

**01/25/22**

Had multiple dreams last night. Context: Yesterday and the day before I had been reading threads on Quora about dating, sexuality and relationships (e.g are women attracted to men, what do women find attractive in men (if anything) and vice-versa, are women aged 30 and over worthless).

**01/21/22**

Last night had a dream in which dinosaurs had been unleashed and were destroying humanity. At the start of the dream I was at State College getting ready to leave and come home (as in, my home in Falls, PA) and was buying some frozen battered fish fillets to take with me (?!). Then I arrived home and shortly thereafter the rest of my family arrived in the Subaru Forrester. We had dinner then watched TV and then everyone went to bed. For some reason, everybody was sleeping together in Mom's bedroom except for me.

After bedtime while everyone else was asleep, a super-sized (at least 3x the normal size) T-Rex appeared in our driveway and started looking through each of the windows on that side of the house. Like in Jurassic Park, the T-rex primarily hunted through vision, so I realized I had to run and find a place to hide without letting the T-rex see me moving through any of the windows.

I made it to the bedroom end of the house and considered entering Mom's bedroom (the lights were on in there for some reason) but then thought that I shouldn't because the T-Rex would enter and find and eat the rest of my family. So instead I entered the narrow hallway leading to Dad's bedroom and hid inside the linens closet there. The T-Rex, despite its excessive size, had somehow entered our house through the sliding door and walked towards Mom's bedroom, then into the tiny hallway towards Dad's room. I tried very hard not to move or make a sound as it passed the linens closet. Then, the dream ended.

I am sure that the T-Rex appearing in the middle of the night represents the angry, violent, homicidal-suicidal urges that I often have when I wake up during the night. I have to fight urges to hurt or awaken/disturb the rest of my family by hitting the walls or doors or screaming and making noise – this, in the dream, was represented by choosing to lead the T-Rex away from Mom's bedroom where everyone else was sleeping. Dad also pointed out that everyone being together in Mom's room except for me represented how the entire family is together in struggling to cope with me being sick and insane.

**01/11/22**

Had dream last night where N.D. got fucked by an old Chinese man in a Chinese bar in the southwest quadrant of State College (near the Szechuan Bistro plaza) of State College. WTF? Also I "was" ND at the time and after the fucking had to leave to go somewhere else to an apartment complex near Osmond. Was kind of late.

**01/10/22**

Had an emotional husbando-themed dream yesterday while napping, different from any previous dream I've had about him because there was more of a plot – I think this is because I recently gained much more insight into my “husbando problem”. It took place in a large open public space with a railroad track, alongside which ran a line of buildings, with crowds of people between the buildings and the tracks. David was located somewhere on the tracks, I think. He was in agony because he hates public spaces full of people. It was so painful for him that he couldn't move or do anything. I got the feeling that he was young, younger than myself; I think the idea behind this was that he is like my younger self who did not know that my feelings were caused by infections and brain disease, so he does not understand what is happening to him and why. I was desperately trying to get to him, first of all to help get him out of there to a place where he would be comfortable, and second of all because I'm crazy about him (I even saw an image of myself – again looking the way I did when I was at grad school – panting hard and with a crazed, hungry look in my eyes like I was scrambling to get to him as fast as I could). The railroad track seemed to represent a dangerous place he needed to be rescued from immediately. The dream ended before anything could happen.

**09/12/21**

This year, for the first time I've had dreams in which I become my character Hans (who is a distilled version of my anhedonic, homicidal Bart-brain self). I had one a few months ago and another one last night.

Last night: My family was about to leave on a long car trip. I was going to come along but all of a sudden I transform into Hans, specifically the 10 foot tall lizard-alien version of him with green, scaly skin and a tail. Simultaneously I become encumbered with a constant intrusive urge to brutally murder and eat other human beings. But I feel ashamed of this homicidal desire and feel like I am worthless and bad because of it. My family initially decides that they shouldn't take me along on the trip with them because they're afraid I'll kill somebody. But after I promise not to hurt anyone, they somehow manage to cram my gigantic 10 foot lizard body into the back of the Subaru Forrester (Jeremy Clarkson-style) and we set off. While I'm in the car I'm looking out the window at other people and my mind is full of images of myself killing them in a very bloody fashion, but I am feeling sad and ashamed and worthless the entire time.

Months ago: I was at an event in which people can pay to ride a hoverbike and receive some instruction on how to do it. I got on the hoverbike and the instructor told me what to do but I still managed to screw it up way more than any normal person (let alone an intelligent person) should because of how my brain has always stopped functioning under the slightest stress/pressure due to my illness, and was generally incapable of doing anything with competence except for pure intellectual work. I looked like my grad school self in this first part of the dream. Later I was laboriously crawling up a staircase on all fours and simultaneously vomiting a thick greenish-yellow mucus. I looked like semi-lizard-Hans at this time and was wondering why the hell I was so sick and vomiting and too fatigued to even climb a flight of stairs normally. Then it occurred to me “duh, it's because I haven't been treated (with anti-Babesials) yet”.

**08/20/20**

Copied from my medical log on the day 06/12/20 (the day I had these dreams):

Last night I again had unpleasant dreams about being disabled. In one dream I was going to a party/social gathering of some sort mostly of adults older than myself (including Dale Gribble). However once I found out I had to take a picture of myself and post it on the group's website in order to attend I gave up, because I knew the mental stress of taking a picture of myself (partially because I hate photos of myself so much) would make me unable to do it. In the other dream I was going to leave the place I was living in and travel somewhere far away but then a female ghost (who was implied to be a relative of mine, possibly a mother) came to me and reminded me that I'm not real or human, I'm a ghost like her. To illustrate this she sliced my hand into sections and each section floated and then faded away into nothingness without blood, and I didn't feel anything. My interpretation of this is that my real self cannot travel or do anything, only my fantasy or "ghost" or past self can, so if I ever find myself able to or about to do such things it's because it's a fantasy/dream and it's not real.

In both dreams, I didn't look like my current self, but like my grad school self - the way I always look in dreams where I do things that I can't currently do. Because I know that my current self is incapable of doing anything at all and I don't even want to go anywhere where other people can see me.

**08/08/20**

I used to regularly (every 2 months or so) have dreams about particular songs where I hear the song very clearly and my mind usually alters it, rearranges it, adds or moves sections of it, modifies parts of it. I have not had one in many months, I think close to a year at the least. But I finally had another one last night. A few days ago Dad and I were watching MTV Classic and saw The Reflex by Duran Duran, and more than usual it reminded me of all the times I listened to it in the past when I was less sick (I no longer listen to music anymore except incidentally, at least not at any time in the past 2.5 months, as I have lost the ability to feel anything except irritation when I hear music). My sick brain reacted to it slightly more than it usually does to music.

Last night I had a dream about The Reflex where I was watching the music video for it – but the video was somewhat different from the real one, of course – and was hearing the music very vividly and thinking about it. I especially listened to the chorus and was observing how the series of notes in the first 2 lines is very unusual, as is often the case in Duran Duran songs. It was best described by a YouTube comment I saw on the video for “New Moon on Monday” by Duran Duran when I was back at grad school in which someone pointed out that Duran Duran songs often change key between major and minor in the same musical line (at least I think that’s what they said), which is very unusual. Overall the song was rearranged in my dream compared to the real one; it was ‘dreamier’-sounding and parts of it were slowed down. For example, in the final chorus of the real song the singer inserts the line “Oh, THE REFLEX!” which in my dream was moved to either at the beginning or the end of the song, isolated from the chorus, and had a slower ambient musical background.

Other comment: I used to have dreams (again, every 1.5-2 months approximately) containing brief glimpses of positive feelings, always associated with seeing David Sylvian, but as far as I know I haven't had a single one of these since the 'vomit world' dream in which I watched and listened to the Quiet Life music video; I think that was in November of last year. It is a sad sign of how much sicker my brain has become.

### **10/12/19**

Had a bunch of horrible morphine withdrawal dreams last night. In the most notable one, I was at some kind of fancy sponsored dinner with my family, and Dr. Mozayeni was there along with about 50-100 other people, most of them Lyme doctors. Scott and Markie were also there and were very happy to see us, and bizarrely we first encountered them when I woke up on a bed with Markie in the bed next to me and we were both shirtless, about which I was embarrassed. He said some greeting in Arabic to me featuring a word like 'mark-[suffix]' and I tried to remember what suffix to use to reply to what he said (I later remembered it as 'markous' and Scott confirmed this was correct in the dream). Just before dinner was to be served, the staff at this fancy place (which apparently was a hospital or a Bartonella medical research center) brought out the reason everybody was gathered here: a very sick Bartonella patient who Mozayeni had been telling us about, but only told us things like 'she has severe fatigue and anemia, needs IV fluids etc'. But they brought the patient out on a gurney and she was in a semi-transparent bag. I could see many bloody bits and chunks of flesh stuck to the inner surface of the bag as if she had exploded. They partially unzipped the bag enough for us to see her face, which was just a bloody skull in the front with some bloody mangled skinless flesh clinging to the back and sides of the skull and her neck. She had all kinds of tubes hooked up to her to keep her alive. I thought to myself 'why are they keeping her alive, her life will be horrible even if they manage to cure her'. This was very obviously an illustration of how I feel about myself and my life – destroyed beyond repair and even if I get cured my life will be too horrible and full of suffering for me to live.

### **10/08/19**

1. turkey vulture eating robin by the sand mound, robin dog-sized and vulture proportionately upsized, me and Eva on the porch watching it and crying because of the brutality while Mom and Dad were angry at us for crying 2. Cuddy sending me on mission and I sneak up on bad guys but they see me and the fat Russian man one challenges me to a fight and I try to 'quit the game' but he catches up to me and I tell him 'I can't fight you I'm too sick, I've been sick since I was 13', 3. I'm a young man/boy living in a dorm room and there's a scary ghost haunting my laundry room and I'm going to exorcise it and I start screaming "I'm gonna kill you!" Even while having the dream I felt like the ghost represented my sickness.

### **10/04/19**

I had two dreams worth recording recently, one today and another 2-3 days ago. The one I had today was one I had after getting up to eat at 8 AM and then going back to bed and sleeping until 11 AM. Scott and his family (or what remains of it, rather – but without Nora, who never appeared in the dream) were going to come visit us. I talked to my family about interactions Eva and I had with Scott's boys

when we were kids. We talked to Scott on the phone. At some point Scott was talking about Markie, maybe right after we all listened to a recording of Markie's voice (just talking about something normal, not about his suicide), and Scott started wailing in pain and sorrow over and over again, just like how I wail when I have my crying episodes. It felt like it was me wailing.

Mom and Dad described to me that when we were kids, Scott's boys found me attractive and called me a 'good catch' or something like that and I felt ashamed at how overweight and disfigured I have become since then – I assumed they hadn't seen me like this and would be shocked. Later in the dream I looked out our windows and saw Scott's boys carrying stuff towards our house for activities – like kayaks and barbeque party equipment/furniture and so on. The rest of my family went outside to greet them. Throughout the dream, everybody seemed to act normal and happy as if everything was OK except for myself and Scott. I stayed inside and didn't want any of them to see me or what I had become – overweight, acne-riddled, and above all utterly disabled and sick and miserable and pathetic. I think this is when I started sobbing and wailing painfully. I sobbed over and over again and then I woke up and was surprised to find that I was not crying in real life, because it felt so intensely real. After I woke up I took a shower and at the end I started sobbing because I was thinking about Scott and my dream and what pain he must be in every day.

The other dream I had a few days ago was a sort of 'super best case scenario' of me returning to college – really returning to being an undergrad but as a normal non-disabled person this time. I went to a few classes, including a phys ed class which for some reason featured playing video games, and I went to some big social gathering. In the phys ed class I was very successful and was super good at the game even though I'd never played it before and everybody including the teacher was in admiration of me. At the social gathering I was dressed very nicely (including my shiny red ho-boots) and had my hair done nicely and everything and had a group of friends and I was getting attention from guys, including some I used to know (but who don't really exist IRL), and two guys walked up to me and tried to get my number (not guys that I personally would find attractive, but relatively good-looking by normal person standards). But none of this mattered – what actually mattered was that throughout all of this I felt absolutely nothing positive. I only felt utterly depressed and hopeless and anhedonic and dead on the inside. None of the positive things that happened in the dream made me feel differently on the inside even one iota.

**09/29/19**

My life is still a living hell. Had a dream where I was 9-11 years old playing a game similar to Ultima Online with my Trials of Ascension buddies. My character, named Annoth, looked like one of those six-legged mountable Swamp Dragons from Ultima Online, except it was white. I had somehow logged into my character then gotten logged out of it, so I logged into a different character with a different name and started trying to reach the location of my Annoth character because then I could log back into Annoth somehow. I asked in the general chat a stupid question in which I confused the name of the place my Annoth character was at (which apparently was called 'arinibe?') with the name of my character Annoth. Aiden from ToA responded "Are you annoth by any chance?" I said "yes" he said "You seem like you're a store with all these things in your head and every once in a while you try to break in",

which was his good-natured and poetic way of saying I'm stupid. But it's a very good analogy for my mental disability at this time – my brain is a store full of all kinds of things (i.e. knowledge, skills, mental abilities) and I'm locked out of it and I keep trying to break into it, but I don't succeed.

### **08/21/2019**

My life has been a living hell for the past 1.5 years, now especially. Yes, even more than before. Anyways, last night I only slept 2 hours and while I was trying to catch up on sleep at 9 AM I had a very psychologically transparent dream.

I for some reason was trapped in a very cramped ornate-looking white chamber with a young thin man – pale, hairless, youthful-looking – and we were both naked. The bottom of the chamber would fill and then empty with various mysterious-colored fluids and we had to play twister with the sides of the chamber to avoid touching the fluids. Eventually the fluid stopped coming and he crawled over to the side of the chamber to rest. I positioned myself on top of him and tried to mount him but he immediately said “You look like somebody who's been tortured and suffering for 10 years/their entire childhood!” And I let out a very loud drawn-out disappointed Homer Simpson noise “D’oooooh!” and then he told me that he heard me sobbing at night from several rooms away a few nights ago (this chamber was part of a castle that we were both staying in, but in separate rooms).

### **Spring semester 2018:**

-i know almost exactly why i had that dream and why it was weird like that.

-fucked up dream: -guy I knew from internet when I was like 11 (but not actually) (but actually I looked more like 15/16 in the images of me) -now leader of anarchist political/ideological organization or something - mpc whyte -thick black mpc whyte hair, maybe slight stubble, loads of mascara and eyeliner, pale skin - but w/o makeup looks kind of like serj tankian but more bishie -emails me saying 'hey i saw you at south commons (which i had just visited' the other day' dad said 'he loved watching you drool over these vampire werewolf guys' i said 'i think i was more likely to be drooling about boobies at the time but i was probably playing along with him because i tended to do that with friends when i was a kid' and then i sexually assaulted the dude: walked into his HQ really fast towards his desk, fast enough that he couldn't react, took my ponytail off, said 'you son of a bitch' and leaped onto his desk (it was one of those surround desk), onto him in his chair, then we were on the floor and i did some sort of snu-snu to him. but afterwards it turned out he was pissed(?) and inteded to get revenge through some kind of major political event or something lol. (so i was told by african spanish grafitti artist in a strange place)

### **Mid-April 2016 roughly:**

-ZOMBIE DREAM:

-tiger loudly goring the crap out of a monitor lizard with her fangs... brain damaged lizard keeps walking and doesn't run. then she (tiger) talks

-everybody gets infected with zombie brain infection. I am at college

-closing shutters, locking windows

-but then later in the dream I'm able to walk among them and they don't notice me and they act almost normal even though I know they're zombies... JUST LIKE REAL LIFE!!

-Another fucked up dream:

>at night, multiple levels of some giant ashy morrowind-like tree mountain having been torched by dragons of different types (mostly metallic DnD, e.g. bronze); creepy ambient track playing in the background; at the top I saw the sky glow a strange color and the narrator said it was due to the effect of the dragon's breath on my nervous system or something

>then we (family) were in a cabin and a dragon came and we had to hide in the basement. it was scary

>weird cartoon book

>husbando in a movie with hi-T chinese chick from Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon. he was enthralled lol (and so was I ^\_\_^)

### **03/27/2015**

-org was hunting me, at some nice town/campus and at a high school

-so I escaped by running off the school grounds, but what lay beyond them was an enormous monumental temperate rainforest, and specifically we were at the top of some kind of mound overlooking a landscape that stretched to infinity

-so I ran off the mound and began falling/flying off the landscape. somehow this brought me to the spooky area, which was initially just dense impenetrable fog. I continually descended into it until suddenly everything in my field of vision darkened as I saw through the fog. Once again the landscape was somehow extremely monumental and much larger in scale than it should be. The ground looked like igneous rock, specifically a dried lava flow, but underneath the strands of black dried lava was some kind of smooth dark purple-red substance. It wasn't all smooth and featureless though, some parts were rocky (but not really 'rocky'... something else.)

The whole place was dark and engulfed in fog and you could hardly see more than 50-100 feet ahead at high altitudes (which is nothing in such a huge place). I first landed on a system of 'bridges' and I kept descending to lower ones and my stomach sank because I was descending so far that I felt like I could never go back.

-My first encounter was with one of the manufactured 'human ghosts' I can't remember anything in particular about that one. Then I met Tom Skerrit and some young black women. They weren't like the ghosts, but they weren't human either; they were more like programs. They took me back to see the jars of heads (on shelves) they were making the ghosts from. They told me that the humans they make are based only on the impressions from humans who get trapped in this place, who tell them what humans are like. So the humans they make often have extremely non-human traits; they're trying to improve it.

The first daemon I met (before I met the programs) was female, I think she had all kind of spikes and tongues and horns sticking out of her head and mouth and her body was not human in form at all.

The place where the human programs dwelled was totally gray and rocky and barren, and there was some manmade lighting but it was otherwise dark.

I don't think anybody told me this but somehow I understood that the reason why they make the humans is because real humans get trapped in this place and just want a 'simulation' of other humans so they don't feel so alone. But none of these daemons are like humans at all, they're all bizarre and soulless; they're not even animals, they don't even have minds.

By the way, I was with them in some kind of gray rocky system of cave tunnels.

At some point, "shadows" of the daemons began running along the cave walls and the black ladies tried to shush them away (heh demon cleaner, shush them all away).

Then, after that, real daemons appeared. I only saw one – I caught a glimpse of one that looked like Dad but its limbs were horribly long and club-like and it was naked and bald and walking towards me. Within a millisecond of seeing it I turned around and bolted into a closet and locked the door and leaned on it. Within moments two other humanoids appeared in there with me, both of them young black ladies. I was not sure whether they were programs or daemons. One of the women started mutating and her face distorted into a devilish grin and I figured she was a daemon, but she seemed harmless. The other one stayed normal more or less so I think she was a program. The closet was exactly like the pantry at our home in PA.

-Eventually we decided to go out the other door of the closet (which, in my house, leads outdoors) to a grassy area in the middle of a forested region. The grassy area included a pond and some kind of sick-looking hairless or shorthaired dog that was laying on the ground (the dog had a name but I forget). Behind some trees was another grassy area where enormous grizzly bears were killing and eating enormous mooses.

We went behind some other trees to another grassy area with multiple ponds where I stabbed and killed some stuff. In particular I went to a small pond that had these small creatures crawling out of it. There were about the size of 2 teddy bears, and they looked kind of like a cross between teddy bears and our lizards, with little black eyes dangling off the top. When I stabbed them they emitted screams like little children. I kept stabbing and killing them and more kept crawling towards me. I don't know



why I was stabbing them; they never attacked me but I got the feeling they would harm me if I didn't kill them.

There was also a bulldozer.

Then we went somewhere else..