This is a lucid dream report.

I’m a guy. Straight.

The experiment is to get into a Lucid Dream, to imagine myself being a woman, and then to describe my experience and thoughts that appeared due to this.

Let’s go.

I entered a lucid dream.

I’m in my room.

I concentrated.

Deepened.

I think “Okay, what did I want to do”.

I say “I’m a woman”.

I order it. I start concentrating.

The only thing see is my Facebook page.

With tens, thousands, hundreds of thousands of friend requests, messages, invitations etc.

The number seems to grow exponentially.

As the number of requests grows, I become more and more “slutty”. I mean the moment the number growth slows down I become say a lesbian, harass an actress – and the growth speed of the number of friend request grows again, and it seems there’s no end.

I harassed Monica Raymund. She’s a hot Latino in a purple swimsuit. I make her to lie on the floor, and I start jerking off on her. Then I think where did I get a dick from? I’m a woman.

I feel a bad memory. I remember branches of my dream in parallel. I remembered a piece of one branch, then I remember a piece of the another branch, and then the first one again. Not sequentially, not one after another.

So. Envy of not having a dick. Understanding that I lack something that I need to keep growing my initiative. That’s when I woke up. On the feeling that I want to STUFF something into Monica Raymund and I have nothing to stuff.

Oh yeah, I jump on everything shiny that’s next to me. On everything beautiful. Catchy. Whatever I like. I have no doubts like “to get past it” (like a man does, who when takes something, knows that he needs to take care of it, and he cannot take a good score if he knows that taking care of it is not something he can afford).

And I want to talk, talk, talk.

Develop branches of my story without an end. Even though I can’t remember how my story started. And this is it.

And the endless “this is it”, that is never really the end.

Prohibitions of being proactive, because I’ve seen that in the end everything is limited to not having a dick.

I want to respond to everyone, even when I pretend that I don’t want to see anyone.

An endless flow of ideas, and none of them are brought to a conclusion.

I want to go to downtown to be seen. To be looked at.

But I don’t feel a relief from being proactive without having a dick. Because I will always be jumping back and forth without an intention of a man. Of a person who knows where to go. The one who wears a suit on his job. The one who is an anchor in times of a hurricane of my thoughts.

This is it (even though I know that it’s not).

I can’t fix anything. Creating – yes. But not fixing. It is lower than my self-esteem. Demands of fixing something trigger me to argue. Did I create it to fix it now? Did I break it? It’s always the items fault. I do not realize that EVERYTHING breaks. I walk away from this realization. By buying millions of copies of the same thing. A hundred dresses, etc.

Just so that I never have to fix anything.

Redoing is also something I can’t do. It is insulting to me. Whatever came out is beautiful. Specifically, not Good, but Beautiful. A creation has to be beautiful. And only then it has to be Right or Optimized.

I have no understanding that something can get out-of-date. I would never create a thing that can become a thing of the past. I will never create a first iPhone, or polaroid. Because I cannot stand watching how my work dies. Even when I do create something technical, I erase from my memory the fact that it was worse than it became.

I will lie if I have to (about whether something is beautiful or not). But everyone knows what is beauty. What is beautiful and what’s not.

I’m a writer. In a world of readers. All my works have to be respected equally. Not only my last work. I cannot leave my creation behind to be covered by sands of time.

That’s who I am. A creator of everlasting words, things etc. Of everlasting stuff. And I want it to be created by someone who I will be considering a husband.

There. I have nothing to say.

In any direction, in the end of every branch of possible moves, everything is limited to having a dick.

And stupid girls will fight for equal rights. When in reality the problem is that I have nothing to STUFF. That I can’t leave my creation behind to be swept away into the past, even if it’s shitty.

That’s why I want to clean a house etc. Because I hate time.

I don’t understand it. I completely don’t understand the benefit from competition. Because I’ve seen hundreds of thousands of friend requests. I don’t know about the existence of the world where hundreds of thousands of friends come only to the Best guy, and everyone else gets zero requests.

The concept of Being The Best is unknown to me.

That’s why I go to chats. To talk.

Talking helps me walk away from my insane thoughts and to direct them.

I have a LOT of filthy thoughts.

But I’ll keep them only for myself.

Because sharing them is STUFFING.

I don’t know how to give my core to someone so they could use it as their support. Especially when I know that for them it can be unpleasant.

I’m an item. An accessory. I’m a toy on someone else’s Christmas Tree.

My female health is always under suspicion. For men it’s as simple as whether they “have a boner or not”. But for me there many things that can go wrong. Things you can’t see.

Being naked… Oh… Don’t even start. A leverage of a trigger of a path, the end of which is limited by STUFFING.

Complements to my anatomy are always pleasant to me. Every single one. But you can’t buy me with them.

Whoever wants to have sex with me – the only way is to give me something ethereal that I need to protect from time.

That’s why men walk in suits.

An alltime classic.

Because we will not understand if you will be different every day.

I’m an artist. I paint flowers on the doors of your car. On the walls of your house. On everything. I’m like a fucking girl with a pink chalk whose goal is to paint on all the curbs and asphalt in the neighborhood.

Things have to be equal by what they are used for. But not by appearances.

If you have cars, they have to be all different. I will not understand if your vehicle fleet consists of 10 cars of the same model. When all look alike - I don't need any single one of them.

I don’t even need me if I’m the same.

Naked walls are like a madhouse to me.

I want to get lost in my stuff.

Everything that is broken goes to the attic with a cry «to repair when there is a real man in the house».

I’m a gatherer of things that are 90% functional. I keep all the bras that I’ve had since I was 20. Broken dresses. All of this is marked "to finish" and stays in my closet.

This is my hobby. To collect broken stuff. To pick up kittens. That’s what is like to be a woman who was not given something Eternal to look after.

She wants a monument to polish. Cast-iron toys.

Anything that doesn’t last has to be thrown away.

But if there’s a hint of a function... if it can be broken, then it’s valuable. Again, because I hate to fix stuff.

I hate to fix myself as well. I can’t stop myself from bleeding, for example. I need to be repaired. I can’t do it myself. Even if I’m a doctor. I don’t have the heart to do something to me. To STUFF something in me.

I’m a mermaid. I sing songs. I swim with fish. But I stop being that when I get bitten for the first time.

I can write a freaking book called “I’m a woman (from male's perspective)”. I can be writing this book until my fingers bleed. But I’m just a female without a core.

I turn on the projection the moment a picture with a vagina tells me what to do.

A woman doesn’t exist (in singular). There’s only a worldwide network of women. Either you’re with them, or you service them.

I have nothing else to say.

I remember the date and time of all the important events in life. But only the ones that changed me. Because, again, I hate time. I remember them because I am afraid of being in a place where I was changed. It’s traumatic for me.

I’m not good at not listening.

But I’m good at forgetting.

Forgetting stuff that’s not forever.

Because anything temporary is death to me.