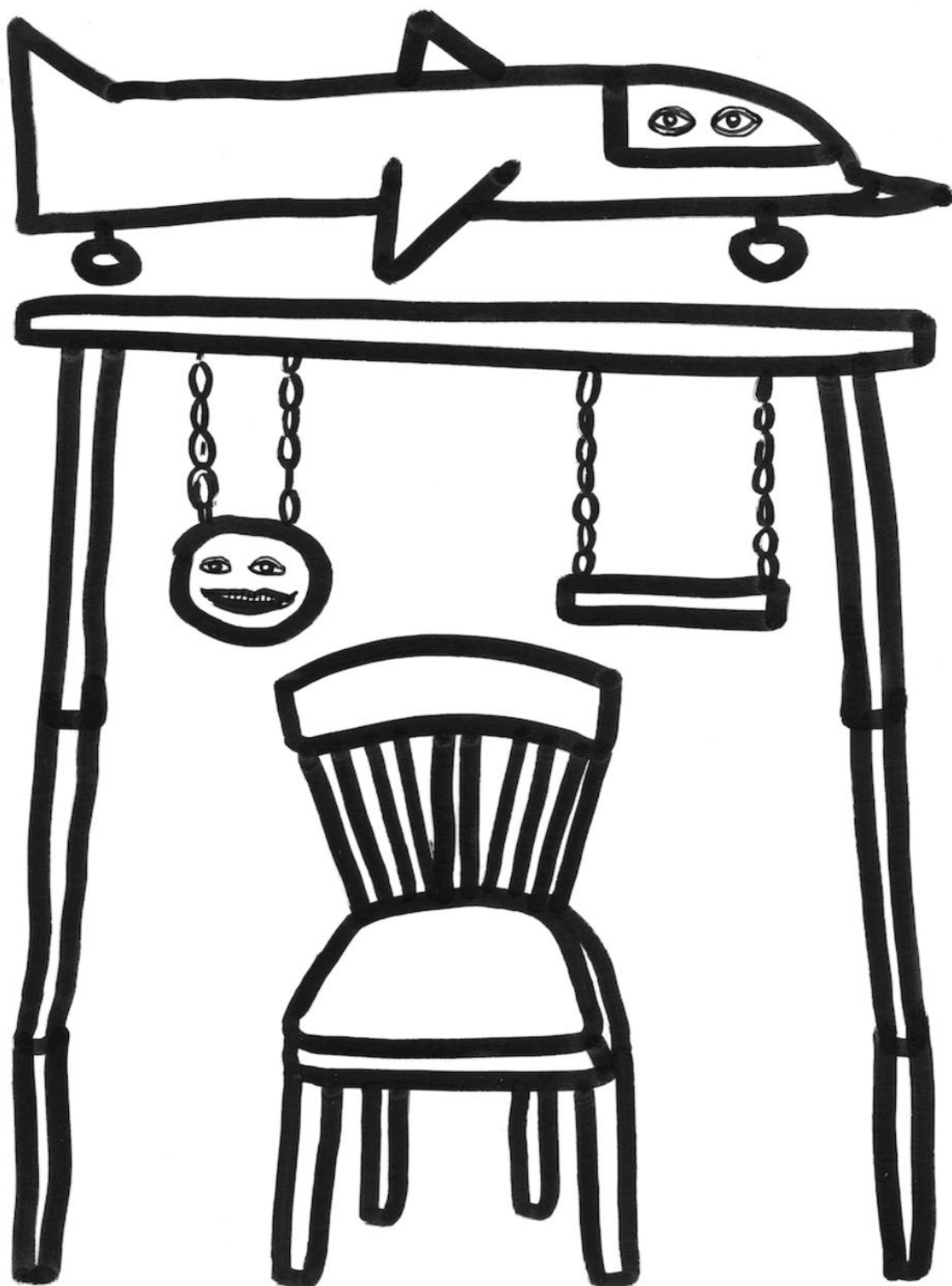


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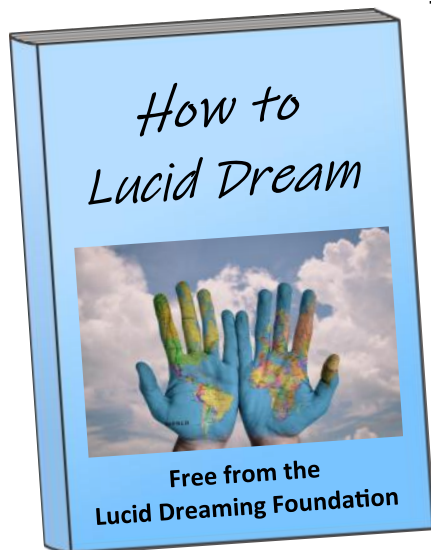
LUCID DREAMING *EXPERIENCE*





LUCID DREAMERS UNITE!

By Robert Waggoner © 2026



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.

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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.

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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.*

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Next Deadline

December 2026 Theme: Healing in Lucid Dreams

Submission Deadline: November 15, 2026

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

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Coming Soon: The ePUB Version of the LDE!

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dream speak

By Robert Waggoner © 2026

DREAMSPEAK INTERVIEW WITH IVONNE FREIGE

Inner
explorer and
physician
Ivonne Freige
shares how her
lucid dreaming
journey has
evolved and
deepened
over time

Ivonne, welcome to the LDE! Tell us about your early dream life. When did you first learn about lucid dreaming?

Some of my earliest memories are intertwined with dreams. They fascinated me from a very young age, and looking back, I think I began having lucid dreams around the age of seven or eight, although at the time I didn't know there was a name for this experience.

Like many lucid dreamers, it all began with a recurring nightmare.

The dream was almost always the same. I would find myself on a beach with my family, but there was always something unsettling: just before the shoreline, the sand dropped into a small cliff-like edge, as if the ocean were separated from us by a hidden abyss. Then the nightmare would begin. The ocean would suddenly recede, and in the distance, a gigantic tsunami would begin to form. There was no real way to escape.

Sometimes I managed to run into a building and climb to the tenth floor, only to realize the wave was even taller and still coming toward us. Other times there was nowhere to run, and I was swallowed by the water. Occasionally I would wake up immediately, but other times I stayed in the dream long enough to discover that I could actually breathe underwater. All I had to do was wait until the water settled again.

Because the dream was so terrifying—and because it happened over and over—I gradually began to recognize it. I realized how unlikely it was to encounter a tsunami in everyday life, and eventually, whenever I saw the ocean pulling back, I knew I was dreaming.

My first lucid dreams were quite funny, in retrospect. In my child's dream mind, it seemed obvious that we were all sharing the same dream space. So instead of exploring the dream or flying, I would run around shouting, "This is a dream! Wake up! This is a dream!" I became frustrated because nobody listened. I desperately tried to convince everyone to wake up before the wave reached us.

I remember telling my sister, "Well, it's your problem if you want to stay here. I already told you this is a dream." Then I would simply shrug and

intentionally wake myself before the wave crashed over us. After opening my eyes, I would look over at her, peacefully asleep in her bed, and think: “Well... she’s probably drowning by now.”

Those recurring nightmares gave me my very first taste of lucid dreaming, long before I knew that lucid dreaming was something other people experienced, too.

What did you think when you heard about it?

When I first learned that there was actually a name for what I had been experiencing, it was both validating and exciting. Until then, lucid dreams had simply been part of my inner life—I didn’t realize they were a recognized phenomenon that other people intentionally cultivated.

My first exposure came through Carlos Castaneda’s books, especially *The Art of Dreaming*. They inspired me to approach dreaming as a practice rather than simply waiting for lucid dreams to happen spontaneously. They also encouraged me to cultivate greater awareness during waking life.

Alejandro Jodorowsky’s *Psychomagic* further expanded my curiosity about the symbolic and transformative potential of dreams. However, it wasn’t until I read your book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, that I found an approach that deeply resonated with me. What captivated me was the shift away from seeing lucid dreaming as merely an extraordinary experience and toward using it as a path of self-exploration. That perspective profoundly shaped the way I began working with my dreams, and it continues to influence my practice today. It felt as though someone had finally put into words what I had intuitively been searching for.

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

One of the first patterns I noticed was that lucid dreaming didn’t seem to be independent of waking life. Early on, I realized that being deeply attentive during the day—even though I didn’t know the term *mindfulness* at the time—made lucid dreams much more likely. Later, I found that quietly resting my attention on my breathing after waking during the night often led quite naturally into lucid dreams. At the time, I had no theoretical framework for why any of this worked. I simply noticed the pattern, grew curious about it, and kept experimenting.

In my early lucid dreams, I mostly used lucidity in a childlike way: flying, opening portals, walking through mirrors, eating boxes of chocolates and cookies without worrying about the consequences, and, later on, enjoying sensual experiences with whoever happened to be my boyfriend at the time. Then I became an enthusiastic participant in the Task of the Month challenges on the DreamViews forum. More than ten years ago, it was an incredibly active and fun community. The challenges ranged from completely absurd or funny—like farting in front of a dream character to see their reaction, searching for the message inside a fortune cookie, or asking a crystal ball about the future—to much deeper explorations of consciousness.

One particular task became a very profound experience:

September 16, 2015. I attempted the “Become a Planet” task, and whoa... it turned into one of the most profound experiences of my life. I asked the dream: “I want to become a planet!”

Honestly, I didn’t think it would work. I’d been trying for months to transform into an elephant without success. But what happened next was incredible. I began to float, feeling myself expanding... larger and larger. As I floated, I said, “I want to become the Earth.”

Suddenly I was no longer “me.” I was no longer in a human body. I had become something unimaginably vast. As often happens in my dreams, the experience suddenly became very cinematic. There was this feeling of suspense, like something huge was building up, and of course, my dream even added an epic soundtrack.

Then I felt it. I could feel the immense force of the oceans within me. I could feel destruction unfolding, yet at the same time, all the life the Earth contained, loving both equally. I’ve never been pregnant, but somehow it felt similar to what I imagine carrying an entire world of life might be like.

In those few moments, I understood just how small my ordinary human perspective was. Whatever I had

become in that dream felt unimaginably vast, compared to my ordinary sense of self.

The intensity became unbearable. It was simply too much—like trying to fit an immense consciousness into a small human container. I felt as though I would explode if I remained there any longer, and I woke up abruptly.

To this day, I still have mixed feelings about that dream. It remains one of the most terrifying—and at the same time, one of the most awe-inspiring—experiences of my life.

There was another task that felt aligned with the direction I was beginning to explore. The challenge was to “Find myself in a dream.”

October 1, 2015. It's 4 a.m. and I'm having trouble sleeping because I'm overthinking a problem. Finally, I relax and decide to try WILD.

Once I'm in the dream, I try to follow some dream characters. However, gravity feels different in this dream. My movements are too slow. By the time I turn my head toward a specific direction to follow a DC, they have already disappeared, or my brain seems to have trouble creating the scene quickly enough. It feels like being inside a movie or one of those first-person video games where your field of view is limited and you can't move your head quickly enough. The dream characters don't do anything spectacular; they just keep walking, so I make my request: “I want to find myself.”

Moments later, I see a version of myself in the distance. But when she notices me, she turns around and runs away. I try to follow her, but it's almost impossible because I'm in a place full of columns.

Then many different versions of me begin to appear, wearing different clothes I have owned. There is even one carrying a bag that I had completely forgotten I had. It's funny to see these forgotten details appear. But every time I try to approach one of them, they run away from me. Eventually, I stop chasing them and simply ask the dream to let me find one of them so I can ask a question.

I turn around, and there is another version of me standing in front of me. I ask her: “What have you been wanting to tell me?”

She takes me by the shoulders and says: “Tomorrow everything is going to be okay.”

I immediately understand what she means because communication with dream characters is always somewhat telepathic; it carries much more information than the words themselves.

Still, I ask: “What do you mean?”

She answers: “It's about what you have been thinking... but tomorrow everything is going to be okay.”

I wake up almost crying. I feel a deep sense of protection from these different versions of myself, and a profound trust in the message: tomorrow everything is going to be okay.

I realize that lucid dreaming has been a journey of decades, and my relationship with it has gradually evolved. What began as a playful exploration slowly became something much deeper. Today, what interests me the most is the possibility of using lucid dreaming as a way of observing consciousness itself from an entirely different perspective.

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

I think there is hardly a lucid dream that hasn't surprised me in some way. Every lucid dream feels fascinating because consciousness creates experiences that are always unpredictable. I just love all of them, but there have certainly been some that were especially unexpected.

One example happened years ago when I decided to ask a dream character one of my usual questions: *What do you represent?* I focused on a dream character who was walking through the room, approached him, and asked the question.

“Lucid dreaming has been a journey of decades, and my relationship with it has gradually evolved. What began as a playful exploration slowly became something much deeper.”

He snorted, rolled his eyes, and completely ignored me—as if he was thinking, “You and your stupid question again.”

I followed him, and this was the conversation that unfolded:

Me: Excuse me, just one more question. Do you mean there are... well, dream characters—no offense—that are not representations of my subconscious mind?

DC: That’s right. There are many dream characters that have thoughts and sparkles of consciousness of their own.

(While answering, he was sorting through old records. There was also a young woman standing nearby, simply listening to our conversation. I never asked her anything.)

Me: Really? And what do they do?

DC: There are those who are here to study human philosophy and behavior.

Me: Whaaaat? That’s amazing! What do you do?

DC: *(very excited and cheerful)* I’m one of them.

Me: So, you live here in the “dream world” while you study human behavior? What happens next? I mean, are you eternal?

DC: No.

Me: It’s just that you don’t have, like... a physical body. How do you “die”? What happens after that? When do you decide to shift to another reality?

DC: That’s decided from above. (I woke up)

There was another time when I wanted to challenge a dream character by telling him directly that he was in a dream. The only dream character I could find was a little kid. Nevertheless, I approached him and said: “*This is a dream.*” Very tenderly, he looked at me and answered: “*Then why don’t you wake up, mommy?*” That was completely unexpected! LOL

In a recent lucid dream, the following happened: *I saw an amusement park floating over the sea, with several rides suspended in the water. I approached a Ferris wheel. At the entrance, there was an antique doll, the kind that opens and closes its eyelids with movement and is usually unsettling, but this time it felt approachable and seemed to move as if she was alive.*

I got closer, asking: “What do you represent of me?”

The doll startled and replied: “Whoa—damn! You talk!” As if deeply surprised that I could speak.

I laughed and answered: “Same goes for you.” And at that moment, I woke up.

I was left with the feeling that this exchange with the doll pointed to something deeper: just as I saw her as an object that seemed to have life—and from which one wouldn’t normally expect speech—she seemed to perceive me in the same way. I had the impression that she expected me to behave like the rest of the dream: automatically, or zombie-like. Her surprise wasn’t only that I spoke, but that I was consciously present there. As if the anomaly there was me.

What was it about lucid dreaming that you found interesting?

The first thing that fascinated me was how real lucid dreams felt. Even after decades of practice, I’m still amazed by how difficult they can be to distinguish from waking reality. The textures, the environments, the richness of every detail, and the unexpected twists all feel astonishingly real.

But beyond their realism, what has kept me fascinated is the extraordinary creativity and wisdom of the *Deeper Self*. Whenever I ask the dream for something, it almost never responds in the way I expect. Instead, it answers in ways that are far more original, meaningful, and surprising than anything I could have consciously imagined. That ability to continually surprise me is something I still haven’t gotten used to.

Sometimes the dream surprises me with profound insights, and other times with a wonderful sense of

humor. I still laugh when I remember one lucid dream in which I jumped out of a window and began falling... only to hear the classic cartoon falling sound effect all the way down.

Another thing that has fascinated me over the years is that dream characters often seem to speak from a collective perspective. Even when I'm talking to a single dream character, and no one else is around, they usually never answer as "I." Instead, they say, "we think," "we believe," or "we are." I have never been able to explain why.

One example comes from a lucid dream in which I approached a woman in a wheelchair to ask about a personal situation in my waking life: *"Why did I have that dream suggesting that I should look for R after all these years?"*

At first she looked annoyed and mumbled something about foolishness. Then she softened and replied very kindly: *"We can't tell you."*

"Why?"

"We can't give you that information yet. You're still making decisions outside of consciousness. Right now, we're more concerned with helping heal your physical body first."

Over time, my relationship with lucid dreaming gradually changed. While I still love the wonder, adventure, and playfulness of the experience, what fascinates me most today is using lucid dreams as a way to explore myself more deeply and to investigate the nature of consciousness itself.

Looking back, I realize that this shift had already begun years earlier. One lucid dream from 2015 captures it beautifully: *...I knew this dream character wasn't the best person for a deep conversation, so I simply asked: "Can you tell me something I need to know?"*

"No... I don't have anything to say."

"Okay... then can you tell me where I can find a way to communicate with my subconscious... I mean, in a deeper way?"

"Look outside, in the hammock."

I didn't understand, so I walked outside the house. There really was a hammock, and an old man was sleeping in it. I gently woke him up.

"Sorry to bother you, but... can you tell me what you are? What is the subconscious?"

The old man smiled and replied: "I'm not the one who answers... I'm the one who asks. So I'll answer you with a question."

I came away with the sense that the answer wasn't really about the old man at all, but about the subconscious itself: that the subconscious is not the one who answers, but the one who asks.

What techniques were you using to become lucid? Which did you find most helpful? Were there also any recurring dream signs that helped you recognize you were dreaming?

I began by relying on recurring dream signs such as tsunamis, tornadoes, being back at my primary school, being unable to speak, or repeatedly failing to dial a phone number. Those recurring patterns gradually became reliable cues that I was dreaming.

Later, I began practicing WBTB combined with MILD, which I still find highly effective. Resting my attention on my breathing while mentally repeating *"I realize I am dreaming,"* has remained one of the most reliable practices for me.

Eventually, I fell in love with WILD. Remaining aware during the transition from wakefulness to sleep is, for me, one of the most astonishing experiences imaginable. As a physician, being able to observe that process from the inside fascinates me just as much scientifically as it does personally.

What I love most about WILD is the hypnagogic state. Meaningful images or auditory hallucinations often emerge during that transition, sometimes carrying surprisingly profound insights or guidance for my waking life. Becoming familiar with that threshold between waking and dreaming has become one of my greatest tools for self-exploration.

More recently, I've been experimenting with SSILD. For me, it has an incredibly high success rate, although it often comes with a whole series of sleep paralysis episodes, false awakenings, and OBE-like experiences. So if I'm willing to trade a rough night's sleep for an almost guaranteed lucid dream, that's usually the technique I choose.

I've also developed a personal approach to WILD that focuses on what I refer to as "the second layer of thought." By this I simply mean a phenomenological observation, not a scientific term. It describes the faint, spontaneous fragments of inner speech that seem to arise on their own as the mind approaches sleep. One exercise I find surprisingly helpful during waking life is to listen carefully to a familiar piece of music and deliberately shift my attention between the different instruments. Over time, this seems to train a kind of selective inner attention that later becomes useful during the transition to sleep. When I wake after several hours of sleep and begin a WILD attempt, I first settle my attention on my breathing. Then I simply listen inward. Rather than following deliberate thoughts, I wait for those faint, spontaneous snippets of inner dialogue that seem to emerge by themselves—brief phrases that I didn't intentionally generate, such as "take that thing out!", "what a trouble...", "I don't want that chair". At first they are almost imperceptible, but as I continue observing without engaging with them, they often become clearer, eventually evolving into the auditory hallucinations that precede the visual hypnagogic imagery. From there, the transition into the dream unfolds naturally.

Another surprisingly reliable dream sign has been intense emotion. Over the years, I realized that emotions themselves can become dream signs. Perhaps because I tend to be relatively calm in my daily life, those unusually intense emotional states immediately catch my attention and invite observation instead of reaction. Whenever I find myself experiencing overwhelming fear, intense anger, or profound frustration, I immediately stop and ask whether I might be dreaming. More often than not, I discover that I am.

One lucid dream immediately comes to mind:

I was standing in a very narrow cobblestone street when I saw a bull charging straight toward me at full speed. The terror was so overwhelming that it immediately made me suspect I was dreaming. I pinched my nose to perform a reality check and realized I could still breathe.

I tried to fly away, but I couldn't gain enough height. I barely lifted off the ground. The bull kept getting closer. I reached the end of the street, only to find a wall I couldn't pass through. Gathering all my courage, I took a deep breath, turned to face the bull, and extended my arm with my palm open, as if saying, "Stop."

Instantly, the bull exploded into a cloud of dust. Then I heard a metallic sound, like a coin falling onto the ground. When the dust settled, I saw that the bull had transformed into a small figure lying on the street. I picked it up and realized it was a tiny statue of the Buddha with one hand extended.

Later, I researched the gesture and discovered that it was the *Abhaya Mudra*, a symbolic gesture associated with overcoming fear.

Dreams like this are one of the reasons I continue to be fascinated by lucid dreaming. They don't simply help me become lucid—they often seem to transform the very emotion that triggered the lucidity in the first place. This is where waking life and dreaming life begin to intertwine. Over the years, meditation, self-observation, and contemplative practice have naturally found their way into my dreams, while lucid dreaming has also transformed the way I experience waking life. For me, the two have gradually become part of the same path of exploration.

Has lucid dreaming changed the way you live your waking life?

Completely. More than anything else, lucid dreaming has become a path of self-integration.

For me, lucid dreams are an opportunity to enter into direct dialogue with aspects of myself that I don't usually

encounter in waking life. Over the years, that dialogue has helped me become more aware of my fears, my assumptions, my blind spots, and also my deepest values. Perhaps the greatest change is that I no longer experience waking life and dreaming life as two separate worlds.

Many of my lucid dreams have become explorations rather than adventures. Instead of asking the dream to fulfil my wishes, I ask it “Show me what I need to see or know.” Again and again, those experiences have challenged assumptions that I didn’t even realize I was carrying. One dream in particular, which I previously shared in this magazine [LDE March 2026 issue] under the title *The Invisible Current*, fundamentally changed my relationship with uncertainty. The embodied certainty that I was being carried by an invisible current didn’t remain confined to the dream. It gradually became something I can access during difficult moments in waking life. Here’s a brief excerpt from that dream: *I found myself floating high above a dark ocean at night. I fell hard toward the surface, plunged through the water, and landed softly on the pale sand of the ocean floor. My dream body felt almost weightless—I had no control over it, just consciousness drifting through a pair of eyes.*

A giant scorpion, four meters long, emerged from the shadows and came toward me. I couldn’t move or fight. Just as it reached me, a gentle invisible current lifted me above it and set me down safely farther away. Moments later, a huge tarantula appeared and rushed closer. The same current rose again and carried me just out of reach.

While I floated there, watching the tarantula below me, something shifted in me. A deep, absolute certainty settled in: I was being protected. It wasn’t a thought like “the universe has my back.” It was an embodied conviction—warm, complete, felt in every part of me—that nothing truly bad could happen. In that instant it became concrete: the giant scorpion, the tarantula, the invisible current lifting me, the dark ocean itself, and the silent observer that was “me” were not separate things interacting. They were all arising from the same mind, the same intelligence that was generating the entire dream scene. The threat and the protection were the same force. There was no separation.

It felt exactly like being suspended inside a primordial amniotic fluid, everything was made of that same substance. No inside, no outside. No “me” that could be harmed because there was no separate “me” standing apart from the scene. Just one consciousness playing at being many forms at once: predator, protector, water, sand, and the one who notices.

It wasn’t an idea about trust or non-duality. It was the embodied realization that nothing I encounter is truly outside the field of consciousness I belong to. Since that dream, trust has gradually become less about expecting certain outcomes and more about relaxing into the possibility that even what feels like an obstacle may be another expression of the same underlying intelligence. I’ve gradually discovered that this applies just as much to waking life, and it has profoundly changed the way I relate to it. Living from that understanding has not only brought me a deep sense of peace, but it has also allowed life to unfold in ways that continue to surprise me. Whenever I notice myself overthinking, trying to anticipate every possible outcome or control situations that are inherently uncontrollable, I often remember that dream. Rather than forcing myself to “think positively,” I reconnect with the felt sense of being carried. It is less a belief than a bodily memory.

More broadly, lucid dreaming has made me much less interested in controlling experience and much more interested in meeting it with curiosity. Dreams have repeatedly shown me that what initially appears threatening often conceals something unexpected, meaningful, or profoundly beautiful. Because of that, I have become more willing to approach uncertainty—both in dreams and in waking life—with openness instead of resistance.

Again and again, it has invited me to embrace the parts of myself that I would once have resisted. In that sense, lucid dreaming has become much more than a sleep practice. It has become an ongoing path of integration, a way of inhabiting reality itself.

“While I still love the wonder, adventure, and playfulness of the experience, what fascinates me the most today is using lucid dreams as a way to explore myself more deeply and to investigate the nature of consciousness itself.”

How do you continue the dialogue with a dream after you wake up?

For me, waking up is often the beginning of another stage of the exploration. Rather than trying to interpret a dream intellectually, I often return to it through meditation. I revisit the symbols with curiosity and allow them to continue revealing themselves. I don't try to decide what they mean; instead, I continue the dialogue.

One lucid dream illustrates this particularly well. This exploration was made recently alongside my dream buddy when we were looking for more integration of aspects of ourselves, this adventure in particular was regarding the Inner Child:

After becoming lucid, I asked the dream, "I want to meet my Inner Child." I was lifted into the air by an invisible force, overwhelmed by waves of joy and love, until a scene slowly formed. I found myself entering what looked like a large wooden pirate ship. I was inside what felt like a cartoon world; even the pirate ship looked as though it came from an animated show, including the warm brown tones. There I met myself as a little girl, about six or seven years old, wearing bunny pajamas. I completely melted at the sight of her. I was struck by the extraordinary detail of her features. I hugged her, tucked her into bed, kissed her goodnight, and thanked her for existing. It was one of the most tender experiences I've ever had in a lucid dream.

When I woke up, one detail stayed with me: Why a pirate ship? It didn't seem connected to my childhood at all. Instead of searching for an intellectual explanation, I later returned to the image in meditation and simply asked. The response that emerged surprised me: *"It's not a pirate ship. It's a ship."* Me: *"Okay... then, why a ship?"* SC: *"Because you've always been a sea being. But at that age, you couldn't simply dive into it. You needed a ship."*

Whether that dialogue came from the subconscious, imagination, or some other dimension of the mind is less important than what it revealed. I immediately sensed that by "sea being" it meant something like a deep explorer, with the sea representing the deeper layers of existence and consciousness. And I understood the ship as a temporary structure—something that allowed a child to approach the depths gradually and safely, much like training wheels on a bicycle. Experiences like this have taught me that sometimes the meaning of a dream continues to unfold long after the dream has ended.

Many times, half of my exploration with dreams happens later, in a meditative alpha state, where I can directly interact with the symbols. Some dreams remain alive for years. At the time they occur, I may not be able to access a deeper meaning or establish any further dialogue with them. Then, months or even years later, one of those dreams will begin returning to my mind insistently, almost as if it were asking to be revisited. When that happens, I return to it in meditation, and I often discover something deeply revealing—something that only makes sense after life itself has taken me further along the path.

These experiences have made me wonder whether the deeper layers of the psyche relate to time differently than our conscious mind does. I sometimes have the feeling that they touch a dimension of timelessness, where the past and future seem to coexist in the present. Whether that's actually true, I can't say, but that's often how these experiences feel. What I do know is that some dreams seem to wait patiently until we are ready to meet them more deeply.

Has lucid dreaming influenced the way you practice and understand medicine?

Lucid dreaming hasn't changed the scientific foundations of the way I practice medicine, but it has expanded my appreciation for how much of our experience unfolds beneath conscious awareness. It has made me much more curious about how much information the brain and body may be processing before it ever reaches conscious awareness. One example of this comes from the following lucid dream:

I became lucid and decided to fly. While in the air, I extended my arms Superman-style and noticed that my right wrist was wrapped in black kinesiology tape. I looked at it with curiosity, trying to understand what meaning could it have, but since I was in the middle of a lucid mission I just shrugged and continued.

When I woke up, I examined my wrist, but everything felt perfectly normal. I couldn't find the slightest sign of an injury, so I assumed it was symbolic and didn't think much more about it.

A few days later, while sweeping, I noticed a very subtle discomfort with a particular movement. I immediately remembered the dream and wondered whether it might have reflected bodily information that had not yet

reached conscious awareness. I still didn't think much of it. But over the following days the discomfort progressed to a point that I eventually found myself applying kinesiology tape to exactly the same wrist, after identifying the source of the inflammation.

What fascinated me wasn't the possibility of the dream "predicting" an injury. What intrigued me was the possibility that subtle physiological information might already have been available to the dreaming mind before it reached conscious awareness.

It reminds me that every symptom emerges from a much larger process that often begins long before either the patient—or the doctor—becomes aware of it.

Lucid dreaming has also influenced the way I listen to my patients. It has made me much more attentive to the symbolic language through which people often experience illness, and it has encouraged me to approach symbols as living conversations rather than codes to decipher. That same attitude has gradually found its way into my medical practice.

Dreams have shown me that the psyche naturally communicates through images and metaphors. Over time, I began noticing that this same symbolic language also appears in waking life—not only in dreams, but in the way people describe their symptoms, their emotions, and even their relationship with illness.

I remember working with a patient whose persistent headaches had not responded to multiple treatments. During an exploration of his subjective experience with symbols, he discovered that the headache spontaneously took the form of his ex-wife's face. When he began a dialogue with that image, what emerged was a deeply held belief that she could still harm him. I've often observed that when people are able to put words to something they had only been carrying as a symptom, the symptom sometimes begins to change.

Do dreams belong only to the dreamer? Is the exploration of consciousness ever truly individual?

I used to believe dreams belong only to the dreamer... now I'm not so sure. Not only because dreams connect us with deeper layers of ourselves but because the questions themselves often seem to have a life of their own. They arise in one person, continue unfolding in another, reappear in dreams, and evolve through dialogue. In that sense, it no longer feels as though "I" am doing the exploration. It feels more like something we participate in together.

One example is the question, "*Who is dreaming this dream?*" It first arose during the zazen practice of someone I deeply love, who later wrote it on a whiteboard. I happened to see it, and the question stayed with me. Eventually it found its way into one of my lucid dreams, where it opened an entirely different investigation. In that dream, I caught a glimpse of what seemed to be consciousness looking at itself. Although I had never explored it as a traditional Zen koan, the question seemed to have its own unfolding.

Looking back, it doesn't feel as though the question belonged to anyone. It feels as though it emerged from a deeper process unfolding on its own. For me, it felt as if something larger than either of us was exploring itself through different eyes.

Has there been a turning point in your journey as a lucid dreamer? What has most deepened your lucid dreaming practice over the years?

For many years, lucid dreaming was a deeply personal and solitary exploration. Dreams—both lucid and non-lucid—have always been one of the greatest passions of my life. I am endlessly fascinated not only by lucid dreaming itself, but also by the symbolic language through which the Inner Self seems to communicate.

Over the years, I met a few people who had experienced lucid dreams or were interested in them, but I rarely found someone with whom I shared the same depth of practice, the same questions, or a similar approach to dreaming.

One of the biggest turning points came earlier this year, when I met my actual dream buddy, someone with whom I could genuinely share this exploration. What surprised me wasn't simply having someone to exchange dream reports with. It was discovering that the exploration became genuinely co-creative. A question one of us asked would often continue unfolding in the other's dreams. An image that appeared for

one of us would unexpectedly resonate with the other's inner work. The dialogue itself seemed to become part of the dreaming process. Some insights no longer felt as though they belonged to either of us individually. A question I would never have thought to ask, a different interpretation of a dream, or simply witnessing how someone else's mind relates to the dreaming experience has expanded my own in unexpected ways. What made this encounter so meaningful wasn't simply that we both practice lucid dreaming. We also share a background in medicine, a deep curiosity about consciousness, and a remarkably similar way of approaching dreams as opportunities for dialogue with the deeper layers of the psyche.

If I could encourage every lucid dreamer to do one thing, it would be to find someone with whom they can safely and openly explore their dreams. I realize that one of the greatest gifts of my practice hasn't only been what I discovered within my own dreams, but what became possible once the exploration itself was shared, it has been an amazing journey.

Lucid dreaming had already shown me that dream characters often speak in plural rather than as isolated individuals. Curiously, this shared exploration began to evoke a similar feeling. Perhaps this resonates so deeply because I've gradually come to experience people less as separate individuals and more as different expressions of a deeply interconnected process, where the boundary between "I" and "we" becomes increasingly fluid. From that perspective, our dream exploration felt like participating in the same unfolding process of consciousness.

Have lucid dreams taught you something that you could not have learned in waking life?

There are certain states of consciousness that seem impossible to simulate through imagination alone. You can read about them, think about them, or discuss them endlessly, but that is very different from inhabiting them directly.

One of the greatest gifts lucid dreaming has given me is access to embodied experiences that I don't think could have been learned conceptually in waking life. Dreams can take an idea that I understand intellectually and allow me to live it directly, even if only for a few moments.

One example is, again, that dream of the invisible current. In the dream, I simply allowed myself to be carried by an invisible current beneath the ocean. After waking up, I realized that I could spend years thinking about surrender, acceptance, or trust, but that experience had communicated something words never could. My body now knew what that state felt like.

Lucid dreaming gives you an *embodied understanding*, and these embodied experiences don't remain confined to the dream. They also become reference points in waking life.

Becoming a planet, feeling my ordinary sense of self dissolve, directly experiencing interconnectedness or encountering overwhelming compassion—those experiences didn't leave me with beliefs. They left me with a different embodied understanding.

Another life-changing understanding came from something I would never have expected: lucid dreaming allowed me to observe what felt like the birth of a thought. It arose from the following dream:

...Another scene begins to form. The same marketplace. This time I don't struggle with wanting a more beautiful scene. Instead, I focus on feeling objects. I think about how, both in waking life and in dreams, we walk around, observe things, do things, and take everything for granted without fully entering the present moment, without immersing ourselves completely in the experience. So I begin touching the objects around me. There is a stand laid out on the ground, and I pick up what looks like a cup holder, just to feel its texture. It feels incredibly real. Then I notice someone with a dog, and I walk over to pet its back, once again amazed

"If I could encourage every lucid dreamer to do one thing, it would be to find someone with whom they can safely and openly explore their dreams."

by how real the texture of its fur feels. At that point, I decide it's time to wake up before I forget all of this.

While writing it down in my dream journal, I suddenly realized that the thought about how we move through both dreams and waking life taking everything for granted had simply appeared. I remember being completely absorbed in other aspects of the dream when, out of nowhere, that thought arose, gently suggesting: *"Pay attention to touch. Enter the experience more fully."*

At the time, it felt like a decision I had consciously made. Looking back, I'm no longer so sure. The thought seemed to emerge spontaneously, and only afterward did my conscious mind experience it as *my* decision. The whole process happened so quickly that, under ordinary circumstances, I would never have noticed that tiny gap.

That experience led me to a question I had never been able to ask so directly in waking life: *Where do thoughts come from?*

Meditation had already shown me that thoughts seem to arise on their own, but lucid dreaming allowed me to witness that process from an entirely different perspective. For a brief moment, it became obvious that what I normally call "me" might not be the author of every thought, but rather the place where thoughts become known. That realization transformed the way I relate to my own mind. Instead of immediately identifying with every thought that appears, I find myself becoming curious about it. Rather than asking, *"Why am I thinking this?"* I more often ask, *"Why did this thought appear? What is it trying to show me?"*

It also left me with a question that continues to accompany my exploration. Perhaps conscious awareness is not the origin of the process as much as the place where the process becomes aware of itself. Lucid dreaming gave me the rare opportunity to glimpse that possibility directly, not as a philosophical idea, but as an experience. There are many questions that stem from this that I would like to explore further. ▲

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The Freedom of Flight

By Randy Bentley © 2026

I've been experiencing lucid dreams since I was a small child, long before I knew there was even a name for them. As I grew older, I realized these dreams were something special. Instead of simply watching the dream unfold, I would occasionally become aware that I was dreaming and could consciously choose what to do next.

Over the years I've had many lucid dreams, each one unique in its own way. Some were brief, while others stayed with me long after I woke up. The experience I'm about to share took place in 2021, when I was 62 years old. It remains one of my favorite lucid dreams because it taught me something remarkable about awareness and just how real a dream can feel.

The dream began at my late aunt's house in the hills of Eastern Kentucky. Although the house looked familiar, I noticed that it seemed a little different from how I remembered it. That subtle difference triggered my awareness, and suddenly I realized I was dreaming. Almost immediately, another thought crossed my mind. From previous lucid dreams, I knew that if I became too excited, there was a good chance I would wake up. I didn't want that to happen. I wanted to stay in the dream for as long as I possibly could.

Without hesitation, I ran toward the edge of the gravel driveway overlooking the road below and leaped into the air. Instantly, I was flying. There was no fear—only freedom. It felt completely natural, as though flying was the most ordinary thing in the world. As I gained speed, I could feel a gentle breeze against my face. That small sensation made the experience feel incredibly real.

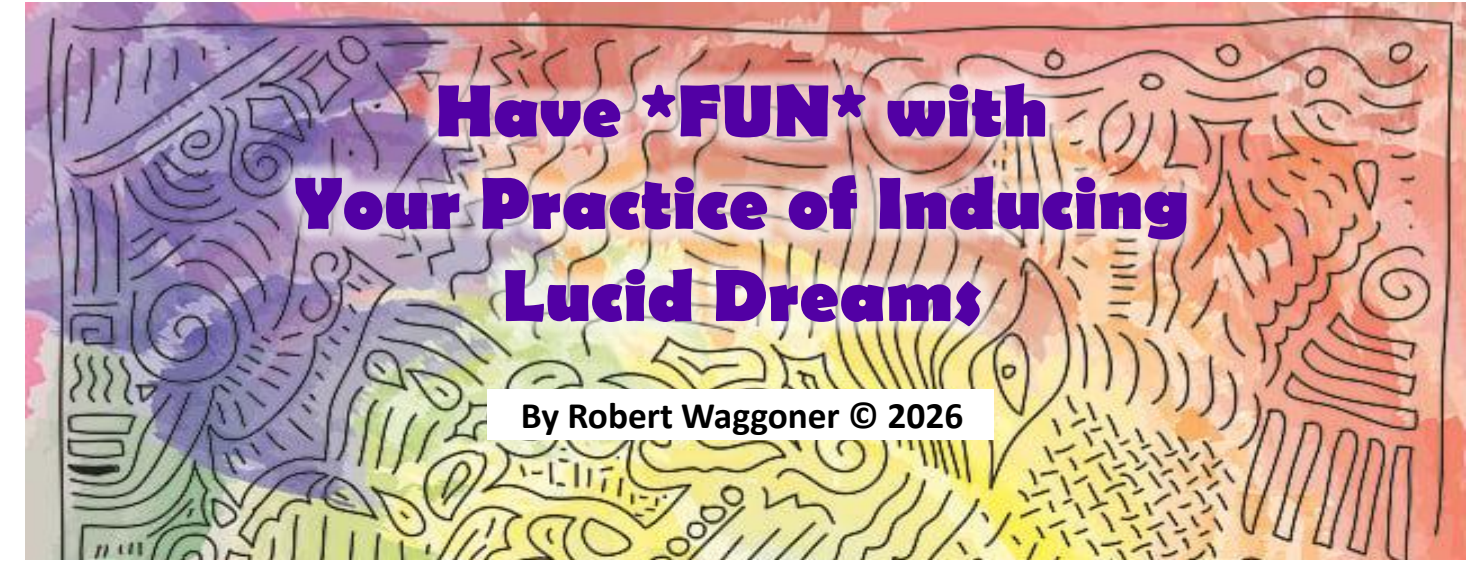
Then something happened that I had never experienced before. As I continued upward, I flew completely out of the dream itself. In an instant, the entire dream scene disappeared. There were no houses, no trees, no sky, and no horizon. I found myself suspended in what I can only describe as a vast, light gray void. It was completely empty, yet I remained fully conscious and aware that I was dreaming. I stayed there only a few seconds before deciding I wanted to return.

As I circled around, I could actually see the dream scene below me. I aimed toward it and flew back, expecting to glide effortlessly into the dream. Instead, I crashed into it. The impact was surprisingly painful, especially to my left forearm. The sensation was so intense that it instantly woke me up.

My very first thought was, "Wow... I got to fly in this one." As I lay there awake, I looked at my left forearm. To my surprise, I noticed faint redness and tiny indentations that reminded me of the small gravel on the driveway where I had crashed in the dream. I can't explain why they were there, and I'm not offering an explanation. I'm simply describing exactly what I experienced. It remains one of the most unusual parts of the dream and one of the reasons it has stayed with me ever since.

I've had many lucid dreams throughout my life, and each has been different. This wasn't my most extraordinary experience, nor my most realistic—that's a story for another day. But it was one of the most memorable because it reminded me how astonishingly vivid and immersive a lucid dream can be. More than anything, I'll never forget the feeling of running, leaping into the air, and experiencing the incredible freedom of flight. ▲

Randy Bentley is from Garrett, Kentucky, and has been experiencing lucid dreams since early childhood. He enjoys sharing his personal experiences in the hope that they encourage others to explore and better understand the fascinating world of lucid dreaming. Contact: randy_bentley@yahoo.com



Have ***FUN*** with Your Practice of Inducing Lucid Dreams

By Robert Waggoner © 2026

Since my lucid dreaming books came out, I have taught lots of workshops on how to induce lucid dreams, stabilize them, and achieve your goals.

But I have a secret... *the most fun class I ever taught* involved working with children from 6 years old to 15. Not only did these kids make it seem fun and often hilariously simple, it also reminded me of the importance of approaching an inner practice with a kid's attitude!

Why does a kid's attitude matter? It led to lucid results. Almost each week, these kids came to class, and it seemed that half would share their lucid dream/s from that week. Some of the lucid dreams seemed amazing with mythological themes, talking animals, uncovering mysteries and more.

The kids also asked very sensible "How do you do _____" type questions without any sense to ego-impress others or make a philosophical point—but from a very practical place of wonder and a desire to achieve. Also, unlike some adults, they hardly ever expressed fear, concerns, or doubts—they planned to 'give it a chance' in an open-minded way.

Here are some things that these pre-teen students taught me on how to induce lucid dreams:

1) Act like a kid and play with it!

When you turn it into a game, then it naturally becomes fun! Play with your subconscious or your unconscious or inner whatever. Make lucidity into a game, and be like a kid, seeing what happens and enjoying the game!

2) Use your Imagination

Do you recall that you have this incredible attribute called, 'My Imagination'? When was the last time you used that? Well, brush it off—and use it to help you have lucid dreams. How? During the day, when you are bored or whatever, treat that moment like a lucid dream: "Oh! If I was lucid now, I would stand on the hood of this car and surf through the wind!" I did that one time in the waking state imaginatively, and darned if I didn't do it in the dreaming state later that week and become lucid! Imagination has energy! Vividness! Emotion and more! Kids use their imagination all the time, so why can't you?

3) Adopt a Curious Attitude

Another kid thing is being curious about doing stuff! For example: "I wonder if I could do this? I wonder if I could lucidly walk upside down on the ceiling? What would that look like... feel like... sound like... and be like??!!" Kids get so caught up and immersed in the idea of the curious thing, it creates the energy to 'make' the lucid dream happen.

4) Show the Big Kids!

Can you recall wanting to do what the big kids did? Did that motivate you? Did you take it as an unspoken challenge? Kids are constantly engaged in 'leveling up'—growing their skills and mastery to 'prove' their capabilities. Their mindset involves seeing challenges, learning the skills, and then mastering the process.

5) Act It Out!

Want to fly in your dreams? A kid would act it out and run around “flying” during the day—feeling the wind, the speed, the joy, and the mastery! By doing this, they ‘encode’ the lucid-goal-idea in their memory, their body, and mind. In a manner, they imagine success—and moreover, how success feels—as part of their lucid dream induction process.

6) If This, Then Success!

Lots of kids use magical thinking. If I do this (i.e., help the elderly person across the road), then the world will do that (i.e., reward me with a wish/desire). Or if I share my secret with my pet cat, then it will be more likely to occur. Sometimes the kids suggested that this became part of their lucid dream induction practice

7) Accepting More Spontaneous Impulses!

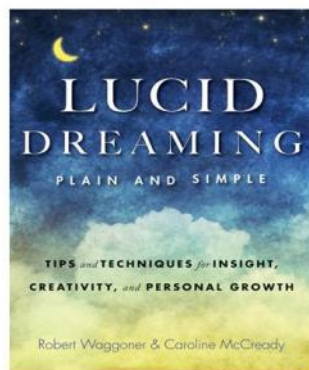
Kids have a super-power: responding to inner prompts or impulses. When it comes to lucid dreaming (and how I feel it connects to our own inner awareness), responding to ‘impulses’ may lead you to do the thing that results in lucidity. It may be running around the front yard lucidly imagining that you can fly. It may be wondering, “Has anyone in a lucid dream ever flown through dirt? What would that feel like?” Accepting these impulses closes the space between the ego/conscious mind and the subconscious desire.

So if you find your lucid dream induction practice seems stale or laborious, then wake up your inner kid and learn to Play with lucid dreaming. ▲

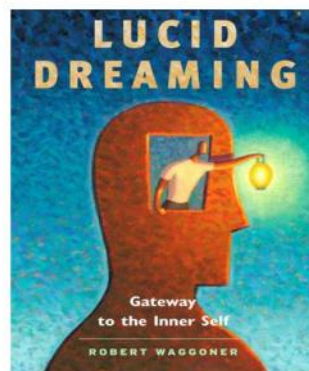


Robert Waggoner's books are available at major booksellers and online in print, CD, mp3, audio, and Kindle.

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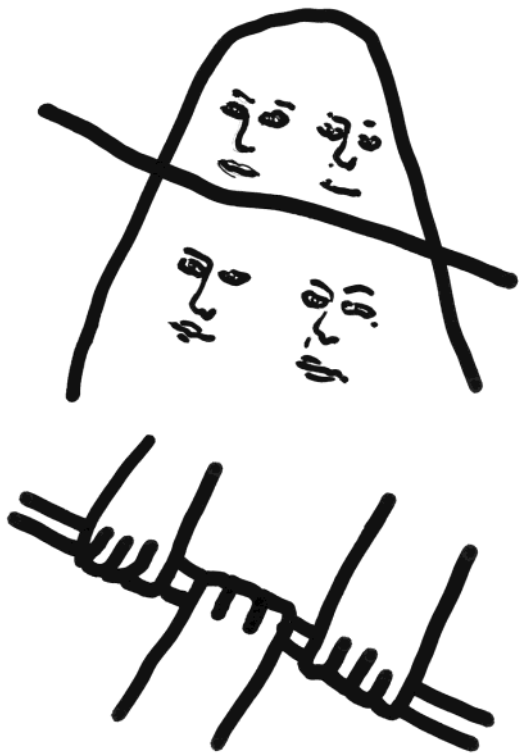
An excerpt from

DOODLES IN THE DARK

By Dave Green © 2026

Creativity—what the hell is it? Take, for example, writing. I just splurged out a load of text without really thinking too much about what it says. Now I'm editing that splurge and bashing it into shape, making it make sense. I think of that splurging bit as creativity and the splurging and the bashing bit working in tandem as the creative process. I believe these two archetypal forces—the splurge bit (holistic, intuitive, big picture) and the bashing bit (analytical, intellectual, laser-focused)—are at play everywhere, not just in artists making artwork but in everyone doing everything. I think they're at play in whole cultures, across the whole planet, probably across the whole universe. Though, admittedly, I haven't been there to check—at least not in my physical body.

Just about every culture on the planet has identified these two forces at play, and some of them have used much better words than splurging and bashing. You could call them Order and Chaos, Yin and Yang, Masculine and Feminine, Apollo and Dionysus, Left Brain and Right Brain, Spirit and Soul, Convergent and Divergent thinking. The list goes on.



Two Heads © Dave Green

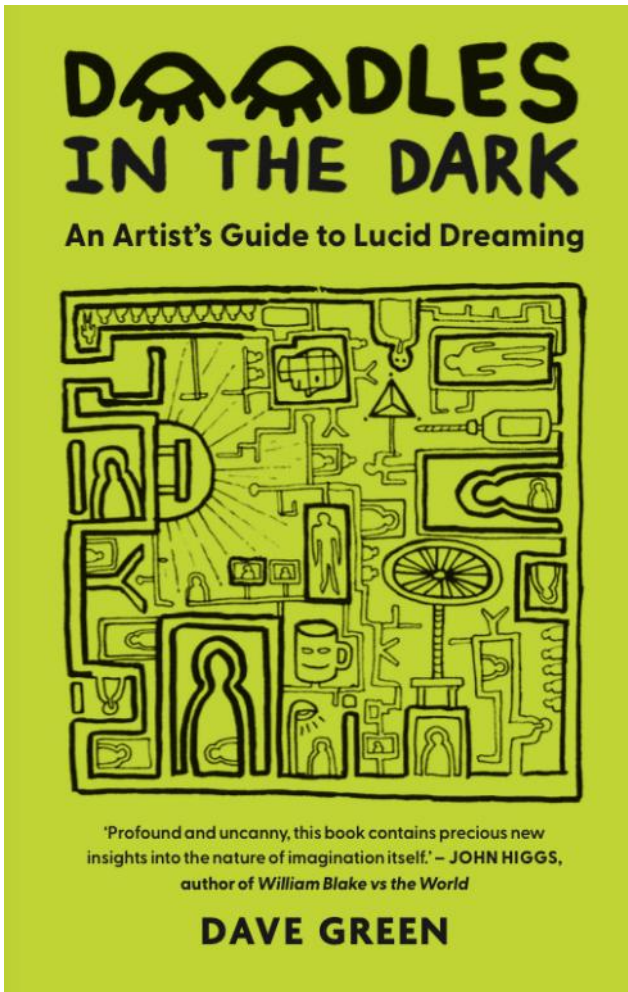
You've probably already identified what side of this cosmic equation dreams lay on. Yes, with their symbolic, oblique and often metaphorical nature, they're on the side of Chaos, Dionysus, the Feminine, the Soul. Of course, another way of talking about this, at least in relation to dreams, is the unconscious itself, but that doesn't quite seem to do it justice, so I'm going to call it 'it'.

Rather than trying to pin 'it' down, let's further unwrap some of its qualities. When 'it' appears in art, it's the Sublime, the Sacred, the Transcendent, the Divine; but it's also the Uncanny, the Eerie, the Absurd and the Weird. The cosmic joke at the deepest layer of reality.

If some of that sounds a bit 'out there', it needn't. Artists of all shapes and forms reach for supernatural metaphors when attempting to describe the creative process. Think of actors channelling their role or authors who conjure characters that take on lives of their own. When people use these descriptions, what they are describing is 'it'. To what extent such things are only metaphors is an open question. Whether we're aware of it or not, 'it' is always part of the creative process. If you want to make something, you have to let 'it' in. You have no choice in the matter.

In terms of the type of work you make, that will rely on your answer to the following question: how much are you going to leave 'it' in? Some artists choose to leave 'it' in a lot. Think the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch or William Blake, the music of

Kate Bush or David Bowie, the novels of Philip K Dick or the movies of David Lynch. With other artists, it remains no less important but more oblique, at least in the final product: Piet Mondrian, Bruce Springsteen, Charles Dickens, Steven Spielberg. Neither is better or worse; these creators just have different relationships with 'it' and different ways of sharing that relationship with their audiences. However, it is with the spirit of 'leaving it in' that this book is most closely aligned.



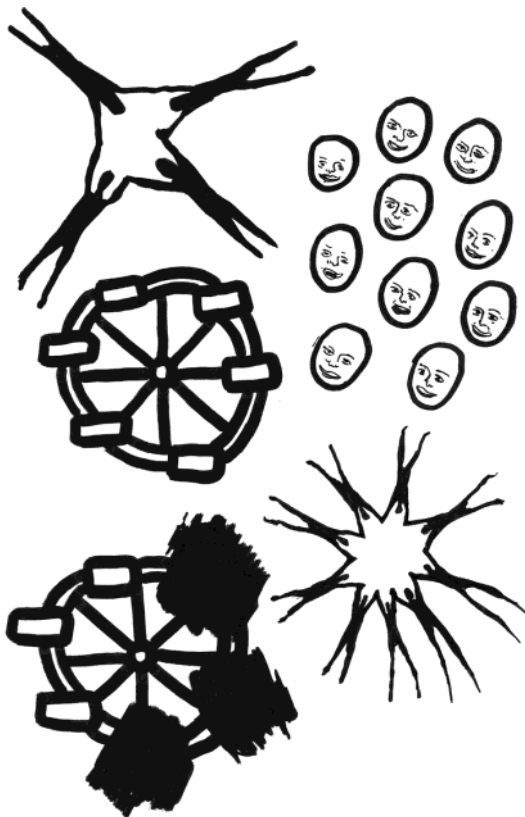
So far, I've described 'it' as a force, something acting within us, but during our dreams something strange happens. 'It' transmutes, morphs and becomes something different. 'It' is no longer a force within the dream but something around us. 'It' becomes a place. Something we can move within and navigate.

Usually, we remain totally oblivious to this transformation, but by becoming lucid in our dreams, we can wake up to the true mind-based nature of our environment—both within and without our dreams—a nature that is bursting to the brim with 'it.'

This is the value of lucid dreaming and the exercises that I am going to share with you in this book. I'm not advocating for lucid dreaming as a creativity hack, a way to be more productive or a shortcut to your next big idea. I mean, it may be some of those things, but that isn't what it is to me.

For me, lucid dreaming is about developing a relationship with 'it' and using art to share it with others. ▲

See the LDE September 2024 issue for a feature interview with Dave Green, and the LDE June 2026 issue for a previous excerpt from his book, *Doodles in the Dark: An Artist's Guide to Lucid Dreaming*, published by Godsfield Press. Dave's artwork is also featured on this issue's cover. To learn more about Dave's work and order the book, visit his website: www.dave-green.co.uk.



Left: Some Ferris wheels, happy faces and a circle of sky divers / Right: Coal thing © Dave Green

The Harry Potter Challenge

Trying out Spells from the Hogwarts Universe

By [Ed Kellogg, PhD](#) © 2005, 2026



Editors' Note: Previously our magazine was called the *Lucid Dream Exchange*, and for a time each issue featured a Quarterly Lucid Dreaming Challenge. This is an updated reprint of an article first published in the September 2005 issue, which included the following introduction:

This feature provides an unusual lucid dreaming task for LDE readers.... Participants agree to accept personal responsibility for any risks should they choose to undertake these tasks, which may possibly bring about mental, emotional, and even physical changes. We invite those of you who attempt these tasks to send your dream reports to LDE.

This task honors the book series of J. K. Rowling, because it promotes a positive point of view about “magic” and about “psi,” and has had an incredible world wide impact among the people who really matter—the children and young adults who will make up future generations.

J. K. Rowling’s series of books (and the derivative movies) promote the following “heretical ideas” in children at the most impressionable ages, setting up a magical view of the world at deep levels:

1. Muggles (read “skeptics” and “debunkers”) do not believe in magic either because they can not do it, or because they hate and fear it.
2. Wizards and witches (read “psychics” and “lucid dreamers”) can do magic, but try not to do it or talk about it in front of muggles, to spare their feelings and to avoid societal upset.
3. Even muggle parents can have wizards and witches as children, although of course, as muggles, they will not understand magic, and will explain away any evidence of magic when it occurs, out of ignorance and prejudice.
4. In general, wizards and witches feel sorry for muggles, and find their disbelief in magic amusing. They do not take the viewpoints of muggles seriously.
5. Muggles and wizards do not live in some other world, or in some fairytale, they live in today’s contemporary society.

I find it hard to imagine a better set of underlying defensive beliefs for a developing child with psychic abilities. Granted, this set of beliefs may not last, but they can give many children an extra year or two of magical childhood before societal pressures mold them into at least a semblance of muggles. But underneath it all, even in the most repressed, in the depths of the unconscious, “Harry Potter” will live on. And that, to paraphrase Robert Frost, may make all the difference.

The Challenge

When you next gain full lucidity in a dream, try doing one of the following HP (“Harry Potter”) spells:

1. **Wingardium Leviosah!** (pronounced: win-**GAR**-dee-um lev-ee-**OH**-sah)—In the books this spell levitates the object you point at while saying it.
2. **Lumos!** (pronounced: **LOO**-mos)—This spell causes a light to appear.
3. **Scourgify!** (pronounced: **SKUR**-ji-fy)—This cleaning spell makes messes disappear. And finally—
4. **Expecto Patronum!** (pronounced: ex-**PEK**-toh pah-**TRO**-num)—This advanced spell causes a guardian animal spirit to appear.

Clearly intone each syllable of the spell you’ve chosen, using the pronunciation provided above. (I suggest that you practice chanting the spell during the day before going to sleep.) Stay centered in the dream and focus your intent on tapping into and channeling your creative power. Repeat as necessary, deepening your intent and trying variations in your wand gestures as necessary.



Image © E. W. Kellogg III

Now if by some mischance you find yourself in a lucid dream without a wand handy, in my experience you can use your hand instead with good results. For this task, to minimize uncontrolled variables, I suggest that you use the hand gesture known as “sword fingers” in *qigong*. I spontaneously found myself using this gesture for focusing intent or for directing energy in many lucid dreams. Once I discovered the *qigong* connection, I often used this gesture intentionally. It has proven reliable for directing lucid dream healing and psychokinetic effects. (With regard to HP spells, for example, I’ve tried “Wingardium Leviosah” for levitation in lucid dreams, using this hand gesture in place of wand waving, and it worked quite well.)

To make the sword fingers gesture, point with your dominant hand by extending the index and middle fingers. Curl the ring and pinky fingers against the palm, and place the thumb on top of them. Aside from pointing, you can use your hand to simulate wand movements. (“*Swish and flick, remember, swish and flick. And saying the magic words properly is very important, too*”—Professor Flitwick in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone*.)

To get the feel of using this hand gesture, listen to classical music and do some imaginary conducting.

After your dream, record your experiences, and describe in detail what you did (especially if it differs from what I’ve described above), and the context—the environment and situation—in which you tried a spell out. If the spell results in phenomena of some sort, describe what happened in your dream journal in as much detail as possible—color, shape, movement, texture, etc. Use illustrations if appropriate. Also, if you aimed the spell at a particular target (for example, a feather for levitation, or an infected cut for healing), describe the target’s condition before, and after the spell. If you get a chance to try a spell more than once, note down both similarities and differences. And of course, should you succeed at trying out any HP spells (regardless of whether or not the spells “work!”), I’d very much appreciate it if you would send your dream(s) to me (alef1@msn.com), or better yet, to the **Lucid Dream Experience!**

(Interested in trying out more spells from the Hogwarts Universe? Visit the **Harry Potter Spells List A to Z** online at <https://wizardinghome.com/harry-potter-spells-list-a-z/>)

Why should “Harry Potter” spells work in lucid dreams?

I believe that “magical words” derive their power from at least two different sources.

First, the personal level, where magical words have effects through their subjective associations for the

user. Effective Associations:

1. On the **Thinking/Focus Level**—clear meaning, with no contradictory or mundane associations (why many magical spells use words from dead or foreign languages.)
2. On the **Emotional/Intent Level**—positive affect associations, for example, words intrinsically embedded in an emotionally positive context, for example, mantras/godnames, found in religious texts, or taught in spiritual or magical traditions respected by the user. And alternatively, for those who love the books, spells taken from Tolkiens's *Lord of the Rings* or from J. K. Rowling's 'Harry Potter' books might work as well or better than those taken from religious tracts or grimoires, as these words have a powerful emotional appeal. Finally, "secret" or little known "magical words" can have an added power for the individual who uses them.

Second, the impersonal, archetypal, level. Some words may have an intrinsic power, that does not come from the user as such, but that the user only taps into. Magical words or phrases that resonate/effect the release of archetypal energies, or of energies stored in the collective unconscious. Two possible examples. First, mantras/godnames known and chanted with purposeful intent by generations of monks, nuns, yogis, and other mystics. Second, the Harry Potter spells—known and uncritically believed in by millions of children.

This LDE challenge seems a kind of dream experiment, to look at the effects of Harry Potter spells when tried by different lucid dreamers from different backgrounds. Will the spells used in dreams generate effects with the kind of commonalities one might expect in a consensual reality, or will spells generate strictly subjective and different effects dependent on the idiosyncrasies of the individual who uses them? Does it matter if the person has read the Harry Potter books or if they haven't? Help us find out!

An example:

Early in July of 2005, I unintentionally stepped on a cat and it bit me. Despite the usual treatment, after a day the bite began to look infected, so when I came across the "Scourgify!" spell (used for cleaning up messes) when rereading *The Order of the Phoenix* (in preparation for the next book in the series coming out a week later), I decided to incubate a lucid dream that night, to see what effect the spell might have when directed at the wound. The relevant excerpt of my lucid dream account follows:

EWK 7/14/05:

"In a corridor, I become fully lucid and remember my task. I take off my left sock, and point my right hand, using my index and middle fingers, at the bite and emphatically say "SCOURGIFY!" A yellow-mustard colored mist comes out of my extended fingers, spraying the bite and surrounding area with a clear yellowish liquid. It thoroughly covers my ankle and foot, but does not stop spraying.... Finally, I say "CANCEL!" out loud while looking at my fingers and the spraying stops. I see a drop or two of yellow liquid on my fingertips. (the dream continues)...."

Next morning the wound looked much better—two thirds of the redness surrounding the bite area had disappeared. "Scourgify" not only had an effect in my dream, but perhaps in waking physical reality as well. ▲

this is a dream

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Lucid Dreaming with Bees

By Dasha Bond © 2026

My adventures with bees initially started with a wild lucid dream encounter back in the spring of 2019. I was taking a virtual dream coach certification program from the late Will Sharon. I had just completed a homework assignment I would be presenting the next day, so dream work was fresh on my mind as I turned off the lights and snuggled into bed.

Moments later, I was dreaming and within the dream itself, a small swarm of bees woke me up. I was still inside my bedroom. Normally, I would have been afraid but the bees instead made me feel safe and calm. I noticed right away they were talking to me in soft, telepathic whispers, saying, “Follow us!”

I rose from my bed and as soon as my bare feet hit the ground, I became lucid in the dream. I looked back and realized I was astral traveling, as I could see my physical body still sleeping in my bed. More whispers from the bees filtered through the room. “Come now. Follow us. Quickly or you will miss it!”

I followed them down the hallway to our front door. They asked me to wait and watch outside of the two windows that framed our door. It was dark as pitch outside. I could hear the chirp of crickets and croaks of frogs from our yard.

“What am I looking for?” I asked, glancing over at the swarm of bees.

“Just be patient. Keep looking.”

I could hear a vehicle approaching from a distance up the road, just to the left of my house. It grew louder as it neared. Soon I could also make out the glow of the vehicle’s headlights. I watched expecting it to pass by just like hundreds of cars have done every day for the many years my family and I have lived in the home.

The hum of the swarm grew louder. It felt more like an alarm. I kept watching the car when suddenly, it turned sharply to its right and began barreling through my front yard. My pulse quickened and then everything seemed to start moving in slow motion. I could feel a scream building in my chest, working its way up my throat as the car continued moving forward until its front bumper bumped the steps of the front porch and stopped.

Time seemed to switch back to regular movements as I caught my breath and flung open the front door. Concerned, I made my way to the driver’s car door but found no one inside. I stumbled further out into the yard, looking around for the driver. In the distance, I could faintly make out the silhouette of a woman with shoulder length hair walking up the street. I could hear her calling out the names of who I thought in the dream must have been her children.

In the dream, I felt my body grow heavy as I dropped to my knees; however, my falling didn’t seem to stop and instead it felt like I was suddenly falling off the side of a skyscraper—falling, falling, falling until I woke from the dream startled.

The following afternoon, I was making my way home from work, rehearsing my dream work presentation aloud in my car. I rounded the corner and was surprised to find a police car and a tow truck in my front yard. I pulled into my driveway and ran to the front yard where I found the exact same car I had seen in my dream the night prior. It had crashed into a giant Maple tree that sits about twenty-feet from the stoop of the front porch. If the tree had not been there, the car would have crashed into the exact spot the bees had shown me in my dream. The driver was a mother who was running late to pick up her children from the after-school program offered at an Elementary school located three houses down from my house. This was the first time the bees really spoke to me in my dreams.

Almost every night after this encounter, the bees showed up in my dreams. It was like they were providing the evidence I needed to believe they were truly speaking to me in my dreams and that the information they provided was truthful and there to help guide my steps forward.

In 2021, knowing my love for Mother Mary, two dear friends asked me to help lead a Rosary workshop during a women's retreat in Teotihuacan, Mexico. In the weeks leading up to this retreat, the bees came on strong. They were showing me in my dreams and in waking life how their work as bees mirrors the various archetypes of the Divine Feminine that have been honored throughout history and across all cultures. Serendipitously, I even came across a teacher, Ariella Daly, who was teaching a course about how to "Dream with Bees." This was when I really began to understand that this wasn't just happening to me but that the bees were making themselves known to others—a sort of animist movement led by the bees themselves via the Dreamtime.

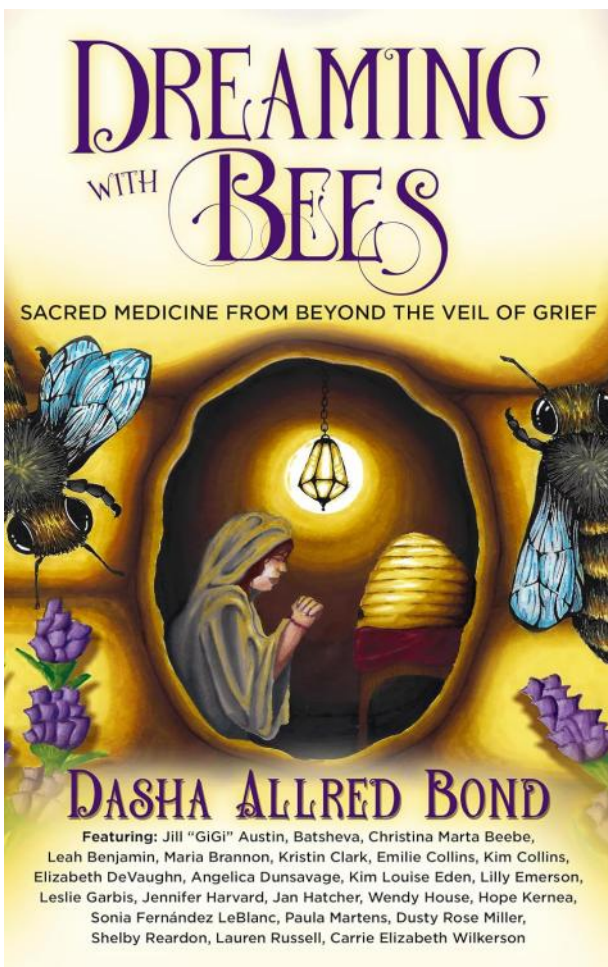
I traveled to Mexico that February and taught my very first workshop about how to dream with the bees. The next day, our group went to tour the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. We were there to see the famous Tilma that had miraculously been imprinted with the image of Guadalupe hundreds of years ago. As I made my way into the viewing room, several of the women from our group who were ahead of me began yelling with excitement, "Dasha, look up!"

As I entered, I looked up and gasped as I realized that the inside of the building was built in the shape of a hexagon, just like a honeycomb, and all of the light fixtures around the Tilma were also shaped like honeycomb. Even the baptismal font was shaped like honeycomb with honey dripping down from its sides. I had zero knowledge of this prior to seeing the viewing room for myself.

In the summer of 2023 on World Bee Day, I, along with 23 other "bee sisters" as we call ourselves, answered the call to write and publish a book about dreaming with bees and the cycles of grief. The bees came to me in a series of lucid dreams showing me what the book cover should look like. They also let me know the book was intended to help kick-start fundraising for the nonprofit, Aluna Bridge, whose mission is to offer sanctuary to unhoused women and children requiring hospice care. We opened our doors to our hospice home just this past July, 2026.

I have been leading "Dreaming with Bees" circles for several years now, though I only started working with bees as a natural beekeeper this past April. The day I received my live bees, I set up their hive box under a tree branch for shade and provided a bird bath with water, adding stones inside its pool to prevent accidental drowning. I received two different hive nucs with queens: one for my backyard and the other for the backyard of our Aluna Bridge hospice home. The sister hives intuitively informed me their names were Bibbity and Bobby.

On my first night with the live bees, I attuned to the new hive before sleeping and asked if I could play with them in



my dreams. I immediately felt the physical sensation of little bees landing on my arms, neck, and face. Though they were physically outside in their hive, I felt them energetically shifting into my field before I fell asleep. Bees have historically been known as psychopomps, and though I have done this work for years, playing in the Dreamtime with my own live hive felt noticeably different. It was like all my senses were heightened. Colors were brighter, and scents were more pronounced.



Shortly after falling asleep, I dreamt I was walking with my husband around a new country club in a rural part of a town where I lived 15 years ago. The main building was built in a farmhouse style and painted bright white. Everything inside was polished clean, and smelled of fresh Gardenia and Honeysuckle. Two women gave us permission to tour the property and suggested we visit the white marble pool and gardens first. We kicked off our shoes and dipped our feet into the cool water under a canopy of tree branches.

When my feet dipped into the water, I became lucid. I realized the scene mirrored the bees' experience of their new home: the hive box was the country club, and the marble pool was the stone bird bath I had set out for them. I was amazed to find myself in their world. Staring up into the branches of the tree canopy above, I realized those were the same branches currently over their hive box. I also understood in that moment that the two ladies at the entrance were the two bees that sit at the little entrance hole of the hive box functioning as guards for the hive.

Next, we visited the country club's nursery, a colorful room where parents could leave their children. For some strange reason, my husband and I found ourselves in the dream sitting on the top bunk of a bunk bed, watching the children play below. I lucidly understood this to be the bees showing me the hive's nursery where the baby bees are cared for. I think we were above them because in the hive box, the comb for the baby bees is on the bottom section of the hive box.

I climbed down the ladder of the bunk bed and was met by a little girl with a blonde bob, big brown eyes, and a striped shirt. I recognized in the dream that this was another clue that she was really a baby bee. She introduced herself as Bibbity then took my hand and led me to a make-shift fort made from random linens. Inside, I found my two children reading to a few other younger kids. Lucidly, I understood that the bees were showing me they were energetically bonding with my family. The dream segment ended with an adult bringing a tray of mini pancakes. The little girl shared one of hers with me.

Toward the end of the dream, my husband and I returned to the atrium. My best friend, Kristin, and her mother, Elizabeth, were also touring the facility because the owners wanted Elizabeth to paint murals in the nursery and pool areas. In the dream, I lucidly felt this was significant because, in waking life, Elizabeth was on hospice care at the time. I felt the bees were showing me they were helping her transition. They continued to show me dreams featuring Elizabeth nearly every night leading up to her passing a mere week later.

The next morning, I woke up and told my husband that the bees had visited me and were happy in their new home in our backyard. I also woke up with an intense craving for pancakes, so I ordered takeout breakfast. When I arrived at the restaurant to pick up our order, a woman and her young daughter were walking out. The child stopped, looked directly at me, and said, "Hey lady!"

I stopped in my tracks and turned to greet the child. I was shocked to see her face-to-face and realize she looked exactly like the little girl in my dream. She pointed at my car and said, "I like your car and the sign on the back."

This was significant because I had no idea how she even knew it was my car, and she was pointing to my personalized "Save the Bees" license plate.

Her mom asked her to come along.

"No, I want to stay with her." She pulled away from her mom, ran over, and grabbed my hand. I couldn't believe how similar this was to my dream experience. "What's your name?"

"My name is Dasha. What's your name?"

Giggling, she said, "You already know my name."

Her mother was confused and apologized, noting this was highly unusual behavior for her daughter.

"Oh, no worries," I countered, "What's even stranger is just moments ago, I was telling my husband about a dream I had last night about a little girl, who I swear looks exactly like your daughter. In the dream, she told me her name was Bibbity, as in Bibbity-Bobbity-Boo."

We both stood there for a few moments, shaking our heads in disbelief. The woman reminded the little girl they were late for a ballgame and nudged her along. I waved them off and wished them a nice weekend.

The little girl looked back at me one last time and said, "Pancakes are my favorite, too!"

I was left wondering how she could have known about the pancakes in my takeout order, or the dream where I shared pancakes with a child who looked just like her.

I have continued to dream with my hives every night since, but that first night remains the most profound experience with my bees to-date. I am deeply grateful for the mystery and healing medicine of our dreams and our gentle yet powerful alliance with our bee friends. ▲

Dasha Bond is the author of *Dreaming with Bees: Sacred Medicine from Beyond the Veil of Grief*, a collection of stories by 24 women healers, artists, and dreamers—available on Amazon. She is also the founder and leader of Aluna Bridge, a non-profit hospice sanctuary for unhoused women and children. Learn more about Dasha's work at <https://www.sacredweavings.com> and the Aluna Bridge mission at <https://www.alunabridge.org/>



Theme for the DECEMBER 2026 issue: **Healing in Lucid Dreams**

Have you ever attempted to heal yourself or others in your lucid dreams?

Do you have a particular healing technique you use in your lucid dreams?

What kinds of healing have you experienced: Physical or Emotional healing? Relationship healing? Healing the past? Shadow work? Something else?

Please send us your LUCID DREAMS & ARTICLES on **Healing in Lucid Dreams**, or on any topic related to lucid dreaming. We also welcome original ART-WORK inspired by your lucid dreams!

Submissions due November 15, 2026 via our website:
luciddreamingmagazine.com

“Who Is Dreaming This Dream?”

By Ivonne Freige © 2026

We often move through life and dreams the way one walks through a museum: we are the central observer from whom everything unfolds. But every now and then, in the middle of the crowd, a gaze catches us. Suddenly, we cease to be only the one who looks and become, too, the one being looked at. That reversal of roles is one of the most significant moments of waking existence.

And yet, in dreams, this inversion rarely happens. Dream characters are usually projections, extensions of our own mental landscape. They speak, react, surprise us... but they rarely truly see us. They retain an ethereal quality, like puppets animated by our own consciousness. That is why the sensation of encountering a gaze that genuinely observes feels so strange, as in the following lucid dream experience:

05.13.2026, WBTB + WILD:

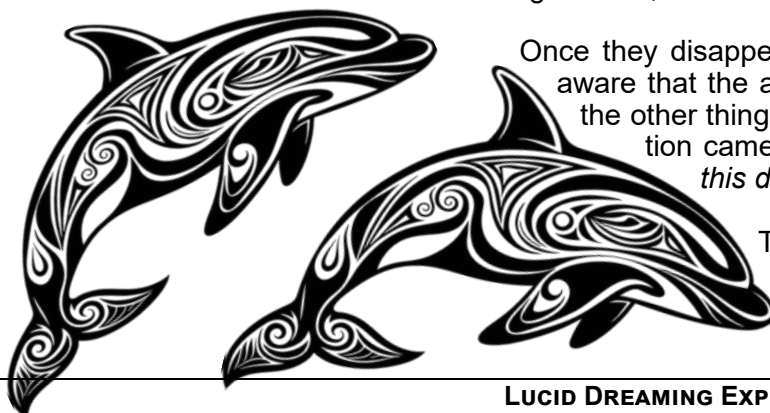
Once again, I was surprised during the hypnagogic phase by a loud bark, which startled me and made me realize I was falling asleep without maintaining awareness. Lately, that bark has appeared almost as if saying, “Don’t lose focus!”

I regained consciousness and waited for my body to fall asleep. I entered a brief sleep paralysis and waited for a scene to fully form. When I felt the moment was right, I asked: “*Show me my true essence.*” Immediately, I was pulled upward by a force moving at tremendous speed. There was nothing to see; everything was tinted in grayish-green tones, with occasional flashes of light.

After some time, the upward motion stopped, and I began falling backward at high speed. The ascent had felt pleasant, like coming close to something luminous, but the rapid descent began to frighten me. I repeated to myself, “*Relax, it’s only a dream, it isn’t real,*” yet I still felt uneasy not knowing where I was headed, especially because I associate descending with encountering something darker or more abyssal.

I kept falling until the speed gradually slowed. A moment later, a massive black, smooth surface passed beside me, nearly brushing against my arm. Somehow, I knew it was the body of a whale, an orca. I did not want it to touch me because I felt that, if it did, it would notice me. And I did not want to end up chewed apart by the orca.

I observed that thought and reminded myself: “*I don’t have a real body. I am only consciousness witnessing this.*” The orca continued ascending past me. Then I heard the cry of a baby whale calling out to it. I saw two orca calves, one of them swimming more frantically and emitting that calling sound, as though afraid of being left behind. I watched them emerge toward what seemed to be the surface. But it was not the open sea, it felt more like the inside of an enormous drainage tunnel, with concrete walls surrounding everything.



Once they disappeared into the distance, I was still lucid, though aware that the alarm would soon wake me. I tried to remember the other thing I had wanted to ask, and immediately the question came to me and I said it out loud: “*Who is dreaming this dream?*”

There was no direct answer. In the distance, I noticed what looked like a restaurant terrace, with several people seated at tables. I swam—

then flew—toward them to ask directly.

There was an older man with an unusually large nose, almost as if he had rhinophyma. I approached him and asked: “*Who is dreaming this dream?*”

He replied: *Cortisol and adrenaline....*”

Cortisol and adrenaline? The answer disappointed me somewhat, so I approached another older man seated at a different table. He too had an exaggeratedly large, bulbous nose. I asked him the same question: “*Who is dreaming this dream?*”

He paused for a moment before replying: “*Cortisol and adrenaline....*”

Again, disappointment. The response felt meaningless, like the apparent incoherent answers dream characters sometimes give.

I searched for a third person. At another table sat a younger man. Once more, I asked: “*Who is dreaming this dream?*”

He did not answer immediately. Instead, he looked directly into my eyes. For a while, we simply remained like that. At some point, I felt as though there were an immense consciousness behind his gaze, and at moments I could almost zoom inward, as though I were nearly inside his eyes. I even began wondering whether he was truly a dream character or someone genuinely real. He kept looking at me, and I felt as though he knew I was conscious and did not entirely belong there. It was an extremely strange sensation—being observed by someone who was also observing. Within a dream, this felt profoundly bizarre, perhaps because I unconsciously assume that the only observing consciousness is “me.”

At the same time, he did not seem to belong completely either. His gaze contained too much consciousness to feel like merely a character generated by my mind. For a moment, I thought he was about to say something profound, or reveal that he was not simply part of the dream but something real beyond it. Finally, with slightly awkward pronunciation, he replied: “*Cortisol and adrenaline....*”

Enough, I thought. I decided to change course and simply enjoy the lucidity. I remembered the account of kissing attractive people in lucid dreams and thought, why not? I scanned the terrace, but there were only older men with rhinophyma. The younger man was not attractive to me at all. The precise moment I decided to search for someone more attractive, I woke up. Four minutes before the alarm.

I almost felt as though my subconscious had expelled me from the dream, as if saying: “No kissing today.”

During the dream, I thought I had not received a clear answer. “Cortisol and adrenaline” made me think about my urgency to obtain an answer before the alarm sounded. I had become trapped in the words themselves. And yet, that gaze stayed with me throughout the entire day.

Later, while writing the dream down for deeper integration and meditating on the scene in order to inhabit it once more, it was there that I felt it... with a vertiginous depth.

In dreams, I usually experience myself as the absolute observer. Characters rarely return my gaze, and when they do, it often feels somewhat empty. But this time was different: I felt seen within my own dream. The terrace, the tables, the people—all of it began to feel like a decorative support for the true experience.

The most literal interpretation would be that there was another real entity inside the dream, another mind sharing the same dream space. Yet I lean toward another possibility: that everything was created by my own mind, and still it managed to rupture the illusion that I was the sole center of consciousness.

The automatic answer to the question “Who is dreaming this dream?” is “*I am.*” But when examined more closely, that “*I*” begins to fragment. There is the dream self: the figure walking and asking questions within the dream. There is the mysterious intelligence generating the scenes, symbols, and responses. There is also the lucid awareness witnessing everything unfold, experienced as the “true self.”

And then there is something even more difficult to name: the moment consciousness seems to fold back up-

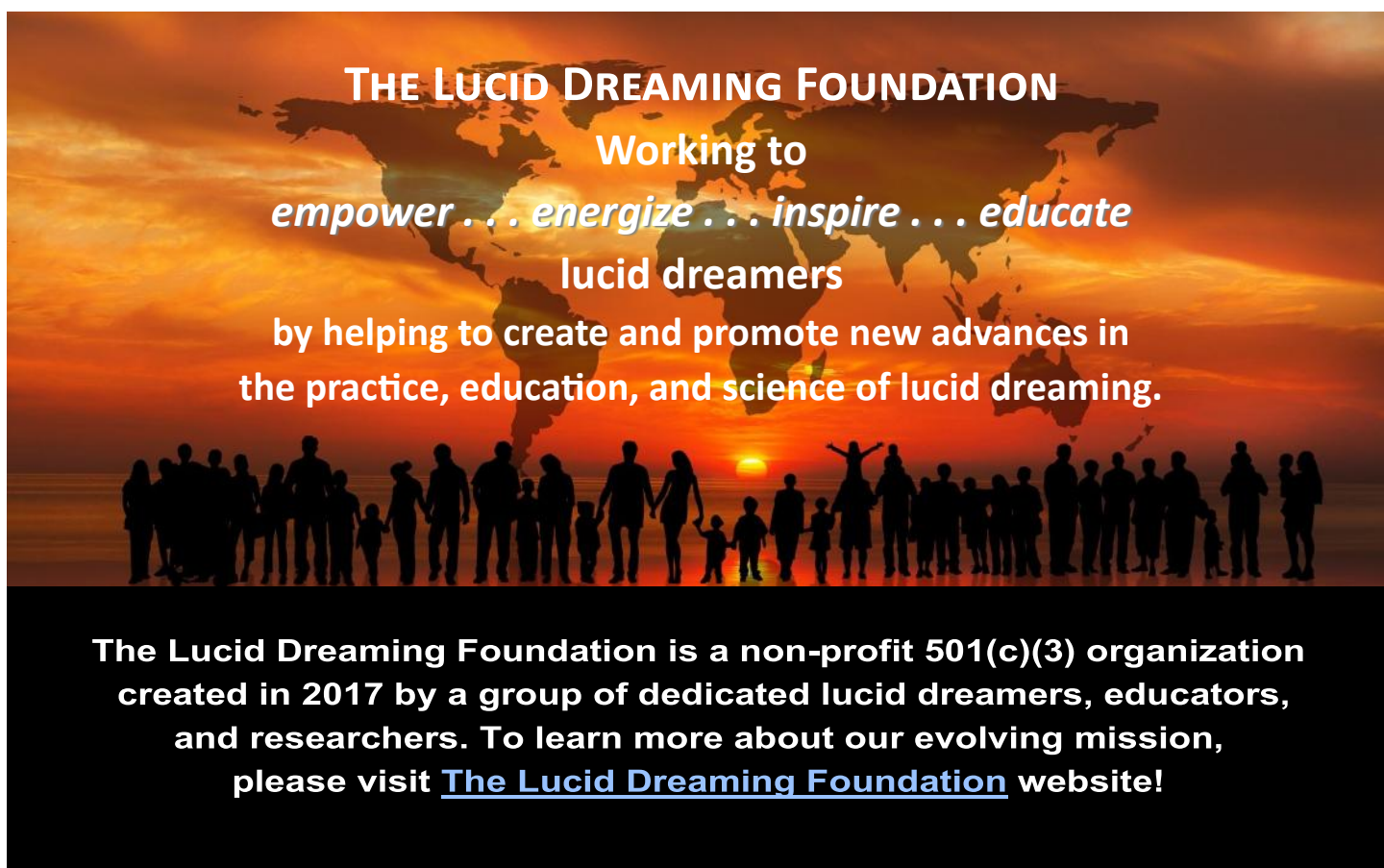
on itself. As though that which observes ceased looking only outward and, for an instant, could perceive itself from within the observed. That is what I felt in that gaze. Not exactly the literal presence of “another being,” but perhaps something stranger: the sensation that consciousness was not located exclusively within “me”. As though, for a brief moment, the dream had become a mirror—not the kind that reflects a physical image, but consciousness itself.

That is why the experience felt so profound. Not merely because I felt observed, but because what seemed to look back at me was the very thing I normally experience as myself at the deepest level: awareness itself. Usually, awareness remains invisible to itself. I can observe my thoughts, emotions, memories, personality, even the sense of identity I call “me”—but the awareness behind them always remains on the side of the observer. In that moment, however, it felt as though awareness had briefly become visible to itself through the gaze of another. Not my personality reflected back to me, but the simple fact of consciousness recognizing itself. And perhaps that is why we both seemed out of place. Neither he nor I appeared to belong entirely to the dream.

I think something similar also happens in waking life. Sometimes, when holding another person’s or an animal’s gaze beyond what is usual, a brief crack appears in the sense of separation. We cease to be merely the one who looks and discover ourselves also being looked at. And in that instant, something difficult to explain occurs: consciousness seems to recognize itself through different forms.

Since that dream, there have been moments when the sense of consciousness being localized exclusively within “me” feels less convincing. Even while observing something as seemingly distant as an insect, the attention can briefly shift away from the form itself and toward the simple fact that awareness is happening there too, appearing through different structures, different nervous systems, different ways of inhabiting the world. And when that perception arises, the constructed self (the psychological center I normally take so seriously) softens a little in importance. There is something strangely liberating and expansive in it, as though life itself gains a greater depth and richness.

Perhaps that is why, in the end, the dream did not answer my question with some grand revelation. It answered by returning my gaze. ▲



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MY LUCID DREAMS

By Martin Ribes © 2026

My name is Martin Ribes and I am Argentine. I'm going to tell you what happened to me from childhood up to today. I am now 34 years old, and I have dreamed lucidly my entire life, although when I was a child I didn't know what it was. Now, as an adult, I can say from experience that I've been lucid dreaming since I was around 10 or 12 years old. At different stages of my life, I've had different kinds of dreams.

One of the most powerful dreams I had as a child, between the ages of 10 and 12, was intense, and to this day I still remember it and tell it often because it was one of the most realistic experiences I've ever had. I experienced and saw a person kneeling on my bed. The figure was transparent, and when I turned around, it was gone. I never found out what it was. This entity had a human shape, and the room looked exactly the same as in waking life, which is why it felt so vivid. I never knew whether it was a dream, something I saw while awake, or something very real. After that, I had many lucid dreams.

It's strange to think that everything started there, and perhaps that's why I dream so naturally and vividly today and remain aware of what I'm dreaming.

Later, when I was older, I had other vivid dreams. For example, I once saw a woman dressed in old clothes, like a witch, with messy hair, standing outside my bedroom window staring at me. As time passed and I learned what lucid dreams were, after the age of 18, I began having intense dreams, and I still do. Even now I have nightmares, but I've learned to overcome them and not be afraid of them. As an adult, I learned how to better control lucid dreams and realize that I'm dreaming, but I do it naturally. When I lie down and fall asleep, I enter the dream on my own. Only recently, as an adult, did I start writing them down, and now I have a long list of lucid dreams saved. I've seen all kinds of things in my life, and I've learned to control dreams and defend myself against nightmares.

When I realized I was dreaming, I would shout it out in the dream and say, "I'm dreaming!" Then the dream would fall apart, or there would be what I call "dream police" who would chase me or try to catch me, but they never could. Nowadays they don't appear as much as they used to. I've even told NPCs—the dream characters—that I'm dreaming, and they either wouldn't answer me or would tell me that it's possible to go farther and explore beyond.

As an adult, I've practiced lucid dreaming more to understand how it all works. At the beginning, there were moments when I had guides who helped me meditate within the dream or told me how to have a lucid dream. It sounds strange to hear, but I saw and heard it in my dreams. They would speak into my ear and say things like, "Look at the sailboat in the distance and focus," and I would see the sailboat and the water. This happened to me in the beginning.

I can give an example where I had a lot of lucidity. I noticed an anomaly in the dream and realized it was a nightmare because people from waking life were entering it. I could decide who entered, who stayed, and make decisions within the dream, but it happened automatically, as if I were talking to someone normally.

Once I dreamed that I was standing in front of a door, and behind it there was an amusement park. At the entrance there was an entity stopping me from passing through. It was a person dressed in white, moving strangely, almost like a protective spirit guarding the entrance. I've had several dreams like that. I've even

seen what I call guardians who protect the boundaries of dreams and tell you, “You shall not pass.” What I would do was move past them at incredible speed, like a ray of light. Whenever I got through, the map would break, the scene would change, or everything would turn black. In another dream, after going beyond, I saw myself in gray, like an old pixelated CRT screen.

Later on, I began having sharper and more vivid dreams. I dreamed of places that looked incredible and that I still can’t understand. I’ve seen houses rendered in an unbelievable, hyper-realistic resolution, with colors that don’t exist in reality. One example was astonishing: I saw my bedroom very different from waking life. The walls glowed with a bright orange color. Outside there was a powerful storm with strong winds, like an electrical storm. The room had old wooden window shutters on both sides, left and right, made of dark wood, and they slammed against the walls. I could hear the storm and the windows banging. Yet everything felt calm. There was no other sound at all, only the storm and the room. I tried to open the door but couldn’t. Later I had similar dreams with the same level of clarity, but none exactly like that one.

I’ve had dreams where I had a great deal of control, seeing entire worlds, traveling by train or ship, all of it incredibly vivid. I remember one dream in which a character asked me if I could help find her lost brother. She showed me a path from a bird’s-eye view, as if she genuinely needed help. Sometimes dreams are short and abruptly end, or they lose energy and wake me up. I’ve even managed to wake myself up intentionally, simply deciding, “That’s enough,” and then waking up.

In another dream, I was shown a broken glass window. Below it there was ice, and everything appeared extremely sharp and detailed. Beneath the ice were animals such as bears and white elephants, moving with the energy of the dream. It was incredible to see them because they radiated a powerful dreamlike energy. The background didn’t have a specific color; it was more of a dark bluish tone. I was merely an observer at that moment. It felt as if someone had shown me that place just so I could see it. I was standing at a great height, many meters above the ground.

Later, there were times when I came home extremely tired, lay down, and fell asleep. On two or three occasions I saw my room exactly as it was, and I was wearing my glasses. I could see my glasses and the room perfectly. I moved my hand through the lenses, and my hand appeared transparent. However, those moments never lasted long—just a few brief minutes before I woke up.

One of the most powerful experiences I ever had was flying in a lucid dream while being fully aware. I saw a man who asked me, “What are you doing here?” He had a dog and looked like a farmer. I flew away to another area. I could see my legs as though they were floating in water high above waking reality. There was a lot of wind, and everything looked blurry because of the speed of flight. At one point, I hid beneath a tree because I had approached three hostile people. While I was under the tree, I saw the dog had followed me, barking at me while I clung to the tree. Farther away, I saw people dressed in very old German-style clothing, carrying lanterns and moving quickly as if they were searching for someone. It was completely dark.

I had two or three flying dreams. Another one was similar, but it felt as if I had gone beyond the edge of the map because the dream became tense, so I flew to another area. I appeared in what looked like a desert and saw mountains. I couldn’t control it very well because everything kept spinning until I found a lookout point. I asked an NPC where I was, spelling out the question in English because my English is poor in waking life, and the NPC told me, “Australia.” Right after that, I woke up.

I haven’t had many dreams like those since then. I’m a very calm person. I go to sleep and let things happen. If nothing happens, I don’t force it. The dreams simply come on their own and in different stages. Sometimes I can even change the color of a scene or ask for everything to become white, but I let it happen naturally and never force the dream. ▲

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IONS/Glidewing presents: "Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly"

Join Robert Waggoner, Ed Kellogg, and Gillian Thetford for this 4-week workshop

October 22–November 21, 2026 • Scholarships Available!

Details at: https://www.glidewing.com/rw/luciddreaming_home.html

Ongoing — Monthly Webinars

World of Lucid Dreaming presents Monthly Webinars with Robert!

Held on the first week of every month; see WOLD website for dates/Zoom links (please note a new link is needed for each month).

Details at: <https://learn.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/robert-waggoner-webinar>

Jung Platform Online Course

"Lucid Dreaming — A Path to Healing and Inner Growth"

A 4-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!

[Lucid Dreaming: A Path to Healing & Inner Growth | Jung Platform](#)

Hemi-Sync Online Course

"Lucid Dreaming for Beginners, by Robert Waggoner"

A 3-Hour Self-Paced Training Session — Available now!

[Lucid Dreaming for Beginners Online Course – HemiSync](#)

Want to take a lucid dreaming class at your own pace? Check out Robert's online offerings!



James A — *Mysterious Doors*

I'm inside what I perceive is my house (although the environment is not familiar to anywhere I've actually lived) and my grandson is here with a school friend to go swimming in our pool. He has sensitive skin, so the overcast sky makes it a good day for him to be outside. There's also an adult man here that I don't know; he's a dental worker of some type and has a plastic bag that holds some type of dental equipment. I'm suspicious of him so I examine a pamphlet in the bag that explains what the device is for. I conclude that he's legitimate and no longer feel concerned.

I look through a window and outside I see this man's dog, a black-and-white short hair. There are also people outside and I think it must be time for swimming. I step outside and see my grandson sitting at the edge of the pool. I walk to the adjacent lawn area and, strangely, the dog is now near me, submerged in about a foot of water. The dog is moving through the water with its head submerged but doesn't appear to be in any distress. However, I worry that it doesn't know how to surface to breathe, so I lean over to push the dog's body so its head will be above water.

Suddenly I realize that I'm dreaming and become lucid. I look over to the house. Through a large window, I see a middle-aged Caucasian man dressed in a light-colored robe-like attire. I perceive him to be a priest of some type. He's standing in front of a very tall, grand door. He moves to the left and a matching door appears, which he enters and disappears into. (I see this in an area of my house that should be just a solid wall.)

Now I'm inside the house, facing the wall where I just witnessed the priest, but there's only a blue sleeping futon leaning up against the wall. I pull down the futon and demand that the doors reappear by yelling "Let me in!" I believe I also pounded on the wall with my fists. My experience suddenly and radically shifts: I've entered the wall and now I sense myself as disembodied awareness moving through some kind of dark and mysterious space. It's dark, but not completely black, and I have a sense of forward movement while seeing amorphous shapes and some muted color changes. I feel apprehensive as I wonder what this is and where am I going? But I'm also fascinated and enthralled so I'm able to relax somewhat and ride with this experience for what seems like two or three minutes.

This experience ends as suddenly as it started. Now I'm back inside the house, still dreaming and still lucid. I think to myself that I should wake up and write down this dream but decide that I'll remember it and continue the dream being lucidly aware. Upon waking, I realize that the tall, grand doors were representative of temple doors (hence the priest character) and that I had entered into and experienced some sort of cosmic depth or spiritual space. This has been one of my most memorable lucid experiences so far.

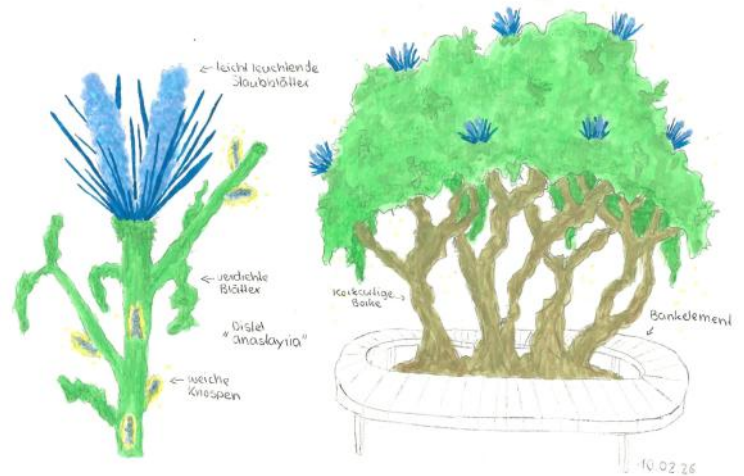
Laura Störtzer — *Magical Blooming Tree*

The dream started in a large building containing many offices. It was completely empty, except for the intact furniture, which made it look very liminal and kind of eerie. I walked through several corridors until I reached a curved staircase leading to a floor that was flooded, up to ankle height. I saw a few swimming rings floating on

the surface of the water, and that's when I realised I was dreaming.

I continued exploring until I reached a larger room containing a tree between tables and computers. A woman wearing a black blazer greeted me, claiming to know me as she patted my cheek. I didn't recognise her, but she seemed nice. The tree looked beautiful; it had faint blue glowing flowers and a gentle mist around it. I picked up a fallen branch to take a closer look at it.

After a while, the woman advised me that I should continue my journey, so she led me to one of the swimming rings. I sat down on one and went down a slide. I woke up.



Artwork © Laura Störtzer

Tina G. Williams — *The Nun in the Cellar*

I found myself descending into an earthen cellar. The space felt peaceful, like an earthen womb. The walls were packed with cool-to-the-touch, rich, dark soil. Despite the dimness, I felt no fear.

A young woman was still, injured with a swollen blackened eye, and had endured great pain. Her black-and-white habit was clean, as if freshly pressed. In the dream, I sensed her suffering, yet she remained calm and dignified. I felt drawn toward her, but I didn't feel any pleas for help or rescue, only the need to be heard. I stood watching her, waiting for my instincts to guide me. I only felt the need to be there.

I realized then that I was lucid dreaming and began to pull back from the cellar and my connection to her. I made a conscious decision to return to the dream.

I deliberately lay back down, hoping to re-enter the dream. When I returned to the cellar, the woman was still there. I expected that, now lucid, I would be able to heal her or change the situation. Instead, I found that very little was being asked of me. I looked at the space beside her and chose to lie down near her until an answer came to me. I could feel her peace and how her heart softened along with her breath. Maybe she needed company and nothing more.

Patty Miller — *Foxtails*

In my dream, I'm at the hairdresser when I become lucid from the luscious sensation of someone brushing my hair. It seems I have decided to go with a drastically new style.

When the hairdresser turns me around to look in the mirror, I see that I'm an Asian woman with deep, dark brown eyes. (In waking life, I'm Caucasian.) My hairstyle now has short bangs in the front and longer hair down the sides, tapering into a shorter look down the back. The hairdresser is painting the tips in black. As she does this, my hair gathers into what now looks like foxtails on the sides. It looks pretty cool.

I'm walking with a different gait back to some stone dwellings. Some part of me is familiar with my surroundings. I feel comfort here, the way I feel when I'm home or at a family home. I start trying to look around, but this causes me to start shifting out of lucidity, so I stop.

Now I'm inside the dwellings and find Bob, who I haven't seen in years. We are still attracted to each other. A drama ensues and we agree to meet later.

Some time passes... now I'm in a period that is more modern. I'm wearing Tudor-style clothing and live in a Tudor-style house. I am married to Bob and we work together in our shop on the east side of our land. We work with architecture in earth-sustaining designs. I am not aware what my role is. In the shop, I tell him I'm pregnant. We both are filled with mixed feelings of happiness and concern. I am 60 years old!

Time passes. We live in the same house, and I am further along in my pregnancy. A stranger is walking towards me, as she's bringing small horses to her place down the road. I see she has green skin that sparkles in different colors. This reminds me, I am dreaming! I get a little scared and run into the house. She ties her horses to the porch and comes in through the doggie door. She appears to have shape-shifting skills. Oddly, when I see her up close, I am not fearful. Her voice is reassuring. She tells me I will have this baby with not too much difficulty. She says the baby and I will both live. She offers her services to help us make it through the birth.

Again, time passes. Now I've had the baby and I'm walking through the town on my way to the theater. I'm wearing a long brownish dress, still in Tudor style. I see my friend with the green skin that sparkles and notice that everyone starts moving out of her way, except for a few that look like they may become aggressive towards her. I run and grab her hand and we go down a flight of stairs. I ask her if she wants to come to see a play with me. We sit beside each other in the open theater.

Waking reality: Bob is someone I knew since college. Our relationship never went past friendship and I have not talked with him in over ten years. I've dreamed of him in a place along a cliff with stone dwellings before. It's odd that I said I was 60 years old in the dream; my dreaming self was surprised to hear that since in current waking life, I'm 66. I enjoyed becoming lucid from the sensation of having my hair brushed!

Simon Houston — *Falling Upwards*

I'm on a horse and cart with my mum, on a dimly-lit street with old fashioned wooden houses lit by candles. It's quiet; there is no one else around. In the back of the cart is an automobile that mum wants to dump.

The street narrows as we leave the little town and winds itself into a dirt track which follows along one side of a canyon wall. The canyon is a few kilometres wide and 100's of metres deep, with dense green bush at the bottom. It looks and feels magnificent.

Now I'm out of the cart and the dirt track narrows further into a goat track that leads to a sketchy climb, which we begin to traverse. I sense my friend Matt is with me. The holds on the wall are average and I feel the sensation of exposure. I have taken the high line and I'm wondering if I should have gone a few metres lower.

I start to back track. The holds on the wall seem looser, as if they may break off at any moment if I am not careful. The feeling of exposure is intense. I wonder if I am dreaming, as I have previously noted this feeling as a recurring dream symbol.

"I'm going to try something," I say. Without hesitation, I turn around and take off like Superman. The canyon rapidly starts to get smaller below me. I'm going up like a rocket through the partly clouded sky. I hear a very faint "Whooo-Hooo" echo in the distance below. I wonder about leaving Matt behind me and I turn around and start flying back down to him. I wake up in my bed.



Seth — *Lucid Dream Blues*

I have a powerful dream realization in lucid dreaming that I actually can create the whole dream, not only objects in the dream.

I am in an apartment. It has something to do with the USA and my first yoga teacher, K. (I had thought about her before going to sleep.) In the dream I "think emotionally" of her and have feelings of excitement about going to California like I had before actually going there. Suddenly K is here as a dream figure, but younger and looking slightly different. She is sitting in a yoga posture on the floor. I sense some more pure emotions of love.

The dream moves on and more and more dream figures appear. People come out from a room and appear in a kind of food line. Now it seems like a full crowd. In this unknown place, I look down from a window or opening in a wall and see waters flowing, with big boulders moving strangely in the

water, like it is an earthquake going on. The dream seems to increase in complexity, with added obstacles, and now to a complete stop at the entrance to a room or a new section in the building. It is impossible to move further. I immediately recognize and realize the absurdity of this, and become lucid.

At this point I start taking control of the dream by shouting to all dream figures behind me. Then I start shouting loudly what I think and what I do while I am also “dream creating” some kind of platform to stand on. It looks like a rusty brown circular metal object. But it turns out to be useless since I am now free floating in the air, thinking and shouting that I am now “creating the whole dream” and thereby “I can just hang in the air... no need for an object.” I feel a slight euphoric/meditative feeling at the same time while I am also awakening, reciting: “THEREFORE I DON’T NEED TO HAVE”... sort of with an emphasis on HAVE.

This unusually expressive dream inspired me make a song (with modified, shortened text). I have never attempted this before with my own dream content. The first YouTube video is called *Lucid Dream Blues*: https://youtube.com/shorts/XyfqtNJD_o?si=5K_dpZdNsuyiQKki; the second is an old classical Swedish song called *Beatrice Aurora*, which I have translated, modified, and added some verses from my own fantasy in which the dreamer enters lucid dreaming: <https://youtube.com/shorts/ILLv1IGgEH0?si=Jlk-q90k2-Nfmfi>

Jason — *Healing in a Lucid Dream*



Here is a pretty fascinating lucid dream I had recently. I started professional wrestling training that I’ve waited 23 years to do. After the first week I had a series of freak accidents, not even really related to wrestling, that gave me a pretty bad intercostal muscle strain on my left side.

I didn’t think it was ever going to heal. I would feel better, do too much, and hurt it all over again. One morning I woke up around 8:30am, and I thought I would try a lucid dream. The chapter of the audiobook I listened to just so happened to be about healing in a lucid dream. They mentioned a technique where a person conjured light and directed it towards their injury.

When I fell back asleep, and found myself in the lucid dream I recalled what they instructed. In the chapter they mentioned the light starting on their wrist, and they moved it over to where they were hurt. I manifested this glowing light in my wrist reciting a mantra of healing: “Light. Light. Light.” I took the light and looked at my left side. There I saw what appeared to be a scratch right where my injury was. I had a suspicion I actually tore something along with the strain. The light transferred over to the scratch, and it illuminated into a glowing lightning strike. In hindsight, it kind of reminded me of Harry Potter’s scar.

I woke up, and my rib tissue was healed. It’s worth noting it could have been a coincidence. I had been healing for two months and two weeks. That’s me trying to rationalize it, but the series of events still happened in that order. I woke up healed.

Hugo Leonel Perez — *Inside the Wall*

This was one of my first lucid dreams, and to this day it remains one of the most intense I have ever experienced. I was standing in the living room of my house when, for some reason, I suddenly became suspicious that I might be dreaming. I decided to perform a reality check. I pulled one of my fingers and, suddenly—puff—it stretched out as if it were made of rubber. There was no doubt anymore. I was dreaming!

That instant was extraordinary. Everything around me still looked completely real—the room, the furniture, the walls, my own body—but now I knew I was inside a dream. I wanted to experiment.

In front of me was one of the walls of my house: a solid, thick, white brick wall. I decided that instead of looking for a door, I would simply walk through it. I approached the wall and extended my arm. I expected my hand to pass through instantly, almost like a ghost. But when my hand began to enter the wall, I could actually feel resistance. The wall did not feel empty or unreal. It felt as if it had substance. As I slowly pushed my arm farther inside, I could feel its texture pressing against my skin. It was cold. Rough. Uneven. I could feel tiny irregularities in the material, almost as if I were touching every pore of the wall from the inside.

I kept pushing. The wall seemed incredibly thick. My arm moved through it little by little, centimeter by centimeter, while I felt the pressure and friction of the material surrounding me. It was an astonishing sensation because I was experiencing something I had never felt before: what it was like to be physically inside a solid wall. I continued moving forward very slowly because I did not want the sensation to end. There was a strange, granular friction all around me. Some parts felt rougher than others. The material seemed dense and cold, almost as though my body were moving through layers of brick, cement, and plaster. The wall resisted me, but not enough to stop me. It was as if solidity itself had become flexible.

I kept pushing forward until, finally, I emerged on the other side. I remember being completely amazed. The most incredible part was not simply that I had passed through a wall. It was that I had *felt* the wall. Its coldness. Its roughness. Its thickness. Its tiny imperfections. For a few moments, I experienced the impossible sensation of being inside solid matter. And even now, years later, it remains one of the most spectacular sensations I have ever experienced in a lucid dream.

Rebecca Russell — *Dreaming with my Departed Brother*

In late July of this year, I dreamt of my brother the day he departed after a prolonged illness that completely ravaged his body. Yet, his mind was still focused on completing translations of biblical fragments in Greek and Latin.

In the months prior to his departure, he shared stories about some of his remarkable psychic experiences while he was attending Bible School in the 70s. His clairvoyant skills helped open doors of understanding that enabled him to translate ancient texts. This eventually led to his special interest in texts such as the Book of Enoch and Gad the Seer that were not included in the King James version of the Bible.

As I drifted off to sleep that night, I was surprised to catch a glimpse of him so soon after his departure—he had his head under a water spigot and was gulping the refreshing water. He then let it run over his head, and I could see him transform into a younger version of himself, happy and healthy in his twenties.

In the early hours of the following morning, I heard him call my name—twice. The second time was very loud with a sense of urgency that woke me into lucidity. I greeted him in a landscape of our shared childhood home in the suburbs of New York City. He was curious about my ability to hear him and meet him between realities. I explained that I practice lucid dreaming and shared details of recent visitations with our mother, who had passed in 2023. We discussed her love of songbirds and how she visited me in the early days after her passing in the form of a yellow bird, and that my mother-in-law visits as a Phoebe flycatcher. I immediately sensed he selected to visit as a Blue Jay.

Blue Jays are native to the Northeast of the U.S. but they are not common where I live in southern California. They are part of the Crow family and have a distinctive, noisy call. Later that morning, I began receiving messages and posts from friends and family that they were spotting Blue Jays in several unusual places, including a photograph of a newly hatched baby Jay.

I was delighted that our connection was so strong that he was able to reach out so immediately. And that I was able to share some insights about my exchanges with our mother and other departed family members. I was glad I could offer him some basic guidance and support on this next part of his journey.

Laura Störtzer — *Lucid Travel to New York City*

The first lucid dream of this night started with me waking up directly in my room. I was already lucid since the beginning of the dream. My goal was to get to New York, but I had already failed several times to simply fly there, which is why I wished for a tunnel to New York to appear in my room. I discovered a very large barn-style trapdoor on the floor: I unlocked it, opened it, and found a slide leading into the unknown. I slid down for what felt like several minutes until the slide became flatter and flatter, forcing me to lie down, and I thought I would get stuck. I reached the end of the slide and found myself in a linear room complex that resembled the so-called Backrooms. I was standing in ankle-deep water and explored for a while, then woke myself up.



It is very common for my dreams to start in unusual locations, which is why my second lucid dream of the night began on a moving train. We were traveling through a coniferous forest alongside a road where several motorcycles were riding. I was immediately lucid, so I knew nothing could happen to me, which led me to whistle for my dragon, “Bach” (featured in the LDE December 2025 issue). He appeared flying alongside the train. I jumped onto him, and started a brief chase after the motorcycles until, strangely enough, my dream vision blurred and I woke up again.

Falling back asleep, I found myself in a dream where a friend and I were sitting on a train headed toward a silver city. I checked the monitor to see how many stops were left until I read “New York” as a stop and became lucid once more. After all, New York was where I wanted to go. I begged my friend to get off early; she agreed, and we exited the train.

The station had two different exits: one for lucid dreamers with supernatural abilities, and the other for regular dream civilians. Entering the appropriate exit required a massive leap over two sets of train tracks onto the walkway to keep moving forward. A mysterious man in a robe greeted me and wanted to guide me downtown, but I ignored him and my friend because I could finally achieve my goal: visiting New York.

I manifested a flying hoverboard and flew into the downtown area. There were countless skyscrapers and glass buildings. I searched for the STARK Tower from the Marvel Universe, and once I found it, I entered through the back entrance. On the ground floor, there was an elevator with facial recognition that actually worked. I went through several floors. Some consisted of complex medical facilities, while others were computer control centers. Everything was so detailed. The dream characters looked at me a bit perplexed as I walked past them. I met Doctor Strange, and he offered to train with me. I looked for a changing room to get properly dressed, but just as I found one and went to open the door, my dream seemed to freeze up, and I woke up.

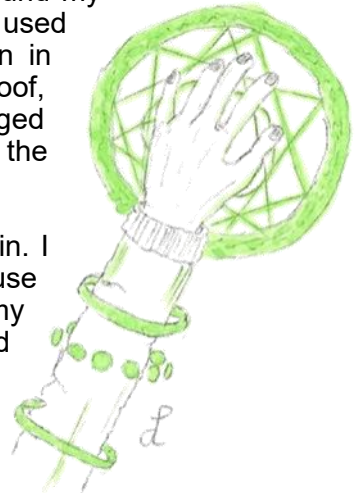
Artwork © Laura Störtzer



Laura Störtzer — *One Night's Adventures, In and Out of Lucidity*

The first dream I can remember this night started out directly lucid. I was standing in my room, knowing that the dream would follow a specific storyline if I allowed myself to engage with it. I didn't feel like doing that, so I looked around my room instead. Hanging on my picture wall was the Eye of Agamotto (from the Marvel Universe). I placed the pendant around my neck and asked into the dream, “Dr. Strange, if you are here, give me a sign.” On my small window, a little “Yes” carved itself into the wooden frame, and I knew it was from him. I told him that I could stop time in the dream so we could interact undisturbed. It was my first attempt at using the Eye, so I didn't quite know what to expect. I opened it using the hand gesture, and green glyphs appeared to the left and right around my hands, rotating around my forearms. I mimicked the exact hand movements Dr. Strange used in the movie, and time stopped. I didn't see anyone frozen in place, but I could feel it. Right after, I heard footsteps on the roof, flew out the window, and saw him standing there. We hugged and chatted briefly. As the dream progressed, we explored the dream world together.

After a while, I found myself in another lucid dream, standing in my room once again. I realized I urgently needed to use the bathroom, but I didn't want to wake up because achieving lucidity felt so effortless. As this thought crossed my mind, I “woke up” in my room again. This time, I tried to wake myself up for real, and at first, I thought I had succeeded, however, when I walked toward the bathroom and the light switch didn't work, I knew I was stuck in yet another dream (a false awakening). I flew through the bathroom window and begged the dream to finally let me wake up. Fortunately, it worked. It was 4:41 AM.



After falling back asleep, I found myself on the massive ship of a pirate whose fairy I had accidentally killed while airbending. It was dark and raining heavily, and I noticed the ship was sailing right down the main street of my hometown. Initially, I wanted to fly away from the ship, since I had no desire to follow this storyline, but I couldn't manage to break free. The ship automatically pulled me along in the air behind it, so I decided to land

on deck. On board, two women warned me about my offense, telling me the captain was looking for me. I hid when I spotted the captain, but bolted the moment we made eye contact. I came across a spiral staircase, and the guards surrounded me. They thought they had backed me into a corner, completely unaware that I knew I was in a dream and had the power to do whatever I wanted. I leaped straight down the center of the staircase and kept running. Moments later, I collided with the captain, and he snatched my backpack. He was a middle-aged man with a salt-and-pepper beard. We stared at each other in silence for a few seconds before I punched him in the face and took off.

I made my way into a gigantic hall inside the ship and hid in a café operated by the two women from earlier. They offered me food, but there was no time. Before the guards could block my exit, I dashed out of the café. As soon as I did, they opened fire on me. To make the dream more thrilling, I intentionally let myself get shot in the right thigh, watching my light-colored pants turn red. I felt no pain, just a little tingle sensation. A guard stepped up in front of me, and I assumed he was hostile until he removed his helmet and I recognized one of my friends. She said she would buy me some time. This time, I succeeded in flying away from the ship and touched down in a residential neighborhood. Except for the streetlights, it was pitch black and rather eerie. My thigh was tingling, and the feeling that the dream narrative ended grew, so I let myself drop to the ground and briefly woke myself up. It was 5:58 AM.

During the final stretch of the night, I had two more non-lucid dreams. In the first one, I was on a solo trip to India, exploring two celestial temples arranged in crescent shapes across a vast meadow. The left temple was built of individual, colorful sections of houses, while the other appeared older and more intricate. I crossed paths with a woman with long black hair who was also traveling. I talked with her, and we hiked up a hill in the meadow. Eventually, I had to leave her to catch my train. After sprinting, I made it just in time.

Finally, I found myself in a tavern of sorts where several men were playing traditional music on bizarre instruments. I was sitting at the bar, resting my head on a round plush toy. I felt completely exhausted, so I simply closed my eyes and listened to the music.



Artwork © Laura Störtzer

Gustavo Vieira — *Back to the Past*

It's time to go to music school, but I don't want to go. I know I've missed several classes and I didn't want to show up there after so many absences. I pick up my cell phone to send a message, but I can't get it to work. I get frustrated and that triggers lucidity. Now I know I'm dreaming.

As I'm in an office space, I jump out the window and decide that I want to go to my mother's house. I'm in the street and I start running, but I don't run very fast. I try to do some tricks to walk faster, but I can't. Then, I manage to do it with a technique which is to look at a point in the distance and decide that I want to go there quickly. And it works. I'm now flying above the street that goes from that office to my mother's house.

As I approach the neighborhood, I notice that it's very clean, very beautiful, many green spaces, perhaps like it was back in the '80s (now it's more populated and with more buildings). When I'm arriving home, I start to get emotional because I see my mother at a very young age, my father (who died 4 years ago) doing some construction work, my grandmother (who died 10 years ago), and my brother who looks 8-9 years old (he's 50 now). I hug my father. When I enter the house, I see my other brother who looks 1-2 years old (he's 42 now).

I go inside and say that I don't want to go to the real world. I want to stay there in the dreamworld. But then I start to wake up. ▲

*** ANNOUNCING *** **the Updated Online LDE Index**

VERSION 3

The **LDE Index** for the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* was kindly created and maintained by Sue R. Williams until 2016. Now, building on the work that Sue initiated, Lucy Gillis has updated the index to the most recent issue.

The LDE Index includes articles, poetry, interviews and authors for quick searching of past issues from 2001 to 2025.

Do you have a favorite LDE author?

Find their articles in the LDE Index!

Ever wonder who has been interviewed in DreamSpeak?

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Find the LDE Challenges in the LDE Index

Locate the LDE Index online at the LDE website:

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The Lucid Dreaming Experience: <https://www.luciddreamingmagazine.com/>

Robert Waggoner's Book Website: <https://www.lucidadvice.com>

The Lucid Dreaming Foundation: <https://www.luciddreamingfoundation.org/>

Dr. Keith Hearne, First PhD Thesis on Lucid Dreaming: <https://www.keithhearne.com/>

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