

UNO UFO Study Group Project notes on OBE, minutes after a lucid dream.

First of all, this is the most powerful and conscious lucid dream I've ever had. I'm getting chills as I write it down minutes afterward.

August 11, 2010, approximately 1:50AM

I have an exclamation for my father in an interior soundless "voice" to lift and separate from my physical body. I do it! I sense everything I should as I extract my "self" upward through a nebulous area of clouds and colored light. I quickly turn back to verify I've done it by looking back towards my physical body. It's me, but I'm actually my 7 year old daughter. She an I "giggle" at the fact I've done it. I quickly notice the time 2:41 so I can reference it later. I check back to the led and confirm that it says pm, not am which I make note of that this is probably false. I don't have any recognition that "me" being my daughter is an even more important "fact". Nor is it my bed, her bed, or any of our beds at home.

I leave and start moving to go look around. I'm outside and it's dusk-like and I'm not able to fly as I'd hoped. At first I'm simply focused on verifying this is an OBE of a physical nature, but quickly I'm reminded that my primary goal should be to somehow get to the Durham Science Center. On the way I find myself walking, I'm worried about waking up accidentally, but imagining how tired my body is and it's likely in the middle of a dream cycle I'm surprised how absolutely lucid I am and how easy of a "space" it is for me to control. I'm as conscious and in control as I ever have been...possibly more.

It occurs to me to check for the silver cord Shirley MacClaine mentioned in her writings. Well, there it is. When I turn back there is a white silver cord. As a scientist collecting data I grasp it and notice that it becomes taut and holds me back. So I whip it around, still worried that I'm running out of time before I awake. I pull it close to me to examine it and I see that it is a white wire with insulation around it and notice it as numbers and letters of the gauge (AWG and some numbers). Yet more evidence this is not the "real deal". I spur on and make it to just outside campus, thinking for a moment I wish I could conjure up my golf cart to make the journey more rapid. No luck. Durham is on the opposite side of campus, which is actually more like the old gateway mall in Lincoln. I'm on a lower level outside a restaurant and discover that I need to get to the upper level in order to enter the science building. I levitate myself and come in contact with restaurant employees who admonish me that this area of the restaurant is either closed or otherwise inaccessible to me. I levitate myself upward anyway and am thinking about the locks to the doors and how that might be a problem. Reluctantly, I follow their rules and decide I will need to go the "long way around."

I exit the lower level of the building and am outside near a parking lot and the entrance to Durham. Who do I see coming down a set of stairs from the building, but Dave Pares! I engage Dave in conversation and explain to him that I am actually having a lucid dream at the moment and was on my way up to room 285. He and I visit briefly and I suggest he remain still while I do something, which is to pass my body through his so that he can

notice I'm incorporeal. I do so and he does not appear to notice anything as I do it, but I walk right through his body to demonstrate my incorporeal nature in the hope that perhaps he will remember this encounter.

As it turns out, there are plenty of other problems I realize during this lucid dream that it should not be considered a genuine OBE. The campus is actually UNL's, not UNOs. Obviously there's no restaurant/bar with wooden railings on the same level. (this is actually an establishment I recall from previous recurring dreams, except I'm trying to head upstairs by foot rather than having the easy ability to just fly about).

I was not able to fly or transport myself instantly to Durham by the way, partly because I'm concerned at how quickly the dream state will end. But I do experiment a bit on how to maintain the state and just about anything I would do did not extract or uncontract my self sense making me return.

So, I arrive at the entrance door to the right room. It's configuration is completely wrong, with a desk and chairs at the opposite end of the room, and the steel reinforced glass cabinet right inside the door, but in the wrong location. As with the rest of this lucid dream, I mentally make note of what I'm observing, but keep moving on so I can hope at least to get a glimpse of the targets, the notes on the cabinet. I first off get a little angry with Dave because the lights in the room are off, probably no way for me to see the notes. I enter the room (from what is an exterior entrance 2nd floor platform entrance, like at a motor lodge).

I'm not artist, but I just complete a drawing of the two sheets of lined white paper that are affixed to the cabinet, which do not do justice at all to what I see.

I try to take a mental "picture" during the dream so that I can recall as many details as possible, but that image is all but faded right now.

There is no note or message written in English first off. The first "note" on the right is on white lined paper affixed to a manila background I can see from the sides. It consists of a few hundred pins in different types of designs and configurations. A long slender strip of them in the center of the rectangular paper about 3-4 inches across and 1/2 inch high. Pins stuck everywhere with little way to remember where they are. Some pins are shallowly stuck in the paper and make an old string artwork between them, like I learned in elementary school. From high to low, they are in a series. (I don't know if Dave took down the original, first note, but noticing that this was on white paper, when I know the original was a torn sheet of yellow legal paper was another method of disproving this OBE)

The latest note for me to look at and report back also had no note written, no letters either. It was haphazardly and hastily written bunch of circles in an order perhaps I was supposed to ascertain. There are 15-20 on one side of the paper and another "section" or right half of the paper are a bunch of what appear to be hieroglyphic symbols, as if Dave

was writing down a bunch of UFO craft symbology from the I-beams supposedly found at Roswell.

Anyway, I am unable to memorize anything and get slightly annoyed at Dave that his disbelief in this phenomena led him to make notes that were completely impossible to memorize. No easy writing to read, no symbols, just hastily written circles in pencil, like he didn't really care!

Without warning as is usually the case and a fight to remain lucid in the dream state, the dream abruptly ends and I open my eyes. I rest myself for a moment or two to try to begin recollecting the experience, turn over and notice the time on my clock 1:48am. I feel exhilarated (series of waves of tingling sensations throughout the entire body) at how successful a lucid dream this was and then the flood of inconsistencies become apparent as I start to recall it, one of the first being that it was note me but rather my 7 year old daughter whose body I extracted my "self". As I finish writing this at my computer downstairs, it is clear to me that this, as my longest held lucid dream ever, that I was never, not could I likely ever be, astrally projecting from my physical body.

Case closed, for me anyway.

Additional Notes:

The notes I observed were on white line paper (which I already knew). I noticed the cabinet and room configuration was completely different. On the most recent note (on the left) I observed there were two sets of circles drawn in pencil, haphazardly, five of which were left side of paper, dozen or so on right that included hieroglyphics and mathematical symbols. The other (initially posted) note had an outside edge with manila backing of sorts. There was a series of pins stuck in it like art project made in a grade school 3D art project.

All images in the lucid dream were vivid, but I intentionally lingered as long as I could on the notes themselves to try and register them for me to reproduce their content.

Dave is unusually short in this lucid dream too, and it doesn't really look like him either, appearing younger with dark black or brown hair and grey highlights. On the off chance he might awaken with a vague recollection that I was in his dream or that we were co-participants in a shared dream, I took the extra time to visit with him and do the experiment of passing my incorporeal body through his so that he could make an observation of the experience. There was no resistance, just flashes and tiny flakes of reflected colored lights as I first I walked through him, then perhaps passed my hand through his head.

This was the longest sustained lucid dream (in minutes as best one can gauge the passage of time in a dream) compared to previous lucid dreams which lasted only in seconds. In previous lucid dreaming episodes I have most often become gradually more and more aware that I'm dreaming to a point there is a realization that I was consciously aware and

able to direct the content of dream events. In this case, however, I arrived at a moment of lucidity in an instant of awareness, in the same manner as if I'd just fully awakened from a dream. In an instant after leaving the body (my daughter's body), the 'me' or my identify gained full awareness and lucidity in such a way that it felt I had materialized or was transported as a conscious individual into a dream.

I was alert and lucid enough to realize some inconsistencies as the dream transpired. The insulated white wire with AWG gauge printing on it allowed me to know during the dream that I wasn't really having an OBE (per se in the the physical/gross realm). Also, I knew the clock was most likely the wrong time (2:41pm) because I was lucid enough to know that this dream was occurring at night, not during the middle of the afternoon. In hindsight and upon awakening, these were not the most obvious inconsistencies. The red LED clock in the lucid dream on the headboard is neither red nor do I have a headboard; my clock is on a nightstand. It was not my body from which I extracted my "self." In fact, there is nothing in this lucid dream that was an accurate representation of the "real" world in the correct time and space of August, 2010. I was not in Lincoln at the former Gateway Mall, none of the geography or locations I traversed on my journey to the Durham Science Center had any contemporary landmarks in Papillion or Omaha. All of the locations and images in the dream were manifestations from my mind, memory and previous experiences. All of them. It was "real" in the sense of how vivid the dream experience was; just as real in sensing physical objects. All of the lucid dream was real in the sense the forms, images and "objects" were emotionally, mentally and cognitively real. They just don't correspond to current time and space and were an amalgam of previous experiences. It is also possible this amalgam consists of locations and objects from a future space and time (this has happened to me at least once before and vaguely in the sense of déjà vu experiences). Alas, the future has not yet arrived.

Finally I need to point out that I was indeed so conscious throughout this lucid dream that it culminated in my momentary consideration in room 285 of the Durham Science Center how I could possibly take the notes posted on the steel reinforced glass cabinet with me. The thought was, "I wish I could scan these, mail them, fax them or otherwise transmit them to my waking state so that I could recall or share them with the Omaha UFO Study Group."