

## [Transcript] Morbid / Episode 446: Listener Tales 72: Dream, Astral Projections & Alternate Dimensions

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Hey weirdos, I'm Ash.

And I'm Elena.

And this is Morbid.

It's a listener term!

Oh, which means it's brought to you for you by you from- fuck.

It's brought to you by you from you and all about you.

Now that we don't do them every week, I don't know what the fuck to say.

Ah, but here's your treat.

This is our treat.

It's everyone's treat.

It's just a treat.

Treat, treat.

Say treat again.

Treat.

Yeah, so it's a listener tale

and I feel like it's been a hot second.

I know, I'm like so excited.

We haven't done them for a month.

I know, I miss doing them more often,

but you know, that's the way the cookie crumbles.

That's true.

And here we are.

We're doing one.

So today we're gonna be doing a theme.

It's dreams and astral projections.

Now, you might be like, what?

But that's what it is, y'all.

But remember when I told you guys

that I asked people in my dream what day it was

and everybody got real mad at me and it was real weird.

Well, some of you have also had similar experiences with lucid dreaming.

And I am so fascinated with dreams and lucid dreaming.

There's, I feel like there's something more to it

that we can't understand.

I kind of think that like you go

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to a different realm when you're dreaming.  
I kind of love that.  
I think you might.  
Last night in my dream, John did stand-up comedy.  
That's very true.  
And that's another realm.  
That's another fucking realm.  
Although I think he would be a great stand-up comic  
because he has a great voice for it.  
He does.  
Y'all love his voice.  
It's true, I do too.  
Like I'm not hearing it.  
But that's it.  
That's the only reason.  
His voice is great too, but like his voice.  
A plus.  
Primo.  
A plus.  
A plus.  
So I'm going to do the first one.  
And this first one is called, wow, just kidding.  
Wow.  
Toxic.  
I'm bullying you.  
Stop bullying me.  
So this first one is entitled,  
me and my kid had the same nightmare  
and lucid dreaming glitch in the matrix.  
So this one says PDF attached, old school smiley emoji.  
I love that.  
And I totally forgot to say my name,  
but it's Molly, LOL.  
It's fine to use.  
Thank you, Molly.  
Hey pod girlies.  
First of all, I'm going to do the mandatory fan girl thing.  
I'd say you can skip this part, trim it down,  
et cetera, but we all know what you'll say.  
Never.  
And she wrote that.  
I wrote this one time with just the glitch part,  
but at the time I was pretty new

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to the listener tale portion of the pod.  
For some reason I really slept  
on the listener tales at first.  
A lot of people did.  
Yeah.  
And that's okay.  
It's all right.  
Because you all came and you all said, wow,  
I slept on that.  
A lot of people like to sleep on the listener tales.  
It's true.  
But now that I've come to the light,  
I'm resubmitting with Times New Roman,  
size 14, double space PDF for your eyeballs,  
viewing pleasure.  
Add a girl.  
Look at you, Molly.  
Also, I can't remember if it was Ash or Elena  
who said this, but I was listening to one of your pods  
recently on that spooky, dookie, Romanian health forest.  
And one of y'all said through-  
It was me.  
One of y'all said you thought the words to radioactive was-  
Ready to rock you, ready to rock you.  
That was Ash.  
Oh, it's Ash.  
Well, I thought it was ready.  
How did you think it was this?  
Ready to know how I feel.  
Ready to know how I feel.  
I love that.  
My late husband, obviously alive at the time,  
I'm so sorry, was like the song title is literally  
radioactive.  
We knew that, Molly.  
We knew, but we didn't care.  
So anyways, you're not alone.  
We were like, why is this song called radioactive?  
I love it.  
Ready to know how I feel or ready to rock you.  
So that said, obviously I lost my husband.  
I'm so sorry.  
Big hugs coming your way.

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Before his death, I was a major true crime junkie.  
For a while after he died, it was sudden.  
I'm the one who found him and I had to call 911  
and all that fun new trauma shit.  
Oh my God.  
I know we just said I'm sorry, but like, holy shit.  
That's on another level.  
I can't imagine, I'm so sorry.  
I couldn't really stomach true crime death related things  
or 911 calls, which was just not like myself  
as I tried and true crime junkie.  
I don't blame you at all.  
No, I don't either.  
And to be honest, I still don't like 911 calls.  
That's why we don't really, we never put the audio  
to them because I think that's a really vulnerable time  
in someone's life is making a 911 call.  
It's one of the worst things you'll ever have to do.  
And even like transcripts of them every once in a while  
we'll talk about, but they bum me out.  
It's sad.  
As it really is, you're looking at the worst moment  
of someone's life.  
So I got that.  
Your pod helped me get my feet wet after he died  
and ease back into one of my biggest interests  
while keeping it lighthearted and respectful.  
And I love that about you guys so much.  
Thank you.  
That's like a really big compliment.  
It is.  
I know that shit's heavy to share,  
but sharing heavy shit here really do be the brand.  
So Ayo, but yeah, I just wanted to share  
how much y'all helped me in getting me  
to feel more like myself  
after the hardest thing I ever went through.  
More recently I was diagnosed with this ultra rare Pokemon  
of metabolic genetic thing called CPT2,  
which makes me super weak and causes heart issues,  
blah, blah, blah.  
I did not say that, that's in the actual writing.  
Don't cry for me, Argentina.

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I'm so sorry that you're having to deal with this though.

I know.

And anyway, now I'm getting some treatment.

Yay, in less week and trying to get into the gym  
and me a lard ass.

Same.

I thoroughly look forward to the gym  
because you live in my ear holes for an hour  
and I get endorphins slash dopamine, win, win.

I love you.

And good for you.

And good for you, man.

Yeah, it's hard to motivate yourself.

It's really harsh.

I ain't gone in about two weeks.

And it's hard to motivate yourself anyways,  
but motivating yourself when you're going through  
the trauma that you went through  
and also dealing with a loss.

Like some disorder that you're dealing with  
that makes you weak, I can't imagine.

Exactly.

And it sounds like you have a kid  
and that's a whole other set of stressors  
and like busyness, you know?

Essentially Molly, we think you're the baddest bitch.

Essentially.

Molly, the baddest bitch.

Here's your call.

TM.

Anyway, enough about my trash pile.

We all got one.

Let's give the people the weird shit they came here for.

Recently I caught the listener tale  
where y'all were talking about lucid dreaming by accident.

And I remembered that you said to ask the people  
in your dream the date and time in your dream  
if you do lucid dream by accident and to report back.

Well, flash forward to January 10th, 2023  
in the year of our lord.

That's Drew's birthday.

I love that in the year of our lord.

I had a dream and I, that's how I know you're our people.

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Like just, like just the way you talk.  
Oh yeah.  
I had a dream and I actually lucid dreamed  
which I typically don't do,  
but I guess I was doing so because hey-oh,  
I had a kidney infection that had me waking up  
four times a night to pee  
and was disrupting you girls' rhythm in a big way.  
Kidney infections are the fucking worst.  
Perfect storm for lucid dreaming, zero out of 10.  
Do not recommend trying at home.  
So for additional context,  
before I actually get into this dream,  
I feel like it's important to note that I have a desk job  
and stream true crime slash spook pods,  
eight plus hours a day while I work,  
commute in the shower for leisure, et cetera,  
and never have nightmares.  
Not even after hours of streaming Jack the Ripper content.  
If you know, you know.  
Or if I, as I like to say-  
Ikeak.  
I also need to provide some context  
that will make sense later.  
As a teen, I was sent to one of those  
make your troubled kid better camps that abuse kids.  
Oh, that's fucking terrible.  
I was held there for over two years in Wyoming  
and it was all around an awful time  
filled with abuse and physical punishments.  
That's awful.  
I've healed that part of my life  
and haven't had nightmares about it in a couple of years.  
This happened over a decade ago.  
You truly are like a badass.  
You are.  
That's why we crowned you through all you have.  
That's why we crowned you.  
Side note, Elena, I had a hardcore running  
with a moose while I was there.  
Oh my God.  
Me and the moose had a yelling contest  
to decide who got to keep the camp.

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I won and didn't get speared by a moose.  
So again, this was a win-win.  
Oh my God.  
You get better and better, Molly.  
Line by line.  
What the hell?  
So back to the dream,  
I dreamt that I was working in a daycare.  
I've never been a daycare worker.  
I am but a lowly insurance agent, LOL.  
But I was, and I am a new employee at this daycare,  
but I recognize some of the faces there.  
No one's significant,  
but the one that stands out is just some random girl  
I worked with two years ago who smelled of cat pee  
and had clickety-clackety nails  
and a Jack Skellington backpack slash purse  
for every occasion, formal or otherwise.  
Huh.  
I love that.  
What a gal.  
What a gal.  
I realized I was dreaming  
and in my dream we were locking up the daycare  
and walking outside.  
Some employees were already almost at their car,  
but I was bringing up the rear with a couple of others  
who were showing me how to lock up.  
I got outside the daycare and looked around  
and said to the people nearby me,  
what's the date and time?  
The people stopped in their tracks  
and were like, why do you need to know?  
At this point, I was like, nah, y'all bitches be shiesty.  
And I said very loudly, loud enough for the other people  
already at their cars to hear me.  
Does anyone have the date and time?  
And everyone stopped in their tracks  
and walked back to me slowly,  
like freaking zombies or bots  
or some other third thing that is spooky,  
dookie and undesirable.  
I looked around again and repeated at a normal volume.

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What is the date and time?  
At that point, the person I used to work with looked at me  
and their neck and head twitched to the right  
like a malfunctioning robot and said,  
you can give me 10 pushups for asking that.  
What?  
This was extra strange  
because this is something that would be said back  
at the teen camp I went to as a kid in Wyoming.  
Ooh, I don't like that at all.  
I got chills.  
My body did the warm, warm.  
I didn't do the pushups, good for you.  
I just challenged firmly,  
why won't anyone tell me the date and time?  
One of the employees looked at a clipboard  
and said, it's on the list.  
And another person looked at me and said,  
she's not on the list.  
And then I woke up in a cold sweat about to piss myself.  
That is spooky, ookey.  
What the fuck?  
Part of me wonders if it's a nightmare  
just because of having remembered  
what was said in the podcast,  
but also I listened to spooky pods  
far more gruesome on the reg  
and never have nightmares about the content.  
So I feel like I just real life pissed off the simulation.  
I think so.  
That's what I felt.  
I think so.  
Because I didn't feel like it was just something  
seeping into my subconscious.  
No.  
I'm sure it seeped in for me to ask,  
but the response was too strange.  
It was too strange for me.  
Well, and in your case,  
you didn't even know like what the response was gonna be.  
Yeah, like I didn't wanna know.  
And the only thing that I heard later  
was somebody got like a even weirder response.



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And my response was more just like,  
people getting angry at me.

Right.

And then I kept switching into other like scenarios.

And I just, and even John got angry at me in my dream  
when I asked him.

So weird, I wanna do it.

Yeah.

If you thought that was weird,  
hold on to your butt cheek sisters, it gets weirder.

Hold on.

For context on the second story  
about my weird ass dream encounters,  
this happened a couple of months after my husband passed away.  
He passed in the bed in our home.

So I had moved a new bed into the living room.

So I couldn't,

because I couldn't bring myself to go into the bedroom.

My girls were sleeping in their bedroom again at this point.

And it was a catty corner to the doorless bedroom  
that was not in fact a bedroom.

Additional context, I have no bigger fear than snakes.

When I was in Wyoming,

I was almost bitten by more rattlesnakes than I can count.

I live in Florida and I've walked outside

to find snakes sunbathing before

and have noped all the way back in my home

and jumped onto the kitchen table

behind a closed door with the snake outside for safety.

This is not, she is not a Slytherin, me or she.

I'm a Slytherin girl.

I am not.

Anyway, I fell asleep.

Aren't you a Hufflepuff?

Sure I am.

Anyway, I fell asleep like any other night

that I can recall from those days and drifted off to sleep.

In my dream, I saw my youngest daughter, Ireland.

Oh, I love that.

That is a beautiful name.

The way you spell it is really cool.

I love that.

Ooh, that's really pretty.

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Then four standing in front of me.  
We seem to be in some type of dense, jungly garden.  
She was almost glowing,  
just angelic-like and precious parental bias aside.  
Out of nowhere, a Python Slytherin interview  
and began to approach Ireland  
as though it were sizing her up  
and it prepared to strike, detaching its jaw.  
Oh my God.  
Right as it began to lunge,  
I dove in front of Ireland because you're a mom.  
Hell yeah.  
Reached my handout and grabbed the massive nope noodle  
by the neck.  
That's a stoop noodle.  
I love that.  
In my dream, all I could see was fangs and jaws  
and I jolted awake in a cold sweat.  
That's really scary.  
Now, I'm a spiritual person.  
I've had many instances of premonitions  
or encounters with spirit,  
especially my hubs who still hangs around for chats  
and a joke every now and then.  
When a dream is significant,  
I feel like it just hits different  
and this one hit different.  
I know exactly what you mean.  
Like you can't really describe it, but it does.  
It's got a different vibe to it.  
No sooner than I sat up in bed and began to process,  
I heard the pitter patter of tiny feet  
running through my gaping doorhole  
and pouncing onto my bed.  
Ireland said, I had a nightmare  
and crawled under my covers.  
I snuggled her clothes and said, me too, nugget.  
Do you want to talk about it?  
She thought about it for a moment, then said, no, do you?  
I smiled and said, no, I don't think so.  
Maybe another time.  
Well, we eventually drifted back off to sleep  
and went about our routine for the day.

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The kids loaded into my late husband's car,  
affectionately referred to as Bessie,  
then eventually Bussie, then still later, Struggle Bussie.  
We cranked Struggle Bussie a few times  
and proceeded with school drop-ups,  
work, school pickups, returning back to our house.  
We didn't speak of the night before  
or our nightmares, we just went about our day.  
As I was cooking dinner, Ireland said to me,  
I had a nightmare last night.  
I stopped cooking and sat down on the kitchen floor  
to be at her level, asking, do you want to talk about it?  
You're such a good mama.  
I know, you can tell.  
Like being at her level and stuff,  
like you're a really good mama.  
And she said, yeah, I think I'm ready now.  
I asked her to tell me what was bothering her  
and she whispered, I had a dream about a snake.  
Ugh, chills.  
I hugged her and said, oh no, what happened with the snake?  
And Ireland replied, the snake was about to eat me,  
then you saved me with your hands and a big push.  
Oh my God.  
I still have no idea what this dream means.  
It feels super significant, but I have no idea  
what to make about it.  
And I think about it often.  
I don't even know how to effectively segue here  
other than saying thank you so much for reading this.  
If it makes it on the pod, I will cock out my pantaloons.  
I love you guys and thanks for brightening my day.  
Thank you for brightening our day.  
Oh, and here's a follow up shameless plug.  
Y'all in fall inspired me to start a podcast  
with my best friend Toby.  
We are pre-recording now  
and can be found on Facebook and Instagram.  
We are called Don't Tell My Therapist podcast.  
Oh my God.  
And are in the recording stages,  
but we are about to drop our first episode,  
which we'll talk about Robert,

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the world's most haunted doll.

And Carl Tanzler, the doctor who mummified his patient and kept her in his bed for seven years.

There you go.

So keep it weird, but not so weird that.

But not so weird that you have the same exact dream as your daughter and then like you don't even know why and you don't know what snakes symbolize in a dream, but I've Googled it for you

and I'm going to tell you in a second.

And then just like, don't keep it that weird.

But apparently snakes symbolize a person in the dreamers life who exhibits low dirty toxic or poisonous behavior.

So it's maybe it's like you saved your daughter or even like saved your family from some kind of like toxic behavior.

Look at that.

I wonder if like, did you cut anybody out of your life at that time or like?

Oh, I want to know.

Or I don't know, did you like avoid a job that you were going to take or like something?

Yeah, there has to be something, you know?

Also, I just have to put this out here because you provided us with some photos.

One, the cover art for your podcast is magnifique.

I would listen to that without knowing anything about it.

That cover art is elite.

I love that cover art.

Elite.

Thank you so much, Mikey, look at this.

Holy shit.

I am obsessed.

Mikey has his entire mouth just like, huh, like.

Him shook.

I have, I can't, I'm so obsessed with it.

Also you and your husband are the fucking cutest couple ever.

Your husband, you're, and I love your calling him the OG hubs.

Oh my God.

OG hubs.

And he does, it looks like an angelic vinyl album cover you and your hub.

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It does.

You said that you're chapter two, John.

You took advice and found a quality good, John.

Oh my God.

Like you are hilarious.

You guys are adorable.

I'm just like, wow.

I love you a lot.

I love you, oh my God, and your girls.

I love you forever.

Oh my God, stop it.

And you and your friend.

Oh my God, these children are fucking adorable.

Molly, we're in love with you and your family  
and snake baby and all of it.

Oh my God.

And that means I think you did,

you must have done something that you didn't know you did.

Yeah.

Like to save you and your girls from somebody  
or something that would have been poisonous.

This is from the cut.

It says, if the dream was terror inducing,  
start with how the dream made you feel.

That will tell you how urgently you want to identify  
the potential stressor in your life and address it.

A snake within a nightmare is a very good indication  
that your subconscious feels there's a toxic person  
in your life that is an immediate threat,  
meaning their toxic behavior has reached a point  
where your subconscious level has had it  
and it needs to slap you into attention.

There you go.

I think that's what it is, ma'am.

So take a look and also-

Take a look, Queen Molly.

I'm excited to listen to Don't Tell My Therapist podcast  
because holy shit.

I know, let me see.

I'm wondering if it has come out yet.

And either way, I'm waiting for it.

I'm gonna listen to it on the way home.

And if it's already out, I'm listening.

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Anyway, don't tell my therapist.  
We're gonna check and we're gonna tell you if it's out.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.  
No, not yet.  
No.  
Okay, well, we're, no.  
We're waiting with bated breath.  
I'm waiting.  
Put it on your to be listened.  
Come on, Molly and Toby, let's do this.  
Molly and Toby.  
That was such a good story, thank you.  
The best cover art ever.  
Oomps, oomps, oomps, exactly.  
Okay.  
It's the fall of 2017 in Rancho Tejama, California.  
A man and his wife are driving to a doctor's appointment  
when another car crashes into them,  
sending them flying off the road.  
Disoriented, they stumble out of the car  
only to hear dozens of gunshots whizzing past them.  
This is just one chapter of a much larger nightmare  
unraveling in their small town.  
This is actually happening,  
presents a special limited series called Point Blank,  
shedding a light on the forgotten  
spree killings of Rancho Tejama,  
where a lone gunman devastated a small town,  
attacking eight different locations  
in the span of only 25 minutes.  
The series follows five stories  
of people connected to the incident  
from a father that drew the gunman away  
from a local school to the sister of the shooter.  
These are riveting stories  
that will stick with you long after you listen.  
Follow This is Actually Happening,  
wherever you listen to podcasts.  
You can listen ad-free on the Amazon Music or Wondery app.  
My next one is called Listener Tale, Glitch in Time,  
and I can already see that it is a bordered PDF  
and I'm literally so excited right now.  
Oh my goodness, it's bordered with spider webs.

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It sure is, and then there's a little spider on the slide.  
I love it, it's adorable.  
It says, hello, attached is my tale about a glitch in time.  
It is about a 10 minute read,  
and is double is a double space patefa.  
Also attached is my best Tinder pic  
and my cat who helped me write this.  
Thank you.  
I'm obsessed with all of you.  
That's a great Tinder pic.  
Your tattoo is Gorgina.  
Oh, is that Medusa?  
I'm obsessed with your cat, what's its name?  
And thank you for this.  
It says, welcome to your worst nightmare ladies.  
Oh, I'm excited.  
I'm obsessed with this border.  
OMG, hey weirdos and spooky best friends,  
fashion Elena and Deb Deb.  
I'm Liz and you can use my name.  
I found your podcast when you were only at episode five.  
Whoa.  
I especially like to listen when I'm feeling down or off  
just because you are both so kind and genuinely good people.  
Thank you.  
And we share a love of all things weird  
and it's nice to find a place where you feel understood.  
Don't listen to anybody about the underwater sound quality.  
I think, bitch, learn to swim  
because you guys are so amazing.  
Thank you.  
I found you guys because of my long commute  
to work years ago.  
I hated driving and needed a kick in the pants  
to want to get in my car and consider my pants kicked.  
Hell yeah.  
I look forward to driving now  
even in the cold winters of the Albany area.  
That's a shitty drive.  
I know that.  
Yeah.  
I work in an emergency room  
and I'm soon to be an emergency room nurse.

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Oh, bad ass.  
Yeah.  
Another queen, ready?  
Here's your crown.  
Another queen.  
Boop.  
Twinkle, twinkle.  
Me.  
I said, me.  
I don't really know what that means, but it means something.  
It's magic, you know?  
But anyway, we can't explain it.  
Yeah, it's just me.  
And a few of my coworkers listened to.  
Hey, yo.  
Elena, I swear your second book will be preordered so fast  
the internet will explode.  
Yes.  
The first one was amazing and I read it to everyone.  
Oh, thank you.  
The second book is really good too.  
I started reading it.  
Oh.  
And Ash, congrats on your engagement.  
Thanks.  
I've listened to all the listener tales  
and loved them all so much.  
You are also talented.  
PP.  
Lots of Ps and an OI.  
That was my cat on the keyboard.  
He's helping.  
I'll leave it.  
Thank you for leaving.  
Thank you.  
I love cats.  
I love it.  
When you mentioned wanting stories about glitches  
in time, this forgotten memory popped into my head  
and I figured I would share.  
Let me set the scene.  
Also ADHD brain warning.  
I feel that.



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It's maybe 2017 and I was about 21 in my third year of college at a huge university.  
I'm talking like 30,000 undergrads.  
Damn.  
That was big.  
My major was medicinal chemistry because I wanted to be a doctor at the time, but fuck that for real.  
I feel that.  
That's a lot of school.  
I feel that as well.  
Not long after this incident, I joined an ambulance crew and my goals changed because I realized I was an adrenaline junkie.  
You're about us.  
Anyway, there were huge lecture halls with many people in each class.  
Even the very specific stupid math ones like this one class I was taking.  
It was like analytical chemistry or something.  
It's a normal day in Buffalo.  
The sky's gray.  
It's still too cold to not wear a huge jacket.  
And the wind is blowing your hair around and numbing your face.  
I'm there.  
I walked from my little apartment to class, which takes about 25 minutes.  
I get to the room where my lecture is held and take off my big coat and attempt to fix my hair.  
Who am I trying to impress though, these nerds?  
So I forgot the hair and pull out my notebook.  
Oh, so I forget the hair and pull out my notebook with my frozen hands.  
I forgot gloves again today.  
I'm not one of those girls who prints everything out and writes notes on the provided lecture slides from online.  
That would be too easy.  
I have my blank notebook page and pen and take my own goddamn notes because my goddamn ADHD brain would never let me pay attention otherwise.

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It works for me and I don't know.  
I'm not a doctor at the moment.  
I also never know what day it is  
and I like to write the date at the top.  
So I flipped to the last page with the notes  
and see that the date was two days ago.  
It's a Monday slash Wednesday type deal in today's Wednesday.  
I scan the top of the page for the date  
and my eyes stop on October 18th.  
My brow creases and the world stops for a second.  
That date seems wrong.  
I dig my phone out and touch the screen.  
It is October 18th today.  
Oh, weird.  
I must have written the wrong date two days ago.  
So no big deal.  
That's definitely something I would do.  
I look down at the rest of the page  
and read the first thing I wrote down  
just as the professor starts his lecture.  
It is word for word the same sentence he says,  
but in my handwriting and I don't remember writing it.  
What?  
I'm big confused at this point, y'all.  
He goes on and I already know everything  
he's teaching somehow and I already wrote notes for it.  
Even the tangents he goes off on and the jokes he tells,  
I somehow remember hearing.  
What?  
He references a show that will be airing  
a new episode that night or the next night  
that I also watch and tell me why I have a memory  
of watching it already.  
I'm looking around the big lecture hall  
and no one else is confused.  
This goes on and on and I'm just following along  
with pages and pages of already written notes  
at this point.  
I would be in a cold sweat.  
I would be losing my shit.  
There's even little pictures drawn in the margins  
like how all my notes are.  
The lecture ends and I turn to my friend near me and say,

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wow, that was weird.  
He literally gave the same lecture on Monday  
and she creased her brow and said,  
what?  
No, he didn't.  
That was all new to me.  
What?  
I would cry.  
I would just cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.  
It's been seven days since I last cried,  
but I would cry, cry, cry, cry, cry.  
It's true, we have a sign.  
We have a sign in the pod lab to see how many days  
it's been since I've cried.  
We're going on a week right now, baby.  
So don't make me cry.  
So don't make me cry.  
Don't make me cry, Argentina.  
So I turn the pages back to Monday's notes  
and there they are, different than today's.  
I'm very confused but also pissed  
that I didn't need to be on campus today  
because I already knew everything.  
I didn't feel a deja vu feeling  
that I had experienced everything before  
and I don't remember attending  
that specific lecture before either,  
but I had all the knowledge and notes  
I would have acquired from going.  
That's a glitch in the fucking matrix.  
Yeah, the fuck it is.  
I never want to experience a glitch in the matrix.  
Not like that, for sure.  
Because I'll feel like I had gone around the bend  
or something.  
So the rest of the day was also not weird at all,  
except for the show that aired the next day.  
I watched it with a group of friends  
and I could recall that I had seen that episode before,  
even though it had never aired before.  
What?  
Walking dead, maybe.  
Nothing like that has ever happened to me before or since.

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I'm getting goosebumps right now just thinking about it.  
Did I travel to a new timeline  
or just pass through real quick  
and I don't know what's happening, please help.  
Maybe a list from another timeline  
was just trying to help a girl out with these notes.  
God knows I needed it.  
I'm very connected to the spirit realm  
and very often have paranormal experiences,  
but this was just very different.  
I guess I just pushed it down  
where all my other emotions go well,  
and decided not to process it.  
And then I eventually forgot about it for years.  
I figured no one would even believe me  
if I told them anyway.  
So I've kept this one deep inside until now.  
Hell yeah.  
Keep it weird, but not so weird that you get to class.  
I already have the notes because I'm weird glitch  
in the time, but you have no memory  
of actually taking said notes.  
So you really should just have stayed home.  
I need to know what all that kind of shit is.  
Like I just need someone to be like,  
yep, it's a simulation, everybody.  
But they won't.  
But no one will tell us.  
They will never tell us.  
No one will tell us.  
It's scary.  
And it bums me out.  
I don't like it.  
Oh, well, okay.  
We're gonna move on because that's scary  
and I don't wanna experience it.  
I'm freaked out.  
But we're gonna move on to Listener Tales Alternate Universe  
when my brother and I found a road  
that doesn't seem to exist.  
I am quite literally so fucking excited.  
So we're getting better.  
It says, hey all, the name is Joseph.

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Feel free to use it because this will absolutely  
earn me some big bragging rights  
if you choose to read it on the pod.  
Well, bragging rights achieved.  
There it is.  
First things first, I love the show.  
Your boy has ADHD.  
That must be the theme too.  
It has frequent episodes of hyper focus  
of which y'all's podcast has been the subject of  
since April of last year, excuse me.  
That's coming up on a record time for my obsessions.  
If you're wondering what currently holds the record,  
it's Hamilton.  
Ooh.  
Same.  
At some point I watched it on Disney Plus with my family  
and then started listening to it on Spotify  
during a 13 hour drive to Florida to work  
in the Everglades National Park.  
That's so cool.  
We saw Pelican kill itself there  
by jumping into a crocodile.  
Oh no.  
But that's a story for another day.  
All right.  
Anyway, I became obsessed with Hamilton,  
memorized the entire thing word for word,  
learned pretty much every historical discrepancy  
between the musical and the actual life  
and events of Hamilton's life.  
My lovely wife even got me on the biography,  
Cherno wrote that inspired Lin-Manuel Miranda  
to write the now world famous musical  
and took me to see it in real life a couple of years back.  
She's really the best.  
Shout out to your life.  
All that to say that y'all really might beat  
my Hamilton obsession record.  
Hell yeah.  
Anyway, I realize I'm rabbit trailing here.  
I wish for a while that I had to tell to send y'all.  
So when you told us to send in tales of traveling

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to alternate universes, I got extremely excited because I have a chance to talk about this. I posted this on Reddit on our glitch in the matrix. Some years ago, it's like a Reddit thread. Some years ago, and it ended up being talked about on a few YouTube channels, posted on blogs, and no one really seemed to have a satisfactory explanation for it. Well, shit. I've attached the story itself on a 14 size double space pot of a per tradition. Enjoy. I love you, Joseph. This is going to sound like a load of crock shit, but I swear up and down that this actually happened. About four years ago, closer to 10 now if you're reading this in 2023. Damn. I'm confused. I lived in this fairly small supply spec of a town. At the time, I had lived there for about 12 years, so I knew my way around. Our house was about a mile and a half away from the nearest neighborhood. Our mom intentionally picked that house due to the lack of neighbors. Your mom and I have that in common. It was tucked away. That was great. It was tucked away on a back road with the wood surrounding it. Every now and then, I like to take walks with my little brother, who at the time was about 13. We decided to do just that. We headed up the road and decided to try a new path or a new clearing that we hadn't discovered yet. When we noticed something a little shocking, just off the road that led almost directly to the neighborhood, there was a brand new paved road. No, there wasn't. Every road in that part of town was gravel road, so seeing an out of place paved road was pretty unusual. We stared at it for a while and came to the conclusion

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that it must have been made within the last few days  
due to the modern but slow growth of the town.  
However, we had no explanation  
for how they did it so fast.  
We decided to explore it a bit.  
I remember as soon as we set foot on the road,  
the air became notably colder by at least five degrees.  
The road itself was a black pavement,  
but no dividing lines.  
It was surrounded by some thick red trees  
that resembled redwoods, but they were too short  
and non-native to our state, Southern Arkansas.  
We walked on the road for about three miles  
until we decided to head back due to it getting dark.  
When we got off the road,  
we felt the temperature go back up.  
My brother and I agreed to explore it the next day.  
Also, my brother ever so kindly reminded me  
that I left off a key detail  
when I posted this on Reddit some years ago.  
As we were headed back,  
something kind of odd ran across the road.  
It stopped maybe 80 feet in front of us,  
and at first glance, it looked like a deer,  
but after a moment, we realized it was something else.  
Was it a not deer?  
A not deer.  
It had short, dark, very, or excuse me,  
it had short, dark, far, very large black eyes  
and a mouth that looked, for lack of a better description,  
too human for comfort.  
The body of a regular white-tailed deer in four long legs.  
It briefly looked at us,  
lifted itself onto its back legs most of the way,  
sniffed the air, and then booked it into the woods.  
That was a not deer.  
That was a not deer, my friend.  
We had lived in the area for some time at that point  
and thought we were familiar with the wildlife,  
but we had never seen anything like that then or since then.  
Whatever it was, I really don't think it meant to harm us,  
but more so wondered why these two hairless apes  
were gawking at it.

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Yeah, right?

At roughly, because it was probably like,  
you're in an alternate dimension, my dudes.  
You don't belong here.

At roughly noon the following day,  
we set back out to explore this place,  
only discover that the entire road was now missing.  
When I say missing, I mean the trees that were cleared  
to make it had apparently grown back  
with no sign of the redwood-like trees.  
We even began to explore the woods once more,  
but only to find no sign that it had ever existed.  
When we asked our parents about it,  
they said they knew nothing about a new roadwork  
being done near us.

What?

I've searched and searched for this place,  
as has my brother.  
We even went as far as finding some older maps of the area,  
but nothing listed any road there.  
We did, however, ask some of the long timers of the town  
and one gentleman that we'll call Mr. A,  
said he thought he remembered finding a same  
or similar road as a boy in that area,  
but said he didn't think too much about it  
as it was many, many years back for him.  
Honestly, I'm stumped.  
I don't even live in that state anymore,  
nor does my brother,  
but we've talked about going back home at some point  
to see if we can track it down once more.  
Maybe in the era of smartphones,  
we can actually get some photographic evidence.  
Thanks for taking the time to read this.  
If y'all are ever in the greater Atlanta area,  
area where my wife and I now reside,  
hit us up and we can tell you where to go  
that you probably won't have a stolen organ.  
Oh no, I don't want a stolen organ.  
That is so weird.  
It's absolutely terrifying.  
These are the kind of things that just like stump me.  
I just-



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Just how do you explain these certain glitches that it's like this existed, then it didn't?

I don't know.

And people have had these things happen before.

Like this is a very common thing that somebody will be like, I was here and I remember things happening like that where I'll be like, no, I am 100% sure that there was a road here, there was something here.

Well, and it's even like the Mandela effect.

When you look at like the Bernstein Bears or the Barrenstein Bears, and it's like, I was looking at a TikTok of it the other day and there were so many of them and I was like, no, that's not the correct version.

There's not the Bernstein Bears.

No, fuck that.

The Bernstein Bears get out of here.

And then there's like so many other ones.

Yes.

It's fucking weird, dude.

It is so weird.

It's the government.

It's the government.

I think it is.

Don't shut down the podcast government.

Oh my God, imagine.

They wouldn't, cause then everybody would know.

Everybody would know, okay?

You heard it here first.

It's not even the government.

No, I'm just kidding.

It's not even the government.

All right.

All right, well, my next one is grandma Cassidy as a Banshee or 9-Eleven Morning Dream.

Damn, I'm scared.

I'm assuming these are two different things.

I don't know.

It says, hello, ladies.

I've been listening to your podcast for over a year and I love it.

Thank you.

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Thank you.  
As a former prosecutor,  
I really enjoy your take on cases.  
It's refreshing to not hear,  
to hear the not lawyer opinions on all things morbid.  
I wish more of the lawyers I work with  
had your common sense.  
Thanks, I know.  
Your witty banter really makes your podcast outstanding.  
I have an hour long commute and listening to you  
both take a deep dive into some of the gnarliest murders,  
helps me pass the time as I idle in the Hue-Carry tunnel  
and mentally count down my days until retirement.  
I also love all things so I really enjoy the episodes  
on the paranormal and the ghosts and the ghouls.  
My husband is not a believer, but I am.  
And I have had some experiences  
that make me a true believer, especially in ghosts.  
I'm sorry, I have to readjust it.  
You might hear it.  
Okay, squeaky squeak, even though I have a new chair.  
It took me a bit to want to write this tale  
because I cry almost every time  
when I think about what happened.  
I'm dyslexic, so my spelling is even worse  
when I'm an emotional wreck.  
I proofread this several times, so I hope it's legible.  
Already, I'm like, what dyslexia?  
Yeah.  
I have attached here a double-spaced Puddafa,  
14 Faunted Times New Roman.  
Hell yeah.  
I would be honored if you read it  
on one of your listener tales.  
You can use my name.  
Below is a photo of myself and Gavin  
at the last wedding we attended together.  
It has been 21 years since he passed away.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
But you will always hold a special place in my heart.  
Keep it weird.  
Stay your awesome selves.  
Love, Bridget.

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Bridget, you guys are cuties.  
You're so cute.  
I love you.  
All right, let me see here.  
Grandma Cassidy, as a banshee.  
I'm in.  
My grandmother passed away when I was eight years old.  
I'm 54 now, so it was a long ass time ago.  
You are amazing.  
I'm the youngest of her 22 grandchildren.  
We are Irish Catholics, so every sperm is sacred.  
I am one of five.  
My mom's one of seven, and grandma was one of 13.  
Damn.  
Holy fucking shit.  
You get the mathematical progression,  
and perhaps with each passing generation,  
sperm was deemed less sacred.  
Imagine if my uncle had not been gay.  
I might have been, I might have had even more cousins.  
Damn.  
His funeral is another great tale,  
not spooky or supernatural, just hilarious.  
Maybe one day I will send in a puttapha on that tale.  
It is a doozy.  
Why not?  
However, I digress.  
I was the last person in my family to see her alive.  
My grandmother lived in a neighborhood  
for just a few years before she passed away,  
or lived in my neighborhood, excuse me.  
She's lived in a neighborhood.  
She lived in a neighborhood.  
Just a few years.  
I was like, wow, only a few years.  
I wasn't that, she was living in the woods.  
Lived in my neighborhood.  
She had spent most of her adult life in the house  
where she raised her massive brood.  
One day she was walking to her house from church  
because it was a day with a Y in it,  
and of course, church.  
Church.

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She was hit in the head with an object and robbed.

Loved.

She was in her late 70s at the time  
and was placed in a medically induced coma.

Somebody beat and robbed a late 70s woman.

Like what the fuck is wrong with people?

On her way home from church.

Gross.

After this horrific attack,  
she was finally convinced to sell her home  
of more than 60 years and move closer to my family.

She moved into a row house a few blocks away from us.

She was unhappy because she missed her butcher, her church,  
and especially the St. Jerome's Golden Age Society  
and the Rosary Society because church.

Because church.

She did not venture out much, all,  
and was a little depressed.

Oh, that makes me so sad.

It was really hard.

I just want to fix this for her.

The day she passed, she uncharacteristically did go out.

She went to the bank and then she came to my grammar school.

I remember it was a Wednesday because we had a half day,  
so the public school kids could receive  
religious instruction and the Rosary Society  
could meet in our cafeteria.

Sorry to bombard you with all the Catholic stuff,  
but my mama loved her Rosary.

In fact, she was often mistaken for a nun.

Not the habit wearing type, but the groovy, liberated,  
post-Vatican tube, polyester suit wearing type of nun.

That type of nun.

You know, just that guy.

And my pops love to complain about the long ass sermons.

This is a favorite pastime among grumpy Irish Catholic  
men.

Truth.

Pennyhoo.

I was the teacher's pet.

Yes, that one.

Hermione had nothing on me.

You were raising your hand like,

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do we have homework over the weekend?  
I was out of class running an errand for my teacher,  
and I saw grandma in the cafeteria.  
I waved to her and kept walking.  
I figured she was there for the Rosary Society meeting,  
and I had a very important missive to deliver the principal.  
And I was teacher's pet.  
I had a reputation to uphold, and I was a massive nerd.  
It's Levy-o-sa, not Levy-o-sa.  
I was happy that she decided to join the other purple-haired  
ladies for some stale crumb cake, wheat coffee,  
and a few rounds of Hail Marys.  
Hail Mary.  
Hail.  
By the time I got home from school, she was gone.  
Saddest part, was she died while unlocking her door,  
so we had to call the medical examiner.  
Grandma and I were close.  
I loved her costume jewelry and sleeping at her house  
when my parents went out, which wasn't often,  
since my mom always wore a girdle,  
and it took about a week for her to get in and out of the bad boy.  
I slept in grandma's bed, and I remember  
being fascinated by her extremely sunken eyes.  
You know, same.  
They were literally in the back of her skull,  
and then sink even further when she slept.  
She looked like the Crypt Keeper.  
I was terrified and fascinated, all at the same time.  
You're like, yo, my grandma's eyes was deep.  
I'm crying. Those eyes, though, look at my stew, Nana.  
OK, let's forward to 2001.  
Oh, we should stop laughing.  
Oh, no, it's 2001.  
Oh, right.  
Yeah, that's not good.  
No, that's not a good thing.  
OK, OK.  
You were correct in saying we should stop laughing.  
Yeah.  
Fast forward to 2001.  
It's important to note I never dreamed about grandma  
until the year 2001.

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I live in New York City, and in 2001,  
I was living with Gavin, who was a Brit.  
In the summer of 2001, my dad got very sick with cancer.  
I'm sorry.  
He had his lymph nodes removed, and the surgery really  
took its toll.  
We were all really worried that he might not survive.  
In early September 2001, I dreamt about my grandmother.  
In the dream, my grandmother was lying on the floor  
of an all-white room wrapped in a shroud,  
and my mother was sitting next to her, sobbing.  
In the dream, I approached my mom and grandma.  
I moved the shroud away from my grandma's face,  
and she sat up and let out this horrific wail.  
Her face was so contorted, she looked  
like the painting in the screen.  
Oh, my god.  
I woke up so suddenly that Gavin woke up, too.  
I was upset because I believed my grandma was trying  
to warn me about something awful.  
To my mind, she looked like a banshee,  
which an Irish folklore is a harbinger for death.  
I was just going to say.  
I told Gavin about the dream and said,  
I think it meant that someone was going to die.  
He hugged me and told me that my dad was a tough old buzzard,  
and he would live a long life.  
Oh, Gavin.  
Oh, no.  
And that was such a sweet thing that he was like,  
I'm going to come for you.  
And now I see where this is going.  
On September 11, 2001, Gavin got up early for work  
because he had a meeting.  
His dad was visiting, and he was driving into Manhattan  
with Gavin to catch a bus to Mass.  
Gavin's aunt and uncle lived there.  
He kissed me goodbye and said, see you tonight.  
I fell back to sleep and got up about an hour later.  
At the time we lived in, is it Bayonne?  
Bayonne, I think.  
Bayonne, New Jersey.  
I worked in Midtown, but that day

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I had a court appearance in Brooklyn.  
I got to the World Trade Center  
where Gavin worked around 855.  
I was in the mezzanine under the towers  
and heading toward the subway.  
I heard a loud pop.  
People started running and I had no idea what happened.  
A security guard ran over to me  
and told me to get out of the building now.  
So I ran out and across the street.  
The first tower was on fire  
and there was paper fluttering everywhere.  
I asked a man what happened  
and he said, plane hit the building.  
Oh my God, I tried to call Gavin  
but the cell service had cut.  
I asked the man, you think they'll evacuate  
the second tower?  
I was worried because Gavin worked in the second tower.  
He said, definitely.  
So I decided to hop on the subway and go to court.  
I thought that some untrained pilot like JF Chick Gay Jr.  
had gotten confused and crashed their plane  
by accident into the building.  
That's what we all thought.  
I was a little distorted and took the train.  
Disoriented.  
Sorry, disoriented and took the train  
going in the wrong direction.  
I got off at the next stop and went to the street level.  
I saw all these people running up the street  
away from the towers.  
A woman grabbed my arm and said, run.  
And then I heard a very loud boom.  
A few blocks away, I found a pay phone.  
I wanted to call my office to tell them  
that something happened at the towers  
and I was not gonna make it to court  
as I waited on the line for the phone.  
I heard someone say a second plane hit the second tower.  
Oh my God.  
My knees gave way, someone grabbed me  
and all I could say was he's in the building.

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Completely, oh, you're gonna actually make me cry.  
Completely dazed, I somehow made my way to the office.  
By the time I got to midtown, the buildings had collapsed.  
We were notified in November 2001  
that his remains had been recovered.  
I'm always grateful that grandma visited me  
and tried to warn me.  
You see, Gavin and I usually commuted into the city together,  
but that day he had a 7 a.m. meeting.  
I used to beat myself up  
wishing that I understood my dream better.  
You could never.  
Never.  
If I knew then what I know now,  
I would have tried to get him to stay home  
and commute with me, he would be alive.  
You could have had no way of knowing that.  
There's no way.  
One quick note, Gavin visited a priest in a vision.  
The priest was clairvoyant and often received visitors.  
My cousin was on a religious retreat because church,  
that the clairvoyant priest was running.  
During the retreat, he grabbed my cousin and asked her,  
did you lose someone in our national tragedy?  
Whoa.  
My cousin said, yes.  
And he went on to say,  
the person you lost was British  
and talks very fast with a thick accent.  
I had some trouble understanding him.  
And then the priest went on to say,  
he wants her to know that he knows she tried to be strong  
and only cries when she's alone.  
He loves her and he is safe and happy and has Ricky.  
Tell her not to be sad.  
Oh.  
Ricky was his beloved King Charles Spaniel.  
Oh my God.  
Gavin carried a picture of Ricky on his key chain.  
That was the first thing about him  
that let me know he was boyfriend material.  
On a humorous note,  
Gavin had a very thick Northern British accent.



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No one ever understood him.  
I often acted as a translator.  
I proudly say that I am fluent in Cockney English.  
I will be very excited if you share my tale  
about grandma Cassidy as a Banshee.  
You guys are awesome  
and your podcast makes my horrific commute bearable.  
Stay lovably weird, love Bridget.  
Bridget.  
I'm so sorry that you went through that.  
I am so sorry.  
That is horrific.  
We're sending you like the biggest hugs right now.  
Seriously.  
And the fact also that you made most of that hilarious  
up until that point,  
like you completely prepared everybody with like who you are.  
You're a true queen.  
So we-  
Oh, it's time.  
Time to-  
Here's your crown.  
Wow, we're just crowning people today.  
Left and right.  
It's all these queens.  
Oh my God.  
We literally forgot to crown.  
Oh my God.  
We forgot to crown Joseph.  
We didn't crown Joseph.  
Joseph.  
Joseph.  
King shit.  
Boop.  
Yours goes.  
Boop.  
Boop.  
Yeah, right?  
Exactly.  
That's what yours does.  
Everybody gets crowned.  
Ta-da.  
But damn, Bridget.

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That was like beautifully told.  
You and Gavin are beautiful together.  
That picture is like, oh, I love you.  
I love you.  
Break my heart.  
I love you both.  
Oh, I want to give you a hug.  
I do too.  
Music plays.  
All right, well I guess, I think we have time for one more.  
I think so.  
All right, let's see.  
There's a few here.  
So I'm going to see-  
Which one do you think I should do?  
Let's see here.  
Um, I think the subject of a true crime story in another dimension.  
Exactly that one.  
I like it.  
I just happened to see that was like, wait a second.  
All right, hold on.  
You're going to have to vamp for a second.  
Oh my God, guys.  
What is up?  
This is a podcast that I host with my friend, Delana, who needs some help.  
She's actually my sister, just not my friend.  
Some of you think that we, your cousins, some of you think that we,  
your brothers, some of you are wrong.  
Some of you are right.  
We are just two human beings.  
I don't know where else to go.  
Oh man.  
Okay.  
Here we go.  
Never mind any of the America's Next Top Model challenge.  
She went there on miles and out and Jade is like, not good.  
She's incredible and Joni is like, no, Joni's amazing.  
Anyway, yeah, that was good.  
All right.  
So this one's called, I'm a subject of a true crime story in another dimension.  
Please explain.  
Yeah, that's it.  
And it says, you don't have to search.

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Feel free to use my name.

Check the Attach Patefa, check it for an eye-friendly version of the story.

All right.

It says, hello.

I attempted to write.

Oh wait, who's this person?

It's Kayla.

Kayla.

Okay.

I just was like, where's your name?

Hi, Kayla, I attempted to write up a cute alliteration as a salutation,

but honestly, it's 10 a.m. on a Sunday and I'm deep into depression volume two.

This time it's seasonal.

Same.

My only flavor of humor is dark roast.

That's our only favorite humor.

A.K. a little too dark, a little too bitter, and it's pretty easy to get peer pressured into saying you like it.

Any who's, any who's it.

I'm Kayla.

She, her double Libra with an Aries moon, because I know y'all like to know.

Damn, I love you.

Double Libra.

Hi.

Thank you both to, and thank you both and to all the folks behind the scenes for bringing us the ear candy that is known as Morbid podcast.

My best friend, Courtney Capricorn.

Everyone needs a Capricorn bestie.

I like several.

Hi Courtney.

We love a Capricorn.

We do.

Well, they have a small hobby cast that looks at horror media and finds its parallel real life true crime and scary stories.

Oh, that's cool.

It's a lot of work slash stress to create a podcast, but Courtney's and I's friendship was forged in the fire of working as servers at a big restaurant chain and our early and mid twenties and nothing, I mean, nothing will bond two women together like fighting in the trenches of young adulthood.

Well, endless soup, salad and breadsticks at the same time.

You work at the Olive Garden.

You absolutely did.

When you're here, your family, your family, someone you're here, your home.

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Kind of the same thing.

No, but that's what Disney world says to you.

They say, welcome home.

They say, welcome home.

And I say, I don't fucking live here.

That's actually exactly what she said.

Happy to say we are out of the soupy dishes now and more than a decade later, still the best of friends to like, just parm cheese, give you like stress.

It says, you don't have to read this part.

Sometimes there is such a thing as shameful self promotion, but our cast is called Nothing Scariest and it would be just feel amazing to know that y'all know it exists.

Nothing's scarier, nothing's scarier, it's a podcast.

Courtney shared y'all's podcast with me and damn it, if I didn't jump in with two feet and nary a K in the world for what diving into the bottom of more than 300 episodes of true crime consumed at breakneck speed could do to a person.

Just imagine what researching it does to a person.

That was a few months ago and I'm just about caught up now.

Only reason I haven't continued to rapidly devour episodes is that I shared y'all with my husband, Gemini.

Everyone also needs a Gemini life partner, in my opinion.

I was waiting for it.

And now we have to listen to episodes together.

I mean, we could listen separately, but there's a partner rule there, right?

Once a show goes from a my show to an our show, you've entered into a blood pact that can't be broken.

I don't make the rules.

You are absolutely correct.

You are correct.

Thank you so much for all that you do, including delivering stories with a victim first mindset and bringing so much light and dignity to very often horrible and heartbreaking situations.

Thank you so much.

Thank you.

If y'all end up reading this on the cast,

I might not shit myself, but I will have a full on existential crisis in the best way possible as an air sign should.

So dear listeners, if you see a 30 something year old average looking chick millennial completely disassociating while shopping with headphones in, it might just be me experiencing an out of body moment in a serial aisle.

I'll start breathing again in like five minutes.

Don't worry.

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Only one headphone in when you're shopping.

That's right.

I was listening to one of your most recent listener episodes and someone called out for other dimension stories.

Specifically, they mentioned someone retelling the story of them getting trapped in a dream for a lifetime.

When I heard this, I thought, oh, I have one of those saying tight and don't let the bedbugs bite.

As I tell you, I might be the subject of a true crime story in another dimension.

Even since I was ever since I was very little,

I've always had a tense relationship with sleep.

My family has told me one of, and you know what?

I feel like I should update everyone on this because people were like, how is it going?

My youngest sleeps now.

It's crazy.

It's awesome.

Her temperament totally different.

So she sleeps now.

She decided that she was over that whole things.

And we were over in the beginning.

So I'm glad that she joined us.

Ready to join me.

But thank you guys for, there you go.

Knock on that motherfucking wood.

So thank you guys for asking because people have been like, how's that going?

Are you all right?

Yeah.

So I appreciate you guys.

Well, but now you have puppies that don't sleep.

I do.

Now I have those.

But, you know, we've been conditioned for it.

And they fuzzy.

They fuzzy.

My family has told me one of the only ways to get me to sleep was when, when I was a wee-bee-bee was to allow me to lay on my dad's chest for a while and listen to his heartbeat to fall asleep.

That is the purest thing I've ever heard in my goddamn life.

There are a number of photos of me as a little human potato sleeping on my dad's chest, holding him hostage with a tiny mite that can only be wielded by a small, sleep-resistant child in a house

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with two absolutely exhausted parents.  
Wow, I've never related to a sentence more.  
That's adorable.  
By itself, not being able to fall asleep without comfort  
as a kid isn't that odd.  
But as I grew up, sleep and I would still not find the right pattern  
for our relationship.  
As a kid, I was a night owl.  
Sleep just felt lucky if I was attempt.  
It was attempted before 2 a.m.  
Oh, sorry.  
Felt yucky.  
If it was attempted before 2 a.m. at the earliest, honestly, still does.  
Side note, someone sent my parents gift cards and gold stars  
because two of their three children shared a bedroom  
and could not have had more opposite sleep patterns.  
Oh, no.  
Where I am and always will be a night owl to the extreme,  
my younger sister, Avergo, is sunshine itself out  
like a light at dusk and up like the little beam of sunlight  
she was with the rising sun.  
I'm sure y'all can imagine the type of sister fights that  
can break out when the disruption of sleep  
is as constant and unavoidable as tax's death  
and my sister's chipper joy at 6 a.m.  
For real, the fuck.  
Love you, Jen.  
Love you, Jen.  
I was around 4 or 5 when I started sleepwalking for the first time.  
I can half-remember one of the very first dream bleeds I had as a kid.  
I call them dream bleeds because while this one was scary,  
they aren't always scary.  
Sometimes my dreams just leak out and show up in the real world.  
And the first, I love how casual that is.  
They just leak out, you know?  
Just a dream bleed.  
And the first dream bleed, I can recall,  
I had woken up and found that all my stuffed animals  
were staring at me.  
I hate that.  
Every single one in the toy box peeking up at me,  
every toy on the floor rotated to have its little face pointing at me,  
even my chosen bedtime companion, a Care Bear,

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they were all staring at me.  
Now, I was four-ish when this happened,  
so I don't remember much more than the eyes and the fear at this point.  
Oh, my God.  
But at some point, the eyes started blinking  
and my undeveloped brain screamed, run for it!  
I bolted out of the bedroom,  
fish flopped like a salmon running a river over the baby gate,  
covering the entrance to our room and ran for my parents.  
Even as they sent me back to bed,  
I remember the eyes of my stuffed animals still following me.  
Sometimes the dream bleeds are like that,  
and will hang around even after reason has called them out  
for not belonging there.  
That's a terrifying dream bleed.  
I don't like it.  
We move to a new, I also love the term dream bleed,  
and I think it's a great band name.  
Hello Cleveland, we are dream bleed.  
Can we call it?  
Is it yours?  
I'm gonna TM it.  
No, I'm just kidding, I'm just kidding, it's yours.  
You came up with it.  
We moved to a new home when I was five-ish,  
and it was here that the dreams of my village would start happening.  
What?  
In this dream, I would start sleepwalking more and more  
to the point that latches had to be put up high on our screen doors,  
or else I might escape into the night chasing one dream idea or another.  
Oh no.  
Like the time I walked to the back door late late in the night  
to go outside to go swimming in early spring in Michigan  
when we didn't have a pool, or another another evening  
when I decided I needed to go outside and catch the buttons,  
whatever they were.  
I love this.  
Okay, core line.  
Honestly, nothing at this point really seems stranger unique.  
I was a kid with a shit sleep pattern while my brain was developing.  
The rational side of me is very aware that there isn't a lot of facts or  
measurables to pin the idea of me floating off to another dimension on.  
However, I'm not sure what else this could be called.

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When I was six or seven in elementary school,  
but not the upper level yet,  
I started dreaming about my village.  
In my village, I was me internally, my internal monologue,  
my thoughts and feelings and wishes,  
but on the outside, I looked a little different.  
Whenever I went to my village, I would be lucid dreaming.  
Although at six or seven, I didn't know what that was called.  
It felt like I would go to sleep and wake up in a different place and time.  
My first visit to the village was scary.  
I felt like I felt everything like I did when I was in my normal body,  
but the body I was in was just slightly different than mine.  
The skin a little darker, sun kissed, hair a little shorter.  
The one time I saw my village face in a mirror, it didn't look like me.  
Ooh, that's weird. I don't like that.  
I looked like I was a relative of non-dream me,  
but my features were all different.  
Seeing my other face made me so sad  
that I never looked in a mirror again when visiting the village.  
And for a long time,  
if I suspected I might have a dream bleed going on in the real world,  
I'd avoid a mirror until I could have confirmed I was fully awake.  
Interestingly enough,  
this has led me to be able to navigate my house confidently in the dark,  
especially during late night trips, bathroom trips.  
No light means no mirror and chance to see my other face.  
Old habits die hard, I guess.  
Side note, I needed to take a break here for a minute  
because honestly, I missed my village and my friends there,  
and I didn't realize that it would make me this homesick to write about my village.  
But that's not very tough, rational, totally chill boss babe of me,  
so let's get back to it.  
Over the years, from six-ish until I was in my mid-twenties,  
most often when I dreamt, I would go to my village.  
I would still have regular dreams,  
but from six-on in my life,  
I very rarely have a dream where I'm not aware I am dreaming.  
I can choose pretty easily to take control of my dreams if I want to.  
And don't frequently because as an adult,  
I've learned that this is what triggers night terrors and dream bleed, please.  
For almost 20 years of my life, I built a life in my village.  
Whoa.  
That's really fucking cool.



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You have Minecraft in your brain.  
You have the Sims in your brain.  
Yeah, that's the generational difference between us.  
Here's the generational difference.  
You got the Sims.  
I knew my house there, which I shared with other visitors.  
Whoa.  
I knew the neighborhood and the people who worked for the village.  
Did you hire them?  
I say village because it was small in a valley surrounded by trees.  
There were landlines, but no cell phones.  
Even after cell phones were common in the real main world,  
when I visited, I could walk around town with my village friends or by myself.  
I was always around the same age I was in real life,  
and typically had the same ideas I would in the real world.  
That is, nonviolent ones or ideas of theft or destruction.  
Got to hear it.  
One time in my village, I stole something from someone's house.  
Not glad to hear that.  
Being that I was aware I was dreaming, a visitor and a teenager at the time,  
I didn't think anything would come of it.  
That was until the sheriff rolled up and took me to the station.  
He told me I needed to be respectful to the village, even if I was a visitor.  
Ugh.  
He told me that because this village had visitors,  
they had to be even more strict with the laws.  
Otherwise, the people that belonged to the village would be in total chaos.  
What seemed reasonable to me?  
There were the people that lived in this village,  
and they needed the people that visited from the real world to be respectful.  
The sheriff told me that they've had to lock visitors up before  
and even execute them to stop them from harming the village.  
And that he wouldn't want that to happen to me.  
I've had enough.  
And she wrote, fair enough.  
Having the fear of the local law enforcement slammed into me.  
I went back to my regular visits and was respectful to everyone,  
visitors and residents alike.  
You might be wondering at this point, how does it all go wrong?  
Turns out, it all goes wrong pretty spectacularly,  
with a lot of blood, some time served,  
and what I think was my execution.  
Oh my God.

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I should say here, for the sake again of trying to be rational,  
I have a very active imagination, a constant monologue,  
a touch of mental health issues.  
And if you believe my for you page,  
probably some neuro spicy symptoms.  
This is very relatable.  
You know what, same.  
I think you're just an air sign.  
My real life during this time was touched by violence,  
death and the divorce of my parents.  
Honestly, this was good for everyone involved though, you feel me.  
And a number of other consequences for the reckless behavior  
one can develop as they grow up in a world as steady as a house of cards  
during an earthquake.  
It's very possible that just like a dream bleed,  
I had a reality bleed back into my village dimension,  
bringing with it some of the issues I was dealing with back  
in the main timeline.  
I certainly hope so, because I don't think I committed the crime  
they found me guilty of.  
Holy shit.  
One visit to my village in my early 20s, everything would change.  
I woke up, quote unquote, in my room,  
in the cabin at the top of the northern most hill in the valley.  
My village room was covered in plants  
and had far too many windows for someone who typically slept  
in well past sunrise.  
It was beautiful though, and the bed was comfortable.  
Waking up in the village is really the only time  
I can remember waking up feeling rested.  
As a reminder, when I was in the village,  
I could feel everything like I do when I was in the real world.  
I could hold my breath, swimming with friends in the nearby river,  
gravity applied, and I could feel my feet hitting the earth.  
This place was either real or the most realistic dream to ever occur.  
This is crazy.  
I am fascinated by this.  
But like in the best way.  
On this particular day, I put, oh my God, is that you?  
That scared the shit out of me.  
That scared me too.  
Sorry, everybody, that's my phone.  
I thought I turned it on silent.

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I think I turned it on to show everybody my text phone.  
Oh my goodness.  
I apologize.  
Crazy girl.  
I wanted to show everybody my pinhead text phone.  
So yeah, on this particular day, I put on my brown hiking boots  
and walked out my bedroom door in a hurry.  
When I got to the hall, there weren't  
any other visitors there, which was a little odd,  
but wasn't any cause for concern.  
I walked down the flight of stairs  
that led right to the front door and out into the day.  
Everything was silent.  
No birds, no people walking on the street, no bugs in the air,  
no one mowing the lawn, nothing.  
I remember feeling very, very unsettled.  
I'd been scared in the village before, but nothing like this.  
I decided to go to the neighbor's house  
to see if they were home.  
I wish I would have gone back to my village room  
and watered my plants.  
Maybe then I'd still be allowed back.  
Oh my God.  
I want to my, this is just like fascinating to me.  
I went to my neighbor's house, a lovely woman  
and her husband lived there with their dogs.  
I never remember exactly how many.  
The door was unlocked and I was very,  
and I very stupidly let myself in.  
When I walked into the house,  
all was similarly silent as the world was outside.  
My fear grew, but with it, something different.  
Now, like I said, when I was here,  
my feelings were my feelings.  
I controlled my actions.  
It was me, but just then,  
walking into the silent house of my kind neighbors  
who had been there since I first visited as a child,  
I felt rage.  
Rage like I had not felt before in my real life  
or in my village life.  
It was compelling and soon I felt like it was controlling me.  
As I walked further into the house down the long hall

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that was characteristic of all the homes in the village,  
regardless of their design style,  
my boots started slipping and something on the floor.  
Oh no.

Trigger warning for gore and implied violence, y'all.  
I walked into the living room  
and saw everything that had been splattered in blood.  
Spray up the ceiling and the walls and puddles on the floor.  
The rage I had been feeling took over them.

It was my body and my village,  
and I was no longer in control.  
I started smashing photos on the walls,  
turning over furniture, throwing things out of cabinets.  
I remember running up the stairs  
and in and out of the bedrooms,  
covering any mirrors with whatever I could find  
before destroying the rest of the rooms.

A few things to note here.  
I never and very thankfully saw the bodies  
of my dream neighbors, just blood.  
And I had never before this visit not been in control  
of my dream body here at the village, never.  
After the destruction of the house,  
a number of villagers arrived at the front door.  
I'm not sure how they got there  
or how everyone knew to come, but they were there.  
And suddenly I was in control again.  
Fear took over and I bolted into the woods.  
I felt like I was running for my life,  
which was silly because I knew I was dreaming, right?  
Eventually the villagers caught me  
and arrested me for the absolutely heinous murder  
of my friendly dream neighbors.

For the next two years,  
anytime I would dream about the village,  
which was becoming more and more rare,  
I would be in a cell jailed  
and awaiting trial for the murders I swore I didn't commit.  
What the fuck?

My visitor friends would visit me in jail  
and tell me of all the things  
that they were doing to try to get me out.  
Eventually they would stop showing up.

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This story is already very long,  
but in the interest of brevity,  
I'll jump to the last time.  
I remember going to the village,  
which was now really my cell.  
I woke up.  
This time in prison,  
I'd been convicted while I was in the real world, it seemed.  
I sat up over the side of my uncomfortable bed  
and looked around the room.  
No one knows it all here in the prison,  
but they did give me a paper and a pen to write with.  
I was doodling,  
thinking about what I had to do  
in the real main world at work tomorrow  
when the sheriff came in.  
He sat down and told me my last appeal didn't go through,  
that I would be executed the next day  
and that he wanted to come down to talk to me about it.  
As a reminder,  
I'd been visiting the village as a prisoner for years now  
and had several times been told  
there was nothing they could do.  
If I was guilty, the price was execution.  
At this point in my life,  
sadly, my other dimension dream village  
had become really boring way to pass my sleeping hours.  
I had lucidity, but no freedom.  
This is so wild.  
This is, I feel like you need to write a book about this.  
Truly, I remember the sheriff telling me he was sad for me  
and that he'd miss me.  
The only things I recall from the case  
was that they had my dream boots, boot prints in the blood.  
I'd been found on scene as a visitor.  
I had no alibi  
and there were no other visitors at that time.  
The case was open and shut.  
The rules as I was warned years before  
would be enforced one way or another.  
I told sheriff that I would miss him and the village.  
I told him about the controlling rage and he nodded  
as if this had happened to others before.

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I woke up to my alarm for work  
before I got to say a proper goodbye,  
but I made sure the sheriff knew I knew it wasn't his fault.  
I might not be back.  
And I never got to go back.  
I have memories of the village,  
of my neighbors, my plants and my adventures.  
I wonder sometimes if I'll ever run into another visitor  
in my, to my village in the real world.  
Not sure how they would recognize me,  
but I like to think we could prove to one another  
that this place exists.  
Maybe I shouldn't call this world the real world though,  
because the village was very real to me.  
This would be just the one I'm tethered to  
and would come back to.  
I like the life I've built here too,  
but man, do I miss my village.  
Nowadays, I choose to not take control of my dreams.  
If I ever have a dream bleed,  
my safety net is asking my husband if I'm awake or not.  
Thankfully, he never uses this vulnerability to mess with me  
and quickly lets me know if I'm in the real world  
or still dreaming.  
There are many, many ways to write off my experience  
as a dream world escape  
and truly not another dimension.  
I entertain this and some of the other theories  
that have cropped up to explain my village  
to me over the years.  
As much as I entertain possibilities,  
my heart knows that this place exists out there.  
I feel homesick for my village and my friends there  
and wish deeply that I could find a way  
to clear dream me's name  
or bring me back to life on that side.  
But hopefully, if a true crime podcast exists  
in the village now,  
my case can at least be a tantalizing story  
of a possible wrong conviction  
or used to warn visitors to go back to their room  
if they arrive in the village to a strange silence.  
I hope the fate of my dream meet,

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I hope the fate of dream me at the village  
is a hotly contested controversy  
that the village folks still chat about to this day.  
I hope the sheriff that warned me  
never felt guilt about the outcome  
and that any family of my dream neighbors  
feel they did to get justice  
if it means they'll be at peace.  
Lastly, I hope you've enjoyed my story  
and if you ever find yourself waking up  
in a small village in a beautiful valley,  
you take a walk up the northernmost hill  
to the large cabin on top.  
While you're there, please water my plants for me.  
I don't think they've had a drink in a while.  
Sending love, Kayla.  
That was-  
I just got full chills.  
Absolutely captivating.  
I'm not kidding, Kayla.  
Write a book.  
Write a book.  
I will read it. Make a show out of that.  
Make a TV out of that.  
I'll back you up that that is your fucking story.  
If anybody tries to steal it, I will literally go crazy.  
Motherfucking Kayla TM.  
Kayla TM, that is-  
That's one of the most captivating stories  
that we've ever gotten on this podcast.  
And when you just ended that,  
with if you ever wake up in a small village in a valley,  
walk up the northernmost hill to a small little cottage-  
Nope, nope, nope, it's large.  
A large cottage, excuse me.  
You water those fucking plants.  
Cause I don't think they've had a drink in a while.  
Beyond words.  
Like that is the most haunting shit I have ever heard.  
I believe your village exists.  
It does.  
I've never heard anything like that before.  
Guys, I can't wait to go to sleep tonight.

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Holy shit.

I've never heard anything like that before.

Never in my GD life have I heard something like that before.

We got in there.

But I will have dreams that,

like do you ever have a dream that you know you've had before?

Yeah.

Yeah, like-

I have had that before.

I wonder if that's like a,

like a, you know what I mean?

Fuck the village.

It's like that game, Second Life.

Lost me there.

It's like literally, I only know of it

because they had like an office plot line about it.

But it's like a real game called Second Life.

And it's like basically a Sims kind of thing.

But you make like a whole life.

And it's like, that's what your village was.

That is what your village was.

That, I'm like-

Wow.

That was the perfect one to end on.

I'm just shook by that.

Wow.

Truly.

Wowie-kazowie-killla.

All right.

Damn guys, it's time for us to go to sleep.

Holy shit.

So thanks for those listener tales because-

Yes.

Damn.

You just rocked us.

Yeah, I don't have words left.

So I'm just going to say the usual,

thank you for listening and we hope you keep listening.

And we hope you keep it weird.

Just as weird as Kayla.

Yeah, keep it that weird.

Just as weird as Kayla with a C.

That's awesome.



**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 446: Listener Tales 72: Dream, Astral Projections & Alternate Dimensions**

Damn.

Shit.

Oh my God, Kayla, we forgot to give you your crown.

Are you ready?

Oh, boop.

Bling.

Daaah.

Daaah.

Daaah.

Daaah.

Daaah.

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