

What if Life Mastery is the Core of Human Existence?

*Could it Really Be the Source of all Our Joy?*

*We Are Human*

# CHAPTER 12

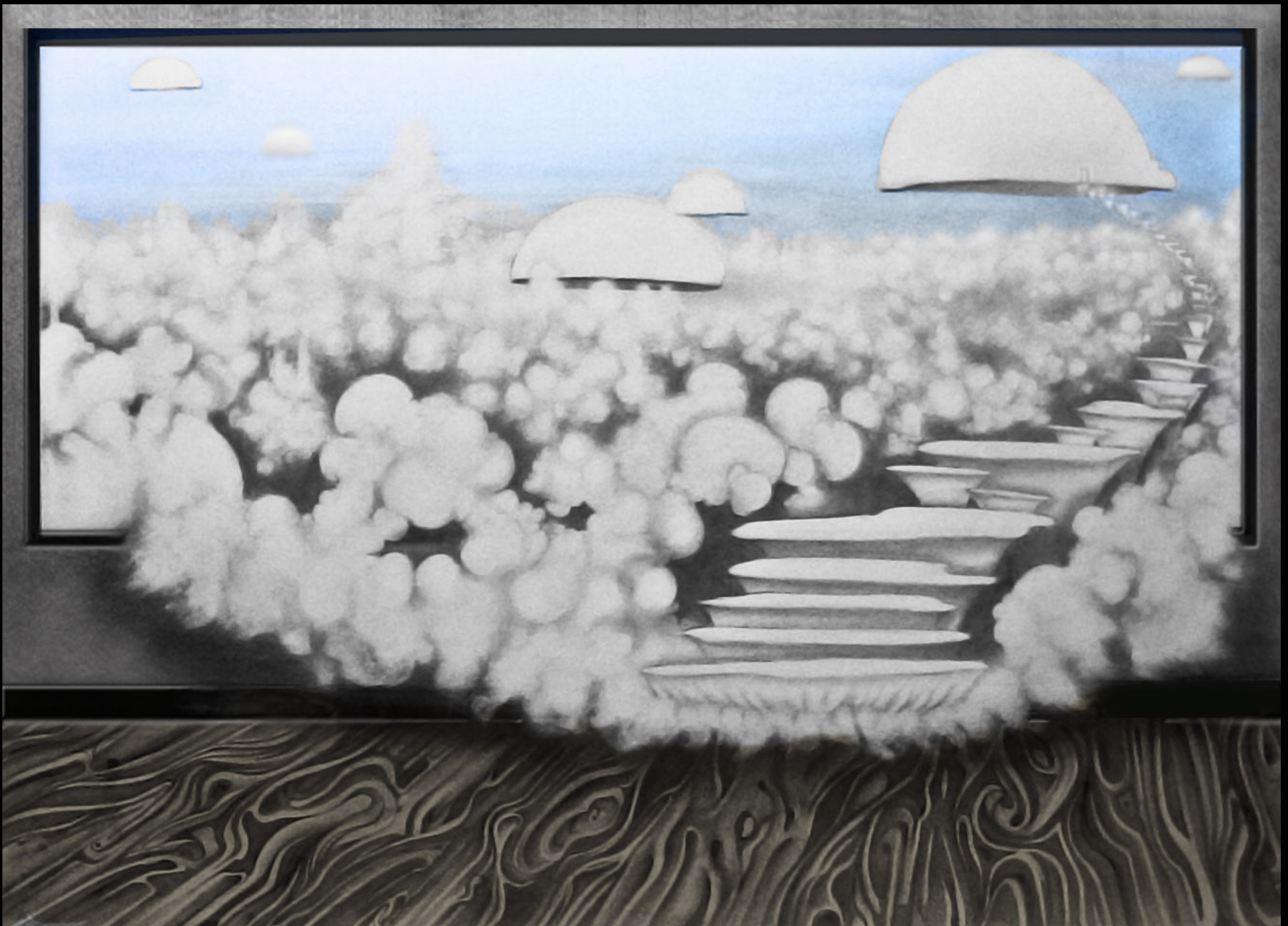
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## *Chapter 12*

# DOES THIS MEAN I'M DREAMING



"IT'S ALL BEEN SAID AND DONE BEFORE. I'VE JUST DONE SOME SHOPPING, STOLE A FEW RECIPES, REVERSE ENGINEERED AND FABRICATED MY OWN FRAMEWORK. IT'S A CONSTANT MIXTURE OF MENTAL AND PHYSICAL LAWS OF NATURE THAT CREATES SOMETHING ORIGINAL."

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Part 1

March 11, 2017, I suddenly sprang up, as the soft glow of the moon pierced the darkness. As if I were on strings, I swiftly reached for a pen and flipped to the first empty page of my notebook. As quickly as I could move my pen, I jotted down fragmented pieces of imagery before they fled from my memory.

Talent show. Art show in front of school. Miranda. IM. They said we need to change our hair, fuck them! Grabs mic. Maybe you should worry about your own damn hair! Like begets like.

I immediately dropped back into the clouds of sleep. I could feel the sting of rejection, like a bolt of electricity struck into my core, it ignited a rage of pain and burnt a scar into my memory. I then observed, as if outside of my dream, wondering where I was going next. Once more as silence rang in my ears, I sat up swiftly to document the events I'd just seen.

In the bar with friends. Shy as fuck. Beautiful woman staring. Too scared to approach her. She mistakes me for a homosexual. Now, insecure. Sad, rejected, confused. As I hit the pillow, reality faded into a deep sleep.



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I'm oblivious. My fear is so strong, how many opportunities do I let pass by each day? Her misunderstanding of me is confusing. Why don't I just talk to her? For the last time, I jolted up in a conscious sleep to describe these images before they can flee.

Drunk. Someone took books. Don't know who. Disoriented, can't walk or see, movement, leaving bar. Skate park, buried books. Found them. Bar. Talking to woman at bar.

"I'm shy, nervous and awkward but, bear with me because I'm really trying to talk to you and this is hard." Likes me.

Laughter. Smiles. Eyes. Took books home. Naked. Alone.

The dream I had on this night certainly deserved my attention and analysis. See, the thing is, I have not done this before. It feels significant to me that I jolted awake in a conscious, but drowsy, sleep. I had been studying the work of Carl Jung and consciously planted the seed to investigate this chapter in my dreams. Perhaps my abrupt actions were programmed unconsciously to react in case I do have some dreams. Note that I found the day after to be extremely significant since it was 3/12 as well as the day I would write this chapter. Twelve is also the number of this chapter. The startling congruence of the meaning behind this dream begs the question: Does this mean I'm dreaming?

To find out, first, we'll have to know more about the reality of our brain-mind. The classical components of the brain-mind are simply the physical structures of the brain itself.

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The quantum components are in effect, the mind; thought, dreams, imagination, creativity, love, vibration, etc. In a mental dream state the quantum brain-mind does not have to obey the classical laws of material realism. In contrast, in a physical dream state the quantum mind must obey all classical laws of material realism. Thus, does this meaning I'm dreaming, is less of a question than it is a rhetoric. My own theory is the quantum component is responsible for programming the body and the body is responsible for carrying out its programming established by the user. We are both the classical and the quantum. Life is but a dream governed by the laws of classical material realism and shared in unity with all other life.

Reflecting to the dream I shared with you in the beginning of this chapter, was my life the dream or was the dream my life? I love paradoxes or contradictory statements like this. The answers will repeat forever in a distinct pattern.

However, I am the discontinuity, I can step out the equation and thus, they are the same. Only in reality my dream was governed by natural laws that cannot be broken, whereas in my dream I could teleport from place to place and get drunk without drinking. Time must appear linear in reality, it helps form the foundation of experience and memory.

However, in dreams time does not necessarily exist. There is a level of dreams and reality as well, where it may appear we do not have any control. But, we do have some control and I will show you how. Let me recall the dream as it occurred in the physical dream state;



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I cannot recall any exact moment of rejection, perhaps there were many. However, as I described in the previous chapter, my painful experience with rejection lead me to believe I did not fit in. Like begets like, I rejected nearly everyone and thus, was rejected by nearly everyone. I even began to reject my friends and became more and more of a loner. A friend brought something to my attention. In the dream, it was a girl named Miranda, in reality my friends were the Eskridge family, with Karen's wide eyes and hanging jaw and Emmet's statement, "You've just made some new friends." These experiences with the Eskridge family reverberated in my mind time and time again. This is also congruent to the art show aspect of my dream and Miranda showing me an IM. Now I knew I lost something special, I didn't know how to be a friend anymore because of rejection in my youth. The dream can reference different points in time at once because time does not exist in the dream. Later, I met with Karen Eskridge, who coincidentally commissioned the dreamscape that ended up being the illustration for this chapter. Then Emmet, who would ultimately lead me to Vegas. Oddly enough, while I was in Vegas at a bar, I was having conversation with a friendly man, my colleagues waved me over, "I'm pretty sure that guy is hitting on you." She said. "No, he's just being friendly." I responded. But as I looked around I noticed gay men staring at me like a piece of meat and we left abruptly.



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I also left the bar abruptly in my dream but, it was the beautiful woman at the bar who thought I was gay. In my drunken state, I knelt before a bum where I would find what I lost, the books buried in the dirt. Oddly enough, the books in my dream were books I bought in Denver over a year after being in Vegas. In Denver, I finally grew sick and tired of being shy and vowed to correct my behavior. "I will no longer tolerate being shy, insecure and self-conscious." One night I was having a street art show on 1st Friday Art Walk and approached a woman to chat. We ended up dancing playfully and couldn't stop laughing. She then kissed my cheek and rejoined her friends. SHOW DON'T TELL-Re-write Instances like this happened to me quite often in Denver, I began to expect it. I felt more complete now and I ended up leaving Denver to go back home after only six months. Thus, concluding the dream of being at home. Naked as in a weight lifted from me. Alone, perhaps because I spent the next 6-12 months alone writing this book. So, you see, they are the same. My dream is my life and my life the dream. However, this may not be enough evidence to conclude that life is a physical dream state. So, I have also compiled a comprehensive case to present more evidence as lived out by some of the most well-known figures of our time and recent history.



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Part 2

"I had this fixed idea of growing a body like Reg Park's. The model was there in my mind; I only had to grow enough to fill it," Arnold Schwarzenegger explained. "The more I focused in on this image and worked and grew, the more I saw it was real and possible for me to be like him." When reflecting on his career change Arnold stated, "It's the same process I used in bodybuilding: What you do is create a vision of who you want to be — and then live that picture as if it were already true."

Oprah Winfrey said, "Create the highest, grandest vision possible for your life, because you become what you believe." Being raised in poverty didn't stop her, as she is now one of the wealthiest women on the planet.

The greatest boxer of all time stated, "Champions aren't made in gyms. Champions are made from something they have deep inside them—a desire, a dream, a vision." Muhammad Ali was a master of his mind and shared openly with us the reality of life.

Bruce Lee was shedding light on the truth as well when he said, "As you think, so shall you become."

Everyone knows who said, "I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted." MLK had created a dream and it too became reality.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream.  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream. Per researchers, the pictures we "see" in our mind's eye, the inner "pictures" we feel or hear through our subconscious and conscious state have a real lasting power.



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They dictate and determine our reality. Theoretical antecedents of this theory are traceable to the late nineteenth century, when W.B. Carpenter, author of the “Principles of Mental Physiology” postulated what we called an “ideo-motor principle.” According to this principle, whatever idea occupies our minds finds expression in our muscles. Contemporary research further confirms this early finding. In their book, “The Mental Athlete”, Kay Porter and Judy Foster states: “Each time you ‘see’ yourself performing exactly the way you want with perfect form, you physically create neural patterns in your brain.” These patterns are like small tracks permanently engraved on the brain cell. It is the brain that gives the signal to the muscles to move. It tells each muscle to move, when to move, and how much power. “Numerous studies have confirmed the fact that vividly experienced imagery, imagery that is both seen and felt, can substantially affect brain waves, blood flow, heart rate, skin temperature, gastric secretion and immune response...in fact the total physiology.”

(Houston, The Possible Human, 1982)

When conscious simulation is used as a vision of our greatest desires in life we are focusing our dream into reality. Our greatest vision, when including the 5 Destinies, becomes our True Destiny. This process of visualizing our True Destiny invokes action, stimulates balance and it puts our minds and bodies to work.



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We begin gathering information and training the body to apply it to daily living. We set and reach small goals each day that lead to a greater goal. It is inevitable, if we keep doing these things, our True Destiny will align with reality.

What happens when we don't visualize, when we don't set and attain goals, when we don't dream? The reality is; you're still dreaming. As you think today, so you are tomorrow. When we don't consciously create our Destiny, life hands us the one we settle for. When you aren't the painter of your reality, those close to you are. Those painting their lives are. The Youniverse does not want you to settle! The Youniverse needs your True Destiny to become reality. When it comes to our dreams, few open the window. Even fewer crawl through, let's change that. Challenge accepted? "If you do not know where you are going, why, any path will take you there."

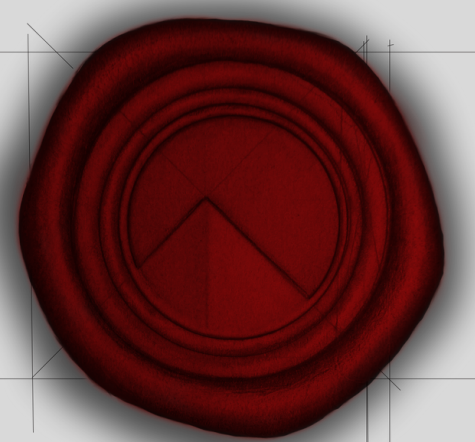


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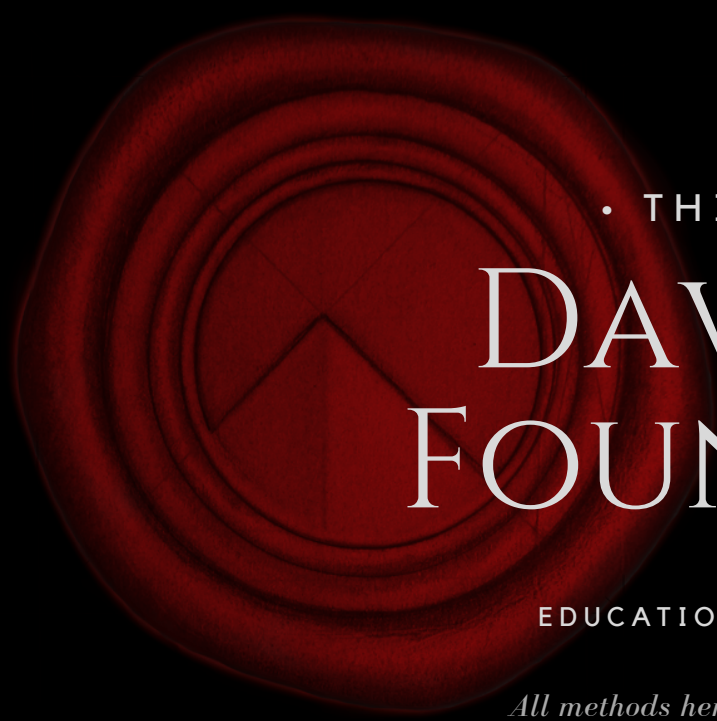
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# TAKING ACTION

I know the fire is in you too, doesn't this  
feel great?







• THIS HAS BEEN A •

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EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH PRODUCTION

*All methods herein are experimental, results may vary.*



If life is a boat, then circumstance is an ocean  
Ride with the waves and go with the motion

Life's like a boat, we sail the open ocean  
Life's like a boat, we sail the open ocean

There's the calm before the storm and the raging sea  
Lightning and thunder come chasing me

Set sail, set sail, it's the waves that you must be  
Set sail, set sail, it's the waves that you must be

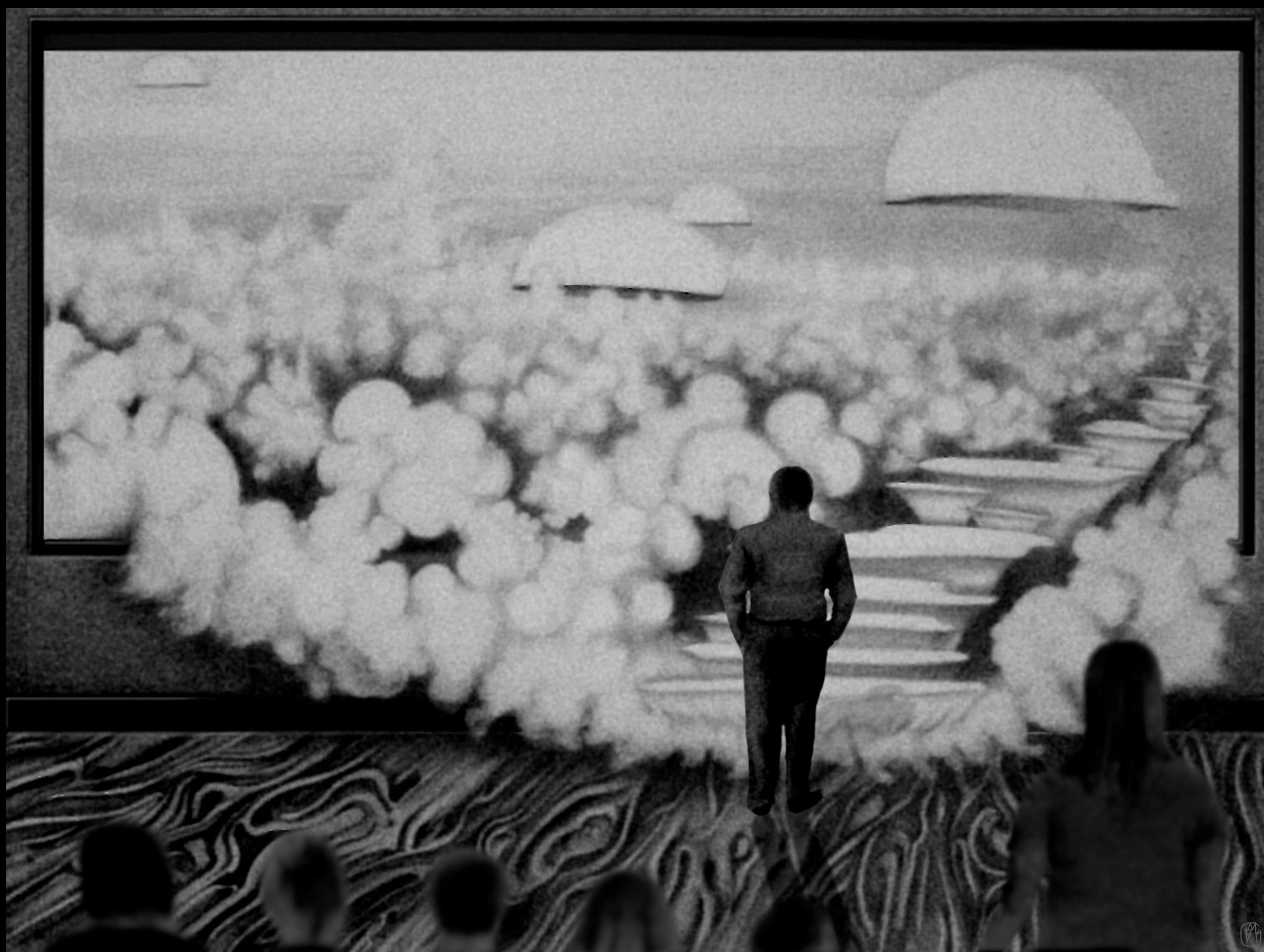
If life is a boat, then desire's a motion  
Be still and know, that you're the ocean

Set sail, set sail, it's your destination you must be  
Set sail, set sail, it's your destination you must be  
Set sail, set sail, it's your destination you must be

There's the calm and there's the storm, it's passing me  
Sunshine and rainbows are following me

Set sail, set sail—Merrily  
Life's like a boat, we sail the open ocean  
It's the waves that we must be.





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# THE ESKRIDGE FAMILY

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND  
INSPIRATION.