

Some random night around 1989 and 1990

This could be perhaps the first dream I had, because I woke up in summersault at the cradle. I was born in Caracas, Venezuela 1987:

I was with my dad inside a cargo train wagon that was transporting straw. The door of the wagon was wide open, and my father was falling out of the wagon. He seemed oddly happy and excited to be falling to his death, while I was very scared grabbing his hand. I remember the arc of his eyebrows were very accentuated and scary. He kept insisting me to let him go, at a point I couldn't hang on anymore and he fell to his death. I woke up crying in the cradle.

10/01/2003

I was 15 years old, overweight with abundant messy hair. In my dream, I was on a sunday trip to Cerro Avila in Caracas, and we were hanging out at the skirt of the mountain. An ornate, golden mirror appeared floating in front of my face, showing that a portion of my hair at the top of my forehead had become white. I expressed my surprise to my father, who immediately borrows me a pair of binoculars to look at the top of the highest peak of Cerro Avila. There I could see a child wearing a pair of glasses that looked like the ones Harry Potter uses, round and black framed. This child was hanging upside down from a tree, like the hanging man on the tarot. He told me to go up the mountain and ask the child to borrow me those pair of glasses, and that would solve the white hair problem.

On my way up the mountain, there was an overwhelming queue of people going up and people coming down. It was a warm day and a blinding sun, and I was feeling very uncomfortable. Now, from the queue of people that was coming down the mountain, I noticed a small child. He was around 9 to 10 years old, brown skin, dirty, with ragged clothes. There was shock in his eyes, like he was just traumatized and in shock. At this point he looks straight to my eyes and falls to the floor, starts screaming and panicking, as if I just woke up the fear he had. I immediately reached out to him to help, but as soon as I touch him, I immediately appear like travelling through a black and purple wormhole at the speed of light. I could hear a woman screaming in despair through the wormhole, begging someone to "take the telescope! Take it with you!". I come back abruptly from the wormhole, in the same spot I entered the wormhole trance, ut now I was alone and it was night already. I was scared, and some ominous whispers starting coming from everywhere telling me to "follow the moon". As I look up to the sky searching for the moon, I concluded that maybe it was New moon, because no moon was in the sky. Suddenly I see a white shiny orb floating to me through the trees, and common sense told me That was the Moon I had to follow. So I did. She guided me through a cave that seemed more like a tunnel, with a very clean cut of the walls, making it perfectly round. The moon goes deeper through the tunnel, stops, and floats up to a hole on the ceiling. I tun to the stop and the moon shows her face through it. Her face was scary and her eyebrows reminded me my father's eyebrows on my first dream. She playfully whispered to me "over here". I was convinced I could fit that hole. I was not strong enough to grab myself up to it, plus I was oversized so it was apparently impossible, but she insisted. So I try grabbing the edge of that hole with my hands and I basically floated through it, fitting through it as easily as if I was invertebrate, like an octopus would. Suddenly I'm

inside the mountain, as if the mountain was hole, and insight was filled with moonlight, cascades, and magical nature. The moon was guiding me to the top, as if I had to go up the mountain, but not by climbing it from the outside, but from the inside. There were stone platforms coming out of the walls, and each platform had a hole that I had to go through, just like the first one that lead me to this scenario in the first place. Most of the dream were efforts to go through these holes, until I reached the last hole to the final level. When I go through this hole, I find myself inside a vertical egg shaped chamber also made of stone, and there was a big perfect oval hole on the wall serving as a window. This window showed me that I was in space, in the company of a red planet bellow, and other planets and stars around. Then, a sound, as if the planets were singing, all in a different note. A sound so powerful I could not describe it, nor reproduce. Like millions of tibetan bowls ringing at the same time. The moon was playing the hostess, she would show me floating, golden, alien artifacts, and she was sometimes changing her color to a bright red, according to her excitement. Then, she told me in a calm manner "look, use the telescope."

There was a small star floating on the edge of the window, and somehow I knew that was the telescope. I touched this star and it immediately transformed into a giant, blue telescope. I spent sometime trying to work with it, but it seemed too hard, I could see anything but black through it, and something told me that, with that whole view, I didn't need it at all. The moon makes an artifact appear that looked like an antique Roman carriage, golden and ornate. I could mount the carriage and I could fly with it, but as soon as I was going to try it, I hear the voice of my mother calling to me: "gordo...". At this, I told the moon I had to live and thanked her because I had so much fun. The moon tells me, in a calm and kind way "take the telescope, take it with you." The same phrase I heard through the wormhole, but calm and beautiful this time. At this, I took the telescope that now it had become a little star again, put it in my pocket, said goodbye again, and let myself down through the hole I came in, waking up in real life.

25/01/2003

I was in the airport. He was in front of the window in the departure gates section, and he could see three tornados coming in my direction.

25/01/2005

The sky was exploding in colors. I was sitting with friends at the shore, and the world was going through an apocalypse. Apparently the Frech were on war with the whole world. It was the third world war. Then I saw in the sky three spaceships, UFO's, sure that they were coming to save us. We walked to a building, where there was a party happening, to pass the word about the UFO's coming to save us, but there was a masquerade/orgy happening, everyone were naked and they didn't seemed interested, so I went to the meeting point with the friends I was with. Along the way, I lost myself from my friends, and found a spot in the bushes with two parallel walls forming a corridor without a ceiling, as well as a ramp made of loose roots. This place was extremely dirty, and I got scared, mainly because there was a wooden crate on the floor, with cut pieces of dogs and cats, exposed as elegantly as sushi would be. Then I heard shouting from french soldiers: I got caught. I tried to climb the ramp but it was useless because it lacked support. So I get on my knees and a french soldier

shoots me in my forehead. I wake up. This dream had the number 3 on it, as well as the tornadoes, and everything seemed as apocalyptic.

27/01/2024

Brand new on the market and approved by the FDA, there were these horseshoe shaped pills that could change your physical features at your desire. You would take one and wait for half an hour, go to the mirror and start imagining what you would look like. You could even **change to another completely different person, you could even change your gender.** So me and a group of friends bought them out of fun and took a whole day to try them. I remember looking at the mirror and my beard started changing to a blonde beard, and somehow my eyes were also becoming blue eyes. There was Jhosaba there, my biologist Venezuelan friend, and I asked her if she was willing to make a podcast in which I would interview her because of this phenomena. She said no, she was actually preaching me because those pills were extremely dangerous and nocive, so she didn't want to participate in this. There was a random guy there as well that would be willing to talk about it, so I said in a joke "Im coming with him because unlike you HE DOES WANT to make the interview" so I left with him. I went to his car that oddly looked like my grandpa's old Mercedes. I was in the backseat while we chated but he was not nice. Instead, because the pills could make you change your gender, he was aggressively arguing in the most transphobic way, so I was scared as hell.

28/01/2024

In my awaken life, in my workplace, we have vending machines where we have four snacks per day for free. They are usually healthy. But then I dreamt that they decided to put 1L bottles of beer in these vending machines. They would cost 2 Euros each though, unlike the rest of the snacks that are free. Nothing more.

29/01/2024

I was hanging out with music producers or something close to that. And I was going to sing in a talent show, so I was in the backstage. I had a song I chose to perform, but since I have some insecurities, another one came at the spot, so I sang another one. I was supposed to **sing three songs**, but after the first one, there was these two girls under the stage that took the Mic cable in an "enough" kind of attitude. I was like "oh yeah?!" and I started going to the office to grab a new cable. They got scared and they went all "ok ok ok fine take the cable back", so I sang my second song. This time it was a little difficult because I had a very long blonde wig that was wrapped around by body, but I was singing anyway.

30/01/2024

In a very Looney Tunes fashion, I was oddly the same myself. Tired, depressed, lonely and dealing with my weed addiction recovery. This dream feels as if I was already in Barcelona, even though I've never been there yet. I was in a job that consisted on **controlling things related to showbusiness**, a shadow of my reality controlling youtube content. I was literally in a control tower, like at the airport. There was these celebrity people who were looney tunes characters, and I needed to go there to a concert they were performing at the beach and put a stop to what they were doing, so I climbed a cliff to the top, where there was one of them dressed as a pirate. Once up there, I started talking to him about whatever I was supposed to tell him in order to stop. But there was a weird electric storm coming. **A thunderbolt comes out of the sky and strikes us at the top of the cliff and then everything went black.**

I wake up from the injury in distress. Lavinia and Fran were there. But I was not in a hospital. instead, I was looking gorgeous, well dressed, healthy, as if I were happy and peaceful, as I once used to be. Lavinia told me to calm down and started telling me that 2 months have passed, and that throughout that time, I did so many things I was not able to do before. I actually started a career as a professional singer. I was actually famous. I asked about my room mate, but apparently he kicked me off from his house because I wouldn't stop doing crazy sex stuff at the place. She told me that she never seen me more alive, happy, and I actually became a nice, enjoyable company, never angry at myself or anything or anybody. I was just living the best life. I could see around the city posters with my face. And I was smiling like I smiled when I was a kid.

I was so scared, and I was frustrated as hell because I couldnt remember anything throughout these two months. The rest of the dream I was looking for my mom, my sister and my grandpa. I needed to tell my mom I was ok, and I needed to see how my grandpa was doing (this is important because in real life I have a lot of guilt for not caring enough for him, although I know is because I have many things to hide from him). So my mom was sleeping on his couch, covered in blankets. I have decided in that dream I wanted to be with them. In this case Oporto and Barcelona were kind of the same place. And I didn't want to come back home to Lisbon, and I cried a lot, because I didn't want to feel alone anymore. And I wished I felt the same way that Freddy on a *lightingbold high* felt. I wanted to feel that happiness I apparently felt and saw on those posters. **I wanted to remember that Freddy's lifestyle, so I could continue.**

30/01/2024

I was with my father. He was alive and healthy. Older, but healthy. He was in the company of a friend, and I was basically shaving his head, giving him a nicer, cleaner look. I had lack of shaving foam, so I was using the flesh of a fresh Aloe leaf as a substitute. This dream reminds me of when, in real life, like 25 years ago, I shaved clean my dad's head one time I arrived from vacations from Portugal. Ever since, he maintained the same look, and he looked younger.