotic insects creep onto my face and I can feel it
- I make contact with outer civilizations using magic
- I press a window, and its glass behaves like transparent rubber
- I can take pictures using only my index finger
- A strange force is lifting me up into a safe place
- It's too windy in my dream, so I don't want to fly too high
- In my lucid dream the wall is too hard; I can't penetrate it
- Neither crossing a sorcerer's shadow nor shooting at him works.

There is one thing I have failed in my dreams: I have not brought anything
material from the dream world to our awake world.

Introduction

When you were young, the world was a fresh, new and exciting place that brimmed with possibilities. But you very soon learned that there were limitations placed on what you could do.

As a child, you wanted to fly, but the laws of physics wouldn't allow it. You wanted to travel to exotic places, but your parents wouldn't even let you cross the street. And, as you grew older, there were so many other limitations placed upon you – there are bills to pay, after all, so you can't just do anything you want. Or can you? (Just imagine being able to do or be absolutely anything you want...)

My Experiments with Dreams details one man's experience with lucid dreaming, or dreams in which you control the action, and you decide what happens. Born from a universal desire to be free of limitations – and to live life extraordinarily – lucid dreams give us all a glimpse into the world that we once knew, so many years ago, when the world was limitless with possibilities.

The dreams need to be talked about the same day, because they have a tendency to fade away. When you wake up in the morning don't open your eyes immediately. With your eyes closed try to think what happened to you. It may be compared to the playing back your videotape.

"I don't have any dreams" some people may say. In fact this statement is not true. Everybody has dreams and to be exact we have about five dreams every night.

The problem starts with remembering them. Those people who say: "I

don't have any dreams” should correct their statement and say: “I don't remember any dreams”. When dream recollection is improved, and we are able to remember at least one or two dreams in the morning, we can advance in dreaming. We can start having so called “lucid dreams”.

What is lucid dreaming?

Let's start with regular dreams. When you wake up in the morning and you can recall your dream, you can say: “I had a dream on...” Now you can give more or less details about your dream experience. No matter how detailed your description is, there is one fact impossible to be changed: You cannot change anything from your dream because it already has happened. (Unless you have access to a time machine and can go back to the past). If you are able to develop a dream control to the point that you can change the content of your dream when it is occurring, you can say that you are having a lucid dream. You are aware of dreaming while having a dream. This kind of experience is very vivid and may be overwhelming to some people. Lucid dreaming can be invoked by simple reading a book on lucid dreaming. You are awake in your dream but not from your dream. Having this kind of dream you are a creator of your dream, not merely a witness like in the case of a regular dream.

In my dreams, I can see colours, speak, hear voices, smell flowers, and touch and penetrate any substance. The feelings are more or less real, or can be somewhat weakened, intensified or distorted. Some of my dreams are not lucid, but I have placed them here, as you may find them interesting.

I have had a few dreams about the 6/49 lottery, but none of them have helped me win a significant amount of money. My plan was simple: go into the future, read in a newspaper the winning lottery numbers, and remember them upon waking. For an account of my attempts at this, please refer to my lucid dreams entitled “Newspaper” and “Lottery Again.”

I Regular Dreams

This section includes dreams of a so-called “garden variety”: smiling dogs, my own paparazzi, talking to a horse, and spiders taking up residence inside the clothes on my body. Working as a foil for the dreams outlined in Section II (Lucid Dreams), these dreams are ones with which readers will most readily identify; they will see that if my regular dreams are like theirs, that their lucid dreams, like mine, can be made possible.

1. Pretending

It was a dream, in which I was pretending that I was sleeping. In my dream my wife tries to wake me up by gently touching me and telling me that I have been sleeping too long, but I ignore her attempts to wake me up. I keep on pretending that I am sleeping.

2. White Thread

I have swallowed at least six meters of long, white sewing thread and now I am trying to pull it out. While thread passes my throat I can feel it perfectly there. The thread seems to have no end, so I quit pulling it.

3. Nieviesen Atmosphere

When I woke up from this dream, I had two words in my mind: "Nieviesen Atmosphere." (Please don't ask me for the meaning of the word "Nieviese." I have no idea.)

In my dream, I am a lecturer in a military school for university students in the city of Lodz, in Poland. After entering the classroom, the students - who are dressed in uniforms - get up to greet me. I reply, "Salute" to them, and they sit down. During our lesson we watch TV. One student wants me to play back the last episode, but I say to him, "It's impossible, we don't record this program." In fact, I lied to him. The truth was that I didn't know where the recording button was.

Suddenly a transparent entity appears in the class and jumps at one of my student, passing through his body. We look at the student or, rather, at what was

left: his shoes and pieces of his legs. Now the entity approaches me and is going to pass through my body. I am shivering and anxious, but I want to do something. The entity is almost invisible, but its eyes I can see very clearly. I raise my right hand and, with my index finger, make one or a few circles around its eyes. This makes the spirit disappear without having any affect on me.

4. Smiling Dog

I wait for the owners of a small white dog, who are about to come to my house. I wait for them in the hallway of my house, next to the stairway leading to the second floor. They arrive and without a word go upstairs. Their dog, following them, wants to go upstairs too. "You cannot go there," I say to the dog. He listens to me, jumping immediately to the nearest chair, waiting for its owners and smiling at me.

5. Chocolate Bar

My family and I are on a vacation in an unknown place in the forest. We have been just robbed. A thief stole from us \$340 or \$640 and a bar of chocolate that a friend sent to us by mail from Poland. My wife Bozenna, with my older daughter Marlena, goes through a thief's suitcase, but I sit calmly and pretend that I don't know what they are doing. Now I walk in the forest alone and think: "Neither animal nor anything is attacking me; what is wrong with these woods? They should."

I keep on walking and I pass girls and boys, about twenty years old, entering the village pub. The boys and girls that I met are already inside. I'm

making a speech in the pub and for the first time in my life, I could hear my own voice in my dream. It was a pleasant surprise to me.

6. Pipe Gun

It's war; we are attacking the enemy and I am in the last line. The vehicle that I drive is a very strange one, and different from the others. It resembles a small open truck. I don't have any ammunition; I don't need any and still I can shoot at the enemy. How is that possible? Quite simple: there is a big steel pipe in the middle of my truck, cut in half and twisted like a snail shell. If the enemy shoots at me, his bullet is caught by my spiral pipe, accelerated and sent back with twice the speed to the enemy without any harm to me. In short, the enemy shoots at himself. After a short stop, I talk to one of Japanese soldiers about my vehicle. He tries to figure out how my weapon works, but I don't want to reveal the secret. The fight is over, so we all go home.

7. Red Eyes

I'm watching a girl from a distance. She sits in a streetcar. The action takes place in Lodz, where this kind of public transportation is very popular. She seems to have beautiful makeup. To see better how beautiful she is, I come up close to her. To my shock, she has red, insect-like goggle eyes with no eyelids. I think she is blind, looking nowhere.

8. Beach Walk

In my dream I drive a car and park it in a parking lot close to the beach. Now I plan to take a long walk along the seashore with my wife and older

daughter. This is going to be a barefoot walk. After about half an hour of walking I realize that my underwear is gone and that I am wearing a too-short undershirt. It doesn't even cover my buttocks.

From now on, all hell breaks loose.

I decide to return to my car and find another pair of underwear. Because of my fast walk, people start looking at me, at my buttocks and something else in front of me. When I look back, I can see a man with sexual intentions following me. "You don't have any business following me," I say to him. His feelings are hurt, but he walks away. Slowly, more and more people start paying attention to me. All men, girls and women I pass look at me in admiration. To avoid crowds, I have to take a detour to reach my car. Here comes a train, so I jump on its step and keep on traveling that way. From a distance I can see my car surrounded by people. Everybody waits for me - even Oprah Winfrey, the popular US TV host, wants to have an interview with me. Everybody admires me, and especially my legs. This doesn't stop me from reaching my car to get another pair of my underwear. Now I walk again and pass a fashion shop. Through the window I can see a woman talk about designing a new dress for me so that they can make a lot of money. Now I am closer to my car, but not enough to open the door. There is a man on my way who doesn't let me in. I whisper to his ear: "Please deliver me to my car, I have no underwear on me." He agrees and we go to my car using his motorboat. We have to cross a narrow channel. After reaching the opposite bank, I try to moor. It is easier for me because I have two wooden anchors attached to my legs. When I look at my undershirt I see it's so dirty and covered

with mud that I can't take it off. I say to the others that it has grown into my skin.

I have got to keep on walking now, on an asphalt road. While my walking is strange, wild animals pass the road just in front of me without paying any attention to me. Next I pass a family consisting of a daughter, mother and I believe it is a grandmother. They all (including the grandmother) are ready to marry me. I explain to them that I am already married and my wife is about to arrive here. I know this as a fact without seeing her coming. While waiting for my wife, I explain to the women I talk to that I live in Coquitlam, a city between Vancouver and Burnaby in British Columbia.

This was a long, wonderful dream that I have enjoyed a lot remembering, to this day.

9. Cucumber

I have a bath in my tub with my underwear on. In spite of the fact that there is a girl in my bathroom, I take my underwear off. "What is she doing in my bathroom?" I think in my dream, without following the problem. The girl pointing at my penis asks: "What is this?." I give to her an instant and short answer: "A cucumber."

10. Horse Named Mover

Janek Lirka, my friend from Poland, ties up my horse that I just bought. He uses two small hammers to secure the saddle-girth. The horse tries to bite Janek, but he jumps back to a safe distance, avoiding the horse's teeth. My friend also avoids the horse's back-kick. Tying up the horse is not successful and

the animal gets free. I call the horse and he comes back to me after making a big circle. When the horse is closer to me I can see that his head is turning into a human one. The head starts talking to me saying: "Mover." Because this word was the first one he said, I named my horse Mover.

"Do you like your new name?" I ask the horse. "Yes," The horse replies.

11. Chat on Dreaming

My wife with her sister go for meeting with the most famous and important gay in the world. I prefer to meet people who are interested in dreaming. Going through the town I see many enthusiasts of dreams and anything related to this topic. I am invited to a very expensive meeting on dreams and of course I don't have to pay a penny. The total cost to organize it is over \$500 million. There were some people from Poland invited too. As a free guest, I am allowed only to listen people's speeches. Sitting in my chair, I can't stop the index finger of my right hand from expanding. It starts traveling in the air, growing to about five meters in length. The tip of my finger tests the area, the way dogs sniff something new.

The meeting is over and when I walk home, a cabriolet with four men inside stops in front of me. I stop too and we have a chat on lucid dreaming, with some very famous experts on it. This time I can speak freely. I try to tell them that the first book I read on lucid dreaming was written by Patricia Garfield, but I can't recall its title. Somebody trying to help me prompts, "Catcher?", but I can neither agree nor disagree. I say nothing.

12. Little Green Flies

There are a lot of people in my apartment on Rogozinskiego Street. Now I see my picture in a local newspaper. My head in the picture is bent down and I am balder than in real life. I don't care too much about my baldness and I am not going to change this fact. My mom helps me to find a job in a newspaper that requires pushing a cart filled with coal uphill. "This is not for me," I think. It requires a strong backbone, which I don't have. There is another opening in the steel industry, but I don't have the required qualifications. I stop reading the newspaper and go outside.

On my way to the washroom located in a separate building, I pick up black cherries. While eating them, I watch a swarm of little green flies living under the roof of the washroom building. They all fly down and sit on my left index finger. I try to chase them away, but they disappear. When I look at the nail of my finger, I can see that below my nail and slightly to the right there is a green arrow. The arrow is on my skin and is made of tiny green dots. I remember seeing similar arrows made by green flies on the door of my mom's washroom. That means that the arrow on my finger was built by the green flies. My finger now swells and aches. In my dream I can feel that pain very clearly. The pain intensifies and the finger splits in half without any bleeding. When the pain reaches its maximum, the split finger gushes a large amount of a whitish liquid. I try to direct my finger to a place with no people, so that nobody gets wet. There is one more ejection from my finger, and this time it is less intense. When the liquid stops flowing out, the finger remains split for a second. After that it closes itself, shrinks and self-

heals immediately. The pain is gone, and so is the dream.

13. Thoughts in the Sky

I can see my thoughts in the sky in the form of letters, appearing one after another, as if the sky were an invisible sheet of paper placed in also invisible and silent typewriter. Just for fun, I think two words: “blab, blab” and guess what happens? I can see those words typed in the sky, letter by letter. Even if I don’t think anything, my “no thoughts” are typed in the sky. “No thoughts” are translated into thoughts and also displayed in the sky. What words do I see after translation? I am not able to describe them, because no human dictionary contains those words...hum, hum.

When I ponder over those “no thoughts,” I can hear a whisper inside of my head: “How are yah?” I liked this whisper very much.

14. Monkey Child

I have a child with dark skin that looks like a monkey. It is less than one year old. I take care of my child and now I am holding it in my arms. I don’t let my child to get too far away from me. At one moment it tries to run on all fours. At that moment, it looks like a cat with a fluffy tail. Wild animals, out of curiosity, approach my child, so I run to it, kicking all of them. Now I am holding my child in my arms again, and to get rid of all animals, we ascend very quickly to a safe distance. When the animals are gone, we descend - this time, very slowly. My child tries to walk like a human and learns to speak very quickly.

15. Kissing Girl

Walking down the small path to an artificial pond, I look around and penetrate the nearby bushes. On the bank of a pond where the path ends, I can see a huge snake guarding the entrance to the pond. After coming out from the bushes, I can see that the snake turns into a dog, having still the mouth of a snake. I try to distract it by throwing a small rock into the water next to it. The animal is interested in the splash I made and comes up to the place from where I threw the rock. The next throw splashes its body.

Now I find myself in a strange room. Next to me on the floor lies my pouch with 1,000DM (Deutsche Marks, the old German Currency) inside. An unknown girl comes up to me, trying to check or take out something from it. "She wants to steal my money," I think. Before she opens my pouch, I take it from her hands asking her decidedly: "Yes?" Because she gives no answer to me, I kiss her, trying at the same time to un-zip her pants. "Who are you really?" I ask her now. In answer, the girl disappears, and instead of her I can see a profile of an old Indian.

16. Family Tree

I am standing in the street for a while, being the center of interest for some animals and even spiders. First, a small cat climbs on me and hides inside my clothes. Here comes the cat's mom, concealing under my jacket. I have also a group of spiders somewhere in my clothes; they made a web with the intention of living there. None of this bothers me.

I still wait in the same place for something to happen. My sudden look at

the curb reveals that there is a small, curled-up dog next to it. The dog is about ten meters away from where I am. Because I look at it, the dog stands up and slowly approaches me. The closer it is, the bigger it becomes. The dog is afraid of me, showing its teeth from time to time. Being still unsecured, the dog finally lays down on its back close to me, with all its paws bent upward. When I try to pet it, the dog shows its teeth again. In response to its grin, I show my fist to the dog. "See, I am not afraid of you, do you want to get a free punch?" I think to myself.

II Lucid Dreams

This section is the essence of My Experiments with Dreams. It details the dreams where my wakefulness was not always immediately apparent and, more interestingly, the common motifs found therein: the ability to shapeshift on command, the ability to make unspoken thoughts tangent – and desires manifest – and a strong self-awareness and sense of control throughout. Here, the author is whisked away to the surface of the nearest star, upon command; leaps from tall buildings unscathed; sits in the middle of high-traffic roads, unharmed; and searches for those ever-elusive winning lottery numbers. (Really, who wouldn't?)

1. Soil

In my dream I am gazing at a piece of the soil, and I am caught by surprise, because the view is so vivid. It is like watching something in a microscope, while using only your eyes. There are only two colours in that view, but what I see is three-dimensional. The soil reminds me of the surface of the moon, even though I have never been there. My eyes follow in the moonlight environment all the shadows, spots and lines on its surface. I am still looking at it, and suddenly I realize that I am dreaming!, However, I do not know what to do next, and I wake up from my first lucid dream. I am very happy because I know it can be done.

2. Mist and Fear

There is a very clear view in front of my eyes. I know that I am in my dream world. I can see perfectly the depth of the landscape that surrounds me. There is a forest on my left side and misty meadows on the right. A railway is running across, about ten feet in front of me. I do not know why, but I cannot open my left eye. I am very scared, but I decide to go ahead. At that instant, some strange force pushes me forward. I am moving like a hovercraft, a few feet above the ground.

Suddenly I have noticed a stranger at the edge of the forest waiting for me! I get such a fright, that I do not want to go any further; but it is too late - I cannot stop moving. The same strange force keeps on pushing me forward. I want to call for help, but I cannot open my mouth. Finally, with a big effort,

I manage to open my mouth to start screaming: "My friends, help me!"

Immediately after that, the same unknown force starts pulling me first back, and then up about twenty feet high. Now I feel safe, and I can see everything from a distance. I want to fly a little bit, but it is too late. I wake up with my eyes wide open, gazing at the wall that was a meadow in my dreams.

3. Newspaper

In my dream I can see some numbers in a newspaper. "These must be lottery numbers," I think, and I am checking the date when this newspaper was printed. The newspaper was probably printed in 1957, but at that moment it is not important to me. I concentrate on reading those numbers. They are very small, and some of them are up side down. I am getting closer to that newspaper, and with some difficulties I can recognize the following numbers: 2, 11, 28, 23, 47 and 25. I am pretty sure about the first four numbers. Number 2 was up side down.

After having played those numbers in my awake world for a couple of weeks using my dream numbers I quit, because I won nothing. Maybe I don't deserve to be a winner.

4. New Year's Eve

I am in the queen's palace waiting for New Year's Eve. Here arrives a new group of people, the queen's acquaintances. They are very noisy, drunk, pouring vodka into their glasses to overflowing. "Maybe I will drink some champagne," I think. One of the queen's guests is tumbling over, and is heading for the couch where I am sitting. After wrestling with him a short while, I manage to calm him

down. Next I am squeezing his two fellows with my hands, lifting them above my head. The queen does not like my behaviour and wants me to leave her palace. In this moment, my body splits in half. One part obeys the queen's order and goes out. The second one, as a ghost, hovers above the queen in her bedroom, trying to scare her by saying, "AAA."

Suddenly at my right side appears a head in the air with shark-like teeth. The head reminds me of a jack-o-lantern from Halloween. It makes me shiver. At that moment, I realize that I am dreaming, so I start talking to the head. "My friend helped me win \$200,000 in a lottery." The head does not look scary anymore; it even starts smiling at me a little bit. The head fades away and I wake up.

5. Weaving Mill

In my dream I work in a weaving mill in Poland, in the city of Zambrow. I am standing at the back of the loom, watching the warp threads. "We have to cut the whole warp and bind a new one," I think. Now I am watching somebody combing the warp that proceeds from the binding. I am going out, heading for finishing department. I wear a tie and a suit. On my way to the finishing department, I notice many new people.

Everything seems to be more and more real, but I want to check "REALITY." There are stairs to my left side, so I decide to make a side jump down. "If the situation is not real," I think, "nothing bad is going to happen to me." I jump downstairs in slow motion, finding myself at the bottom of the stairs. I have not lost balance, so it is obvious to me that I am dreaming. Now aware of that

fact, I want to do something, but it is too late. That movie is over. I have not accomplished too much, yet I am pleased with my dream.

6. Over the Toilet

In my dream I am standing outside at the back of my grandparents' house. It is very cold and I want to piss very much. I have no time to go to the toilet building that I am standing at. I start watering the area. After looking around, I begin to realize that the toilet building has been rebuilt since I lived there. There are strange bars on the fence.

Now I know. It is a dream! I begin to repeat: "I am dreaming," to prevent from losing consciousness in my dream. After waving my arms like a bird I begin to lift about ten feet above the ground. It is quite dark up there, so I wish it were brighter. I got more light but not too much. I am still hovering over the toilet building, thinking of what to do next. I want to know the winning lottery numbers for the next draw, but nothing happens. Now I want to fly beyond the solar system, but nothing happens to me. Too far, I think, or I should give a better description. When I try to recall the name of any remote star like Andromeda, I began to descend to the walkway. The bars from the fence in my dream turn into the pattern on the wall of my bedroom, from my waking life. It was a wonderful dream. I love God, I love all people. Now everything looks quite different.

7. Taking Off

In my dream I can hear very loud music. My neighbour from our apartment is listening to his radio. I am telling him to turn the radio down, but he is not

listening to me. I am going to complain about that noise to the office. It dawns. I am lying on my couch, facing the balcony door. The view is very clear and I am aware that I am dreaming. After sitting on my couch I watch many flickering lights in the city. The view reminds me of the airport in Winnipeg, when I arrived for the first time in Canada.

Now I want to rise above my couch. No problem: I am about three feet in the air, floating closer to the balcony window. I could go outside through the glass with no problem, but I want to change the topic of my dream. Thinking of what to do next takes a lot of time. Finally, I think about the lottery and how to become hypnotized. My thoughts are not specific enough, and I awake with mixed emotions. The lucid dream made me happy, but I regretted the attempt to change the dream topic.

8. Ascending

There is a woman in my dream whom I want to touch to make sure that I am dreaming. Everything seems to be normal, but I don't believe in it and start voicing loudly my mantra: "I'm dreaming." That triggers immediately my awareness that I am in a dream world. Holding her hand now, I want to ascend with her, and that happens immediately without a problem. Next we are flying through the clouds. I understood when we were passing through the clouds, because it was darker for a moment. After moving through the clouds, it's bright again. Looking back, I can see the earth. Looking ahead, I can see the moon and the stars.

After a short hesitation I want to fly to the moon, but nothing happens.

Instead of continuing our flight, we slowly descend and touch the ground at the market place. I try to lift her up again into the air, but now she is too heavy. I am still aware that I'm dreaming so my next decision is to have sex with her in front of all the people that surround us. We are having sex, but none of the people pay any attention to us. The dream is over, but before I open my eyes, I can see a big two-toothed snake looking at me.

9. Big Breasts

I walk along the apartment buildings that are lined up along the street. I work as an apartment building assistant manager, in the building located at the beginning of the street. I'm heading in that direction. First I have to pass the buildings that belong to other companies. On the way to my building, a young couple stops me to ask about renting an apartment in the building in front of us. I try to answer their question, but I don't know this building (it's not under my care). The door to this building is open, but I can see nothing inside because the light is off. The caretaker of this building noticed us and is ready to help us, but the couple walks away. He asks me if I would rent a suite to these people we just spoke to. He expected me to answer "no." Another two people are approaching us. The person to the left I know, but the second one is a stranger to me. She is a tall woman wearing a shirt or sweater than is half-unbuttoned.

Gazing at her big breasts, I'm telling myself: "These kinds of breasts you can have only in your dreams." In that instant, my dream becomes lucid. Now I can do what I want, and to be exact, I want to have sex with her. My first action is to pull her closer to me. Now I grab her legs...the situation is too emotional, and it

makes me ejaculate. Now the surroundings become more visible, because the street lamps give more light. Everything around me is perfectly visible except for the woman that I'm still holding in my hands. I try to prolong my lucid dream, but no technique helps me. I'm completely awake, lying on my bed for another hour with my eyes closed.

10. Penetration

I'm falling asleep while lying on my back (this is the best position), and from the very beginning I'm aware that I'm dreaming. In my dream I get up and check the place where I am. It's a strange house in which I have never been. Next to the door, I can see an older man standing. While looking at this man, I stick my right hand into the wall, pulling out a handful of dry, sand-like plaster that the wall is made of. After taking out my hand, the hole in the wall immediately seals up. I can clearly feel the plaster I'm holding in my hand. In the next instant, I'm on a wooden floor in another room. With a quick look to the right (without turning my head), I can see a few men approaching me. I'm not afraid of them, but I wish now to immerse my body into the floor. The floor now is very soft, so my body penetrates through it and shortly after I find myself standing on the floor below. I keep penetrating through the next floor as well.

After the second penetration I find myself in the street still aware of fact I'm dreaming. There are two girls coming toward me, and one of them is good looking. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out my plans for that girl.

When they are close to me, I can see that the beautiful girl's body is covered with pimples. I tell her, "Please come back to me when you become

healthy.” Now I want to have sex with another girl. Without any conversation with her, I boldly unbutton her blouse to look at her breasts. I can see her brown skin with strangely twisted breasts. That won’t stop me from having sex with her. The girl seems to be caught by surprise, but doesn’t resist. I want her to be more active during sex, and because this doesn’t happen, I am not enjoying my time with her. The girl disappears. Now using a loudspeaker, I make the following speech: “All beautiful girls from the neighbourhood, please report to Peter Siedlecki” (to have sex with him, but I don’t want to say that out loud). At the very last minute I change my mind and don’t say anything, because I don’t want everybody to know my name.

11. Finger in the Head

Almost from the very beginning, I’m aware of my dreaming. The dream is partially lucid and I have a tendency to forget details.

The girl in my dream didn’t want to have sex with me, so I immediately stopped bothering her. Now I talk to somebody about the winning numbers in the 6/49 lottery, but we are going to have that conversation at another time. I’m still aware of my dreaming, so I want to conduct the following experiment: to stick my index finger into my head. As my finger approaches my head, I can feel my hair on my forehead. The skin and my skull become soft, so the finger slowly enters the inside of my head. Everything is soft there, and finally my finger stops at the back of my skull. That experiment required a little courage of me.

12. Concrete Square

I'm at Chris' house; he is my friend from Lodz, the city where I was born. Chris builds something for me. He tries to place a wooden board into a metal frame, but the board doesn't fit properly. Another of our friends, George, watches him and criticizes his work. Chris is wearing only underwear on his body, and shivers from the cold. He doesn't want to stop working, so he asks me to button up his underwear.

Now I'm heading back home, looking for a streetcar stop. On my way to catch the streetcar, somebody stops me and we have a conversation. She asks me where I live. "Here at this moment, or the place where I was born?" I ask her in response. Now I find myself inside a streetcar. Somebody speaks loudly: "Please show your tickets to control." At that moment, I'm aware that I'm dreaming.

To prove that I'm in a dream state, I stick the index finger of my right hand into the side window of the streetcar. My finger pushes the glass, and it dents outwardly as if it were made of clear rubber. I could have jumped outside through the window, because I didn't have the ticket, but I didn't. Another thing that prevents me from my escape is the fact that in my lucid dreams I always want to confront danger. To prove that I can do anything in my dreams, I catch the controller's pants and pull them down. She is neither surprised nor resists.

Now I am not interested in the situation on the bus, and I want to fly over the surface of the moon. My wish is ignored, and instead of flying I land on a concrete square surrounded by two solid walls.

13. Rabbit in the Bus

Knowing from the beginning that I'm dreaming I stand inside a crowded bus next to the ticket puncher. This may be a bus going from Piotrkowska Street to Freedom Square in Lodz. I want to punch my ticket to learn what winning lottery numbers will be drawn this coming Saturday. The ticket puncher spits out a paper tape with four rows of numbers, and ten numbers in each row. (I tried to remember the numbers in the first row, but I forget them after waking up.) Some numbers were the same. After taking a seat on the left I stick my two fingers into the window glass. After some small resistance, the glass moves outside as it were made of rubber. The controller dressed in a black uniform, approaches me, asking me for a ticket. "I don't have any," I reply. To get rid of him, I decide to turn him into a rabbit by touching his uniform. "It's not working," I think after touching him. Another quick look at the floor changes my thoughts. I can see a rabbit with a whitish-grey tail, running away from me. No; I make a proud announcement to the all people in the bus: "Didn't I say, that I can do it!."

From now on, I want to be an observer on this bus. Outside of the bus it is very dark, but the place where I sit is very well lit, because I am close to the ceiling lamp. Again, I demonstrate to the people the trick of sticking a finger into the window. Somebody tries to follow me, but with no luck. The glass is real for him. To make an even bigger impression on the people on the bus, I push the window with my head. The glass bends like rubber, and now I look at the people from the outside. When I pushed my head outside of the glass. I had my mouth open and I got some small pieces of glass in my mouth. They were like tasteless

jello balls. After pulling my head back inside the bus, I look at the glass and see that it's not transparent in the place where my head was. The glass looks as if it were painted with frost. I know why. There is something missing in the glass: the glassy jello balls I still have in my mouth. I open my mouth and glassy balls fly back to the glass as if they were attracted by a magnet. The window is clear again, as it was before. No trace of the frosty patterns.

Now I try to heal my haemorrhoids, but with no luck. The dream comes to an end. Before I open my eyes, I can see a picture reminding me of a mosaic or mandala.

14. My Hands

In my dream I lie on my bed trying to watch my hands. There is no way I can see them. I can see my arms, forearms, and my wrists, but my palms and fingers are invisible, as if they were cut off. I know that my hands are there and they are perfectly invisible. I still focus my inner eyes on my hands and now I can see that they are made of liquid glass, similar to the body of a being from the movie Predator, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. I keep on looking at my hands and now I can see a fine aura around my fingers. I still guess about the shape of my palm. Another look at my hands and now I can see them, but they don't look like mine. I have no feelings in my hands and they are very long and flexible, as if they were made of rubber. They are also paler than my real ones. I can see that on my right hand, the middle and ring fingers are joined together by a small membrane.

Now into the room enters my wife's grandmother, and a small child plays

on top of my quilt. I decide to pass through the wall near my bed. With my hands like spoons, I want to remove plaster from the wall, trying to avoid any hard obstacles like steel rods or electric cables. When this job is done, I enter the wall head-first. I move slowly through the wall, without any obstacles. The wall is very thick, so the penetration of it seems to be endless. I stretch my right hand through the wall as far as possible and I can feel empty space. I'm about to reach the other side of the wall. Now, being on the other side of the wall, I think, "It took me a long time to go to the other side of the wall. Much more than traveling to the moon in my other dreams."

15. Flower Please

I lie in the bed of my wife, in Poland at Rogozinskiego Street. All our family is there, including my wife's sister Mirka. I can hear the walking upstairs and I can see them through the slightly open door.

I run to this door, trying to lock it, but I can't because I didn't close it before. I suspect that I may be dreaming, so I want to test the environment. After running to the balcony door, I try to open it and get outside. On my way out, I struggle with a bunch of strings for drying clothes. Finally I get free, jumping down. Falling down happens in slow motion; that makes me sure that I'm dreaming. In a situation like this, I say to myself: "I'm dreaming." Because falling down takes a lot of time, I use it to remove my clothes, throwing them to the left and right. The interesting thing is that my clothes are falling down faster than I am.

There is a girl down there close to my landing place who is staring at me.

After stopping in the air, about one meter above the ground, I take her in my arms. The girl doesn't resist - quite the opposite; she puts her arms around my neck, and is ready for flight. Now we are heading north, being all the while one meter above the ground. She still doesn't believe that she is flying! Finally we make a stop on a small hill.

Now I want to show her something. When I stretch out my index finger, a small flower pops up from it. I tell her that this is an artificial flower, but it looks real. I also tell her that there are no two identical flowers in nature, but that I can make two identical artificial flowers. To prove it, I stretch out my middle finger, saying: "Flower, please."

After a short hesitation, the second flower pops up from my finger. We compare this flower to the first one and agree that they are identical.

16. Checking Parents

I am about to leave my parents (in my dream) in Lodz, Poland, and come back to Canada, where I live now. During my visit in Poland, I went to watch how soccer players warm themselves up before a game. The ball kicked by one player, rolls slowly in my direction. I want to kick the ball back to them, but after my kick, the ball goes in the wrong direction. I can see a list on the grass, half-filled with the names of soccer fans sitting around the soccer field. This is a contest, and the person who predicts the score of today's game will win a prize. I take the list in my hand to sign, but after a second thought, I put it down on the grass. I don't want anybody here to know my name and address in Canada.

I leave the soccer field and am walking down Piotrkowska Street. I pass

my father's barber shop. The shop is closed, so I cross the street and come up to the store with some empty shelves placed outside the store, along the walkway, for pedestrians. I can see my parents standing close to the shelves. I can see their backs turned to me. My dad is closer to me. He asks me to help my mom by passing her a heavy shopping bag. I wait until my mom empties one of the shelves. After my mom wipes dust from the shelf, I place her shopping bag on the shelf. I know that my dad passed away, so I want to touch his back with my index finger to check if he is a real person. My finger passes through his body, which convinces me that he has no body. Now I approach my mom and I want to check her body too. When I try to touch her there is no resistance and my finger passes through her body as well. "I don't understand! My mom is alive, so why can my finger penetrate her body?" I think in my dream.

After second thought, I know. In my dream there is no difference between a person who has passed away and a person who is alive; neither have a body because they are in my dream. My dream comes to an end, but before I open my eyes, I see for a second a face similar to mine. The face is rather calm. I can see his uneven teeth through his open mouth.

17. Who or What

After waking up from that dream, I can say that somebody or something was sitting on my bed while I was sleeping. I'm sleeping and I'm aware of it. In my dream, somebody or something calls me, wanting me to look in his/its direction while heavily sitting on my bed. When he/it sat on the other side of my bed, my side where I lay rose up. I could feel and hear this sitting. I was not

afraid, but I didn't want to look in this direction. I couldn't find any logical explanation of where he/it might be sitting. My bed is for one person, so there is no room to sit. The lack of logical explanation in this situation convinced me that in dreams, anything is possible and cannot always be rationally explained. In that instant, I was alone and awake.

18. Looking for a Letter

The landscape around me is covered with snow. "It's impossible," I think. There is no snow outside right now. That fact triggers my awareness that I'm dreaming, but I have no final proof of it. All the actions in this dream that I observe and partake in take place through a veil of uncertainty. The dream is semi-lucid.

In a concrete backyard a few steps below me and to my right side, I can see a trigonometric figure. The figure has a pyramid shape and waits for me. There is something unusual in it. I can feel a foreign energy emanating from this pyramid. It is about my height. Not being afraid of it and out of curiosity, I step down and come closer to it. Standing a few meters in front of it, I can feel that something or somebody scans me in perfect silence. In spite of the fact that the pyramid now scares me, I try to communicate with it, but no voice can pass my throat. I start giving it signs by waving my hands, but my hand signs are not understood - even by me. The pyramid responds by sending low signs that are meaningless to me, and the encounter with the pyramid ends. Now I find myself in the street, running parallel to the overcrowded streetcar in the city of Lodz, Poland. People from the streetcar can see me running, taking off my

clothes and throwing them to the left and right. I have removed all of my clothes, except for my undershirt. I can't get naked. Every time I try to take off my undershirt, I find that I wear another one, and that action has no end. Being aware of the dream and the fact that I can't be completely naked in my dream, I start thinking of what to do next.

I want to find a letter that my daughter Marlana hid from me. I want to read it. To be more exact, I want to find a hidden word in that letter. Here comes a stranger with a big letter in his hand. The letter is addressed using black felt pen. After another look, I know that this is not the letter I am looking for. Somebody pulls my leg in my dream now. I start spinning like a top, and I want to be in my house; in no time, I find myself there. The house I'm now in looks more spacious than in real life. I see Marlana coming out from the bathroom. My body is naked, so I cover myself with a towel. Standing in the hallway, I ask her to read the letter out loud for me. She doesn't want to read the letter, because it contains an "unpleasant" word. I ask her again, but she refuses to read it.

I'm back in the street, running naked. Somebody to my right joins me and we run together. I speed up, but so does he. Being still ahead, I can see the red lights of an intersection that we are approaching. We don't need to slow down or even stop before the intersection. We are so fast, that we can go between the cars as if they were not moving at all. The only problem is not to bump into any car in front of us. We pass the intersection safely and learn that the street ends here. We slow down and stop at the seashore.

Suddenly I want to see my hands in my dream. I want to see them from

both sides, and they look normal. I don't trust what I see, and I have the impression that my left hand index finger is going to be getting longer soon.

19. Golden Balls

We are going to move out. Some of our stuff is already in the bus and the rest of it is at home. My wife Bozenna and my daughters Marlena and Krystyna are still in the living room. I can see inside my house that dirty-black water is floating down the concrete floor. Outside it is raining. I want to take the last picture of my living room and walk away. I'm now in the street looking for the bus, but it's too late; the bus has already left. I want to go back to my house, but I can't find it. I know why - because I'm dreaming. After putting my hands to my mouth, I start screaming: "I'm dreaming!" and after that another scream: "I want to find Marlena's letter!" Almost every time I voice a wish in my dream, something happens.

This time, a strange force pushes me forward. I'm half-scared and half-curious, wondering what may happen to me next. The unknown force stops pushing me. I find myself in the dark basement of an unknown building, close to a concrete wall. There is a bag lying on the floor in the corner of that basement. The bag is made of a net material. The loops are big enough that I can see small boxes inside of the bag. After untying the top of the bag, I pull the whole bag to the middle of the cellar. With a second look inside the bag, I can see a lot of golden, shiny balls. They remind me of the Chinese golden balls that my wife rolls between her fingers for relaxation and health purpose. I'm a little bit scared, but it doesn't prevent me from stretching my hand and pulling two balls out of the

net. Looking at the balls I think how they are related to Marlana's letter, but I can't figure it out. This was my last thought before I woke up.

20. Hopeless Case

Looking at the ground between my feet, I can see a few coins: quarters, dimes and nickels. Speaking of dimes, I'm not sure if I can see them. After looking at a 25-cent coin, I realize that I'm dreaming. As in most situations like this, I scream: "I'm dreaming!" Nothing happens. My next scream is, "My 6/49 friend and guide, help me!" After a while, I can see a big house located in the middle of a forest or park. It looks new and has few levels. I'm convinced that this is my house. After a short hesitation, I voice another request in my dream: "I want Jeremy Acres (my apartment building manager from the building where I live in waking life) to be healthy!" I can hear very clearly the voice coming from above my head. The voice sounds like a judge's sentence and it's final: "This case is hopeless, he will die soon" (maybe in 3 minutes or 3 hours, I thought). The voice I heard was not mine and I was 100% sure of it. The voice was so clear and loud, and I have never heard any voice like this in my dreams before! I wanted to ask that super being for something else, but there was no response.

In my real life, I met Jeremy later and I was happy to see him alive.

21. Healthy Rectum

In my dream I walk through the park. Two girls approach me from the opposite direction. From a distance I think they have black skin, but when they are close to me their skins turn brown. One of the girls, for no reason, jumps on

me like onto a horse, and then quickly gets down. We split and I keep on walking. Now I can see more and more people walking in the park. Three policewomen are passing me without any problems. The older policewoman, also for no reason, yells at me: "No! No!" "Of course, no", I reply to her, without knowing what she wants. After entering the public washroom, I realize that I'm awake in my dream. That's why I start screaming: "I'm dreaming!" the first time and "I want to have a healthy rectum!" the second time (I had haemorrhoids at that time). Nothing happens after my screams. I think that the public washroom has very thick concrete walls, so nobody outside can hear me. My dreamtime is running out, so I start desperately looking for the exit, with the intention of screaming outside the building. Finally I find exit, and I'm outside.

Now I find myself in the backyard abbey, among monks in brown robes. They have cowls, but not on their heads, and they stand with their backs to me. One of them watches the landscape through the hole in the wall. After a short hesitation, I decide to scream, "I want to have a health rectum!" Next, I voice another request: "I, Peter Siedlecki want to have a healthy rectum!"

Every time I scream, a monk who was watching the landscape turns his head to me and says, "Go ahead." What I understand him to mean is, "You can scream as many times as you please, I don't care." The other monks don't pay any attention to me. I keep on screaming, but nothing happens in my dream. When I'm done with screaming, all the monks walk away and I'm left with a sore throat.

After waking up, I didn't have any pain in my throat, and my wife who was

sleeping beside me didn't hear my screams. Of course she couldn't - my action took place in another dimension.

22. Billow

I lay in my bed asleep, but aware of my dreaming. "I want to fly to the sun!" I voiced my intention in my dream. No problem. I'm right away in the air in a horizontal position, flying headfirst toward the rising sun. The whole flight takes place a few meters above the surface of the ocean. Quickly looking down, I can see a big whale swimming with me. The whale jumps in and out of the water while swimming. I start yelling at it, "Through the power of my subconscious, I love you!"

The whale, while swimming, sends strange and incomprehensible sounds to me.

Now I look back and I can see in the air a whitish being following me. It flies with me for the distance, about half a meter behind me. "It must be a billow separated from the ocean", I think. The billow has very visible, big eyes, and his body forms an irregular, transparent cylinder. He just wants to follow me. I don't like being followed by anybody or anything. Stretching my left hand back, I try to grab his body to pull him and place in front of me. I can feel his body in my hand. It's fluffy and stiff like foam, but it's also a fragile and harmless sponge, which I don't understand. But the billow doesn't want to be first, so I stop holding him in my hand. "It must come from the ocean," I think again about the billow and wake up.

23. Lottery Again

This is a lucid dream from the very beginning. Wearing earplugs and with no luck, I look for lottery numbers in my dream. It's Friday and I want to know the winning numbers for tomorrow draw. I see girls in my dream approaching me, so I ask them to forecast the winning numbers. The girls are caught by surprise and try to avoid the answer. I think for a while and ask them again, "What are the winning numbers drawn in the Vancouver, BC, Canada lottery?"

There is no response from the girls, so in despair I start pounding the ground around me with my fists. This action makes me sink into the soil, headfirst. The soil is soft and I feel no resistance at all. In no time I'm completely immersed in the ground. I keep on digging with both of my hands, moving deep into the earth. After a short digging, I can feel liquid mud on my face. I'm not sure what to do now, but I decide to dive deeper into it. I'm now in liquid mud, but I have no problem in breathing. I try to scream something, but no force moves me, which is what happens frequently after a scream.

From that point, my memory is gone and I have a regular dream with no control.

24. Black Bear

I take a lesson in flying around the kitchen table. There is a small boy, four or five years old with his grandpa in the room where I fly. The boy asks his grandpa: "Why is that man, pointing at me, swimming without water?" This is a very tough question for the grandpa, so he tries to avoid the answer. I give the boy a very quick answer:

“Because the water has dried up!”

After speeding up, I fly out of the room and want to continue the flight around the group of people in the park, where I’m heading now. I greet people I meet on the way by waving my hand, and they wave back to me. They are not surprised that I can fly. My flying position is horizontal, with my head out front. I try to speed up by changing the position of my hands into a delta figure, but nothing happens and I slowly land on my feet.

There is a small wolf close to my landing place. The wolf looks into my eyes and bites me right away on my right hand. My hand is very sore. Knowing that wolves’ bites in dreams shouldn’t be painful, I ask the wolf a question: “Why are you biting me?” but I’m getting no answer.

Next, I walk through the woods, still aware of dreaming and fishing for girls, but with no success. I keep on walking, and I can see a black bear sitting in the bushes not far from me, and watching me. It is lurking with its mouth slightly open. My first reaction was to avoid meeting with the bear, but the second thought was to confront the danger, as Patricia Garfield recommends in her book *Creative Dreaming*. After approaching the bear, I catch his jaws with my hands, open its mouth wider and jump inside. When holding the bear’s mouth with my bare hands, I tried to be careful. I didn’t want my fingers to be bitten off by the bear. After jumping inside the bear, the bear disappears. In the place where the bear was, now I can see a beautiful blond girl smiling to me. Her hair forms a floating wreath with flowers woven into it.

25. Tunnel

I check my environment to see if it is real or not, by knocking the door with my bent finger. Another knock at the door. The sound that is made by my finger seems to be normal. My finger doesn't penetrate the wood, either. I don't believe what I hear, and keep on checking. This time the door, after a short hesitation, gives way and I have success. I find myself on the other side of the door without opening it! When I look back, I see that it was not a door I passed through, but a wall with a window. Whether I have passed the wall or the glass, I'm not sure.

Now being outside, I can see from a distance many flickering stars. I voice my wish to fly to any star, and I start flying instantly. "It takes more time to fly to a star than I expected," I think in my dream. I want to speed up, but I find myself in tunnel. I still fly in the tunnel, which is getting more and more narrow at the end. It has no exit, so I start moving backward in the tunnel. Now I am again in the apartment where I started my flight. From now on I have a regular dream with neither control nor memory of what happened in it.

26. The Truck Can't Hit Me

I know that I am awake in my dream, from the very beginning. To prove it, in my dream nobody or nothing can hurt my body, so I decide to sit in a meditation position in the middle of a heavy-traffic road. The road is wide with many lanes, and I sit with my legs crossed, right after a slight curve. Oncoming cars try to avoid collisions with me. The drivers make a rapid turn to the left or to the right, passing next to me. Nobody brakes here. Some drivers don't see me or notice me too late to make any turn, and they pass through my body. One truck

driver couldn't turn in time and his truck, without even slowing down, went through my whole body, but I don't feel anything. I calmly watch this passage, knowing that in my dream the truck can't hit me. There will be a big article in tomorrow's newspaper about me sitting in the middle of the road and meditating without any harm.

27. Beyond the Universe

Just before I fall into this dream, I had shivers through my whole body. Being aware of my dream, I voice the following wish: "I want to be five meters beyond the Universe." Right after that, I find myself flying through space in a sitting position, with my bent knees in front of me. On my way, my body penetrates any obstacles, no matter how thick they are. If there is any problem with that, I crush them just by stretching out my hands. My wish to travel faster is not fulfilled. (I may be wrong about that, but I don't feel any acceleration, to say the least.)

Now in front of me, I can see a huge ball, and I am not certain if entering it is safe for me. "The ball may have high temperature. But on the other hand, my soul can handle it," I think in my dream. After that consideration, I find myself inside among beings who look like people. Being speechless, I try to communicate with them, using only my hands. What I try to explain are two words: "God? Me?." I am not sure what my intention is; it seems that I want to see God. In response to my request to see God, a giant ladle - slightly flattened into a vertical position - is displayed to me. The ladle is half-filled with dough or other food in liquid form.

28. Purgatory

During the day prior to this dream I was tired, but this fact didn't prevent me from having a lucid dream. Becoming aware of my dream state from almost the very beginning of my dream, I voice my wish to visit heaven, but this wish is not fulfilled. "Maybe I don't deserve to be there," I think in my dream. "Let's try something else." My second wish, voiced loudly in my dream, is to go to purgatory. This time, permission is granted and I find myself instantly among the group of people who lay flat, close to each other. The scene I watch is somehow two-dimensional, like in a picture. The people seem to be imprisoned here in that position, waiting for something or somebody to set them free.

29. Seeing God

With some difficulties, I detach myself in my dream state from my body, starting with my right hand. I get up, leaving my body in the bed. Coming up to the door, I pass through it without opening it. There are two more doors to pass through. After penetrating the second door, I stand in front of the third one. This door is different from the first two: this is a swinging door, and I have to think about how to pass through it. The door resists when I try to immerse my body into it, so I have to use my hands and push the door slightly. It helps, and I find myself outside.

Now I wish loudly to be with God. After a short waiting time, I find myself in cosmic space, flying with high speed. I want to speed up the flight, and this is what I express in my second wish. When that wish is spoken, I see myself moving towards an unknown star. I reach this star very quickly, and find myself

inside it. The surface of the star on which I walk reminds me of the surface of the earth. While walking, I meet beings no different from humans.

Being in an unknown city among those “people,” I try to communicate with the first one I meet. “Who are you?” I ask that being, who appears to me to be a male. In answer, I hear a very long, singular word that I do not understand in the least. To translate this word into my native language (Polish), I touch his chest with my fingers. Using his chest like a computer keyboard, I reprogram his speech so that it can be understood by me. Now we can speak Polish to each other. After that, he sends me to another male, who gives me red coral beads with small, carved sticks. Taking these things, I am advised to go to a small shop where a female being waits for me.

Using my beads and sticks, she starts building a small project. Watching her hands, I am slowly losing my awareness of dreaming. From now on, my dream is a regular one. In that part of my dream, I vaguely remember that I had another material request for God, and at the end, I am thankful to God for everything He did for me.

30. Some Money

Walking with Susanne, my friend’s wife, through the fields, I have a chat with her. While I talk to her, she holds her hand under my arm. Being aware of my dreaming, I ask her: “May I say something?” “Of course,” she replies. “I want to have some money,” I say, looking at her. Instantly, everything disappears, and I find myself in the middle of a crowded shopping mall. “I want to have some money!” I start screaming again.

Suddenly the mall manager appears, trying to quiet me. In response to his attempt, I take off all my clothes, throwing them to the left and right. Naked, I approach the manager, punching his eye with my fist. "Do you want another punch to your second eye?" I ask him. "Of course not," he answers, so I start a conversation with him. "Frankly, I don't want free money, but a better-paying job than I have right now," I explain to him. My awareness fades away and the next part of my dream is forgotten.

31. Magician

I am in a bed with Theresa, a girl whom I have known since I was five years old. A small boy comes up to us, trying to give us a slice of ham. I notice that he wears on his wrist a Seiko watch that is worth only five dollars. "It can't be so cheap, I must be dreaming," I think in my dream. That conclusion triggers my awareness of a dream state, and from that point on, I can control my dream.

My next step is to voice loudly: "I want to be a magician!", but nothing happens. Angry that my dream doesn't change, I sit in the middle of a sidewalk with my legs crossed to meditate. "Sitting here neither helps nor is safe to me," I think, getting up.

I keep walking down the popular street in Lodz, Piotrkowska. "I haven't been here for fifteen years," I think in my dream. "You have beautiful lips," I say to a passing girl. On my way, I can see two wild animals crossing the street to avoid being hit by falling tree trunks. I notice that the right part of the street is full of snow. "What happened here?" I think in my dream, which from this point forward becomes a regular one.

32. Street Sign

Being aware of my dream, I jump out of a balcony of an apartment in Poland, where I had lived before. Now I am back on the balcony, trying to jump out again. This time I am not sure about my dream state, but after a short hesitation I make the decision to jump. It's dawn and I can't clearly see the place where I'm going to land. On my way down and just before landing, I hit the street sign with my feet. After safely finding myself on the ground, I see that the street sign I hit turned into a shovel. I take it and walk with as with a sword, with the tip pointing forward.

There is a man coming to me from the opposite direction. When he is quite close to me, he asks me to lower my shovel. After doing so, he asks me to take my shovel apart. This time I refuse, seeing no reason to do this. The stranger begins to argue with me, so I start removing my all clothes and throwing them around.

When I take off my undershirt, another one appears on its place. When I try to remove that one another one appears... it's a never-ending story. Not knowing what to do with my reappearing undershirts, I throw an apple into the back of my underwear.

33. Forever Plus Five Minutes

All cars in this one-way street in my dream are moving backwards, and so does the car I drive. To be more difficult, I sit in the front of my car, on the passenger side, while driving. An attractive girl walks down the street and when she passes my car, I stop and without leaving my seat, I open with my left hand

the back left door of my car. Can you imagine how I did it? I can't.

She has big breasts, so I want to invite her to my car, trying to gently scoop her with my left hand. My hand must have been very long, if I could reach her without leaving my seat. She refuses and steps into a streetcar. I am not a quitter, so I follow her and instantly I find myself next to her in the streetcar. Not being shy at all, and in the presence of all the passengers, I ask her loudly: "Would you like to be with me forever plus five minutes?" The people and the girl are astonished, and there is a short silence in the streetcar after my question. Finally, the girl replies to the question: "What would your wife say about it?" "I promise not to tell her," I say, giving her an instant answer.

34. My Astral Body

There is a Russian fellow in my room. Talking to him in Russian, I try to count from one to twenty. I make a mistake when saying nineteen, and he corrects me. We are in an apartment building in Lodz, and after recognizing the place, I become lucid. Now I want to check my neighbour's room, so I pass through the wall.

After being on the other side of the wall, I don't want to act like an intruder, so I hide myself behind a high, bushy plant standing on the floor. Unfortunately they notice my presence, so I have to explain to them how I got here. They know me and we chat in a friendly way. The topic of our conversation is lucid dreaming. I explain to them what happens to my body when I sleep. The explanation is simple: "When I sleep, my material body stays in the bed, but my astral body can travel and pass through the wall."

35. Best Mantra

Piotrkowska Street in Lodz, where I walk, is very crowded. To have a better view, I jump to a nearby windowsill. Turning my head slightly back, I can see a man behind the window of the building on which I stand. The man has a long, thick moustache and looks very serious. I don't want to shut out his view of the street, so I jump down. He must be an important person, because people in the street ask me where he is. "Is that person Lech Walesa?" I ask myself. Not caring about his importance, I realize that I'm dreaming.

Before my dream ends, I voice in my dream the following question: "What is the best mantra for me?" Now my view is covered with fog, and in the middle of it I can see clearly a door. This is a big wooden, carved door leading to a church. What church? I don't know, because my dream ends at that moment.

36. My Dream Master

I am awake in my dream, and in that dream I lay on my bed. Looking at my index finger, I can see the tip of it is dirty, as if it were immersed in black ink. After touching my penis with the dirty finger, the penis stretches out - first a few centimetres, and next becoming very thin, it reaches a few meters in length. Next to me on another bed, I see my parents sleeping. Watching the quilt of my bed for a long time, I can see small black insects wiggling their bodies. There are also tiny leeches and another unidentified small creature. Looking at those insects on my quilt, I say loudly: "My dream master...In response to my request, I can see a picture of an empty face with no eyes. The face, made of a yellowish metal, reminds me of a hockey goalkeeper's mask.

That was all what I saw before waking up.

37. Streetcar

I walk with a girl and we are heading towards the streetcar stop. The street-car is already there and the girl gets in first. Unfortunately, the automatic doors are closed behind her, and it is too late for me to get in. I am not going to chase it, even if my girl is inside. I will wait for the next one. Here, in no time at all, arrives the next streetcar. Getting inside, I look around and see a lot of passengers.

Because I know I am dreaming, I want to make an announcement to all the people. To be heard better, I move to the front of the street-car, saying loudly: "If you people are only a creation of my brain, you will disappear right now." My speech doesn't make any impression on the passengers. They neither disappear nor pay any attention to me. They seem to be preoccupied with whatever they are doing. I think I don't exist for them.

Looking around, I can see an acquaintance of mine sitting at the back of the vehicle. I can't recall his name, but it doesn't stop me from talking to him. "Could you tell me the future winning lottery numbers?" I ask him. He must be drunk, because the smell of alcohol comes from his mouth when he smiles as he gives an answer to me. The answer is: "I don't know."

38. Talking to my Dream Master

I find myself on the balcony of my mom's apartment in Lodz. The balcony is wet and there is no handrail. After realizing that I am in a dream state, I jump

down from the third floor. Landing in a thick gravel takes place in a slow motion. A middle-aged woman passes by from right to left. Her beauty is average and she pays no attention to me. I want to do something consciously in my dream. "I want to meet a dream master," I repeat few times in my mind, but nothing happens. Facing the sky, now I scream the same request again: "I want to meet a dream master." This time, an unknown force lifts me up into the air, pushing me in an unknown direction. I move in a horizontal position, with my feet out in front. "I want to fly faster," I say now, and my wish is granted. I can feel that my legs are being stretched; this is the proof of my acceleration.

Shortly afterwards, I find myself in an office with a very narrow entrance. I can see many shopping carts around. Going to the registration desk, I grab a golden application, which I choose not to fill in. Now I talk to a woman who accepts all applications. "What is your case related to?" she asks me. "Financial," is my short answer. "What else?" she asks again. "Health and maybe peace," is my second short answer. I keep on talking to her, but all our conversation has slipped my mind. After awakening from this dream, I am convinced that the other me is still there in the office, talking to that woman.

39. Artificial Channel

Standing on the ground, I am aware of my dream environment. My intention is to dive to the ground in order to reach the middle of the earth. After my first attempt, my body immerses only half way, and I am stuck in the soil upside down by a wide running river. The river runs so fast that I'm not sure whether I can dive into it or not. After a second thought, I plunge into it. Now I fly

parallel to the river, looking for the deepest place. After finding it I dive, moving towards its muddy red bottom. After hitting the ground, I walk under the river against its current. Breathing is not a problem here. Looking around, I can see there is no fish here. My strolling under the water ends at the concrete gate where the river flows through. "It must be an artificial channel," I concluded after waking up from my dream.

40. Three Witches

I stroll along the sidewalk of Rogozinskiego Street, from the first entry of my mom's apartment building to the third one. Suspecting that I am having a dream, I immediately sit on a sidewalk with my eyes wide open. I can see a big black dog - or maybe a wolf - slowly walking up to me. The dog probably wants to know why I am sitting here. I am sure that in a dream, nobody or nothing can hurt me (unless I so choose), so I don't move while waiting. Watching the dog coming, I don't change my position. Now he is so close to my face, my view of him becomes blurred. Not sure of what to do now, I try to be calm and keep on waiting.

The dog disappears and in his place I can now see three witches. They are old, with crooked noses. After getting involved in a conversation with them, I learn that they are representatives of a certain cult or religion that is popular all over the world. They give me their business card, with no telephone number on it. At my request, they give me their number and I write it on the back of the card. Now my view becomes unclear and the dream turns into a regular one - a part of my dream that has slipped from my mind.

41. Truck Hanger

Hanging from the front of a running truck, I am aware of my dreaming state. After an unsuccessful attempt to stop the truck - just by wishing it - I climb up to see the people in the truck. For a moment I can see a driver and his passenger. While hanging on to a metal bar attached to the truck with my right hand, I try simultaneously to examine my body with my left hand. During that check-up, I try not to touch any rotating parts like the transmission belts. Moving my left hand down along the legs, I can say they are. Now I want to test my belly. This is going to be an internal examination. I stick first two fingers and next the whole palm inside my body. No pain, no feeling.

42. Ticket Collector

A ticket collector in a streetcar, instead of checking passengers' tickets, gives the tickets to all passengers who don't have them. Fumbling for the change, I find some pennies in my pocket. The collector is a woman dressed in a black uniform. She gives me a lot of tickets for my pennies. When looking at the tickets, I realize that some of them are already punched. "That's strange, she gave me bad tickets," I think, trying to find a good one. "Who cares about punching the ticket," I think in my dream, looking at the girl standing nearby. She has big black eyes and dark hair. "You are beautiful," I say loudly in the streetcar. The woman repeats to her daughter, sitting next to her: "I am beautiful."

On the next stop, another woman gets onto the streetcar, sitting right behind me. She wears a tight sweater so I can see her beautiful breasts. Pretending to be very sleepy and without turning my head back, I reach for her

breasts with my left hand. "That is perfectly legal," I think in my dream. (When I sleep, I can do anything.) After my hand touches her breast, in front of me instantly appears my wife. Looking at us, she knows immediately what is going on here! Now I look at my wife's face and notice that her face turns for a split second into a devil's face, and then returns back to a normal one. That moment reminds me of a scene from the movie Devil's Advocate with Al Pacino, which I have seen recently.

43. Postponed Sex

Being aware of my dream, I look for any girl in the street to have sex with - a girl who wants it. In my dreams, there are no laws to break, and I am not going to be shy at all. To make affairs easier, I remove my underwear and walk naked. I don't force any girl or woman to have sexual intercourse with me. While scooping with my left hand the girl I meet, I ask her a question: "Do you want to have sex with me?" When a girl refuses, I leave her alone without any questions. Almost all of them don't want to have sex with me.

Finally I find one girl who says: "Yes," but she doesn't want to have sex with me in the middle of the sidewalk. "Where do you want to go?" I ask her. "Let's go and hide in a staircase of the next apartment building," she proposes. We go there and have fun for a while. "Can we meet again? How can I recognize you in my next dream?" I ask her. My second question seems to be logical, because the same person in the next dream can have a quite different appearance.

In my next dream after that one, I am aware of a dream state and meet

the girl from the first dream. I was right about her different appearance, but not in the way I thought. "Do you want to have sex with me?" I ask her now. She gives me no answer right away, and when I look at her, I see that she is pregnant! "So fast, how could it happen?" I think. Ignoring her pregnancy, I ask her again: "Do you want to have sex with me?" Permission is granted so we go to a remote, un-rented apartment building. When we are about to entertain ourselves, the manager of this building opens the door of the apartment we are in. He is with an older couple who wants to rent this suite. Our sex has to be postponed.

44. Log Home

It's very dark in my dream. Being aware of my dream state, I take a piece of paper and draw a picture of a house. The house becomes real. The house is made of dark brown wooden beams. This is a very simple log house that I wanted to buy, but I couldn't afford it. Looking inside, I realize that the house is not finished yet. It has no walls at all. I will spend a lot of time completing the building of my dream house. I don't have any specific plan how to do that, but one thing is for sure: I WILL HAVE A HOME.

III Recommended Books on Dreams

This section offers a listing of books that the author has referenced time again during his experiments with lucid dreaming, and which he highly recommends for people interested in this medium.

1. Garfield, Patricia. Creative Dreaming
2. Castaneda, Carlos. The Art of Dreaming
3. LaBerge, Stephen. Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming
4. LaBerge, Stephen. Lucid Dreaming
5. Gackenbach, Jane. Control Your Dreams
6. Auerbach, Lloyd. Psychic Dreaming
7. Delaney, Gayle. Living Your Dreams
8. Reed, Henry. Getting Help From Your Dreams
9. Harary, Keith and Weintraub, Pamela. Lucid Dreams in 30 Days
10. Dunne, J. W. An Experiment with Time

IV Contact the Author

If you wish to contact the author to make any comments related to his book,
Please visit his website or send an email to the address below.



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<http://www.angelfire.com/magic2/luciddreamer26/index.html>