

Electric Car

9am

6.14.16

I took lil red electric car for a drive across town (P-ville) we were at some kind of hill to go down & it ran out of power. It was getting dark (was like 5pm) there were lights of the side of the hill & one was missing its light. The plug was exactly the connector needed for the lil car. After 2 quick check disconnect/connects to the plug, ~~to~~ ensure it wasn't going to shock^{me} or overheat the car, the 3rd time I left it plugged in. We seemed like we might be trying to get away from someone or something trying to chase us. It seemed to be plugged in for 1hr. There was some other clip, ~~that~~ on another plug, that made me think of a water nose plug, but it was for hurricane control or something. It didn't seem to be needed on its "plug" anymore, or I wasn't sure how to reattach it. I put it on the ledge area nearby for when maintenance man would come by he could fix it.

The being/person following us seemed to have almost caught up, we disconnected the car, got in & road it down the hill. As we disconnected another mom w/ a daughter immediately took notice of the open plug & looked like she was going to plug in something (her car?) & use it.

I said to [redacted] "what else do we do when a weirdo in tow?" We go snowboarding! I was suddenly in old room @ [redacted] getting my snowboard (the one I have now) from behind the door & seemed more magically dressed than having dressed myself. [redacted] ~~head~~ was still on the bottom(?) of the hill w/ the car [redacted] she had also sorta morphed into a girl that was like my gay girlfriend. But not really. I had hurried & was going to magically appear or fold space back to [redacted], as I'd expected her to be there w/ me already, but she wasn't.

Changing Kings Heart with Love

Then we [redacted] (?) [redacted] (?) were @ some kind of dressed up court hearing. People dressed up like old kingdom & court jester style were let through the ropes by the "bouncer" to have interactive hearing seats or just be close to the king/Judge. The king/Judge came down from the front pedestal ~~area~~ area to around where I was. He was dressed in his sort of puffy white long John pajamas, & he had a ^{long} wooden broom like handle staff. Only it was squared up, instead of rounded.

I made myself step out of the crowd sitting area & up to the king. He was acting all ~~so~~ arrogant / ego based in showing how they handle traitors or bad guys, by making a show of using his wood broom handle to skewer them like a sword. or to use it like a fighting staff.

I gently grabbed & took it from him, using my pretty looks to dissuade him to be ok & not doing anything other than what I was doing, but hoping my looks would allow me to do it w/out being harmed > & said "You don't need this to deal w/ others, You need this..."

And & gave him a nice, soft, warm, heart felt hug & ^{whisper} said in his ear "all you need is love" then or @ the same time I also projected that message to the crowd "Love is all you need." I let the king go from my embrace. He still tried to make an ego show, like saying "no you don't" but it carried no weight. More like a child that'd lost but was ^{still} trying to save face or a bully still trying to look tough, though somewhat changed.

I ~~had~~ originally grabbed his beating staff & set it w/ mine (?) behind a door (like how the snowboard had been tucked) out of his reach to my left. I'd hoped he'd be more fair when judging the innocent people on trial now. They made me think of Alice in Wonderland the Queen of Hearts trials. where it was all already

2016-06-25

predetermined of the trial was just for show
only to give the illusion of a fair trial.
The king seemed softened, changed. And I
took special note that I'd "disarmed" him &
he'd gone back w/out his "physical" weapons.
I'd hoped this was a good sign for the
people.

Feb 12, 2018
@ 6:45pm

On the correct timeline where
my TF chooses me like I've seen in
my dreams ^{but in 3D.} what do I need to do
to get the truth to the world enmass
_{about dreams.}

WHAT TO DO, IF 'KING' STILL IN
CHARGE - POINT OUT THEIR ERRORS

11:47pm

'What to do if the 'king' is still
in power.' There were little PC white
articles & I had to write them
to show & tell what the king (CG)
was doing was wrong. It seemed
there was a ~~re~~aversiveness from an
R ~~energy~~ energy, as I was
explain showing him, I didn't
make the ~~problems~~ problems. I just
saw them & was to point them
out. I couldn't help what I saw.
It seemed this was the 2nd or 3rd

time now I was pointing out the situation
and they kept wanting to blame me for seeing
things, but maybe stuff (something) was
getting through a lil. Like they were softening
towards me some and thinking maybe I
do see things and it's not my fault if it's
things they don't like and I can't help that
I see things to warn them about that

If they were choosing wrong/poorly. If

was my job to point out the error

of their ways too (crimes) against

humanity. If wasn't to be mean or

anything like that, but it had to be done.

May 6, 2019

10:35pm

What is my literal next step w/corey

so what does that mean & what is actually my step in 3D in light of that dream? what does mean?

or rather

PRIVATE JET STALLS & FALLS BUT ENGINES BACK ON OK - TO NYC - 'NATALIE' IS MY GIRLFRIEND

4:57am
I Dating Natalie
Flight attendant/Stewardess
kiss lips
Pilot (not JC) Judge Jett
Stall NY He flew up down
fast slow MNTS - low speed
then high - can you please
just do one alt/40? any smooth
engine stall Propeller down
but ok go - cult interior
Then home key No chairs to or place 2nd
floor. Put in spiral stairwell inside
till can.
Farm on roof w/ us to grant us back
34 Italianich?

I was in a private Jet with a pilot & his one stewardess/flight attendant who was also his co pilot. The pilot liked to fly his jet a lil hot dog style, but he was a good pilot & it was more so to get speed & catch the winds. We seemed to be flying to NY, NYC.

The Jet held 4 people Pilot-stewardess me & 1 male passenger. It was white inside



of sat the 2 in front side by side, then us ~~was~~
one behind the other. "Natalie" seemed to be
the Copilot & I sorta lightly seemed to be the
pilot. But he also felt sorta like Judge Flynn
& the plane ~~was~~ was being flown, High, low, fast
Slow, turn left, turn right, then down low
in a brown MNT Range nearer ^{the} treetops
& like it was the Amazon ~~but~~ or ^{Andes} MNT ranges
& he went 'fast' I could feel it pick up
speed & then he nosed up the plane & got even
more speed, giving us light G-forces as it seemed
now he was going to get us up over the
MNT ranges like the NV ones from Sac to Tahoe
he then took us straight ^(almost) up & then the suddenly
on the plane (like an old WW2 B52 bomber plane)
the 'propeller' stopped & thereby the jets cut out.

I wasn't worried at all & saw it now as if
outside the plane & at 1st the plane looked to
be in a nose dive & I was like... planes
do not do that (per) &
glide down if the engines go out. The
plane then began to glide down & I
was back inside & the pilot was switching
switches, he was sorta hurrying, but calm.
& not panicked at all, this was something he

D Journal full
grasper on bike
paper

my fan
Twas right about
not eating military medals
as they were made of people's
med. Ch... something choco chocolate?

was used to somewhat. Like if you go up high
it can & does do the stall-thing sometime, but
like he'd not really expected that so much w/ his
new 'toy' jet. He was having fun w/ it. lol.
The co-pilot seemed to be his girlfriend.

* And I
asked him, can
we please just do
one attitude of
one speed.

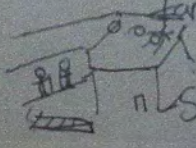
It seemed he
would but sorta
like I got a grin
meaning he would
unless he needed to
do otherwise again or
like he'd try
& mostly do that
if he got bored which it
seemed he might
if at one's speed but
more like that aspect
was me that might
get bored.

As we got nearer the ground he got the
jets back on * ^{then} we conti our ^{flight} journey.

But, then it seemed our destination was to stop
at me & my' girlfriends' home. sorta a halfway to refuel
& take a break to inspect the jet propellor.

we arrived back at our home & "Natalie" was my
girlfriend. She wasn't very attractive & over weight
& wrinkly aged older looking (as was her pilot Bfri, also
lightly me) but I lip kiss pecked w/ her once &
told her I loved her and realized then she was/is
my girlfriend.

We lived 'upstairs' in what sorta seemed to also
be the jet hanger of our ~~the~~ Country French type
hause but there were no steps up to our
families section above which was also ours. #



so... ~~we~~ we had to walk up the 1st layer of steps

~~to the rooftop~~

of then we had to wall hold onto a type of railing w/ lil grooves in the walls for our toes once we got 'up' that we were then on the cavity french spanish tiled roof (like the S.S. home) of 3 or 4 of our family (more 'hers') ^{were} there on it already. She was 1st in front of me and she got on the roof & I behind her & we sorta both hung/clung onto each other (but more me holding her on. I felt more like a man but was surprised to remain in ^{my female} this form) of our 'family' (sorta like the Ray Romano family from Everybody Loves Raymond, but only like Ray & his cop bro & then the others like 40's, 50's, Italian? Uncle & Aunt) & I was protectively holding 'her' on to not fall off.
(consoler Tracy dream & CG talk)


The fam was very happy to see us, like we'd been gone for 2 to 3 months & come back. They were holding at least one hand w/ each of us & like this was our fairly usual way to get into the rest of the house. Apparently,

There were no stairs inside to go to the 2nd floor which also seemed to be our main house section.

I said, "DO you want to go back down now? As there seemed no real entry to lay up top the roof & like I (to go)

wased topped
urgently

might slide off any moment if not getting down. She wanted to get down too for now.

We went back down & I began to tell her how I don't like to enter our home that way & it's too dangerous & ^{she agreed & that} we could put in a stairwell inside the house (like it was a genius & novel idea... lol) & I was thinking in the Sims, how much space a regular stairwell takes up  & so I said (as we both didn't seem to want to spend our savings or seed \$ on it) we could get one of these spiral stairwells. -- now we were both at the Camino house & looking at our spiral stairwell (as I was showing her 'chim... (G) by example) only the stairwell up was different & like the steps corkscrewed around & sorta folded & had burgundy wine red carpeting. She almost seemed teary eyed with joy & that 'yeah we could do that' I cont to talk saying "we could do that, instead of investing in the outdoor stairwell & we could still have & use our money for regular things. * (like our rent & etc bills) And could invest in an outside stairway (sorta Beauty & the Beast style) later if still needed & wanted after we save up. But, for now we can at least put in a spiral

stairwell that doesn't take up much space & we'd not need to do the dangerous wall climb to the roof."
'she' really liked my idea (she sorta looks wise reminded me of ██████████ but wasn't her & looked more unattractive & old, but I seemed to love her & like we'd been together for even quite some time now.) & agreed ~~was agreed~~ & it was understood we'd use our joint funds to go in on it. like our savings Accts. & in the long run, it'd save us a lot of money too. Somehow & we may not even need the outside entry anymore as we'd just go in the (^{open}garage?) door below & use the spiral stairwell up. She was in agreement on that with me, cause she didn't like the other route either.

Oh yeah on the rooftop the family was talking about the military vaccinations & a type of medical pill they ^(military) were trying to trick (or force) but more trick) people into taking by saying they had to or needed too, but basically me & my girl were right (like I'd said) to not take those meds. They were something like choco or chiapas or chacoco (chakotay?) or something ch & they were agreeing now w/ what I'd said & done regarding them... no... cause now

those who'd taken them seemed to be aged really fast

(my 'old' friends? And dimension sheets class DV)


∅ to get sick (like w/ the flu shots, they get the flu)

but these people had more other problems like stomach
related ∅ GMO type problems ∅ being wrinkle

6:05am aged (AI connect ∅ inlet. - nanos?)

May
14, 2019

I RECEIVE COURT ORDER LETTER
VIA NOTCH IN THE WALL

Then, I was with J (the real J I believe) but not fully sure on that, & inside a room space of mom & Dad had got the UPS mail & had stuck a Manilla Envelope (that looked white) sized letter in a small gouge out the corner edge off the wall  where a small triangular niche had been cut out of the wall.

At first I just thought it a bank statement, then I got near it & pulled it out of the holder spot, & it was from the court. I now was opening it (now a regular letter size envelope) & it was folded into 3rd (Tri-Fold) & seemed to be \approx 3 pg thick folded together (possibly 5 pages). ^{they looked thick & fumpy} & it was my order from the court regarding Corey & I was going to sit to read it, when either I woke up or other sequences happened that I don't recall right now.

(W3DL) May 18, 2019 received Pending Orders of Judge Flynn today. 15 pages. In what I thought was a bank statement envelope that was white. It was folded in half & my Nov 13 amended Complaint is to be responded to now by Corey. It was entered & filed May 14, 2019. Mom & Dad got the UPS mail & gave it to me. ^{The envelope was sized between Manilla & regular letter size.}



A [RI STONE ART](#)

[Legal Case](#), [Magik](#), [Present](#), [Twin Flame](#)

2019_01_05_JAN BIG FAT ITALIAN FAMILY BANQUET – FISHMAN and FOREST RANGER JOHN – BEAR MAN SHAKES BABY- ABUSE – HE STOPS

By AriArt

🕒 January 10, 2019, 12:03 PM

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2019_01_05_JAN BIG FAT ITALIAN FAMILY ANNUAL CELEBRATION BANQUET – FISHMAN GET MORE BREAD

...

12:49am

I was attending a huge Italian family gathering outdoor early evening-daylight banquet dinner. That had a similar vibe to the "My Big Fat Greek Wedding" family. It felt like to be the big annual Christmas family gathering meal. There wasn't really a spot for me. So, I was flying low around banquet table height. I flew over to where they had the 'famous fresh sourdough bread' in a plastic crate box set up to act as cubbies with a handful of other crate boxes. (connects with Famous Tevis Cheese maker and Famous Tomato Sauce – Love dream) I tore off about a what would have been about a quarter of the bread loaf had it all been there, there was about three-quarters left. It was still warm and almost even hot. The outer crust was perfectly browned to golden honey yellow and was a nice lightly crunchy shell layer. The inside was soft and light and fluffy. Everyone in the family loved this bread. It was everyone's favorite and there was only a certain amount for everyone to have to eat.

I took my piece of bread and went a small distance away and began to eat it a little animal style, sorta stuffing the whole thing up to my face and mouth to sort 'mow' eat it. I was eating similar to how the fishman ate in the movie "The Shape of Water" and I sort of looked like him too. Then, an older Italian guy with a big ball shaped belly, who looked like the actor Joe Viterelli with a full head of thinning grey-white hair and the Bill Clinton style bulb nose, said to me "Hey! . . . Your grandmother (?) wants a piece of that fresh bread." I realized I had taken my share of the bread from what seemed to be the last fresh loaf of it at the banquet. I replied, "There's still some over there." And pointed to the cubby where I'd just gotten my share off of the loaf. There was still a quarter end piece of bread loaf similar to the size I'd just taken but somehow that piece was more dried up and even hard or overcooked. The portion left was a split open (one side) half from the center loaf section and it had very little of the soft bread inside to it.

I did a quick flash through in mind to see if there were any other bread loafs at the party and saw only 'old' breads and only one loaf of sourdough that was the typical store bought pre-sliced in the standard plastic bread bag with only 5 slices left in the package. The 'Uncle Viterelli' looking Italian man seated next to the cubby said, "YO . . . this piece isn't that good . . . give her some of yours." I walked back over to where he was knowing that none of the other breads would satisfy as a replacement. As I addressed Viterelli, I indicating the portions left of the fresh sourdough bread I said, "There is another piece like mine." He responded, "Yeah, but that one's all dried out and hard. I had to agree it did look overcooked and mostly all crunchy (center portions too), it seemed to have dried out even more because I'd taken off my portion from the loaf. I now pointed to the center middle loaf section still in the cubby that was mostly crust and he said, "Yo, that's not good enough . . . give your grandmother a piece of yours." I thought about it but, I really wanted the piece I was eating. I almost gave my piece to the ball-belly uncle but, then I stopped and said, "I deserve to have nice things to eat too and this is my portion. She can get her own piece that's not mine, there are plenty of other foods she can eat." I now seemed to have a name tag spot at a table a little distance away from us. I noted now the tables had nice fancy white table cloths and a fancy bubble shape wine goblets set at each place setting, filled with a nice deep red-purple grape wine in each goblet. There were also fancy folded napkins to look like sea shells (Vatican dream connect with handsome married man I show how I pass through walls and place the shell into the wall as part of the demo). I was still standing near the ball-belly uncle and tried to grab my piece of bread from me, I almost let him have it, but then I pulled it out of his reach and stated, "No, this is mine and I'm eating it." He now tried to play on my sympathy and said, "But, what about your poor grandmother? (Jeremy Whelan Mosaic acting drawing – buried dead grandmother connection – of typical fake actors (Connect

Magik light up crystals better than Arthur's sword dream) who take themselves away from the emotions and the scene by using old acting methods and thinking about something completely unrelated to the scene.) I knew the grandmother would be fine without the bread, as it seemed she was going to have the full 7 course meal once the other relatives finished with BBQing and preparing it all in the nearby outdoor kitchen area. I wasn't so sure I'd be staying for the seven course meal or that I was even going to have access to all of the meal, I just wanted the bread until the meal was ready and it seemed the meal would likely be too much food for me anyways. The ball-belly uncle then realizing I wasn't giving up my bread piece said, "Yo . . . go get some more then." to me.

Apparently, this special sourdough bread came from a secret hidden spot that only I knew about and was even in some fenced off type of area. It was similar to the secret bee pollen that Adam knew about in my favorite film "Upside Down" that was from both worlds and contained both the gravitational fields of the two opposite gravitational polarity worlds. Ultimately, the pollen for the 'pink honey' and floating pancakes, was the key to reuniting the two disparate worlds along with he and Eden's Twin Flame love for one another. I continued to eat my bread piece monster fishman style the whole time. I decided I better go and get more bread, least everyone want my bread piece, and decided there needed to be more bread anyway for the rest of the feast. The rest of the family there, around 50 people or so, continued to friendly family chat amongst themselves and take periodic sips of the deep purple-red wine in the fancy bubble goblets. (Couple guy next to me in a church like setting offers me wine dream, excited to have me as his artist)

I flew-swam to and then through the kitchen area where various Italian family members were busy preparing traditional Italian meal items, after passing through that, I was outside at the BBQ balcony banister area, where a male Italian family member was BBQing ('new' 'improved' Teleportation devises that don't work and guy telling me about his BBQ sauce recipe dream connect) things like pineapples and making shish kabobs for the meal. I then stood up on top of the banister guard rail and flapped my arms like a pair of wings, got lift, and jumped off the banister and glided gently down to the ground below. I then took off flying low to the ground in a horizontal position parallel with the ground, hovering around three feet or less above it. I took myself away from 'My Big Fat Italian Family Banquet' and low flew to the nearby high up cliff edge. It was dark out now. I looked off the cliff edge and saw all the beautiful lights of the city all lit up way off in the distance and the night sky was a glorious clear and star filled sky. (Green and Yellow galaxy, me in outerspace in Rice shaped ship dream)

I didn't consciously know where the secret spot was so I simply willed myself to go up in the night sky and to wherever my secret spot was. It felt two or three family members were trying to chase-follow me, but they were always somewhere off in the distance and never 'seen' visually. I let myself glide-float-fly up into the picturesk cityscape far below and then toward my secret spot location. As I got near to the location I lowered back down again to flying very low and just above the ground in the same horizontal position parallel to the ground. (Conveyor belt I bypass and rapidly pass hundreds of others and go to the top dream) I was getting flashes of a queen bed white mattress and conversations with my cousin Victor as I flew. There still felt to be two Italian family members chasing me. I reached the area that was equal to the chain link fence in the Upside Down film, only it was a small cave mouth with boulder rocks and smaller rocks around the opening. (Cave Dreams – Griz Lee and carrots connect and scuba air tank with leak, but ok) I lowered down even more now to enter the cave. A small a small stream of water around five feet wide max and only one or two feet deep and the 'river' reduced in size to enter the almost twice as small diameter cave opening.

As I flew just to being inside the dark cave with the waters just below me, it had a light sewer system vibe, and I knew all I had to do was fly into the cave and the flow would pull me into my secret bread spot. I knew the 'others' could not follow me even if they tried as they would need to be able to fly-swim and have abilities like mine and they seemed to have any, which is why I had to be the one to get the bread. I continued to fly-flow inside the dark cave that was just large enough to fit my form without touching walls or the water and I flew silently for a few minutes. The two family members that's been trying to follow me, felt also like guards that wore navy blue uniforms and I knew they could not and would no follow me into the cave.

I finally reached the square area where the bread dough maker was. It was a little large than the cave parts I'd come from and had ledges that ran around the square space just above the water. The cement rock areas were cast in a greenish hue and the ceiling was now about five feet above my head. I stayed in my horizontal position and could see there were only three walls and the one adjacent to me was open and I could see a young lady working in a chef's style kitchen in the area below and not part of the cave system. I looked at the ledges and wondered why there was not any fresh made bread on them. Usually, more bread was ready within one to two or three days and waiting on the ledges.

I looked more closely at the bread maker machine, which was a vertical shooter tube that went into the water. The tip was below the water line and was supposed to be above it to work. The tubing looked similar to a wide fish tank plastic air bubbler tubing. The tip was supposed to be above the water level and spatter-spraying dough onto the ledges that would then take a day or two to rise. I reached into the water and pulled it up and noticed saw a small marble had been stuffed into the very tip of the spout as well and had plugged it up. I unstopped the tube and off-whitish-yellow dough began to spatter-spray all over like it was supposed to.

I looked observed the twenties to thirties aged attractive blond gal in the kitchen, as she moved busily about in her white chef type clothing. She was the only chef in the kitchen. I thought, this could take way too long now to have to wait for the bread, as the meal was in a few hours at the most and not one, two, or three days away. Lots of dime size goo-dough-blobs of batter continued being sprayed about onto the ledges and the walls. Sort of reminding me of paint splatter art fling making. Had the tubing not been plugged up there should have been around ten or fifteen loaves of bread ready already. I commented to myself, "Who does this? Why is it plugged up?" and then to the female baker below around twenty feet away, "Did you do this?" Suddenly she knew she did and she'd done it because the dough that supplied the tubing came from inside her kitchen and took away from her baking materials. It also seemed the tubing was the 'old' antiquated way of making the bread and that basically 'no one' (aside from me) ever came to this cave anymore to get any bread and so it was sort of wasteful in her opinion to keep the bread machine running 'all that time' and lose her ingredients.

She was ok with me having restarted it and she continued to move about the kitchen ratatouille style. Like the chef with the mouse in his hair guiding him to make better professional meals. She appeared to now be seasoning soups and preparing other items as well, that also seemed for 'My Big Fat Italian Family Banquet.'

Then I woke up

2:10am

FOREST RANGER JOHN – NEW LYRICS TO OLD TUNES – BEAR GIANT MAN SHAKES BABY – ABUSE – HE STOPS FINALLY

I found myself in a suburban with a small group of five or six people. It was time to do a math test (Brownies and how time flows class dream). The test felt to be for 4th to 5th level grade Earth math. My math folder was like my state court case folder, white, three inch bind, and huge. It was filled with math practice and learning papers. I tried to flip over the papers toward the back of the folder and half of the stack one or two holes came off of the center metal binding. I tried to get them back into the outermost metal bind they'd come off of and instead I left a rumple-lump-up (Rumplestiltzkin dream connects) with the pages. There was a guy there trying to help me with my math folder, as I was not too sure I was ready or prepared for the test, that likely included greatest and least common denominators, fractions, and things like that).

I began to line-through cross-off things with my mechanical light green clicker pencil and I was trying to last minute cram and go over things. My guy friend seemed to say it was all ok and he was basically going to help me pass the test or delay the test. He knew the administrators of the test a little bit and he'd see about getting me more time to review things further. But, it actually felt like he was going to take the test for or with me. I kept on thinking of my local state court judge for my case. The guy really seemed to like me for some reason as a friend and wanted to see me pass the test.

I now found myself at the top of my childhood home's driveway and my huge math folder was open and resting on the blacktop surface. All the pages were back in the binder correctly and half of the pages were on the left and the other half on the right. A guy came up to me again to help me, he felt to be the same guy from the vehicle and he also may have been someone new. He really wanted to help me and suggested we could tutor people. But, now 'math' seemed to mean singing and music and he was suggesting that we could lead a singing group to earn extra money after class/school. I was hesitant and saying I didn't really know a lot about music, as it seemed to include teaching others how to play instruments like the clarinet and/or the flute too. I thought, drums I can do and sorta recognize notes, but don't really recall sheet music reading so much anymore. But, my new guy friend didn't care, he was cool with that. He was basically going to teach the others anyway and I'd mostly just be there as part of it and look like I was leading and teaching it. I really wasn't so sure about that, but was going to go along with it because I didn't seem to offer or have a better idea to offer just yet.

Now the place at the top of my driveway located in the national forest, was more like a type of cabins and counselors camp grounds. The lead counselor (head of the camp) may have been the same guy who was there to help me with my math and taking the test. He had a type of forestry brown "Only you can prevent forest fires" job vibe and seemed to be a forest ranger. The hair on his head was a similar medium brown hue and he was leading a group of around twenty to fifty adult campers standing in a circle to sing an old Christmas song tune, that he'd written new lyrics for. He'd already passed around a sheet with the new lyrics to about every third person in the circle. I didn't want to sing. He reminded me of a former acquaintance in California named John that was a friend of a lady who had a dad that worked on the first two hundred levels of the secret underground bases as a plumber, but was denied clearance below that. That John guy in 3D was interested in me as more than a friend, but I never felt attracted to him that way. Standing next to Ranger John was a lady with a longer oval face shape who reminded me of my new nurse friend. The long faced lady (also reminding me somehow of the 'Scream' movie film mask) and she was co-leading the singing time with Ranger John.

Ranger John started singing his new lyrics to the old tunes and got the circle of adults to sort of sing along as best they could with the new words. It was all a cappella. The long face lady joined in and harmonized with him. They were not bad and not too great either, mostly just 'ok.' The rest of the adults in the circle were trying to sing with them, but it was a little haphazard. Then the long face lady

messed up and began to sing some of the old lyrics but Ranger John was on it and conscientious it. Everyone in the group stopped singing for a moment as they were confused by this. Ranger John leaned over with his head closer to the long face gal and he began to sing again to re-harmonize the long face gal and essentially carry-on with the show like a professional actor might if a fellow actor messed up a line. He was very happy about his lead position as head counselor. The long face lady felt to be the other main lead counselor of the camp. Ranger John was really enjoying leading the singing.

I mostly just smiled and watched everyone else singing and stood there in the circle group and would occasionally chuckle-nose laugh, as they all seemed to mostly be enjoying the singing or they were singing because they were told to and expected to do so. I continued to encourage smile chuckle laugh and at one point I half-heartedly or rather no-heartedly tried to look like I was singing at least a few words. I was the only not singing in the group and I didn't want to appear rude by not contributing at all, so I sang literally only about ten words where seven of them were only lip-synced and I only verbally sang three words. Then, I was done singing after the three words verbally and went back to lip-syncing and trying to pass it off as singing. The group continued to sing a couple of more songs haphazardly as this was their first time to sing the new lyrics and not everyone had a sheet of paper with the words on it.

They were almost done now with circle singing time (Meadow's new school and singing time with the physically challenged kids at lunch dream connect). I spotted a projector in the room nearby that reminded me of the now antiquated projectors used to project the music lyrics for the congregation to follow. I spoke up and suggested they could print a mirror reverse and upside down version of the lyrics onto a sheet of paper and then project the words for everyone to see. The long faced gal walked off talking to herself about how that was a good idea and mumbling how she'd thought of that earlier and already 'knew' to do that and was going to, but then didn't.

Ranger John was all smiles now that the group was done singing his new lyrics to old tunes. He was very good at leading and inspiring others to do his way and will. Overall, I admired his ability but I thought he should develop new tunes to go with his new lyrics instead of singing new words to old tunes. Now that singing time was finished, everyone left except for Ranger John and he walked over to me and asked me what I thought about his singing session. I replied it was good, but that he should put his new lyrics to new tunes. He was thinking about it.

Then ... the bear-giant man arrived. He looked like a cross between a black bear and a giant, and stood around seven feet tall. Some of the campers freaked and ran off screaming "A BEAR!!!" (Rough drop off bear gets in van with me dream connect and Counselor Troy dream connect)

He was complaining to Ranger John about how he was being treated by some of the other campers and how they were being rude to him. The bear-man was being semi-rude to the campers and some of the campers were being semi-rude to him too and were expressing some prejudice towards him (racism) as if it was because of how he looked. But, the bear-man was being a jerk and was receiving back the same type of energies he was putting out.

Ranger John then directed the bear-man holding the baby girl (that reminding me of baby Pricilla in Waking 3D Life) and his three family members; wife, son, and daughter, along with me and possibly the family that had insulted him, into a special outdoor campers Indian circle/theatre area. We all followed Ranger John through the large, thick, tree-log, and light honey colored archway. The long faced lady followed us in as well. Ranger John directed everyone to sit on one of the tree-log benches, that was basically a tree trunk cut in half from top to bottom to make a long wooden bench seat (like at my daughter Meadows school in Waking 3D Life in the outdoor theatre area), everyone sat. Ranger John and long face lady, sat opposite us on another tree-log bench. Ranger John noticed me staring at him and craning my neck to look up under his forestry-fireman type hat. His looked a little big and sort of gapped around his head. He noted my puzzled look of 'did he bic shave off his hair?' Finally Ranger John said, "Yes, I shaved off my hair." And he then briefly took off his hat and showed off his bald pate to me and the others very briefly, put his hat back on, and that was that. Ranger John then kindly guided everyone to talk and listen to the problem and to one another. He directed his attention and question at the bear man, "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

The bear man began to somewhat arrogantly state how rude he's been treated. But, he said it with a twinkle-glint of playful mischievousness in his eyes and speech, reminding me of one of my favorite pastors in the past, Hon Prater. (Dream connect Pastor Hon and his wife, I get a diploma just for being born and MJ con men). I still wasn't sure why I was there as I'd not been rude toward the bear man. But, Ranger John wanted me there to listen and observe. The bear man, still holding the bright teal eyed baby girl (Pricilla baby dream connects), concluded his complaint. A few other brief mild discussions occurred from his daughter and things seemed to be getting resolved. But, then for humor to the bear man, he held up the baby and her head went leaned off to the side and she went wide-bug-eyed as if in horror and screamed. The bear man then ran outside the Indian archway gates with her, as he was trying to generate and instill fear.

I got up and went to see if the baby was ok. I got outside the gates and saw the bear man chuckle laughing with the baby. He told me he'd taught her to scream on cue and then rhetorically asked, "isn't that funny.?" I replied, "No." and then "How did you teach a baby to scream on cue?" He replied he discovered if he held her a certain way and he lightly shook her at the same time, then she did the head lean, wide eyes, and scream. As he was saying his process he was also demoing it again and then after he and the baby coo-laughed. I realized now he was shaking the baby way to hard. He was again saying he'd learned if he just shakes her like this . . . and he was shaking her again . . . that she'd scream and the baby did the scream again. He was now shaking the baby even harder as she'd stopped screaming and he was trying to get her to continue. She was still quiet and I was getting very concerned now for the baby. I told him to stop it. He did not. I said, "You are hurting her! What you are doing can cause brain damage from shaken baby syndrome and she may be physically challenged." He finally stopped shaking the baby. It seemed as though it was registering for the time in his consciousness that shaking the baby like that was abuse. The bear man replied, "Oh..." like he did not know that before. He was used to treating the baby bad to amuse himself and others with the scream and he was entertained by pretend freaking others out. The bear man headed back inside the large archway into the outdoor Indian theatre meeting area again. I followed him back in.

The bear-giant man now looked more like a normal person, but still was giant size. As we came back in I said, "Why did you do that?" for the others in the meeting to hear. He replied it was a joke and he acted like it was 'funny' to pull him to pull their trick and scare others with it and then tell them the truth, that it was all fake and only a joke. We sat down again. I said to the now more giant man, "That's abuse and it's not ok and you could permanently damage her." I then stood back up again and looked into the giant man's lightly red-ish light brown eyes and at his more yellowish eye whites. He had a sort of Archie Comic book eye-closeup-gulp look in his eyes. He was used to doing his shtick and getting away with it. He seemed to lack knowing other skills. He was now shaking the baby again, as if to demo-like-say, 'See, she's fine!' He seemed largely on auto pilot and even like he couldn't stop himself from doing it. I lightly touched his forearm and told him again in a soft and very firm voice, "That's abuse!"

The Judge, Ranger John, was seeing it all too but still trying to listen and hear both sides yet and to help everyone get along, even if they didn't like the bear-giant man. But, Ranger John saw it was abuse of the baby too. He wasn't going to step in just yet though, as he still needed to fully observe more to ensure the facts. The giant man was starting to register that he was being abusive and he seemed to be having some genuine remorse now, but he shook that baby again really hard. I could now seem to even see-feel the baby's brain rattling around as if loose at the base of her skull and in her head with an inch gap around it all. He was again doing it, to ask in his way, 'This is abuse?' and 'Are you sure?' and 'because this is how he'd always done it before and she'd been ok.' I reaffirmed for the giant man "Yes, that is abuse and you can permanently damage her brain and her for life if you keep doing that."

I then took the giant man back outside the gates and told him sternly, "That's abuse and if you keep on doing that I will report you to the authorities." He knew I was inferring a child protective services type place that would take the baby away. He finally stopped shaking the baby again and really was only now just registering that what he'd been doing was highly abusive and he needed to stop. It seemed he did not want to be reported on and have the baby taken away from him. I told him if he ever shakes the baby again, I'll report him. He seemed he was going to not shake the baby anymore, because he did not want to lose her, or be reported on.

I then dreamed I woke up and moved the two faery tarot cards from in front of my clock face to look and see what time it was. (In actual Waking 3D Life, I had Steam Punk Tarot cards blocking the brightness of the glowing numbers). With the card moved out of the way I saw the clock flashing red zeros (in W3DL it glows blue) or no numbers at all. I thought the power must have gone out and I wondered what time. It then seemed to be flashing 12:12 like it'd gone out at 12:12am or 11:11 yet, still like there were no numbers and just the two center colon dots flashing.

SOCIAL MEDIA ICONS



Flynn
orders

credibility


May 24, 2019
@ 8:57

Love, Peace, Joy, passion Restored
inspiration & magik

JUDGE FLYNN READING OFF
ORDERS - INTENTLY AWARE OF ME
CAT LIKES ME & COMES UP TO KISS
MY LIPS - JOHN SHOWS ME

3:49am

Judge Flynn
reading off codes
passed by him
dealership cat (hurt?)
loser-codes
guy in 'hospital'
could die.
procedure - will
John, muscle guy
hold my head/nose to
page cat comes up
to kiss me now.

I was in a hospital type place
& listening to judge Flynn read off an
order he had made. Regarding what
seemed at 1st to be another case in the
hospital. I was laying 
on a desk table in front of JF's desk
table. But his was up high & total-like
Judge style set-up. He was reading off
some type of order he'd written from a
large flat screen TV in front of him & sorta
to my left. I was lay looking at it (the
words on the screen & the codes he'd incl.)
& listening to him & looking at him on occasion
as he wanted me to pay attention cause this
also seemed to do w/ my case. He was very
handsome to me in his Judgey pedestal desk area
& he was watching me in the same way he

was in the Jury Trial.

[REDACTED]

listened & looked

The order had to do w/ the Siamese-like cat & when I was at the S.S. dealership outside near the car easement area ^{w/ the cat &} some lasers had scanned across my body or something, like from 'the computer' & they were actually lasers for the cat, for some ^{hospital-like surgery} procedure.

The owner of the cat seemed to be on his death bed & ^{*}lightly ~~been~~ homeless or homeless like in appearance & dress. He was around early 50's & a blondish short stubble hair on his head & balding/receding hairline. The laser was to instruct the cat what to do next to survive &/or save the owner.

*CC in
hospital Tom
not to go see
him MIB
DV

Excalibur

So I was still [redacted] on the table
 & JF intently observing me. [redacted]
 [redacted] he ~~was~~ said
 something to me, to ensure I was paying
 attention to what I thought was a hospital
 order for the homeless-like guy. Who was
 apparently on death's-door & about to enter
 a very serious ^{*} surgical procedure that
 he might not live. So the order(s) were
 being read (& they incl. the process to that
 point w/ it, like in my orders from JF) & I was
 made to know this was now also somehow
 about my case and so I needed to pay
 full attention & a guy sorta John-like
 in vibe [redacted]
 was at a folder (like my court folders that are
 white) and he told me to come over to it.

DV
 Dr. John
 Feb 16, 2019
 Check me out
 connect.

I got up & walk over the few paces to where
 he was. [redacted]
~~but he seemed~~ I wasn't sure at 1st if I could
 trust him or if it'd be a trap somehow. He then

had me come right next to him & the folder^{open} was ^{set} on the $\approx 3/4$ our height ~~table~~ surface table top & he then needed to show me something. I was unsure if what he wanted to show me was ok or safe or if it'd hurt me somehow. He understood & explained it briefly ~~to~~ it had to do w/ the cat & how the cat would now come up to kiss me on my lips & how I was the only one the cat would do that with & the cat ^(she) liked me & thought itself mine and she'd not liked or done that w/ anyone before. He then 'had to' show me this as I was still sceptical.

⊛ DV I
befriend a dragon
lord of eat some
fruit

The 'John' like guy (who also was a lil rugged looking like an FB friend of mine ~~██████████~~) was also firm bodied/muscles but not body builder big. Just clearly fit & he stood touching me & to my right & he held my face ^{head} down to the open book, so my nose touched it, like that was necessary to read it. (like my nose reminded me of the troll nose in the troll DV)

Dr CG-I ^{of} ~~CG-I~~
Pinnachio
dollar sign down
reset - That's
necessary guy
says

The John guy ~~last~~ was saying how the owner was about to enter the very serious surgery (somehow to do w/ the lasers ^{of} the cat) & their seemed to be the same lasers coming from near the Judge & the TV screen at me & the book & "John" said "see... now the cat comes up to kiss you now." Like prior when or if I'd put my nose there the cat was maybe thinking to bite me. I lifted my head up away from the page & stood almost fully next to John. But, he hadn't fully shown me yet so he (& I went willingly) put my head down w/ my nose to the page & the cat somehow was 'in' or w/ the book & she came up now to kiss my lips w/ hers. John said "see" to the judge "she comes up & kisses her now." & the cat did this w/ me 3x & the John guy was like 'see' to me too, to prove the cat liked me & the cat did it a 4th time w/ each slight lean in w/ my head the cat's lips came up to mine to kiss mine. 'She' really liked me & did see herself to be mine & John again reiterated the cat liked me now & saw itself as mine, when it didn't see itself as anyone's

prior that I should even not liked anyone or had
ran away or been mean to them. But, like she
should be. -- or was -- mine now because I
was the only one she (didn't bite) & that she
actually liked me & I wasn't so sure about all
of that or if I wanted all the responsibility
of a cat, but I was flattered she liked me too
& so I was sorta just gonna see what
happens & go from there.

somehow the lasers touching on me how/ by
the cat. Would be part of the lasers
used by the Drs. on the owner. Like Y&S
lasers & 2-3 doctors would be performing the
surgery (Pinochio Doll DV lasers)^{CG} ⊗

4:34 pm
⊗ DV
roll around in lasers
in pco
my girl fire hot
there are safe
GO how do you do it?

~~Then~~ when I would lean my head in a/ inch more the
cat would come up the rest of the distance (2-5 inches)
to kiss my lips. I'd then raise my head back up the
1" or so & then ~~go~~ dip back down the teeny bit (w/ John
holding my head ^{sorta down} & the cat would also again
come back up ^{the whole time} the distance to kiss my lips, like
a peck.

I was going around performing bits of magik. That had to do w/ people & locations. more individuals or small groups. One may have been vampires.

Emailed 10/10/2017
TO Corey Goode

DREAM VISION originally date 10/9/17

7:17am

I was somewhere in outer space, in a ship at first, somewhere "Far, Far, away" another Galaxy even. It was as though others were trying to trick me into believing the Universe was dying & trying to trick me into believing I needed to cut myself in half to die so the Universe might live. They gave me a piece of paper. Ethereic 3 or 4 tricksters but only 1 seen, that gave me the paper like a mad lab steampunk style white lab coat & scientist. He was acting like all the 'air' would be sucked out of the universe unless I died. Like somehow my death would restore the oxygen. I was at first thinking that was the only way, cause that's what he told me. But I did

that 1st
COCT
flicker's room
safa
killer
to get
others
instead
guy w/ huge
muscles!
J&T wrote
squeeze his
biceps
that looked
thin
he got his
is so a f...er

with brown steampunk
goggles on his forehead

say to him there has got to be another way. He grin lied all tricky-like, "nope!" I read it in the glint in his eye he knew something else he wasn't telling me. A better way? or a flat out lie. He acted like the Universe was dying & would be dead in seconds maybe 3 to 4 min tops if I didn't sign it. It felt I had arrived there via the "blue" port hole ^(dark?) matters discovered like in the "Box" post Corey just did ^{proved} that showed that. It felt I was somewhere in the Universe in that/those. "They" had brought me here.

I was uncertain & stalling for time. Deciding yet what to do I was filling in the blanks now 3 of 4 spaces. They were telling me it was the only way to save ~~the~~ of the entire Universe! I still wasn't buying it, but was thinking "what if they are telling the truth & all the "air" will get sucked out of everything (life) if I don't sign. I now signed my name [ⓐ] BUT I still HAD TO decide it for it to be complete [ⓐ]. The guy was salivating at the lips. I was in some kind of white tube like rocket ship. Very advanced

ⓐ that was #3 of 4 spots

ⓐ without the date the entire contract was null & void.

tech. Like a pill (maybe the white pills in the box David W. was warned to stay away from) It was extremely advanced. Like nothing ever seen here in our universe.

It felt also like a space station. ^(Flat circular Pancake? style) ~~part of one.~~

It was somehow being destroyed. They tried to tell me once it was destroyed & I was blown out into the Universe of inky blackness I would die, cause I couldn't breathe w/out the air they provided in the station. I was floating weightless & had placed the ^{contract white 8 1/2 x 11} paper against a rafter to sign it.

I was looking into the eyes of the being (largely seeing as energy) & I was reading his essence. Suddenly I knew it all was a flat out lie. There were winds & a suction. Maybe like the 'reverse bomb blast' in the other David dream.

These mad scientists were trying to convince me the winds that were pulling on me to pull me out into space (though I also already simultaneously in it) would kill me that I wouldn't be able to breath. ~~There~~ may have been there too, only

with rods (silvery rods) that connected the sections together. It seemed to be blowing a part away.

And my winds of change. I could breathe though already in space, thus I also knew it was all likely a lie.

more ethereal in nature than bodied. Like
the mad scientist I could semi-see.

The winds were now pulling me up by my
feet to pull me out of the device (ship)

but it was also already outside it at the
exact same moment. I held the paper

w/ my name signed on it, to destroy it later,
maybe in a paper shredder. I clutched it

the guy needed me to date it. I would

not. I had signed & filled in 2 other bits

of info about myself maybe age &

height or weight w/ a Blue G2 Pilot pen

like I am writing w/ now (Pilot G2 05)

I realized it was him & his goons that

would die/meet their demise if I did

not sign it completely. I was ok with

that. lol. It felt, had I signed it I

would have been like a white bundle

of tent in 2 (again).

The winds seemed to suction them away.

& I was now suctioned out into the galaxy

free to go & choose anywhere I liked.

⊗ it felt to be a more 3D version of what I'd just done/experienced but had picked off the most troublesome & the real aspect there.

I was floating, peaceful, weightless. It was vast, ~~I was not afraid~~, I saw it all like being inside that 'box' w/ all the blue lights. Only this wasn't a box. It was a sphere. Only not a sphere with sides or limits. the only ~~the~~ limits were those imagined, not anything real at all. They would be boundaries placed by preference & for fun. It felt I may have now ^{have} somehow shredded after tearing into 4^s the white paper, that I may have also folded up into 4^s first for easier carrying. It felt I could go anywhere via any pathholes I chose or even choose a whole new universe(?).

Then I was in a house, someone else's. Ⓢ Don't know what for. It felt those same scientist were here too trying to still trick me but maybe now only 3 and they seemed stuck in the flesh now & they just wanted to nab kill me now & do it in such a way so as not to be obvious. They still wanted me to sign a paper. I did not see them. I just knew this to be true. There were others here / there too they seemed to have signed

CNN travel

This is the statue I thought of, so maybe what I saw happened in Brazil? Or had a St Germain France connection. France has connection meaning for me in dreams.

1/10

Hide caption

World's most impressive religious statues



Rio de Janeiro's Christ the Redeemer is 30-meters high and weighs 635 tons. With rods on its arms, head and hands, the statue is hit by lightning on average 12 times per summer.

Christ the Redeemer | statue, Mount Corcovado, Brazil | Britannica.com

Britannica.com > topic > Christ-the-Rede...

https://www.britannica.com/topic/Christ-the-Redeemer

Christ the Redeemer, Portuguese Cristo Redentor, colossal statue of Jesus Christ at the summit of Mount Corcovado, Rio de Janeiro, southeastern Brazil.



pg 33 in 10/10/2017 PDF Group TO DEFENDANT

SCREENSHOT December 10, 2019



Corey Goode (Official) @CoreyG... · 5d ✓

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18

83



DREAM


magic through walls
shrink evil robots
teleport to Spain

Dec 3, 2015

1:35 am

I was in a room w/ my fellow schoolmates. We'd planned a class trip to Spain. I told them I'd meet them there & that I'd be ~~is~~ there in about 3 seconds, or so. They all looked on & were like what (disbelief). I ~~was~~ wasn't sure exactly where in Spain -- but thought Barcelona.

I then tried to pass through the wall & the first 2 tries didn't work, so I phased & went ^{flew} through the window ^(to the ground) instead, & ^(we were about 2 stories up / 2nd or 3rd floor) told them sometimes walls are harder. They all watched. I was then near/at an outdoor pool... "bad guys" ... sent robots to harm/destroy things. I spoke in my other tongue & made the first 3 very small hand (mini) toys. The 4th, the most destructive I ~~made~~ made him the smallest of them all. Some of the kids were now holding them.

Then, some other hammer clapper  like things were sent, I neutralized them too into miniatures again. I think.

Then we were all at another house/class location. I said I never have to worry about food because I can turn anything into food. I held out a stick and said sometimes turning things into food is a little bit harder for me... but... lets say I want an apple...