

AND IN DREAM I

W.J. (Waking Journal)

Today at work was hell. Stefan called in and Emile and Mariana didn't cover, so there was no one forklift certified on the shift. No shit we're not going to have any fork operators if they keep firing them for finding any criminal record, everyone saw this coming, everyone would take the guy who did time for trespassing over having nobody at all. Lizzy had me doing work that's supposed to be done with a forklift, with a pallet jack and a fucking ladder. All day. All day, carrying stock up and down, item by item, and then pulling it from one side of the building all the way to the other. All day I was thinking, over and over again, "Sleep cannot come soon enough." My feet were killing me, and I started to have an ache in my left knee when I would go up the ladder. My feet are better, kind of, now that I'm at home sitting in bed and I can take the pressure off them. I just got home. I'm going to take my sleeping pills and be in a better place.

D.J. (Dream Journal)

When I came into the dream, me and Love were having sex. We were on our sides in bed. The bed was the bunk bed that my childhood friend Kennidy had, and it was in his room too, except his room was way-way-way bigger and had a forest inside of it. Me and Love were on the top bunk, and the bed was a lot

wider than it was in real life, we had plenty of room up there for us. I was in my furry coyote form, with a penis and balls, no breasts. Love was in her furry german shepherd form, with a vagina, medium sized breasts. As we laid there on our sides facing the same way, I was slowly, savoring-ly, sliding my coyote penis in and out of her human vag. We both tend to go animal for the male genitalia, human for the female, when we're in our furry forms; not always, but it seems to be that way a lot of the time. As we were having sex, I had my muzzle-y coyote chin planted on her shoulder, slobbering on her fur a little bit, and I was hugging her, reaching my arms around her german shepherd-haired body to pet her tummy and grab her boobs. When I had been in the dream for a while and savoring it, we said while still having sex:

♥ — “Your knot feels perfect.”

🐾 — “You feel perfect, my love. All of you. I can't get enough of all of you. Your heat, your fur, your beautiful pointy ears. I needed this.”

♥ — “I needed it just as much. Let it all out in me.”

🐾 — “I love you.”

♥ — “I need you.”

I started to hump her faster, and was in love with her moans. I began putting my fingers in her mouth as I humped her, pressing her big canine tongue and feeling her strong canine teeth. At one point I went to take my hand away from her mouth, and she grabbed my hand and stuck it back in. Soon I was ready to finish, but didn't want to yet, so I said:

🐾 — “Let's switch.”

I pulled my knot out of her, and she turned around so that we were face to face on the bed, and then I gave myself a cunt that was wet and needy and roaring to go, and she had a german shepherd balls and sheath with a red tip sticking out of the end of the sheath, and she licked my whiskers once and then pressed her sheath against my cunt and started humping, and soon her penis was sliding in and out of my front, and soon I could feel her knot swelling. I spasmed with orgasm after orgasm and she filled me and used me.

She fucked me for a really long time, and when she finished, I had such an intense final orgasm around her knot, fatigued from

already cumming so much. That final orgasm consumed all of my thoughts inside of it, my every thought was a climax of orgasm from Love's swelled penis.

While she had me knotted, we spent a long time there, front to front, catching our breath and looking at one another and running our fingers across the hair on each other's faces and petting one another's heads.

Eventually when we had caught our breath, we were having a chipper conversation, while she was still knotted in my cunt. I forget a lot of it, but a part I remember was:

♥ — "Was work today really dumb?"

• — "It WAS, how did you guess?"

♥ — "Pff. It's dumb every day."

• — "It really is just the worst."

♥ — "I'm glad you're here right now and not there."

• — "Same. I'll take being knotted by you over basically anything."

♥ — "Even speedrunning Zelda?"

• — "I would never touch a video game again, if it was between that and you leaking dog juice into me."

♥ — "I didn't know you had THAT much of a hard-on for me."

• — "Love."

♥ — "I know, I'm teasing. Mm, your puss feels so good."

• — "Your boner feels amazing."

She rolled her eyes when I said boner. I still haven't found out what her preferred term is, I think it might be one I've already tried and she's just toying with me.

When her knot slid out of me, we made out and drummed pats on each other. Then Love said:

♥ — "Let's run fast."

She and I became ferals and we leapt off of the bunk bed and began running around through the woods that's in Kennidy's room. Most of the time she's a german shepherd but is sometimes a cheetah; I am a coyote about half of the time, and a stallion most of the rest of the time, and occasionally a colt.

W.J.

Work today was fine. It sucked, but it was fine, relatively. I was scanning boxes and putting the stickers on them. It sounds easy, but a lot of times the barcodes don't scan until I really work the laser around on them for a while, and then, after I put on even like 10 stickers, the adhesive started to really pull away the skin on my fingertips. Not visibly, for the most part, but it feels like that, it felt like my skin is being ripped off with every label. But, compared to other tasks, not complaining.

D.J.

When I came into the dream, me and Love were grilling veggies on a grill at our beach-adjacent mansion house. The sunlight felt serene on my fur and on my face and shoulders. I was a furry coyote wearing a black tanktop and black underwear, I had a cunt and no boobs. Love was a furry cheetah and had a vagina and no breasts, she was wearing black sweatpants and a hawaiian shirt and had a lei hanging from her neck. I don't remember very much about what we were grilling, other than that it was vegetables on the grill and that they smelled delicious as they cooked. I mainly remember just having a pure feeling of serenity, happiness, contentment, peace, joy, at being there with her.

Later on, me and Love were down at the beach, standing on the water as the sun was setting, and playing catch with a baseball, throwing it back and forth to one another. Our throws were great, heavy and accurate, and I don't remember either of us ever having to run or jump to be able to make a catch, I just remember her throws landing perfectly, smacking into my hand, and then I would throw it back.

The last part before I woke up was that me and her went under the water. We could breathe like we were still in air, and the water was hot, like we were in a hot tub. We could have our eyes open too. And so we were there on the sand under the water, smiling at each other, and I was running my fingers through the wet cheetah hair on her face, and I was wagging.

W.J.

My biggest desire is to go to sleep and never wake up again. There is the real world that the love of my life dwells in where I can be my real forms and enjoy my real pleasures. Then I am cursed to wake up, and be stuck in the same body forever and do made up work so that somebody's make believe spreadsheet makes them look good to their boss, and then that boss can look good to their boss, and so on. I long for eternity covered in fur and with my love, where the notion of moving product around is a distant memory from an old, long-disintegrated world.

D.J.

When I came into the dream, I was walking around in a library. The library wasn't one I had ever been in before, I was visiting somewhere new. The library was huge, with stairways going up and down, crisscrossing to different floors, now and then I had to walk through an open courtyard, and the green grass in the lawns wavered in the summer heat. Eventually I peered around a shelf, and there in a little reading area with a few tables was my old friend Mark. He was alive again, his tattoo sleeves looked super sharp, like he had gotten them touched up recently.

☞ — “I'm gonna sell my car. I never even use it, it's easier to get around on the subway anyways, so I think, sell the car, reinvest the money. I'll take a bus if I ever need to go out of town for something.”

He drives that car all the time, so this didn't sound like a great plan to me, but I didn't really say anything about his business, I continued along through the library.

W.J.

Mariana asked today when we were walking to the break room if I'm married. I told her no. I thought about mentioning my love, but she went on to talk about how not getting married is smart of me, her first marriage just wasn't what a partnership should be, her second husband who she's still with is much better, but marriage isn't something you need to rush into. I nodded along and didn't really comment.

D.J.

When I came into the dream, me and Love were standing on the beach at our mansion house, in the sunset. She was touching my face, licking her german shepherd fingertips and smoothing down parts of my coyote face hair. She adjusted the sash that I was wearing. I was wearing black formal pants and a rich blue collared shirt, and had a black sash to represent work I had recently done feeding the hungry. Love was wearing a black dress that had a streak of blue going across the front, it looked like someone had tossed a handful of powdered blue chalk diagonally across the front of her dress. Sometimes when I looked at her again it was the same idea, a black outfit with the streak of blue chalk, but she was wearing black pants and a black collared shirt.

♥ — “We’re ready.”

There on the beach in the sunset, we hugged, and then when we parted we were inside the entrance of a restaurant where we were meeting my old friend Mark and Crystal, his mom.

♥ — “Snookums!”

I follow the sound of Love’s voice, and see that she is standing by a waitress and needs me to come follow them. The waitress, a human, leads us through the restaurant around corner after corner, until we arrive at Mark and Crystal. When we sit down at the table we learn that Mark and Crystal have already picked out what me and Love are going to order. Me and Love share looks with one another, acknowledging without saying anything that that was rude of them to decide without us, but then me and Love also kind of start sharing smiles with one another, acknowledging without saying anything that this is part of the fun of having rude friends, that later on the drive home we’re going to have so much to laugh at about with each other. In some ways we wouldn’t have it any other way.

I had a really tasty rootbeer and tried some of Love’s strawberry soda and liked it. I remember that we all had a really long and detailed conversation, and all throughout Crystal was really funny and also made a lot of really good points.

The only part I remember specifically doesn’t illustrate that entirely, but it was:

🐉 — “You don’t even need strings and a neck to play guitar like the real famous guitarists do. Just hang a sheet off of a line, and bat on it with some sticks.”

♥ — “Ugh, you would.”

🐉 — “I’m not even wrong, try it, record it analog, play Van Halen side by side by side by side with it and you won’t know the difference.”

♥ — “Preposterous.”

🐉 — “Try it with your napkin and knife.”

♥ — “Shush. Enough about that. Who is everyone’s favorite guitarist, like, actual guitarist?”

I think about a time me and Love were in the jungle and there was a stage made of yellow blocks of stone and everyone in the audience and on the stage was an animal, hyenas and foxes and some bears looming over us who were meandering around through the crowds of us smaller animals, and some rats scurrying around lower than us. The foxes on the stage were batting their instruments with their front paws, it came out sounding thrilling and beautiful. When the guitarist fox began his guitar solo he started pouncing all around the instrument, scratching at it with his forepaws and kicking it with his hindpaws as he leapt across it again and again, and that was my favorite guitarist I’ve ever heard, no contest. I give a glance to Love as we sit there at the table in the restaurant, and she squeezes my arm in her hands and gives my cheek a little kiss, she knows this is the guitarist who I’m thinking of.

▲ — “Back in Duluth, well, actually this would have been a little bit outside of Duluth, but, that’s where I was living at the time. I was seventeen, I had a fake ID, and I was the warrior empress of the whole wide world, I thought back then. I was in a bar that I wasn’t supposed to be in, and I saw this man on the stage, and I never caught his name, but it was him up there with a guitar, and he was doing fun songs, lively but invisible things that people were having their own conversations over, I wasn’t even paying much attention to him really. But then he started playing this different song, and it was like he had become an angel. And his guitar was like he had started plucking harp for a queen. And suddenly, he had that entire bar wrapped around his

finger. And that man, whatever his name was, that's my favorite."

— "Oh wow, that's amazing. It's really cool that you got to be there for that."

▲ — "Oh excuse me, I know I was supposed to answer Eddie Vedder or something like that, not tell you about this bar from a long time ago that you can't look up."

♥ — "No, no! Our favorite guitarist is a really long story."

Mark has his hand raised in front of himself.

♥ — "Yes, Mark?"

☞ — "Try the sticks."

That really is so Mark, to be so convinced of something that no one else has heard about. I don't know whether or not in the dream it would have worked if any of us tried it.

Afterwards me and Love were out behind the restaurant, just the two of us. It was nighttime and we could only see by the light of the orange-yellow-ish tall parking lot lights, but we weren't even right under those, we were kind of over by the dumpster.

♥ — "I want to show you these gem rings I got on my last adventure."

Love took four rings out of her pocket, one of them had a gem on it that was bluegreen, another green, another yellow, and the last one red.

Love put the yellow one onto my middle finger, and I felt a heavy golden crown appear on my head, and heavy gold bracelets and anklets.

I took it off, and put on the red one instead, and then I looked down at my hands and saw I had red fur, black and white striped demon claws, fire spouting out at points on my wrists. I took the red gem ring off too.

Love put on the bluegreen ring on one hand and the green ring on the other hand, and then she looked like a really small weeping willow tree.

— "Thank you for showing these to me."

♥ — "I trust you, you know?"

It was a really good night for us, I really liked it.

W.J.

Ran a bunch of errands today, mostly just miscellaneous bits of shopping, it was a nice day out, warm and sunny with a breeze that would roll through now and then, and I enjoyed driving around. I ran into Lucy in line at the Panda Express, she still lives in the apartment building from when I first moved here although I forget the name of it again. She invited me to a neighborhood cookout a couple days from now, and I plan on going, I think it'll be nice to see some of those people again. At home I played around with Ocarina of Time a bit, playing around with Bombchus to see what happens releasing them outside of the areas and stuff like that, what kinds of collision are out there and how they react to that.

D.J.

When I came into the dream, I was sitting on a couch in me and Love's beach mansion, facing the black face of an off flat screen TV, as sunlight shined in through the window beside me. I stood up, and walked down the hall, and looked into one of our guest bedrooms. There on the neatly made bed, sunlight shining in past the thin curtains, I saw Love in her furry german shepherd form with a dog penis and a series of breasts going down her chest. She had her penis in hand, masturbating, and she continued to pleasure herself as she looked up at me. I was in my furry black lab form, which I realized I had not been in for a while. I had a cunt and pair of breasts. I went onto the bed, and began sucking on Love's penis, now and then stopping to suck on her breasts. I was happily lost for a long time in the euphoria of her belly warmth, her sex tastes, her dog smells. Eventually as I continued to suck on her, she used a hand to pleasure my pussy, rubbing the outside, running her fingers along me in a way that was just perfect, it was just what the moment needed to become perfect.

W.J.

The men's room at work had some kind of plumbing issue, and everyone has to use the women's room now. It's absurd how freaked out everyone is by this. It's as though the apocalypse has

been heralded. They put out a table by the entrance with two cards that you can flip over as you enter and exit. One says OCCUPIED / VACANT, the other says MAN / WOMAN. You were only supposed to go in if it was vacant, or if the gender card matched you. Towards the end of the day Lizzy went around saying that they had changed it from the card, to just having it so that each hour, guys can use the restroom from 0 - 14, girls from 15 - 29, guys from 30 - 44, and girls from 45 - 59.

D.J.

When I came into the dream, me and Love and another furry we had just met while out for a walk were all at the beach at our mansion house, bumping a volleyball around between ourselves. It reminded me of that game as a kid, Don't Let The Balloon Touch The Floor. I was a furry black lab again, this time with a penis that had the tip coming out of the sheath a little as we played, balls, no breasts, no pants, no shirt, and a harness made of light blue straps, complete with a matching blue collar. Love was in her furry german shepherd form, vagina, breasts, no pants, a t-shirt with a Smashing Pumpkins album cover on the front, although sometimes when I look again it's a Green Day album cover or once it was Neutral Milk Hotel. She had a canine vulva this time, which isn't very common when she's in a furry form, I usually only see that on her when she's on all fours, but she looked great with it, there in her cool music tees, in the sunlight, playing volleyball with us. The other furry, who we had just met a bit ago, was a white rabbit, flat chest, I don't know other details because he was fully clothed the entire time, wearing jeans with rips in the knees, and a t-shirt that was a concert tee for some metal band. He had a pierced jowl and a row of piercing across one eyebrow, and had studs all around his long ears. I had never gotten the rabbit's name earlier, and I intended to bring it up with Love later, because I think she had gotten it but I'd missed it.

I remember now and then my stomach grumbled, but I wasn't hungry, and we all kept playing, and it was a lot of fun, it was a good time.

W.J.

There is often no conclusion in dreams, other than waking up. Sometimes it ends on a moment of climax, a bright flash or a sudden impact that startles me awake, but often times things are in the middle of happening, and then the dream ends. This is not too much in contrast of the waking world. Often things happen, and then life goes on, without any moment of climax, without any definitive resolution. Sometimes there is climax: a graduation to end schooling, a car crash to end your time spent with a vehicle, and of course there is the big moment, death.

From a materialist perspective, it is likely that when I die in the waking world, I will never dream again. My brain will cease to have the energy it needs to create an experience of reality for me, the energy required being the same whether I am waking or dreaming. Eventually, or, depending on how I die, perhaps immediately, my brain would no longer even have the structures needed even if it did have the energy again. The parts of the brain that invoke sensory experiences would decompose, or be eaten by wild animals, or get smeared across the road after I was hit by a bus, or whatever the case may be, but, I am not so famous that someone would preserve my brain in a jar, try everything to get it working again some day in the future.

From a spiritual perspective, it is likely that when I die in the waking world, I will be sent off to an eternity in dreams. The afterlife, whether Heaven or some other thing, feels, in my heart of hearts, like it would be very dream-like. I would no longer have any fixed obligations, no damnation to a single fixed body, I would be free from the laws of space and time, I could be with Love and everyone I've ever cared for and new friends who I haven't met yet and we could experience all of the things that we would ever dream of, endlessly. Death in the waking world could, from a spiritual perspective, be the best thing that ever happens to me.

From a practical perspective, I don't know whether materialism or spirituality is correct. I don't know what will happen after my heart has beat for the last time, and the lights have gone out. But I know that right now, by serving the waking world, I am every night turned over to dreams. I know for a fact

that continuing to wake is a way of continuing to dream. It's something that was on my mind today. That maybe there is solace in waking, for the fact that every time there is one more day, there will be one more night, and I will get to dream.