**68. Physical strength, Intention, and Magic**

06/30/13--20:21:

Physical strength, Intention, and Magic

A recent dream/lucid dream/inter-dimensional astral projection I had:  
  
I was pulling the covers back on my bed, before I crawled in to go to sleep. The bed covers eerily began creeping toward the foot of the bed. I grabbed the covers, and pulled them back into place, when suddenly, some invisible force now ripped the covers off the bed. Rather then the covers being pulled to the floor, the covers where being pulled UP off the bed, and towards the upper left ceiling corner in the room. This upward motion of the covers towards the ceiling gave an already strange situation, even more of an urgent feel.   
  
I was was now fully engaged, and lucid in this dream. I felt an immediate sense of rage trigger, and I began ripping back at the covers. I found myself briefly embroiled in a tug-of-war with an invisible force. I pulled, and pulled and finally I achieved the upper hand. I could see the covers being pulled back out of a small portal, and some shimmering goo, desperately fighting against me. The force (whatever it was) began to make a strange digital/modern/dail up sound, as I began pulling it out of the portal along with the bed covers.   
  
It seemed as if this entity was terrified of being fully discovered, and I was hell bent on discovering why that was.   
  
Whatever it was, relinquished it hold on the bed covers, and very quickly slipped back into the portal. I dashed for the portal, and with both hands hung in mid-air, by the bottom of this portal hole. I started furiously trying to rip, or stretch open this portal so that I could fit through it (I've decided to omit a great many number of sexual jokes, and puns here).   
  
The portal however, closed with a force I could not hold hold, and after a titanic struggle, the portal closed, and disappeared.   
  
Looking at a large bedroom mirror, affixed to a chest-of-drawers, and dove through it, hoping that this astral portal would eject me out somewhere near where ever, whatever this thing was. Instead I was ejected out in some kind of futuristic recreational center, with people using magnetic powered resistance exercise machines, and a large coffee cafe with very advanced laptops everywhere. The people where dressed in stylish white, and burgundy, one piece suits with light white jackets with black pipping.   
  
I approached an attractive looking redhead at a table, and sat down next to hear. She seemed almost surprised to see me.   
  
“Are your people here able to regularly see people form the physical world?”, I asked her.   
  
“No, not regularly. Beings from the physical world rarely make it here, and when they do they are generally so unaware of where they are, and what they are doing we think that they are ones of us who still have lingering mental disorders.” She answered.   
  
“Where is here exactly? I am from the physical realm, and I entered into a lucid dream. I was chasing an entity who slipped into a portal, and I dove through an astral portal hoping to find it.” I said staring into her deep emerald eyes, and noticing that she possessed two pupils in each of her eyes.   
  
“The is a distant realm from you. A place that “may” one day exist, but from which your time line is deviating from. I feel bad for having to tell you, that there is a great deal of trouble surrounding you (the aura from the time line I am from), and where you come from. I can't say for certain you (or time line) shall ever attain to this world.” she lamented, sighing with a “I am sorry but little I can do for you sound”.   
  
“That is Okay. Well At least I had the opportunity to see what a good future would be like, gives me something to strive for.” I answered feeling tempted to find a way to try, and stay where I was presently. It it was really nice looking, and I felt an a type of freedom, and hope that I don't feel much in this reality time line.   
  
“You are an odd creature in your time line.”, she said laughing. “I am sorry you lost your quarry (the whatever it was I was chasing), but it really is time for your people to wake up. Speaking of waking up, as much as you are welcome here the keepers of this time line have decided you need to leave. Your presence here is bridging a link fragile between our two universes, and the possibility for a unstable tangent universe to be born from you being here is far too risky for you to stay”. She said raising an eyebrow at me.   
  
The area I was seated in began to get really fuzzy. I figured I was being out-phased from this place.  
  
I woke up, in my bed, feeling very disjointed.   
  
I have spoken a great deal about physical strength. It takes intent to contract your physical muscles hard, so hard that you place significant stress on your bones. This is painful, and requires conscious effort. Repeated application of this process through exercise will promote above average psychical might.   
  
The magical application of this is really quite simple. The intent to do something hard, and doing it over, and over again, builds up your astral body; as intent is the muscle of the astral/magical world. My ability to out muscle a spirit, or wrestle them into submission, and effectively engage in spiritual warfare goes hand in hand with my willingness to preform strenuous, rigorous, and often times highly pain acts of physicality.   
  
Winning in the astral world, leads to both greater magickal-spiritual knowledge, and or experiences, but also manifests into victories on the physical world.   
  
I am committed to helping this time line purge the evil, and influences of the Illuminati, Reptilian, and off worlders (both physical, and inter-dimensional). It is good to see that some where exists such a time line, free from this sickness. What this means is that there still exists the possibility, the option for victory, something for us as a planet/peoples to manifest our way into.   
  
This is a message of hope.   
  
-Uncle Bearheart