

Whispering Between Realms: A Journey Through Dreams and Self-Discovery

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WHISPERING BETWEEN REALMS: A JOURNEY THROUGH DREAMS AND SELF-DISCOVERY

Disclaimer

This book was written with the help of AI. I am not a professional writer, and my goal is not fame or recognition. I simply want to share my real and personal experiences in the hope that they may resonate with someone else going through similar thoughts or emotions. Everything written here is a true account from my life. Even if you believe it might be made up or generated by AI, I encourage you to read it with an open mind. The meaning and message are genuine, and that's what truly matters.

Table of Content

Introduction.....	4
Chapter 1: The Dream Journal.....	5-6
Chapter 2: My Search for Meaning.....	7
Chapter 3: Hidden Lessons.....	8
Chapter 4: Finding Closure.....	9
Epilogue: A Message for You.....	10

Introduction

This book tells the story of my personal journey—one rooted in self-discovery, dream exploration, and an honest attempt to understand the dialogue between my conscious and subconscious mind. What began as a haunting dream led me to uncover deeper truths about my emotions, fears, and inner strength. This is my attempt to document everything in the hope that others who've had similar experiences but may not yet be ready to open up, might find comfort and clarity in these pages.

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Chapter 1: The Dream Journal

Dream Journal Entry: The Coal Mine, The Bridge, and The Library

Date Recorded: May 4, 2025

I remember waking up one day from a dream that shook me to my core. It wasn't the first time I had dreams set in similar eerie environments, but this one was different. I'm someone who has always enjoyed horror—paranormal stories, ghosts, things that scare most people excite me. I've walked alone in silence at 3 AM through forests and quiet neighborhoods without a flicker of fear. But this dream—this one changed something.

It started in my room, a familiar setting. My parents, younger self, and brother were sleeping beside me on the floor. Everything felt ordinary yet surreal. Then, suddenly, I found myself on a pedestrian **bridge** during the afternoon, surrounded by black-and-white photographs. Two strangers nearby pointed to one photo: "The coal mine incident," one of them said. "Yeah, they were all burned to a crisp," the other replied.

As I looked at them, they turned toward me and started chanting. A black mass loomed behind them. The world turned monochrome—and I woke up. Or so I thought.

Back in my room, I experienced a shared panic. My mom screamed, my dad held me close. She whispered, "It's the same dream again." My

father reassured her, “It’s okay, just ignore them.” My brother remained asleep. We tried to sleep again.

Then I was outside a **coal mine** glowing in the dark, screams echoing from its depth. It felt linked to some horrific ritual. I ran—only to find myself back on the bridge. But now it was night.

Only one photo stall remained: the monochrome one. **A man in a trench coat** appeared. He stared at me, reached into the stall, pulled out a glowing filament bulb, and clicked it off. Everything faded to black.

I woke up—except I couldn’t move. Sleep paralysis. I felt my father’s hand on my back. “It’s okay, he’s protecting me,” I told myself.

But I was still dreaming. My brother was now awake. “Ignore it,” he told my mom. **“It ends in the library.”** My dad muttered, “I knew this house was haunted.”

I looked out the window and saw a scene like a statue diorama. People were being executed outside a library. The trench coat man was kneeling calmly between officers. He looked right at me.

I ducked under the blanket, willing myself to wake up.

I woke up again. This time for real. But I couldn’t move. Again, I felt a presence holding me. I whispered to myself, “It’s okay. I know I’m alone. This will pass.”

And then I truly woke up.

* * *

Chapter 2: My Search for Meaning

After that dream, I couldn't stop thinking. Why did this happen? Was my mind trying to tell me something? I'd recently been walking alone through a dark park every morning at 3 AM for work. Maybe I thought I was fearless—but maybe my subconscious didn't agree.

I've always talked to myself. Not like I have an imaginary friend, but I talk to myself out loud—as a third person. It helps me process things, fix mistakes, appreciate myself. It's like singing in the shower but with conversations.

Over time, I realized I experience two distinct personas:

- In waking life: My inner voice is strong, male, loud, and practical. It yells when I need discipline.
- In dreams: My mind is feminine. Not romantic or sexual, just nurturing. She never yells, never threatens. She shows things softly—even fear.

This realization shook me. My mind—the dream world version of it—was guiding me in a way my waking self couldn't.

* * *

Chapter 3: Hidden Lessons

I now believe that dream was a lesson. A warning. Not from a place of punishment, but from love.

When I took those night shifts, I didn't want them. But my conscious mind said, "Come on, do it. You're fearless. You need the money." And I agreed.

But my subconscious showed me: even if I think I'm brave, I'm still human. I still need care. That's why the man on the bridge didn't chase me—he just turned off the bulb. A soft, silent message.

Fear came not to destroy me, but to humble me.

* * *

Chapter 4: Finding Closure

The final scene was in a library. That stayed with me. I think it symbolizes something powerful.

A library is memory. It's knowledge. It's organization of chaos.

And as I revisited my past through this dream, I remembered other dreams:

- Playing computer games I never owned.
- Going on school trips I was never allowed to attend.

Dreams from my childhood when I felt alone or deprived. My subconscious gave me those moments—not out of fantasy, but out of compassion.

I see it now. My mind has always loved me.

It nurtures me when I feel abandoned.

It corrects me when I get arrogant.

It speaks softly when I can't listen loudly.

And the library—it was never random. It was the place I needed to reach.

The dream ended in the library. And now I see why.

Because all the answers I sought were already inside me.

* * *

Epilogue: A Message for You

If you're someone who's had strange dreams...

If you talk to yourself because no one else will...

If you've felt fear even when you thought you were brave...

Then let this book be your mirror.

You are not broken. You are in conversation with your own mind.

Sometimes the voices are stern. Sometimes soft. Sometimes male.
Sometimes female.

But they all come from love.

Let them speak. Let them scare you. Let them guide you.

Because eventually—you'll find your own library too.

And when you do, you'll be its librarian.

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