

Dream Reveal of February 2025



I Cut Myself Free!

In this dream a woman friend and I get together to help each other improve our livelihoods. In the first scene we come upon a parade that is like a Toy Train Ride in an amusement park. I remember I used to enjoy this particular ride but stopped getting on when I discovered people fall into a mindless trance after a while, which took away all the fun! The way it works is one can either walk alongside the tiny imitation train cars or ride on them, very much like parents and children will do with kiddie rides. I take my friend to fall in line with this parade very briefly in order to demonstrate to her why she should avoid it (which is paradoxical in theory but makes perfect sense in the dream). A man I know from before walks in the line behind us, fiercely watching me. He seems to silently scold me for putting her and myself in harm's way. Yet he was in this very same place the last time I joined the parade and warned me off then! I am struck that he has remained here, as if he is both aware of and indifferent to the spell it casts. Right before my friend and I are overtaken by this senseless stream of humanity, I grab her and step off to the side where we can freely move. The man glares at me as if I have committed a grievous sin and should have known better. I glare back at him with equanimity, then move away without apology.

The scene then shifts to the laid-back ambience of a small beach town. My friend and I approach the entrance to an upstairs seaside apartment. I am surprised to realise this is my home because I know it's a high end coastal community in California. To enter the apartment, one must unlock a street gate that opens into a small cubicle surrounded by tall wrought iron bars, painted a teal colour. There is a weathered but beautifully carved wooden door that gives one access to stairs leading up to the home. It's sort of a low-key security system, as if this area is mostly safe but also well-travelled and one must keep out curious tourists and uninvited guests. I say goodbye to the woman as she has things to do somewhere else. But I tell her I will leave my home open for her so she can use it anytime. I unlock the gate and inner door, then start to ascend the stairs, leaving them both unlocked behind me for my friend to come later.

When I am about halfway up the stairs, I notice two shady, suspicious looking males loitering outside the gate who might have overheard me talking about leaving my home open! So I go back down to lock the gate and door, thinking I will text my friend to let her know the code to get in. But it's too late! The shady characters are inside the gate! I yell very loudly at them to get out as I march back down the stairs as authoritatively as I can. At first they leave and it looks like I am safe. So I lock the gate and door and begin to climb the stairs again. But now I see there is literally a gang of men who have come to break into my home! Some climb over the high fence, which could never keep out a determined intruder anyway and others gain entry by easily breaking the cheap slider gate latch. Then one of the men starts to attack me with a knife. We engage in a violent battle, sort of magically suspended in air at the top of the iron fence, oddly enough with me on the outside! I manage to stave off the worst of him but as time goes on, he gets the better of me. I know there are only so many times I can avoid being overtaken by his superior strength or cut to shreds by his sharp weapon. Yet at the same time it appears I can grab the blade of his knife without being cut. That sparks hope in me that I may actually win this battle. I also feel there is an ethereal entity that has my back, so to speak. So I re-engage in fighting him with renewed vigour. I seek to find his weak spots. I am loathe to hurt him physically because violence literally turns my stomach but I know I must prevail in saving my home. As soon as I find this new resolve, I see his head fall below me and decide to pull very hard on the few hairs he has left, as if I might rip his scalp off and get his attention that way.

I remember thinking what a revolting predicament this is because it threatens so much that I hold dear, i.e. the perfect home I just rediscovered and have yet to actually see and the wonderful feeling I have about generously offering my friend access to my home for her use.

**Love is an Inside Job
One must break open the heart
And roust out all the shady characters
That threaten one's peace!**