

many people like both: day-dreaming and dreaming while sleeping. day-dreaming can be fun, but normally i dont do it because its not real and doesnt make me feel better. dreaming while sleeping is something i always hated. not in general, only on myself. why? because its useless for me. the things that happen there are not real and they dont make me feel better. funny things can happen in these dreams, yes, but i dont need it, so i dont want it and everytime i get "control" of my dreams, i always wake myself up.

i have sleep problems since i can think. its hard for me to fall asleep and when i sleep, it doesnt take that long for me to wake up again. sometimes its a minute, sometimes multiple minutes and more rarely half an hour or so. and then im laying there, trying to fall asleep again. sometimes it takes a few minutes, but sometimes over an hour or longer. but it nearly always happens. often enough i catch myself not breathing at the moment of falling asleep. im so used to that. i dont even "automatically" panic anymore. sometimes i cant feel my heart beating, which is different from not feeling your chest. which is something that i also have during the day and its such a bad feeling. here and there im wearing a bustier, so that i have some pressure on my chest. this helps a bit, but this is not a perfect solution. rarely it feels as if waterdrops are running down inside my chest when im laying down. but this happened more rarely in the last time. there is so much shit "around" dreaming. not just all the real life things, but also these bad things around falling asleep.

many people have problems falling asleep because their brain doesnt stop "talking". i never had this problem. the only problem i have in this direction is, if i wouldnt block my brain from doing its thing, then it would push so much stuff into my "active" brain and thats too much. this is one of the reasons that my concentration is bad and it got even worse over time. the older i get, the more i need to block. the good thing is, i can "free" my head. by that i mean, i can simply lay in my bed without any thinking going on. just "me" and silence. nothing else. but this doesnt make falling asleep easier for me.

and then there is dreaming while sleeping. i dont want it, but it happens. and mostly its bad. i cant count all of my dreams as a nightmare, but there is still a lot of shit going on that i dont want. whats the best example? lets talk about my last dream. right now its 9 am for me. i went to bed at around 5:30 am. just like always, it took some time for me to fall asleep. and then i had a dream. imagine you are a cat. sounds great or funny right? not always because i was inside a washing machine with some clothes. and then the machine started to wash the clothes... and me... I was inside. together with the clothes. but thats not all. the water was also there. i basically drowned in my dream while spinning around in this washing machine. this dream took so long and im still a bit dizzy from it. i hate this. i hate dreaming. i had this dream many times in my life. the last time was a bit more than a year ago and there i felt dizzy for multiple days. why do i "need" to dream this shit? i dont want this shit. a lot of shit happened in my dreams but this is one of the worst things. drowning inside this washing machine. before i fell asleep, i thought about some games and about another text that im writing. i wasnt even close to this shit with my thoughts. and now im sitting here, still sleepy, but unable to fall asleep again and one reason is that its shit because of stupid dreams that i never wanted and that i never needed.

around 2 months ago i dreamed about "singert" again. do you know who that is? its a man and in these dreams he wants to catch me. im always running away from him but at some point he is near me again. i dont know why he is chasing me, but what i know is that he is evil. in my last dream i was sitting here in my room, here on my pc. i heard something. i looked to my door (the door was open) and i saw singert walking into another room. i opened my window and jumped outside, but he saw me. i ran away and then i saw him looking at me through the window. i ran up the street and a bit later he was behind me again. i dont know

why but this is also one of the dreams that i regularly have. and in all of my “singert” dreams im a girl. but since its just a dream it doesnt mean anything. in most of my dreams im a girl (i mean my body).

another stupid dream was also around 2 months ago. it was winter. i was in the living room with my mom. it was already a bit dark outside. we didnt ordered anything but i heard the doorbell. i walked downstairs (while walking i noticed that i have longer hair. i looked into the mirror next to our bathroom and noticed that im a girl again. at that time i knew that this is a dream. but i continued because I wanted to know who rang the bell here). i saw something through the door (our door has this glass. so you can see if someone is standing there). right before i wanted to open the door, i saw someone walking to the right. i opened the door and i saw a little package there (wet wipes. but we didnt ordered any). i grabbed the package and the person that walked to the right heard me. it was an older man, really short hair, partly bald, sunglasses and a baby carriage and a dog on a leash. his voice was quiet and calm. he said: “ah, there you are”. i said: “yeah, whats up?”. he said: “i want to talk with you about the show next week”. while he said that, he walked to the left, away from me. i didnt had my shoes on. only my black leggings, my black shirt, black socks, panties and a bra (the same stuff that i wear in real life besides the bra and panties). i leaned outside a bit and saw him stopping at the corner of the house. he looked to me. but it was a rainy day and there was snow on the ground. so i couldnt follow him. i moved my leg outside and said, that im not wearing shoes right now. then he said: “then we can't talk any further”. but this time it was more mumbling than quiet talking. then my neighbor came outside with her dog (the same as in real life). then the man started walking to the right again. i looked inside my house to see if my cat is there (because of the dog). but she didnt followed me downstairs. i walked inside a bit and nearly closed the door. i saw the man walking to the right. and then i woke up.

i really dont know who he was and what show he was talking about. in this dream, nearly everything was the same as in real life. the only difference was my body. this dream wasnt bad but it leads to more questions which “can” be interesting. but in the end i didnt wanted to dream. but yeah, I cant really influence it. now its nearly 10 am for me. im still sleepy but i know that i cant fall asleep. i hate dreaming. isnt it enough that i suffer in real life? do i really need to suffer in and around my dreams too? in dreams that i dont want?

i have a question for you: do you remember the first dreams you ever had? how old were you at that time?

the first dreams that i can remember happened when i was 2-3 years old. the thing is, there is one specific dream that i will write about here. i had this dream many times in my early years. it was basically the same dream but with small differences. at that time i was still laying in my young child bed in my other room. do you know these young child or baby beds that have this uhhh... “fence” on the outside? so that the child/baby cant fall out of the bed? my young child bed was like this, but a few of these wooden bars got removed so that i was able to go inside and outside of my bed without climbing over it. but this “fence” was mostly still there.

lets talk about this dream: i was an adult man. i was standing outside at a train station. right in front of me was a fence. a train was on the tracks (a few meters behind the fence) and my friends were on the train (it was one of those really old trains were you can stand on the outside) and they were about to drive away. we waved our hands and said goodbye. and one of my friends (a woman) said: “but you can also come with us”. and then i saw myself from the front. i saw my “adult” face. my “adult dream” version looked sad (but that also makes sense) but there was also a light smile on “my” face (which also makes sense) and before my “adult dream” version said or did anything, i woke up. i had this dream many times

between my 3. year and my 9 year. i don't know where they wanted to go with the train. i only know that i would never see them again because they would be so far away from me. and everytime i woke up before my dream version would say or do anything. there were some smaller differences here and there. but nothing big. i would say the biggest difference was that sometimes i was an adult man and sometimes an adult woman. something interesting is: all of my girl/woman dream versions are the same. they always look the same (clothes and hair changed here and there). but my boy/man dream versions have small differences in their faces. but they still look similar to each other. in some way its like, im something in between them. nothing full but also not something half. maybe im nothing, but that sounds sad.

my way of thinking never changed. so this "saying goodbye to my friends and never seeing them again" could simply mean how i think about having friends. that its better for them if im not there and thats why my dream version didnt drove together with them. but since i always woke up before my dream version said or did something, it could be something completely different. and today im sitting here. without real life friends. but its better that way. i want people to be happy in a healthy way and its better if im not there. i dont "need" friends or so. its enough for me to see other people being happy in a healthy way. so its good that i broke off contact to some of my friends back then (often it simply happened that we couldnt keep contact because they moved away or had to go to a different school and so).

i still feel a bit dizzy. but atleast its not as bad as last time.

i could write way more about my dreams. but maybe on another day.

have a good day.