



Dream Interpretations



These interpretations are for your help and study, and unto the highest path in dreaming do we wish them. For some odd years now we have been assembling what is believed to be the largest library of dream journals the known dream world. This project has brought with it a few bed sores and many requests to counsel others. We gladly offer a taste of these for you here and wow this has been fun!

1 - After All These Years, I'm Still Naked

<Once upon a time, I dreamt my teeth were falling out during a lecture in college, while I was naked. I went to the bathroom to spit out my bloody teeth into the sink and it felt like hours. Finally, it seemed as if I had one giant spit left. So I puckered my lips, woke up, and then spit on my pillow. What does that mean?>

The first thing we notice is how you're considerably more bothered by losing some teeth during a class than being as yourself in the nude in that class. Secondly, (and to be honest we are agitated with those including yourself) people seem to use the phrase "my tooth fell out"; which is the same way they speak "I fell off the chair". It's not falling, you fools! Your teeth aren't falling anywhere! They're pried from your strange gums or most often they simply pop out and a slide into the rest of your oral cavity. Let us not succumb to the hyperbole of common language! Moving on again...You are in the nude in the classroom and then use the bathroom to spit each of the boney fragments in the sink; the sink is your pillow. Yes, that makes sense. Your teeth are fierce, they are the battlements of your consumptive needs, warriors holding the front line. Chew mother fucker! They are the final measure of defense before your weak and important innards are exposed. This must signify that you are at last completely losing control of your life. We call thee to rejoice and take pride in your naked and toothless contribution to the world!

2 - Brass Jungle Monkey

<Me and [all of] those I've ever cared for and who I cared for how they cared [for me] are crawling through a brass jungle, running from a truth squad that was exacting vigilante truth revenge and [the truth squad] wanted to expose our faults at an interventional court. When we got found out it turns out they were all sent by people loyal to each other.>

You are the reason we dream of dreams night. You are our pillow and blanket, our snore and sleep in the eye. You are the letter Z repetitiously. So, a truth squad you say? And deep in that Brass Jungle...Yes, yes, this is very telling of a distressing subponderance. The truth is chasing you and manages to find you out, you say! It may appear as though you are responsible for some act of misfortune and the Truth-Squad has come to seek justice however this is quite contrary to the real truth. The Truth will not chase you, my child. The Truth moves for no man. The world is insane not worthy of your loyalty. These entities that sought you out and now surround you, they may be worthy of your loyalty. I perceive that you were dream-jumped by a band of music makers who, like you, only wish to continue their dream-life in the Brass Jungle. Hang on my friend! It's going to be a horny ride!