

# *Lucid Dreaming*

By Sophia Marie Sears

- I. **A Rocky Ascent** - I shot up like a rocket. The passage was jarring, almost painful, as my tethers to reality were cast off violently from my body. The chains bounding me to this reality— the rules, principles, norms— were forcibly wrenched out of my control and left behind. I didn't even have the time to look back at them with a last lingering glance. I began to panic, I must admit. Some scared voice was telling me I needed those tethers— that without them, I would be groundless, abandoned, drifting with no connection back to who I was. But a deeper voice, an intuitive one, told me I needed to let go. That holding on to these 'attachments' was what was making me panic, and that, no, I did not need these tethers to stay myself. The wise voice was telling me I wouldn't lose myself if I let go, and so I did, and like breaking the calm surface of a lake it felt like I finally came up for air, and could breathe deeply.
- II. **The Arrival** - It was calm now. A crystalline bubble that was exempt from all realities. I reflected on my rocky journey here, but the hardship of it all seemed so remote and long ago I could barely recall the memory. Instead it was a new form of clarity, and how I had felt a minute ago, or five years ago, was suddenly irrelevant and inconsequential to the present moment.
- III. **Double-Vision** - I experienced two realities simultaneously. There was my current reality— me, laying under the covers of my bed in my bedroom— and a second reality that was overlaid over the first so it appeared like a transparent film. This movie reel appearing before my mind was coming unbidden, and I couldn't stop it. When I went along with it I ceased to associate that reality as being secondary; it was only when I noticed the peculiarities or when I tried to "stop it" that it became apparent to me as an alternative dream reality.
- IV. **Multiple Realities** - I got the sensation that the bedroom I was in was the only space in this new reality. That outside that door and beyond those windows was just blank, white nothingness. And that didn't scare me. I didn't need to engage with the environment out there and so that environment had ceased to exist for me. Instead, I felt like I was in a warm bubble surrounded by a white light. That light could morph itself into anything I desired, but as I had no inclination at the moment, the space outside took to patiently waiting for my attention. From that fishbowl I could feel, more than see, the other bubbles of reality hovering just outside my periphery. It wasn't important to see those realities, to paint them with concrete imagery and words, it was enough to simply be aware of their existence. Like knowing there's fruit in the fridge: you don't know what kind, or how many, all that you know is there's some available. Maybe another time I will be shown what those realities are like, but for this dream, simply knowing of their existence was enough.

- V. **Expressing the Dream** - I tried to communicate this, and many other things I was seeing and feeling, aloud to myself in my bedroom for clarity, but I encountered a new problem. Words failed. Beyond the simple semantic issue that no words existed to accurately describe what I was sensing, my lips became slow moving muscles which fumbled over the sounds in a struggle to (unsuccessfully) keep up with my thoughts. I would find myself trailing off with my words because my words were no longer matching to what I was currently thinking. It was almost as if my words were put on a delay— a five-sentence long delay— which could never catch up to what I was currently thinking. I ended up giving up on the entire endeavour and remained silent for the rest of my night.
- VI. **The Next Morning** - Can you imagine a world where nothing exists beyond the sensation itself? The sensation of walking footprints versus the knowledge and logic of the human being making those steps? When I laid in my bed that night, only the sections of my body which came in contact with the sheets and the rest of my body existed. The firm mattress under my thighs and pressing at my back, the cool sheets on my arms and stomach— the rest of my body ceased to exist. I can sculpt any dream I may wish and can experience it viscerally, too. It is all within your power...