**12. Automatic writing with a Transplutonian entity**

This is the written message I awoke to find after I lost consciousness doing some

astral/mirror scrying. I have changed nothing and have omitted nothing, I didn’t even

change any of the spelling, it was all spelled correctly and I HAVE to use the spell

checker before I post anything…. If you understand this, if this is your dream or your

memory, contact me immediately!

"I dream about a dead dog. Sometimes it’s lying up against a chain fence, and other times

a fence made of brick. The dream always takes place in my backyard. The dog is

sometimes black, most others the dog is brown. It is not a large dog. The dog is always

lying on its side with its back to the fence. It is always during the day, sometimes I get the

feeling others are around me, other times I am alone. Never is there a lot of noise, a dull

hum of flying insects, maybe a slight breeze, my visual focus is always fixed on the dead

dog.

In some dreams there is a belly wound, usually I can see broken ribs poking out through

the opening, sometimes I can catch an intestine, there is blood, but not more then there

should be. In some dreams there are no ribs, the belly wound is lessened, the limbs are

mangled, and the dog's fur is matted, in all dreams the dog is a stray.

The dream progresses as my eyes further scan the animal, up to the head, the nose looks

torn, blood has dripped out of the dog's ear and crusted around the neck. Out of the

dog's eye leaks out a yellow custard fluid, this is in all dreams, the eyes are wide open,

and in only one dream did they blink.

The mouth of the dog is always open, always is the tongue out, caked with dirt. I feel like

the dog might have tried to breathe through its mouth and sucked in dirt. In some dreams

there are flies, others not. In all dreams there are ants, red ants, and a line crawling in the

dog's mouth and a line carrying bits and pieces crawling out.

In my dream my inner sight takes me to inside the dog's mouth as I watch the ants march

up over the tongue and into the darkness and an exiting line of ants back over the tongue.

There is a horse behind the fence, in every dream at this time is whinnies, a surreal feeling

of pressure lays across me and I realize the sunny sky has turned grey, the sun is black.

It’s not cold, but I think it should be."