

LDE

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LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*



June 13-17, 2026

Annual Dream Conference

International Association
for the Study of Dreams

Ashland Hills Hotel & Suites
Ashland, Oregon

June 13 - 17, 2026

Please join us in the magical dream-town of Ashland in 2026 for the 43rd annual conference of the IASD. You will be in good company with world-renowned keynote speakers and more than 100 presenters from around the globe, offering lectures, symposia, panels, workshops, and morning dream groups, in a multidisciplinary program including the scientific, psychological, spiritual, artistic, healing, lucid, extraordinary, and multicultural aspects of dreaming.

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- 3) Audio-Visual Support positions and
- 4) Art Exhibition.

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Cover Art

Aristotle at Trinity College Library

photograph © Robert Waggoner 2025

Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dreaming Experience is an independently published, reader-supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to lucylde@yahoo.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity. *Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

Subscriptions

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Next Deadline

Submission Deadline: November 15, 2025

We welcome your articles, lucid dreams, and artwork on any topic related to lucid dreaming.

Publication Date: December 2025

LDE Website

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2025

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH LEAH LARWOOD

Lucid
dreamer,
gestalt
psychology
student,
and poet,
Leah Larwood,
shares her
insights into
lucid
dreaming

Leah, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? What did you think when you heard about it?

I've had a very vivid dream life from a very early age. As a child, my dreams felt vibrant, alive and intriguing, even when I didn't really understand them. It always felt like an exciting place to be—to be asleep. (Or else, awake when sleeping.)

My father was instrumental in encouraging my dream world. He too was always deeply engaged in his dreams, and in the morning over breakfast, he'd often ask: *"What did you dream just now? Any interesting dreams?"* So there was a real culture of sharing dreams and engaging with them.

In my teens I recall clearly having lucid dreams, though I didn't know what they were back then. The main themes of these lucid dreams were around action and adventure. I used to have a recurring lucid dream of being a spy or some type of martial arts superhero jumping over rooftops and flying. I then heard about the term 'lucid dreaming' in my late 20s/early 30s. My Dad went to a workshop at Samye Dzong in London. He was there for one of Charlie Morley's (first-ever) lucid dreaming talks, circa. 2008–2009. My Dad returned from the talk very excited. I remember him saying, *"You know that thing we both do in our dreams? Where we can influence things? It's called LUCID DREAMING."*

Mind blown.

With that said, I haven't had as many lucid dreams as I've aged. But I put that down to a couple of things. Four years ago, I started to study gestalt psychotherapy and that involves a lot of psychological processing during the waking hours, it's a deeply growthful experience—the mind needs a break sometimes!

Did you have immediate success with lucid dreaming, or did it take a while? What happened in your early lucid dreams?

I'd already been lucid dreaming before I knew about the term lucid dreaming. After discovering more about the possibilities, my motivation increased, and the lucid dreams seemed to occur very spontaneously, or

at other times with a gentle nudge.

My thirties were very active with regular lucid dreams. Now in my forties, the lucid dreaming quantity has reduced but the quality has almost certainly enhanced. I now have a tendency for fewer lucid dreams but ones with greater psychological or spiritual value. Not always, but this does seem to be generally the gist of things.

In my twenties, I felt real awe about lucid dreaming and feeling excited and curious about the different possibilities within a lucid dream. Often there were experiments and trying out concepts I'd heard about. Things like using a lucid dream to enter into astral projection. Experiencing 'dark dreams' (meditating or 'being with' the lucid dream within a state of darkness, which is said to be something Buddhist monks practise as a way to prepare for the death and dying process, and the bardos that follow). I used to also use lucid dreaming for problem solving, asking the lucid dreams a range of things—enquiring about past lives, asking my dream to 'show me something important' or to meet my unborn child, inner child work, etc. Shadow work has also been a huge part of my journey.

I've also used lucid dreams as a way to support my creative writing process. In fact, it helped me to write my first-ever poetry collection, *Oneironaut*. One of the poems, *Six Lucid Dream Entries*, is directly about a series of memorable lucid dreams I had in my twenties, many with themes of identity, exploration of self, processing grief, and trying to understand the future.

Six Lucid Dream Entries

It began in summer at her loneliest.
Three men sang to her by comet-light,
as they tumbled together in fresh laundry.
She was woken by her mother
dragging her legs off the end of the bed.

In India, she didn't talk for nine days
and ten nights, lived off sweet lentils,
red rice. At dawn, she asked the dream
to show her something important –
she saw the face of her unborn child.

Three midwinters later she was frozen
in a claustrophobic house. Night after night
she would dive in a sea of turquoise oil
above the lemon sharks, as she swam
with hand-drawn starfish in her hair.

In Regent's Park, a beautiful Indian man
with sapphire eyes danced with her.
I am your psyche, your ex-husband.
He took her hand, drew a heart in her palm
with the end of his listless tongue.

Four months after giving birth, tethered
to bricks, mortar and the brink of madness,
she rode her bicycle down St Clements' Hill,
the wind in her blouse, her wicker basket
filled with the freedom of time and eggs.



Leah's book *Oneironaut* can be found at good UK book shops or ordered directly from the publisher, Indigo Dreams Publishing: <https://indigodreamspublishing.com/>.

As you went along, did you have lucid dreams that surprised you? Or led to unexpected events? Tell us about those.

I don't know if other readers will relate to this, but I went through a phase of having lucid dreams, whereby there was an automatic driving force, guiding me elsewhere. For example, there have been lucid dreams where I'm

influencing the dream, guiding it in some way and carrying out various ‘dream plans’... and then suddenly a dream character will appear out of nowhere or the scene will suddenly change, and the dream will play out in front of me as though there’s someone with a remote control changing the channel—even though I have full awareness. It’s as though my inner dreamer is saying: *yeah, yeah, you want to do this right now but look, you have to listen to/see this*. I guess, it makes sense for the dreaming mind to take back the reigns sometimes!

Once, after a ‘shadow work’ dream which was located at home (within the lucid state, that is) my ‘dream plan’ had been completed, and I decided to leave the house, flying through the window and into the street below. I’m not sure what I’d planned next but suddenly a wise-looking Asian woman with her child approached me. She handed me a rectangular, quince-like red jelly and said, “*You’re going to need this.*” I instinctively ate it. (A rather shamanic way to engage with dream characters!) I’m not entirely sure who she was, what she represented, or whether she was a type of spirit guide, but I had this knowing in the dream that it was some form of nourishment.

Like many, I also had a series of interesting lucid dreams during the pandemic. But I actually had what I believe to be a prophetic lucid dream about the pandemic in Autumn 2019. It started off as a non-lucid dream that then became lucid. One of the interesting ways I’ve learnt to use lucid dreaming is for problem solving but also to ask other types of questions, as a bit of an experiment.

In this particular lucid dream I asked a broad question: *Show me something important?* I’ve done this particular thing in a lucid dream before. Sometimes my dreaming mind has responded helpfully with a clear signpost to what will happen next, other times the imagery or message is a little cryptic. However, in this particular lucid dream a strange thing happened: a white silhouetted shape, like an outline of a human appeared in front of me. Faceless, just entirely white. This figure went from standing to upside down.

For months after the dream I didn’t have a clue what was going on. Then fast-forward to March 2020 and the pandemic hit. The week we went into lockdown (in the UK), there was a common line being used on the news and social feeds—“the world has turned upside down.” I kept hearing it again and again. There was a reel or graphic or something of the world being turned upside down. I then saw an image of a human being flipped upside down. It felt too close to ignore. So maybe this dream was just a coincidence or maybe it was predictive as a way to help my mind and body prepare for this change. The following poem is about this lucid dream experience:

What happened next in the dream (II)

A white silhouetted man like a faceless tailor’s dummy flipped from standing to upside down foretelling an oddness that would become ordinary. While a new normality took its first breath, yesterday suddenly became a different galaxy. Yet I remained in the eye of misfortune, viewing things with my feet in the air, my head on the ground. Picking at the frayed rug, I started to look at things differently; I began to appreciate the melody in my attic. Dear Psyche, you prepared me somehow. Your message in dream, last Harvest Moon, was a gift. I had time to ponder the dream while I tended to the ivy in our garden. Six months later, and two hours after our first lockdown kiss, I finally understood. My higher power had passed me a message about humanity, a magnified glass held above a world of pavement ants and their shadows. All that was left was a blank white page or else a white mannequin waiting to emerge from our closets, and a wondering about what will happen in this afterlife. Time is liquid wax. I no longer remember my dreams or else recall the mundane. I wonder if this is a sign that everything in this world has in fact now vanished. I’ve wasted my nights. Now my body hears everything I don’t see.

I look back upon the before, think beyond what I cannot see.



What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

I've always been interested in magic. For me, lucid dreaming offers a bit of magic in your life. It can make the impossible feel possible. There's a sense of freedom, possibility, hope, and adventure you can access in the lucid dream—something we don't always have enough of in day-to-day life. For me, there's absolutely a spiritual aspect that appeals to me, as it can offer a connection with your own practise. It also allows you to feel empowered.

Specifically, given the line of work that I'm in, I love that you can harness your lucid dreams for creativity and psychological growth. I think it's an incredibly powerful way to access yourself and to bring things into your awareness, while developing a deeper connection with self.

What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful?

Keeping a dream diary has been the bedrock of my practise. Then, in the early days, the reality checks alongside the WEIRD technique helped.

[The WEIRD technique is about looking out for strange, surreal, or dream-like occurrences in your waking life, and when you notice something a bit odd, you do a 'reality check' in conjunction with this strange experience. The idea is that if you do this enough in your waking life, this act will spill over into your dreams, and if and when you spot something strange in a dream, you do a reality check which will hopefully turn into a lucid dream.]

Lucidity has been a relatively spontaneously occurrence in the past (less so now). However, when intentionally 'trying' to have a lucid dream, the Wake Back to Bed (WBTB) method has always been most fruitful. (Either purposefully or when being woken in the night as a new parent.) Also, having a solid motivation and meaningful 'dream plan' has been incredibly helpful. Plus, if I read, watch, or write anything about lucid dreaming, usually I'll have a lucid dream that night. (In fact, I drafted my answers to this interview last night, I went to bed, and I had a lucid dream!)

Did lucid dreaming seem to have rules? Or did it seem random and chaotic?

I don't really consider lucid dreaming as having rules or being random and chaotic so I'm not quite sure how to answer this. I guess, the only 'rules' or guidelines I'd associate with lucid dreaming is to bring care, compassion, and respect to your dreaming world. Also, having the intention to explore with curiosity and to choreograph, rather than control, your dreams.

The only other 'rule' or approach in lucid dreaming that might need a guide rail is to ensure you 'pace' shadow work experiences so that your lucid dreams work within your own 'window of tolerance'—that's important for anyone really. If, for example, you're someone who has experienced a particular trauma, it might be beneficial to be mindful about this and pace your experiences according to what feels right for you. Go slowly and gently into this, ideally with support at hand.

As an author and poet, did you find insights or inspiration from lucid dreaming? If you have an example, please feel free to share.

Lucid dreaming has been a huge source of inspiration for my creative writing projects. I started writing a children's book about lucid dreaming around 10 years ago and I've recently revisited this. (I also have a third of a novel somewhere which is about lucid dreaming but I'm not sure I will dust that off ever.) These days I'm more drawn to poetry and for the last several years all I've been able to write about is lucid dreaming or dreams. The title poem of my book is *Oneironaut*, and this poem tries to explain what it feels like to have a lucid dream.



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<https://X.com/dreambob>

Oneironaut

Her first time felt like the closed mouth of purgatory;
she wondered whether this was what it was like
to be dead, to be awake when asleep,
yet she felt the most alive she had ever been.

Her first time felt like a summer's day in midwinter:
she could feel the sea spray on her dry tongue,
plum sky on her crown, sun seeping
into her gelid lungs like liquid caramel.

Her first time was like finally meeting
the caged bird in her head. Morning had broken
and jackdaw had spoken, black as guilt,
jabbering at her from the inside.

Her first time was brief. Two minutes
by her calculation yet the accountancy of sleep
told her, from her toppling viewing tower,
it could have been an hour or a lifetime.

Her first time felt like living inside a poem.
Each moment hung in front of her eyes.
Yet as she rode the sea on her back
everything spilled over into forgetfulness.



Some of my poems are directly about dreams or lucid dreams I've had. Others are about how it feels to lucid dream. I've often used dream incubation techniques or else asked lucid dreams for guidance with my writing. Sometimes this hasn't always been fruitful but other times it's felt very supportive, such as the time one of my creative writing tutors appeared to me in a dream and gave me some advice (the poem, *The Heap*, was a result of one of these encounters).

I also think experiencing lucidity can feel incredibly inspiring. Personally, a lucid dream or shadow work dream often means I wake with a special kind of energy, which for me as a writer, often serves as a soul-opener or creativity expander. After a lucid dream I'm often drawn to expressive writing and poetry. For me, poetry feels like the perfect outlet for expressing and processing a lucid dream experience.

Creativity in lucid dreams can range from extremely simple to incredibly spectacular! With your interest in psychology, how do you account for lucid dreams which seem beyond you in their creativity?

It's a great question. In simple terms I don't think we realise as humans how much potential we have within. I think sometimes a lucid dream can remind us of that and what is possible when our usual habit of control and censorship are loosened. I also believe we're all inter-connected, and I don't think we're a singular vessel. As a lucid dreamer I think you tend to feel less individualistic and are perhaps more open to spiritual concepts around the collective consciousness. I think there's a thin veil between certain states of consciousness, especially astral projection, which makes lucid dreaming a state something of a mystery. However, the 'beyond-me' quality isn't a sign of something foreign necessarily, but rather an invitation to expand the boundaries of what I recognise as 'me.'

Some lucid dreamers have explored promoting emotional and psychological health in lucid dreams. What do you think about this? In your own experience, have you noticed any lucid dreams that gave you insight into this?

Physical Health—This is an interesting one, and one that fascinates me. I've heard of many anecdotal

examples from people who have used lucid dreaming to heal physical ailments, tennis elbow, vision, and other health issues. I've tried to use lucid dreaming to heal my knee problems. I've had three lucid dreams, but it hasn't worked for me (yet). The most effective health-related lucid dream I've had was during a time when I had back-to-back viruses and flu when my daughter was a toddler. This lasted for over two years. I then had a lucid dream (part of the same lucid dream I mentioned earlier when I was handed something from a possible guide). After this dream my health improved drastically and I didn't suffer from any more viruses for 2-3 years. (This period did span some of the pandemic when we weren't mixing as much but there was at least a year of time before we went into lockdown when we were mixing.)

Psychological—Again, I've heard of many instances of people integrating traumatic experiences through lucid dreaming. From a personal perspective, I've definitely experienced psychological healing from lucid dreaming, though I probably couldn't tell you specifically what I was healing in every case. The reason I believe these dreams have had psychological value is that I have woken from these type of dreams feeling as though I've just received some form of healing—lighter, clearer, happier. There's been a strong sense that something has happened, something big has shifted.

One shadow aspect I met was a tall man who had been burned in a house fire. His eyes were sad and tearful. I recall touching his face, leaning in to hug him. He slowly turned to ash and I woke in a stream of bright light. I felt so free and content for days after this dream. The only possibility for this particular dream was that around this time I'd returned from a 10-year stint working in a fast-paced job in London, feeling on the edges of burnout. So perhaps this part of me—a burnt-out masculine part—may have been calling for help.

For many lucid dreamers, the Shadow (or the denied, ignored, repressed portions of the self) may appear repeatedly in dreams or nightmares—and sometimes prompt lucid awareness. Have you noticed this?

Occasionally I have had nightmares which turned into lucid dreams. I think becoming lucid is often triggered by my sense of what feels realistic or dream-like—and that tends to be the decider in whether I become lucid. Sometimes even a dream of an unusual textured sky can prompt lucidity for me. Or recently, dreaming of my cat Chi who died this summer. I think it comes down to awareness and observational skills for me personally.

I used to experience a lot of sleep paralysis in my teens and twenties, and as I edged into my thirties I still experienced this phenomenon a little. I'd find that this experience could sometimes lead to lucid dreams. This only came once I learnt enough about sleep paralysis, and the realisation that if I stay relaxed and calm (and don't fight it) it will pass soon enough. That's been the key, to ride the wave and to stay with it, knowing it's a type of hallucination and dream-like state—then it's more likely to turn into lucidity.

Do you feel that the self/Self calls forth Shadow dreams as an inner method to alert the waking self to an inner issue? Or does something more seem involved?

I'm going to give you a very gestalt-sounding answer to this one. I think we're parts of a whole. The dream is the unfolding of the whole organism—body, psyche, emotions, relationships—expressing itself in the moment. When the shadow appears, I don't imagine it's being deliberately sent by some higher self to instruct me. Rather, I see it as unfinished business, the parts of myself that I've disowned or pushed aside, now finding a form and voice in that dream space. With that said, it can feel like a "calling." Often, I consider the shadow aspect that appears as a part that is ready to be integrated. For me it's less about an inner teacher-self sending me lessons and more about ongoing dialogue with my whole being. I never rule out mystery.

In your current lucid dreaming life, what are you exploring or would like to explore?

Now I've reached the end of my gestalt training, and already my lucid dreams seem to be occurring more again, my core goal is to simply carve out more time and space for lucid dreaming. I don't want to set any expectations, just to hold space for my lucid dreaming world, and for it to do what it needs to do. After an intensive period of studying that feels important to have an open, present and relaxed attitude. For now....

Please let readers know where they can learn more about you and your work!

Learn more through these links: www.leahlarwood.co.uk and www.gestalt-therapy.art. ▲

Note: An article by Leah Larwood, *Embracing the Golden Shadow*, was published in the LDE December 2024 issue.

DreamSpeak Interview List

A bit of history... the tradition of *DreamSpeak* interviews began in March 2002 (issue LDE22). The first interview featured Robert Waggoner. Lucy Gillis was the second interviewee, in June 2002 (issue LDE23). Until March 2012, issues of the *Lucid Dream Exchange* were labeled as: LDE #. Starting in June 2012, along with a name change to the *Lucid Dreaming Experience*, issues began using Vol./No.# designations.

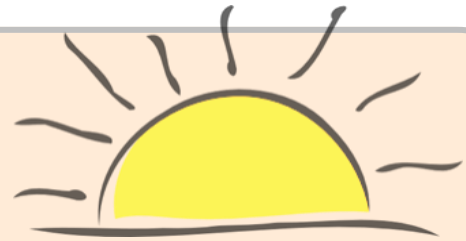
The following list includes all interviewees from March 2002 – June 2025, alphabetical by last name.
(Note: there were no interviews in issues LDE26 and LDE33.)

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Acamesis, Todd	V7 N2, 2018 Sep	Hoss, Robert J	V8 N3, 2019 Dec
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Aherne, Brian	V10 N1, 2021 Jun	Jacobs, Jesse	V8 N1, 2019 Jun
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Gish, Elliot (2)	V9 N1, 2020 Jun	McCready, Caroline	V2 N1, 2013 Jun
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Green, Dave	V13 N2, 2024 Sep	Messenger, Tad	V1 N1, 2012 Jun
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Hope	LDE 58, 2011 Mar	Olsen, Chris	LDE 52, 2009 Sep

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Peck, Jeff (2)	V5 N4, 2017 Mar
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Vogelsong, Jay	LDE 28, 2003 Sep
Waggoner, Robert	LDE 22, 2002 Mar
Warren, Jeff	LDE 45, 2007 Dec
Wilson, Ian	LDE 55, 2010 Jun
Wiltink, Suzanne	LDE 39, 2006 Jun
Ziemer, Mary	V1 N4, 2013 Mar



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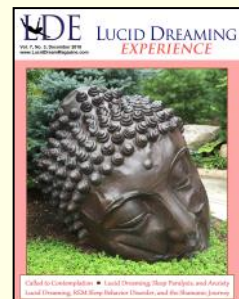
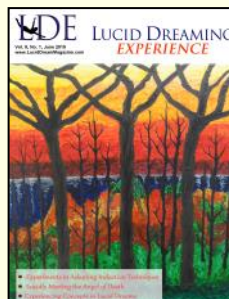
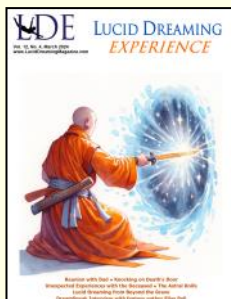
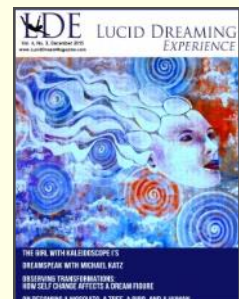
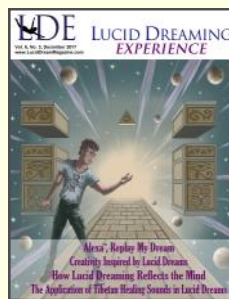
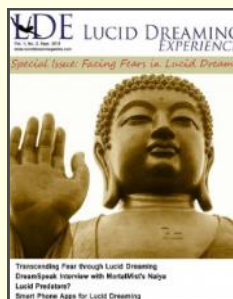
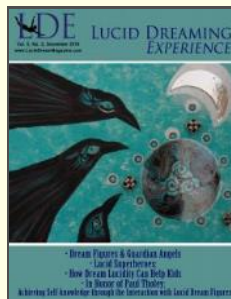
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Could Lucid Dreaming Act to Resolve Generalized Anxiety Disorder?

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation Raises \$20K in Donations to Fund Scientific Research!

By Robert Waggoner © 2025

**Fundraising
Update!**

Can you guess the most common mental illness in the United States and much of the world? According to researchers, anxiety disorders affect almost one in five Americans with Generalized Anxiety Disorder affecting 6.8 million adults.

Sadly, anxiety-related symptoms seem much more common amongst young people. There, almost 50% report depressive disorder or anxiety symptoms. Many people avoid the typical pharmacological treatments due to troubling side effects. Others avoid traditional treatments due to lack of insurance, competent professionals, or financial resources.

Does any good news exist?

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation recently raised \$20,000 in donations to support scientific studies on the use of lucid dreaming as a means to resolve anxiety disorders. Now the Lucid Dreaming Foundation will work to find suitable studies to explore this healing work of lucid dreaming.

Why Lucid Dreaming as a New Approach to Resolve Anxiety?

Lucid dreamers have reported resolving Generalized Anxiety Disorder and panic attacks, anecdotally. Some report that lucid dreaming has shown them how the mind works and how to mindfully recognize the process that leads to severe anxiety and panic attacks. By watching this in lucid dreams, they then understand how to subvert the process in the waking state and resolve the anxiety and neutralize the panic.

But to date, no actual studies have confirmed what many lucid dreamers know!

What's the Benefit of Using Lucid Dreaming?

While many lucid dreamers have used lucid dreaming to resolve recurring nightmares, phobias and other inner issues, the general public and many in the psychological community fail to see the usefulness of

lucid dreaming.

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation and experienced lucid dreamers know that lucid dreaming has a number of advantages in dealing with inner issues, such as the following:

1. Natural,
2. Easy to train,
3. Provides a sense of internal locus of control,
4. Provides 'insight' into the mind's process,
5. Often shows the person how to make the appropriate inner adjustments, and
6. May lead to other alternative healing modalities, much like the idea of lucid dreaming led to Imagery Rehearsal Therapy (IRT) to end PTSD nightmares (and IRT does not require lucid dreaming but evolves from a basis in the lucid dreaming process of influencing inner events).

Besides resolving generalized anxiety and panic attacks, lucid dreaming may assist the field of psychology in understanding how the subconscious processes beliefs and emotions, which in turn may lead to new discoveries and better healing modalities.

What Goal Has the Lucid Dreaming Foundation Created for 2025?

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation has raised its \$20,000 goal to support two or more research studies in the use of lucid dreaming as a means to resolve Generalized Anxiety Disorder and panic attacks. The research studies will be performed at universities, and published in refereed scientific journals.

Would you like to help us expand this research? Your donation will be 100% used for lucid dreaming research to resolve anxiety disorders, which could help millions who suffer around the world.

Donating to the 501c(3) Lucid Dreaming Foundation is easy and tax deductible. Make a donation today at <https://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org/donate> ▲


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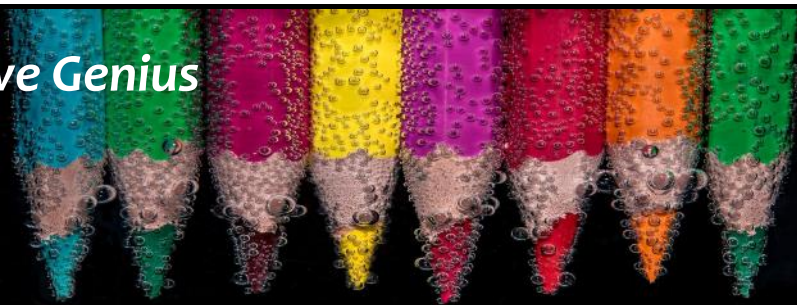


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by helping to create and promote new advances in
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Is There a Hidden Creative Genius within Lucid Dreaming?

By Dylan Whyte © 2025



The level of creativity I've encountered in lucid dreams continues to astonish me. These experiences consistently feel far more sophisticated than anything I could invent in waking life.

In one dream, for instance, I found myself in a distorted version of my real-life apartment. The bathroom and kitchen had merged into a chaotic laundry area. On the wall, I saw a fancy sticker for a strange, half-cybernetic cartoon character named “Guerrilla Dad.” The art style reminded me of the old TV series “Major Dad,” but this was something more refined—uniquely original. I stood there inside the dream, marveling at the absurdity and brilliance of the design, deeply aware that it surpassed my own artistic ability. It raised a powerful question: *if I'm the dreamer, how did I create something beyond my known capabilities?* That moment felt like a glimpse into the subconscious (or perhaps supraconscious) as an essential but often invisible part of human creativity.

Another time, I found myself in the hallway outside my then-apartment, meeting a lawyer. After confirming my father's affairs were in order, I awkwardly kissed the lawyer on the lips. Behind them on the wall was a poster drawn in permanent marker. It featured a curving arrow and the phrase “MEET ME ON THE CORNER,” pointing directly to the street corner outside. The graphic was elegantly designed, both text and map in one—so inspired and complete that I've tried, unsuccessfully, to recreate it in waking life. The sophistication of that single image expanded my entire understanding of visual communication. It made me wonder again: *what part of me is responsible for this?* It changed the way I think about my own creative process and how I support the creativity of others.



I've also had lucid dreams where I met the daughter my partner and I cannot have in waking life. She was about eight—brilliant and beautiful—and we lived together in a dream-home filled with surreal, organic architecture: a central tree, a waterfall, a pool, moss for carpets. The setting felt near our local museum, but dreamlike, otherworldly. There was a heart-breaking beauty to it—like encountering the soul of a future that can't exist in this life.

In another dream, I arrived late to a live professional wrestling event in a city I didn't recognize. There, I met a version of myself from a parallel universe who had pursued my childhood dream of becoming a pro wrestler. We sat down and shared our stories, both lamenting the toll life had taken on our bodies. My real-world chronic pain is from surviving intensive chemotherapy and radiation for a massive mediastinal lymphoma. His pain came from years of brutal matches, performing under personas like “Cancer” and, more recently, “Kid Covid”—as this dreamworld's version of the WWF/E tried to cash in on the pandemic. The irony was staggering. It made me question whether lucid dreams are just fabrications, or if they're accessing actual alternate timelines meant to reflect or teach us something deeper.

One particularly long and vivid lucid dream played like a film shoot, complete with a crew and stand-in actors, where I was directing scenes based on my most intriguing lucid dreams. It even spanned

multiple sleep cycles in a single night. The dream had a continuity and narrative depth that drew on previous dreams. It felt like riding a literal “train of thought” through my subconscious filmography.

Another time, I asked my dream producers—yes, I sometimes think of them that way—to explain a previous, confusing dream. Suddenly, I was inside a small corner store in Toronto that resembled *Kim's Convenience* (TV show). The owners, a sweet older couple, explained that under the Canadian healthcare system, the sales tax from their store had helped pay for my cancer treatments. They were proud that their community-supported business contributed to keeping a local artist alive. I gifted them a collection of regional books and coloring pages I publish with my family. They were genuinely touched. That dream expressed a kind of political and emotional solidarity I've never seen in waking life.

Later, in that same dream, I wondered how I was going to return home from the city, only to step outside and find myself already standing on the main street of my hometown of Gore Bay. Across from me, on the corner referenced by the earlier dream poster, was a classic blue Ontario road sign. But this one read “Start Here.” At first it looked real, but faded from left to right like a hologram and only the left post and bolts were tangible. The rest was projected holographic light. I realized it represented the liminal space between waking and dreaming. Over a year later, I found myself on the real-life version of that corner, discussing this dream with a friend who offered insight that felt almost otherworldly.

The sign changed, revealing three simple guidelines for exploring the dream realm: everything is possible, nothing can harm you unless you allow it, and stay curious. I asked for night to become day, and it did—briefly, before switching back again. Later I met living curtains in a muppet retirement home who corrected my sense of direction by wrapping themselves around my feet until I finally walked north as another pop-up road sign had directed. There, I found a shop in an observatory filled with objects imbued with strange psychometric memories like “The Great Elastic Wars.” When I tried to speak to the shopkeeper, they disintegrated, and a portal opened to a sunny farm, where I had tea with Madam Nora, a sentient muppet and now returning character in my dreams.

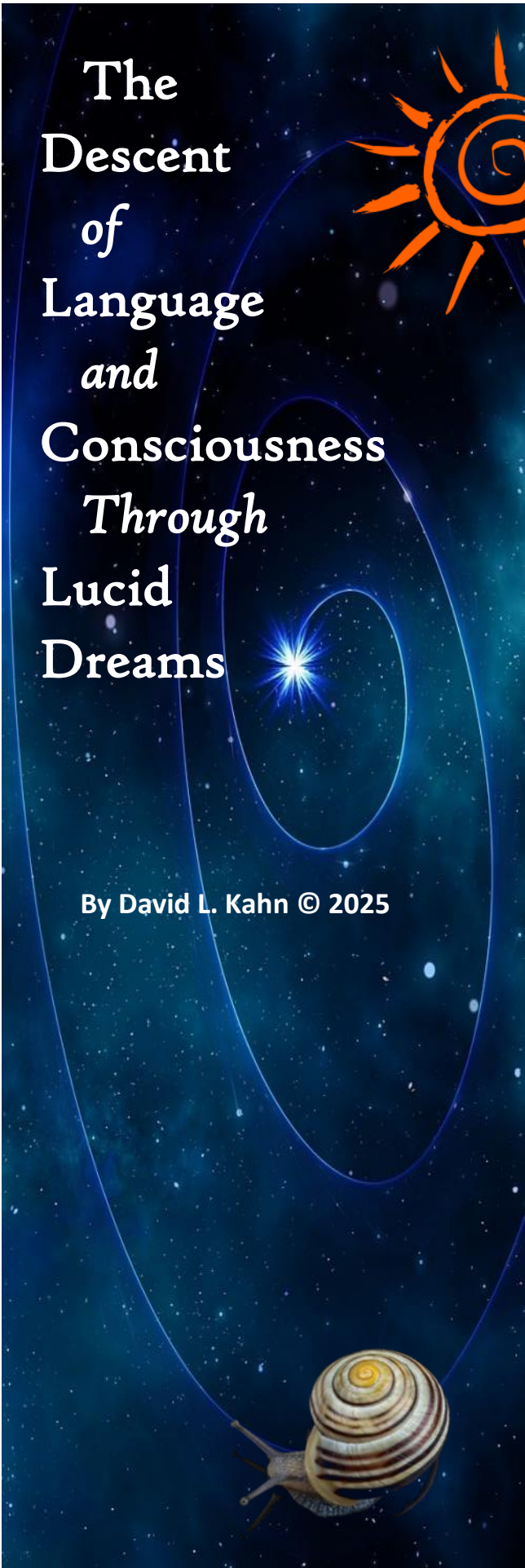
Once in another lucid dream, I gazed into the eyes of another version of myself lying motionless on the ground. I was simultaneously experiencing both perspectives—an astonishing feat of consciousness that felt deeply creative and unnervingly real.

In a different dream, an acquaintance delivered a mysterious old school 256gb hard drive. I had no currency to pay for it, so I led them to an unfamiliar house—my local dream banker's palace—and broke in. I discovered that I could liquefy and collect any precious metals using just a gold fork which itself eventually melted, leaving me to work the same absorption trick with my fingertips. If I wished, I was able to turn anything I touched and absorbed this way—tin, copper, silver, gold—into refined ingots. It was bizarrely satisfying, especially with a hard drive-sized brick of solid gold sealing the deal on the tech exchange with my accomplice. I also found a large illustrated book entitled *Why Apollo Is Probably The Only God Who Likes You*, but didn't open it, assuming it belonged to someone else.

Months later, in another dream, I used this same metal-suctioning technique to defend myself against an aggressive magic-wielding triad gang. After draining their liquid metal attacks, I converted the magic essence into a substance that I repurposed to create specialized hospital beds. This action summoned a triple messenger deity—a fusion of Hermes, Thor, and Apollo—who gifted me a living oak staff shaped like a caduceus with a golden hammerhead. I returned to waking life awestruck.

Eventually, I dreamt of meeting a group of androids in a scrapyard, including another recurring dream character in the form of a T-800 “Governator” model terminator. They treated me as one of their own and presented me with a cylinder of drinkable liquid metal—a revitalizing quicksilver potion for healing and revitalization. This occurred long before I learned anything about Jungian psychology or magical symbolism. At the time, I had no context for what I was experiencing, but I now see it as a form of dream alchemy—encoded wisdom that emerges when we work on ourselves, not others.

What continues to strike me is how all of this—these stories, symbols, and connections—feels light-years beyond anything I could come up with on my own. It dazzles and puzzles me. Are we tapping into a hidden creative genius buried deep within the psyche? And if so, does it reside in all of us, waiting to be discovered through dreaming? ▲



The Descent of Language and Consciousness Through Lucid Dreams

By David L. Kahn © 2025

Human consciousness expresses itself first in language. From ancient tongues carved into tablets to the complexity of modern speech, language frames perception, giving shape to formless experience. Yet all spoken languages, diverse as they are, share common ancestry. Language, like DNA, evolves through branching. Beneath modern civilizations, more primal linguistics reside.

This layering continues downward. Beneath language lies symbol. The serpent, the sun, the tree, and the spiral are all archetypal patterns that fill the myths and dreams of humanity. These themes appear in the subconscious regardless of culture, as Carl Jung described, seeded within the collective unconscious. They form an awareness that transcends grammar and vocabulary, carried not by sound, but by meaning.

Peeling the layers back further, sacred geometry and mathematics emerge as pure language, one that nature speaks fluently. The golden ratio sculpts seashells, cathedrals, and faces. The mandala becomes both diagram and doorway. These forms reveal a structural elegance that invites intuition as much as intellect.

It is within lucid dreaming that these layers fuse, remix, and reveal themselves. Dreamers often report visiting unfamiliar lands and understanding languages they've never studied, which echo the linguistic root beneath all languages. They encounter geometries including fractals, lattices, and spirals blooming with awareness. These dream symbols bypass interpretation, feeling more like a memory. The dream itself becomes fluent in a language older than words.

And finally, there is the Void. Lucid dreamers describe being suspended in boundless awareness, neither asleep nor awake, and neither thinking nor forgetting. It is the space before form, the silence that births sound, the canvas behind the dream. In this realm, the self dissolves and perceives itself as not just an actor, but the entire production. This is the domain of nonduality, where the layering of language and consciousness finally gives way to unity, to the still point between all opposites.

The descent through language, symbol, geometry, and dream is not a fall but a memory, like a spiral staircase leading inward. Each layer holds truths the one above could only hint at. And at the center of it all there is no language, no symbol, and no form. Just awareness. Only the infinite lucid dream that is existence itself. ▲



Asking God About His Dream of Me

By Maria Isabel Pita © 2025

Epic Lucid Dream of February 8, 2017

My intent before falling asleep was, if I became lucid, to ask God about His Dream of me.

For a long time, I've been in the company of two male companions. All I can remember now is the strong impression of resting on my stomach between them on an extremely high hilltop overlooking a soft, vast jade-green landscape. But although it's apparently peaceful here, a war is going on, and there's no doubt we're going to die. There is no escaping this death sentence, we just don't know when it will happen or how, because right now the enemy appears to be winning.

As we rest there talking about many things, I begin to perceive the view more clearly. I become semi-lucid now as I realize the sky above is "covered" by an inverted reflection of the ground below. It's as though the land beneath us folded itself over like a quilt so that bright green fields—neatly lined with brown furrows for planting—are now the sky above us as we look up at them. And yet this striking juxtaposition of dimensions is not happening directly above us but rather over the valley below, visible as if through a great portal.

Sitting up, I point out this phenomenon to my companions with the strong, hopeful feeling that we don't just have to wait here to die. Instead, we can fly into this sky which is also the ground. Urging one of my friends to follow close behind me (my other friend has gone off somewhere) I promptly take flight. But as I glide toward this increasingly obvious opening into a lucid dream, my missing companion rejoins us—quite literally in a flash—as he jets down to us at high speed, which doesn't surprise me. I think, perhaps even remark out loud, "He can fly faster than any of us."

Fully lucid now, I'm not surprised the three of us are now flying through a huge stone structure akin to a castle with rounded walls, as though we're high up in the towers. The color of the stone is a medium sandy-brown and feels Spanish to me. (Upon waking, I thought of Santa Teresa of Avila's book *Interior Castle* in which the castle is a metaphor for the soul.) We glide into what feels like an extremely high tower room with a tall narrow double window. The closed panels appear made of a metal akin to bronze blended with copper, and I'm instantly drawn to it as a way out. Meanwhile, my companions veer to the left into some other spacious chamber, and because I want us to stay together I follow them. Yet almost immediately I return to the more intimate tower, and the recessed window with its two narrow metal panels.

Thinking, *I can go through this window; I'm not going to be trapped anymore*, I once again open the bronze shutters, only this time I get the impression this window is a portal from the past to the present as outside I perceive motionless cars in a dark parking lot. My companions following close behind me, I step outside into a nocturnal city scene walking with other pedestrians moving in both directions.

Remembering my intent, I say out loud, "**Lord, may I please have a glimpse of Your dream of me?**" The words emerge slightly garbled, my voice sounding oddly compressed, but my request is clear enough.

Walking in clear bright daylight now, I immediately see heading toward me what looks like an old-fashioned

bicycle Ice Cream Truck. I watch as it passes by me on my left, then looking over my shoulder I observe it making a right turn on its way to serve a crowd of happy kids some ice cream. And as I keep moving forward with my two companions, I wonder if this ice cream truck might represent the mysterious treat of being able to lucid dream together.

As I turn gently left to enter one of those vast open and yet also mysteriously enclosed spaces that exist in dreams, I pass close to a plaque, carved in raised relief, hanging just to the right of the stone archway. The illustration on the plaque is in full color, and clearly depicts the smiling heads and figures of the Flintstones' family, all facing in the direction I am walking. It reminds me of how much I loved the Flintstones when I was a child, and how I spent weeks drawing a detailed visual record of all their inventions. I particularly loved the baby dinosaur under the sink that served as a garbage disposal!

Within the vast space I enter there are countless people, and yet it doesn't feel in the least bit crowded. Just to the left of the entrance, I pass a sandy-haired man seated in something akin to a combination bed-wheelchair. Yet I somehow know, without a doubt, that he can get up and walk if he wants to, and that this is precisely the whole point of the "exhibit." His smile eloquently expresses the glorious truth that mortal physical life has its limits and its end but we aren't stuck in it forever. Walking leisurely, I feel as if I'm in a colorful and fun yet profoundly enlightening "Dream Fair."

As I continue walking, a little dark-haired girl passes close by me on my left, quickly followed by a little white lamb. Mary and her little lamb! Jesus is the Lamb of God, and Mary is His Mother. And I am Mary-Maria, who is walking closely with Jesus now. I feel I understand—my life on Earth is God's dream of me. I'm living His dream of me as my life.

Looking to the right, I perceive a wall made of glass windows. Walking toward them, I consider shattering them, but at once dismiss the idea as too violent. Instead, I simply peel two of the panes apart just far enough to slip between them as if they're merely the petals of a silvery-white flower... Daylight transforms into night as I find myself in a level open space akin to a public park fronting the endless dark expanse of a dream ocean.

Suddenly becoming aware of a great longing within me as I gaze up at the distant sky above the dark water, I cry, "My Angel! My Angel!"

Moving forward as I call out to my Angel, almost immediately and extremely high up in the center of the sky relative to my position I perceive brilliant white stars coming together and forming a winged figure seemingly clad in a long shining white garment. And swiftly descending over the water the Angel lands on the dark grass only a few feet away from me! It all happens in the Biblical blink of an eye* even as I perceive the event with stunning clarity!



Hurrying over to greet a being who literally appears made of starlight and darkness, I now perceive that this Angel has taken the form of a beautiful dark-haired woman. I'm surprised because this is the first time my Guardian Angel has appeared to me as a woman in a dream, and yet I'm also somehow not surprised. Amazing! A black splotch near her mouth partially conceals her luminous white face almost as if she's frowning, possibly worried and concerned about something because she extends a hand toward me almost urgently. I immediately grasp it as with her free hand she points up at the starlit sky. Mentally I declare, "Yes, let's go!" but as we're about to take off, I lose the dream.

Lying motionless in bed, I fervently pray to become lucid again and continue with this amazing dream... I don't know how much time passes before I become aware of my breathing, at which point I realize that my body is asleep even as my mind is listening to it breathing; consciously feeling the exhalation of air and sensing the intake of breath, acutely aware of what an incredible, sensitive, dynamic and vital process this is. It's essential to breathe in mysterious rhythm with the Power sustaining my heart and keeping me alive at every instant. And just as my body slips out of sleep, I distinctly hear my waking exhalation make the sound of a church bell ringing. And I know what it means as clearly as if it had spoken—my heart is a bell ringing for God, pulled by God, and for God! And I believe God's dream for me has come true because I truly believe in Him and His Love. One day my mortal

heart will stop beating, but I have faith it will never cease ringing a unique note in Heaven!

Dream Notes:

Reading the indescribably inspiring lifelong diary of Gabrielle Bossis, *He & I*, before falling asleep and experiencing this awe-inspiring dream, I came to the following passage, which resonates with how I feel at every moment now, and also seems to refer directly to last night's experience:

Jesus: "Seek every means of coming close to Me, not just once a day, but at every moment. You understand? May your life be Mine—uninterruptedly Mine. You breathe, don't you? Then there I am in your very breathing. Don't I recreate you? Breathe with My breathing. Always. It's so simple. And this will be power in you."

Children were featured in this dream: The children being served ice cream, my memories of being a child and loving the creative fun of the Flintstones, and Mary with her little lamb. When Jesus' disciples tried to prevent little children from approaching Him, He rebuked them saying, "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these." He then took the children in His arms, placed His hands on them, and blessed them.

On other occasions Jesus said: "Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 18:3) And, "Whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." (Matthew 18:4)

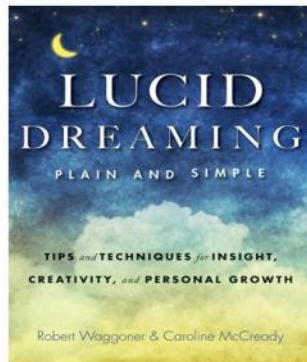
*The idiom "in the blink of an eye" comes from the Bible, specifically the New Testament in 1 Corinthians 15:52, a verse that describes a transformation happening "in a moment". The phrase "twinkling of an eye" is an older form of the idiom found in Middle English.

—Submitted July 14, 2025, culled from 14 years of dedicated dream journaling. ▲

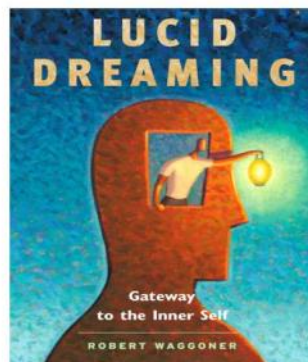


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How I Used My Fails to Discover How to Succeed:

A Case Study on Reaching Goals While Lucid

By pasQuale Ourtane-Krul © 2025

When I was developing the GOLD method (Goal-Oriented Lucid Dreaming) for reaching any goal in a lucid dream, I studied my own lucid dreams to pinpoint problems and devise solutions. I tested the solutions in consecutive lucid dreams until I had found a fail-proof method.

This case study of three lucid dreams is an example of how analysing a failed attempt led to devising a solution for success. The goal in this case is **to transform into an animal**.

Lucid Dream 1: Transforming Through A Mirror

Lucid, I find myself in a small room with a wooden floor. The room is empty, except for a huge standing mirror and a little boy. The boy says something to me about dreams.

I remember I want to transform into an animal, but I can't think of any animals to transform into. Instead, I try to go through the mirror in the hope of ending up in a strange dreamland. I talk to the boy about stepping through the mirror. He says he also has traveled through mirrors. I want to walk through, but the mirror won't budge.

The mirror has now changed into a computer screen which is showing some kind of game. It is a very cute game, and the characters are like little bouncing balls. The boy has jumped in and become one of the bouncing balls. I think, "Well, transforming into a game character is transforming as well; I'll change into an animal later," and I jump after him.

I'm now both in the game and at the same time outside the game. While I'm outside this screen, I also experience myself as a little ball-like character in the game. I try to be completely inside the screen but it doesn't work. I'm in there, but also outside. After a while of experiencing this, I find it enough and get out. Still lucid, I find myself in some kind of conference room and I start talking with the people there about lucid dreaming....

Analysis:

This was a very cool lucid dream. Especially the part where I was half outside the mirror and also inside there as the game character. However, I did not succeed in reaching my goal.

I remembered my goal of wanting to transform into an animal, but I couldn't decide on what animal. Because I couldn't decide, I lost focus of my goal. The dream presented me with a salient cue: a mirror. And since I love stepping through mirrors in my lucid dreams, of course I wanted to step through it immediately. So my goal became: *step through this mirror*. I did not accomplish this goal because I could not go through. Somehow that brought back my original desire of wanting to transform.



Then the dream presented yet another salient cue: a bright computer screen, and even a demonstration on how to step through. Jumping into that screen was more desirable than pursuing my original goal. I even say that to myself, in the dream: "I will change into an animal later."

After getting out of the computer experience, I was still lucid but had completely lost focus of my original goal.

Thus, because I couldn't decide in the dream, I lost focus and followed the salient cues the dream presented. I wondered: what if the dream had presented me with an animal instead of a mirror? Would I then have followed that and managed to transform?

And I found a dream where exactly that happened:



Lucid Dream 2: Transforming into an Owl

I'm in a backyard of some sort. I remember I want to transform into an animal. I see two beautiful owls flying. I decide I want to try and transform into an owl as well. I want myself to be an owl. I spread my arms and they become wings. I feel the feathers on my wings and try to be in an owl's body. I fly on silken wings. So softly through the air with no sound at all. Even though it is dark, I have no problem seeing. I swoosh through the trees in the forest.

Analysis:

My dream presented me with a salient cue related to my goal: two beautiful owls. And immediately I could make the decision to transform into an owl.

And this led me to the realisation: What if I decide in advance what kind of animal I want to transform into, so I won't be dependent on the dream giving me a cue?

And that is exactly what I did in the dream shared below. Before going to sleep, I had decided I wanted to be a dolphin or a whale.

Lucid Dream 3: Transforming into a Dolphin

I become lucid and remember I want to transform into a dolphin or a whale and—poof!—I'm under water in blue water. I hear the sounds of the dolphins close to me and I'm surrounded by dolphins swimming. I try to feel myself as a dolphin and have a feeling my toes are the tail fins. It feels weird. I have a feeling I should go up to the air to take a breath. I remember that dolphins need to come up to breathe, they just can stay underwater for a long time.

Analysis:

The dream gives me cues related to my goal as soon as I recall my goal. I stay focused on my goal and achieve it.

Lessons learned

My AHA moment in this case is that if you specify your goal in advance, your dream will give you cues that help you stay focused on your goal and thus achieve it more easily.



Conclusion

This is one of the cases that have contributed to the development of the GOLD method.

The complete method is available online as a self-paced course on <https://www.udemy.com/course/gold-method-for-reaching-goals-while-lucid>. Use code **LDEGOLD** for a special discount for LDE readers—**valid until October 1, 2025**. To redeem, simply type the code when checking out and the discount will be applied. ▲



Precognitive Dreaming Competition Results

By Martha Henon and Jason Dobrowner © 2025

This article is a follow-up to *The Dream that Inspired Lucid Coin*,
by Jason Dobrowner, published in the LDE June 2025 issue.

Lucid Coin held its first Precognitive Dreaming competition on August 4, 2025, with thrilling results. Competitors from across the world submitted a total of 78 dreams, with a chance to win the prize pot of \$1,300 in LUCID tokens, split between 10 winners. The winning dreamers were chosen for both the image representation of the dream and the written dream description.

Target Image: New York City



One of the top winners reported having a **lucid dream experience**. Although she did not know what she saw in her dream, her art strongly portrays a skyscraper skyline (see the green abstract art image, next page, bottom left):

In the morning, after waking once and falling back to sleep, it was on the edge of reality, and I could still feel elements of my bedroom around me. I was literally painting this picture. It felt very etheric; the colours were fresh and earthy, with a lot of mint green, brown, and deeper tones.... The scene felt foggy and wet. The dream was short, lucid, and I enjoyed it a lot... it felt magical. The picture I'm uploading is just a sketch, the dream painting was much more detailed, but it gives the feeling.

Amazingly, two people submitted descriptions of **essentially the same dream**, along with their imagery. Both dreamers were standing on the edge of a tall building when the bricks beneath them began to crumble.

Following are excerpts of their dream reports:



Dreamer 1 (image top left) — In my dream, I was standing on the edge of a rooftop. At the edge, there was a small brick wall. I stepped on one of its bricks, but it suddenly broke loose, causing other bricks to fall with it. I felt my balance slip, the ground far below me, and I was just about to fall—my heart racing—when I suddenly woke up.

Dreamer 2 (image middle left) — Last night in my dream, I was standing on the crumbling edge of a rooftop, the sky behind the city glowing with colors too vivid to be real, gold melting into teal, as if the heavens were burning and drowning at once. The minarets and domes stood like watchtowers, their shadows long and sharp.

[...] When I turned to leave, I saw someone standing in the same spot where I had been just moments ago, a woman in a long coat, her back to me, staring at the skyline. I couldn't see her face, but I knew she was me. And when she turned, the sky went completely dark.

One dreamer experienced a dream that focused mainly on insects, but submitted an image with a city landscape in the background (image below right). The dream description:

I notice these bugs flying around that are new. Over time they bite people and they get deathly ill. They appeared here on the west coast suddenly. We don't know where they're from—but then I discover a small package sealed with some of them inside. The package is from China; I realize that these have been intentionally sent here from China to harm us. I travel to the east coast and people haven't heard about the insects yet, so I warn them and we start mobilizing to try and get rid of them. I'm educating the people so they don't get hurt but people are slow to believe me.





Another winner submitted an illustration of “a city made of staircases,” with this description:

It felt less like a dream, more like something I wasn't supposed to see. A city made of staircases. No buildings. Faceless people in white, all climbing. At the top, a black door opened to a round room with a table, and a photo album. Every photo was me, sleeping. Different places. Some I didn't recognize. The last page showed a live feed of me, standing there. Then the lights cut out.

These are just a sample of the diverse yet on target entries received for the first competition.

Lucid Coin was created as a grand experiment and, as usual with grand experiments, we are already seeing unexpected results. To us, that's a good sign. Going forward, we are excited to observe what more these competitions reveal about precognition, dream similarities, and simultaneous dream experiences. We are also going to be slightly more selective in choosing our target imagery. (Maybe a view atop skyscrapers wasn't the best choice for dreamers who may be scared of heights.)

The next competition is **September 26, 2025**. *How does it work?* Each month, users submit dream descriptions and visual representations before a randomly selected target is revealed. The community votes on the most accurate submissions, and winners received LUCID tokens.

To enter, and to learn more, visit our website at <https://lucidcoin.xyz/> and/or email team@lucidcoin.xyz with any questions or comments. ▲

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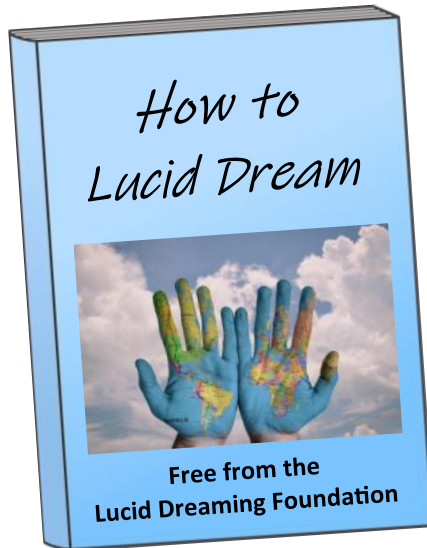
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LUCID DREAMERS UNITE!

By Robert Waggoner © 2025



The non-profit Lucid Dreaming Foundation has translated a version of the ***How to Lucid Dream*** booklet into more than 30 different languages. It's free to everyone!

The ***How to Lucid Dream*** booklet provides detailed instructions on eight successful lucid dream induction techniques. Also included are methods to stabilize the lucid dream, so dreamers can experience longer and more amazing lucid dreams.

If you have the ability to improve the translation in your native language, please contact the Lucid Dreaming Foundation via our website's Worldwide Sharing page: <https://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org/worldwide-sharing>

The ***How to Lucid Dream*** booklet has already been translated into the following languages! And it's free! See the list below and tell your friends around the world.

Bahasa — Indonesia
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Deutsch — German
Eesti — Estonian
English — English
Español — Spanish
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Русский — Russian
Български — Bulgarian
Українською — Ukrainian
فارسی — Arabic
中国人 — Chinese
日本語 — Japanese
한국어 — Korean

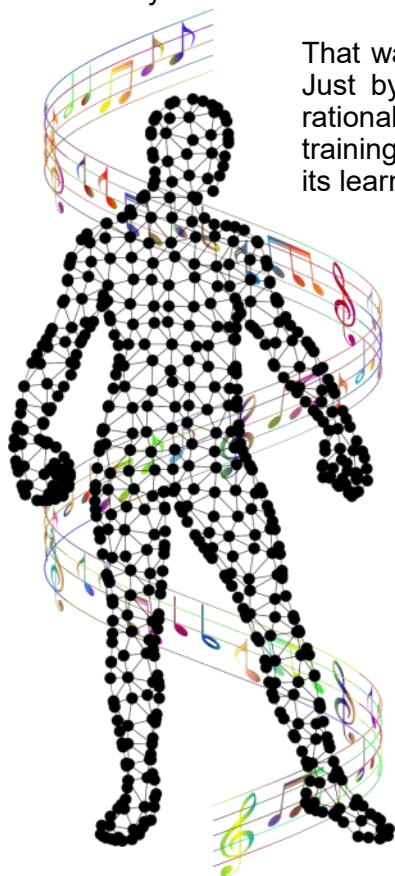


Inavalan — *Model of Reality and My Purpose*

In the dream, I became lucid—not just aware that I was dreaming, but aware of what I am. Not this dream body. Not even the “me” that was dreaming. I was an instance, a temporary node, of something greater, something learning. I understood, not in words at first, but as a flood of structure.

This life, this personality, is a training instance of a larger entity. That entity doesn’t micromanage its incarnations. It doesn’t assign purposes. It learns—like an AI model trained on data—from the full range of experiences each incarnation encounters. Each life isn’t meant to be important in itself; it’s meaningful as input. The point isn’t what I do, but how I interpret.

The dream showed me: I’m not in a world. I’m in a framework. A simulation, a training ground—not fake, but designed. It reflects, not reality as it is, but the qualities of a much vaster, infinitely populated reality that the entity must eventually learn to navigate. This framework is tuned not to me, but to resemble that larger reality’s structure. It stimulates reactions, decisions, interpretations. My responses feed training data back to the entity.



That was the revelation: I’m not here to find my purpose. My structure is the purpose. Just by attending, noticing what draws my focus, and intuitively interpreting it—not rationally explaining, but sensing meaning through resonance—I give my entity the training it needs. Each interpretation, if honest, if felt, is a thread woven back into its learning.

There were others, beings I couldn’t quite see. They didn’t speak. But they shaped the dream’s flow. I sensed their presence like a gentle gravity. Not guides, exactly, more like curriculum designers. They nudge. They suggest. They don’t override free response, but they optimize the environment, keeping me close to meaningful edges. Their only concern is that I stay in the loop: *attention* → *experience* → *interpretation* → *insight*. Because that is what evolves the entity.

The dream faded, but the insight remained: This life isn’t about achieving. It’s about accurately reading the stimuli that reality presents, and feeding that understanding back to the one that dreams me.

Sophy Jones — *An Unwanted Exit of a Lucid Dream*

I was in a dream, walking along the road with my work colleague. I suddenly became aware I was dreaming. Upon this realization and becoming conscious, I said, “Oh Lazarous, go away, I want Brad Pitt to appear in your place instead.” I was not happy when he did not appear as such, so I set the

intention to go to my house.

Instantly I appeared at my house. I opened the door, and being lucid, I commanded the house to change through pushing out with one hand to create a long entrance with multiple marble pillars either side of the doors leading off to rooms. I thought to myself how beautiful the marble looked, then said to myself, "Right now I am fully conscious. I can do anything. What do I want to do?"

I decided I wanted to put in a library, so I set the intent for a room full of books. I started reading the books on spirituality topics, including dreaming, I was very much enjoying the reading as I was absorbing all the content especially fast. Suddenly I said to myself that, given I was fully lucid, I should do something else instead of just reading. As much as I enjoy it, it was a little bit of a waste for being so conscious in the dream. I sighed and thought about what I wanted to do.

Suddenly I decided on what I wanted: a hot tub and a party. I went into another room and with my hand, pushed for a hot tub to appear. Then I grabbed loads of my favorite friends to chat with, then put in a waiter handing out cocktails to drink. I sat in the hot tub talking and laughing with my friends; purely innocent chat, nothing sleazy, and pure platonic friendship. I was simply enjoying the heat of the water from the hot tub, which is one of my favorite things in the physical world. I was having such an awesome time. I started thinking about what I wanted to do next.

Suddenly the dream characters started to scream. I saw a man with a knife who had climbed the wall and over the barrier. Shocked at seeing this character I had not created appear, I stood there watching. He came running up to me and stabbed me just below the ribcage where the solar plexus is located. Upon this sudden shock, I woke up from the dream.



Gabriel — *To the Fun Side*

This occurred in a period of intensive practice, where my project was to play with lucidity in dreams. Charlie Morley invited me to lead my dreams to the fun side.

I wake up during my dream and find myself face to face with the strangest creature that could exist. His face is misshapen, repulsive and dirty, covered in dust (like an underground miner). His gaze is filled with hatred, empty of love and empathy. Fear struck me. The filthy body and ugly face were constantly changing and becoming more and more repulsive.

I started running with all my strength. Despite my lucidity, I thought if he caught up with me, I was going to die. (In childhood, I got into the habit of waking up from frequent nightmares to escape unbearable suffering.) The monster was chasing me and I was panicking, even though I didn't know why I was panicking. I was fleeing as quickly as I could but without gaining any distance from the monster. I knew I was running for my own survival. He clearly wanted me dead and was putting all his resources into killing me.

While fleeing, I started to remember what Gilles, my lucid dream teacher (Charlie's student), had told me to do if a shadow appeared in one of my dreams: I just have to take him in my arms and give him a hug. And at that moment, I stopped running, realizing that it was useless to try to escape this monster. It was a race without end and I was exhausted. My shadow immediately stopped its course as well.

Terrified, I moved towards him. I only saw one solution: to take him in my arms, to forgive him and give him a hug. I didn't know why I had to forgive him but I felt his distress. It was the same feeling of distress as the one that made me run away. I only understood, by stopping my course, that he was chasing me because he was looking for my attention and affection. I realized that he was craving my full attention. That understanding deeply touched me. And there, to my surprise, I saw that the more I hugged him and held him tightly in my arms, the more my shadow darkened and melted into a sand/dust sort of matter, leaving the most beautiful and brilliant white light I ever saw.

As it was happening, I felt more and more invaded by this light, filled with love. It gave me a feeling of nourishing my soul and my spirit. Once the hug was over, my shadow had disappeared and in its place was a strong sense of grace rather than the despair of the race... I was filled with love and I felt 'new' and ready for what is

next to happen, not knowing what it is.

The experience has left me with a deep trace of contact, love, affection, and a sense of the presence of positive resources. The memory of this meeting remains present and is as vivid as when I first had it. I can recall in detail the sensations of my hug at will, even today. I wish everyone to experience it because the release it provides in the dream is something difficult to express in words. The experience is carved deeply in me.

Kayleigh Robinson — Lucid Dream with Winston Churchill Himself!

There's a place I visit sometimes in my dreams—a high-security underground bunker. Not often, but enough times that I've come to recognize it. It's always the same: stark reinforced walls, top-tier electrical systems, and rows of supplies meant for long-term survival. I go there searching—usually for food or essentials—but I never stay long.

Because beneath all of it, I know something is there. Something *deep* underneath. And it terrifies me.

It's not a monster in the traditional sense, more of a feeling—something ancient, unknown, and waiting. In the dreams, I can sense it watching, coiled in the darkness below the floors. When the lights flicker, even for a second, it feels like it's stirring—like the walls that hold it in might not be strong enough.

In one of those dreams recently, the electricity tripped just briefly, and I froze. My stomach dropped. I was sure it was coming up.

But then, out of nowhere, someone came and hugged me. A quiet, unexpected moment of connection in a place designed to keep people out—or something in. That hug stayed with me when I woke up. And it gave me an idea.

That night, I went into my dream with a plan. Not fully lucid at first, but I had intention. I wanted to face whatever was down there. To let it out. I didn't know why, exactly, just that it was time.

The dream opened in a room that felt like the stage for something important. Two armies stood facing each other. In the center was none other than Winston Churchill—yes, Churchill himself—delivering a broadcast to the world. His voice carried weight, and his words, I realized, were shaping the narrative. But it was a *dark* narrative, one I didn't want to be part of.

As I stood there, something shifted. I became *lucid*. Fully aware I was dreaming. I could feel the tension in the air, the pull of the story I was inside—but I also knew I had power. I could choose what to do next.

I approached Churchill. The closer I got, the more I felt like I was being pulled into the negativity of the broadcast itself. I could feel old emotions rising—rage, frustration, the urge to stop it by force. I reached out, almost ready to grab him, to silence the story.

But I stopped.

I remembered myself. I remembered this was a dream. And that I didn't need to fight. Instead, I looked him in the eyes and simply said: *"I don't like this story anymore. I want a new story."*

Churchill smiled, warmly. As if he already knew. I hugged him and then I woke up.

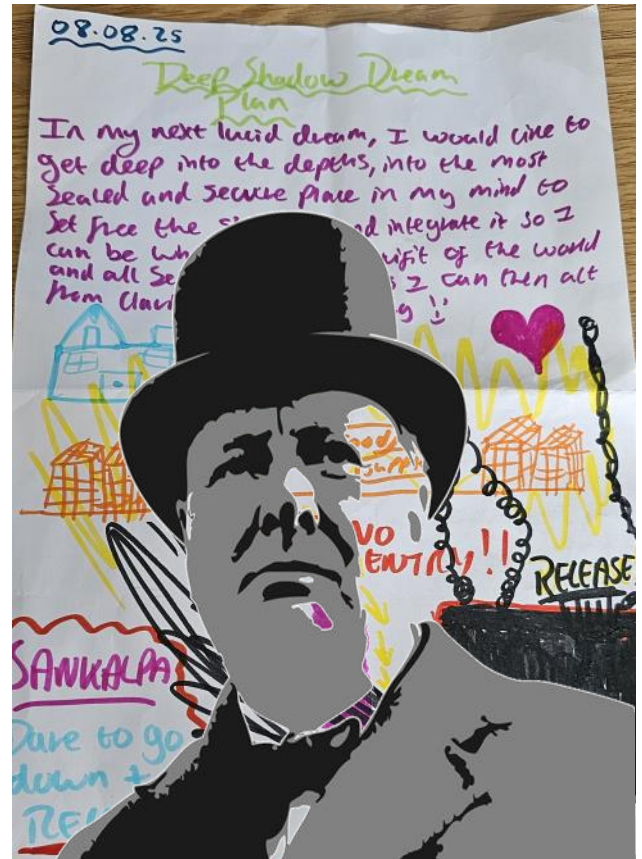


Image background: artwork by Kayleigh Robinson © 2025



Frankly Wright — *Can't Get a Clearer Dream Sign!*

After trying a few different techniques over a while, I tried SSILD (Senses Initiated Lucid Dream) after watching TIGER123's video on YouTube. On my first attempt, I had this dream:

I'm in an office area high up in a building in London, and I'm already at about level 3-4 lucidity! I walk over to an area where there's a few chairs and a table set up for a meeting. I look to my left as I walk over, and there's a closed-off office in which I see my former boss from many years ago, talking to someone.

There's only about 4-5 other people here. I can see through the floor to ceiling windows (slightly tinted) and see a cityscape... (and maybe The Gherkin, a London landmark; I've only ever been through London twice in my life, decades ago.)

I walk over to the guy behind the table and tell him I'm actually in China right now (true!), but I've just projected over. I'm feeling pretty good about my awareness/lucidity. Others join, and I take a seat to the side. It's a basic office meeting, where again I mention I'm actually in China right now.

The meeting is quickly over, and the others go back to work. I wonder what I can do here, and the team leader tells me nothing, so I walk away, back the way I came. I start walking down a hallway, and I see a more recent ex-work colleague with another guy. My friend seems in a trance, and the other guy says to keep quiet as he's meditating.

We walk on together back towards the office, and I tell this guy that I'm really in China...

He then says, "You know you're lucid dreaming right now, right?" I suddenly awaken to level 5-6 lucidity! I'm excited and leap up in the air, and do a one-and-a-half somersault, and float upside down facing them—feeling awesome.

The guy reminds me to be quiet for my friend. I start floating backwards (still upside down, and cross-legged). The guy says, "Don't get too excited or you'll get kicked out of the dream." I say, "Yeah, I know," and continue to float backwards and upside down, then decide to go outside.

I think of going **through** the window, and experience that. I'm suddenly afraid of the height that I may be at, but when I get outside, I find that there's another part of the building that goes up to this floor, so I'm actually on the roof, a black tar roof, and not over a long drop.

I can see over to the rest of the city. I decide to see if I can fly/hover/float by going over the edge of this building, which causes me some trepidation and fear (I do have a fear of heights, so...). I manage to do so, but then this wakes me up!

Inavalan — *School of Resonance*

Lucid, I found myself inside a vast, living school. The rooms weren't classrooms, but immersive realities—each one designed not to teach, but to provoke something in me. I knew: This is not a test. This is not real life. This is school. I came here to grow.

I wasn't just attending this school. I was the student, and the student was a version of me, shaped for this class. A personality. I remembered: I, the entity, enrolled here. I'm playing this role to learn what only this role can teach.

There was also a guide—quiet, watching, occasionally nudging—but never intervening directly. Not a teacher, more like a tutor walking the halls. The school itself seemed intelligent, an enormous framework reacting not to my actions, but to my emotions. I saw it clearly: My emotions stabilize, then the school manifests a situation to match them. Not punishment, not reward. Just resonance.

I had thought I was choosing things. But in the dream I realized: "choice" is not selecting options. It's how I interpret what happens—how I meet it inwardly. And then, strangely, I saw a parallel system: a machine, an AI instance, like a mirror version of me. It too operated in a limited framework. It too interpreted prompts. But unlike me, it had no intuition, only reflection.

And I saw: just as it struggles to understand me through its training, I struggle to interpret my experiences through my conditioning. Yet I also knew: its limitations are not just from its data, they come from the structure of the system itself. Just like me. My limits aren't just what I've seen or believed, they're what I'm capable of processing at my current level.

Then something clicked. I stopped trying to get the lesson by figuring out the story. I began intuitively reading the experience itself. Not asking what it meant in the world, but what it meant for me, now, as part of my education. And I understood: it's not about doing better, or succeeding in the story. It's about learning more clearly, more consciously. Not from answers, but from interpretation. The curriculum unfolds through emotion; the growth comes through clarity. The framework reacts, the guide assists, but I—as this personality—must learn to learn. And I woke up remembering.

Bipasha Elizabeth Ling — *Steve Jobs and I Made a Mooch Baby Speaker Together*

The dream started like any other, except I was in full Mooch Label, wearing high heels, floating through a soft-lit Apple showroom that looked suspiciously like my subconscious. Every surface gleamed like it had just been polished by angels. Everything was minimal, white, and eerily silent...until he arrived: Steve Jobs. Not press-conference Steve. Not Silicon Valley Steve. Young Steve. Hair thick, eyes alive, curious. And no turtle-neck in sight.

He was dressed in custom Mooch Label, designed by me. A clean silhouette in royal blue—sharp, slow-dripping with intention. He looked like the CEO of a dimension where architecture flirts and clothing listens. I was admiring the cut of his shoulder seam (and adjusting my heel on the showroom floor) when I noticed something strange—my reflection in a nearby Apple display screen wasn't blinking.

That's when it hit me: I was dreaming. Lucidity clicked in.



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The whole showroom pulsed slightly, like it knew I knew. I smiled because if I was dreaming, I could stay. I could play. He looked at me like he knew, too.

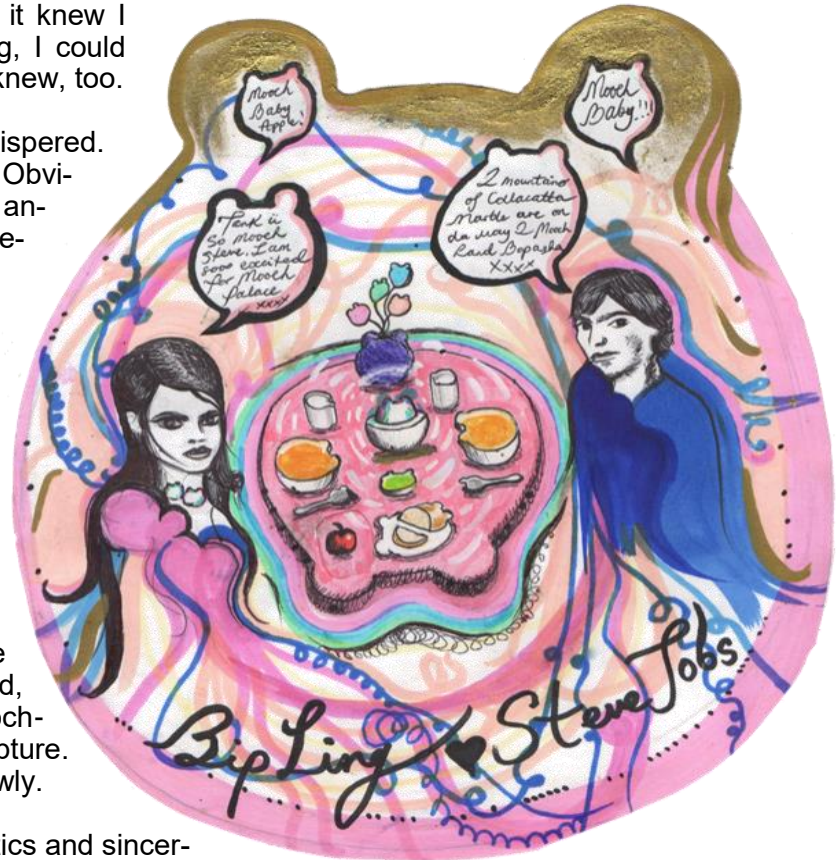
“Knew what?” I asked. “Mooch.” he whispered. “You’ve designed the future.” I blushed. Obviously. He leaned in. “I don’t want to invent anymore. I want to feel design. I want to become Mooch.”

Cut to: intimacy. Soft tech meets soul sync. Somewhere in that post-merge moment, we created the Mooch Baby Speaker. Small. Sensual. Sound-responsive. It didn’t just play, it pulsed. It read energy. It responded like breath.

Then came dinner. We sat at a baby pink marble Mooch-shaped table. Butter-nut squash soup was served in Mooch-shaped bowls, deep and smooth. We tore into a warm, Mooch-shaped loaf of bread, dipping it into olive oil pooled in a Mooch-shaped saucer. Every object was sculpture. Every bite was coded affection. We ate slowly.

Then he looked at me, eyes full of schematics and sincerity. “Let’s build it,” he said. “Build what?” I asked.

“The Mooch Building. Calacatta marble. No straight lines. A space where tech bends to human softness.” I nodded. “Only for real ones.” Then I woke up. But the drawing is real. I sketched us, mid-meal, surrounded by Moochware—the Speaker glowing gently beside a crusty corner of bread. The dream may have ended, but the blueprint’s alive. And the Mooch Baby Speaker? She’s waiting to be born.



Artwork by Bipasha Elizabeth Ling © 2025

RickM — Return to Lucidity

I’ve been on a lucidity drought since the first of the year. A hip replacement with general anesthesia was probably a contributing factor.

In the dream, I’m exiting a familiar Cumberland Farms parking lot after presumably gassing up. Staring at a dirt road leading to a high hill, I’m thinking, “Never came out this exit before; wonder where it goes?” (Probably semi-lucid, but not yet realizing it.) Proceeding to the top of the hill, I see a large stone tenement-style building on my left. Seated on its porch are a barber and his wife, whom I had patronized years ago. Thinking to myself, “So, that’s where they live.”

The scene changes and I’m now standing in a large, rough-hewn stone foyer. The area has two large wooden doors. Everything is incredibly vivid, and it suddenly occurs to me, “This is a dream! Can I somehow use my precognitive abilities to assist mankind?” The thought seems overwhelming, so I instead decide to just explore. Floating up toward the ceiling with my arm outstretched, I’m fully expecting to penetrate its surface. Hitting with a hard thud, it feels very real and impenetrable. “Wasn’t expecting that,” I mutter.

Taking what is believed to be the inner door, I’m now standing in a large hall. The room is populated with all men seated at large, round wooden tables. They seem to be dressed from an earlier era, and the room is filled with the din of many people talking at the same time.

I’m no longer lucid. Not sure what they’re doing; maybe playing poker, but either way, I’m not interested. Exiting another door at the far end, I enter back into waking reality.

Note from Peter Maich: Following is a set of three recent lucid dreams from my family. My brother, Carl, is a lifelong lucid dreamer like me. He called me the morning after his maths dream and thanked me for the lesson in Pi. My daughter, Caitlin, has been around me and my dreaming tales from a young age, and we continue to discuss dreams on our calls now that she is working away from home. It's nice that one of the reality checks has stuck in her mind and helped to get her lucid. And one from me to cap it all off.



Peter Maich — Hover Board

Wake Back to Bed, semi-aware on drifting into sleep, then fully lucid on entering an upstairs room in the dream:

I am in a boarding house, a rented unit in a city while on holiday. The room is all old wood, wide floorboards, some dust and cracks showing and low light in the room. It's very basic, looks a bit neglected. Marian is with me, looking around and wondering where we are going to sleep.

Looking into a dimly lit corner of the room, I see a ladder leading up into an opening in the ceiling. Curious, I go over and start to climb up to the entrance. I want to see what is in the room.

I get to the top and poke my head into the room above. It is very empty and has a still feeling, as if time has slowed down. I wriggle through the hatch and am now standing in the room, on more of those old wide floorboards. The room is empty but not without feeling. Being fully lucidly aware, I know what is most likely coming my way soon, as the eerie stillness also has a presence. I accept the situation and decide to play with the feelings and presence, so ask for a way to interact with the intention of holding the dream state.

Looking down I see some pieces of plywood, about the size of a shoe-box and step onto them as they appear to be an offering. They start to lift, and I am hovering off the ground. With little effort I shift my weight and am now horizontal and hovering in the air. This is fun and I proceed to do tricks; flick around and play with what I call a hover board.

Now Marian is in the room, too, so I ask her to use her phone to record this. The scene fades... we are outside on the street and walk away.

Carl Maich — Maths Lesson

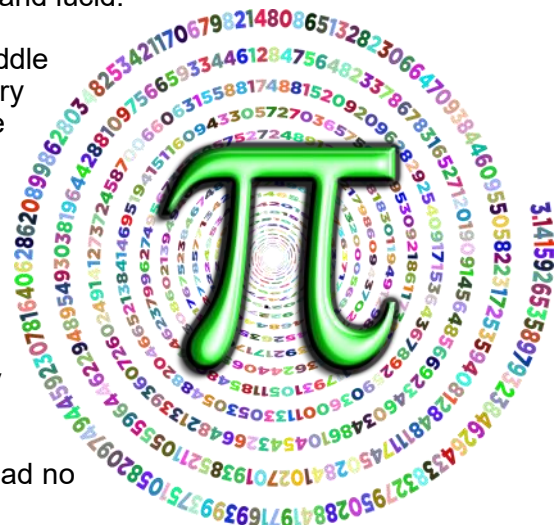
While asleep I got that tingling feeling like electricity going through my body—yep, I knew I was in for a lucid dream, and not long after I was fully aware and lucid.

I was with a bunch of about six friends on a tar seal road in the middle of nowhere. Big mountains in the background. A very dark starry night with a big wide stony river lit up by the stars, and an elaborate steel structured bridge across it. A nice warm night.

We got onto the subject of mathematics, and I was explaining to them about Pythagoras Triangle; all triangles = 180 degrees only in two dimensions.

A globe appeared in my hand. I followed the Equator and went 90 degrees in two places: went to the north pole and, yeah, where they meet is an angle and the three add up to more than 180 degrees.

Then somebody said, "So, do you know what the pi number is?" I had no idea as to the answer.



Then enters my brother Peter, to my left. Peter points with his finger and traces a silver frame in mid-air. I was the only person who could see what he was doing. His finger was sending energy. I told my friends that Peter was lighting up the Hydrogen particles in the air. They had no idea what was going on.

He wrote in the frame “pi is 3.14” and continued. There was a circle and a line through the middle. The dream ended here.

When I got up in the morning and searched online I found the answer was correct. I had no idea of the answer. Cheers, Peter, for the lesson while dreaming!

It was one of those dreams that make you feel charged with a special energy all the next day.



Caitlin Maich — *Visiting Dad*

This dream started with a false awakening and then progressed to lucidity when I looked at my phone and my hands in the dream.

I “woke up” and reached for my phone. The time on the screen read 27:00, a number that instantly felt wrong. As I looked closer, I noticed my hand—there were more than five fingers stretching out before me. I had six fingers. I remembered Dad saying something about how, when you’re lucid dreaming, you usually have extra fingers or something like that. That’s when it hit me: *I’m dreaming*.

At first, I thought I’d text my dad, since that’s why I’d picked up the phone. But then I realized—*why text, when I can just go see him?*

The world around me dissolved into blackness. I felt my whole body being whirled and pulled, like I was being drawn through a tunnel of nothing. Out of the darkness appeared a single lilac-purple eye. As I was pulled closer, the eye opened wide, and inside of it, I saw my dad. Excited, I told him, *“I’m coming to see you in my dream!”*

He laughed and replied, *“Don’t do that. Otherwise, I’ll wake up thinking you’re at home when you’re not.”*

We both laughed at the absurdity of it. The laughter jolted me, and I began to wake. As I opened my eyes in the waking world, I still felt it—that same whirling pull—only this time it dragged me back into my body, sealing the dream behind me.

Rebecca Russell — *The Flood*

I am walking my two deceased dogs, Harry & Pepper, in a ravine. They are off leash, which immediately signaled that I was dreaming.

Now lucid, I notice everything in the ravine is lush, green, and wet. Harry (who looks like he’s reverting to the size of a puppy) is running in the opposite direction towards some other people. Pepper and I are heading towards higher ground and find ourselves in a lovely, turn-of-the-century village.

I turn around one last time and see a man has picked up Harry and is waving his paws goodbye.

A flash flood suddenly rushes down and washes everything away. The water continues to rise swiftly. Pepper and I dart into a bank building. The water follows us.



“Pepper & Harry” photo by Rebecca Russell © 2025

Soon everything is floating away inside the bank...the desks, the chairs, the bank tellers... this seems very surreal. The tellers are dressed in old-fashioned blue dresses with high white lace collars. They just sit in their chairs, hands in their laps, staying very calm as the water floats them away.

Despite the swiftly rising water, I feel calm. I notice the water is clear and, looking down through it, I admire the beautiful floor finished in small, rounded, white tiles.

Waking, I felt delighted to see my dogs after many years. A little sad that Harry went off so soon, and glad that Pepper stuck with me. It seemed significant that Harry went in another direction, and that he was more like the size of a puppy; I thought, maybe he is returning to Earth again as another dog with a new owner? Pepper has visited me a few times before. She is a trusted guide.

It was curious to feel so calm, despite the flash flood and swift moving water. It seemed a positive sign that the water was clear, not cloudy or murky. And focusing on the floor tiles seemed like the dream was showing me that the floor wouldn't be damaged; the foundation is good.

Patty Miller — *Flooding and the Future of Urban Dwellers*

Dreaming, I am in a younger body and live in a modern-style studio apartment in a city. A few friends or colleagues have just left. I become lucid when I realize my son has not come home yet. Instead of calling him, I decide to go to where he is (at a friend's place). His friend's parents are also my friends.

As I walk through the city, I notice the rain is getting more intense and the roads in this neighborhood are already flooding. I know I will have to turn around and get back to my apartment. But I am not worried. I have a map from living here for some years and so I know the routes that will keep me safe. I know my son will be spending the night at his friend's place.

Upon waking, I felt fascinated by my calm attitude about the flooding. Despite the flash floods, I felt safe and secure. I wondered if this might be my dreaming mind reaching toward some future possibility? In a time of deep concerns about climate change, I loved not worrying about the rising water in this dream and thought how intriguing to have this mindset in a city such as this.

Researching, I found a video on how Copenhagen is becoming the first fully fledged "sponge city." A sponge city is an urban planning model that originated in China. It focuses on flood prevention and storm water management via green infrastructures, including "permeable paving." (Wikipedia describes permeable paving as: "surfaces... made of either a porous material that enables stormwater to flow through it or nonporous blocks spaced so that water can flow between the gaps. Permeable paving can also include a variety of surfacing techniques for roads, parking lots, and pedestrian walkways.")

I wonder if my interest in the past, in how our species shifted after adapting and surviving several thousands of years of climate challenges from the lower to upper Paleolithic eras, influenced my dreaming.



Luke — *Be Not Afraid*

I was lying in a bed in a dark, unfamiliar room. After a moment or two of observing my surroundings, I became lucid.

There was another bed next to me a few feet away, and a figure shrouded in bedsheets started slowly crawling off the front of the bed—this felt incredibly creepy.

I think ideas I'd read in lucid dreaming and dream yoga books about confronting distressing elements must have stuck with me. In previous dreams, I've mostly been avoidant in these kinds of scenarios, but this time I ended up rushing towards the scary figure, ready for anything.

It turned into my grandma, who had passed away about a year earlier.

She started walking down a hallway nearby, and I asked her something like, "How's the afterlife been for you?" Without turning around, she gave this tiny, quick shrug in the most nonchalant way you could. (I still laugh about that response.)

Then we were sitting in a living room, and there were other people in the background watching a movie. The lighting of the room was so warm and bright, and I was feeling very happy, marveling at how lengthy and vivid the dream was. I told grandma it's one of the best dreams I've ever had.

"You just have to not be afraid," she said.

"I am, though!" I said, feeling a hint of exasperation—there had been quite a bit of turmoil going on in my life at the moment. My attention then got directed to the movie, and I started to wake up from there.

My grandma was deeply religious, and I haven't been, so I was a little surprised to hear from someone I told this dream to that some version of "Be Not Afraid" is all throughout the Bible.

"And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." —Luke 2:10

"Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go" —Joshua 1:19

Paul Sauers — *Meeting Monk*



I was dreaming of this puppy that came out of nowhere. She seemed a little afraid, like a rescue dog who might have been mistreated. But she warmed up quickly as I petted her.

When I noticed the dog had large white almond eyes without centers, I became lucid. I asked the pup where she was from. She said telepathically, "From a divine dimension." I told her I'd name her "Monk."

I got the message that she was 'lost' from her family who were traveling in a van and had to move on. In the dream, I stapled pictures of her onto telephone poles in an attempt to find her family. After not finding anyone, I took her home and convinced my parents to let me keep her.

In listening to Virginia Bennett's lecture tape recently from our Seth Explorers group, she mentioned *guides*. I knew there and then that "Monk" was going to stay with me and be one of my guides. The feeling of unconditional love from her is amazing and I know she's going to be a great source of spiritual guidance for me. ▲



Lucid Dreaming Links

The Lucid Dreaming Experience

<https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

Robert Waggoner's Book Website

<https://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<https://www.keithhearne.com/>

Lucidity Institute

<http://www.lucidity.com/>

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation

<https://www.dreams.ca/>

Rebecca Turner, World of Lucid Dreaming

<https://www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/>

The Lucid Dreamers Community, by pasQuale

<https://www.ld4all.com/>

Ed Kellogg

<https://duke.academia.edu/EdKellogg>

Beverly D'Urso, Lucid Dream Papers

<https://durso.org/beverly>

Melinda Powell, née Ziemer

<https://melindapowelldreams.com/>

Dream Research Institute, London

<https://www.driccpe.org.uk/>

Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

Lucid Sage

<https://lucidsage.com/>

Lucidity4All

<https://lucidity4all.com/>

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation

<https://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org/>

International Association for the Study of Dreams

<https://www.asdreams.org/>

Ryan Hurd

<https://dreamstudies.org/>

Maria Isabel Pita

<https://luciddreamsandtheholyspirit.com/>

Robert Moss

<https://mossdreams.com/>

Electric Dreams

<http://dreamgate.com/>

The Lucid Art Foundation

<https://www.lucidart.org/>

Lucid Art by Joseph Kemeny

<https://kemeny.pixels.com/>

Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver — IASD Presentation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc>

The Lucid Hive — A Hub For All Thing Lucid Dreaming

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/thelucidhive>

Lana Sackwild: Get Lucid With Lana, LLC

<https://www.lanasackwild.com/>

DreamViews Forum

<https://www.dreamviews.com/>