

4	15/21:30	ABDOMEN
9	08/10:30	ABDOMEN
109	01/00:20	ABDOMEN
109	01/01:40	ABDOMEN
109	01/02:45	ABDOMEN
109	01/03:15	ABDOMEN
109	01/23:45	ABDOMEN
109	05/17:00	ABDOMEN
109	05/17:00	ABDOMEN
109	05/17:45	ABDOMEN
109	05/19:45	ABDOMEN
109	22/14:50	ABDOMEN
109	22/22:20	ABDOMEN
109	23/3:00	ABDOMEN
1	01/14:00	BACK
1	01/14:07	BACK
1	01/14:11	BACK
1	01/14:20	BACK
1	01/14:28	BACK
1	01/14:40	BACK
1	01/15:14	BACK
1	01/15:17	BACK
1	03/14:03	BACK

1	03/14:04	BACK
1	05/15:01	BACK
1	05/15:02	BACK
1	05/15:10	BACK
1	07/12:05	BACK
3	04/15:25	BACK
4	03/07:20	BACK
4	08/18:00	BACK
4	20/09:00	BACK
5	02/14:41	BACK
5	03/10:12	BACK
5	03/16:05	BACK
5	04/00:00	BACK
5	04/11:30	BACK
5	04/12:15	BACK
5	04/12:15	BACK
5	04/12:15	BACK
5	04/12:15	BACK
5	04/15:25	BACK
5	05/14:15	BACK
5	06/08:40	BACK
5	08/00:00	BACK
5	08/00:00	BACK
5	12/22:00	BACK
5	15/00:00	BACK
5	23/00:00	BACK

11	01/08:37	BACK
11	01/08:48	BACK
106	02/00:00	BACK
9	08/10:30	BLADDER
10	16/19:00	BLADDER
10	27/15:00	BLADDER
2	04/18:51	CHEST
3	00/00:00	CHEST
3	02/10:00	CHEST
3	03/15:17	CHEST
5	02/11:20	CHEST
5	04/08:00	CHEST
6	12/10:30	CHEST
6	23/00:00	CHEST
7	01/17:20	CHEST
7	01/19:00	CHEST
7	02/09:20	CHEST
7	04/17:40	CHEST
7	10/17:00	CHEST
7	10/17:00	CHEST
7	14/11:00	CHEST
9	08/10:30	CHEST
12	01/08:09	CHEST
12	01/08:11	CHEST
12	01/08:52	CHEST
109	01/22:45	CHEST
109	01/23:20	CHEST
109	01/23:45	CHEST

109	11/5:00	CHEST
109	11/5:15	CHEST
3	13/07:29	CHEST
3	14/20:06	CHEST
9	05/21:00	CHEST
1	03/14:05	COUGH
4	04/09:30	COUGH
4	05/06:30	COUGH
4	07/07:30	COUGH
4	08/18:00	COUGH
4	11/22:30	COUGH
4	12/22:35	COUGH
4	15/12:00	COUGH
4	17/08:00	COUGH
4	19/09:30	COUGH
4	21/10:10	COUGH

COUGH -	01/08:20	COUGH
9	05/13:00	COUGH
1	00/00:00	DREAMS
1	07/12:01	DREAMS
2	02/03:30	DREAMS
2	02/03:30	DREAMS
2	05/08:00	DREAMS
3	00/00:00	DREAMS

3	01/19:55	DREAMS
3	04/07:30	DREAMS
3	05/08:00	DREAMS
3	08/07:12	DREAMS
3	11/08:00	DREAMS
3	13/07:29	DREAMS
3	15/07:30	DREAMS
3	15/07:30	DREAMS
3	17/08:29	DREAMS
3	18/07:35	DREAMS
3	20/07:52	DREAMS
4	00/00:00	DREAMS
4	00/00:00	DREAMS

4	00/00:00	DREAMS
4	00/00:00	DREAMS
4	01/20:30	DREAMS
4	03/07:20	DREAMS
4	05/06:30	DREAMS

4	06/09:00	DREAMS
4	07/07:30	DREAMS
4	07/07:30	DREAMS
4	17/08:00	DREAMS
4	20/09:00	DREAMS

4	31/08:30	DREAMS
5	01/03:00	DREAMS
5	01/12:55	DREAMS
5	01/12:55	DREAMS
5	02/03:45	DREAMS
5	02/03:46	DREAMS
5	02/07:30	DREAMS
5	02/07:30	DREAMS
5	03/01:30	DREAMS
5	03/04:45	DREAMS
5	03/04:46	DREAMS

5	03/04:47	DREAMS
5	04/00:00	DREAMS
5	04/00:00	DREAMS
5	04/07:00	DREAMS
5	06/06:00	DREAMS
5	09/03:00	DREAMS
5	10/04:00	DREAMS
5	15/07:44	DREAMS

5	16/06:00	DREAMS
5	16/08:00	DREAMS
5	20/07:30	DREAMS
5	20/07:30	DREAMS
5	20/07:30	DREAMS
5	20/07:30	DREAMS
5	21/07:45	DREAMS
5	21/07:45	DREAMS
5	21/07:45	DREAMS
5	21/07:45	DREAMS
5	23/00:00	DREAMS
5	23/00:00	DREAMS

5	23/00:00	DREAMS
6	00/00:00	DREAMS
6	05/00:00	DREAMS
6	05/00:00	DREAMS
6	05/00:00	DREAMS
6	05/00:00	DREAMS
6	11/00:00	DREAMS
6	12/10:37	DREAMS
6	14/06:35	DREAMS
6	14/10:07	DREAMS
6	18/07:00	DREAMS
6	23/00:00	DREAMS
7	00/00:00	DREAMS

	7 00/00:00	DREAMS
	7 00/00:00	DREAMS
	7 02/08:30	DREAMS
	7 02/08:30	DREAMS
	7 04/05:30	DREAMS
	7 04/05:30	DREAMS
	7 06/4:50	DREAMS

	7 07/04:30	DREAMS
	7 09/06:30	DREAMS
	7 11/04:50	DREAMS
	7 11/04:50	DREAMS

7	12/06:30	DREAMS
7	12/06:30	DREAMS
7	12/06:30	DREAMS
7	13/05:00	DREAMS
7	15/05:30	DREAMS
7	15/05:31	DREAMS
7	15/5:30	DREAMS

8	00/00:00	DREAMS
8	00/00:00	DREAMS
8	00/00:00	DREAMS
8	00/00:00	DREAMS
8	01/13:00	DREAMS
8	03/08:00	DREAMS
8	03/13:00	DREAMS
8	05/06:00	DREAMS
8	06/04:00	DREAMS

	8 06/04:00	DREAMS
	8 08/08:00	DREAMS
	8 08/8:00	DREAMS
	8 08/8:00	DREAMS
	8 13/09:00	DREAMS
	8 14/07:00	DREAMS
	9 00/00:00	DREAMS
	9 04/06:30	DREAMS

9	04/06:30	DREAMS
9	04/06:30	DREAMS
9	05/13:00	DREAMS
9	18/02:30	DREAMS
9	20/14:00	DREAMS
10	00/00:00	DREAMS
10	01/08:00	DREAMS
10	06/09:30	DREAMS
10	12/07:00	DREAMS
10	13/07:00	DREAMS
10	14/07:00	DREAMS
10	15/00:00	DREAMS

10	15/00:01	DREAMS
10	20/00:01	DREAMS
10	20/00:02	DREAMS
10	20/00:03	DREAMS
11	02/07:00	DREAMS
11	06/07:00	DREAMS
11	15/00:00	DREAMS
11	21/00:00	DREAMS
11	22/00:00	DREAMS
12	21/00:00	DREAMS
12	21/00:00	DREAMS
12	24/00:00	DREAMS
106	00/00:00	DREAMS
106	00/00:00	DREAMS

106	00/00:00	DREAMS
106	04/00:00	DREAMS
106	07/00:00	DREAMS
106	09/00:00	DREAMS
106	18/00:00	DREAMS
107	04/4:00	DREAMS
109	00/00:00	DREAMS
109	08/05:30	DREAMS
109	11/00:00	DREAMS
109	11/5:00	DREAMS

109	17/23:55	DREAMS
109	17/23:55	DREAMS
109	18/04:50	DREAMS
1	01/14:03	EAR
4	14/10:22	EAR
5	13/01:00	EAR
5	13/14:30	EAR
12	01/08:03	EAR
1	09/08:00	EXPECTORATION
1	10/08:00	EXPECTORATION
6	00/00:00	EXPECTORATION
1	01/15:16	EXTREMITIES

1	07/12:07	EXTREMITIES
1	09/06:45	EXTREMITIES
2	01/08:23	EXTREMITIES
2	01/08:25	EXTREMITIES
2	04/18:54	EXTREMITIES
4	08/18:00	EXTREMITIES
4	14/10:22	EXTREMITIES
5	01/12:55	EXTREMITIES
6	14/10:10	EXTREMITIES
7	00/00:00	EXTREMITIES
7	00/00:00	EXTREMITIES
7	01/16:15	EXTREMITIES
7	01/17:20	EXTREMITIES
7	01/19:00	EXTREMITIES
7	01/21:30	EXTREMITIES
9	10/00:00	EXTREMITIES
9	10/10:30	EXTREMITIES
9	10/10:30	EXTREMITIES
9	11/00:00	EXTREMITIES

10	00/00:00	EXTREMITIES
10	00/00:00	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:05	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:13	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:27	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:34	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:35	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:35	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:37	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:42	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:44	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:48	EXTREMITIES
11	01/08:55	EXTREMITIES
11	01/09:02	EXTREMITIES
11	01/09:11	EXTREMITIES
11	12/10:00	EXTREMITIES
11	20/00:00	EXTREMITIES
12	01/08:10	EXTREMITIES
12	01/08:20	EXTREMITIES
12	01/08:44	EXTREMITIES
12	01/08:52	EXTREMITIES
12	05/08:18	EXTREMITIES
12	07/08:00	EXTREMITIES
12	20/00:00	EXTREMITIES
12	20/00:00	EXTREMITIES
12	25/00:00	EXTREMITIES
106	02/00:00	EXTREMITIES
106	04/00:00	EXTREMITIES
108	07/19:00	EXTREMITIES
109	06/13:00	EXTREMITIES
1	01/14:09	EYE
1	05/15:07	EYE
2	02/09:45	EYE
2	04/19:15	EYE
4	00/00:00	EYE
6	00/00:00	EYE

6	02/17:02	EYE
1	05/15:01	FACE
2	01/02:45	FACE
2	01/03:55	FACE
2	01/08:03	FACE
2	01/08:13	FACE
2	01/20:30	FACE
8	01/13:00	FACE
8	02/22:00	FACE
8	03/09:00	FACE
8	15/09:00	FACE
8	20/17:30	FACE
9	08/10:30	FACE
9	08/10:30	FACE
12	01/08:10	FACE
109	01/10:52	FACE
109	07/10:00	FACE
109	10/19:45	FACE
1	13/06:30	FEMALE
3	01/19:53	FEMALE
3	01/19:55	FEMALE
4	04/09:30	FEMALE
4	11/22:30	FEMALE
6	00/00:00	FEMALE
6	23/00:00	FEMALE
8	11/14:00	FEMALE
6	12/10:32	GENERALS
1	01/14:23	GENERALS
1	01/14:57	GENERALS

1	01/14:59	GENERALS
1	08/00:00	GENERALS
2	01/08:29	GENERALS
2	04/18:52	GENERALS
3	00/00:00	GENERALS
3	22/00:00	GENERALS
4	00/00:00	GENERALS
4	00/00:00	GENERALS
4	00/00:00	GENERALS
4	01/21:00	GENERALS
4	04/21:30	GENERALS
4	07/08:45	GENERALS
4	08/18:00	GENERALS
4	08/18:00	GENERALS
4	10/00:00	GENERALS
4	11/22:30	GENERALS
4	14/10:22	GENERALS
4	18/17:00	GENERALS
4	18/17:00	GENERALS
4	22/00:00	GENERALS

4	31/08:30	GENERALS
5	01/12:40	GENERALS
5	01/12:55	GENERALS
5	01/12:55	GENERALS
5	02/14:30	GENERALS
5	04/00:00	GENERALS
5	04/00:00	GENERALS
5	15/00:00	GENERALS
5	30/00:00	GENERALS
5	31/00:00	GENERALS
6	00/00:00	GENERALS
6	00/00:00	GENERALS
6	05/00:00	GENERALS
6	06/10:45	GENERALS
6	11/10:53	GENERALS
6	12/10:28	GENERALS
7	04/05:45	GENERALS
7	12/15:30	GENERALS
7	12/20:30	GENERALS
8	00/00:00	GENERALS
8	00/00:00	GENERALS

8	00/00:00	GENERALS
8	01/13:00	GENERALS
8	05/10:00	GENERALS
8	07/08:00	GENERALS
9	01/10:40	GENERALS
9	01/11:43	GENERALS
9	01/19:30	GENERALS
9	05/07:30	GENERALS
9	11/20:30	GENERALS
11	01/08:25	GENERALS
11	01/08:32	GENERALS
11	01/08:50	GENERALS
11	01/09:12	GENERALS
11	05/07:00	GENERALS
12	01/08:02	GENERALS
12	01/08:14	GENERALS
12	01/08:17	GENERALS
12	01/08:20	GENERALS
12	14/00:00	GENERALS
103	00/00:00	GENERALS
107	04/3:00	GENERALS
107	12/00:00	GENERALS
107	13/00:00	GENERALS
107	14/00:00	GENERALS
107	16/00:00	GENERALS
109	01/10:35	GENERALS

1	01/14:05	HEAD
1	05/15:06	HEAD
1	07/12:00	HEAD
1	07/12:03	HEAD
1	07/12:06	HEAD
2	01/08:15	HEAD
2	01/08:26	HEAD
2	01/08:39	HEAD
2	01/08:41	HEAD
2	01/09:00	HEAD
2	03/08:45	HEAD
2	04/19:07	HEAD
3	06/22:06	HEAD
3	08/07:12	HEAD
4	03/07:20	HEAD
4	04/09:30	HEAD
4	14/08:30	HEAD
4	14/10:22	HEAD
5	04/15:25	HEAD
6	00/00:00	HEAD
6	00/00:00	HEAD
6	01/00:00	HEAD
6	02/17:00	HEAD
6	04/00:00	HEAD
6	05/19:49	HEAD
6	06/19:55	HEAD

6	18/00:00	HEAD
6	23/00:00	HEAD
7	04/17:40	HEAD
7	12/15:30	HEAD
8	11/10:30	HEAD
8	20/15:00	HEAD
9	01/10:40	HEAD
9	01/10:40	HEAD
9	01/10:44	HEAD
9	01/11:43	HEAD
9	12/03:30	HEAD
9	13/05:30	HEAD
9	15/10:40	HEAD
11	01/08:41	HEAD
12	01/08:10	HEAD
107	09/4:00	HEAD
107	10/20:00	HEAD
107	10/6:30	HEAD
107	11/7:00	HEAD
108	01/13:00	HEAD
108	12/14:00	HEAD
9	01/11:03	HEAD
109	01/11:00	HEARING
109	01/11:05	HEARING

5	12/00:00	LARYNX & TRACHE
5	31/00:00	MALE
5	31/00:00	MALE
1	05/15:00	MIND
1	01/14:02	MIND
1	01/14:06	MIND
1	01/14:08	MIND
1	01/14:10	MIND
1	01/14:12	MIND
1	01/14:13	MIND
1	01/14:14	MIND
1	01/14:15	MIND
1	01/14:16	MIND
1	01/14:17	MIND
1	01/14:18	MIND
1	01/14:19	MIND
1	01/14:20	MIND
1	01/14:20	MIND
1	01/14:21	MIND
1	01/14:22	MIND
1	01/14:24	MIND
1	01/14:25	MIND

1	01/14:29	MIND
1	01/14:30	MIND
1	01/14:31	MIND
1	01/14:32	MIND
1	01/14:33	MIND
1	01/14:34	MIND
1	01/14:35	MIND
1	01/14:36	MIND
1	01/14:37	MIND
1	01/14:38	MIND
1	01/14:39	MIND
1	01/14:41	MIND
1	01/14:42	MIND
1	01/14:43	MIND
1	01/14:44	MIND
1	01/14:45	MIND
1	01/14:46	MIND
1	01/14:47	MIND
1	01/14:48	MIND
1	01/14:49	MIND

1	01/14:50	MIND
1	01/14:51	MIND
1	01/14:52	MIND
1	01/14:53	MIND
1	01/14:56	MIND
1	01/15:00	MIND
1	01/15:01	MIND
1	01/15:02	MIND
1	01/15:03	MIND
1	01/15:04	MIND
1	01/15:05	MIND
1	01/15:06	MIND
1	01/15:07	MIND
1	01/15:08	MIND
1	01/15:09	MIND
1	01/15:11	MIND
1	01/15:12	MIND
1	01/15:13	MIND
1	03/14:00	MIND
1	03/14:01	MIND
1	03/14:02	MIND
1	03/14:06	MIND

1	05/15:02	MIND
1	05/15:03	MIND
1	05/15:04	MIND
1	05/15:05	MIND
1	05/15:07	MIND
1	05/15:08	MIND
1	05/15:09	MIND
1	07/12:04	MIND
1	08/00:00	MIND
1	08/19:15	MIND
1	10/08:30	MIND
2	01/01:00	MIND
2	01/03:20	MIND

2	01/03:45	MIND
2	01/08:08	MIND
2	01/08:09	MIND
2	01/08:13	MIND
2	01/08:16	MIND
2	01/08:18	MIND
2	01/08:21	MIND
2	01/08:26	MIND
2	01/08:27	MIND
2	01/08:31	MIND
2	01/08:35	MIND
2	01/08:38	MIND
2	01/08:42	MIND
2	01/08:45	MIND
2	01/12:00	MIND
2	01/12:30	MIND
2	01/13:45	MIND
2	03/09:00	MIND
2	03/09:00	MIND
2	03/09:30	MIND

2	04/09:00	MIND
2	04/09:55	MIND
2	04/18:20	MIND
2	04/18:30	MIND
2	04/18:30	MIND
2	04/18:31	MIND
2	04/18:33	MIND
2	04/18:35	MIND
2	04/18:37	MIND
2	04/18:39	MIND
2	04/18:40	MIND
2	04/18:41	MIND
2	04/18:45	MIND

2	04/18:47	MIND
2	04/18:50	MIND
2	04/18:51	MIND
2	04/18:55	MIND
2	04/19:00	MIND
2	04/19:04	MIND
2	04/19:07	MIND
2	04/19:07	MIND
2	04/19:11	MIND
2	04/19:15	MIND
2	04/19:20	MIND
2	05/11:30	MIND
2	06/20:45	MIND
2	10/08:00	MIND

3	00/00:00	MIND
3	02/10:00	MIND
3	02/23:15	MIND
3	03/15:17	MIND
3	03/18:23	MIND
3	03/18:23	MIND
3	03/20:30	MIND
3	03/20:30	MIND
3	04/15:25	MIND
3	04/18:38	MIND
3	04/19:39	MIND
3	05/11:55	MIND
3	05/21:10	MIND
3	09/09:00	MIND
3	10/08:53	MIND
3	10/14:05	MIND
3	11/08:54	MIND
3	13/07:29	MIND
3	17/08:29	MIND
3	17/24:00	MIND
3	18/23:25	MIND
4	00/00:00	MIND
4	00/00:00	MIND

4	00/00:00	MIND
4	00/00:00	MIND
4	01/08:00	MIND
4	01/22:00	MIND
4	02/10:30	MIND
4	02/19:45	MIND
4	02/21:00	MIND
4	03/14:00	MIND
4	03/18:00	MIND
4	04/10:30	MIND
4	04/15:30	MIND
4	05/06:30	MIND

	4 05/06:55	MIND
	4 07/07:30	MIND
	4 07/08:45	MIND
	4 08/17:30	MIND
	4 09/16:09	MIND
	4 09/16:09	MIND
	4 09/16:09	MIND

4	11/22:30	MIND
4	11/22:30	MIND
4	11/22:30	MIND
4	11/22:30	MIND
4	12/22:35	MIND
4	12/22:35	MIND
4	13/22:30	MIND
4	15/12:00	MIND
4	15/14:00	MIND

4	15/21:30	MIND
4	16/00:00	MIND
4	17/08:00	MIND
4	17/08:00	MIND
4	17/09:00	MIND
4	17/09:00	MIND
4	18/17:00	MIND
4	19/09:30	MIND

4	20/09:00	MIND
4	20/09:00	MIND
4	20/09:00	MIND
4	20/09:00	MIND
4	20/09:00	MIND
4	21/10:10	MIND
4	23/20:00	MIND
4	24/22:00	MIND
4	25/16:00	MIND
4	25/23:00	MIND

4	31/08:30	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/12:55	MIND
5	01/19:50	MIND
5	01/21:30	MIND
5	02/16:31	MIND
5	03/01:45	MIND
5	03/08:50	MIND
5	03/10:49	MIND
5	03/11:30	MIND
5	04/00:00	MIND
5	04/00:00	MIND
5	04/00:00	MIND
5	04/00:00	MIND
5	04/00:00	MIND

5	04/00:00	MIND
5	04/11:50	MIND
5	04/23:00	MIND
5	05/14:20	MIND
5	08/00:00	MIND
5	08/00:00	MIND
5	08/00:00	MIND
5	08/00:00	MIND
5	08/00:00	MIND
5	08/00:00	MIND
5	11/10:00	MIND
5	12/00:00	MIND
5	12/00:00	MIND
5	12/00:00	MIND
5	12/00:00	MIND
5	12/23:00	MIND
5	13/00:44	MIND
5	15/00:00	MIND
5	15/00:00	MIND
5	15/00:10	MIND
5	17/16:00	MIND
5	23/00:00	MIND
5	23/00:00	MIND

5	23/00:00	MIND
5	23/00:00	MIND
5	29/00:00	MIND
5	29/00:00	MIND
5	30/00:00	MIND
5	31/00:00	MIND
5	31/00:00	MIND
5	31/00:00	MIND
5	31/00:00	MIND
5	31/00:00	MIND
5	31/00:00	MIND
5	35/20:08	MIND
5	35/20:09	MIND
5	35/20:10	MIND
5	35/20:11	MIND
5	35/20:12	MIND
5	35/20:13	MIND
5	35/20:14	MIND
5	35/20:15	MIND
5	35/20:16	MIND
5	35/20:17	MIND
5	35/20:18	MIND
5	35/20:19	MIND
5	35/20:20	MIND

5	35/20:20	MIND
5	35/20:21	MIND
5	35/20:22	MIND
5	35/20:23	MIND
5	35/20:24	MIND
5	35/20:25	MIND
5	35/20:26	MIND
5	35/20:27	MIND
5	35/20:28	MIND
5	35/20:29	MIND
5	35/20:30	MIND
5	35/20:31	MIND
5	35/20:32	MIND
5	35/20:33	MIND
5	35/20:34	MIND
5	35/20:35	MIND
5	35/20:36	MIND
5	35/20:37	MIND
6	00/00:00	MIND
6	01/07:50	MIND
6	01/07:50	MIND

6	01/07:55	MIND
6	01/08:00	MIND
6	01/08:00	MIND
6	01/08:05	MIND
6	01/08:05	MIND
6	01/08:20	MIND
6	01/08:20	MIND
6	02/09:10	MIND
6	02/09:10	MIND
6	05/00:00	MIND
6	05/00:00	MIND

[illegible]

[illegible]

6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
6	23/00:00	MIND
7	00/00:00	MIND
7	00/00:00	MIND
7	00/00:00	MIND
7	01/16:00	MIND

7	01/19:00	MIND
7	02/10:00	MIND
7	03/12:30	MIND
7	04/05:30	MIND
7	05/18:52	MIND
7	05/18:58	MIND
7	05/18:59	MIND
7	05/18:59	MIND
7	05/19:00	MIND
7	06/10:30	MIND
7	06/9:00	MIND
7	07/10:45	MIND
7	12/05:30	MIND
7	12/06:30	MIND

7	12/06:31	MIND
7	13/05:00	MIND
7	14/11:00	MIND
7	15/05:32	MIND
7	15/05:33	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND

8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	00/00:00	MIND
8	01/13:00	MIND
8	01/15:00	MIND

8	01/20:00	MIND
8	01/21:00	MIND
8	02/09:00	MIND
8	02/10:00	MIND
8	02/12:00	MIND
8	02/20:00	MIND
8	03/13:00	MIND
8	04/09:30	MIND
8	04/18:00	MIND
8	04/22:00	MIND
8	05/13:00	MIND
8	07/17:00	MIND
8	07/17:00	MIND
8	08/12:00	MIND
8	08/12:00	MIND
8	08/13:00	MIND
8	08/20:00	MIND
8	09/09:00	MIND
8	09/16:00	MIND
8	09/21:00	MIND
8	10/10:00	MIND

8	10/12:30	MIND
8	10/13:00	MIND
8	10/14:00	MIND
8	10/21:00	MIND
8	11/08:00	MIND
8	11/13:00	MIND
8	12/10:00	MIND
8	12/13:00	MIND
8	12/16:00	MIND
8	13/09:00	MIND
8	13/10:00	MIND
8	13/10:00	MIND
8	13/16:30	MIND
8	14/16:00	MIND
8	16/013:00	MIND
8	16/08:00	MIND
8	16/15:40	MIND
8	17/16:00	MIND
8	17/8:08	MIND
8	18/20:00	MIND
8	20/10:30	MIND
8	22/11:00	MIND
9	00/00:00	MIND

[illegible]

	9 05/11:00	MIND
	9 05/13:00	MIND
	9 05/13:00	MIND
	9 05/13:00	MIND
	9 06/00:00	MIND
	9 08/10:30	MIND
	9 08/10:30	MIND
	9 10/08:00	MIND
	9 10/10:30	MIND
	9 10/10:30	MIND
	9 11/18:00	MIND
	9 11/22:30	MIND
	9 12/03:30	MIND
	9 15/10:40	MIND

[illegible]

9	20/14:00	MIND
9	20/14:00	MIND
9	20/14:00	MIND
9	20/14:00	MIND
9	20/14:00	MIND
9	20/14:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	00/00:00	MIND
10	04/20:00	MIND
10	05/22:00	MIND

10	07/21:30	MIND
10	08/16:00	MIND
10	09/18:00	MIND
10	10/18:00	MIND
10	11/15:00	MIND
10	14/22:00	MIND
10	15/17:00	MIND
10	17/19:00	MIND
10	18/15:00	MIND
10	19/15:00	MIND
10	20/15:00	MIND
10	20/22:00	MIND
10	21/22:00	MIND

10	22/15:00	MIND
10	23/11:00	MIND
10	24/15:00	MIND
10	25/17:00	MIND
10	26/20:00	MIND
11	01/08:01	MIND
11	01/08:08	MIND
11	01/08:24	MIND
11	01/08:25	MIND
11	01/08:26	MIND
11	01/08:30	MIND
11	01/08:31	MIND
11	01/08:32	MIND
11	01/08:37	MIND
11	01/08:40	MIND
11	01/08:42	MIND
11	01/08:45	MIND
11	01/08:49	MIND
11	01/08:51	MIND
11	01/08:56	MIND
11	01/08:57	MIND
11	01/08:58	MIND
11	01/08:59	MIND
11	01/09:00	MIND
11	01/09:02	MIND
11	01/09:03	MIND
11	01/09:05	MIND
11	01/09:06	MIND

11	01/09:07	MIND
11	01/09:10	MIND
11	01/09:13	MIND
11	01/10:00	MIND
11	03/10:00	MIND
11	06/07:08	MIND
11	14/00:00	MIND
11	29/00:00	MIND
12	01/08:05	MIND
12	01/08:11	MIND
12	01/08:12	MIND
12	01/08:15	MIND
12	01/08:17	MIND
12	01/08:19	MIND
12	01/08:21	MIND
12	01/08:32	MIND
12	01/08:36	MIND
12	01/08:38	MIND
12	01/08:38	MIND
12	01/08:41	MIND
12	01/08:43	MIND
12	01/08:46	MIND
12	01/08:48	MIND
12	01/08:49	MIND

12	01/08:50	MIND
12	01/08:51	MIND
12	01/08:54	MIND
12	01/09:00	MIND
12	01/09:01	MIND
12	01/09:02	MIND
12	01/09:03	MIND
12	01/09:03	MIND
12	01/09:07	MIND
12	01/09:08	MIND
12	01/09:09	MIND
12	01/09:10	MIND
12	01/09:11	MIND
12	02/17:43	MIND
12	02/17:43	MIND
12	02/17:44	MIND
12	02/17:45	MIND
12	05/08:15	MIND
12	05/08:23	MIND
12	05/08:25	MIND
12	07/08:30	MIND
12	24/00:00	MIND

12	25/00:00	MIND
12	25/00:00	MIND
12	25/00:00	MIND
12	25/00:00	MIND
12	28/00:00	MIND
12	35/00:00	MIND
103	05/21:00	MIND
103	08/22:00	MIND
103	16/21:00	MIND
106	00/00:00	MIND
106	01/08:00	MIND
106	05/00:00	MIND
106	06/00:00	MIND
106	06/00:00	MIND
106	07/00:00	MIND
106	07/00:00	MIND
106	08/00:00	MIND
106	09/00:00	MIND
106	13/00:00	MIND
106	14/00:00	MIND
106	14/00:00	MIND
106	18/00:00	MIND

106	21/00:00	MIND
106	23/00:00	MIND
106	24/00:00	MIND
106	30/00:00	MIND
107	11/20:00	MIND
107	20/17:00	MIND
107	21/18:00	MIND
107	25/00:00	MIND
108	00/00:00	MIND
108	00/00:00	MIND
108	01/00:00	MIND
108	03/13:00	MIND
109	00/00:00	MIND
109	01/10:52	MIND
109	01/11:20	MIND
109	01/11:30	MIND
109	01/21:00	MIND
109	01/23:20	MIND
109	02/00:00	MIND
109	02/09:30	MIND

109	05/9:30	MIND
109	06/09:30	MIND
109	08/14:30	MIND
109	09/19:00	MIND
109	10/9:30	MIND
109	11/22:00	MIND
109	11/22:00	MIND
109	11/5:30	MIND
109	11/7:00	MIND
109	11/9:00	MIND
109	12/5:00	MIND
109	12/9:00	MIND
109	13/15:00	MIND
109	16/8:15	MIND
109	17/13:00	MIND

109	18/05:00	MIND
109	18/05:25	MIND
109	18/23:30	MIND
109	19/23:30	MIND
109	20/04:45	MIND
109	20/14:00	MIND
109	22/10:30	MIND
109	22/13:00	MIND
109	22/14:40	MIND
109	23/15:30	MIND
2	01/08:00	MISC
3	01/19:47	MISC
5	01/12:55	MISC
6	01/07:00	MISC
9	01/10:30	MISC
109	01/10:30	MISC
2	01/08:20	MOUTH

6	00/00:00	MOUTH
6	01/07:45	MOUTH
12	01/08:10	MOUTH
12	01/08:17	MOUTH
1	05/15:06	NECK
2	04/19:07	NECK
5	03/23:45	NECK
7	12/10:30	NECK
8	06/20:30	NECK
8	07/17:00	NECK
8	11/10:30	NECK
8	20/15:00	NECK
8	20/17:30	NECK
8	22/09:00	NECK
12	01/08:03	NECK
12	01/08:56	NECK
1	01/14:54	NOSE
1	01/14:58	NOSE
1	05/15:05	NOSE
2	01/08:27	NOSE
2	01/08:34	NOSE
2	05/12:00	NOSE
2	05/12:30	NOSE
2	06/20:30	NOSE
4	00/00:00	NOSE
4	00/00:00	NOSE
4	00/00:00	NOSE
4	04/09:30	NOSE
4	05/06:30	NOSE

4	08/18:00	NOSE
4	12/22:35	NOSE
4	15/12:00	NOSE
6	01/07:45	NOSE
6	01/07:45	NOSE
8	00/00:00	NOSE
8	00/00:00	NOSE
8	00/00:00	NOSE
8	00/00:00	NOSE
8	00/15:00	NOSE
8	00/00:00	NOSE
8	02/12:00	NOSE
8	03/13:00	NOSE
8	03/21:00	NOSE
8	04/12:00	NOSE
8	05/11:00	NOSE
8	06/21:00	NOSE
8	07/09:00	NOSE
8	07/17:00	NOSE
8	08/9:00	NOSE
8	09/11:00	NOSE
8	13/10:00	NOSE
8	13/16:30	NOSE
8	14/15:30	NOSE
8	17/08:00	NOSE
8	18/20:00	NOSE
8	19/08:00	NOSE
8	20/11:00	NOSE
8	21/08:00	NOSE
8	22/12:00	NOSE

11	12/10:00	NOSE
11	22/00:00	NOSE
11	29/00:00	NOSE
108	08/00:00	NOSE
2	08/13:15	RECTUM
1	01/14:04	RESPIRATION
1	01/14:26	RESPIRATION
1	01/14:27	RESPIRATION
1	01/15:10	RESPIRATION
1	01/15:15	RESPIRATION
1	05/15:04	RESPIRATION
2	04/18:53	RESPIRATION
9	05/06:00	RESPIRATION
12	01/08:12	RESPIRATION
12	01/08:23	RESPIRATION
12	01/08:55	RESPIRATION
12	07/08:30	RESPIRATION
12	35/00:00	RESPIRATION
Prover	Day/Time	Section
6	14/10:05	SKIN
3	18/07:35	SKIN
3	18/23:25	SKIN
4	05/16:30	SKIN
4	31/08:30	SKIN
6	06/19:54	SKIN
6	08/00:00	SKIN
6	18/00:00	SKIN
8	11/10:45	SKIN
11	01/08:45	SKIN
11	01/08:55	SKIN
11	14/00:00	SKIN
12	35/00:00	SKIN
2	01/03:45	SLEEP

4	07/07:30	SLEEP
4	12/22:35	SLEEP
5	03/11:00	SLEEP
5	03/23:45	SLEEP
5	04/00:00	SLEEP
5	04/00:00	SLEEP
6	23/00:00	SLEEP
8	00/00:00	SLEEP
8	00/00:00	SLEEP
8	00/00:00	SLEEP
8	00/00:00	SLEEP
8	02/08:00	SLEEP
8	04/06:00	SLEEP
8	05/06:00	SLEEP
8	21/08:00	SLEEP
9	05/13:00	SLEEP
9	08/10:30	SLEEP
9	08/10:30	SLEEP
11	07/08:00	SLEEP
12	07/08:30	SLEEP

12	10/00:00	SLEEP
12	28/00:00	SLEEP
1	01/15:18	STOMACH
1	05/15:03	STOMACH
2	01/12:30	STOMACH
3	10/11:35	STOMACH
3	10/14:05	STOMACH
3	10/14:05	STOMACH
3	11/08:54	STOMACH
3	13/07:29	STOMACH
3	14/20:06	STOMACH
3	15/09:50	STOMACH
3	17/08:29	STOMACH
3	18/07:35	STOMACH
3	20/07:52	STOMACH
5	07/12:00	STOMACH
5	08/00:00	STOMACH
5	12/00:00	STOMACH
6	02/16:49	STOMACH
6	05/00:00	STOMACH
6	05/10:00	STOMACH
6	11/10:50	STOMACH
6	12/10:29	STOMACH
6	12/10:32	STOMACH
6	14/10:01	STOMACH
7	03/12:53	STOMACH

7	05/18:47	STOMACH
7	05/18:56	STOMACH
7	06/13:15	STOMACH
7	06/14:00	STOMACH
9	08/10:30	STOMACH
9	12/04:00	STOMACH
9	23/00:00	STOMACH
10	01/08:00	STOMACH
10	02/10:39	STOMACH
10	03/10:01	STOMACH
10	11/15:00	STOMACH
11	10/09:00	STOMACH
12	14/00:00	STOMACH
12	35/00:00	STOMACH
107	09/4:00	STOMACH
109	01/10:50	STOMACH
109	18/23:30	STOMACH
109	19/04:00	STOMACH
109	19/6:30	STOMACH
2	08/13:15	STOOL

2	11/10:00	STOOL
5	02/15:15	STOOL
7	05/24:00	STOOL
109	22/14:50	STOOL
109	23/01:00	STOOL
9	06/17:30	TEETH
9	07/06:00	TEETH
9	07/09:00	TEETH
9	07/10:00	TEETH
9	08/10:30	TEETH
9	10/21:00	TEETH
1	01/14:01	THROAT
6	01/08:05	THROAT
7	01/17:20	THROAT
8	03/16:00	THROAT
8	04/08:00	THROAT
8	05/06:00	THROAT
8	06/08:00	THROAT
8	07/11:00	THROAT
8	10/11:00	THROAT
8	11/10:30	THROAT
8	13/10:00	THROAT
8	14/12:00	THROAT
8	14/14:30	THROAT

8	18/02:00	THROAT
8	19/06:00	THROAT
8	20/08:00	THROAT
8	20/15:00	THROAT
8	22/11:00	THROAT
9	05/06:00	THROAT
9	05/13:00	THROAT
9	07/06:00	THROAT
9	16/11:30	THROAT
11	13/00:00	THROAT
11	14/00:00	THROAT
11	15/00:00	THROAT
11	21/00:00	THROAT
12	01/08:00	THROAT
12	01/08:16	THROAT
12	01/08:19	THROAT
12	01/08:36	THROAT
12	01/08:44	THROAT
108	16/16:00	THROAT
2	05/16:15	URINE
6	02/09:10	VERTIGO
1	01/14:55	VERTIGO
2	04/19:18	VERTIGO
8	10/11:30	VERTIGO

Seem to have more twinges of discomfort, here and there in my torso. Slight or intermittent pains in my right breast, like I have had on and off for years, but they are a bit more insistent these days. Around the gall bladder, a slight cramping, a slow, steady cramp, and I want to hold onto it, squeeze it steadily, feels better. Or elsewhere in the intestines, little areas that have a slight sourness to them, or a twinge, a pulling, a twisting. just little feelings. more than usual, it seems. who knows what's happening down there....

The pain in my side a couple days ago was in a very specific spot. Very pinpointed. It was sharp. Not as violent as stabbing. On a scale of 1-10, it was a 6 or 7.

Sharp, tearing pain posterior to ribs on the right at about 6th rib, with vomiting

The pains had subsided, but are returning. Sharp, tearing, burning pains.

The pain and nausea has continued ramping up.

symptoms are definitely resolving. I treat my gallbladder very well.

It is very tender in the liver area - this is taking on more the feel of a gall-bladder attack than a heart attack - definitely having chills - no fever -temp is my typical 97.2 - vomited twice - still very nauseated - hoping this is a proving symptom and will pass - wondering whether to look for a remedy, whether to wake husband - **INTENSE**

Sharp sudden pain. Left hypochondrium extending to epigastrium. Sharp and burning. The suddenness is what makes it feel sharp. Not piercing or cutting - more like sudden stretching or tearing with the burning sensation. Intense but brief

When the pain subsides after having the thought (see above) it leaves more slowly than it started. It is like water draining out of bathtub. Almost as if the pain is being sucked away by something.

I realize that my ribs are sore on the left side. It is close to where I had the pain, but deeper and more posterior. As if the inside surface of my ribs has been abraded, or the covering of my ribs on the inside stretched out of shape. The soreness is touchable at the 8th and 9th intercostal spaces, near chapman's small intestine reflexes. Pressure on my rib cage relieves the discomfort. Mild to moderate discomfort.

Sharp pain. Similar to the pain a few hours ago. This time sharper, more like stabbing pain. Still a sharp stretching sensation. Breathtaking. Made me gasp at onset - very sudden. Slowly diminishing. I said "No!" very sharply, automatically. The pain immediately began to withdraw. It is same sensation as if it is being drawn away or sucked away. Pain recedes more slowly than it comes on.

Our little calico cat is making loud distress calls and has bloody diarrhea. (This is the normally silent cat. Her sister is the chatty one.) After the diarrhea she is desperate to get in my husband's lap. She moves as if in pain and her abdomen is tender to touch with slight distension in the upper right and lower left quadrants.

I have cutting stabbing pains across lower abdomen. Abdomen feels hot and is tender to touch. Nothing relieves - neither doubling over nor bending backward. Feel as if I will have diarrhea but nothing happens. I wonder whether I will have bloody diarrhea like husband and calico cat.

Experiencing sharp pains (more like stretching and tearing than knife-like) in lower abdomen wake me from sleep. I am angry to be disturbed whilst sleeping. I have a busy day tomorrow and I tell the symptom to go away! I have no time for this! Pains subside within a few minutes and settle into a sort of dull pain. Subdued pains are mild enough to allow me to sleep. I am vaguely amused by my choice of descriptors as I write these notes.

Today I'm sore- right side- like the muscles in my back, at the spot of where your lungs are, started on right side- sore. Middle and this side.

Pain in my upper part of my back wants to go away and relax.

I've got so much pain in that spot. Stretching makes it feels better. (Hand gesture: arms apart) Want to stretch. Open up.

A lot of pain in lower neck/shoulders. It wants pressure. Tight. Stiff, achy. It's hard to breathe. Take in a breath, it hits you. It's like worse with movement. Don't move, don't notice it. It does hurt to press on it, but it makes it feel better too. It's like the whole flowing thing- a massage would help move it along.

Back and shoulders - congestion. Like bronchitis and it hurts to cough. Feel it wanting to let go and break up. Hangs

Lower back tightness, it's really low, always stiff. Usually hurts to push, it's moving, flowing.

Pain in neck and upper back is pretty bad. Only when I move it, it hurts. Sitting still, hurts. Hips hurt pretty bad. Especially when I move. Sitting here, hurts too. Gentle movements. Even breathing, I can feel it's hurting.

It's a deep ache in the back. Real deep ache. Hips like that too, but burn also. It feels like lactic acid built up and burning in there. Muscles hurt. I feel like I want to detox my body. Clear it out, get it out.

Better. It's still there, but not as troubling. Not as painful.

Still there. I want to say it's not as bad. It's slightly better. Still pretty there. Sat a lot today. Oh, yeah. It hurts. It doesn't seem as bad right now. Not feeling it. Yesterday I could feel it when I wasn't moving. Not as bad.

Lower back hurts if you push on it. It's acting up.

Moved down my back- mid back than upper back. Achy. Hurts to push, but rubbing pressure feels good. Massage feels better. Hurts to massage, but better to do that. Very concentrated, very solid, very localized. It's in spots, not radiating out. Bruised. Like a deep, deep bruise. Like when you push on a bruise and it hurts, but worse.

Lower back is hurting again. Not horrible, feels a little different. Hips aren't hurting quite as bad. Shifting a little. Hips hurt, lower back hurts.

Neck pain in upper back. Goes down a couple vertebrae. Trapezoids. Tight.

Mild lower back pain, right hand side.

A headache causing specific back symptoms. Now tight almost pain at the back of the neck, down to the tops of the shoulders, and down the back, especially the vertebrae, tight, tight, as if the squeezing started above the top of my head and is working it's way down. gathering pressure and constricting me more and more. something gripping my back, just below the diaphragm. Sharp, acute pain sensors are flaring. Connective tissue is shrinking. get me out of When I stretch, or do yoga, I am particularly noticing a stiffness in the inner thigh muscles and gluts, and the low back and sacrum. So behind and below my low belly. It feels cranky, unwilling to expand, defensive, holding back, resisting. More so than usual.

Right side pains, especially at about kidney height, on down to back of hip. Twinges, pulling, a sour feeling. Some on left as well. Feels more like organ than muscle. Or the connective tissue, the wrapping. Like I am wrapped wrong and my insides are trying to readjust but the crooked, folded over wrapping is resisting and getting in the way. The more I pay attention to these sensations, the more they seem to spread, going up now thru the shoulder on into the neck. But definitely more achy twinging, steady and then a bit more intense if I pay attention to how I am moving, worse with movement, around the right kidney/liver area.

Tense discomfort in the lower back.

Tight back, slightly to the right of the spine, pulsating up the back to just below the neck. Lower back is very tight. Back tightness, as if there were an evil hand clenching the muscles together from the middle of the back. It's hard to stay still.

Worse when I'm sitting there, as I sit and don't move it builds up like I'm going to scream, should stretch, not getting this restlessness out of my body, like an evil hand clenching the muscle in my back

Again, my back is very tight.

Like before, to the right of the spine, constriction like a hand pulling everything together.

Stretching helps.

Worse when I'm sitting there, as I sit and don't move it builds up like I'm going to scream, should stretch, not getting this restlessness out of my body, like an evil hand clenching the muscle in my back.

I experience a sense of evil at night quite active and paranoid.

More tension in back, this time very uncomfortable. Squeezing in the center, or slightly right of center, but very tight, and radiating up to the neck, which is also very tight. Radiating up also to the back of the head, causing headache. The pain is deeper in the back, and moved up to between the shoulder blades. Very deep.

My back is incredibly tight, as if the hand has clenched my back together tighter. It is deeper now, farther into my body. It is painful, pulsating mildly, almost like sending tense energy out from the origin.

Severe back constriction, to the point it feels like breathing is a labor because I have to lift all of the tension in my back. I am having back pain that is really bad, as if an evil hand clenched the back together really tight, the whole deeper sending bad energy out pulsating.

Pain, heavy, laborious, almost like there's just weight in center holding everything together, that constriction in back hold together weighs pulls down to ground feel have move arms apart if stretch arms like if moving arms back and spreading like related if move arms back spread will do something stretch or better, maybe angel or gargoyle like feeling, feel wrong or dark kind of malevolent, imagine the weight as black, black weight not even, uhh, yeah not something imagine good things happening with, weird, dark or evil weight

Again, I have back pain in the middle of the back, slightly to the right. It may be that this is from my imbalance due to my recovery from ACL surgery in my left knee.

Pain in back crazy now, chronic, might be balance out of alignment because I limp all of the time.

I am experiencing a lot of back pain, tight, feel overwhelmed, think all work am sitting there in pain at a regular job not high stress in terms of manual labor crazy... ..a lot of internal back pain, deep same thing as before.

The back of my neck is tired, like it's fatigued. Tired from overuse or something. I want to stretch it.

My neck hurts because I am carrying all this stuff; right at the atlas, wanting to stretch it.

My upper trap on my left side feels torn-when I touch it there are squishy balls of tissue with a gap in the middle. It doesn't hurt, even when I touch it, but I have a lot of concern for it.

On review of systems: I have had a low-grade UTI for two years which flares and recedes. I drink lots of fluids to keep up with it. I have not had a flare since taking the proving substance.

I went for a follow up on an issue with my bladder. I will receive results in two weeks. I feel good about this as I do not sense any issues when I tune into my body.

Today I got some results about my bladder. There is a recurrence of the problem. But it is not serious and can be treated easily. It is interesting to me that Venus which rules the urinary system has been retrograde for the last month and just went direct a few days ago. Venus is tied up possessions, relationships, creativity, and beauty. These are issues that stimulate the lump or ball in my solar plexus. On the one hand I consider myself a spiritual person, yet I seem to be unable to resolve ordinary relations with myself and my Venus energy to a point where I am content and at peace.

Rapid vibration in my chest, in my heart, my heartbeat. A shaking exists at this level.

Cough, some phlegm, about four days before taking proving substance.

Cold is improving, not much coughing last night.

Cold continues to diminish, voice was a bit throaty on long teleclass today.

Oddly prominent feeling of my heart pounding in my chest, while leaning back in my chair.

Sharp pain under right arm.

My chest feels irritated and like I might be coming down with a cough. It is sort of heavy, with an occasional tickle and cough.

The energy is like a warm feeling. Like a powerful sun or something in my chest.

Feeling of breathing cool air in my lungs.

It feels like I'm inhaling exhaust. Reminds me of the time I took the drug acid. The air feels like it's contaminated once it hits my lungs.

Feels like I'm breathing exhaust or poison. My lungs feel enflamed, my tongue, down the back of my throat too. But mostly my lungs and the center of my chest. What is breathing exhaust? Like I'm breathing something bad, something toxic, it's damaging me, it's poison. I don't want to breathe it. I want it to go away. Panic, anxious fear, what is it doing to me. I don't have a choice, I have to breathe.

I started to get that breathing acid feeling in my throat and lungs again.

I want to cut my breasts off. Pain around my chest like I'm being restricted, squeezed. I want to get this bra off, it's making me hurt.

I have had this constant heart burn feeling. It's been going on for the last two days. It's a burning feeling, but almost like being burned from breathing in cold air. It gets worse when I drink water.

Lightning bolts through my chest on the left hand side. Going from top to bottom. Starts at the top of my breast and moves down just under my breast. Pain was unsettling, but only about a 4 out of 10, it is only on the front side, it lasted for one minute. Like a thunderstorm sky around my heart. Is something releasing? Like cramps that let loose after being stuck in the same place for too long? Am I having heart attack symptoms? Is this the remedy? Is it because my lover said he doesn't want to see me?

In restorative yoga earlier, there was no exertion, but I could feel my heartbeat. It was a very strong beat. I felt the pulse of it throughout my whole body. Very noticeable sensation.

Burning sensation in chest.

Frantic feeling, sensation in my chest, a flutter. Like a hot air balloon.

Heat in my lungs, a warming, soothing, but it feels like it's inside. Definitely in the lungs. Also, in the chest wall muscles.

Right side, sharp pains. Nearly constant, but there seems to be times between the pains. Getting worse. Nothing relieves. This is close to where the rush of heat started earlier today.

Pains are continuing to get worse. Very intense. I don't want to worry my husband, but he is going to notice. I wish he would go to bed.

The pain still getting worse, right side, referred pain to neck, nausea with it and sore ribs.

Stabbing pains wake me from sleep at the end of a dream. Extending to right hypogastrium. Sharp and stabbing with a burning, stretchy feeling. Like my heart is being stretched out of shape or as if one of the vessels is getting painfully distended. It is pressure, but going outward, not inward. dyspnea and nausea with it. icy cold sweat. pajamas soaked with sweat. shuddering chills. wish I could vomit, but can't. do not want to be touched or talked to! everybody needs to go away - far away - now! this is scary

Pain from chest extended to right scapula and into throat, making me cough. Throat feels tight and closed.

Breasts have been a bit swollen.

Breasts feel swollen

A sharp pain in my left side. Very local. I felt it underneath my lower ribs, when I put pressure on the ribs, I got relief. It felt like something that might feel worse when taking a deep breath, and I rather gingerly experimented with deep breathing. It had no effect at all, neither making better or worse. In looking at an image of the rib cage, it looks like the pain was in the area of the costal cartilage at ribs 9 and 10. The sharpness of the pain moderated, but I had awareness of it throughout the night. It was gone in the morning. I have no memory of having this pain before. I do not feel like I'm making this one up.

Only had the cough once. That's getting better.

Coughing last night. Just occasional bouts, brief, as if a bit of food were stuck in my throat. Dry. A bit of coughing, then better, then it comes back again. Just enough to be bothersome. And I feel a bit un-human, ejecting invisible toxins into the air, into my partner's face. Repulsive. Offensive. Rude.

Some coughing on getting into bed last night, reading. Not much during the day. Like a speck of something dry stuck in there that I can't dislodge. Pretty minor, but annoying. Like a fleck resting just down at the back of my throat. It never really goes away, there are just lots of times I don't notice it. This morning a bit more mucus in my throat and nose so the cough is sounding more greasy, part of a general head fullness. Each time it is only a two-count cough, usually just once then it abates a bit, sometimes there are two or three two-count coughs in a row, then it abates, totally calm and at peace, that is, until it isn't, and starts up again.

Coughing more last night. A bit wetter, but more frequent for a while. Seems to be worse lying down, worse evening. Still that dry irritation, a little round of coughing then a pause, then needing to cough again. Very irritating, I worry about bothering my beau, keeping him from sleeping or just creeping him out.

Cough feels wetter, greasier, affected by the nasal discharge. It has a fuller sound, lower vibration. Same rhythm of a couple coughs, then Ok, then needing to cough again. Nagging. Irritating. Sometimes even a bit spastic. I can feel that little stuck dry fleck in there, but it is enveloped in some discharge now so is less dry and less irritating. Still worse lying down, in the evening. Worse in bed wanting to fool around. Better in fresh cold open air, actually. And the rest of me feels fine.

Cough is worse, intermittent during the day and more frequent evenings. Rougher, dryer, fuller. A slight scraping feeling at the back of the throat. Mucus from sinus passages. The cough wants to expel, blast out, bunch of junk in there not very interested in moving out. More a sensation of trying to expel. Things seem to be getting caught in my throat more often: bits of bread or other things that change the simple cough to more of a choking, spasmodic reaction to a foreign agent tickling, sticking in the throat. On lying down, going to sleep, the cough seems more frequent, I worry about keeping others awake.

Cough continuing, I am reminded that I had something similar last year. Why is it not going away? Like some sort of allergic reaction, seasonal in some way? It's dry, hiding in the back of my throat, uncontrollable when it wants to come out. Bothersome, nagging, spasmodic, then a pause, then cough, cough, then a pause again. Not retching, but a sort of spasm that I can't control.

I am coughing less frequent since plussing the proving substance but it is still there. Stay tuned...

Finished the plussing of the proving substance for my cough today. It was almost as if, after every spoonful dose, there would be some rising of cough again, then I would be pretty good, not much coughing and more time in between. Food, especially dry food like toast, seems to irritate easily, or things will "go down the wrong pipe". So the cough is definitely lessened, although not disappeared.

Still some coughing, less frequent, much less spasmodic, drier, occasional, doesn't sound "sick" - but it is still there, nagging.

Cough yesterday was pretty non-existent much of the day but then came back, on and off but when on it was uncontrollable, in the afternoon at work and in the evening. It feels like a residual, an irritation in there that pokes at me arbitrarily and if I try to retain it I feel like I will explode. Note: later in the evening, it has not been bad at all, it is quite variable!

Coughing as I talk, it feels like phlegm in airway.

I woke with a cough this morning. It was tight and dry. I felt like I was coming down with flu but it did not last.

Spiders. Lots and lots of big spiders. They were in the house. I can't remember who's house. In different people's houses, but familiar. Spider webs, big spiders in them. Nobody really saw them. You can't always quite see. Oh my god there's another one! A girl was there - she would get a spider in her hair. How can you not see you are running into a spider I didn't want to freak anyone out but protect from spiders. You were in a house that was not taken care of. Old and dusty. I think it's because I was tense about these spiders. Tense. Afraid, but not freaking out. Calm. I need to keep calm so the doesn't freak out. Hide what was really happening. No one could totally see it. Spider in their head. Get rid of it for them. People were interacting, conversing.

Dream was about someone was going to bomb us. I was trying to let...the person that had the bomb, I knew her. (I wish I could remember more details.) "You're with her, oh my god, you're the one with the bomb!?" I had to secretly let everyone know and get everyone else out. I was letting them out with out her knowing. Feeling: This same kind of protecting like with the spiders. Getting them away from the situation.

In my dream, I woke to find the front door unlocked and slightly open. I felt very uneasy. When I asked my housemate, she said her daughter had come by with pie late last night. She looked shocked and more uneasy than me. I tried to offer some encouragement by telling her we are in a good neighborhood, that there are worse places to forget to close and lock the door. She then decided that we should go and check other people's front doors to see how many are unlocked. We put our winter boots and coats on and headed down the neighborhood. She frolicked up to door after door, checking for doors that might be unlocked. It was still dark out, early morning. I encouraged her not to go up to houses that had their lights on. I then became uncomfortable because she was making footprints in all the private walks of these houses, and it felt like she was crossing boundaries. I really wanted to go home and felt to talk her into going home, too. As we walked home, winter turned into an early autumn, morning sunrise, green grass, and leaves on the trees. Upon arrival, we found that our home had actually been broken into while we were away. Though the door had been left unlocked, it appears that the people had broken in through a window. My housemate saw blood on the window. I couldn't see it. There was a feeling that we should be quiet in case they were still in the house, so I stepped out the front door with my phone to call the police. My phone was so slow. I went to the neighbor's house and asked her to call the police for me. My phone was not responding quickly enough. When I went back into my house, it seemed that the only thing missing was a bookshelf and all of its contents, except for what my housemate said, "All the pretty things, they've left only the pretty things." I felt deeply devastated as I considered the contents: legal papers, case notes, a cubby of children's toys I had played with when I was a child

They took the books, my favorites from over the years. Only my favorites! That's all I had kept, and I had been so specific about choosing only the best, the favorites, the most sentimental. And even as I recognized that it was only things, I was feeling such deep devastation about, I could not seem to let it go. I then realized that they'd left my wallet, my money. It felt as if my deepest sadness was for what could not be replaced. I was so sad! Why would they take these things and leave money that was sitting out in the open. I also felt in conflict, a bit remorseful and self-judgmental for these attachments I was not aware I had.

Two dreams or one dream and going to two different ocean beaches. The weather was warm and the sand soft. However, neither beach was for swimming. There were many rocks sticking up above the water, and the waves were rough and sharp in their motions. After going to the beach, a group of us decided to go to a performance at a theatre in a town. I parked on the street, not knowing there was a parking lot. When I was leaving the performance, I went out a different door than I'd come in. To get to my car, I had to cross what looked like a small creek with a bridge, but as I took what looked like a sensible route, I could not cross easily. I was having to balance and climb around walls that dropped off into a rushing body of water that felt more like a lock and dam. There were bridges with ropes holding things together and concrete walls with metal posts I could barely stand on for balance. Halfway into crossing, it felt like a very bad idea, like I should have gone out a different door, but there was no going back. I needed to keep on going. I looked out to what should have been the direction of my car, but I could not see it. It seemed like whatever I was doing, it was not what I thought. I felt like I just needed to persist in the direction I was headed and hope to find my car once I crossed over. It seemed like I was going in the wrong direction though. Still, I kept on going. I woke before an outcome. I felt as if it just kept on going, this climbing and balancing and looking for where I might have been, but I know longer had a sense of things. All focus was on the crossing.

Dreamt I was trying to set a huge table very formally, and it was taking forever because I kept doing it wrong.

Last night I had a dream I set a huge table for the queen, I was doing it wrong, for entertaining or something, it was very frustrating.

Dreamt I was quitting school to work in a car wash with my boyfriend. He was no one I knew in real life.

Dreamt I was on a snowy road or path leading up a mountain. My house was there. I found some guy who needed directions, and I took him to my house. But then I was concerned that he wouldn't find his friends again (who were down below). He seemed clueless so I sort of took care of him even though he was a somewhat unappealing guy. I didn't want him to wander off in the snow and get hypothermia, which seemed not only possible but likely.

Dreamt I had four babies, very well-behaved. Also that I was giving a talk about my life and my dad was there, being supportive. Later my mom picked me up even though the place I was giving the talk was only a few blocks from our house (I was younger, still at home). And she made me pay the \$50 for parking. I was furious and told her I hated her and had always hated her.

Dreamt I was in London shopping in a department store with my business partner, she left at one point without telling me and I got very mad at her. Later, I was at a friend's and repacking all my stuff to go home. I found a wallet with British pounds in it that I had put aside from a previous trip and there were a lot of them -- like over 1000 pounds

Dreamt I was sleeping with a woman, but realized I wasn't really attracted to her or women in general. Also in dream, watched a house across the street get taken down, and talked about the five keys to neuroplasticity in a large group. Had trouble keeping their attention and had to stand on a chair.

Dreamt I was looking at paintings that changed as you changed your view. One went from a cityscape of London to a cityscape of New York.

Sleeping, heard my son's voice say very loudly, "Mom!", which woke me up (he is not staying with me this week).

Dreamt I was working at a newspaper, got on the wrong elevator, ended up not being able to get back to my floor. Also dreamt I was swimming with dolphins in the wild. Very fun, we were swimming in circles around a sort of structure, a research station. They were friendly and let me pet them.

Dreamt about the coaching school I work for. I was on the public "no" list for two different things (not something we actually do) and I confronted the head of staff, who wouldn't tell me why at first but finally told me it was because I was more authentic about my mom since she died, than I had been when she was alive. Strange! So I said, "I quit!". Woke up sort of discombobulated. Later, upon awakening I saw that I had an email in my inbox from my actual contact (a different person) saying it was time to review my contract (not anticipating any issues, but still, odd synchronicity).

Dreamt I was on top floor of a three-story house and had forgotten to lock main door. Cat woke me up and there was a noise, we went downstairs (cat in my arms) and saw door open but two people running away. Locked door. And checked all doors. In my dream I woke up at 11 am and went to visit a friend, who reminded me I was supposed to be training that day (final day of a three-day training). I tried to run home but kept getting distracted. I couldn't figure out what to tell my co-leader. It kept getting later and later. Met a guy on the way home and we decided to go see a show and then I remembered again that I was supposed to be leading a training. We walked around for a while and then he sort of disappeared. Met my best friend from high school who tried to seduce me. Ended up in a strange sort of maze with low ceilings. It came out into a nice lounge area with an orange striped cat, who was very sweet.

A repetitive dream I have about this other apartment in Paris. This time, I see it is being tended by others so I can just come and go, the space relinquished to me whenever I want it. Is there heat for the winter? Taking pictures so I can remember, show others. There are also piles of articles written about me; was I well-known? I could read them and be reminded of who I was, how I got to where I am now. A little kid goes off in the woods: we must watch over him so he doesn't get lost. The far room opens onto wide-open sand dunes, and a river to one side and perhaps under the house, which is built of stone, into the cliff. Young men are climbing the stone wall. Two women are berry picking in the woods. A woman my age, is the one who keeps things moving, hosts the gang of young people that seem to be hanging out here. They leave their things in a corner, or in these cubbyholes when they leave, when I come back to stay there again. The woman reminds me I am honored, a bit of a myth, yet I hardly remember who I was, when I was. Relieved I have a space where I can come, be in my past, be me present, enfolded in the places of my past.

In Mexico again, with my beau this time, so much has changed, trying to recognize things, it's all going by so fast. I hope he is looking, and liking my world. The beach is almost deserted, there is such an open, expansive feel. We happen upon a bookstore, my beau is happy, I find old linens in a drawer, by twos, must have been an older couple. The exchange rate is incredibly in our favor. I go in search of a room for us. The buildings are old, colonial, like in Cuba. Where is the bathroom? Do we want to camp? We'd have to mess with watching over, storying stuff. We'd have to have more stuff. Suddenly, I think of some health concerns. When will I be willing to listen to myself?

The day before the proving is to start. Another repetitive dream, visiting an old love's home where there is a theatre and he is rehearsing a play. Fires keeping us warm, bricks that will hold the heat for a long time. I'm not really one of them, yet entitled to be there. I have a pink bracelet I need to find someone to take off my hands, like passing the flame. People say I will have a hard time, might be stuck with it, but I find a man who is reluctant but agrees to take it. I am elated that I found a solution so easily, when others said it would be really tricky if not impossible.

Made an image card at a Women's gathering. I just chose pictures from magazines, words, textured paper, things that drew me, without trying to figure out why, and assembled them as they wanted to go. So then after the fact I look and try to see what there is. I have been making Image Cards for over 10 years, and this is the first one ever I wrap carefully in brown paper to protect it, as if it is a work of art that requires respect. I send a picture of it to my supervisor, before we start.

Here is what I notice and experience from this Image Card I made last night :some handcrafted paper, white, like clouds, with thick and thin parts more or less transparent. So you can see through some, or deduce that there are layers behind what is apparent. A little strip of paper says: "There are many deep levels." A feeling of being high above, seeing the patterns of the Earth. There is a picture of a falcon, but not flying, sitting, looking sideways, observing. A gondola on wires takes us up into the mountains overlooking a spectacular city surrounded by huge granite outcropping and deep fjords of pure water. a lion carved into stone. He looks sad, dying, suffering. Yet when I first chose that image, he seemed powerful to me. classic, mythic. We just had our cat's one leg amputated last week to save his life. A picture of dawn, or dusk, at Stonehenge. Such anchored energy. Lots of greens, turquoise waters. folded pages as if a book, with "energies of this coming year". just last week I realized my priority for this year is my beau, developing our relationship. we expect to marry this year also. I wanted my priority to be my career, or my community, but honestly, it's my relationship with this man. His last name is "Books." The manila card I glued all these images on says: Men's Voices. The different groupings of words came out of nowhere, for example one sentence was cut out exactly, on the back of what I was originally interested in. The cut out piece fell upside down out of my hand, and there was the perfect phrase! The overall feeling for me, from this Image Card, is of viewing something from a great distance, seeing several different dimensions of reality. letting it arise and manifest, trusting (which was my intention word on starting this Image Card). Some feeling of splitting apart, of different ages co-existing. And there is a green plateau, folded, with angles, in front of a pyramid of sorts. I don't know what that evokes yet.

Horrible dream, an epic, each stage becoming more nightmarish. I am on an organized trip, there is a very handicapped woman coming with, complicated maneuvers to get her in the vehicle, then on the plane, she is sitting to my left, I try to talk with her about having less of a suffering attitude, for the benefit of us all. Then we are all in a sort of auditorium, and these evil people are going to kill a few of us, in front of us all, like a performance with a shocking conclusion. On the stage, two people are attached to ropes, like a clothesline, and then suddenly dropped so they are hung, choked. Is this real, is this actually happening? Then we realize we are all imprisoned, they are moving to the next stage of a detailed plan where we are "complice" and victims, inexorably, no way out, all has been thought through. I figure it out early on, explore the back rooms to see how some of us might escape. I am a bit detached, staying level headed, let's see now, how can I avoid this end. How can I elicit help from some of my fellow innocent victims. I am very calm, slowing down what's happening to give me more time to explore options. They send some of us to clean up the other areas, the kitchen, the back rooms... I feel stunned, I have a splitting headache, what a horrible world, how did I get caught up in it. Evil people, evil deeds, I almost never have such dreams, or see others as evil. In this dream I feel like a participant but one who is a sort of observer, lucid, seeing clearly what's happening but not panicking, looking for loopholes and cautiously moving in a way that will extricate me. my chest feels restrained, suffocative, as if it has been clenched and twisted, held close. I don't want to write any more about this, it is too

My son gets a job working at his childhood best friend's family resort. Menial work, with his old friend the boss, will this work out? For lunch they are on their own but resources seem very tight. One worker is making mayonnaise sandwiches. There is a whole little sub-culture here for him to discover and try to fit in with. I am hopeful but apprehensive. He does not seem afraid, just wary, as well, on his ability to fit in. but game to give it a try, as he really needs a job to save up some money. I feel detached from the whole thing, viewing it at a distance. not mine to play out.

My sister-in-law's daughter is having her first baby. There is some confusion of where to meet, where this is happening. By the time I realize my family is waiting elsewhere, she has had her baby, I know it, know the sex.... But when I rejoin the others, they are still waiting, it hasn't happened yet. Or they have not been informed. But I know. I don't say anything, we wait a while, still nothing, I have to go back to my car and get something. So then I am waiting in a different area. There is a kid there who starts to touch all my stuff, bother me. I try to be nice but he is really irritating me. The mother leaves him alone with me while she goes to get more stuff to put in her car. I am a bit trapped there, irritated, bothered. Suddenly I realize it has been over an hour, surely my family has been informed of the birth by now, I should be there, they will think I don't care. Shall I call my mom? No, I should just be there. I am going to be the bad relative again, when here I have been trying my best. I want to go find their waiting room, but this kid is here and I cannot leave. I am feeling very contrary, very frustrated. The hospital is relatively bare, not many people, not much going on. I have been here before in a previous dream, I recognize the arrival and parking areas. Images of hospitals now mix in my memory as I write this. And why is it that I know this event has happened but everyone else is still uninformed. So I am having to wait for their knowledge to catch up with mine, and it's not my place to inform them. What a waste of time!

I am traveling. A small town by a river, looking for an old-fashioned hotel to stay in, asking around, ending up at the one I first saw. There are couples playing golf on the front yard, barriers to keep the balls from falling in the river. Just a small putting green. It's all couples, you have to be a couple. I am there with my son, or maybe just myself. big old tubs, baths down the hall. I check for the fire escapes, just in case. I am exploring rather than settling in. Scene shifts to an earlier part of the dream was being at friends of my beau's, although he is not there. children, grown children of the friends hanging around. I have some luggage, we are staying for a few days. I keep looking for the right thing to wear, rustling about in my bags. I realize once or twice that I am naked, or topless. However, others don't seem to notice, or react. or do they? I sense I am holding the group back, everyone is ready to go somewhere and I can't find the right clothes. little situational moments of the dream keep repeating themselves, like I am doing as I recount the dream. rummaging in my bags, can't see clearly. oh, am I naked? No, that's not the right thing either. rummaging in my bags. This is odd, my brain wants me to keep repeating, even in this moment of entering the dream in the Excel program for the proving. rummaging through my clothes, can't find what I need, not sure what I am looking for. rummaging through my things. rummaging through my things.

There are all these dreams I am having, this is very unusual, to have them, and to be able to remember them. They don't seem to be skitting away, they aren't eluding me as most dreams do.

I see several houses or cabins, in part emptied, but with lovely Scandinavian architecture built ins, a la Carl Larsson, I just love them. Entering one cabin, we realize there is a man on the floor behind the bed, and he seems to be with a woman. He hides from us and also attempts to protect the identity of the woman. We don't really care, but I want to look at the interior, not rush out apologetically for the intrusion. It is his panic and discomfort that strikes me. What's the big deal?

Gathering up bits of foodstuffs, here and there in fridge, cupboards, for this older lady whom I am accompanying on a trip, she will be in the aisle of an aircraft (how will people get around here, isn't that dangerous, impeding the circulation?). I take a few things for myself as well. People, men, are waiting for me to finish choosing so they can clear everything that's left out of the space. The plastic bag keeps letting items fall out so I have to reach out and get them again, put them back in the bag. sometimes I don't even notice right away when something falls out. in another part of the dream, I am walking through this Asian lady's house, I really like the decorating or architecture and design, not typically Asian but with something of that sparseness and attention to lines. I am looking in a back room, off the kitchen. Maybe I could stay there, it's a small space overall, but totally adequate to her needs. In yet another part of the dream, we are somehow in this large, hanger-like space that I have visited in other dreams. It is like a rehearsal space with lots of items from previous productions along the sides, or hanging from the walls or ceiling. lots of options we could use, it has super tall ceilings, huge spaces, lots of emptiness, and it's all just waiting, available. It is silent, yet full of possible expressions.

Claws, in my hands. Dug into the palm, broken off. I feel no pain, but how will I get them out? Is it like thorns, should I not try to pull them out backwards, but ew! That would be horrible to push them through. I turn my hand over and to my horror see several points of claws coming thus all the way through my hand and out the back. Points of claws emerging from the back of my hand. ... shouldn't it be the reverse, what an odd position my palm must have been in for the claws to penetrate like that. I had really better go to Emergency, they will have to cut them out like fish hooks. It is my left hand, and I am left-handed: won't it be really tender, fragile for a while I bet. I think I am in that state of shock where I don't feel or realize the extent to what is happening. How did they get there? I also wonder, are they bird claws or some animal's paws. I think they are talons, but they are big, really. Very big and solid. I remember the falcon in my Image card from early in the proving.

Very short, concise dream in which I called my friend who I have not talked to since September, and who I have some conflict with. I called and he said that he was just thinking about how sad he was about our relationship. It was an odd dream because usually my dreams are longer, with more epic plots.

A very short dream, usually longer epic, crazy or battle, short and crisp, nothing else, me on the phone that was it.

Last night I called a friend I had not talked to in awhile, last night a guy I liked, was estranged with, had an inside look into family learned a lot, in the dream I remember calling thinking how feeling is sad, guilt, he did not express something, intimate, eerie feeling, called him as he was thinking about how sad, odd

I had a dream that we were trying to organize a research conference, and a woman who we were supposed to trust had sabotaged our organizing work. She seemed to have a shawl on, and I cannot remember ever seeing her face; but I am pretty sure she was evil. I do not know why she sabotaged us, but there seemed to be a deeper purpose to it. I had glimpses of ice caves or caverns, like where you might live if you had to in the frozen tundra and I think that is where we were hosting the conference.

Then, I woke up to go to the bathroom, and saw what I thought was a short female friend, leaning forward over the back of my computer chair (while standing behind it) at my desk and seemingly collapsed onto the back of the chair. She was motionless, and I was only slightly scared, but I almost called out to her to wake her and tell her to go back to bed. Then I turned the light on and it was just my long scarf, and a couple jackets that were making the form I thought I woke up, and don't remember feeling concerned. I was so tired. During the night, I woke up several times, each time having a different dream (four dreams total).

I had a dream that I was in Cuba with my Circle, and we were walking on some world-famous trail that was high above the landscape, with towering cliffs often on either side, overlooking the country. We went along, sometimes nearing the edge and looking down, which was a bit scary for our group. Finally, we went down to a lower part of the trail, and encountered a group of men with guns. I thought they were a gang, like the Salvadoran 18 Street or MS. They told us we could not pass. I said, OK, we'll go around, but there was no other way. Then, the guy told us that "the Hawaiian [referring to my partner] can come through, and bring two others." So she brought me and another friend, and we went with the group to see what was beyond. We entered a dark base completely covered with high trees that allowed no light through. In fact, I saw them as I would with night vision: the trees almost glowed white. Soldiers milled around the base. Some were carrying massive missiles across the main path. Then to the right, in a dark corner, I saw another big missile, seemingly hidden, or quietly lurking there. We walked down the main path, and up to a small group of US Military Generals, who were clearly running the operation. At first I had thought these were a ragtag group of rebels, but when I saw the US Generals there, I knew there was something bigger going on. I don't know why they brought us to see it. Oddly enough, I was not terrified. I felt somewhat calm. The sight of the missiles surprised me, and did irk me a bit, but it was not like I would be in waking reality.

I had a dream that I was in a wheelchair, and lived somewhere in Asia. My Dad was pushing me around, and we were waiting to get on a Maglev (magnet) train. We were quite wealthy, it seemed. At one point, I was in a very run down part of town; I don't know why. Life seemed to revolve around how to live with my disability.

I also had a dream about my old soccer coach, who came back to coach our team again. I was scared of this for some reason. I didn't want him to come back, because he always made me feel uncomfortable, unaccepted. It was almost an ominous sign that he was back.

We were at the Hawai'i airport, which looked nothing like the actual airport, which I've been in many times and my partner and I were offered seats as long as we supervised a disabled passenger. We were lucky because we were flying standby, and we might not have gotten on if we were not offered seats.

I also dreamed that I was in Hawai'i, and there were people from my college soccer program that were there with me. We were at a house, telling funny stories of the past. I was recounting a story, and nobody was laughing. I knew it was a good story, though. But then one of the seniors recounted a story, and everyone laughed. I was upset that people didn't like me, but they seemed to love him.

I had to organize a research conference, there was a woman, sabotaged, took the shawl off, I couldn't see the face, I was sure it was evil I couldn't see the face, I was terrified, if I did see I suppose would sense she was evil, scary, puzzled too, was a deeper purpose, was intentional.

I was scared, of the dark, like something lurking in the shadows, something or someone beyond the material world, being in the dark and alone is really scary almost like stuff everywhere or being, look around like something, look in the mirror a dark hallway think face not that it would come out at me... It's okay light is shelter, dark is unknown and there's light in the hallway close to bed...

I had a dream that I was a wizard, a healer-wizard. I lived in a house in the woods that was known by many animals and humans to be a welcome place to all who brought gifts, sought healing or simply came to meet me. I taught people homeopathy and many of the ways of living in the forests. I fought off evil with my staff. I loved living this way. I had purpose and knew many people, even if I was mostly solitary. There was something urgent that I was dealing with in the dream - some threat of evil or something like that. It was like a certain darkness was coming.

I had a dream that I was a student of a homeopath and teacher. He was teaching theater in the dream, theater of the oppressed specifically, and had four years of students going through a program in it. I brought a bunch of my friends to get advice from him, to ask him a question. When we buzzed into the door to his house (which is also where he hosted the theater classes) my friends were not allowed in. I had to go in and talk with him alone. When I got in, he was teaching and I had to wait to talk with him. He had people like bodyguards around him, who seemed suspicious of me. I felt like I wasn't sure if I was good enough to talk with him. We did talk, though, and I went to leave. On my way out, however, I went into a separate part of the house, and there was this beautiful woman, I think half Korean half white, who looked like a beautiful Okinawan professor I know, but younger. I was entranced by her. She told me she was the heir to this teacher's legacy and estate (which was massive). I talked with her, nervous. I did not think I had chance with her. So I left, and she walked out with me and put her kid (I think she had a young child) in her minivan. It was a strange dream. I woke up next to my partner (now former partner) and felt immediately the pain of our breakup, and wondered why I had this dream about another woman. I don't know what the deal is with this male teacher being in my dream.

I had a dream that I was sleeping in my (former) partner and my room, and a dark human shape appeared in the window. The blinds were closed, so all I saw was the dark silhouette, but I was filled with fear, so I grabbed my partner under the arms and dragged her out of the bed and into the hallway before the person could burst through the window. I tried to scream to warn the others in my house, but all that came out were pathetic mumbles, because I was somehow still in a sleepy stupor. I woke up screaming indecipherably, because I was still half asleep. I grabbed my brother, who was sleeping next to me, and hugged him close. I was terrified, and looked around the room to see if there was anything evil coming. I was so scared. Later in the morning, I was thinking about the dream, and I imagined the same figure shooting me and my partner in our bed from outside of the window. I thought about how we could escape. I was awake, but I almost went back into the dream state. I was scared for us.

I had a dream that I was walking my dog in front of a super store and a security guard came out and asked if I wanted a treat for my dog. I smiled and accepted. Then, he followed us and asked if I wanted another treat. I was more reluctant this time because it was a bagel he was offering. When he gave me the bagel, I became suspicious of him because he was moving very close to me. Finally he asked if I wanted a third treat. He was clearly using this as an excuse to follow us, so I was scared at this point and put my dog behind me. He was very close, and I knew he was going to attack, so I grabbed what looked like his gun and pointed it at him. He was not scared; apparently it was a tranquilizer gun. Before I could shoot, he took out another tranquilizer gun and shot me. I started feeling woozy. I shot him, but as he started to fade, he said to me, "it doesn't matter". He pulled out a massive knife, raised it above his head, and plunged it down into my neck. I froze, believing that this was the end. I woke up and was terrified. My dog was sleeping next to me and I grabbed him. I did not want to look around because I thought there might be someone in the room. It was a horrifying

I had a dream that I was with my old partner, and she would not come back to me, even when we were out in a different world together. It was some kind of adventure, somewhere in a forest.

I had a dream that I was with my old good friend, and she was trying to get very close to me. She tried to cuddle with me during a meeting, tried to kiss me, etc. I was not opposed to this, but I was a bit uncomfortable. We were on a certain leadership retreat, and I had brought a few guy my youth group. I wanted to tell her everything that had happened, but in knew I probably should not. Camp is about rocking the soldiers, about intense experience and challenges. I was not very strict.

I had a dream this morning that in was a part of an underground army that was fighting some evil government. We were a family, living in the forest, eating together with our families, loving each other. We had kids everywhere. Our group was divided into squads, some of whom were supposed to infiltrate the enemy. We always laughed much together at our dinner table. At one point, we thought one of our guys had turned to the enemy, so we confronted him. We had grown up together. He was a bit suspicious, but we were merciful and asked him to tell the truth. He later became the head of the enemy's intelligence operations, but he was a kind and just leader who was on our side. It was like a movie that we were watching as a family (me Mom Dad and Jon). And it was a really good one, uplifting and humanizing.

I had a dream that I was at some camp or university and I was walking with a member of my university's women's soccer team, who was very beautiful, to dinner. We were talking a bit, but we really do not have much in common. So it was awkward, and at one point I stopped to talk to a few people and she walked on. I ran to catch up to her. Then we got to the cafeteria, and since I didn't buy a meal plan I couldn't eat. So I left and did not say goodbye to her. It was like I wanted to talk with her and have a real connection, and have the whole women's team appreciate me as a person. But then, sadly, it seemed like a lost cause so I gave up.

Then I was in some strange, warm place, with beaches. I needed supplies for some big project, and my former partner was with me. I was waiting for some supplies to come on the light rail, and I was going to run on the train, grab the stuff and get off. I might have been doing some big project that was not exactly a good thing. In fact, I think it was a bad

My old soccer coach, the same one that was in a previous dream on day 3, was in the dream, and he was back in some capacity coaching. But he was not the head coach, and it seemed like there might be some power struggle over the coaching position.

Then I was in the van with my mom driving, and we pulled up to a stoplight beside this other van. The two people in there had on big, blue deformed masks. They were very scary looking, like aliens with oversized heads, splotted darker in some places, very rough, and with an uneven surface. It seemed they were just trying to scare us.

I had a dream that I was in some nursing home with a bunch of other people, and mom and I were there but dad and my brother were not. We were looking out the window towards the north when we saw a massive explosion, blinding light, and a huge mushroom cloud. It was a big nuclear bomb. We were terrified; the explosion was expanding, coming closer and closer as we watched. It took a while, but finally it arrived at our building. I do not remember exactly what happened, but I don't think we were harmed very seriously. I think we were more scared of the radiation harm that would come from us being so close, but not close enough to be destroyed during the blast. But since my brother and dad were up in the north, we thought they were dead. I was beside myself with terror and grief.

There was another part of the dream where dad, and I think friend too, were with us at the nursing home, and grandpa was somehow involved. Oddly enough, it was in Hawaii. Anyways, dad and I were driving along highway 65 where it goes between the two lakes. He was telling me about grandpa and how he was dying, how it would be good to go visit him one more time. I was overwhelmed with grief, wanting to see my grandpa again.

It was so vivid, so real, and my feelings of dread and sorrow were so intense that I woke up with them, and even cried out "No!" right as I opened my eyes into consciousness. As I came to, I realized it was a dream and was flooded with relief.

At one point in the dream, I was in the nursing home great hall, and I was standing in front, looking out at the empty seats. I was envisioning our big family together, with grandma and grandpa, all posing for a picture; I was remembering a time when we did that, when we were together. I was filled by nostalgia, by the memories of grandma and grandpa. The bomb had wreaked disaster. The city of Minneapolis was devastated. We were lucky to have been so far south. Reality as we knew it was shattered.

This crazy dream I just had this weird dream being underground army. We had our journey our struggles, our fight, it was cool family, nostalgic, doing something good.

I wanted a real connection, was a lost cause, wanted connection, and wanted soccer team appreciate me, different politics, scared me, crazy had weird feeling wishing to connect but did not share values...

The dream was really vivid, was overwhelmed with sorrow, dread, loss, woke up with these feelings, cried out, "No," as I was coming to consciousness, cried, "No," then realized it was a dream!?

This is a preproving dream with my mother. she was climbing up high on some shelves, I was afraid she would fall. She did fall, but I was able to catch her very effortlessly as if she were a child. I hugged her tightly and felt great love for her. It felt like our hearts were very close and our souls were connecting at a very deep level, beyond the parent-child relationship.

Interesting dream. Dreamt with an actress. She was my friend, she had stolen all of this stuff from Banana Republic. I was proud of her-she rolled it all in a newspaper. Very clever, she's such a good thief. Thought-is it okay? Yes, it is. Because of the cleverness of it. She was talking to them when the police were there about who could have done it. I felt really justified and wanted to give her some sort of prize.

Also was with dad and brothers. His car was going to be flying round, claustrophobic feeling of being stuffed into a little space and I couldn't, I have to be by a door, no ta window. I 'm going to freak out if not by an exit.

Up really high on a ledge. Feeling of "I might fall" at anytime; it felt dangerous. Someone kept climbing over railing to be next to edge. "Oh my god!" Really so scared. Similar to claustrophobic feel. I can't put myself in a dangerous

With my husband. I don't remember what happening. He didn't want me around. I was so hurt. Feeling of misunderstood and accused or just.....he was operating a food stand in the middle of a busy place, I can work with you. I couldn't figure it out, seemed too complicated. I'm not stupid, why is this hard. He left and another lady was there and I said something to her, was rude to her. Could tell she thought I was crazy. Everyone was against me unfairly. Very misunderstood intentions. Right before I went to bed my husband had said his sister walked on eggshells around me. I go out of my way to not do that for her, I try so hard to be perceived one way. This dream may be an expression of that. Makes me so mad, not all me.

Feeling not successful in attempts to do anything. Trying to call to get somewhere, couldn't find number, try look it up, so much effort was required.

Dreamed I was being pursued by an evil force. There was a mask that was enchanted with evil and I was trying to get rid of it, but could not. I felt scared that it would get me. It was a dread, a feeling that it knew more than me and would get me. It is similar to how I feel about becoming ill with this proving. I feel that it is trying to get me.

I just woke up from a very vivid dream. I was sure it was real. I was fired unexpectedly from my job in a very cruel way. The people firing me were tormenting me, making fun of me, and they vandalized my car and stuffed the engine full of rotten banana peels and wrote nasty messages all over it. It was horrible and such a shock. I had not done the things they accused me of, and they were acting so crazy. I tried yelling in my defense, but it was no use. I felt like Alice at the Mad Hatter's tea party. You can't argue with crazy people. The feeling though was just such a sudden, unexpected shock that was happening in such a cruel way. I thought these people cared about me and they were so cruel.

I remembered another dream from last night. I was examining my hair closely in the mirror, and I discovered that I had this really elaborate comb over; that in fact I was bald on the top of my head with just a ring of hair on the sides. It was shocking, as I had no idea. It turned out it was because a meteor had landed on my head and created a crater where no hair could grow, and it was a matter of allowing it to heal, so I felt that it was okay. But the initial feeling was this horrific discovery.

I just woke from a very vivid dream where a stray cat was in my house, and the cat's spirit could take over peoples body and then fight with bad guys, kind of like whet you would see on an episode of a television show called Charmed. mainly it was a fight between a force of good and a force of bad. The cat was good. I was just watching it happen, not really scared, but thinking that good would win. then at the end the bad guy stabbed the lady with the cat in her and I saw the cat spirit come out like a big grey cloud. Then I woke up.

This woman is trying to corrupt the owner of this company. She is scary and she gets in and corrupts. It is so entangled. It is hard to understand.

My dreams fell like I'm unconscious, but I'm processing stuff in my mind. I'm doing real things in my dreams. Working out with someone. Talking to my homeopath about symptoms. Are these things that are going to happen? Is this precognition? I have had precognitive dreams in the past.

Trying to study a snake to see it's behavior. It squirted poison out of it's penis at all the people watching. Some of it got onto my hands and on my face. I was thinking, I have got to get it off. It might poison me. I don't want to accidentally get it into my eyes. I'm so lucky that it didn't get into my eye. I wash it off carefully so no trace is left. Insight: My thought about this dream is that it's about my boy friend. The poison in the penis is about how I get so sore every time we have sex lately. The way his semen will leave red marks on my skin if I don't wash it off right away. It makes me want to stop having sex with him, but I'm afraid of what will happen if I do. Will he leave me? Will he go be with someone else? How would it feel if he did? I would be so devastated...it would be a breaking of our relationship.

In a big hidden house, the inside is mostly finished, but the furniture is in disarray like someone is just moving in. It's beautiful stuff. The house is so interesting, big open spaces inside. And there are two driveway entrances, one from the side and one from the front. But the driveways are like secret pathways. You don't see that you'll end up at the big beautiful house. They look like dead ends until you walk or drive down all the way in. I want to know more about this house, who lives there? Who owns it? The girls working on the interior design inside the house won't tell me who the owner is. Insight: I thought about an old boss who lived in a gated community. Speedboats in the water in the backyard like on Lake Minnetonka. Rich people. I was jealous...how can I make this house be mine? Mostly I thought that I would like to have a house that has secret passageways in it. I have had that feeling before.

In a hotel, had to sneak in, I was wandering through the hotel trying to find somebody, my sister...or anybody that who knew me. There is security everywhere and I'm trying to act like I belong in the hotel. Like it's natural for me to be there. I'm nervous that they're going to catch me and tell me to leave. Insight: This feels like an orphan thing. I want to fit in, but I don't and somehow someone might be able to look at me and say, "Hey, you don't belong here!", and then kick me out.

I'm involved in some conspiracy with the first lady of the United States and if anyone finds out about the conspiracy there will be dire consequences for her. Her security is all around her all the time, but they are not on her side, not there to protect her but to watch her instead. To look for mistakes or find out the details of the thing she's hiding. They say that they want to use poisonous snakes under her bed as a security system. I thought this was ridiculous. Why would you use a poisonous animal that strikes at the slightest movement? She needs to walk around in her bedroom too! What if she sticks her bare foot under the bed and the snake bites her? Then she's dead. Thankfully, the secret service decides that is a bad idea. But somehow the people against the first lady figure out her secret and discover the conspiracy. I leave the white house and they won't let me back in. I don't even try, I just know they won't let me back in and then I see them escorting her out. That's when I know they've found out, the people against her, and they've all decided (her included) to leave quietly to prevent a big story in the press. Insight: I felt left out, kicked out again. I had to figure all this stuff out in the dream. Nobody told me anything, I had to figure it all out based on what I overheard or saw happening. I felt like an outsider. I want to feel connected.

I am at a gas station on a journey by myself, in line to fill up the tank. I have to wait for this couple to finish washing their windshield and windows. They work as a team, each one knowing their part in the everyday task of getting gas. She is talking about the fun they're having. I'm just irritation that they won't hurry up. I'm alone on my journal and I'm not happy about it. I don't want to have to talk to her; to have to make being alone on a trip sound fulfilling and great. I just want to get my gas and leave. I'm irritated, but underneath that is despair; loneliness. Am I ever going to find someone to be with me on my journey?

I'm a bad speller and someone says that means I'm not alive. Like I'm not trying hard enough, so I don't get to consider myself as living. More despair, is this really the way life is? Do I really have to always work so hard for everything?

In a mansion on Summit avenue. I'm saying, "Why did you accept all of this emotional hardship?" Talking to a man who lives there, I am his daughter. It's the James J. Hill house in Saint Paul, Minnesota. The man is the Downtown Abbey Earl. Why did you let this happen to you? Why did you accept this? I'm angry, disappointed. There was some bad secret, a brother marrying a sister or a father marrying a daughter in this family. As part of the history of this family. Everybody knew, but they pretended not to know. I confront him, "Why did you let this happen?" He says, "You just did as you were told. Don't rock the boat." I'm so angry at that. Why are there so many secrets? Why do we live this way? I can't do it. Why can't we all be honest. I can't allow anything to be hidden. No more hidden secrets! It makes my back hurt to think about it. I don't want to deal with this hidden crap anymore.

I am at a college. There is a monkey cut up into pieces in a room where people can look in the windows. People are looking in the windows. I close the blinds. I think, "Have some respect for the dead animal!" It's just sitting on the floor in chunks - no blood. It looks like it was deliberately cut up into chunks for a display piece.

A light in the hallway - I turn it on, but it starts whirring really loud - like its broken, over-electrified. It might break the bulb and hurt someone.

Going to a meeting - there's a lot of kids on campus - they're all going down the escalator. Some of the kids ask me for my autograph.

I'm searching for someone - a head administrator. But he's always in meetings. I keep trying to find him and along the way I find all these other little scenarios that I wrote above.

Feeling: Somebody needs to take care of these details. This is a new school and it needs to be professional. Anxiety - I don't want people to think we don't care about what happens in our school. I start taking responsibility for these things. What if don't do something about these details and nobody else does either? Panic in my chest, right over my heart - feels like clenching. My heart is being squeezed.

Insight: This is a familiar feeling. I have it a lot, the fear of the details; someone needs to make sure all these little details are proper and correct. Or I will judge you. If will think you don't care that I would notice. You didn't think that anyone would notice that you don't care enough to take care of these details. It makes me feel panic. What does this mean? Why are the details so important? Heaviness in my chest over my heart.

I'm in a building, at work and I'm supposed to get on a plane, but I don't want to. So I imagine one crashing into the building I'm in. But I don't want people to get hurt, so I don't actually see the plane crash. I just see all the activity around it. People yelling and crying. I'm on the first floor and I can see people laying on the sidewalk - all wrapped up in blankets. They remind me of my five month old nephew all wrapped up papoose style, looking at me with his big baby eyes. They are looking at me with those eyes too. Now I feel panic - we have to get them. We have to bring them inside before something happens to them. Pieces of the plan might fall on them. I can't find a way out to them. I can just feel them watching me. They can't move by themselves. I just feel panic.

Driving in the car in Owatonna. This woman is in the front seat. She's playing guitar. I ask her to hand it to me and I start playing while I'm trying to drive too. I realize I can't do both without getting into trouble, so I ask her to take the guitar back. I'm worried she might be irritated with me for being indecisive. We keep driving and suddenly there is a policeman. I realize I'm not wearing my seatbelt and I try to put it on. He flips on his lights and I think he's going to come after me. But he turns and goes the other way. There is a traffic jam and tornado sirens going off. I can't tell what's going on. What's wrong? There are little white boxes all over the lawn; is there a bee swarm? Are the bees hurt instead? A herd of animals goes by, a little baby lamb is frolicking along with them I don't understand what's going on. Panic, did I walk into a bad situation? Insight: The feeling underneath my dreams seems to be panic, shock, surprise, fear. I feel terror someone is going to sneak up behind me and get me. I can hear better now with my hearing aides and noises scare my. My reaction to new noises that I can't immediately identify is fear, scared, panic, shock, terror, is it going to get me? Is this why I have bad hearing? Is it that I don't want to hear things because it makes me feel this way?

Insight: The feeling underneath my dreams seems to be panic, shock, surprise, fear. I feel terror someone is going to sneak up behind me and get me. I can hear better now with my hearing aides and noises scare my. My reaction to new noises that I can't immediately identify is fear. scared, panic, shock, terror, is it going to get me? Is this why I have bad hearing? Is it that I don't want to hear things because it makes me feel this way?

I'm in a basement, changing poopy diapers on a black baby. Green watery poop, it's going everywhere. I put her in a bathtub and the water gets green and poopy. She's under the water and I forget that she can't breathe - but when I pick her up, she's okay. I panic when I see that she's under the water and she can't breathe. I can't believe she's okay. I don't want to kiss her because she's been in the green poopy water.

Insight: When I was a little girl - I was probably 6 or 7, we were all at my uncle's house playing in the lake. My cousin was standing in 2.5' of water - and he went under the water and didn't come back up. He was just laying there spread eagle looking up into the sky with his eyes open, just under the surface of the water. I was just watching him, wondering why he didn't stand up. I wasn't scared for him or anything...I was just watching him. And then - from behind me - his mom shrieked and came crashing into the water and grabbed him and he started crying and she yelled at me...he might have drowned!! Why didn't you say something?!? I remember that I started crying and I was scared that she yelled at me. I felt abused by her. It happened so fast that I didn't even have a chance to see that something was wrong. I didn't even know that something was wrong. The panic is from then...it's the same feeling as I felt then. That I need to take every situation and be able to evaluate it for danger...before it is humanly possible to know it. It's impossible panic.

I'm in another basement. There are men around - sitting around a table. One of the men dies - I can't remember why, but he has a pet that he left behind. I clean out the pet poop from the container. I think the pet died too.

There's a big house on the hill. It's surrounded by beautiful valleys and trees - the house is up on top of the hill in a clearing. I live in the basement of the house. Someone else lives upstairs, another girl. The house seems cobbled together - the fixtures look like they were taken out of a school and reused. The upstairs apartment has three stoves and microwaves. It's set up like a teaching kitchen, like a home economics class. I start to wonder if the upstairs apartment might be nicer than mine in the downstairs. I want to know who else lives there. There are all these stairs to get up to the upper apartment and then inside, the upper apartment has stairs that go down to a sitting area. The layout of the house doesn't make sense. Then the girl who lives there and my favorite teachers decide to go on a field trip. They don't invite me. It feels like they don't want me to come. Then I'm in the woods by myself for a walk. All these young kids with punk hair and piercings are playing a role-playing game. They're trying to find this radio signal. I find the gizmo that is sending out the signal and try to give it to them. But they tell me they don't need it - the signal is a relay being sent from another player in the game. It's not important to have the gizmo - it's important to have the signal. I feel like I thought I understood the game - but now I realize that I didn't. They are smiling at me, trying to show me other things about the game, but I just walk away. I'm just by myself. I can't connect to anybody. I'm just sad and lonely.

Insight: I just cry while I'm getting ready for work. I wish I had a mother. I wish I had a home. Home means enveloped with love. Mother means that too. The only person I feel that with is my boyfriend, but he's not exactly right either. It's like he can give me that for a short time, but then it fades. It doesn't stay.

People are swatting us on the backs of our legs with this device. It looks like a metal spring attached to a metal rod. It doesn't hurt, but we're being forced to accept this treatment.

Feeling: I just felt panic when I woke up. What's going to happen next? Everything feels so uncertain to me right now. What's going to happen when I'm gone for three weeks? I'm sad to leave my little niece and nephew. I haven't seen them for two weeks already and I feel like they are drifting away from me. I need to keep in touch with them, but my life is so busy and I've been so preoccupied. With my boyfriend and with this trip. I hope they don't forget that I love them. I hope I don't miss something important. That feeling of panic again.

On a beach - a German shepherd is going up to a hole in the sand to investigate something. A hole in the ground, but the hole in the ground turns out to be some kind of hideous animal. When the dog goes up to sniff the hole, it spits spines right into his face. At first I think the dog's head has been blown off, but then I see it's that his entire face is coated in spines. His handler takes the dog back to this circle and leaves him there to succumb to the poison in the spines. The handler is saying - dumb dogs...they do this every time.

Feeling: I am horrified. The poor dog! I feel panic. Why didn't his handler stop him if he knew the dog would get blasted?

Upon waking: I was thinking about the dream when the situation with my boyfriend rushed back into my consciousness. I'm leaving today. He sent me more messages last night. I feel so worn out, defeated. I can't win this war with him. I want to see him, but it feels like destruction to try and do it.

Word: I woke up with this word on my mind....amylase pectin!?

I had dream about problem with farm equipment, best friend was there. Problem did not get resolved. Blue-gray color. Was related to my work in summer. The fact that my husband is not in a lot of dreams. My dreams for years were traveling dreams, they always had a gloomy feel to them, now the atmosphere is more sunny. I am trying to make note of that compared to before.

I was leisurely in a river with my best friend. We got to a part of river with no other people. Feeling of dream was not intense. It was a natural setting. The water quality of the river was typical of Southeastern Minnesota where it has a lot of sediment in it and it is not clear, but not real muddy. It definitely was a natural setting outdoors with some trees bordering the river. The flow of the water was somewhat strong, but not too much - it was maybe 3' deep.

Dream One. I am in an artificial river (like a waterpark) going along river (has great volume of water) on tubes or something with my son and daughter - they're not super close by me. Water quality was kind of like a swimming pool. The water was moving at a normal pace at first then a change occurred and water was rushing super fast like maybe 20 MPH almost like a tsunami coming to shore. There is not a lot of turbulence like rapids, but like big ocean waves where there are big dips and ups. I try to look back at my kids, but it is hard to see them with the dips. They do get splashed with water and covered and it's hard to know if they recovered and were able to get on top of water again. Soon we came to the end like getting swept up on shore. My son was okay, but I can't remember if my daughter was? Once on shore I realized I was naked and looked at another person and thought she was naked and commented that I'm not the only one then said she's not naked so then I made way to enter water again to hide my nudity and to find my kids. I wasn't real embarrassed about the nakedness though. I wasn't totally panicked about my kids, but was concerned. I notice about many of my dreams that my husband is in very few of them. The colors in the dreams were not significant, maybe dull blues, somewhat dim. Not a natural outdoor environment. I am totally thrilled that I remember two dreams this morning in detail and there is a meaning (to me) of both of them. I have a very hard time remembering dreams so this is a success. I can't help but analyze that this is the second dream about a river. I have no past memories about river dreams. I have past memories of roller-coaster dreams, traveling dreams (but very grey and gloomy), and escalator dreams.

I'm in the business shop of my best friend. His girlfriend is there and she's not overweight like she is in real life, like he told me. She is cute and lively. The only negative physical feature on her is a large patch of rashy skin on her upper back side of leg going into her butt area. She asked if I like to cuddle and I immediately thought she meant she knew I was cuddling with her boyfriend, but she didn't. She meant that she wanted to cuddle with me. My best friend was there and he took off all his clothes and got into a bed there and wanted to cuddle with his real girlfriend and acted like everything was great with her and was real sweet to her. I started to tear up and tears were running down my face and surprisingly my best friend did not react or respond to that even though I was sure he saw me because he is very observant and mindful. He just asked his real girlfriend to cuddle and was into her. I grabbed my huge bag and left and looked for my van that I couldn't find. It was a gray, winter day with snow plowed to edges of roads. I couldn't find van. I broke down sobbing in front of a stranger who watched me. Sobbing hard. I was heartbroken. They were not what I thought (best friend and his girlfriend). He didn't console me like I'd think he'd do in real life. End. I think I was actually crying in my sleep. I think of my husband as terrible at consoling and not responsive to me being upset. Since I don't like hearing long dreams you must not like it either. I imagine you rolling your eyes thinking "I don't want to read all this crap." Oh well.

Unusual that I can remember details from dreams. So I was so happy about that.

I had a dream that I was in a class, like setting for homeopathy academy on like the 20th floor in a city trying to answer a question from a caller. The caller wanted a Homeopathic Practitioner in New York City, I feared it was illegal in New York City, but then discovered it was legal. It was hard to hear the caller because of all the other strangers in the room all of a sudden.

What was the feeling in the dream on day 2? Confusing like working on a problem but there is chaos because there is interruption. I was worried but then it was okay. Feeling after awakening? Recorded it but more about analyzing it. I felt frustrated and worried that something got damaged by my son because he was not being supervised by others. I felt a lack of trust for others. I think daughter got hurt, but not sure. After I woke up no particular emotion. I feel a dream is reading a story. What is significant in this dream to you? That he wasn't supervised. Maybe I was a little mad. How could this happen!? I was not the one in charge, I usually am.

I was at someone else's house and stained a shirt and tried to get the stain out without them noticing. Then realized the shirt wasn't so important. Significant? Feeling of worry I damaged something and then the relief that it didn't matter that much.

River dream. Enjoyed flowing through shallow, clear part of river, but then it rushed and I got scared I was out of control. Then the rush ended quickly and I was able to stand up. At first I feared I could not get back to where I started, but then I was able to and that was good. Significant? I was doing something enjoyable in a dream, generally not about having fun.

I had a short dream, on a square floating thing in the ocean swells. That's it. No strong feeling or meaning to me other than it interests me that I am having dreams being in water. So could I say curiosity is my feeling.

This is embarrassing (meaning concerned about how people are judging my thoughts), but I had a dream that one of the gay men whose wedding reception I was just at what trying to have sex with me, but then was impotent at the crucial moment. I physically wanted to have sex, but was emotionally relieved that it didn't happen because it could hurt people emotionally.

In dream I was calling best friend on the phone when I was in a beautiful outdoor location and told him how nice it was. He cried, being sad it could never happen for real to be together in a place like that. I felt sorry to have brought up this topic which made him feel sad (sad because he could never be there with me in a place like that, we can never be together out in nature).

I dream of exploring or traveling with kids. Got to a fanciful bay area location, the feeling of the place was quite fanciful like in a cool Japanese animation, the colors and texture. Atmosphere was somewhat kid-like with cool visual. In dream someone got left behind and I wanted to go back and get him, but couldn't even though I was in this neat place. There was this need to go back and I couldn't do it. When I think back of this dream I tear up making a connection that the person left behind is my best friend. I feel sad and want to cry. I am thinking I don't have that person with me and feel empty, lonely and I can't go back to get the person.

A dream of frustration of being interrupted and not being able to tell a true story to my classmates outside at night, and there was a concrete structure in the way (I couldn't keep my dad's attention because he kept moving). The whole dream I'm telling my classmates my grandfather's rags-to-riches story. My father is there too, but he kept trying to leave which was interrupting me and I couldn't finish telling the story. It was outside and dark and we were standing somewhat in a circle, but there was a large concrete structure, like a bridge, in the middle which interfered with seeing each other and telling the story. My father was kind of hiding behind this bridge-like structure. He was still angry about his childhood with his dad. I had to stop to get his attention. I was frustrated trying to finish the story, waiting for my father to get back. I never finished the story. Unusual for my Dad to be in my dreams since we have not been in contact for many years. He might have been a representation of my husband since he does not listen or hear my story. The concrete barrier is about social norms or rules and it is in the way of the communication between me and my dad or someone I feel does not understand me. I felt there was an obstacle in the way of me telling my story and my dad who tried to get away from me not wanting to hear the story. Upon awakening my feeling is sadness and not being able to communicate to important people my husband, mother.

The proving substance arrived Tuesday. That night I had the following dream, I am at an event of some kind, a wedding I think my daughter's wedding? Or my sister's wedding? I am helping get ready for it, then realize I am not ready myself, that I must go to where we're staying, to change clothes. As I am on my way, I realize I have nothing appropriate to wear. There was something about a navy blue, plain dress; I don't know if that is what I had and deemed it unsuitable or if it was something I had wished I'd brought along. I get to the apartment or hotel (I do not know which?) and someone is in there; the owner or landlord, or someone like that, is fixing something. He is not inclined to leave, and this is irritating to me. I keep losing and then regaining my focus on the need to get ready for the wedding, but every time I remember about the wedding I am totally frustrated, as I have nothing appropriate to wear and it seems like there is nothing I can do about it. I wake up. I think the dominant feeling in the dream is that of being at a loss, with no ability to solve my problem. And then the weird sort of in and out of the awareness of the need to

I think these scenes images were all part of the same dream in one I'm working in a bar or a restaurant (I think it is somewhere in South Minneapolis in the area of Lake Street and the Mississippi River.) There is a big square room with lots of windows. No customers. One of the wait staff is gone on vacation. The boss or manager decides to close early and we are going to celebrate. I think he breaks out some champagne. (This is all just so jumbled and I cannot articulate it.) If any feeling, one of surprise and pleasure at closing early.

Another scene, same dreaming as above: I am in a canoe with other people in a creek or stream that seems like the Columbia River Gorge, though we're not in a river. We are canoeing along and see another stream (a tributary?). It is very dark and lush and beautiful. We are drawn that way and decide to explore it, even though I say something about it's most prudent or safe to stick to known routes -- but I am drawn to exploring the unknown route as well. The new stream begins to go almost straight up hill. We turn around. Feeling: apprehension at going into the unknown. Awe at the beauty of the surroundings. Oddly, the stream going uphill didn't seem strange in the dream, just a bit to difficult to navigate.

Another scene, same dreaming as above: Back on Lake Street in South Minneapolis. There has been some kind of accident or event (a bomb explosion?) that has closed the street I need to go on to get where I'm going. The street (seems like Lake Street) is torn up but in an orderly way as if under construction. Construction vehicles around, but no one, not even bikes, can get through. I am on a bike. I am looking around to figure out another route. I see a kind of open field where other bikers are going and I follow them. Feeling: if any feeling, it seems like being in a kind of problem-solving mode.

I woke at 6:00 this morning, then returned to sleep and had three dreams. All three dreams seems like part of the same dream. I don't usually remember dreams enough to write them down.

Remembered fragment of much longer, complicated dream: my sister tells me I have bad breath. Really bad breath. It knocks you out from a couple feet away. She says it in a very matter-of-fact way: with neither judgment nor compassion. I am stunned by this. I had no idea. I can't believe no one else has ever said anything or reacted to me as though I had bad breath. I begin to think about what I need to do to get rid of or counteract this stigma. It feels quite shameful. I feel like I can't be walking around with this kind of bad breath. What do I do about it? This is all I remember. When I awake and reflect on this dream fragment, I still feel the shame and doubt about my breath.

the only thing I added to my journal was a dream fragment. My sister said I had bad breath. (*What's the theme of the dream?*) Shame and doubt.

The dream was about a brilliant golden-red sunrise behind huge cloud formations. The light spread across the sky from southeast to southwest. Looking to the southwest, I saw grey clouds outline in silvery white on a black sky. Peeking through a hole in the clouds was the brilliant golden-red Sun.

I dreamt about a tiger who became a fox. There is a story about the tiger and the fox. The fox claims to be king of the jungle which surprises the tiger. "I will prove it", says the fox. "Follow me." They walk together through the jungle, the fox leading the way. All the animals flee in fear. "See", says the fox. "Yes", replies the tiger.

I had a dream where my husband and I went away. Our cat was inadvertently left outside. He got into an altercation with other cats. When we returned he was only partially injured. It made me think that I do not take care of my personal power. It manages to survive but with some scrapes and cuts. I need to learn to take better care of power and to respect it. It is a tool.

I dreamt that I was working with a group of women in a school. Probably a high school. I am not sure if it was my high school. But I was an administrator, not a student or teacher. They appeared somewhat nebulous entities in a gray fog with touches of red throughout. For some reason, which I cannot remember I found myself in a room. It was not locked, but I was alone and it was ok to be alone. It felt good not to have to interact with these women. Does this have something to do with my power in relation to women? I feel less powerful in the presence of women that I do in the presence of men.

Another dream about women. Except in this case we were walking through the woods. It was the same group of women, except now they were dressed in green and grown. Their features were visible. They had brown hair. Again I found myself separated from the group. I was at the edge of a small pond surrounded by green weeds. There birds carrying on conversations in the trees. Here I felt peaceful and relaxed, glad to be away from the women. It seems as if the this is a temporary separation.

A final dream. Here I am at sea in a small boat all by myself. The women are now swirling entities in the fog. I am drifting, yet I feel in control and powerful. I am in myself.

I had a dream where my husband and I went away. Our cat was inadvertently left outside. He got into an altercation with other cats. When we returned he was only partially injured. It made me think that I do not take care of my personal power. It manages to survive but with some scrapes and cuts. I need to learn to take better care of power and to respect it. It is a tool.

(Interpretation) I am the cat. I and my husband are my parents who provided for my education and physical well being, but were unable to prepare me for the real world. They kept me protected at home with little connection to the outside world except for school and church. Much as we keep our cat in a screened in porch protected from the outside world of other cats. When I left home - the protection of my home - I was confronted with situations and people with whom I interacted. Some of them were confrontations that exposed my emotions left them injured. I managed to survive but with some scars - like the 'wounded healer'. I am wounded and crippled. I feel sad and angry that I cannot/do not live up to my true potential. I feel that I am less than I could be.

This dream follows two previous dreams. The first dream was about my relationships to women and school. I have felt overpowered by women. My mother was very strong and she disciplined me with silence. I never knew if I was 'good' or 'bad'. I felt as if I was nothing. So I tried to intuit what she expected and live up to those ideas. In high school I looked for role models of women. The ones I admired who were intelligent and strong minded were spinsters. It seemed to me female power was wielded/used/expressed through:

- 1) Some silent magical power that was intrusive and overwhelming. An unknown magic that I did not understand. Or
- 2) A denial of the female power of family, children in favor of intellectual development.

In the first dream where I was in a room alone is an image of separating myself from these two influences. These two experiences raised two questions:

- 1) What is the magical power of the feminine?
- 2) Does being a woman mean making a choice or can one blend the two sides of the feminine?

The second dream was about escaping into nature and leaving these different ideas of feminine behind. Standing at the edge of the pond reminded me of the first time I jumped into the deep end of the pool and swam across. It is about facing the unknown. Can I do this? Will I survive or drown. Do I have the courage to step away from the past, step out into the unknown? There are feelings of fear and anxiety about taking a chance.

The final dream, which is the boat, is about setting sail into life. But the past swirls around me like a fog. I feel that the fog blinds me to the far shore and the daylight. I am still searching for the answer. The answer lies in setting up my own home and nest for others to enter and participate. My children are those over the years whom I have in some small way helped. The journey of life on the sea finds me in ports, here and there, where I can help someone. Then I set out to sea again, into the fog. The feminine influence from my early life resulted in a journey of exploration and searching. Perhaps the lump/ball in my solar plexus is sadness and regret that I did not more courageously set out on my own journey. I tried to be comfortable with the role models set up for me, but they did not fit and I was uncomfortable. The boat is my soul which contains my body. I would like to be settled. I feel sad. But the thought of adhering to any other accepted model brings feeling of rage and rebellion. Setting out in the boat alone is turning my back on the past-the fog. But the fog comes and goes as the past intrudes and then for a time I sail free of it. Sometimes I feel comfortable drifting and moving from place to place in my life.

Competitive dreams, I am not quite sure what happened. Something about giving future generations about apples.

I am with a large gathering of people and my brother and sisters are there. My siblings are going to discuss something but keep it hidden from me. I become irate. So they got into a small boat with a small piece of paper with writing on it (I was aggravated not knowing what it said). My brother began to move the boat away and ran into the door frame. My sister hit her head. I felt very angry about being left out.

Many vivid and strange dreams that disappear when I open my eyes. I cannot remember these dreams.

Very competitive dreams. I cannot remember them. It is like I am fighting for my life.

I am buying a very expensive coat and shoes. I am spending lots of money. I feel completely out of control.

Many and vivid dreams, however, they are all vague.

A man had a huge apartment that he was going to try to sell. He was baking, trays and trays of chocolate chip bars. There were three apartments combined into one.

Of houses and people moving, all kind of vague.

Dream I was getting a massage and the woman was talking to me about how she would work around my cancer. It felt like she pitied me. I wanted to be taken care of and was very sore and tired.

I was with a bunch of people and we were trying to cross a river. It was flooded and dangerous. We couldn't use the bridge for some reason, even though it seems like one was near us. It felt like I was in charge, but didn't want to be responsible for all those people.

Dream I was camping with a bunch of people. We were in a group but separate. I had set up my tent, and later they told me I should probably put my raincoat on and my other tent poles in because there was going to be bad weather. Later in that same dream, I was on stage dancing like Beyoncé with another woman. There was supposed to be a third, but I am not sure where she is. While dancing I felt strong and sexy, but after the show, no one really seemed to notice anymore.

Dreamt my new boss and I were hanging out and having a good time. I found out she had bone cancer. I felt bad for

Dream last night that I had so much to do-working for a non-profit, going to school, and was trying to figure out my schedule. I couldn't figure out where I was supposed to be. It felt unreal that I had a break from school one day-there must be something wrong-there is no way that I have time off.

Dreams about work again. They don't seem to be stressful, be very productive.

Dream that my boss got sick of running her business-she was just too tired because she put her energy into the wrong places. Everything stopped getting done.

I gave a man a key to my house so he could deliver something. At some point I found he was shifty and not to be trusted and I tried to get my key back but he refused. The feeling was fear of impending trouble. Something bad about to happen.

I am talking to all of my employees - both current and former ones from my business, as well as employees from when I worked corporate jobs. I am explaining that we have to get through this, and to do that we have to all pay more attention to doing things *right*. Nobody is taking me seriously and I keep trying to explain the awful consequences of making a mistake (I don't remember what the consequences were- just that they were awful) but everyone is busy talking amongst themselves or looking at their text messages. No one will help me "get it right" and their welfare is riding on it as much as mine is, but they are all counting on me to carry us through. I am thinking "I can't do it alone", which is why I have these employees, but they act like I am just a nice person to give them jobs. We are all going to end up in a bad situation if they don't help me make this work, but they are laughing and joking and not paying attention to me. I feel literally help-less and I am frightened that I will not be able to take care of them. I call my friend and I tell him "I wanted to be trusted and trustworthy and now I am, but there are limits!" He tells me to go back and communicate more clearly. I try but they are in a different building and when I find them, they pay less attention than before. I wake up sitting up in bed saying loudly "There are limits, people!" It is 3:09am. My heart is racing and I am feeling shaky. I cannot settle down and do not return to sleep.

It is early morning this dream is recorded after rising then returning to bed: I am in a house I am supposed to be in, but not my house. I am trying to find my dress clothes and my work clothes. I have been a weekend guest here, but the hosts have gone to work. I need to go to work also, but I don't know where my work clothes are. I need to take my dress clothes with me because I am meeting my hosts after work at the hunt-ball. Rooms connect to rooms and there are no proper hallways, although there are lots of quirky little staircases. Once I have to jump over a gap where one room ends and another begins but they didn't build a little stair case there yet. I am aware time is running out but I notice that it doesn't bother me. I feel timeless. I find many interesting things in my hosts' rooms but I do not find my clothes. Finally I wander into the garage and see my auto. Rather than risk losing it, I decide to go to work in my casual clothes. I have a lipstick in the glove box and I think "Well, that will be good enough for the ball!?"

Chaos all around me. I am confused, scared, in the center of chaos and feel it is no use trying to get out because nothing I do will matter. I decide - am I awake now or asleep? I cannot tell - I decide that I am dreaming someone else's dream and that I don't like it. I will leave now and sleep in my own body.

I am arguing with one of the master provers in the downstairs meeting room of the co-op. The Master Prover wants my prover to take more substance and I am arguing against it. The Master Prover is saying prover has no symptoms. I am saying it is obvious that there are symptoms. I am so frightened and mad I am yelling "We have beautiful subtlety and connection but you are ruining it! You are going to kill somebody!" I begin sobbing because I am so angry and cannot make the Master Prover see that symptoms are there. I feel out of control and overwrought. I begin crying hysterically in my dream just like the night before the proving started. I try to get the Master Prover to see that this is a symptom, but I am told "This just your remedy state." I am so frustrated. How can I make them hear me?! This is important and nobody is listening to me! I feel ignored, scorned, held in contempt. I wake sitting up in bed with nausea, cold sweat, palpitations, and stabbing chest pain.

I awaken from this dream with panic, difficulty catching my breath, heart racing, cold and sweaty and feeling hopeless as if I have made some awful error which will impede all future business development efforts - dream: I made the presentation to this large group of residential providers - the nursing home providers have come from all the states where ResCare operates and they are each sitting under their state flags - but the mental health providers are sitting all together without regard for state of origin - it is important that they are organized this way but I don't know why- only that I must sort their materials carefully. When they introduce me, the organizers have combined my two trainings as well as combining the audience. I must combine the homeopathy with the functional nutrition information and must combine the mental health and addictions focused information with the nursing home focused information on the fly. I cannot sort it all together smoothly at the same time I am presenting and I end up repeating myself and leaving bits out. I know it was a terrible presentation and realize they know it too when they do not sew my badge to their flags. Instead they sew a badge to my flag which lets everyone know that I am a terrible trainer, presenter, practitioner. I must carry my flag out through the hotel and through a large wedding which had to pause as I carry my flag down the aisle and past the bride; I feel hot with shame and wonder whether I will trip with my flag and fall down in the middle of this wedding I have interrupted.

Another dream related to the shame or stigma dream: I arrive several hours early for the nutrition or homeopathy presentation series - I am planning to inspect the space and make sure the technology they are providing works prior to my presentation- when I arrive they put me in a conference room and people start coming in for free treatment- when I ask about this they explain that these people can't afford care so they didn't think I would mind just treating them for free and they tell me I can use the conference room table instead of a massage table because these people are poor so it doesn't matter whether they are uncomfortable- I am angry but feel stuck- there is no internet available so I cannot remotely link to my computer and things move so fast I have no time to object- next people in line crowd into the room before I am finished with the person I am with - I am doing functional evaluations on the conference room table even though I know discomfort skews results and taking down information on my tablet even though I am not yet familiar with it and don't know whether that will really work. I am worried about whether it's true that their bill of rights will cover me and whether I am somehow doing the wrong thing but these people do need help and they just keep coming and crowding in and it also seems wrong to refuse; I am frustrated, exhausted and completely disheveled when they tell me I am late for my presentation; I try to run from the room but I feel like I am moving through mud; I have a bad feeling in my gut that this is not going to go well.

I arrive early for my presentations; everything they set up for me is working and I still have time to spare so I decide to eat before presenting. I walk outside looking for a place to eat my soup and find a bench conspicuously located under a tree with no apparent reason to be there and with no view; it is very colorful and of unusual design. The placement is awkward but the bench is charming so I sit and eat; when I decide to return I get lost; after wandering for a while I am in Central Park walking through the Gates; I am thrilled because I thought I had missed it!? I will go see what's in theatres before deciding whether to return to Twin Cities for my presentations. I know there is a gate I can use to return but I don't want to locate the return gate if something wonderful is playing. I am sick of colorless landscapes and subdued inhabitants and I am excited and happy to be where there is music and art and life and color; I might never return to Minnesota, this is delightful and I wonder how I can get my husband here as quickly as possible because I think being subdued is killing us both.

I feel like, I don't know how to explain it, but I'm often sensitive to sounds. I can always hear things. Right now, it's clearer even. The cars outside. There was a horn, the sounds, its like sometimes, they are just clearer. I can hear talking in there, but it feels clearer.

Experiencing a fuzzy tinnitus, seems connected to the pressure headache I am still having today. Like a buzzing muffled by a dozen pillows into an undercurrent of a hissing, or a subtle screaming sound. More on right side.

Strong, high-pitched ringing in the ears. Came out of nowhere. I feel like my airport job might be affecting my hearing, which concerns me a lot.

Strong, high-pitched ringing in my right ear. I noticed it when I was in a quiet room.

Burning, heat sensation.

Thick, white discharge from chest.

Thick, pale yellow discharge from chest.

Mucus one morning, blew out all of this ropy mucus. Could stretch it and hold it, super sticky and ropy. Pretty clear.

Noticed a bit of blood in nasal mucous but really dry.

Burning pain in hips.

Hurt and burn. Holding things, picking things up- coloring at breakfast, it gets sore. It's so painful I can't even color. Numbness- in fingers.
Pain in left shoulder and upper back upon waking. Numbness down arm. Continuing throughout the day.
A heaviness in my left hand's fingers and palm.
A great pressure moving out from my knuckles toward my fingers, a sensation of a heavy mass to it, primarily my fingers not so much my thumb. This is accompanied by a warmth there too.
Shaking in my legs and arms.
Feeling a bit stiffer, I am noticing at Yoga class. When I extend my limbs out, I can really feel the stretch, and feel the resistance to the opening, to the stretch. I want to do it longer and longer, the stretching, and expand wider and wider, really feel that spreading of all the limbs. Of all the tendons and ligaments holding me together. I want to breathe really deeply and fill my lungs, but so that they allow my being to spread out even more, or to one side, any movement of arms and legs filling with air.
I cut my nails for the first time in a month or so. The toenails seem surprisingly softer. Also the nail on my ring finger broke off at the end last week and was catching on things.
Knee hurt, dull pain of the inner part, now bone pain is dull constant.
My toenails are cracking and flaking off in big chunks. Not sure if it is from the glitter nail polish, but it is odd. I trimmed my toenails yesterday, and the big toenails would just crack and break off in sheets and chunks when I went to cut them.
My elbows, shoulders and knees ache. The muscles above my elbows and knees ache. I don't ever remember them hurting like this before. I've been working out and lifting heavy weights, so the muscles aches seem to fit, but why do my joints ache? I think it's from working out...my body is saying this is too much right now. I feel like I need to tell my trainer that she's expecting too much from me. But, I'm scared to tell her that. I'm scared that she'll be disappointed in me or think I'm a wimp. Or that she won't want to be my trainer anymore. But I feel like it's too heavy.
After I talked to friend, my joints started improving all throughout the day. By the end of the day, they were 85-90% better. I can't believe it! It's amazing that my body was giving me a message and I received it!
Feeling of cool water flowing through my veins of my right arm from my wrist down my ring finger. Feels like calm, peaceful, cool water.
Left knee pain - feels sore on the left side of my knee - feels like tendons.
After physical activity (sex) - I noticed white blotches on the front side of my thighs. This is a symptom from when I was young. We called it the family fungus. My dad and brother had it on their back. My sister had it on her cleavage and I had it mostly on my thighs. My brother, sister and I didn't get it until we were pre-teen or teenagers. There is no pain or discomfort from the blotches. I was self-conscious about it when I was young though. But I was glad that it was just on my legs and not all over my back like my brother. I also think that I didn't have it as extremely as he did because my skin is so fair, that it wasn't as noticeable. The thing that stood out from the blotches this time is that I noticed it - I saw my thighs in the mirror and I was like, "Oh my goodness - look at that!" and that there were so many of them. It was almost like they all came out at once. In my past, there was only a couple spots at a time. Anyway, I jumped in the shower and when I got out a few minutes later, it was gone...my skin was normal.
Left side sciatic pain, pulsing, feels like something's moving through. Better with pressure.
Feet - I have had warts and callouses on my feet for a number of years. I normally find it painful to walk barefoot on hard surfaces, but usually have no discomfort when walking on carpet or with shoes on. The last few days, I realize that the soles of my feet are hurting when I walk in shoes or on carpet. It's like a sensitivity has been awakened. When I'm not on my feet, I don't feel pain, but can feel the sore or sensitive spots with my pulse.
I have had warts and callouses on my feet for a long time. I have become inured to them and they don't bother me unless I'm barefoot on a hard floor. Now, I am really noticing my feet and the calluses and warts are hurting even in shoes and on carpet. They never used to hurt on carpet or if I had shoes on. This is a flare-up. Once before when I had a new remedy they flared up like this. There was no time or day. It just slowly dawned on me this is happening since beginning the proving.
The calluses on my feet are worse from walking, standing is okay, any stepping hurts. At the end of the day I am reluctant to take a step. In the kitchen while I am making dinner, I conserve movement because every step hurts. Walking around the lake in the morning is fine. Worse after 4pm. Pain as if there are stones in your shoe. blunt stones, not sharp.
Feet - soles of my feet so tender and sensitive. Callouses and warts make every step painful. When not walking can feel pulsing on the soles of my feet.

I have an ache in my right hip which makes it uncomfortable to walk.
Today my hip is some better.
I mostly think about my feet when I get home; because they hurt, those pains have subsided. My feet feel like they are vibrating. Also, a specific spot behind my left knee. A little painful spot. Not bad really.
The same sensation that went through my legs is now going through my arms. The absence of tension and tightness. A calming.
Right behind this knee, I feel a spot, or a little circle, it clearly feels round, almost like a vein in the roundness, I want to put my finger through it. It's blue-red-purplish in color. It's like an ache, a little ache. It almost is like a block. Something is in the way.
There is a lot of focus on my left knee, the joint, the back of the knee.
All of the sensations are from my knees down. They feel bloated and heavy.
Periodically in my arms, like an energy shooting down my arms. Tingling energy. It is like a current. It surges, it builds up in my wrists, it hits the narrower spot, along my wrist, then shoots energy out of my hands.
I am aware of the blood, pulsing through the veins in my feet. Hypersensitivity. Awareness.
Rushing out my hands, energy, currents.
A big pain in my right big toe knuckle, sudden, sharp pain, it passed as fast as it came.
My calves feel so thick and heavy, it weighs you down in just a negative way.
I keep wanting to flick my fingers (right hand), there's something happening with the knuckles.
A current through my hands again.
Restless, moving up and down.
Hands tingling, like when I had Lyme's disease in the 1990s. This is a return of an old symptom.
My feet hurt terribly. I can hardly stand on them. My legs feel weak.
Energy pouring down my arms.
Arms from the elbows down to the wrists feel hot and sweaty. Heat.
My arms no longer feel hot, they feel cool.
Tingling, prickling feelings in my arm. Like in a doctor's office, when the doctor does a test to see if you have sensation, they scrape your arms, it's like that.
Moving my legs this morning, it is as though I have not moved them in weeks. I feel a kind of stiffness, paralysis.
Stiffness is somewhat diminished this morning.
My leg hurts, it makes my leg hurt, down along the gallbladder channel, it throbs, it's sore, my legs feel weak.
I stepped down off a curb and it really hurt again.
Extremely restless legs. Leg pains, like a throbbing and weakness.
My left hip, sciatic started hurting today, only with certain movements. Deep massage feels good on it. It catches sometimes and sends shooting pain, but I cannot find what movement specifically makes it hurt. It is really sore in the muscles, right by the sacrum and also by the greater trochanter of the femur.
My left hip and sciatic stuff just went away today!? I don't know why it left, but I am glad it is gone. My shoulder is still torn feeling. I had it taped for support. I took off the tape yesterday, and was working, and I felt it pop. The bumps are back and larger than before. Still no pain though. I am super afraid I will damage it permanently. It is restricting my workouts and my feeling like I can do whatever I need to do.
My feet feel strong impulses like electrical surges at soles of feet. It is very intense, but feels really good. Never felt this level of intensity for this and it lasts for about 5 minutes.
I have done three functional evaluations in a row. Usually I can do this with no problem. Today, it's bothering my feet. Same shoes as usual, but plantar warts are quite painful on both feet. Worse on the right. Sharp, burning pain when standing or walking. Burning sensation even after getting off my feet. I have never been bothered by them before, although they have been there as long as I can remember.
My eyes have been watering the past couple days; feels like it's getting better.
Watering quite a bit. More so since taking the proving substance.
Left eyelid is spasming and twitching. Each episode lasts between thirty seconds to 2 minutes at a time. Throughout the day, and into the evening, this spasming continues.
My left eyelid continues to twitch and spasm. Not as intense as day two, each day a bit less. It feels more like a light flicker or jump every now and then.
Eyes very watery, running at times like tears, especially on the right side.
Eyes burning so bad, but stopped when I thought it might be the proving substance.

Eyes burning, worse with eyes closed
Jaw hasn't been as sore. Still there, but not this pain.
Woke with severe itching on my chin, and below my cheekbones, extending to the sides of my face and down toward my upper neck to my hairline. So severe, I woke my self scratching. Woke to see no expression of a rash, but the itching is so intense. The more I scratch, the more it itches. It has now begun to burn and itch. It is worst on my chin. I want to scratch it off.
The itching on my chin is less intense now, only mild to moderate and less focused just on my chin. Extends up to my cheekbones and down the sides of my face to my chin.
A thickening feeling between my nose and the base of my neck.
This swirling through is in my forehead, behind my eyes, there is a tingling, but it's not quite a tingling, right now there is a vague sense of that, a shadow of it, in my cheek bones.
Mild itchiness on my face, below my cheekbones, primarily my chin.
What have I noticed now since taking the remedy? Face feels a bit tingly maybe from talking about this subject and a little more at ease talking about this subject. Concerned that it was too much to go through from what I sent you. I am flushed, my face is hot and all but feel I can speak a little more, have things come out of my mouth better.
I noticed very small lesion on face. Not sure what it is from on chin, right side.
A small lesion on chin looks a bit worse, after shower cheeks look a bit more blotchy with red, more on the right side
I notice that the skin on my face has a bit of acne that wasn't there before. A bit on tip of nose and chin. Face a bit blotchy red on cheeks. These are starting to go away in one day.
I still have headache and head now feels hot, face feels hot and flushed, cheeks look flushed.
My tooth symptom from a couple days ago is completely gone, but ever since I took the remedy I have been aware that my temporomandibular joint is aggravated by chewing.
If I press my cheekbones, they're a little tender. More so on the right. I think this is sinus (typical for me).
Itching, right-side of face.
I feel a mild painful pressure behind my cheekbones.
Malar bones ache. No congestion or headache. Very specifically those bones. Slight throbbing. No tenderness, but feel I need to make faces or stretch my face over the bones. I press on the sides of my face and pull the skin of my cheeks outward. The stretch feels good and relieves the achiness in the bones. Mild
Right malar bone is aching. Dull throbbing ache slightly inferior to orbit and lateral. Mild symptom but persistently annoying.
Menses late. Large (2") clots of very dark, black blood.
Hot flash.
I'm in perimenopause, I had a hot flash after I took the proving substance.
My sexual energy has been quite lessened, in large part from the cold I have, with its running nose and coughing discouraging being romantic. He is sick also, clogged, hard to breathe. But still, we are usually more amorous, more expressive of our attraction and attachment to each other. There is little to no "élan" of emotion, or of desire, like there usually is. (I console him that's it's probably the remedy!)
Lots of hot flash type changes in temperature, sweating a little, removing the sweater, putting it back on. More than usual. Have been post menopausal for over 10 years.
Had period last couple of days. Hard to tell-periods really bad every other time, but super bloody this time. Heaviest period ever had. Soaking through ultra tampon in 5 minutes, then tampon was so wet, would fall out in toilet and blood would gush out after. Lasted 8 hours that way. Felt like mess, like got all over whole bathroom. I couldn't manage it. I got a massage and had to get up three times to change tampon. Annoying.
I got my period today. That is three days early.
Menses started at 22 day cycle which is three days early. For the last four months I have been keeping careful track and cycle had been 25-26 days. More clotty, more dark spots heavy first day although I have had that happen before.
Last night I felt a fever coming on; my face felt flushed, looked flushed and my eyes felt hot. My children have both been sick with a fever and cough the last few days. Their fever was dry and intense, with a headache, red face, glassy eyes and responded well to Belladonna.
If there's tightness, pain, it's so (Hand gesture: fists together knocking) so dense. It's there. You can notice it.
Cold, typically warm, but feeling cold

I feel a bit restless- started with fingers, now right leg. Starts little, then gets bigger and bigger, then I'm going to bounce again. Once I was able- standing up- woo!!!! moving around. Going to the other leg. This whole leg from hip down, started going up left leg, over my knee.

I really want to stretch. Stretching makes my pains feel better.

This image of my shoulders being pushed back and down, I put my arms out to my sides and upward, so I decide to actually do this. My ribs actually cracked and felt almost brittle, like I thought it would be easy to do, to release my back, scapula, it didn't feel good it felt like bone-on-bone, it's not true, but there was actually a cracking sound.

Shaking in my chest and in my legs and arms.

General tiredness, body aches, three days before proving.

Overall my energy has been high, I have been working very, very hard without much break.

Decided for sure to do the proving today, 12/22. The next day I started to bake cookies, which for me is very unusual, even during the holidays. Over the next few days I made three kinds of cookies: Ginger, Russian teacakes (my favorite), and Refrigerator Oatmeal (my son's favorite).

This cold continues, but I feel fine, relatively energetic, although I did nap for a few hours this afternoon. I am cooking more than usual, made some more cookies today.

I feel "sick" - slightly nauseous, weak, indifferent to the tasks at hand. I have had very little work this week which is good, my energy feels diminished. As if my light is there, but dimmed.

My responses to the proving remedy are subtle, so far. A bit delicate, easy to miss, to run roughshod over. Yet I feel I have a bit of that same quality of witnessing, with impartiality, to help me contribute some value to this adventure.

An acquaintance told me today that I looked tired. She also noticed I was yawning a lot. I don't feel particularly tired but as if my fires are burning a bit low.

Have been noticing I'm not drinking that much, esp. water. Not a lot of thirst, less than normal.

Have been wanting a little bit of ice cream in the evenings. A mix of vanilla, chocolate, and raspberry. Nuts would be good but too much work to brown the sliced almonds or chop up the walnuts. Not much ice cream, just a dessert creamy fresh topping on the day's food. Not that sweet. As much coconut ice cream and sherbet as actual dairy. Also wanting just a bit of wine with dinner, but not much, I barely finish a 1/2 or a glass, if that. Just a complement to the food, to the pleasure of eating with others.

A few days ago, when I felt like I already wanted to end my participation in this proving, part of it was also I had a real craving for a nice, big, hot latte. I made a hot chocolate with Soy milk but it didn't really do the trick. I continue to seriously consider each day if I might go down to the coffee shop, or stay home but make myself a latte just how I like them. I honestly don't think it would throw off my experience of the proving, but I feel a moral obligation to play by the rules. What I want is the comfort, the cozy settling in on the sofa with that warm satisfying coffee and lots of really hot milk. My senses know the taste, the sensation, and will not be fooled by any imitations. I don't even drink coffee regularly anymore.

Caught up in activities first day of a women's retreat, didn't notice other things.

A little spurt of energy late afternoon, started dancing around the room, humming songs, playing, pretending to tap dance.

Plussing the remedy on suggestion of the Master Prover, to ease cough symptoms so I won't be hacking over my bodywork clients. One dose of the proving substance in 2 oz. water, stirred for two minutes, and then one dose = one teaspoon to be taken every three hours for a two days. I am curious to see how that will affect what seems to me to be relatively minor and subtle proving symptoms so far (I am crediting cough also to yearly cold symptoms that started with the nose about four days before I started the proving, although the cough didn't kick in until about day 4 or 5 of the proving, so never mind what I said about minor and subtle!!).

Overeating some these past weeks. Comfort food, Peanut Butter & Jelly fold overs on really crappy bread.

Drinking less wine than usual. Never drink much, but these last weeks, someone pours me a half-glass, and I have barely touched it at the end of the meal. Also drinking much less water. Just not thirsty at all. The wine has to do with the pleasure of a good meal, and while I have been eating well, I just have not had any desire for the wine part. This is really just in the past 2-3 weeks.

Nothing much today. Feels like it's winding down. I am ready to be done. Bought whole milk today to be ready to make myself a latte soon! :)

Some food and drink things: not interested in wine at all, I usually will have a small glass with dinner but for weeks I pour the glass and then just take a sip or two, leave the rest.

I am craving a coffee with lots of really hot milk and strong coffee.

I am really loving Mexican food: black beans, corn tortillas or tamales, sauce not too spicy but very flavorful. I could eat different varieties of cornbread, etc. every day and not tire of them.

I am not at all as interested in ice cream as usual.

I am also choosing to eat crunchy nut butters almost every day, a variety of them. on toast; but, I am not interested in butter itself.

Took first dose – I became hot, sweaty, with cold hands, then gone; then 15 minutes later hot again, still with cold hands.

Really hot, hard to tell here, have to monitor body temp usually cold.

Just had surgery, everything is a monumental task, driving and all, I was falling asleep this morning in class

Body temperature wavering, chills, sweats, have to put my sweatshirt on and take off every 10 minutes. It seems the temperature of what I drink strongly influences my body temperature.

Stretching helps my symptoms.

Intense thirst for cold water.

In limbo now.

I struggle; something inside is weird; wrong appeal to so much uncertainty in my life now cool to feel finite yeah... that would be the general feeling....

I was hyper productive at work, would work four hours a night after an eight hour day, kind of pointless...

Feeling flush, neck and shoulder muscles are sore and achy, and I am drowsy. Feel sort of like I'm floating.

I am very tired.

I haven't been very hungry, appetite very diminished.

So tired after an outing to the River Center to pick a school. I came home exhausted and starving.

I feel exhausted, much less energy than usual. It feels like I am swimming through glue to get anything done because as soon as I get up to work, I feel so tired and have to sit down.

Overall I am not feeling well. weak, tired.

My boyfriend tells me that my hands are hot as coals, like a heating blanket. Ever since I took the remedy I felt like his skin had cooled. I thought it was because he was experiencing some residual effect of the remedy. But now I realize that my hands are hot. He said last night he laid on my hand while I was sleeping - to relieve a painful spot on his back. "It was so warm, it felt good when I rolled over and laid on your hand".

I'm feeling sore all over. I have a headache over my temples...my eyes want to look down or be closed to relieve the feeling of pressure. I feel pressure in my temples when I look up. The pressure is like two lines pressing in on my temples down to the top of my cheeks. My neck hurts at the top on the right hand side – it feels like a catch or a bad spot that might get worse if I turn my head the wrong way. I have a hot achy feeling in my chest and in my throat. I feel like I'm getting a cold or something.

I have noticed that I am hotter than normal. Times when I would have wanted to wrap up in a blanket or that the cold would have bothered me - now they don't as much. I get hot and want to cool off. Normally, I cool off in a minute and then I want to wrap back up again. Now, I take my sweater off and forget it's off.

I am somewhat anxious with craving to be with best friend most of the day with high libido. Nervous stomach feeling. Anxiety. Feel anxiety tonight. Partly with no obvious cause and partly because my son is having a bunch of friends over and it's going to be wild and I'm going to worry some one will get hurt. Had one glass of wine to help. I got going making pizza with my daughter. It's okay.

Saturday morning. I am feeling good, but a longing as normal for my best friend. I feel so much love like I'm engorged with love. Love has been a main theme for at least three months and not just for best friend. I have felt bursting of love at school, a general love for classmates and teachers, friends. Have a history of not believing in love due to past events (believing loved mattered, that only circumstance mattered). Now this love is overwhelming me, but am I confusing it with anxiety or is it mixing with anxiety to give me this heightened feeling, but anxious feeling. This morning I must rant about my confusion with homeopathy and the non-judgment of it in relation to love. Do homeopaths value love? Is Homeopathy about love and if so then that is a judgment and contradiction? There's got to be some line of right and wrong in homeopathy. There's got to be some guideline on what's healthy and what's not - and that's a judgment. Speaking (writing) of 'judgment' I just write that every time I write I can't help but think of you reading this and judging me and thinking that I am writing all this crap down and it's not useful to you, but is causing you extra work. Oh well, maybe at least you'll be entertained by my crazy story, pathetic story. I love you too (lol):) I am wondering if the proving remedy will kill all my love feelings and libido. If it make it stronger then I am in big I feel my muscles are more relaxed, feel emotionally more relaxed now that the Skype session for the proving is over, I had sweated from it.

We had a face to face discussion regarding emotional need. Communicated in person my need and expressed why. This expression is very rare for me.

I drank two cups of coffee, not too strong. I have been drinking black tea for this proving except one morning had one weak cup of coffee!

I feel a little warm. I just took off my sweater.

I am still not feeling anything. No symptoms. Just regular. I don't feel super-energetic, but I won't really know until I get up to do something. I feel I could lie down and rest, which is not usual for a Sunday morning.

I am feeling super tired. I often am tired in the evening, but rarely this tired. (Will I be able to stay up and watch "Downton Abbey?" My eyes are burning and scratchy, even a bit achy. Right eye worse than left.

Felt good and strong in yoga today. We went through the warrior poses and held them for five breaths each. This followed a discussion of the tendency for fight or flight, to bring awareness to our own tendency: do we wish to just get out of the pose or do we muscle through. I always want the pose to be over, to be done. I kept mindful of the practice as bit something imposed from the outside but as something I am choosing that is creating strength and flexibility in both body and mind.

Feel very tired and flat. I cannot conjure up any emotion or modicum of energy. I feel like nothing could excite me. I'm not crabby, just flat. Zoned out. Everything requires too much energy. I feel very heavy. My hands feel heavy resting on the keyboard. I need to sleep.

Craving fresh vegetables, garden items, things that are cool.

Pressing on my left eye brow. I like the pressure.

I am not longer hot, even though it's 90 degrees outside. I am neutral.

Craving vegetation.

My body feels achy, difficult like when I had Lyme's in the 1990s.

Burning, throughout my body. I am getting really hot. Really hot. Internal heat going out.

So cold it feels hot, like an hot-cold pack.

Everything from the sternum up, that was so activated is calming now.

Flushes of heat, feverish-like.

Craving Kosher Beef hot dogs. That's weird, I don't crave hot dogs.

I was sick then just wanted to rest and not be bothered by my family

I woke somewhere in the night and felt the joints in my hands and knees were really stiff and achy. Maybe I've been lifting too many weights at the gym.

Felt really tired today. Staggered when I got up this morning. Don't want to do anything but rest today.

Still tired today but better. Was able to get in a workout at the gym. Body feels stiff all the time now. Dreamed last night but don't recall what they were.

Still recovering but getting better.

Walked across the snowy lake today. It was a major workout. Body still hurts all over. Stiff.

Sudden heat. Internal heat, sudden onset. Begins in my chest, to the right and inferior to the center of my chest, sort of at my liver. Rapidly spread to back, neck, face and arms. I feel panicky with it and can't get out of my sweater fast enough. Feet and hands are icy-cold but I feel burning-hot. It is chilly in the house (about 56 degrees)

I have this jaw pain. It's been pretty tense lately. It feels like the congestion in my head. It wants to relax. Breathe, just take it in. Kind of want to sleep.
Not as congested- not having headaches as much.
Woke up with headache. Very painful. It is pretty intense pain. Tense, grinding my teeth all night long. Around eyes, head, neck, shoulders- everything hurts so bad. That's my stuff. It's not going to go away. It's draining. I get nauseous and dizzy.
Congestive headache.
Better with pressure. Put head in a vice and squeeze it, I would feel much better. Squeeze it as hard as you can. Almost like by doing that- it hurts when I do it. When it releases, the blood starts to flow again. It's like a compression. Opening things up by pushing on it. Stagnate. Needs a good massage. Needs to be moved. Energy
My face and head have this vibration in it; fast paced, but subtle. It contains a little bit of heat, it's not hot, it's warm.
Now there is a feeling of a bubble in my skull, expanding a bit toward my forehead, the front half of my brain.
Headache commencing, in the frontal lobes, across my forehead, coming in on the right, heading left, a little worse in the left temple, pushing out, up against the left side.
The headache passes, it is mostly gone, mostly a little feeling in the left temple.
Headache returns with a moist heat behind my eyes. A cold stabbing in my right temple. Pressure moving towards the front of my face. A solid line of pain from the inside out across my forehead.
I woke this morning with a headache and sinus congestion. Pain is worse and more stuffy on the left side. There is some pain like a bulls eye at my left temple. Otherwise, the pain runs across my forehead and through my sinus cavities.
A weight at the back of my head.
Headache, front above nose between eyes.
Mild headache, left front above eye.
I woke early with a "splitting headache" and a bad dream. Strong feeling of pressure gripping my entire head, into the eye sockets, pressing in at the temples. Now tight almost pain at the back of the neck, down to the tops of the shoulders, and down the back, especially the vertebrae, tight, tight. as if the squeezing started above the top of my head and is working it's way down. It is gathering pressure and constricting me more and more. My throat feels like it's being held by someone's fingers, but from the inside. My head pain is constant, with an undercurrent of a throb. A slight nausea in the throat. The pain diminishes within a few hours but later in the day is not totally gone, and I can feel it gnawing away at me.
Headache again this morning. It feels like a line or wire going through my temples on either side, and right along behind the eye sockets. As if someone or something was pulling it tighter and tighter together. Like tightening a cable until it is really taut. An hour later it is still there, but much lessened.
Headache. Better pressing my palms firmly against the temples, then the upper eye sockets. Slow, firm, steady pressure. Then palms on the entire frontal bone. Holding the floodwaters back. A full, liquid pressure in there, almost as if swelling, pushing against its balloon container, filling the balloon, more and more. Or not more and more, just steady. Steady pressure. On waking. Still here. Steady.
Head pains are better from pressure also at the occipital ridge, and the mastoid process behind the ear. I want to pull on it, stretch it, press into it, firmly, steadily, for a long time. I feel caught in a web, and lean my head slowly over to one side, then the other, pulling at the neck, at those muscles that hold my head up.
Dull headache in the back of head, radiating from the neck. Almost like the source comes from the middle of the back, and spreads up the spine to the head. The pain is not separate, from back to neck to head.
Headache like all of my muscles are tight in my head. Worse from chemical smells.
Headache in temples above the ears. Stress tension feeling headache in jaw. If rub, feels so much better. Had some face pain, if pushed on it.
Headache again. This time in front of head, sore to touch. Not bad, but the idea of headache, not that bothersome.
Headache in forehead, sharp aching pain
Headache is persisting. Every so often in my jaw, forehead feels tight.
I still have a tension headache in root of nose and sinuses, forehead and eyes.
My scalp is itchy and dry and flaky.

I had a tension headache again two nights ago. Tension in head, shoulders. I woke at 2:30 am with headache. I could feel it from sides of head to shoulders. Couldn't sleep until I got up to go to work. Tight muscles feeling. When I rub it I can feel muscles under there. If I could just relax, felt a lot better; it would almost come and go. Shoulder massage helped immensely. Could feel shoulder muscles pulling down on my head.

I got a ton of headaches. They were on the sides of my head above my ears. A total tension headache. Tension.

My head feels hot, I feel flushed. My left ear is sore, it started with soreness, but now it's burning. It's at the back of my ear, near the rim, at the top. It feels hot. Like acid, burning. C looked at my ear and he said it looked red and there was some flaking skin.

I'm feeling sore all over. I have a headache over my temples...my eyes want to look down or be closed to relieve the feeling of pressure. I feel pressure in my temples when I look up. The pressure is like two lines pressing in on my temples down to the top of my cheeks. My neck hurts at the top on the right hand side - it feels like a catch or a bad spot that might get worse if I turn my head the wrong way. I have a hot achy feeling in my chest and in my throat. I feel like I'm getting a cold or something.

I have a slight headache front part of head, forehead area. Constant dull pain, mild. This started at 10 am while talking with supervisor.

Headache in frontal lobe radiating to back of neck. An aching feeling in head and stiff or sore feeling in neck. I felt like I was getting sick and something was taking on my body. Lasted about 5 hours but felt better after sleeping.

A slight headache on right side of forehead accompanied by a kind of buzz or vibration; very subtle though. A kind of swelling. I feel a little like I'm paying too close attention and that I'm making it up.

I have a slight right-sided headache. It is in the forehead. I want to massage the area a bit. Massaging it helps the feeling dissipate.

The headache is not actually a headache. It is more of a sensation. It is a buzz, but not a noise. It is more like a vibration. The vibration is related to the headache sensation, but the vibration goes all through the inside of my head. It is an outward-moving feeling - like a swelling feeling, very mild.

The vibration is still in my head.

Headache in forehead. Worse on the right side. Pressure on temples. Feels like a thumb is being pressed into each of my temples. Not painful. Just pressure. Stronger on right side.

Awoke with headache. Frontal, forehead, over the eyes, on both sides but worse on right side. Some aching in cheekbones too, so am thinking it's sinuses. There is tenderness in the bones all around my eyes. Headache lasted throughout the morning, gone in the afternoon. Tenderness remains if I apply pressure with my fingertips to the bones just above or below my eyes.

I have a headache in the forehead on both sides, stronger on the right. There is tenderness in the orbital bones or cheek bones. I think it's all sinus stuff and not remedy stuff. I woke with it Friday (day 13) and it has been there since and I still have it today. The brow bone is tender to touch.

Desire to turn my head from side to side.

Crown of head, hot, sparkling on top of my head. Scalp, head is very itchy.

Headache at the base of neck that radiates around and up both sides. Maybe makes my shoulders feel achy. Not feeling well.

Headache lasted all day but is less than yesterday.

Same headache as yesterday only slightly improved.

Head greatly improved. Had good sleep last night. Previous two nights had 4-5 hours each night. Probably related to being in clinic all weekend.

During the initial taking of the remedy we were on Skype and when I asked a question that required some contemplation, I noted a definite shaking of the head as if bobbing up and down. I was uncomfortable asking about the symptom because she had made a great point about being judged and felt this might be a sign of Parkinson Disease and didn't want to point it out. Today Day 8 I asked and she said she was unaware of doing this and did not have Parkinson's.

Head ache on upper left temporal lobe. Dull pressing pain lasted for about 4 hours and then left. Usually if I get a head ache it feels better to press on the area of pain but that did not help.

HEAD - PULSATING

It seems that the prover's voice quality changed during the time I was unfocused (my focus has returned). Her voice sounds scratchier. Or maybe it is me?

The prover's voice quality is definitely rougher, as if there is a burr or buzz to the tones when she speaks.

I am trying to scream in real life, screaming indecipherable, scream but moaning in real life, screaming moaning... ..it was stuck, all this stuff building up, wanting to come out, stuffed down, not contain, couldn't get it out, couldn't express it, my throat was fine sounded like was "ahhhhuhhhh" almost like so...

I have a high sex drive, after partner too, out in this world, I'm single out there, sexually available, uncertain what it looks like or means.

I had some imagination of what sex would look like with a guy, a friend from work with spend time with him; moving back to point where feel like I don't have to be straight. But I had these wonderings, just wondered what it would be like? Now I'm not with someone, I enjoy being single, now I don't have to try and hide any feelings. Now, it fine and kind of interesting. I not responsible to one person, I am not committed; Now I can admit to thinking some homo erotic desire may be like in a partnership. I don't want to talk about it...

Not usual anxious and nervous feeling. Walking up more calm and peaceful.

I open the proving substance package; pellets stuck at the top of the vial. They flew out after a little tap and flew all over table. Pellets flying everywhere. Laughing. Wiping pellets away.

It is like I want to melt. (HG spreading arms apart) Melt and sleep.

I feel like my saliva is going to melt out. Just shooo... It's like an ice cube. Just shoo... (Hand gesture downward sweeping apart gesture with hands and arms) Changing form. It's going to just change from being this painful, tense thing, just shoo... (HG)

All I'm picturing is the ice cube going from ice to a puddle. It's expansive. Whoosh! (HG: arms out) Expanding. Want to stretch as far as I can. It's like a release. It's just, whoosh (HG arms apart, swinging apart)!

It wants to open up. It's interesting, it's in a... (Noodle-like fashion) so noodley. No strength in my shoulders.

Opening up, being more free, letting in more. Not sure what that is. Not being closed and guarded and protective. Like the spider thing protective. Being open, breathing in. Stretching out. Not necessarily... ..well being comfortable with not knowing what's going to happen (HG stretch out)

Whoosh to that!? Getting out of my head! The body is relaxing!

It's tingly. Almost like I'm so tense, then you relax, you start to have feeling. Thigh muscles are tingly. I can move, I can breathe. I'm not a rock, I'm more porous. I'm a little restless right now. I don't want to sit still. I want to move it around. Move the energy around. Don't contain it, let it flow, let it be free, let it flow.

Fluid. That ice cube is rigid. So cold. So solid. To move it you have to chop it. It just breaks apart and it's shattered.

When it becomes water, it's whooo! And, you can flick it around and splash. Not ice pick chopping. It's weird that it's the same substance but different energy in splashing in a puddle verses chopping an ice cube.

Cold constricts it and pulls it together. The water is like whoosh!

I need to get to Seattle where there is more flowing water. It's fun- whooo! Floating down a river. Whooo! (HG dancing arms, open). Floating on a lake, floating, (jazz-like sounds, be, ba, bap! It's different from being on an inner tube on the snow where it's hard.

Some people like that (tubing or sledding), I don't like that freezing cold and going down a bumpy hill. It's like breaking the tailbone. Whooo! It's floating on the water.

What is the opposite? Tight cold, rigid. Stagnant. Just like it's almost like there's a... ..it's not a solitude. It's just there. It's not interacting. There's this whoosh, oh, hey! How are you? Can I come... ..this more (HG arms sweeping wide apart) encompassing, flowing, engaging, loving, moving, it's not (HG interlacing fingers) the spider webs are all stuck together, remedy stuck together. Whooo, flowing!!

It doesn't, it's not (HG fists together), it's flowing. Slippery isn't the right word, Teflon pan verses trying to get the eggs out of the sticky pan. Smooth. Mostly I think of water and ice. That much of a contrast. It's the same substance. So weird! Odd to me how different they are in those forms. It's the same thing, but can be la, la, la (HG flow wide apart gesture), or Urgh! (HG fist gesture). Trying to chop ice off your car verses going through the car wash and washing everything away.

It's tight. It's going Brrr! Arrr! (HG fists), versus Waaa! (HG flow)! Not expressing itself. It wants to be a part of something more. It wants to (HG flow) not pain.

If it diffuses out, then it's not.

If it (HG flow) dissipates, it may be there, but not so, I feel like it's (HG fist against hand). The force of it is so much greater. So dense right there. If you can move it out a little bit, then it's just more manageable.

I had an image, the ice cube there and it's but if you put heat on it, heat would feel better too, then it would just flow.

It hurts. It is like the feeling, like in your muscles when the lactic acid stays there. You need it to go and flow and release and recycle (HG flow). If you can diffuse something, it gets recycled with everything else. It's there, everything is there. It's not going to disappear. It's going to change form and recycle to something else.

Right now its stuck there (HG fists together). It needs to go (Whoosh!!). It's almost tumorous (HG fists bumping).

Just Whoosh! No longer be stuck and tight and together. It's holding on to something it doesn't need to. It's trying to survive in something it doesn't need to. That's what I mean! It's not serving a purpose. It's not serving a purpose. You are not being filled here, it's not... ..you don't need to be here. Go find something else. You're done here, you're time is over. You can go explore something else now. Let's flow over to this place and see what's going on here.

Floating back and forth with body; swaying back and forth. I want to blow in the wind. It feels so... (HG loose arms) Its loosening up. Its becoming less rigid. Less stiff, more flexible, more pliable. I want to be real loose and free and fly around. Weee!, isn't this fun!

Cold, rigid, angry, irritable (HG hand together) is the opposite. Cold. Real, I get that Teflon thing going on. Metal, cold. Stuck. Solid. Bong! It's hard. If someone threw a metal ball at you, it would hurt, versus a bunch of feathers.

It's coming into form, into a solid. Being able to go back out of that form into something else. Whoosh, it just comes in, but for whatever reason, it gets stuck somewhere, I feel it in the lungs, chest, in my back. Something in left side, intestinal area that was very quick. I don't know what's flowing in. All of the sudden, it gets stuck. Vital Force swaying and getting stuck and it flows again!!

I want to stretch out this neck and upper back. It hurts. It feels really good to expand it. Open it up. It can flow a little more. I have that pain, I have the tightness there, but I've never had the experience of letting it way way go like that.

I feel like bouncy. Joints. They aren't stiff and sore. I'm bouncy. Flexible. Springy. Like a spring. I'm thinking of tiger. Like Tigger (From Winnie the Pooh) Do, do, do (singing, jazz-like, spontaneous).

Like waves and particles. Like energy, like, these pains. Like it's been stuck here. The pain has been stuck. It's a solid. Now it's flowing. It's not stuck there (HG lower abdomen) fibroids. They are dense and stuck there. They are in a form. I don't know about coming into a form, but coming out, it can just (HG wide) It can fall apart, melt.

Fibroid, you have this mass. What's in it? I don't know. It's this mass that came into form and developed out of what, really? It's different components. It can kind of, lose it's purpose or not longer have a purpose. It can flow back into blood and tissue and not exist in that form anymore.

It detaches from it's whole self. Detaches from whatever it's attached to in your body. It detaches from that, then it like just falls apart. It' just decomposes. It just puuu! Then, it just shooo!, goes back.

Not attached. Attached, parasitic. Taking from something in order to like live. It's staying there because it's being able to feed off of it. If it no longer... ..I don't know? Does it no longer get it's supply? It's not getting fed...emotional pattern. It's not getting whatever it was getting. It depends on where it is in the body...

It could... ..it's not getting it's blood supply. Emotional thing not getting an angry per se. If there's something that's there as an anger thing. Like if you have a stuck emotion of anger, could be anything, then it's going to tighten up and be in you and form into something there. If you no longer have the anger, then it can leave too.

It gets recycled. Goes where it needs to go next. I don't know where it goes. Energy. It's energy. It's just energy.

Bouncy. It wants to move, wants to flow, wants to be free. It's different, new, refreshing. It's sort of unpredictable. I don't know what's going to happen, but let's see. Whooo hooo!!

Versus the same like okay, an ice cube. It's sitting there, not changing, not moving. It's just an ice cube. If I push it, it will be an ice cube. Solid metal ball. It is what it is, it's there. It's in form. Then, if you put it in a glass of water, Oooh! It's different now. It changed. It moved. We don't know what was going to happen, but look what it did!?

Ice cube, puddle, it can move two puddles or three or four. Let it go down the drain. Then it's gone. Where'd it go! It can end up somewhere else. Totally somewhere else. Totally. Something different. You have a tumor. Where did it come from? No one put the tumor in you. It came into form from the energy that gets stuck. It's so heavy and dense. If you can break it up, to free it, and recycle it into whatever it's going to be, who knows, part will be blood, tissue, it's going to go away.

Bounce, bounce, bounce. It wants to move, it wants to get out, it wants to go. Stop containing me!? Let go!? Let me go! If it couldn't flow. Blah. Just bored. I'm here. Really. Okay. I'm sensing, when I opened the remedy vial, it almost needs something, (HG pushes hand) let me out! They needed something to help them. Didn't pop out.

It's like, there's a little this... (HG all these fingers) ...waiting for that something that's going to set me free. A little of this energy. Then all it takes is a little something and it goes. A little push. On a toboggan, on a hill, a little push, Whoosh! What the fuck just happened!?

It needs something...

Like a tumor, it's there, this is the little something. It's nothing much, a little ding! It goes Waaah! A little flick. Ding. Little flick.

I feel that way. There is something so, so small, that just changes it. That sparks that change. A little kick. Put your foot out, one little thing can set off the whole chain of something new. Something you didn't expect. I do feel a lot of this tumors not, they are stuck there, just let me go!?

Let me go. Let me go.

It's like change happens in an instant. It can be there forever and ever and ever, then Boop! its gone. One little thing.

In a sense, don't want to move, but fingers want to move (HG fingers crawling). Don't want to move otherwise. Tired now

Do, do, do, dod, pre-boil. It's like pre-boil. It feels good to move. Stirring things up. It's exciting. It's like you don't know what it's going to produce, but something is going to change. It's not a scary thing. It's not, oh my god, what's coming. It's woo! What's this? Where's this going?

It's getting out!

It's not even, it's not like I have this huge, I've had head congestion, it's not like I've got this huge cold, it's not Pulsatilla, it's just gone. Just needed a little something. Okay, I'm going to find something else to do. I'm going to quit bugging you.

There's often times, you get a free hour, we got done early, what the hell am I going to do? I went to Patina, my daughter would really like this, got one for her. Oh, nice. It's not, it was sort of, I don't have time to do what I want to do. I want to go into nature. When it comes to it, I have a free moment, too tired, don't want to do it.

Now, Oooh, 30 seconds to next client, take advantage of every moment I have. Oooh, that might be fun!

Yesterday I went to Patina and the Wedge, it wasn't fun or exciting. Whatever. Now, I maybe go throw snowballs at cars. Oh! I wonder what would happen if I did this!?

Little put foot out and trip someone, what would happen if I did this!? Those are both kind of could harm someone, it's not that kind of thing. I don't want to hurt anybody but the fun thing. Going down the toboggan hill. I maybe would. Go jump in puddles. Just weird things. What would happen if I do this.

Hockey game, mom called to say she was trying to find us, mom is two hours away, oh my god, mom's here. I told my aunt. Sister talking, mom's here, where is she? I sent her a text, go to the door. Then I realized, oh my god, she's watching it on the internet. I thought you were here!?

We should talk to the camera man, hi mom! This is high school hockey, maybe we should do that, I didn't. Today, maybe I would. Little funny things like that. Jovial. Playful, Tigger. Bouncy.

Just like a Tigger. Not trying to piss off Rabbit, just being Tigger. Not trying to scare Pooh. That stuff. It's the Tigger remedy!?

Input invoices at work, comes in a pile of mess, sort through it. That whole transitioning thing was in my head transform into something different. Messy pile, then paid bills. That transformation and me figuring that work was like that catapult for it to happen. That thought came to my head. Transform.

It's like... ..it's all connected too. I'm thinking about work, vendors bring the goods, we put them on the shelves, pay bills. It all comes and goes. Fascinated about how it's connected...

Wonder, awe, wow! Bouncy, Oooh! What's this about, check this out! Look it how this happens. Wonder, awe, fascination!

Transformation thoughts. I was watching Mythbusters, they were talking about inertia. Outside force touches it, like the stuff I'm thinking about. I thought it was, I thought about it.

It's so just something can be something and be that way for a long, long, long time. Then in an instant, it can totally change. So fascinating. I've known this, but right now, this concept that one tiny little thing can totally change something is like holy cow! Really? One little thing sets something into motion. Changes the entire course of life. Wow. It's weird, I already know that, but wow!!

Think about it at work, a pile of something I'm doing, check going into the mail, all this process, this whole thing, all this stuff. They grow their tomatoes, make it into salsa, exchange it for money. The process is wow! Look at this. It's a connection to it. I don't know why? I'm fascinated with it.

I'm back into my life, so, taking it was pure experience of it. Now, I experience it within my life. I think I've been a little bit in a better mood. More aware of my reactions to things. Behind in the morning, hate being late, that didn't go away, but not yelling about it as much. I'm not as grouchy. A little lighter.

I would have been super anxious and irritated during a movie, a lot of people where there. People were talking on their phone at the movie. Kid kept kicking me. It's a kid. He's sitting there, bouncing, kicking me. I didn't feel the need to say anything. I started to get irritated, eh, it's not that big of a deal. I didn't have as high of a level of energy around that feeling of irritation.

Four days away from period, how come I'm not freaking out? I am not super irritated. There's a softening, a calming, a diffusing of the hyper energy.

Thinking of water, boiling water... It turns into steam, Whoa! It's the same thing. I feel like, there's a point when things change. When it's boiling water, it's boiling water, all of the sudden it's gone. It's instantaneous. It's just different. Last night I was irritated, then eh, whatever. I'm surprised I didn't say anything. Whatever!? It totally changed and I didn't care.

It change just as quickly the other way. Quick instant. Car not starting, nothing, click. I came back out, try it again, started right up. It's that point at which something changes. It's so fascinating right now to me.

Calmer, less irritated. Taking things a bit more in stride. Thinking a bit more. Not so reactive. Decision to create that chaos or not. Point of okay, this is the turning point. This is going to turn it if I do it. Control over that.

There's no thought in it, it just happens. Going from the ice to the water, or water to the steam. It's just a reaction, it just happens, you can't change it. You can change it, you can take it off the heat. It will stop. I guess you can change it. But without the outside thing coming in, it's not going to change. The process is going to continue to happen. Outside thing coming at it, it can just total change 180 degrees from whatever is happening.

It doesn't feel threatening. For instance, if something is coming and it's going to change me from turning into steam, it just is. It just is. It's changing the structure, but it doesn't feel like a scary thing. It's like, oh, now I'm different. Let me experience this. It's not oh my god, it's coming at me, I'm going to die in my form. It feels like, it's the wonder, the awe, the what's this thing? Now what do I get to go experience. I'm not adapting, I'm just changing. I'm not adapting and trying to survive, it's just okay, life is going to be different now.

Tension in household. I've been much more detached. This has happened a couple of times. I'm not plugging into it as much. I am much more detached from it. Sometimes I would take it on, not be able to recover. Whatever, I don't have time for this bullshit. My interaction with it is healthier. With my daughter too, she's a negotiator, Not in the mood. Not plugging into the whining. Just whatever. Just stop it! It's better.

I continue to have a fascination with the point at which something changes and then the two different forms. The one that was and the one that is. I have been having this through out the proving. Today at work of group of people were in the office and they were noisy. It was interesting to watch and feel and experience the change in energy. How it changed for everyone. How they reacted. I am in awe. How quickly it changes. Things change in an instant. The point at which it changes is very fascinating to me. Driving home from work I had the same sense when looking at the calm waters. A bird was swimming and creating a ripple. The thing that changes it from calm to ripples... ..this is what fascinates me. It is one thing and then boom, it isn't. It's now another. The fact that even solids aren't solid. Nothing is solid, it is all energy. The concepts aren't new but what is most fascinating is the point at which it changes. Something external causes it to change.

I want to take action, I want to make changes. My daughter's lunch account at school has been messed up since September. I get phone calls and emails almost daily that her account is overdrawn. Rather irritating but I forget to call during normal business hours. I think about it when I am not able to call. Finally I just called. It was taking care of within a day (this shift started yesterday at 4:00 pm). I feel like getting things done that have been hanging out there for a long time. Tie up loose ends.

Working through frustrations easier. Making different choices. Walking away and unplugging from situations to change the energy and not add more fuel to a tense situation.

Sleep has not come easy tonight. While my body is resting, truly resting, my mind is lucidly awake. Feels like a vague kind of sleeping. Sleeping but awake with awareness. My mind is in motion, swirling about here and there on nothing in particular. I feel both focused and vague.

The itching is so intense, I cannot get back to sleep. There's a feeling of desperation as I itch and scratch, scratch and itch, wanting to remove that part of my face. Just take this skin off! It takes great restraint not to dig my nails into the itchiness with a fierceness!!

My thinking feels focused on a task when I am upright and awake, compared to the vague swirling about that had me not quite sleeping before, though my eyes were closed and my body felt to be sleeping. I should be sleeping now, but I am very much awake. Feels calmer now. In sleep, I recognize a feeling a subtle restlessness. I'm in a soft focus now. If I did not need to work early, I think I would delight in this timing of wakefulness. Instead, I feel a responsibility to get some sleep, as I am still tired. It is as if I still have not really slept yet, not in the fullness of my being. This is far too wordy for my liking, but off to sleep, I must attempt!

It feels easy. It doesn't feel like it's in any way negative. It doesn't have an impact it is just a sensation.

A mass without substance, a thickening, this is different than how I would consider thickening. It is not quite the intensity as this thing that would happen over the last week and a half, I would get light headed in a way that does have substance. I get a little dizzy, something is swirling through.

There is some kind of presence; a tingling, tingly presence, like a vibration.

It looks like a fine moving sand through my head, it is constantly moving, it is not rushed, it is really subtle.

My eyes are closed two lung shaped connected images, yellow, orange, red and blue, into a total bull's eye of pink. As I was opening my eyes, a whitish-gray outline of light on my eyelashes, like ice on my eyelashes and then it was gone.

It wasn't quite a bull's eye it was a fuzzy pink light. There is a little bit of green around it. A disconnect from my body.

What does my body feel like? There is this thing that is attached but not connected. It is now a part of me. The knowledge that it is a part of me, but I am not in connect with it right now.

This feels like pressure, but not constriction, the opposite of what I normally experience.

This is gross, yuck, wow!?

A feeling of wanting to be open, this is more on the physical, to have my body open up more, when you see a butterfly with it's wings together, sitting on a flower, opening up it's wings, a feeling of expansion and opening. Wanting to spread things out, create space and stretch. I want to spread out, walking forward, with my chest forward, head out and upward, chest out, following that, walking in a way that I wouldn't ever really walk. My arms are pulled back.

Making space, stretching, it feels open.

The image of the air, however, has the visual of being sandy. Like a sandstorm in a desert, it looks like a storm, or it doesn't feel like a storm, it is subtle and kind of soft energy, like something really dangerous, has this subtle smoothness to it. It looks like it should be entering rough terrain, like entering a tornado or a storm. It is not how it

Another image of something being frozen, a white-gray light, iced, frozen in texture. This makes no sense.

I just stepped back into the room that I am sitting in. Okay here I am. Did I just make that happen or was it just a shift?

It is like my head is in an elevator. Or my head is an elevator. Moving upward rapidly and smoothly.

Meeting friends socially, sitting at a table, feeling piercingly focused on whomever was speaking at any given moment, felt as if my eyes could see only one at a time.

Though I had a strong desire for my favorite Indian dish, once it arrives, I only feel to have a small serving. There is very little drive to actually eat. This feeling an anticipatory like urgency to order this favorite dish is in great contrast with the small proportion I feel to actually eat. I also notice how purposeful it feels in the preparation taken in each small bite.

One person did not get an equal opportunity to speak, felt it, and spoke up about feeling left out. As she spoke, I felt sad for her, could see what I perceived to be a tearing in her eyes, and I experienced that piercing focus and deep empathy. However, as soon as another person spoke, all of my attention was focused on the speaker. It was as if only the speaker at any given moment were present in the group. I could not notice this while in the group, but when we parted, something felt odd to me.

I am not so hungry as usual. I feel as if food is not important, finding that I am eating much smaller portions. I'm also not as immediate with my needing or wanting to eat first thing in the morning.

It could be in part the nature of participating in a proving, the feeling to step back and consciously note things, but I feel a kind of detachment about my personal experience, less invested in particular impacts to my personal path or idea of it. I feel slower to react, more patient, more consideration taken before any kind of reaction. Calmer.

I am less quick to act on tasks. I'm usually the first one on the block to shovel my walk and driveway. I do not feel the urgency. It took me more than 24 hours to shovel after the last snow. When my puppy de-stuffs her toys, I do not feel the urgency to clean it up. I am not constantly picking up the toys and putting them back into the toy cubby. This is very unusual for me. I feel more relaxed about it. It will still get done, but it doesn't have to be so urgent. I like this feeling.

I feel like I have no time, not enough time. Time is not moving quickly or slowly. I'm on vacation. I actually have a lot of flexibility in my schedule, but it feels like I'm busy. Feels like I don't have time to do all the things I feel to do. Feel like I am rushing about on the inside, but externally, I am not rushing. There is a hurried feeling inside of me. There is a strong contrast here. I keep needing to remind myself that I need not feel so hurried. I have repeatedly looked at my calendar because it feels like I'm so busy. When I check my calendar, I'm reminded that there's nothing pressing, no need to hurry or rush. However, the rushing, hurried feeling returns, and I feel like I'm missing something, falling behind. There's an anxious feeling with this. I wonder how I will possibly maintain my schedule when I need to go back to work, when my calendar is filled with work and appointments abundant. I am so anxious!!!

Feel like conversations with my housemate are met with disagreeable energy. It feels like anything I say, she argues it. I feel like it may be best to not share anything with her. I'm so frustrated right now. Just noticing this energy in her for the first time. Realizing she's talked about this experience with other people in her life, but I had never personally experienced it. Am I just now becoming sensitive to it? Is this the proving? My chest feels to collapse in surrender. I don't want to argue. I don't want any conflict whatsoever. I feel like I need to defend myself, and I don't want to.

I feel sort of detached. In a way that I find myself feeling surprised when I make what feels like a mutual connection with another human. I realize that mostly, even when I'm with people, I don't feel connected. But I only seem to notice it when I experience the contrast of disconnection in the moment of realizing there's a connection. I feel like there's a glass barrier between myself and others, but the glass is so crystal clean that it is only recognized when it gets touched. I'm not sure if others notice it or feel it, but I do. It feels like I have to touch or tap lightly on the glass. Instead of it feeling like a barrier, it's like an awareness of the connect in the midst of feeling disconnected. It seems opposite how one would expect. It is by hitting glass that connection is felt, by recognizing the barrier. It feels externally subtle, but internally shocking.

What is mine and what is the substance? I have taken on a rather large responsibility.

I don't feel to take part in too many exchanges with people, liking time alone, but I also feel to see people a little bit. I find myself somewhere between connecting and something else. I want a lot of quiet. When I'm in conversation with people, it feels like there's fluid in my eyes, makes it like I cannot see clearly. But my vision is fine, it's more a feeling in relationship to another. What I'm writing does not quite capture this experience, not sure how to describe it.

There is this surreal am I really doing this? Oh my goodness, what did I do? As if I don't have enough going on in my Feeling overwhelmed. Feeling out of touch with reality. Damn it!? There is a barrier it is really clear and clean glass. Feeling connected in one-to-one interactions, then I touch up against the glass. Then I realize I am not connected. This is shocking and confusing. I cannot quite sense what's happening.

The feeling is confusion; I am really confused. What I think I am experiencing all seems like what it is until I touch upon this thing, it is like glass. It is like reading someone's lips as they are talking, I cannot hear them. Something tangible and intangible.

Confusion. I feel really confused by this process. What is mine? What is the substance? It is blurry, but it has a structure to it. I am frustrated I am supposed to be able to describe this. I don't think I can describe this. Recognizing a structure and tangibility, at the same time this structure and tangibility do not exist. Blurry.

Sharp. Blurry sharp. Logs coming downward crisscrossing each other. It doesn't make any sense. Watching all these logs falling down into this river, getting tangled up in a dam, blocked up, locked up, and yet the water flows around them and through them. Log jam. A log jam. Water rushing and this stuckness. Rushing and being stuck at the same time. Motion and not motion. Two extremes happening at the same time. Everything is stuck and moving.

My mind is worrying more than usual. Worrying about finances, having enough time to get everything done, being a bother, remembering what on my calendar, making appointments.

This produces this anxiety, with urgency, there is a kind of urgency to it and yet there is nothing to do about it. What happens is there is a kind of panic about it. I want to make it stop; but I cannot. I have to go with it, I feel I am in it or it is in me. I am rushing around trying to get all this stuff done, when actually there is nothing to do. I am trying to check my calendar. There is this urgency; I have all this free time and space, but I don't have enough time, but I have plenty of time, so much to do and nothing to do. Frustration present tense human level; I am on fucking vacation. I am feeling so rushed and urgent and anxious. Nothing tangible to speak to that. Nothing has that warranted urgency, no legitimate reason for it.

I want to do something about this state. This urgency in relation to this sense of discomfort is so unusual for me. Bloody hell!?

Survival big time and so weirdly detached from it (this is so different from my own story of survival which is very personal; this is impersonal). There are things that I am like, "Dang! I am relaxed about this!" This urgency is that I am missing something or I've forgotten something important.

Survival, the pace of my heart is rapid, like an intensity, something urgent that I've got to do. Actually no. But the heartbeat is so intense. It takes a lot to settle down. I have to check and double check, repeatedly check. It is not life or death. It is necessary. I want it to stop.

I've been getting together with people in a different way. I am feeling so rushed I don't want to be scheduled or add something to my calendar. But I do want to plan something. I feel detached. It is as though I enter into high intensity energy because of that pace thing that is there.

Crisscrossing, something woven together, a downward diagonal motion. Heavier on the left side. Layers of woven baskets. It feels native, old and plain, but there are layers of them. My mind wants to go southern but I am going northern. A feeling of Northern Minnesota, but no boundaries, or even a map, wind moving through water, something soft. Clouds with color, being under water, clouds of color fade together and then fade apart. A constant motion.

A constant motion, a feeling of something brushing up against me and a dizziness that comes into me, a swirling in and around it. Fast and slow. I could lay down into it. Something about it feels very light headed. I lose direction. Am I standing up or lying down or am I upside down or sideways. I am almost like changing directions slowly. Everything else around me moves faster and slower. I am going into a place of no gravity.

The most uncomfortable part of this is having no direction. I am grasping for it. It is like floating. Floating and falling at the same time.

I am being pulled back by my head or neck, twisting, curling, turning to the side. It feels like there is no gravity.

Disorienting. The inside doesn't feel fast the outside does. I am trying to maintain some kind of pace that I can handle. If I go as fast as those things around me I cannot handle it. Yet, I have to try to do it. I feel I could just get sick. I would throw up. I would be on a really bad ride or having a hangover and getting the spins. I will get really physically ill from the speed of it. I cannot go past that edge or I will be sick. Yet at the edge, that floating feeling, that gravity feeling is almost pleasant. Light-headedness. If I would just go within it would be almost relaxing. Looking outside of me, merging with it feels like too much.

Intangible things brushing up against you. Soft intangibles. It could be water, air, a piece of cloth, something like a fish, or it could be another being of some kind, something really soft. Feathers from birds. Or a lot of little things that become something massive. It could be air, wind, water, the movement of whatever it is around me being in motion all at once. It feels really light.

It is not attached to anything. Everything that is moving around nothing is attached, it is free floating. A kind of buoyancy or sort of... A feeling of being on a tire swing, that twirls up, you are curled up in a ball, if you are curled up in a ball you will spin really fast, to prevent this you spread out, the feeling remains soft and fluid. The feeling doesn't appear fast, but it is fast. If I spread my body out I am still in motion with everything. I am still moving with everything else.

It feels very out-of-body. A floating, drifting sensation. I feel better on the edge of it. Buoyancy. Floating. Drifting. Yet, an urgency.

A sense I've been experiencing for the last few days, but have not had the word for it came to me today. It is a feeling of static, like when a storm is coming or like when you rub a balloon against your head or clothing and it creates that static. I've had this sensation of static within me and sometimes brushing against me at different times. It's very mild. A soft vibration of sorts.

I've felt to stay in today. It feels so good to be alone, away from people and public places. Other than shoveling 6" of snow, I have not left the house. I stayed in my pajamas until dinnertime. I am so content to be relaxed and slow today. Unlike these past days, I do not feel so rushed. I feel more content than I have in awhile, just to sit still and be quiet. I especially like the quiet. Feeling calm inside. Calm like water and open space. Calm like going with the flow. Calm that has a feeling of effortlessness. Like letting be.

Except for still having constipation, it seems as though the mental and emotional symptoms have stopped. I no longer feel an external rush. I feel like I'm back to my own pace.

Three weeks before proving, met a new guy in Washington, DC and ended up going there to see him for New Year's Eve week (week before proving). Intuitively knew it wasn't a real love connection, but liked him. Week was fine, not great. Had trouble getting into deep conversation (not usually a problem for me) and he drank a lot, which ended up being a concern. I had basically quit drinking much at all this summer and ended up going out and having two to four glasses of wine most nights when I was there. Body does not like this, and I ended up quite bloated. Also got mildly sick toward the end of my stay (see above).

Feeling down and a bit depressed (last week as well). Ascribing this to cold (inflammation) and impact of the week with guy in Washington, DC. I am not characteristically negative at all, but feeling blah and not myself.

Crabby and unhopeful about life in general. Getting along with everyone fine though.

Wow, feeling sort of been there done that about everything. Ennui. Seen it all. Working on a handout but hard to really focus in and know what I want to say. Feeling foggy and undisciplined. Unmotivated. Want to do the easy thing.

Client sent me a YouTube video to watch in advance of a coaching call, all about "leaders eat last." He is proposing (as breakthrough thinking) that putting other people's needs ahead of our own sometimes is what leadership is about. Only a man would think this is noteworthy, and only a man would get attention for writing this book or talking about it. I am feeling very disgusted.

Managed to get a blog post written, but it was a bit of a struggle to clarify what I was thinking and took longer than usual.

Alright, fine, not a lot, in a funky mood, mood just wrote in journal, it's don't have words for feel like been there done that with everything.

I was sent a video, guy sent it, I was stunned... only man would have an epiphany, only man would give it air time, the client sent it, not sure if they want to talk about it...I wanted slap someone, I was frustrated at how the obvious video was, that was the capper on it all

Spent day coaching, did a good job with everyone, feeling slightly distracted and disconnected though. Overall still in similar place as past few days. Not really down, just sort of had-it-with-humanity.

I keep coming back to the same thing and hoping that writing about it helps me understand better. Bored?

Wrote "bid the poems come" Had forgotten that my best contribution to the proving is often the poems that are written. Will attach poems separately :-)

Wrote blog post on the end of gurus. <http://eccentricspirit.wordpress.com/2014/01/09/gurus-housework-and-the-Dalai-lama/>

I'm spaced, getting ready to leave, can send the journal to you, nothing in particular, distracted my head completely in that, I'll just send the journal later

Poem: I don't know how to tell you

Poem: Snow

I only have a bit, then will be in 5 days of training

Have been texting guy in DC since New Year's trip. He has been saying he misses me. I don't miss him but don't seem to be able to just say yeah, this didn't work.

Woke up with the song "I would walk 500 miles" from Men at Work stuck in my head. "When I wake up, you know I want to be, I want to be the man who wakes up next to you."

Leading a leadership retreat in Florida next few days -- it has been a bit chaotic, people dropping out, someone who wants to attend but her husband won't drive their son to softball practice so she can't, someone stuck in the north east because of snow. Another participant in and out because of physical therapy and meetings.

Very bothered by the volume on the TV last night. Staying with my business partner and her husband. Loud surround sound. Went to bed feeling a bit sick and out of sorts.

Strange day today. Leading a training (which I do often and generally very well). Over group dinner, started feeling very disconnected and separate from the group. This is not at all normal. I always feel part of things, connected, and at home. Felt like I wasn't as fully a part of things. Very, very odd.

The day after I decided to do the proving, I started reading a book about the Enneagram, and then another by Charles Tart called Waking Up. Also, I read an article about the corollaries between the Enneagram and the Miasms in Homeopathy. The next day, I made a big, introspective entry that turned into an email to my beau. I also requested a particularly astute supervisor for this proving, so I would be challenged to delve most deeply inside.

Odd spots, petechiae? On my right foreleg, sure it is some effect of my untreated diabetes and I will die. Have been already having a fear of what might happen, but it feels more desperate today. I must make myself care for this!!

Making greater efforts to do things with my son. Got him to make cookies with me, and also bought him a jigsaw puzzle for Christmas so it would feel like the holidays at home, since we weren't able to travel to be with family. There is always a jigsaw puzzle going at Christmas in my family.

Had a strong feeling or fear at how fragile life, and love is. My beau could just suddenly no longer desire me, and there is nothing I could do about it. I will have to live with this uncertainty the rest of my life. Yikes!

Just taking the substance now. My supervisor and I explore what happens for about an hour. What strikes me most is the feeling of stillness, of calm I experience. As if I am non-plussed, nothing can shake me, nothing can throw me off. I observe lots of different stimulations, situations, settings that I feel I am in, but they don't distract me, they don't invade my wholeness and I don't shift my focus to them instead of me, instead of theme-ness that is a bigger picture. This is a welcome relief, as usually I am constantly overwhelmed by all I see around me that needs doing, addressing. I am experiencing a deep peace, a settled, simple state of existence. Not primitive, but essential, in harmony, attuned. whole. And I can just "be" in that passive yet aware, saturated or full existence. How would my days be different if I could be much more immersed in that sort of state? I sense no judgment, no unrest. Yet I feel alive, not numb or "deadened." If I stayed like this, what would get done, could I stay connected enough to my world without being so disturbed, so apprehensive about all that calls for my attention. Here I don't feel the call. I see them all, but they are not requiring that I engage with them. Yet I am not actually dis-engaged, I am just not affected. Funny, at the time I felt all sorts of animal-type aspects of the initial proving experience. Yet now, hours later, on writing about it, I feel sensations, a sensitivity of the plant world. I am stuck, implanted in the ground, or on a rock or whatever, and I am having an experience of intensity of sensation, of the quality of how much I feel, how much I do not. Perhaps plants have more animal-ness, more qualities of existence to them than I have ever noticed!

Talking with my beau about visiting his various family members. For the first time I feel an anxiety. Will they like me? His first wife was so charming, vivacious, funny, and other-focused, I won't be able to hold a candle to her. This is odd, I can't remember ever worrying about what in-laws might think of me, and I'm 62-years old and have had several serious relationships in my life!

Been thinking more about how easily I can fall into a certain anthropomorphism with an animal, yet less so with a plant. Realizing my initial proving impressions felt animal-like to me, but a little later I also felt how plant-like they were. On a deeper plane, this is opening me up to perceiving, and receiving impressions from the Spirit of plants in a much more respectful and subtle way than ever before. In yoga last night the poses felt very luxurious and also had an expansion, a filling-in that gave a similar sensation of suspension, of easy lengthening that was devoid of effort or struggle. Yes, this is part of the overall feeling I am having: no need to effort, to struggle, to try to make anything happen. Whew! I want this remedy every day!

Caught myself whistling an old '50s tune, my friend says it's a Danny Kaye song from some musical. I have no idea what it is or how it popped into my head. It makes me feel cheerful, peppy. Like all's right with the world.

Watched "La Jetee" by Chris Marker this evening. The scenes of being experimented on caught my imagination wondering how does one traverse such an experience? How does one face it head on, embracing it fully, what does one attempt to preserve of self-hood, and what would it be like to be "tortured" and be powerless to escape.

Having a tough day at work. I really want to stop this proving, I really want to stop everything. I feel despairing about my life. It feels insurmountable. What happened to my Buddha-like stillness and equanimity!

Took care of electric and power things today that had been waiting months for attention. Had a to-the-point conversation with my son today about money and jobs and future plans, more concrete than we have talked in a while. Organized my desk area today so there is room to spread out piles of receipts and stuff for doing my taxes.

Excited to get to some tasks I have been putting off. Today is the day to move forward!

Made a whole list of projects or tasks for my son to do to help me out. Wouldn't that be great to get caught up on a bunch of little things I never get to! He spends five hours nicking away at them this evening.

A friend's posted quote for the day: Tension is who you think you should be. Relaxation is who you are. A Chinese proverb, and then she asks: What supports me relaxing? I think of being present, being "amped down" to a vibration where I can witness. Where my lights may seem dimmer, but where there is true repose. "en veilleuse." the dims, rather than the brights. both equally necessary at different moments. I want to experience more of the dims. I still judge that they are "less than," but I yearn to ease up on the wariness and be able to let down my guard, in so many ways. Yes, to let down my guard. What a release of tension that would be!

I have been using handkerchiefs all week, to blow my nose, instead of Kleenex. They don't seem to get very gunky, I like not wasting a paper product, there you are trees, you can stay standing a bit longer, thanks to me. And there is a materialness, luxurious, less menial, more comforting, having this handkerchief with me in my pocket or at the side of my desk, available whenever it is needed. Also many of the handkerchiefs have a personal connection for me so there is that comfort of bringing back the memory, the essence of someone I have loved. Or even if I don't know them, there is the aesthetic of the fabric, its embroidery or its edges, and the fact that it is old, that others have used it or had it available, and now I do. With Kleenex, there is also this feeling of something dirty you need to throw away, dispose of. Get out of the body and get rid of as quickly as possible. Whereas with a handkerchief, it is a legitimate part of your day, of your life, to have a discharge and then there is this fabric to take care of it. It has a place, a purpose. Sickness belongs, is to be integrated into the larger process of life, natural, normal, nothing to be ashamed of or to try to get to go away. And the handkerchief sees me through the process.

I worry about bothering my beau in the evenings with my coughing. Worry about creeping him out, disgusting him, repulsing him with this disease, this state of having something wrong with me. Worry he will want to get away, and feel stuck there in bed with me, having to put up with me bringing in this infectious, festering colony of bacteria or virus that might grow and take over and infect him as well. He must want to get away from me, to keep away, yet he stays, he must feel obligated, trapped I bet. like in some sort of bog, quicksand, eeeeeeeh! how repulsive. and yet he puts up with it. surely this will kill our love, will rebuff any impulse towards intimacy. is this how a leper feels? how awful. how powerless, how shameful, it's in me, there's nothing I can do about it. I am at his mercy. terrified that my state will drive him away, eventually, when all loyalty or feeling has died a long, slow death. but I don't think I can smother the impulse to cough, to expel, to try to clear out what is clogged inside. Geez, it's just a little winter cold,

Went on a couple little shopping sprees, online, and also around town. Things I have needed to get for a while, finally doing it, but also just wanting to look around, get some things. I'd like a winter sweater, not too thick but cozy, wool, to wrap around me. I can imagine one in like Irish cables, off-white, that would go with everything. I'd like to ask this woman I know to knit one for me. Overall, it's also the pleasure of wandering from store to store, looking for the right thing to pop up and wave at me. The luxury of time to wander, to look around, indiscriminately and yet with an eye to catching just the right thing. And, wanting to shop, to buy things, which I don't do very often at all. It's all I can do to not jump up right now, get dressed, and go downtown. Are the stores open yet?

Not really a lot of physicals, nor mental or emotionals, for that matter. Energy is steady but on a medium simmer, no more. No big ups and downs, no drama. No fears, no anxiety, and yet no elation, either. Nor do I feel numb or depressed. I will say I don't feel very productive and there is an increasing demand right now. Feels part of a normal cycle. I really don't have much to say. Just going to get on with it.

Pissed off, actually angry and irritated at our cat, who is refusing to eat this organic home-made food we got for him since he had a recent surgery and needs to rebuild his defenses. Worried something else might be wrong with him, trying to understand what is behind this reluctance to eat the good food. But resentful at his attitude, makes me really mad, I just want to yell at him, What's the matter with you, stupid?? This is good for you!! Don't have a mind of your own, don't be listening to your intuition, just do what we tell you and shut up about it! I want to kick him, throw him against a wall, hit him, smash him down, into submission, into blind obedience to what we want him to do. These feelings of violence are shocking to me, I am ashamed to admit them. And isn't he doing what I really believe in?

More about wanting to smash the cat into submission: angry at his stubborn resistance to not doing what would be good for him. Huh! Just like me. Not eating what I believe would be best for me, not making time for the self-care, what is the stubbornness inside that just won't get to it. With the imagery of the cat, I realize and feel that stubbornness more like another aspect of myself that is actually resisting, passively but insistently, just not going to do it, not going to make it happen.

Going to a women's retreat that has been scheduled for over a year. I have not felt like going for some time but don't feel I can decently bow out. I just more and more these past months have little to say, little desire to share my feelings, I who am usually Ms. WideOpen. I don't want to interact, I don't want to be receptive, listening, interested in Other. I want to stay home and do my study, my work alone. I am a bit panicked as I anticipate these three days. So this reluctance is from pre-proving by months, but how am I going to be authentic and also conform to the unspoken rules of a women's group, however evolved we may think we are in such ways. More to come here..

Caught up all day in retreat activities. Speaking my mind pretty frankly, with a bit of humor to help it pass. The women are used to this with me, but still, I can see that it unsettles them, they are not sure if I am playing, joking, or in fact discontented with something. Someone else took the room that is usually mine. I made kind of a big deal about it in an exaggerating way, while still saying it was OK. The person took it upon herself to move to another room anyway. Later, as things turned out, their second room was too cold, and I encouraged them to take my room and I would be fine on the sofa. We all laughed at how things turned around. It was not that big a deal for me and yet I could feel that it didn't sit quite right, so I thought I may as well say something and then give us the chance to work through what to do. This organization is just now becoming interested in developing greater awareness of conflict, and not just helping people discover and feel better about themselves. I like pushing the edges in the group. This is not totally new, but I called the room thing out more than I usually would.

I am acutely aware of this cough, very apologetic to the other people I am with. They claim they hardly notice, that it doesn't bother them, even those sleeping in the balcony while I am downstairs on the sofa. I almost feel a shame that I am diseased, surely they want to get away from me. I insist on sleeping on the sofa so as not to inconvenience anyone. I don't want to be a bother, don't want to be the cause of someone else's discomfort.

We did a sand painting. Everyone took a vial of the sand afterwards as a memento. I felt absolutely no desire or need to take a token of this event home with me. Did the experience, it's done, was what it was, now let's move on. Besides, I am working on clearing the contents of my house, not adding things to it. I only want to keep what is truly meaningful, and not always even that.

Didn't get enough solo reflection time during this retreat. The time went too fast for me. Not enough space or time to integrate, to assimilate. Am I slower than I think, or am I just lacking enough energy to stay more speedy, more active. I feel as if I am missing the boat on much of what happens around me. I need more and better ways to listen to myself, to contemplate, and also then to pass into action. It is feeling more urgent, more vital to be more acutely connected with my inner core.

Last night over dinner, people were asking me to tell the story of how I met my beau. And then which one was it I loved in France who just died, this one guy, or the other one. One of the women told me later that the woman who had recommended she sign up for this program had said just the fact that I was one of the co-facilitators made it worth it to go, and that I was the kind of person this future participant would like to be herself. Both those women are high-level corporate execs, and I was astonished to hear this other person really thought that much of me, I had never sensed that from her. Someone else at dinner commented what a bohemian life I have had. I was mildly embarrassed to take so much attention during the evening, yet I felt very loved and appreciated in a warm, human way, cherished, and I embraced it and glowed in their caring. I felt like the favorite baby sister of them all.

The deeper learning that came from this retreat, for me, had to do with Doubt. My intention for the year is to Lean in to the Doubt. Today, coming back home, I was surprised to feel how confident I am in the love of my beau. And I am starting to understand how something can start to change, develop, transform, before the physical or more material signs manifest. This is a core concept of homeopathy, but this weekend I understood it more clearly for all sorts of change and transformation at all levels. So doubt is really immaterial, or some old vestige of hesitation as a new truth moves in. And if we can lean in to that doubt, face it, embrace it, I think it just disappears and we see/feel how there is nothing to doubt, and all to believe and trust and know as real.

Have had some longer moments with no coughing. Doing ginger, thyme, maple syrup in hot water. It almost feels like a question of will, of determination, to just not be in the same plane of existence as the irritation that provokes the coughing. Something I need to suspend, hold steady, and then the spasm doesn't come. At least this is how it is seeming last night and much of today. This evening, once again, I feel like more of a helpless victim to the seizing.

Coincidence? Since plussing the remedy yesterday afternoon, I have been more able to get to things, take care of business details, finalize status on my ObamaCare, etc. Some of it is deadlines I can no longer put off, but other is a certain élan to just deal with it rather than procrastinating.

Request from supervisor to jam on the word: doubt, which came up during last weekend's retreat where we set intentions for the coming year. Mine is: Lean into the Doubt. Didn't want to use the positive version, like confidence or anything. It felt important to claim the word Doubt as well, and not just try to make it go away by thinking positive. doubt: fear, fear of losing, what if he doesn't love me anymore. counting on someone, giving up your independence. vulnerable. not safe.

Doubt, Lean in to the Doubt: steady the uncertainty by leaning in, holding the line, keeping just the right amount of tension in the sail so you harness the force of the wind, the force of that which is doubted, so that it can be, it can unfold. Like matching the resonance with a remedy, you match the tension and whatever is has the opportunity to manifest. The opposite would be hesitating, trembling, pulling back, and scared to take a risk. Letting the wind rip the sail out of your hands and flap it all over hell. Like riding a motorcycle, you lean in; you accelerate a bit rather than braking. You surge with the force of momentum, the force of the bike, and you move forward with power, rather than being overly cautious, not taking a chance. It's the chance that when taken allows the transformation to occur. Doubt: a feeling at my diaphragm like a steel disc, slicing me in two, separating the head from the gut. Inability to breathe freely, fully. The bottom half feels kind of dead, not much juice. Hiding, silent, in the dark. Inactive. Hibernating? The top half feels more alive, but it, too is reserved, withholding, not allowing full expansion of the breath. Doubt is the withholding, the hesitating, and the fear to engage. The refusal to plug in, to let the energy flow, come in, inhabit our beings. Doubt is the non-life, the stifling, the lack of joy, and the lack of vitality. Stifling, smothering, tamping down. I feel that in my diaphragm, the lower part of my lungs. I think that's it.

No entries today, busy work day.

Supervisor double booked our check in yesterday, apologized, but didn't propose an alternative. I feel a bit adrift in this proving, left to my own devices of self-observation and lacking the witness. I feel like a child creating a theatrical production for her parents and relatives where she is encouraged to use her imagination, but she finds herself afloat in it, not quite sure what is real and what is made up, no one to bounce things off of, no way to confirm the existence of what she imagines, or even to anchor the imagining, the felt sense through another to give it form. No "yes" to allow affirmation, to hold the mirror/boundary that defines What Is.

Dealing with bank accounts, setting up more formal financial record-keeping, recognizing it is going to take time but then I will be set up, running my business will be easier and more orderly. I feel ready to procrastinate less and face in to the structures of my life with more ownership, more calm, less distraction. It is the price of doing business, and seeing it as a tool to help me move forward into my new life helps me to be less irritated and more willing to give it a valid place in my work life.

I have about had it with this proving. I am tired of being at the service of a greater cause, sublimating my needs or desires for the sake of something or someone else. I want to have a coffee. I don't feel like paying attention to what might be different, to what strikes me in my days. I have no idea if some of the riffs I have recorded are relevant, what I should follow more and where I should leave off. It feels directionless. Of course I get it that we don't know, that I should record whatever comes up. But I could suspend myself in these "streams of consciousness" all day long, and I feel like I'm in a void, or about to enter one, and I just fucking don't want to do it! The more I think about it, the more I am pissed, pissed off! I hear my inner self-supervisor say: now just jam on that feeling of pissed off, tell me more... but I have just had it for the moment, want to get on with my day, do what I need and want to do. Get to my work.

In the feeling of irritation at the demands of the proving, is there also a reluctance to just sit and listen to myself? To do the introspection that I do believe needs to happen for body and mind healing? I get antsy, restless, want to move on. That's enough now! But what if I stayed with it. What if I just held the space for myself a little bit longer? Or a lot bit longer, for that matter! Not now, of course, I need to get going with my day (sic!)... so, hmmm....

So, looking at finances today somehow over the past four years I have been able to regularly take money out of my investments to help me live on, and yet the total at the end of the year remains the same, within a certain margin. So without making enough to support myself, I am managing to find the complement (both from investments and other unexpected entries that arrive from time to time) without spending down my stash, my retirement savings. something magic, a sleight of hand feeling. As if my guardian angel is maneuvering on my behalf. Just happened upon a little talley I was keeping and made this discovery. It makes me feel protected, watched over, trusting in life and fate and serendipity.

I am almost depressed, feeling weary, had a difficult conversation with my beau and feel like all the sparkle has gone out of my life. I know I'm exaggerating, playing Sarah Bernhardt again, but I feel like giving up. The world seems dull, lifeless, pointless. It feels like way too much effort to really connect with people. I want to crawl in a hole and read a zillion books. I am adrift, with no ambition or energy to invest in anything. My beau left after staying here almost a month, so part of this is an expected slump, a post-event drop. But it's odd to feel empty, lifeless, that is very unusual for me. Reminds me of a sort of psychic experience I had once, reliving my creation, and it was this same let-down of life not being so special, me not being seen as so special, life not living up to my pre-incarnated expectations, oh well, may as well carry on, but all the fun has dropped out of it.

I was recording quite a scattered, interesting dream when suddenly this notice pops onto the screen that I have never ever seen before, informing me the computer has shut down and I need to push power twice to restart. Never even seen a notice in that format, in five different languages. I almost thought it was a virus, but the computer was indeed frozen so I had no choice but to do what they said and trust it would be okay.

I am irritated to have lost the dream, resentful at having to take the time now to re-enter it all in, maybe I'll just blow it off, how important can it be, I've about had it here anyway, I'm tired of this shit.

Put on the bathrobe I had given to my beau a year ago. I'll use it for myself, taking away the holding of his place in my house, in my life? I can see I am hanging on to my suffering, my hurt feelings at something he said the other day. He has since said more things in a different sense, but I seem to want to dramatize the wounding part, wallow in my feeling unfairly, unjustly, unreasonably rejected, even if it's only a small percentage of many more expressions of love and commitment, and might not be about rejecting me at all. I feel immersed in a sort of bog and lacking ambition to fight my way out. What if I just give in?

Weather is very cold, I want to just cancel the day's appointments and wallow around in bed. Not even do anything productive.

I am so sad. Helpless, hopeless. Discouraged. Stopped cold, immobile, no impetus, no courage to set forth in any way. What's the use? What difference could it make?

Continuing to feel sad, depressed, hopeless about this relationship crisis, even if my reason can see it's just a moment to move through, some patterns to see and work with. I feel dull, the light's been extinguished. I yearn to just give up on life.

Both my beau and I are turning out to be quite the Sarah Bernhard's these days. This misunderstanding is really shaking us, and I hardly recognize myself in the intensity of my reactions. I can be emotional and expressive of my emotions, but I cannot remember feeling so dismayed, so disappointed, so betrayed, so unable to understand what's really happening, with such fears that things are falling apart in an inevitably destructive way. Torn between wanting to strike back, "How dare you!" - and terror that I might lose this precious and unique opportunity to really live a love relationship in a committed way. Last time we talked on the phone I was just shaking, could barely contain myself. Not knowing if I could stand going to see him or if it would be too painful. Is the proving amplifying this experience?

Got a massage today which really softened things, then drove to where my beau lives to clear up these misunderstandings or at least move forward. On a whim, when I got there and we seemed at a loss how to begin, I made up this game with 12 folded pieces of paper having options like "Boy asks Girl a question" or "Girl kisses Boy" or "Boy says something," or "Girl shows." (Awfully structured, I know, but the idea just came to me so I thought I'd give it a go). We took turns picking a paper out of a bowl. It gave us just enough structure to work through things, piece by piece. And as the first one drawn was about hugging, that really broke the ice! One of my beau's issues seemed to be that I was gaining weight, so at one point I took off all my clothes and stood there and made him tell me, and touch, what bothered him. Which was very hard for me but I didn't want to avoid that confrontation with "what is". We each did a great job of being honest and respectful and loving and "leaning in." And I think now things are even better than before and we have reinforced our commitment to each other.

Formal end of proving is today; I started four days later but it feels right to end today. First new day of this even better stage of our love relationship, and I had a coffee at the market before heading back home this morning. Tonight my best friend who had a double mastectomy is having a dancing party benefit. NOTE: I ended up dancing four hours straight without sitting down, and over 100 people showed up to celebrate her. Life feels hopeful in so many ways.

Glancing over the early days of the proving, I am struck by the statement, in the first hour of the proving for me: nothing can shake me, nothing can throw me off. Yet I have been strongly shaken, and thrown off, tested, it felt like. Interesting continuum. I do feel stronger from the shaking. Once again, thank you, proving.

Re: shaky, more about the word "shaky:" disjointed, reorganizing, trembling, all the inner parts jiggling around, shocked out of their normal order and re-configuring. That moment of trembling just before an orgasm, just before a change, just before you jump in with all of yourself. fear, the unknown, inability to organize the organism to function, for all the million different parts to work together. Powerless, totally not in control, submissive, forced into being submissive. in limbo, hesitating, afloat with no moorings. "Could barely contain myself" speaks to the impression of everything "up in the air" and I am not the player here, it's happening to me, being done to me, I am in shock, my mind, my being a blank. a pause in time. an interruption in my existence, will I start up again or will I be forever frozen in this moment of attempted change. that moment of chaos, like when you play "Chinese Fire Drill" and everyone and everything is re-organizing, and you can't do a thing about it. shock, perspiration, stunned, white noise or ringing in the ears, in a daze, fog, at a turning point, on a precipice. Powerless and terrified at what may happen any moment. I'm proving my partner doesn't know that I'm taking it, I'm fine not worrying, feel she was worried, I don't know have heard some dark stuff in others, fine, nice, I do things independently.

Eerie, don't know if I want to do a thing now, it was I don't know if I can do this, feeling bad, don't know how much to put into it, my responsibility or I can cut it off...

Leg a rebirth, process healing, fast intense victory, can bend now, been my state.

Been direct, not much of a mask thing, either bit irritable or lots warm fuzzy.

Been dying to play rook the last two nights, addicted, urge, need to play cards, begging people to play, intense, weird last couple of days wanting to do, very peculiar.

It's not what it is, it's the desire to be in an intense situation, isolated situation, fun using my mind and the space to talk with friends, you do not leave, stay people trapped in a game, had four played there, have intentional structure space.

School remember nice something surmountable, but I have monumental tasks in front of me, felt very industrious, been typing my notes in order, new year rebirth time great start.

I have been in appreciation of Minnesota, as a snake my family is from Hawaii, Minnesota is nice appreciate it not having to travel, usually want to leave but odd to be here travel is unappealing, strange.

Restless mind, thinking about projects, other job tasks, talk to people, get details right, lead, research, team, others get a handle.

Been forgetting everything, insurance card, and my wallet disappeared, I'm convinced it will show up, kind of big, I feel I leave crap, not find.

I forgot my phone in my Dad's car. I have been forgetting or losing everything lately: wallet, insurance card, now phone. It is irking me.

I found myself wanting to poke people with my hand, or jab them. I even play-slashed my friend across the arm, harder than I usually would. I feel playful.

Cheerful, random giggles. Thoughts of how exhibitionism would be received in a homeopathy class, since the atmosphere is so different from public spaces. For example, what would the class do if I flashed them?

Again, when I got up, it looked like a short woman was leaning over the back of my desk chair. Also, for a moment, the stuff in the room seemed to move: the table was sliding, and a towel left on my desk chair appeared to rise for a second. I was scared, scared that there might be something or someone in the shadows, and I was afraid that I might imagine something in the room coming to life and rushing at me, to attack.

Strange desire to pull the emergency-brake while driving, and make the car "drift," or spin. I felt like I would grab the emergency-brake and do it involuntarily, and I had to intentionally concentrate to *not* do that.

Desire to lie down, go to sleep, escape from the day. Very sudden. I don't know how this came on, but I was drinking milk and all of a sudden I felt like going under the covers, lying down, escaping.

Extreme restlessness, unable to concentrate. I almost want to scream, or to lie down and go to sleep. I feel tense, agitated, wanting to be present and focus, but struggling to. Almost like being here, in school, is a monumental task. Stretching, arching back, stretching calves ameliorates.

Experiencing a sense of evil at night quite active and paranoid.

I am terrified things are lurking, if I cling to the light or material world I will be safer, even the phone, even excess, this the world I want to deal now, I don't want to deal with the spiritual now, it's not my belief system, last night I didn't want to deal with what's beyond...

Weird arguments going on, everything crazy, not at peace much the past few days.

In school great usually had weird small moments, joy, playful something big, more ominous today...

I want to retreat to games or the sports channels on television, really calming it's simple not serious, not so troublesome.

Experiencing lots of suspicion about things.

Loss of words. Mental fog. Wanting to say something but unable to think of what I want to say.

My partner and I broke up tonight. It hurts, aches, in my heart. I feel empty, voraciously hungry, but then I ate some chicken and did not feel better. I was hungry again. I realized it was an emptiness food could not fill.

Heartache. Should this go under heart?

My partner and I broke up, we were together for three years and love each other.

We both had a spiritual experience that told there were better things in store, to be apart for a good while, big life change, since then dominating every part of my waking reality, might go along with proving, feel good about it, crying a lot.

I am experiencing a weird dynamic, weird sexual vibe, not comfortable, weird sex vibe, like I was the student and that's why he wanted to separate me so he could have aura amazingness, to do what he wanted, not fear, was uneasy, he encapsulate me in aura might mixing up... ..weird dream was intense energy, entranced, and focused on just to get me in his power hold.

I had a dispute over something, the way the other guy interpreted it, felt upset, angry, violated, upset he chopped it up and made into something it wasn't; this agitated me.

In the other thing in the dream this woman was incredible, was afraid, the dream I woke up afraid I was going to want be with someone else, I do not want to, I am afraid of the message, maybe something else, its a weird feeling, I do not want betray partner want be with her don't want feelings for someone else, kind of guilty, try not take as too big a deal of it.

In general, I have been very scared of the dark, of evil forces, of monsters and robbers and evil people coming after me. I have this fear in general, but it is quite present whenever I am walking in a dark space, or walking up the stairs, or especially when I am walking outside in the early morning (4:00 am) to get to my job.

I feel scared of the dark feel dark creatures or beings in dark, scary think someone waiting around the corner more extreme than normal, this is really scary darkness, open space unfamiliar where can't see everything, dark spooky, even on the plane...

It was extremely terrifying, I wanted to curl up and not see what was coming, rather not see what's out there, scary, want close up, grab my dog brother what's close to me and could trust rather than what's close, almost feeling hopelessness in the face of evil in all dreams... ..in dream never think fighting back just terrified running away.

I felt mentally compassionate, more than usual.

I feel somber, melancholy, like my life force has been drained and I am out on the tundra, frozen, seemingly alone, with the cold dark dry wind blowing over me, into oblivion. Without my partner, I feel empty and alone, so intensely distant and lacking intimacy and touch. It is so difficult to walk into my room, which was formerly ours, and look at all that we had, all that we created together, all that we held to so deeply in our partnership, and know that it is now gone... ..maybe never to return.

I find myself unsure of what to do. I have finished a bunch of work stuff, and I don't really want to go to bed. I feel lonely and unsure of what I am supposed to do with all of this time I have now that my partner and I broke up. It feels like a big empty hole in my life has opened up, and I am filling it with work. Should I do this? I don't think so. I should probably reflect, write and meditate. But I fear that emptiness, that alone space where she always used to be.

I am just scared of dark especially outside in the morning go to airport job not great time, yeah um, monsters, robbers, and evil people coming after me; people coming up the stairs; it all seems quite intense.

I feel somber and melancholy, drained life force in tundra, cold, dark, alone, feel empty, alone, distance, miss touch, hard to walk. into my room, this empty feeling tundra like frozen cold...

I just bought a bunch of clothes online in the middle of the night. I don't really know why, but I just did. I want to build my wardrobe so I can look good. This is very strange.

I am feeling like I want to be out and about, but it is difficult and stressful with my bum knee. I want to go shopping, get new clothes, but I feel like I shouldn't. I am staying home because I want to get homework done.

To be able talk and sit down and connect around something in common, could talk and appreciate, not sure, soccer felt disconnected, different, able sit down and talk, felt people were quite shallow, hard to talk about stuff cared about, we couldn't connect such a hopeless cause.

I maybe also nostalgic, used to be able to connect, was similar and had similar interests, guess Evangelical Christian time at Bethel was hard to connect, felt they do not have a real clue or care, stuff people go though, used live similar fake world... ..doubt things outside, grew up hard connect to that now, certainly don't know why longing connect, kind of weird...

I had visions being part of some fight for good something like that...?
This was a hard experience, no one wanted to connect, no one ever really wanted to talk...
I have also had impulses to jump in front of the light rail train when it comes, not that I would do it, but I've really felt the impulse, that closeness to death. I think this goes along with some of the impulses to hit something while driving that I had earlier in the proving.
Reflecting back, I've had quite an intense fear of the dark over the past few weeks, especially when I wake up in the early morning to go to work. I have seen normal objects and thought them to be a bad guy waiting for me, and when I go into the car to turn it on to warm it up, I have thought someone will come up behind me and get me/kill me. I've imagined what would happen if I died (for my family, partner, etc.). I've also imagined dying in a car accident and wondered what would happen if I died that way. I've thought of how terrible it would be if I died just after the breakup with my partner, since it seems there is so much in store for me.
I am not that much more desiring to be careless with my life like 90 mph on freeway then just live it up, might be something else going on, crazy impulses, jump in front train, want to do but don't, life and death so short, could easily so simply end it...
The battle of good and evil, intense and dark, coming at me, almost like I'm witness to the worst evil.
A decent amount of dreams in which I am drawn intensely to a woman; nothing happens, there's intense connection; cool, wake up there it is.
It could be from a longing for connection, intensely want connection, engage in sex could too thinking about like now have connection brother, parents, have sex urges, not fulfilling desire for a connection but they're there, around connection. Ties good and evil; I think about the good and evil around breakup, will I follow the right path, or good and evil, will I live life with abandon? Or follow a calling, look back or hook up with a bunch crazy never lived life with abandon, not get self to get drunk though, interesting feeling, inhibitions away in some.
I dealt a lot what to do alone, figuring out, felt almost haunting was disconnected.
I also find escape in movies, reading, fantasy, books, escape, appealing and how good guys could win, ability to change the world obsessed with it weird actively pursue this dream world, just get out there real different, almost like want out situation, escape fantasy live in live out, get put in lives.
I feel like I am seeing all evil in the world, then see in dreams and being really present, like some directed at me, like some there in dream, world glimpse into what behind, more intense, more spiritual, a symbol or the root or hatred, this is the trickster or demon this what evil looks like a trick coming to kill you that was really monumental...
I don't want the government watching me.
Almost like he was so nice at first. So inviting. He flipped around so quickly. It was terrifying. It was like the guts had been pulled out of me. It was just me and him. I just knew, before he stabbed me.
He seemed normal. I didn't see his face. So vile. Trickster. Like the devil.
You never know, you have this ominous feeling, you can't avoid the stab. Helpless in the end. I couldn't escape him. I was sucks to him. I couldn't get out.
So paralyzing. A little bit of motion. Helpless in the end. He was going to get me. He had me in him his power. He was going to win.
Like slow motion, like moving thru goo, like underwater, can't really move, he can move as much as he wants to. I am stuck. My heart is so open to him. He can suck me out. I am being pulled out. Exposed to his knife.
It's coming out of my chest. He's not even really moving. His whole being can grab me and pull me out of who I am. Paralyzed? I could move a little bit, the paralysis is more inside. I can move physically, I can't move in my being. He has me and he's going to kill me. He can move as slowly as he wants to. He has it. He teased me. He's offering me something to give me a grasp of hope. He's reveling in that. He smiled and loved it.
He knew, so sure, such a certainty. He had so much power. He could draw me out as long as he wanted to, he could have held me there. He just smiled. The most vile, so sure of himself, vile. He was in such pleasure in how stuck I was. He could consume me.
The knife finished it, but he had me before the knife. I was stuck, I could not move. I was vulnerable. He was sucking me out. He was evil.
Evil. The evil that contaminates the world. So big and so powerful. We are alone. He's Wal-Mart. He can do anything. Massive power of evil.
I felt the forces of evil in everything I did. I would feel like there was someone waiting outside. Everything you could imagine was evil in world... ..so overwhelming how entrenched their power was. I did not have power.
In dream they were carrying nukes around but I felt fine with it. In end I did feel this was really bad.

Singling me out. Reducing all resistance to it. Taking away all power and laughing at it. He gained pleasure from my weakness.

That power is like you swim in oceans of it. You can't question it. You don't want to fight it. It's going to come. It will make it worse for you if you fight it. It's so everywhere and so unchangeable. It holds you in place. You are under it. It can do anything it wants and send anyone after you. I am alone, like in the dream, it's me and my dog.

Under it? It's like a giant concrete massive structure coming down on your shoulders, crushing you. Crushing everything. What do you do? You are just under it.

Like nuclear bombs, the end. Everything was gone, it was the end of life as we knew it. We were watching this big atomic bomb blowing up in one of the dreams.

In the night, evil rules. Everything about the night was horrifying. I woke up screaming. Dream of a dark figure outside my room. I wake I see this figure about to come in. I scream for everyone. It's going to jump thru the window. I was horrified. I was moaning in my dream. I couldn't express. I couldn't warn everyone. My voice would not come out. I could barely move.

It's this dark silhouette in my window and I know it is coming for me. It's so scary. It's so evil. This is going to smash in the window and get in. The rest of my house is all asleep.

Overwhelming presence, the male teacher was. He was trying to get with me sexually. I was not into that. He was so powerful. He had advisors. People close to him were his bodyguards. It was such a sexual feeling I got from him. I was this young playboy. I was extremely uncomfortable. It reminded me of this time I had this real feeling about this guy I knew years ago. He was there and manipulative. Using his presence to manipulate me.

My partner and I broke up during this proving. It felt so caught in this spiritual warfare. Good spiritual force and evil spiritual forces. Maybe destined to do good things. Or maybe if not make right decision, that could end up in bad, bad stuff. We both feels called or do things in the world. We can both make an impact. There is this uncertainty... ..ex-partner was a real committed Christian. I feel connected in the church, but open to other spiritual forces in my life. I felt so suspicious of what she was being told. So much so, that there might be some evil forces involved. She got a prophesy at a conference, he told her, that her partner was not a Christian and she was not supposed to be with me. This guy took my dream and interpreted it, that I was evil. I was so covered in my sin. I was so horrified. He violated my dream and just crushed it.

It was the forces of good.

Reveled in crushing it. It was horrifying. I thought he might have ulterior motives with her. He might be evil. Violation. Desanctify. So evil to creep into it. He crushed it. Like he poured vile oil all over it. He made it into an evil dream. He took away the divinity that was in the dream. I fought that so hard I hated that. He was the spiritual authority in this case.

So embattled. The greater forces going back and forth.

Evil. Apart of these massive powers that can crush anyone. He can do anything. He was so powerful. It seemed sexual. When people are completely surrendering, it's very dangerous for these people. Who is this guy? We don't know who he is. What is your purpose? What is his motivation?

Condescending. Almost scolding. Like I am covered in sin. He violated. There is the powers of the dream and the power of this guy. I'm feeling their clashes.

Why are they blindly trusting this guy. What is his motive? He could be drawing others under his influence. He has so much power. If he can take my dreams, he can take anything. He's part of something bigger that is trying to crush.

He's feeding of it. He's feeding off the energy. He almost made me listen.

Feeding off of? You suck people's life out of them. You consume. The consumption. You need to feed off of them. You are feeding off of life force.

This world power, it can kill people, it can envelope people, just consume people. Just takes people's souls. Makes them soulless. Makes us drones. Makes us unable to fight. This power or force, cannot allow that to live. Otherwise it might come back and overcome.

I don't want to write about my personal life in this journal. Don't want to be vulnerable like people have a piece of you if they know. All these people in our community involved in situations-so muddled together. Have to talk in code. I don't want to be the target of a little war between whoever.

So cold outside, feel stuck inside, like in alternate world. After Christmas, feels like Christmas was so long ago, and keep thinking it's end of January, but it's the 6th. Weird thing that time moving slowly.

Felt in weird energy shift for few days. Everything happening all at once. Sick kind of, watching American Horror Story about Asylum from 1960. Gross and creepy. Feel sick from watching it. Addictive.

Feels heart is sore, feel really sad. Like things are really hard, the weather, harsh (sits and thinks with eyes closed for a long time). Feel right in heart.

Watching Asylum-seems like "why would you make show about people being tortured" so awful. Live my whole life tiring to not realize that or fool myself that that's not an aspect of what humans are doing to each other. Feeling of-living on this facade or something. Everything could fall apart and we'd be like animals to each other. What is keeping us from acting like that? So easy to slip into collapse of society and civilization. People torturing each other and living in horror. Have to be okay with that. Need to realize that's what my life is-as human that's my experience, things could change so quick. My life normal then suddenly complete hell.

Keep staring, as if tired, hard to focus. Nothing to look forward to. Dull and cold out. Everyone feels like this. Harder this year than others. Maybe because colder? Feel now how feel at end of February. Sad and depressed.

State of being-characters in Asylum just accept they are living in their own filth all the time. Like you just settle into the disgusting part of it. My worst fear that people would drag me away-watching that-feel numb inside. Like point past when reacting to something. Not screaming denial, but almost calm or peace with it. Relief because worst already happened, nothing can get worse. Torture only comes from resisting it-saying "I'm not crazy, I don't want to be here." If you accept it, just fine. Stop fighting it.

Very clear in last week-when someone does something mean to me, that the situation doesn't need a response from me. It is not really about me. Become very clear. She will get her own consequence. It doesn't need to be done by me. Universe so efficient at taking care of things, I don't need to. Example: I totally wouldn't embezzle even if I knew I wouldn't get caught. Eventually would get punishment or repercussion from that.

Want to stay in basement now that I fixed it up. Huddle under a blanket. Like a little apartment. So safe. Rest of house exposed - windows people can see in. Down here only glass block windows, fireplace, bathroom right there. Everything we need. I love a nice apartment where others around-so safe. Don't like being in house alone. No people around.

Feels like I'm stretching my insides or willingness to feel uncomfortable. Fact that I can have these feelings feels scary. Vulnerable, whim of whatever universe throws at me. Feel delicate instrument of feeling. I am violin-some instrument that can experience such low notes that I never knew could come out of me. Not depressed, just feeling of outer space, like if float out there forever. Detached and cold and lost. Versus being connected, warm, cozy, people around. Two very distinct polarities - family or community around. Sunny, people laughing, holding hands. Other side-all alone, floating out to space forever. Like numb kind of. When together is warm and engaging. Right in moment, in ground. So absorbed in moment. When detached and floating, see bigger picture but cold and numb. See more but not engaged. Kind of lay there and just feeling everything in passive way. Both experiences have letting go feeling, on one side let go into moment, other side you are letting go into the bigger thing, the bigger timeless, endlessness.

Feeling really anxious this morning. Uncomfortable. Very on edge. Feeling in sternum of "what could happen." Read article about all of our anxieties is because of inability to be in the presence of ourselves and our lives. Feels like it's that kind of conflict. Feel a distinct push-pull happen between mind and center of my being (HG behind sternum). Anxiety not worry, but uncomfortable pulling, like something wants me to come here (HG sternum) and mind says it's not right. Stupidly feels like separation between mind and real being. Real me is much bigger but mind is chattering annoyance. Increased perception of my existence outside my mind. Very strange.

Feels like something is re-awakened in me that I haven't experienced for a long time. Feels really good. Like something is happening in heart that is a-like a band tied around arm that didn't get blood flow and the arm isn't nourished with blood when you take band off life force can flow into it again. Like something has loosened-a band between my mind and my heart. I'm aware that the two different places exist. Before it was tight and everything was in my mind. Uncomfortable, but I need to get used to it. A process of consciously relaxing and allowing life force to

Feel in a funk. My mood is not great, I've been anxious in the morning. Why do I not write this in my journal? Something I don't want to talk about. Feels like it's too much work to write it down. What is the point of being alive? Seems so dumb, boring. Oh my god. I have to eat all this food, do all this work, so tedious, so labor intensive. In my mind, I know it's the human experience, but-can't even think about how many times I'm going to cook or unload dishwasher. So pointless.

Struggle between being present in moment and devastated by pointlessness of my existence. Begging my husband, can we go on vacation. Applying for jobs, doing everything I can to cause excitement and movement in my life. I just want change, something different. I don't even care how uncomfortable it is. Arranging my schedule, taking proactive steps to shake things up.

Sometimes the only thing you can do is be active to make things better, mental or physical, so much better. Stirring up energy. Even phone conversation. Worse is sitting watching computer all day. That's not making me feel better, even though I like, it. Can I have a good mix, be active for three hours, then little break. Love that, so happy. I don't need to eliminate TV, don't make me do that.

Sounds like fun to go to hospital and visit person after surgery, sounds so fun, run around tunnels with kids. Out of boring day. Sure will be uncomfortable because kids will whine. So much happier. I so sick of trying to feel what's happening, meditate. It's dumb. I'm over it. Nothing more to meditate on. If something's uncomfortable, close my eyes and feel it. If doesn't go away, have to move on, can't sit whole life when it's bothersome. Supposed to do self-exploration. Feel like sometimes it's helpful, but a lot of times, so boring. Doesn't matter. So sick of myself, being obsessed with myself.

It feels like so much movement is happening in my life. Got a new job, buying a new house, kids going to school, so many new starts. Feels like energy is really flowing. I feel excited.

This morning really scared someone will come in and kill me. I really need to do something about this, if someone would break in and rape me, it would be relieving because it is the culmination of all my worry, would all be over. An annoyance. Must do something. Getting to point in life where I get what I want. I don't want to be raped, but sometimes what you really don't want is the same intention of what you want as far as what you get from the universe. At a point where I am at wall or place of different point. Instead of pushing it away, am ready to face it or learn more about why I have that fear or where it stems from. A process that needs to be understood by me.

Went for interview at clinic. Went great, they totally loved me, told me they would send me an offer letter. Talked about what I wanted in terms of payment. Exciting. Feel getting really busy, started using my planner I always wanted to use but forgot about. Constantly using it, writing everything down. Feel like things are going really well.

Sense of really plugged into energy of universe in powerful way. In order to do the right thing, I have to be responsible with the power I've been given in terms of clarity, real connection to higher self. Feels like I could use it for good or bad. Could get blown up in ego, think I'm so great and do icky stuff or do for what's better, be a benevolent force in the world that is helping other people and enjoying that process or feeling joy that is inherent in being vessel for greater good. Through everything I do, every interaction I have is force of goodness working through me. Feels so good and exciting. Cry of happiness all the time. I know it's just me-not drug manufacturer happiness.

My husband is so funny, he is almost bipolar. Really high and then low. All of a sudden he's buying rental properties. All of a sudden, I'm ready to do it, start living where I want to be. Things seem clear, simple, uncomplicated.

Having anxiety about kids going to school. It will be such a shock to my youngest. Trying to prepare him. He's so used to sheltered life. Did I screw him up?

So tired. Kids have flu, been intense couple of days.

So up and down. Am I bipolar? One day so good, then next so tired. Even minute by minute. If I lay down will be better. Hard being steady and consisted.

Confused. Feels was very engaged, good time, happy, and now I'm so tired and confused. Distracted. Event so stupid, such a mess. So much to do and I don't even care. Feel like I'm sick, want to go to bed (very whiny voice). So tired, need to push everything away for a few minutes and set it aside. Doesn't really matter, I'm so tired. Numb to it all.

The fatigue is in my head and eyes are so tired. More body than mind. Physically tired. But confused.

Spacy, feel floating, Not unpleasant, but who cares. Comes and goes through day, but also bigger picture of up and down for me. Both by day and by the week. Extreme highs and lows mentally. Disconnected, more numb, zombie. Maybe because I'm more tired.

Eating is such a chore. If you're an animal that eats once a week, have to gear self up to do it. Big chore. Not natural. Eating is fine when I'm eating, but the thoughts up to eating, get ready to do something big.

Last night in bed I felt I might be coming down with the flu, but I wanted to resist it. I felt myself holding up my hand saying, "No, I am not willing to be sick!" I felt like the proving was a malevolent force trying to get me, and that I had to put my foot down and say "No!". It felt good to say no, like I was drawing a line and taking care of myself. The feeling is that it would be all too happy to take advantage of me, like something to which you give and give, but it is never satisfied. Like a person who only thinks of themselves, never appreciating others or seeing how they may be imposing. I felt like saying, "Back off! You have taken enough from me and my family, stop being so greedy!" Like what a jerk the proving is. I feel angry. like I am pushing away against something that is rude and pushy, like a person you would call an asshole. Someone who only cares about themselves.

Felt really good holding out my hand and say no, I'm not going to let you take advantage of me (I'm talking to the influenza). Feels powerful, grounded. I know this is right thing for me. What your reaction is, your deal, not mine. Setting healthy boundary.

After dream with boss, I could hardly talk to my boss today because I had the same feeling while talking to her.

Noticing extremes in everything. Polarity is so prevalent. Was not hungry, now just starving. Husband's mood is bipolar. So crazy. So extreme, even kids more sick than ever before. Something always on move, either getting lower or higher. Always trending in one direction or other. Just depends on what way you want momentum to go.

Do I have control over momentum? If I could set my own schedule, I could schedule things that help me have more momentum because I like that feeling. Whatever I'm doing the feeling is multiplied. Easier to get momentum. If I want to be busy and active, I just have to start. Like a wheel that's hard to turn at first, but when get going, just goes. Feel like whatever I'm doing in world is charged with more momentum no matter what it is.

Got off phone with super funny Canadian lady, she was so funny she's telling me all these stories, she was a hoot. So fun to talk to her. I felt like that gave me a feeling of wonderful feeling to just enjoy her. It doesn't take much, but I can keep going with that, use my momentum to make connections with people. Connections with people brings good momentum.

So really connecting genuinely is what I like, simple!

What feels the best in new job is to be there-gets me moving and active, gets wheel turning. Momentum going. I also see how people are and it's not about me if they are crabby.

Momentum is a bit harder at first, as keep going, easier and easier. Then you can coast for a little while. Then it can slow down, come to stop or go backwards. Its okay, but not as fun when going other way. Other way means just no want to do anything, lay in bed and watch TV. It can shift from bad to good really quick, but usually not from good to bad quick. When bad, don't get fast, it's just stopping. So maybe not momentum. Just being slow. Not momentum in bad direction, but just slow and hard to get going.

I wouldn't embezzle, even if I knew never get caught. Selfish because comes back as good to be good. Strong sense of knowing that if I do good for someone and they don't reciprocate, doesn't matter. Not where you get back from. Get it back from universe. Not about not getting caught, so much bigger than that. Universal law is so much easier to understand, so much work. If something shitty happens to you, obviously for best.

Episodes where super nervous. Fear of being attacked was coming up so strongly. Wanted husband to come home. Wasn't fear of breaking in, but why am I plagued with this fear and what does it mean? So terrifying it takes over my body and almost panic attack. I want to explore and understand it rather than just make it go away. I feel at a point where I want to understand what it's about. Mostly happens in evening, between 6-8 pm. If kids are here, I'm fine. Just need someone else there. About being alone.

Not much has been going on for the last week. My headaches are gone. Today I feel so tired.

Usually I get crabby, with premenstrual syndrome, PMS. I usually get three days notice.

On Sunday I was at yoga, I usually get tired and want to lay down and quit. On Sunday, I felt so much determination. This feeling of strength and determination. I feel this substance has strengthen my will and my resolve. I just made a fist. I can feel it in my chest and solar plexus.

There is much more self-confidence. I don't know if it is that really. Just a need to be apologetic or over explain to others. I would talk more or talk over clients.

I started working in a Fertility Clinic; I draw blood; I missed one, I felt completely calm and confident, holding onto my own power. There is a definitive line happening. I felt like I am realizing how much I was lacking confidence before in my life. Confidence, self-assurance, and powerful, quietly powerful; not lording over others.

I used to feel like people were doing stuff to me, attacking me, writing a mean note about me, I do not need to get involved, I don't have to be infected by it, or affected by it. I am not as sensitive. I have a thicker skin. I have this new understanding. I won't have a problem if I do what I feel is right.

The only way I can be hurt as a consequence of my own action. If I give someone \$50 and they don't give it back to me; it is on them.

I used to struggle to get the upper hand. Fiercely. I would have to work hard to set it right. To correct an imbalance. I feel so tired it is hard to think about it. I would hate the person. I cannot clearly think of a situation where that has happened. Lately, I've learned that someone has said something about me, "Wow, she is having a hard time!" It is not about me. Before I would have bit back, emailed her.

This worrying about what other people think about me, seeing me as small or weak, having my own power. I have power. This shift that has happened seems to have something to do with maturity, as people grow older, they let go of things. Oh, I've learned. I have gained some wisdom.

A huge polarity theme; extremes, like extreme exhaustion and tired and so thrilled and excited about my life. Moods changing. After I took my dose, my husband thrives on a good feeling, he loves to listen to music, or have a good cup of coffee, seeking a high, after the remedy he was acting like this, then he crashed. This was so unexpected.

My children got the flu and they seemed so much better. Like they've matured after the influenza.

Nobody is going to tell me what to do. I feel like an adult (for the first time) like I haven't felt before. A part of me has been intimidated, made small, belittled, I used to feel small, like they were laughing at me. I don't need to be afraid of that. I can be okay and happy. I feel very strong and sturdy and empowered (I used to feel disempowered).

I have been reading these feminist blogs and I am like "Oh my god, really!?" I chose this journey.

I wanted to go back to lab work. This job couldn't be any better. We are putting out kids in school. The path is clearing. I draw blood, it is a challenge every time. I love seeing the blood fill the tube. I do everything exactly right. I feel so professional. I love homeopathy and I feel so professional. I feel completed. To have one foot in each place.

There is this thing about momentum. I can get so excited, I am not feeling tired any longer.

I keep thinking of iron, marching on, marching forward to accomplish my goal. Nothing will get in my way. Not in an egotistical way. This woman she is so egotistical, she will book an appointment for a massage, and she won't tip. She wanted to trade me hour for hour for no equal exchange of services. Her whole presence is trying to bring down the establishment.

I am scared of her. I don't say anything. It gets too messy. Corrupt, corruption. This overarching shadow poisoning the system. This heavy cloud of black energy. The poisons just seep in and devastate. I am not personally afraid not at all. I am standing on the shore watching a sinking ship. That is too bad. The poison is like a mist or a poisonous gas that is injected, filling up every empty space, it curls around, like little Smokey wispy fingers grabbing. There is mist and bubbling potions to get at others.

It is someone having a spell over someone, like control over someone. In that dream the woman put a spell over the owner of the salon. It was so frustrating, she was injecting her poison and it was devastating. She is not a horrible person. I have been getting so mad, infuriated, this treatment of other is terrible.

The fact that she can do this, she is a bad apple in the barrel, we are not there just for ourselves.

Poison reminds me of this show I watched on TV Once Upon A Time, this evil queen put a spell on all of these people who lived in this town. This guy from Rumpelstiltskin, Mr. Gold, wanted to have a one up on everyone. There is something about this connected to this substance. A one up on everyone. A superiority or inferiority. This woman ruins the fun for me.

Tension, tight, like a fish clenching (I keep making a fist), not loose. Like a tight wire.

My son is coming to my mind. He seems to have been more cuddly and loving than he's ever been. He had all of this internal anger for so long. He seems to be doing so much better. It is such a relief. They had such and intense fever during the influenza. I felt like it was so intense. It was so extreme. So very cold outside, during the Polar Vortex, just such a time of extremes.

When I took the remedy out of the mailbox, I felt a feeling like cool water flowing down over me from head to toe. It was a relief feeling, I felt lighter. It made me excited to take the remedy.

I talked about my aching joints and said I felt bad telling her, but I think the weight is too heavy and she was very supportive. She said this was exactly what I needed to tell her. She is going to adjust my workout so that I'm doing mostly body weight and lighter weights. I feel so much better; so relieved and supported.

I get mad and want to kick things. I actually have been kicking things... ..parking meters, equipment at the gym, pounding on my steering wheel. I need to express my anger through a physical expression. Violence to things, not to people. Getting angry is not out of the ordinary, but it's usually an internal process - I deal with it through thought or by talking. So, the need to take a physical action is unusual for me. But, it makes me feel better. Like I need to strike. I feel so elated! Just so happy to be on the planet today! I am so lucky!

I'm euphoric and understanding about everything. I feel so lucky! I can just see how energy flows right now. I can be understanding about people's energy flow. Someone told me he went to a strip club last night but he couldn't wait to get out of there. He was with his brother and they were doing cocaine. And he was supposed to come with me today to go ice skating with my 6-year old nephew. But he was up all night and hungover and I just said that he should stay home. I wasn't mad. And it was weird... ..I completely connected to his energy today. This sort of drugged state that he was in, the cocaine made him more relaxed, more understanding of himself. It made me think that maybe Coca is his constitutional remedy. Regardless, I really loved him yesterday. Until he came down and then went to the bathroom to poop. When he came out, it was like the cocaine was out of his system and he was coming back into his normal state. He's anxious, he talks about my breasts constantly, I feel smothered by him. This is why we broke up two weeks ago. But we're still hanging out, there is still a connection.

Now I've had more references to snakes. What is this about snakes? And when I think about the skin blotches. They came on after physical activity, after being excited. It kind of looks like a pattern. The word 'camouflage' came into my mind.

Major anxiety come on. Pain in my neck at the top on the right hand side. Pulling pain, feels like being restricted. Followed by the cool flow feeling from the top down, through my elbows where the nerves pass through the tendons, I think. Now feeling more relaxed. Feeling cool all over, that cool breath of water feeling. A cool flow through my calves and feet now.

Woke up feeling empty, sad. Like there is a reservoir of disappointment in my chest. Vast unhappiness.

I'm feeling more confident and powerful now.

Feeling empty, there is nobody there. Alone. Feeling full, people care, I want to be with you and participate and support you. Lots of attention.

Anger? Anger is hot. Fierce. Saying mean things to hurt. Strike out and get 'me. I would say things just to get you. But that's what I really want to do. I always want to do it but you feel like a total jerk when you do. I've broken windows, kicked doors off hinges. I've done violent things in anger. You need to see me, hear me. I'm going to the extreme to make myself seen.

Invisible is a key word for me. Angry is now you are going to see me because you weren't paying attention.

I feel good about the proving substance. I feel like it's healing things. I don't have a handle on it yet but I feel stronger. And I am physically stronger after working out so much. I feel like I have to work so hard for everything. I feel that isn't the right answer any more. I can't work that hard any more. Things have to be easier. I feel like the remedy is a cool flow, like the healing parts of it, I can feel it moving through my body and that's pretty cool. It could be my Vital Force moving things around and the proving substance is directing it.

I feel so heavy, but the heaviness seems to add stability to my mind. I feel more stable.

I feel so strong!

I am unstable; I always thought everyone else was unstable, but I thought about it and I realize that this is the reason why I have this little voice inside that says, "Don't trust me". I am going to back out on you just when you need me the most. It's because I am unstable. I am not going to care about everyone else's dreams and wants and feelings so much anymore. I am unstable because I need to figure out what I want. I want to be free to explore the world and move towards the things that feel good to me. if need freedom to do that! I can't get tied down by anyone and have to hold myself back for them. if want to move into the wide open.

I am laying in my bed thinking about the pain in my hip. It's like I have a blocked energy spot there. The energy can't flow through my right hip. And then I remember, with a shock - when I got hit by a car at 15-years old. The car hit me in that spot; on my right hip.

I just cry while I'm getting ready for work. I wish I had a mother. I wish I had a home. Home means enveloped with love. Mother means that too. The only person I feel that with is my boyfriend, but he's not exactly right either. It's like he can give me that for a short time, but then it fades. That feeling doesn't stay.

When I was a little girl, I was probably 6- or 7-years old, we were all at my uncle's house playing in the lake. My cousin was standing in 2.5' of water and he went under the water and didn't come back up. He was just laying there spread eagle looking up into the sky with his eyes open, just under the surface of the water. I was just watching him, wondering why he didn't stand up. I wasn't scared for him or anything... ..I was just watching him. And then, from behind me, his mom shrieked and came crashing into the water and grabbed him and he started crying and she yelled at me...he might have drowned!! Why didn't you say something!? I remember that I started crying and I was scared that she yelled at me. I felt abused by her. It happened so fast that I didn't even have a chance to see that something was wrong. I didn't even know that something was wrong. The panic is from then...it's the same feeling as I felt then. That I need to take every situation and be able to evaluate it for danger... ..before it is humanly possible to know it. It's

Feeling: I just felt panic when I woke up. What's going to happen next? Everything feels so uncertain to me right now. What's going to happen when I'm gone for three weeks? I'm sad to leave my little niece and nephew. I haven't seen them for two weeks already and I feel like they are drifting away from me. I need to keep in touch with them, but my life is so busy and I've been so pre-occupied. With my boyfriend and with this trip. I hope they don't forget that I love them. I hope I don't miss something important. That feeling of panic again.

Is something releasing? Like cramps that let loose after being stuck in the same place for too long? Am I having heart attack symptoms? Is this the proving substance? Is it because my boyfriend said he doesn't want to see me?

Upon waking: I was thinking about the dream when the situation with my boyfriend I rushed back into my consciousness. I'm leaving today. He sent me more messages last night. I feel so worn out, defeated. I can't win this war with him. I want to see him, but it feels like destruction to try and do it.

Word: I woke up with this word on my mind: Pectinase-amylase!?

Reviewing information for the proving, I am concerned about explaining my relationships to supervisor. I tear up thinking about explaining it and I choke thinking about doing that, and I shake a bit. Worried I will be judged. Worried I shouldn't be in this proving. Worried about needing to include comments about this relationship during the next four weeks. Ongoing feeling about discussing this topic and related to this relationship day to day and I would have to express this in the process of this proving. This brought up anxiety, very uneasy about the whole. I can feel my ears and my neck are all red from this topic. I can see neck in mirror and ears are hot. I am now cooling down quickly and feeling better. It is bringing up this best friend issue and having to deal with this in the proving. The topic is hard to express and I get emotional and trying to control it goes out my ears. I control the crying and it is blocked and the words are stuck in my throat and get choked. There is now a sensation in ears. Say more about words get stuck and get choked. If I say it is going to and make me break down. Sobbing and not being able to speak. I will not be able to function. I have to take deep breaths and turn it off and move on to new conversation. Big sigh. I am feeling a bit more relief as I was nervous today. I am comfortable with you. I can breath. My body is settling down and stomach not so nervous. Earlier was more anxious about emailing the journal to you. Anxious not in healthy frame of mind to start this. I am mentally ill and they can also disregard it anyway. Is the anxiety nervousness uncommon for you. Its been around for a while. It comes and goes. I have coping mechanisms. Now hard to figure out what anxiety is tied to, is it my best friend. Maybe more time would make me feel better to get the physical touch would make me feel better. I can't get enough physical exercise in winter.

11:30 am need to get started on homework. It makes me feel anxious to get started. When ever I need to do something I have the anxiousness about getting started so I do busy work and put it off. Because it is some for me I should do something else. Everyone else comes first so get uptight for something just for me. Uptight? Tense about things getting done in certain order. Tightness in upper body, nervous stomach like butterflies where you think you need to go to bathroom but don't. Too much energy need to burn off. My body wanting to move a lot. Like run or be outside and do heavy physical work. It is a desire to be with my best friend a desire that comes on strong. Intense 3 pm strong desire to be with best friend while doing homework. Trying to sort out in head. This year anxiety is different with this relationship I have. It is kind of confused maybe I am just getting this longing and desire confused with this anxiety.

9 pm feel anxious and it's difficult to get started at homework or journaling. I do have a New Year's Eve party to prepare for. I deep longing to be with best friend.

I talked to supervisor on phone. It was a great talk. I explained my apprehension of journaling and worry of feeling judged. Her response made me feel so much better and at ease.

Prepping for New Year's party went well without me being too bossy or critical. The bad part was that at 7:30 pm I got annoyed with kids for horse playing and several times told my daughter to communicate stronger to her brother about what she doesn't like (so I am not always getting on his case), so she can stand up for herself. Then I got mad because the horse play kept continuing and it looked to me that he had his arms around her ankles which I hate because it's dangerous. Then I got after my son in a way I don't want to. I use shame and get more harsh than I should. Everything was going so well and I had told myself I wouldn't lose control, but it just slipped out anyway even though I was being cognizant of it. I wonder a bit if I lose control because of alcohol. Before I got mad I had two glasses of wine two hours before I got mad. I think toxic things to the liver cause anger.

In the early evening I was a bit worried about best friend, because he hadn't e-mailed in three hours and was driving in bad weather and didn't respond to my e-mails right away like he normally does.

In general I feel guilty for being obsessed with my best friend when I should be more involved with my kids. This need for my best friend is very strong right now, but I am haunted by my guilt and responsibility. There's been no middle ground in my life for quite a while. Everything is a dichotomy. My brain is split. I have a rational, logical brain and an emotional brain and they are at war. My rational, logical brain has won most of the battles in my life, but now my emotional brain is fighting back. In the past three months I've had moments of great anguish, but things are softening up a bit and ease comes and goes so there is some relief now and then.

Libido very high much of the day (this is somewhat normal now in the past three months). Anxiety when trying to start schoolwork. It's hard to get started even though I want to start - it's like I'm compelled to do other busy house work first. Got some homework done and feel good about it (but could have got more done if I was more efficient. all homework seem like a bigger task in my head than it really is, but I drag it out. I make all tasks seem harder in my head than they really are.

I've been e-mailing my best friend all day and I miss him, but it is tolerable today. I do have fears about his authenticity which creeps up when I can't be with him in person. He's asking me to work with him in a way that involves me trusting him in a very serious way. I am thinking about how I trust people and how this trust issue s with me. I think trust is hard for me. granted this request is something I said no to right away many weeks ago and he never asked again. Then out of the blue I brought up the idea and now he's real excited about it. Most people would advise me to absolutely not do this and that this is an obviously a ploy. I laugh about my life story right now. I could make this stuff up. I shake my head.

Felt hopeless about ever being able to enjoy sex again. I didn't have expectations today, but he got to relief and I didn't because he can't do it normally (seventh try). This is my life, the other gets the enjoyment and I'm the provider and don't get it. I know he's not using me and feels terrible about it and is so confident that it will work out very soon. I have no confidence and thinks he needs to get help from a homeopath. I don't push though. It's all so ironic, and so laughable. I struggled with intense guilt and shame about starting this relationship, but I was so desperate for physical love and companionship, but then I finally decide to go ahead and have a little peace of mind about it, but my partner is impotent with me. Yes laugh. He makes it extremely clear that he is very attracted to me and loves my body which is also ironic. Well his body is very shy with me. I have cried about this desperation I am having. My desire and body was so dead of feeling for many years and now it is so alive and now I can get relief. The other irony is that I've never had such an emotional closeness to someone before that was so reciprocated and yet we have so little time together because of our circumstances. I've truly never missed someone like I miss him when we are apart. It's intense. I really struggle to get through my days and get stuff done. Has my homeopath given me a remedy that caused all this? I know my longing for companionship and love has been going on for at least five years.

How has it been for you to go through journal, as to how it pertains to the proving? Lots of text there. May be redundant and maybe embarrassed about it. I knew if I went back and read I would delete a lot of it. It is very private, don't normally share anything like this with anyone. I probably didn't need to share is not about the proving. it is extremely revealing and I am normally unrevealing with my friends. it helped that you reassured me when I spoke before. concerned about you and others will be thinking. want to do a good job, but feel that sense of judgment. how can you be completely non-judgmental. sense of being judged? thinking of me as bad person. being miss-understood and not know the whole story. being judged and misunderstood. I felt as I grew up and people see a bad side of me until they know whole story and I feel bad about self. about big things, ethics. Ethics? morals, being a good mother, wife, citizen, not so much about how I dress, how I look but rather who I am as a person. for what in my mind is a really serious thing without the understanding.

I sobbed hard, took nap, no will to live other than being a parent, feel guilty because that should make me happy.

I feel depressed, sad, have resisted sounding desperate with best friend, have resisted responding to e-mails immediately to best friend, trying to rationalize that this is seasonal, feeling like a loser, totally regretting all that I wrote in the journal, thinking it wasn't needed.

During video call (with no audio) with best friend I laughed and felt so much better after he communicated that he loved me without me prompting him or saying it first. It made me feel so relieved. I need his love.

Thought about "judgment" - is judgment about me judging myself.

I have to admit that I have a need for best friend's love, feeling content with love and without physical love.

I am still feeling much at ease which is unexpected, libido is under control much more than God. Got started with homework with much less anxiety. Have had higher tolerance of things like my son's jumping around like Tigger and like him playing with his toy car all over the house which would normally bug me quite a bit. I'm able to hold back comments.

I am laughing at pictures a lot. Normally it's hard for me to laugh.

The feeling of not being agitated or annoyed at son by the noise of the play with the car. This has not been the case for a long time.

Thought: Do I have to learn to like or accept myself the way I am? I've heard this concept before and thought others do it (it's not working to explain or justify myself because I will never meet standards for myself).

Having many strong thoughts about an emotional need (someone to tell me they love me), would never have considered it a need before. Before maybe a want or desire. That I did not get fulfilled today and it pains me (longing, anguish). Trying to work it out and respond expressing my need. Asked for in email. stated I needed to be told I am loved. I do act on this and respond subtly, but clear enough, therefore I did not get this strong emotional need met. Not told what I was looking for.

Because I did not get this emotional need met I cried hard for four hours. This is excessive for me. One hour might be more normal.

My thoughts are calm. Think about what these emotional needs are about. I need this deep love, but my mind is telling me that I also need to respect myself and like myself, especially if I want to be a good homeopath. This deep love I need is to counter my disrespect for myself and my feeling of being unworthy and unlovable. I admitted and accepted that I need this love from this person. Normally I would talk myself out of any emotional need.

I am getting a bit anxious and libido is a bit too intense, this was also experienced before the proving. Maybe it's from the coffee.

Son is bugging me because he keeps asking if I love him and I see this as needy. And he cries often. I'm feel tense inside, angry, frustrated, and can't figure out how to fix his behavior and so I feel a failure.

I have been thinking about my son neediness to be told I love him over and over. And how needy I was (needing the words "I love you" to be spoken to me this week) and he is doing the same.

I have less need to be told "I love you" by my best friend. I have slight fear that my need was not real and it was a manifested need for control. The situation or have power over best friend. I have a fear of hurting best friend emotionally in the future, if the relationship has to end. My rational brain tells me not to think about this because my love feelings are real and it is not about controlling him. I always see my brain as two parts my rational brain and my emotional brain. So my rational brain is agreeing with my emotional brain and this is different. Usually my rational brain tells me my emotions are not valid. This neediness is like a true physical need like the need to eat. I either had to get this need filled or cut off the need all together.

Meeting with proving supervisor. I do not enjoy talking about the detail of the journal, but it wasn't too bad and I felt good and calm when it was over.

somewhat anxious about meeting best friend tomorrow, but I am able to get homework done and work through it.

I am nervous about meeting best friend and leaving home to do it. I feel forced to lie and I hate lying because I am inherently honest and I feel dishonorable.

I am sad about absence of sex life for so long. Cried for about 30 minutes and then felt better. Thinking about how I am admitting to myself that it's okay to need physical love. This is new for me. I am aware that I am contradicting myself from last week. I said that I could be satisfied with just the emotional love. The topics of emotional love and physical love are in the foreground all the time now.

Feeling mostly at ease.

Very nervous, heart pounding a bit because I have appointment with my regular homeopath. Don't know what I should say. Nervous about revealing. Revealing meaning exposing my private life of my relationships that go against social norms; I could be judged negatively without being understood.

I was able to express my personal story to homeopath without too much stoppage. Much more at ease talking about story than our last meeting (my hand shook so much that I couldn't take a sip of tea). My story came out without choking.

I felt much relief after appointment and felt better about myself.

Time with best friend was relaxing and not too intense, just enjoyable.

Feeling very relaxed and at ease.

I feel quite relaxed even though I have to pack and get a lot done this morning to go to school.

I am quite relaxed with best friend, not sad leaving and not very disappointed about not having sex. Was less emotional and needy than usual. Was able to share thoughts openly about why we can't have sex, was hesitant to talk about before and now could.

I feel much more at ease and settled during class. My feeling in class before this month has been a strong love, electric feeling, along with a libido feeling. wound up in a way. now if felt so much more like myself. But this morning I feel more focused on topic without the thought of the best friend popping in my mind as much. This is good.

Not a strong need to e-mail or call best friend during lunch or break so I didn't. Maybe before it was for his need more than mine.

Feeling of libido and anxiety (electric energetic) is creeping in a bit, but not so intense as one or two months ago during class. So it comes up later in the day but not as strong as before.

I spoke of something to instructor that I was not supposed to mention. Usually I am great at keeping my mouth shut. Normally I could hold in something I know is not supposed to be talked about, this was different.

During class nervous slightly, feeling heart pounding a bit, lasted 10 minutes. May have been about getting this journal done and have enough time. Feeling short of time, worried about time, trying to be responsible. I do sweat in armpits related to the nervousness.

I told a classmate about my relationship with best friend very briefly. This I couldn't do last month without "choking" meaning crying and having the words get stuck in my throat.

Libido a little higher and heightened energy. Feel a mild energy, butterflies, warmth, tingly sensations in groin area.

Nervous like butterflies in stomach and a little higher libido this often happens in the afternoon.

Feeling anxious and nervous because I am not getting my computer network working and found out I don't have the right version of this Journal. I have little patients for my kids crying. Not getting anything down, wasting a lot of time, nerves are tingly, uneasy.

Feeling really calm and at ease,

I feel relieved and better after meeting with supervisor. Feel lighter and can breath easier.

I am nervous feeling because I haven't been with best friend for seven days and I feel I need the physical closeness and touch so bad, not necessarily sexual. Like absorbing the suns rays when hugging him, the warmth and natural energy from it.

I woke up very tired, but feeling lighter, less muscle tension and less anguish and guilt. Thought of my emotional and physical need for best friend as like a true hunger; like when you don't eat for a day you are obsessed with it until you can eat, that type of longing. In the process of accepting this as a real need, even for someone my age.

I felt more at ease after spending some time with best friend. Thinking about all people in relationship circle and how everyone would be happier in the long run if only we could all be open about our needs. Emotional and physical connection or touch.

I am thinking about how this throat lump is not going away again and the slight fear that it could be cancer. I've had problems with my throat before and I always think it is cancer and the thought of not having enough time to live out my life with best friend. What decisions would I make if I really did have cancer and little time to live. Would I waste time being married or would I finally jump into a different boat. I've had these physicals before and the thought of them being cancer always crosses my mind. wonder if restricting my feelings of unhappiness causes these problems in my body.

My thoughts are shifting a bit about how I view or judge myself in my marriage. In the past I would focus on, and magnify, my mistakes and faults, but now I am less harsh on myself trying to see the bigger picture. My thoughts are also shifting a bit about what might really be possible to be happier in relationships for myself and my husband. Ideas in my head that I used to think are impossible are now maybe possible. Being able to have a relationship I enjoy with a different man. My mind is feeling pretty calm and at ease at the moment.

I have been paying very close attention to my thoughts and feelings and physical sensations today, but other than the initial "buzz," I can't say that I have experienced anything other than what seems normal.

I don't think getting too warm is a proving symptom. I think it is because I am an introvert talking on the phone to a new person.

It is weird to be so hyper-focused on myself. Normally things come and go. I feel like I will be making things up. I feel I will not be able to contribute anything to this proving.

I want to be a prover. I have participated, but never as a prover. I am curious about what it is to be a prover. People say you do not understand homeopathy until you have been a prover. I want to deepen my self-awareness and my understanding of homeopathy. I want to do my part to further the practice and get new remedies to help people. I am willing to pay attention, think, feel, schedule time each day to write about each symptom, but I don't think I am going to have very many.

The proving will be as intense as it is. Doing a proving feels scary and risky, but I don't see my self as sensitive as others. The prover I supervised in the past had scary chest and heart symptoms. That's scary. I am ready for whatever comes.

I don't know whether I'll have any dreams. I often do not remember my dreams. I go over and over the dream as soon as I wake up, but I am never able to write it down afterward.

A random thought: thinking about yoga class this afternoon. How almost adversarial I feel in class -- like she's pushing, pushing. I work hard to follow her direction, hold the pose for as long as directed. All this is nothing new. What occurs to me now is that I regard yoga as someone else (instructor) putting me through my paces. (Can I explain this right?) It's the same old trying to measure up to a standard, follow the direction as precisely as possible. Be the good girl. I'm thinking that it would be interesting for me to approach a yoga class -- yoga -- as something I am doing for myself. It's not that I don't think I'm doing it for myself. No one forces me to go, but when I'm holding downward facing dog a little longer than is comfortable, I start to think of it as the instructor making me do this, and I am trying, trying... but what if I view it as my own PERSONAL challenge?

I finished reading "The Brief and Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao" today. (Reading it for Book Club) I have not been so seriously jazzed about a book for a long time. I absolutely love it!! There are lots of non-translated Spanish phrases sprinkled throughout the book, which I just glossed over on first reading. I have decided to re-read it and look for translations of the Spanish. I'm also feeling obsessed with knowing everything I can about the author.

At yoga this morning, instructor went around giving everyone a couple drops of an essential oil. I just accepted without thinking about the proving. It was a very strong minty smell meant to help with mental clarity. I don't know that I experienced any mental clarity, but I fear I may have interfered with the action of the proving substance. I wonder if I should take another dose...

I feel like not much is happening - no proving symptoms. I wonder if I should take another dose. At yoga this morning I accepted drops of essential oil without thinking. It had a strong smell, and was supposed to increase mental clarity but it had no effect on me. I think I should take another dose of the remedy because this may have interfered.

At yoga this morning everything was the same as usual. Except: I was more mindful that I am choosing to be there. I felt less resistance. It's not that I look at the yoga teacher as a whip cracker or slave driver. The class isn't like that. It's not Nazi yoga. But I tend to conform, do what's expected, do it well, be good then get resentful because I can't do it as well as I want. Today in yoga I was more aware that it was about me and not about others' expectations. Yoga is valuable for me and going is about me, not about the external stuff.

It has been a long time since I got excited about a book the way I am excited about this one. It was for book club. It had a lot of Spanish phrases in it and I was just annoyed by then when I read it the first time. But now I am excited about the book, the writing, the author, and the Spanish phrases.

I thought it was my diminishing intellectual capacity the past few years that kept me from excitement about books I'm reading. I had a strong appreciation for the literature that I have not had in years.

I have become obsessive about the author of the book. I want to know what was his experience. I heard an interview with him. I am fascinated. He is part of the Dominican Republic diaspora in the era of the dictator. I want to know more about all of that, but especially about the writer.

I understand now why he did not translate the Spanish phrases. You don't need every detail to get the gist of something. He re-created for us the immigrant experience. I am getting really excited talking about this book!

I'm excited to have a connection to the writer and the writing. I understand what he is doing. It is a successful communication. He is trying to do something with his writing and I get it. It feels really good. It hits the right chord. He hit the ball just right when he wrote the way he wrote, and my getting it is like that too. It feels really good.

I find myself trying so hard to pay attention to what is going on with me to discern what might be different enough to report as a proving symptom. Mostly I am feeling like pretty much everything I am experiencing is what I normally experience. Have felt at times am either making stuff up or reporting things that are not related to the proving.

I feel like I am just working to notice things. I don't feel like I am really experiencing any proving symptoms.

At yoga this morning I was noticeably stronger. I was holding poses for a long time. Mindfulness was better. I was mindful of who I am doing this for, that I am choosing to be there. I had the feeling of exploring what my body can do, rather than feeling that my teacher was imposing this on me. I did not feel that my teacher was a slave-driver. It was really good. We were holding poses for 5 breaths. I felt strong and good. I was not in that place of "oh my gosh when is she going to let us out of this?!" I was not focusing on the weariness of it like I usually do.

I feel like I am making things up or reporting stuff that's not really related to the proving.

I have nothing on my calendar today. I decided to do a mini-retreat: to journal, meditate, do yoga. I have other things I need to do today, but I will take the time I need to journal, meditate, and do yoga.

When I had the pain in my side I thought "Okay, now what?!" I do not feel like I was making that one up. It was definitely different.

I am irritated that I let the dentist mess with my crown. The toothache during my retreat centered on the tooth I had my first crown on. I never has a problem with it but then I went to a new dentist and he said it was a problem so I let him fix it. Ever since he fixed it I've had problems with it. I am irritate with my self for letting him fix it even though I had no problems with it.

In yoga class, we are invited to dedicate our practice to someone or something in need of our love and energy. Today I dedicated my practice to a client who is going through a very difficult time. At the end of class, during savasana, I refocused on my breath and on the dedication. I found myself breathing the universal breath that encompasses and enfolds all. I had a visual of being in dark, deep space.

I am having difficulty connecting to this proving. Nothing is happening.

At yoga practice we dedicated the practice to someone who needed our love and energy. I dedicated it to my client who is going through a difficult time. I went to a place of feeling I had connected to the Universal Breath. We are all one. I felt the unity of everything in a way I had never experienced before. I felt the client and me folded into the universal breath. We are all one. We are all breathing together.

When I got home this evening and had been home for a few minutes, my husband asked me if there was something wrong. That I seemed so subdued.

Husband wakes me up. He has strong pain in chest or stomach just below sternum. I am now less flat than I had been, but having difficulty thinking. We call 911 and ambulance comes. They take him to emergency. After testing, it's looking more like gall stones than heart. I'm feeling like a disgrace as a homeopath. When I get home (4:00 am) I am totally zoned out, but feel like I should look for a remedy. I am too tired, but feel like I won't be able to sleep until I figure out a remedy or two to try. Severe pain with any pressure to upper right quadrant of abdomen (husband). I feel like there is a "go to" remedy for this, but I can't remember what it is. Shit. Did I mention there was a full moon today?

Driving home from hospital on freeways. It has snowed. The freeway seems slippery. I can't seem to comfortably drive faster than 35 mph. Thank goodness there is very little traffic. It's dark and I can't see the lanes because of the snow and reflection of wet pavement. Very tense.

I'm not tracking well. I went for a walk at 9:00 to be sure to be back in time for this call, then forgot about it. I got back, but decided to shovel snow while I had my coat on. I forgot to send you my journal. There's not a lot on it. I am not tuned in to this proving.

My husband returned from the hospital yesterday. On Wednesday night (day 11) at 10pm I was in bed and he woke me up. He had a bad pain in the lower end of his sternum, local, intense, and nothing relieved it. He tried walking and lying; nothing relieved it. It continued getting worse so we called 911. Paramedics came and nitro seemed to relieve it which was good, but also bad because that means it was a heart thing. he went to the hospital via ambulance and I followed in the car. I was there until 3:30am. They kept him to rule out the cardiac piece, but by the time I left they were already focusing on liver and gallbladder. There were some elevated numbers in his labs that meant liver. He was tender to touch in his upper right quadrant of his abdomen. He developed nausea, chills, vomiting, and fever. When they did more tests, his liver levels came back elevated again. They admitted him for real (not just for observation). On Thursday (day 12) they did a scope. I was working on remedies to give him. I came up with maybe Nux vomica or maybe China. I gave him Nux vomica. I don't think it helped. They did a procedure Thursday (day 12) to find his gallstones. There were no stones visible but his common bile duct was dilated which means that there was a stone. They never found a stone and decided that the stone had passed. Doctor said although there were no stones, there was sludge in his gallbladder. They said if he kept his gallbladder this would happen again. He wanted it out, and his gallbladder was removed that day (day 12) He came home yesterday morning. I have had a lot of hospital

When I returned home Thursday morning, I was unable to settle. I felt I could not go to bed until I found a remedy. I felt I should have been able to manage it with remedies. I really beat my self up in that way. The next morning, I realized I did not have the whole picture, so I let up on myself.

I felt peaceful with whatever he wanted. I would not fight it if he wanted the gallbladder removed. He had it removed and now he's home and taking pain pills. I am okay with it.

I saw Master Prover and took another dose. I talked about taking my mom to see Cinderella at the Children's Theatre on January 3. I ended up talking about my daughter and her partner. They have chickens for the eggs. I sent them a chicken calendar for Christmas. There were all different kinds of chickens on the calendar. It was cute. I want one for myself. Master Prover said it was a good idea. I should get one and journal whilst looking at it.

Ordered chicken book: Extra Extraordinary Chickens. (The wall calendar is called only "Extraordinary Chickens." Was going to order calendar, but the book came up as an option. It's by the same guy who does the calendars.

Master Prover suggested I free associate about "subdued" and "achiness" I feel the "subdued" thing is not such a big deal to me. It was my husband's thing. It is his word.

"Achiness" - I have had achiness in jaw, teeth, and that sinus-y thing. Achiness is discomfort, nagging and pain. It is a way of talking about pain and it is pain. But it is dull. Dull pain. Background pain. People describe a headache and it is all-consuming, but a head can ache too, so achiness is not just background pain then. But it is not sharp. It is continuous. All-around. Dull. I hate that word!

I hate the word "dull" I have a history with that word. I think of myself as dull and boring. I had an epiphany in regards to myself as dull during the trituration of Great Blue Heron. This feeling of being dull is different than dull (*What is dull?*) Dull is boring and flat. Without depth. Like a dull finish - not shiny or showy - (laugh) I'm coming to the word subdued. No energy. Depressed. Unresponsive. There is nothing coming. I'm feeling the dullness.

(*Experience the dullness, witness the experience and narrate it*) It feels like a turning inward in a hiding kind of way. There is a problem with dull. It is boring. It makes no contribution. It is unproductive. I'm sitting here and maybe I am trying too hard. I'm fidgeting with my pen and feeling that I should perform but that no performance is forthcoming in the state of dullness. But there is something the dullness hides. Or maybe that is subdued.

Subdued implies there is something there being subdued. It is more than just dull or uninteresting. It is keeping something down, something hidden. Maybe just trying to hide the dullness. I am going around in circles here.

I took the second dose of the remedy and I talked about my mother and I going to Cinderella on January 3, 2 days before the taking the remedy. It was a fun play, lots of kids in the audience. They really hammed it up for the audience. After it was over and people were leaving they were playing modern dance-type music. Music with a beat that you could dance to the way people dance now. I saw people my age dancing. I thought they looked ridiculous, but I had the impulse to dance too. But I held it in because I feared looking ridiculous.

I talked about this chicken calendar. There are all these wild-looking chickens with unusual configurations. Very colorful chickens, unusual configurations and I am thinking about the way a chicken struts. I had a point and now I can't remember it.

I have all this grief around aging and it is tied into these chickens. I found a book by the guy who does the chicken calendar. The calendar is extraordinary chickens. The book is extra extraordinary chickens. There is a chicken on the front. She has a cascade of orange hair coming out the top of her head - I mean feathers- and I think "This is a biddy" I think of "old biddies".

There is this aging thing I was grappling with before the proving. It is amazing to look at these chickens who are biddies and they don't brook any foolishness or make any apologies. They are who and what they are. I picture how they strut. They make no apologies for themselves. They may look ridiculous, but that is the way they look. I am trying to take a lesson from these chickens - to not be apologetic.

There might be something I want to express in some way but I can't because I fear I will look ridiculous.

I wear brown a lot, and black. I don't have many colorful things. I do wear a lot of subdued colors. Even if I wear orange it will be a subdued orange.

My intention is to sit with the chicken book and journal as I look at it.

It felt safe to explore this. Unusual with a new person.

I think I should have symptoms. Upon reflection there is a sense of emptiness, loss, and separation. Perhaps these are my symptoms.

Feelings of lethargy and apathy which led me to contemplate the differences between depression, repression, and suppression. Depression is associated with feelings of sadness which disassociate one from normal functions and activities. Repression is unconscious acknowledgement of feelings. Suppression is conscious effort to deny feelings. These thoughts seem to be associated with the current Venus retrograde transits.

I enjoy writing about the New Moon and sending it out to my mailing list. I received some nice comments in return which made me feel appreciated and that it is important to continue my writing.

Today I wrote about the New Moon in my journal. I have been keeping this journal since the New Moon in Aries. It is a record of an internal process that has been going on. This evening I talked with my friend and we shared our current feelings about being unmotivated.

Today I realized that it is important to 1) keep active by doing things that I want to do rather than what I should do; and 2) to do something that I enjoy. This approach helps me to feel more positive about life.

I met with my friend and we worked on our plan for our next New Moon meeting. It is a joy to spend time with her. I did some meditation early in the morning which is helping me through this Venus retrograde period. There is more work to be done.

Today I did some chores around the house.

I did very little today as I was feeling lonely, depressed, tired. I spent my time watching my favorite mysteries on TV.

Today was characterized by delays. We got up at 4:30 AM so my husband could go to his appointment for hand surgery, but it was cancelled. I decided to get a blood test and EKG, but the department did not open until 9 am. So we went back home. My husband went to work and I returned for my tests later in the day. I felt out of sorts and inconvenienced, so I did nothing, but watch TV. Later in the evening I was on a telephone conference with my astrology group. It was a boring, depressing meeting.

I wrote in my journal; discovered an African-American author; attempted to write something for my group; decided to focus on being my unique self. I felt empowered after two days of being down in the dumps. Attendance at my writing group was stimulating and uplifting.

Today I attended an astrological meeting where a well-known astrologer spoke about the planet Venus. Venus is retrograding the sky. So here I am with my Venus power. I am not comfortable with the words feminine or mother. Thoughts on these two words feeds the ball or lump and makes it grow bigger. In a past life I was a man who enjoyed being a man. Not an abusive man but perhaps not very aware or sensitive in relationships. Powerful but in a masculine way. In this life with Venus in new phase with the Sun and Mercury and Mars I am to learn how to be think in a new way about power. I am on a journey this month as the energy of Venus slows down and forces me to consider this issue of power.

I am a peace at the moment. I don't have an answer but I am not angst about the lump in my stomach. I am quiet and listening and being patient and open. I am calm.

After a stressful day of trying to produce three different writings, I produced a presentation for my writing group. Because I was in such a hurry I did not proof it very well. It turned out to be a disaster, filled with mistakes. There were many people in the group this evening all with very good presentations. I felt embarrassed. I felt like a child in a group of adults. I felt defeated. I felt beaten. But I cannot put the blame on anyone in the group. There was one woman in the group who wrote comments on a copy of my paper, but she would not share them with me. This whole situation added to my sense of powerlessness. But it did not affect the ball in my stomach. It was as if the ball no longer existed.

Today was another difficult day. I went for a checkup to my doctor. She could not find any of my past record to compare with my current routine tests. My impression of the office management is that they do not know how to manage records on the computer. Then I was supposed to meet my colleague to review some astrology charts. I drove to the meeting place which is about 45 minutes from my house. Unfortunately she got tied up in another meeting and was unable to meet me. So I drove back home. This was another instance of feeling powerless. As if the whole world and everyone in it is against me. In these two cases there was no way I could have done things differently.

Today I did nothing except watch TV and surf the internet. I just wanted to be totally detached from life and its activities. I have no feelings today.

Back on track. I am feeling energetic. I completed several mundane errands, getting groceries, gas for the car. I also met with my colleague and we did some planning for a workshop and our monthly new moon group. It felt good to detach from angst about my current mental-emotional state.

Today there was a meeting of a local astrology group. There were two situations. One was meeting a person who I have been working with. At the end of last year there were some difficult issues where he was removed from another astrology group. I wanted to let him know that I still supported him. I felt a sense of being in control of doing this on my terms. On the other hand getting to the meeting was frustrating, because of the location. It was in the middle of a college campus and I had to drive around a few times before I found the room. I felt out of control. So there was a little bit of feeling powerful and a little bit of not feeling powerful. But it was ok.

This evening I attended my writing group and presented a much better piece of work. It was well received and I felt good about getting praise for my work. I was in control of this situation. I had spent a lot more time preparing my work. Perhaps being in control and powerful has to do with stepping back from emotions and being a bit more detached. Perhaps the ball/lump represents my emotional fears of letting go and being out of control.

Today I had to get up very early to drive my husband to outpatient for a procedure on his hand. I attended to some of his requests throughout the day and spent sometime napping. Just an ordinary day.

Met with my colleague and we planned our presentation for next Monday on the New Moon. I enjoy meeting with her as we stimulate each other's thinking about astrology. She is more practical and I am more esoteric. It makes for a nice presentation.

I have been spending time just relaxing.

Ditto - I am learning how to be more comfortable about relaxing. It is helping me to focus on the lump or ball sensation and just let go.

I started out on this proving with a connection to my solar plexus and the lump or ball that resides there, which is trying to find a way out through the throat. The essence of this substance is about exposing powerful feelings, recognizing them, and having the courage to release them. I have felt strong emotional power that has taken on the form of a lump or ball which is stuck somewhere between my solar plexus and throat. One fear that remains is - what will happen when I allow the power out into the open. It is like taking up a sword. Do I have the wisdom and discipline to wield it with love? Perhaps the unknown for me is 'Love'. At this point I do not feel much love for anything or anyone, although I perform as if I do.

At the New Moon group I gave a short talk on my symbols. There was a woman in the audience who had the exact experience related to one of the symbols I presented. I am amazed at how ordinary symbols of everyday life can speak to our souls and hearts. I felt rewarded for sharing. My work is not in vain. Reaching out and connecting with at least one person helps me to understand that occasionally the lump or ball does find its way out into the open.

At my writing group this evening I shared a poem. There was some critique of it and others thought it was fine as read. One woman impressed me by saying "It's your poem and your expression. You do not have to change anything." Some lessons to learn - 1) be proud of what I do; 2) stand up for my ideas; 3) allow the feelings of personal praise into my soul.

I am inspired by last night's meeting to begin to write about a job I held at a research center in the mid 1980's. It was a fun job and had all the things I enjoyed - computers, writing, being near the water, working with intelligent people. I would like to re-create something like this for myself at this time. Computers and writing I do. Being near water and working with people will have to come in the future.

Today is the New Moon and I spent time writing in my journal about my goals for this month. Mostly I want to get my life under control and be more disciplined in my daily life. I think this would help me to let go of what stays in my solar plexus area.

This was a good day to practice my discipline. We washed cars; did laundry and grocery shopping; worked on a financial report. I was busy all day and it felt good. I used the energy positively.

A combination day - some work on reports and some relaxation. I am slowly moving towards a more relaxed approach to the need to be productive and the need to just chill out. My emphasis on 'shoulds' is one of the factors contributing to my lump or ball.

Spent some time in response to my supervisor's request.

The remedy smelled like a dentist's office. That weird smell that they have; like an old time gas that they use or something. It's not antiseptic.

I feel kind of calm. There was this on the spot feeling. How not to edit. How to express these weird feelings.

There is an awareness that pain, numbness, is how I almost couldn't register my limbs, and with the remedy, I felt as though I suddenly have limbs, a hand.

Suddenly, I am very hungry.

My little rescue dog has calmed down considerably too since taking the remedy.

Inside this circle, it's more orange, like a build up of something in a vein. Something that isn't supposed to be there, like a clogged vein or something. Orange fish eggs are coming to me. I don't know why.

I keep thinking about my eyebrows grooming them, pressing them down, straightening them. I keep focusing on my eyebrows.

Now, I see a round, circular shape, like an egg-yolk substance, it is contained.

Bloating, heaviness, the image of super heavy calves. Fish eggs are fatty.

I want to get up and stretch.

Fear of doing something wrong. I hope I am doing it right. I feel like I sound a little crazy. Not enough. The fear of not being enough. Being small. Old childhood issues, never enough.

Images of my mother when she was young, she is fat and unhappy. She's just hanging on to this fat. No way to let it go, process it move it through. You get that build up, it just finds a place to hold on, to stay, a story, fat, a place to hang out. It's numbing, it weighs you down, I store so much and I cannot let go.

Seeing my mom in a checkered dress. There is this car, as a teenager she had sex in this car and she remains forever guilty. Guilt and shame, you are wrong. You are not enough. You are caught in a downward shame spiral. You are stuck, ashamed. Shame is locked in you. You have to figure this out. Once you can figure out that this is not you it is outside of you, you stand a chance.

I feel I am watching something and it's old. Like an old family story that wants to be told somehow. It's debilitating. My grandfather who committed suicide had really big eyebrows. I just want to straighten them or touch them. This is not something that I typically do.

There is an image of an old car, late 1940's, early 1950's. I see it as a black and white image. An image of a fedora hat that my grandfather would wear.

These lower chakras waist and below are really activated.

I normally visualize in color, but these images are black and white, or more specifically sepia toned.

Seeing the egg yoke image. The feeling is a thick consistency, sticky when it dries. No egg white involved, just the yoke.

Fish eggs, egg yokes, orange, the color of orange. The artery by the knee, a fish egg build up. Something in the wrong place, an orange discoloration.

I see myself on Earth, like if there was like a spore, that came from the ground, I keep looking up, out through the dirt, I see an ice-covered mountain, I see many trees, I am on the ground. I am real small. Like the size of a tiny fish eggs.

There's a group of these small creatures, there's not just one.

They are being held together by some kind of membrane, a delicate membrane that holds it together from breaking.

My skin is itching as I say this.

I am old and primitive in consciousness.

Like a microbe holding all of this energy. Round, little round fish eggs, in a membrane, but don't underestimate how powerful it is. It might be small, but it could destroy you, it becomes too much. Too much of anything isn't good. Destruction, like anthrax, so tiny, yet so, so deadly, without warning, without knowing what you are up against, it feels very dangerous. On some level it holds lots of power if used powerfully. It is not a bad thing out in the world, its just this powerful tiny force.

This affects the major arteries. There is an awareness of pumping blood. Blood consciousness. Movement through blood.

Some weird, small microbe, fish egg thing.

I watched as the eyebrows play a central theme, my daughter gestured her hands across eyebrows several times during the evening. I too did it a few more times.

I am chatty, chatting with my sister in an unusual way. I feel like I want to bestow wisdom on people. This is unusual for me.

This feeling of being left out has been with me all of my life. However, during this proving it is much exacerbated. I know that I am not being excluded or left out, and yet I have the delusion that I am going to be. I feel very suspicious and confused because of it.

I am cleaning and sorting like crazy (despite of my throat pains). Cleaning and organizing.

I feel like myself this afternoon. Like the energy of the proving substance is gone from me. My head feels much clearer and I feel less confused.

Images of trees cotton balls, fluffy, cotton wood trees, all in a row.

Frantic feeling. Like something has to be done, urgency with no direction.

Everything is from sternum up, everything waist down is calm. Everything above is crawling, itchy, heavy.

Seeing an icy lake, sheets of ice going up, and sheets of ice going down, very blue aquamarine. Like an old time picture, it's like a color slide from the 1950's codachrome, the color just pops, vivid. The ice is not white it's aquamarine it's very beautiful. A slide, with a card board frame moving in and out.

That slide image is just there in my minds eye.

I suddenly feel very sad, saying I am going to lose my voice. The image of the ice is melting in that slide as I say this. It looks now like a Monet image, water lilies on a pond.

It's like having my arms on a heating pad, this intense heat is coming up from underneath. Like if you were wearing gloves that go down to your elbows. Like your arms are encased.

Major sadness washing over me, like I've been sad for a long time. Thinking about being a small child and having the mumps. A lot of pain. There's nothing you can do about it. Helplessness. When will this end. Apprehension. There is nothing you can do to stop this, this is just what happens to you.

Image of the back of a child's head, looking at it through a window, as though it's raining, all the colors are blended like a Monet, blue, blue-green, the child's head is brown. A small childish feeling. Incapable.

Two colors black and white, going at angles, an abstract. This song, called Blurred Lines is going through my mind.

I just became hot again. Burning emanating, from the inside, the image of a circular motif, a Sun-like symbol, like a cross, like the New Mexico Sun symbol, it's yellow. Orange-yellow. It reminds me of the 1970's harvest gold. Golden rod. Everything was harvest gold in the 1970's. That paper that hall passes are written on mimeographed harvest-gold paper.

Round, Hanukkah gelt, candy wrapped in gold paper, a coin. Circular. The Sun-like symbol. I bought a pack of tarot cards in the sixth grade, the Sun, with the child riding a horse.

I was sequestered when I had the mumps; I couldn't come out, because of the fear of infection, frantic, panic, I was kept in my parents room during the day. It is the exact opposite of the Tarot Sun card image. That mumps feeling is going away.

That tarot card is unbounded joy. Exuberance, I am not feeling that, I just see that image, I am not feeling that in my body. I am just feeling neutrality in my body. The minute I said that, I am like, no. That black and white color, those sharp angles, the ice slabs, were the same going at angular motions. Something wanting to go one way and the other. Not letting me feel that, the neutrality prevents me from feeling that joy. Oh, deep sigh, I could feel that joy in this body. It's like a continental drift, plates clashing, creating something different. Something deep within the Earth.

Something of opposing forces. A little bit of embodiment. A sun, a circular image. It looks like a monstrosity, a communion wafer. Small, the child on that horse, the image is in my head, in my body it's this small Sun, it could be bigger, but it is being opposed, it's a very small Sun. The size of a communion wafer.

The image in my head is not yet embodied. It's blocked, get out of the fucking way. Just as I said this, the energy of that picture is coming in my body and expanding out, it feels good. It feels calm, peaceful.

Energy and heat, with out the burning and hot. Tingling.

Like if you were laying out in the Sun, you get a light sunburn. It's like that.

Is this is memory? Of an accident? It's like you've got whiplash, they do this test on you, to see if you've had any damage. This is very strange, I do not actually feel paralyzed, but I have the idea, is this what it is like to be paralyzed from the waist up, you want to move and you can't. It is that kind of idea, paralysis. There is no sensation, numbness. It became like a body cast.

Something deeper in your cells, or in your nerves, like a microbe, it can't move on one level, it wants to but it can't move, it's like you are in a body cast. From the waist up, to my neck and down my arms to my wrists. Confined, held in, you want to move but you can't you are bound in by the cast.

My left arm was once in a cast, the skin got itching, intolerable itching. I was never in a full body cast. That is all passing now that I've said it out loud.

Confined, working in a cubicle, straight jacket, stuck in traffic, blocked, being in an MRI machine. You want to move but you can't. The only movement you can have is the internal sense inside of moving. It's not a question, you simply cannot move. The very moment when traffic stalls, there is nothing you can do. You cannot go sideways, all the ability to move is there but you can't. You want to move, the ability to move it there, but you can't. At a job, you want to get up and go, but you can't move. There is no movement.

There is two kinds of movement, unbound, and bound, wanting to move, nerves firing, muscles twitching, skin itching and you can't move. The ice slabs, there is momentum but they cannot go or move.

There is nothing you can do about your condition. Like when you have the mumps as a child, you want to go play with your brothers and sisters, but you can't. Frustration, to want to do something you can't, you are thwarted from doing it. In my memory, there is this gate, I am in this room, my siblings are jumping around, I am alone in this room, four walls, in my mind I am already there playing with them, they are running around, I just can't physically, my intention is there, so I am frustrated. It's like being, your body can't go where your mind already is. Your mind is there, but it cannot being in your body. This is paralysis. Your mind can run, but it can't be in your body.

Sadness, for all of the paralyzed people in the world.

This feels old, rock old.

I see streams and stones in the middle of the streams, water hitting the stones or a boulder in a stream.

A sense of something encircling the Earth. Like gravity, the force of gravity. It holds thing down, even those things that want to be up, it holds things down and in.

Deep sigh, deep breathing.

In an airplane, that moment, will it take off, will it actually go into the sky or not. A Canada goose, will it be able to lift off into the air, that urge to break out of the confinement.

Confinement, the feeling of being held down or in and not being able to do what your body wants to do, that your body cannot or is unable to follow where the mind wants to go. It's deep, deep in the nerves. It's like innervated, in-the-nerves, it feels like it's so, the essence of the nerves. Subatomic particles making things up. The nerves, those nerves that make the body want to move. But, the body can't. It just is in the nerves.

This substance that makes things move. Baked in the cake, you cannot separate it out. Its thing is to move, but the body cannot go where the mind wants to go. I feel so adamant about this. It's nature is to move. It's constantly moving, but it's thwarted, blocked, confined, it wants to move, it knows where it wants to move, it has to cross this one little line in order to move, but it cannot thus it's a frustration. It cannot do what it's just supposed to do...

Confinement. I do not want to be held down. I am averse to being held or touched.

Confinement, paralysis, deep nerve pain, nervous disorder, mind-body disconnect. The body cannot act or move or function the way it normally does. I feel a swaying like vertigo. There is a vibration, a constant movement, but you cannot move, you have to crawl, like crossing a vast expanse, you crawl along, because your legs are not doing what you want them to do. You are in so much mental pain that it totally paralyzes you to your core.

This reminds me of those people who were buried alive, but they were not dead. There is a paralysis that is like not living, not being fully alive, just going through the motions. It is challenging to describe this. Being away from those things that comfort you (my stomach rumbles). I have been very hungry the last five days.

Deep sigh, I am sighing a lot.

I've been feeling like I am in an old suit that doesn't quiet fit anymore, and it is uncomfortable.

I went to a medium. He began to talk about my dad and his addiction and addiction in my family. He said that my dad approved of my beard. He said that me and my dad had poor communication, but that he wasn't taking the blame, that I was an adult and 50% of the blame was on me. I don't agree with that. But it was interesting.

The feeling of going to the medium was undramatic, vaguely comforting.

He also told me that I could be a medium, that I have experiences. That gave me shivers.

I have had encounters with the non-living in dreams usually. I also feel things sometimes. That sense hasn't been too strong lately. Except, around my dad's mother, my grandmother, she has been around quite a bit.

Tired of being fearful that someone will disapprove of me or not want to be around me.

Sadness, for all of the people who are crippled by some weird illness.

All I want to do is lay on the couch and isolate, I have no desire to communicate with people, especially my family

Despite being on my to do list, I completely forgot to call the provers.

I called then emailed prover in an attempt to connect, feeling ineffective.

I keep putting my clothes on backwards today.

Staring at my prover as she sits and thinks about remedy. My eyes glaze over.

It is becoming really clear to me that I don't feel like anyone helps me and that everyone falls through on their promises. Sense of hurry to get everything done, but underneath, I kind of don't really care.

So in the last two days I have had a lot of feelings about things being pointless. Why am I bothering to wash dishes again. Why am I stuck in the same pattern. I also keep accidentally injuring myself. I've cut my hand three times. But I feel like my boundaries are clearer. I do not care what people think about me or how things affect others. I mean, I don't want to hurt them, or do anything bad, but I feel like it's really easy to stand up for myself and let things go that are not my responsibility.

A friend got mad at me on New Years; she thought I was insulting her and she stopped talking to me. I e-mailed her the other day an apology and asked her to respond. She said she would another time. I saw her tonight and she wouldn't look at me when she talked. I don't need this silent treatment. I deserve better in friendships. She has so much drama-how can she love me like she says she does but then do these cruel things? Selfish. So I broke off our friendship via e-mail. I have no regrets at all.

I have been crying easily. It all just seems so much and so sad. Like I have no connection to anything. I am all alone doing so much, and even though my boyfriend wants to help and is trying, there is no way that anything he can do will make this all go more smoothly.

I seem to be able to let things go easier. I want to be mad, upset, tired at circumstances, but it seems much easier to just breathe, see beauty outside and suddenly be calm.

After listening to my prover talk about connecting to higher self and going for what she wanted I decided to ask my boss for a raise.

Felt like calling a bunch of friends from out of state to catch up. It felt like it was the first time I had the energy to do that in a long time. I called because I wanted to, and it would energize me. Not out of loneliness.

Slid down a hill and hit a snow bank today. All day after that, my car felt like it was floating. I kept feeling it shift under me and I couldn't stay focused. I felt calm, not scared, but it was as if I couldn't really feel myself, my car, or the road underneath it.

My boyfriend shared with me tonight that it really hurts him when I compare him with my exboyfriends. I feel like I am trying to explain that I know part of what I am upset about is a trigger from the past, hoping that he will understand that it's not all his fault, but he was crying and crying. He was so hurt, and I just want him to feel better, to understand, but no matter how I tried to explain it, he just got more sad. I want to heal him and make him feel better.

I keep thinking about the friend that I'm not friends with anymore. I wonder if she's hurting or if she even cares. Did she learn the lesson about boundaries? Did this help teach her to think about others and not just herself? I know she is telling everyone about what "I did to her". Every time I try to talk about the situation with one of my other friends, they tell me she is crazy and dramatic, and they were surprised I was friends with her in the first place. But she is a good person. I feel a need to defend her, but at the same time, wonder why I was her friend? Why did I allow her to take such a selfish role in our friendship?

I have noticed that at night I feel so connected to my boyfriend. Like he is taking such good care of me and I didn't know that was possible. It's very comfortable and takes away all the stress I have about real things like how I will pay my bills.

Worrying a lot about the way I handled the "break up" with my friend. Was I overreacting? I wasn't very fair; I should have at least tried to call her. I am pretty sure she wouldn't have answered anyway. Part of me wishes I had called her and she didn't answer just so I have more ammo against her; more justification of why she is a bad friend.

I seem to have fallen out of favor with many people. Although I know I set myself up for it in a way by not doing a good job on my business or being as social as I was the year before, there is part of me that is a bit angry about the fact that people won't just like me the same way now that I'm not a business owner. I am sure as I let myself be more open and myself I also changed people's opinions of me. I wasn't playing the proper socialite and thus I turned off some of the community. But whatever. Part of me wants to get back into favor, and another says that I shouldn't care about those uptight people.

Put my shirt on backwards today and didn't notice until I was halfway through the day at work.

Editing proving journals for spelling errors. I have a lot of words spelled wrong, especially my G and Ns are mixed up. Just want to put on comfortable clothes and cover up with a blanket and knit and watch a good show. Really tired after clinic weekend.

Had so much anxiety because we were late for our dinner reservations. I could barely talk I was so upset. Wanted to jump out of my skin.

Spouse lost the parking ticket and we had to call for assistance in order to get out of the ramp. I had so much anxiety I wanted to scream!!

Couldn't get the excel spreadsheet to work for my journal. Things wouldn't copy and paste, things disappeared. WHY?!! Incredibly frustrated. I didn't understand the instructions the way the journals were to be submitted and I couldn't make the corrections. Angry, frustrated, anxious!!!

Speak to prover for first time. There is an extensive discussion about feeling judged and I assure her that is not my role and to be a good homeopath; I need to be an empty vessel. She feels better after our talk.

I find myself thinking about judging many times over the next few days and realize this is a good opportunity to practice outside of case taking.

I am part of a healing touch ministry at church and feel especially compassionate toward those coming for healing. Really feel the healing energy coming through my body and healing me. Others in the group mention that they notice my healing ability to be extra strong that day.

During our Skype session I notice that the prover is more calm and relaxed. Speaking more evenly and slowly. Less anxious.

Hysteria. Husband is home from work surprisingly early. We are in high spirits. He is making jokes and I am laughing. Suddenly, I cannot stop laughing and this is getting scary. I am out of control and I feel my hysterical laughter turning to hysterical tears. I am crying and cannot catch my breath. Then I am laughing again and cannot stop. I feel I will suffocate because I am laughing and crying at the same time and cannot breathe. It is like having the breath knocked out of me, or perhaps more like drawn out of me in hard jerks. I am not sad, and nothing is funny, but I can't stop this spasmodic crying and laughing. I am thinking 'oh how stupid to die like this when the proving hasn't even started yet.' Everything suddenly stops and I settle down. I decide to email the Master Prover and say that I cannot participate as a supervisor in the proving after all. When I open my email I see that I have been paired with a prover.

I know we are chatting, but I cannot keep my mind focused on what we are saying. I hope I can do what I need to do as a supervisor. Intense.

I want to be quiet, but I hear myself talking. I want to just shut-up but I cannot. This out-of-control talking feels just like the hysterics a few nights ago. Very disconcerting. Intense.

I am annoyed by the prover's telling me that there are no symptoms. I feel that it obvious that there are symptoms but she is unwilling to admit it! As if she is deliberately not knowing them. I want to tell her to feel her own symptoms and not put them off an everybody else to feel for her.

Feeling odd. Just "not right" A feeling as if something is brewing. Like trouble is coming.

Stray thought: "Well here are those scary chest or heart symptoms she was worried about. I guess she won't have to feel them", I feel irritated with myself for "feeling her proving symptoms".

I feel like everyone is telling me what to do - employees, clients, friends, husband. I even feel that the cats are "making" me do things for them. It's a little bit like the hysteria feeling, but much milder.

I caught myself thinking that I am relieved that I am having no proving symptoms from this proving! My experience last night had to have been a proving symptom, but in a weird way it feels like it doesn't count.

I arrive at my desk this morning and realize I am dreading talking to the prover today. She will say that she has no proving symptoms, then report symptoms. I feel "impinged upon" when I speak with her - as if I am being called upon to experience her part of the proving for her. Logic does not mitigate this feeling. Intense, odd feeling. Annoyed that she is not accepting her share of the symptoms and at the same time feeling that I am making this up.

I feel a day of freedom stretching ahead of me. As if I have all the time and space I need, and then some. Which is interesting because I am actually double-booked at times due to an online scheduling hiccup.

I am procrastinating writing a report that I have been very excited about and which I was looking forward to writing. My brain feels numb. I realize my brain has felt numb after every time I have spoken with the prover even though our conversations are pleasant.

Having a great day. Very focused. Very busy. Haven't felt this vibrant in the past four years. This is very noticeable. I hope it lasts

I am feeling very reluctant to talk to prover. I am so tired, that it feels impossible to deal with the brain numbing that happens after the calls.

Received email from prover that master prover advised her to take another dose of the remedy. She reports that she took it at 12:30 this afternoon.

My thought when I saw the email is "Wow, I'm glad I closed to this proving today!" I feel very closed-off and exhausted. As if I have been flinching hard for hours, waiting for something to hit and hoping it misses me.

Strong Heart meditation eases the chest symptoms.

I suddenly feel angry with Master Prover for no reason. Rageful. Want to poke Master Prover in the nose! (I always want to poke people in the nose when I perceive them as abusers, so I must be seeing Master Prover as abusive, but I have had no interaction with him.) This feels crazy. Strong Heart meditation eased the chest pains and now eases the anger also. Chest pain and anger feel like the same symptom and are eased by the same focused meditation. The sudden onset of the anger is very like the sudden onset of other pains these past few days.

I would like to wash my hands of this proving. Just be done with the entire mess. I am sorry I answered the call for supervisors. I am really cranky about this and I'm finding it challenging to re-balance. Interesting.

Prover emails that she will not keep the call appointment today because her husband went to hospital last night with possible heart attack.

I am uncomfortable that I feel no compassion for prover and her husband and their situation. Maybe a detached curiosity at the most. I feel hard-hearted and cold. Very closed-off

Busy day. Forgot about proving and prover. Feel back to my old self in many ways. Still less of the chronic pain,

Brain-mud all day. There is lots going on here today, and it is very hard to focus with the numerous interruptions and distractions. I feel like I am thinking through wet spring clay. It is a bank holiday today and I missed that. Worried how employees will fare because their direct deposits will be delayed a day. I know there is a simple way to handle this in the payroll system, but I haven't been able to figure it out all day. I feel like I am moving through thick, heavy

I double-checked date of the two new nutrition and homeopathy trainings I am supposed to kick off at the end of this month. I thought they had scheduled me for the last Wednesday of the month. It was for the fourth Wednesday. I cannot believe I forgot about this through the whole month! It is as if it didn't stick when I found out at the end of December that I had won the contract with this large provider. Now I only have today to pull this together. I am overcome with a debilitating sense of shame and feelings of self-doubt. I can't believe I let this slip my mind this whole month. I am certain that I am not qualified to teach these providers and that after the presentation I will be publicly marked as something distasteful. (I am actually well-qualified and have been teaching groups of mental health providers for years without this kind of problem) I am realizing that lately it is as if my mind has been made of Teflon. This Teflon-brain feeling the past couple of weeks is oddly the same as the brain-mud I experienced yesterday: when I relax into them the two feelings are very similar even though they appear to be opposite at first glance. There is a coated, dragged-down, but slippery feeling, like the way a heavy oil-sludge or wet clay coats things. The shame is a sick, hot sliding feeling in my gut and along my arms and torso. Like I am coated inside and out with this oily shame.

The thought of wearing my much-loved grays is intolerable to me today. It is difficult to dress because I am putting on too many different colors and it is garish. Gray is my favorite color but today I feel it will smother me. I cannot tolerate being subdued today. I settle for charcoal gray pants with a deep burgundy cable-knit turtle neck under a black leather jacket. This seems like it gives enough movement. I am craving visual movement. I choose a wildly-colored scarf in an abstract floral combining orange, pink, brick, red, and burgundy. The scarf is usually too bright for me and the sweater too busy with all the cables, but today they seem down-right subdued. I find this amusing. I detest the color orange. Always have, but today I crave it. I want to wear the saffron like the monks wear, or like Christo draped on his gates. I put on my red leather gloves and this makes me happy, but I wish I had orange leather gloves, or an orange coat. Very weird for me.

I just remembered that I have a call with prover today. Feel a rush of shame at forgetting my travel plans or presentation and prover call. I have the thought "I am such a failure and everyone is going to know that by the end of this day!" The thought is relaxing in a way and I decide to reschedule prover call and have an experience of whatever comes in the day. But I also decide to do a little extra preparation based on last night's dreams. I feel sheepish about this and do not want to tell my husband I am preparing to deal with problems I dreamed about when he expresses surprise at seeing me engaged in additional preparations. He and I are usually very open about paying attention to feelings or dreams. That I am feeling ashamed of this is note-worthy.

There were, in fact, several people scheduled (without my knowledge or consent) for free care both before and after my presentations. The promised internet connection and equipment were not ready for me and the groups had indeed been combined and my presentations re-shuffled in ways that required major adjustments to the organization of supporting materials. This morning, I made hasty preparations to deal with some of this based on my dream (other stuff I was prepared for simply because I tend to be over-prepared) so it was pretty much ok. I handled it considerably better than in my dream and no "badge of shame" resulted! Throughout the day I noticed how calm I felt and how strong and centered I was even with disruptions and hecklers of a type that will normally cause me considerable discomfort.

My husband reports gastric distress as if he is experiencing gastric stasis. He describes a painful lump in his stomach and a sense that vomiting would relieve but he cannot vomit ; Nux vomica is not helpful; he begins belching so I give Lycopodium which is not helpful

I should be able to help my husband but I am not finding a remedy that is helpful. Again with the shame.

There are hesitations and some very long pauses in prover's delivery and the pauses are extending as she goes further into "dull". There are silences of a minute or more between words and of 3-4 minutes between last two sentences. We sit in silence for nearly ten minutes while she feels the dullness. It appears nothing more will be forthcoming...

Husband reports having bloody diarrhea with knife-like pains in lower abdomen. Bright red blood, with jelly-like globs. He is surprisingly calm about this. Is cooperative with taking a remedy.

We discover that a cat has had bloody diarrhea but cannot tell which one. Both seem fine.

Our black cat is making loud distress calls and comes into the office where I am working on my computer. She looks at me intensely and walks back and forth as if to lead me into the hall. Continues making distress calls. Leads me to her sister (the little calico) who seems fine except for being annoyed by the disturbance while she is napping. Black cat loses interest in me and is quiet as soon as I look at her sister.

I am feeling decidedly cranky about the bloody diarrhea. Was enjoying my new-found appreciation of brightly colored things until now. Bummer. I resent having this enjoyment dampened! I am incredibly worried about my husband and the little calico cat. I am unreasonably afraid I will lose them both. I am deep in the shame of not finding a remedy that helps the bloody diarrhea and gut pains. I fear they will bleed out without my knowing it and I will be without these creatures I love so deeply. The diarrhea symptom is mild with my husband (if he is telling me the truth) and much more severe with the calico. I feel guilty that I told this symptom to go away. I fear that I have put it off onto my loved ones by refusing to experience my share of it and now they will die. I am definitely out of sorts over this.

Took first dose

Took first dose

Took first dose

Took first dose

Took first dose

Took first dose

A sour taste appeared in my mouth.

Coating on tongue. Things aren't tasting right. Yucky taste in mouth. When eat something, stays on tongue and makes icky taste.

Pellet tastes so gross, feels like coating my mouth.

Tingling in my mouth, like an antiseptic, or monosodium glutamate (MSG) used in Asian food.

A taste in my mouth, like a metallic tasting fruit, like a papaya, mango, or pineapple.

I felt like thyroid blew up. I could feel it. I don't think it really was, but I was feeling like "Ah, man!?" It feels quite hard and large. Feel it. It's my thyroid is huge; it doesn't hurt. Glands were popping out a bit, not as large. That's me, I typically produce that. My mental energy is different.

My neck is pulling me into a reclined position. But that keeps changing there is no up or down.

Neck pain, right side.

Today I started to feel pain in my neck on the top of my neck on the right hand side. It feels like a pinch.

I am a bit stiff in the neck along with the shoulders.

My right lymph node in neck is a bit swollen. I often get this symptom.

I am experiencing stiffness, slight stiffness in neck and shoulders. Stretching made it better, moved head around in circle. Came on while talking to supervisor and left after call.

Stiffness radiating to back of neck and shoulders; it feels better when I move my head in large circles or from side to side.

My glands below jaw feel swollen, more so on right side.

My neck had a weird sore sensation, like the right vein is a bit sore. It's weird. Weird means hard to describe, unusual. Like a pony tail at the top of my head, like I have right now.

Itching, right-side of neck.

A sensation of a white neck brace.

Wow! I can breathe better through my nose. My head not as congested as it's been. It is freeing up, moving, not being stuck there. I do have a bit of a headache, I'm getting a headache. It's a little like, boom, boom, boom, it goes from behind my eyes and my nose, to my jaw, it's behind there. A boom, boom, boom sensation.

Nose is super duper itchy. Usually on right side, now on left side.

Runny a bit. Clear and thin mucous.

A sinus pressure, more in my nose than in my head, with a thickening, gross, sour taste.

Both nostrils are clear and open, able to breathe. A feeling of being clear.

My nose has been running like water off and on since last night. It is not constant, but when it starts with the running, it goes on for minutes before stopping. It is clear and watery. When I bend down to pick something up, it has fallen as large drops to an almost stream. My nostrils and skin around my nose feel chapped and almost burning from the frequency of it. The only way to contain this is to stuff tissue into my nose. It does not take long for a tissue to be completely drenched and heavy with this watery, clear discharge.

I keep smelling something like car exhaust, but no one else is smelling it. It's like it's inside of my nose. I keep noticing it in waves, but when I ask if someone else smells it, they do not.

The running nose continues, though not as frequent and less in quantity. However, my nasal passages feel very dry today, feels like scraping in my nasal cavities when I breathe in through my nose. While it feels dry inside, my nose continues to run intermittently with watery, clear discharge.

Proving starts today, but I will not start until four days from now. I woke up with a runny left nostril, unusual, somewhat clogged, at the same time watery, running intermittently. I have to blow, it clears, then comes back. Am clammy, a bit of fever. Easily tired after going out to shovel snow. On waking the next morning I am totally clogged on both sides and mouth breathing. It clears easily, or so it seems for now.

Lots of nose blowing, still pretty clear and watery, running more on left side. Plugged up on waking, then opens up and flows.

I take the substance in about an hour. My cold remains, now it is the right nostril that is more clogged up, still some watery draining from nose and eyes. Sneezing these past few days has been sudden, explosive, in bouts of three. I am using cloth handkerchiefs, which is rare: I have a collection of them but usually just use them for anticipated crying.

This morning nasal discharge is thicker, a bit whiter, before it was watery and clear. No big deal. Normal progression?

Nose watery and running on waking. Back to flowing more.

Nose still running, so I am blowing it more again. Discharge more yellowish at times, a bit gluey with streaks of white, especially in the morning. At other times more watery, like before. Both sides now, had originally gone from left, how it was before I took the substance, to right for a few days. Feels like the normal progression of a cold I get maybe once a year, and many in our community have something similar at this time of year. This one has seemed to have more discharge, especially early on when it was all watery. I have been using cloth handkerchiefs more, and there are whole periods in the day when I don't notice it at all now, whereas before it was all-consuming. Better in fresh cold open air, actually. I didn't have to blow my nose when walking about town or while doing errands, or in between walking. Worse when at home, in doors, working and sitting.

Still blowing my nose but less than the cough, not a lot coming out, clears things for a while, then comes again. No more sneezing, or not much.

My nose is running but hardly enough to need a handkerchief. I just sniffle most of the time.

My nose feels kind of runny.

I feel like I am going to sneeze.

I have had ulcers inside nose for about three weeks (mostly left side, but now both). They were better in the morning and now worse. My nose is very itchy at 11:30 am.

The ulcers or sores in my nose are better today. The inside itched quite a bit one time today.

At 12 pm my nose was very itchy.

This morning the inside of nose ulcers felt like they were almost gone, but midday they felt the ulcers were coming back and my nose was very itching on the inside. I imagine there are little tiny parasites crawling in there and making this problem for me.

Nose very itchy at 3 pm.

My nose has been about the same as the last couple days. It will itch in the middle of the day. The sores inside are smaller, but persistent and now closer to the tip of the inside of my nose.

The nose ulcers are getting worse.

Please say more about ulcers getting worse? More swollen and sore. Right side is getting bigger. Ooze fluid more, clear and hardens into a scab.

The nose ulcers are worse than yesterday

The nose ulcers are much worse today. Nostrils are quite swollen and sore.

The nose symptoms are about 40% better today.

Nose ulcers are almost gone, way better but not totally gone.

Itchy nose, new sores in nose. Sores are more on inside nares as well as the inside top.

Nose pain is getting worse still. Seems like I have more ulcers which are little tiny pimples in my nose. I need to pick at them and get crud out. Describing "get the crud out" is getting chunky, muddy stuff out of a tunnel.

My nose is really itching and pick at it and it is annoying me. I am having to clean it out, get stuff out. I am annoyed. Physically have to attend to my nose and mentally don't want to.

The nose ulcers are real bad, especially left side, they bleed now.

I cannot get nose cleared out, getting the crud out, lumpy chunky globs of dirt coming out of a tunnel. I must clear things out, open up a passageway, things that don't belong there get taken out. In left nare there are little chunks that are hard to get out. When I finally get some out then it gets the same types of chunks that develop back in right away. I press on my nostrils to try and break it up so I can get it out. It seems like not getting better but it just feels the same again.

My nose is getting worse on right side at the inside tip. Another ulcer-like sore redeveloping. Swollen sore that I need to pick at and ooze clear liquid. Left side is still has an ulcer in nare.

My nose burns a bit at the edges, like that burning mucus.

I got my nose cleaned out in the morning, but then it acted up and got scabby on the inside later in the day.

Nose very itchy and bothersome. Have to rub all the time, like the ulcers in my nose.

My nose is getting better, the sores are healing. The crusty ulcers in my left nare are much smaller and less bothersome, don't feel the big chunks in nose. The nose is less itchy and there are fewer sores inside of nose.

Left side of nose nare is just about all better. I have a new small ulcer on inside upper right nostril and a small boney growth on inside cartilage.

The inside cartilage of nose on right side continues to have boney growth, but the ulcers are much better.

The boney growth on inside of nose came off, it is like a really hard piece of crust and now nose is mostly cleared up. The ulcers are mostly gone too.

Sneezing a lot throughout the day.
Strange allergy symptoms. I have never had allergies, weird inflammation of my nose, sinuses, and throat. But it is different from the sore throat symptoms I experienced over the last week.
My allergy symptoms, sneezing, congestion, itchy nose and throat, are gone.
Awake in middle of night and feel my nose start to bleed. It stops after about a minute. Never had this before.
Clear, slightly cloudy, mucous, stringy discharge from my rectum.
I feel like I need to breathe. Deeply. It's kind of almost like a huh-huh. Like I'm not getting enough air.
Hard to breathe. Big breath in.
It's kind of like my breath can't go in deep. Lungs are hard, not letting in this whole flowing thing. It's like there "Aaaaah", they don't want to let air in. You can only get it in to about here (Hand gesture to the throat pit). It's really dry. Cough. Congestion. Pain with it.
I breathe in, it would be so dry it would be burning in my throat. Couldn't stop unless I drank a lot of water or sucked on hard candy, then alright. Burning, like acid burning.
Out of breath. I felt like I was walking in slow motion up the hill.
Better, happens, but comes and goes. Burning in my throat and in my chest. Cough is burning. Produces a thick white phlegm. It starts in through, gets irritated, hard to stop it. Liquids help. Every once in a while it goes into chest, but more at throat pit. Throat something hits it and it's burning. Just burning.
I need to breathe rapidly, short and shallow, not because of any restriction but because of the pace.
I am experiencing some congestion in my upper chest; a bit wheezy with a tight, dry cough; accompanied by sore throat. This didn't last very long.
Breathing is easier.
Deep sigh, deep breathing.
It's easier to breathe.
I cannot get enough air.
My feeling of not getting enough air ended sometime in the last several days. I just realized this today. I think that this is done.
Symptom Description
I feel like my body needs fat. I just want to bathe myself in oil because everything feels so dry.
Skin itchy and with small breakouts; not on face, but neck and shoulder. I used to get these a lot until eliminating alcohol.
I am experiencing more breakouts on arm, also a little on face (chin area). Unusual, although it used to be more typical (as stated above, a return of an old symptom).
just noticed today that I have three or four eruptions, pimples of sorts, on my face. That is very unusual and I can't think of what I may have eaten that would have provoked this outburst. No big deal, but enough to notice.
Writing about the claws in my hands dream, I realize that for some days now I have noticed little scratches in my hands that are healing but still there, visible, red, some break in the skin healing over (palms). But what are they from? Is my skin more fragile, more easily broken? Why are they not healing over, disappearing within a day or two?
The skin on the back of my hands is so itchy, right around the knuckles. It's all red and chapped, very itchy, I just want to scratch and scratch, it's hard not to scratch.
Both sets of knuckles have been very itchy; all of the knuckles; they are just a little red, dry and itchy; also itching on scalp-flaky a bit as well.
My scalp is so dry, big chunks of skin all over myself. Awful, I could rip it off. Worried about it at work that people will see. I have had a bit of dandruff before, but not in 6 months-seems worse then ever. Very intense. I keep scrubbing it, but the more I do it, the more flakes there are-never ending. Sheets I can pick off. So I pick my head all night.
There is a blotch red on my face, neck and chest from discussing personal stuff with supervisor, after the call, below neck, flat red about the size of my hand. Then they went away.
Scratching, my skin itches all over.
Formication, knee, leg, and scalp.
I am itching again. I itched at the very beginning of the proving. That dissipated and now has returned.
My skin felt like is was crawling before I went to bed.
Cannot sleep with this itching!

I am going to bed a bit earlier, often my beau is tired: if I were alone I would stay up later, so sometimes I am not quite sleepy, have to lie there for a while. That non-busy moment, not doing anything, not even reading, which usually makes me sleepy, puts me to sleep. it's an odd limbo. at first I felt disconcerted, like I needed to fall asleep and it was a bit of a problem if I didn't. Then I started relaxing into this moment of just lying there. I think for my healing I need to hang out more often in that in-between place where new insights can drop in. Also, I do like waking up earlier in the morning, have often wished I wasn't so foggy for so long in the morning. living more steadily with my beau is going to contribute to this shift in my sleeping pattern. my experience of something I have said I wanted, but didn't make happen on my own, is a bit disconcerting, like a deep, dark unknown that I have to just jump into blind. and that it's the strangeness that carries the possibility of change. feeling that discomfort of chaos in little ways, as if I have landed somewhere and am cautiously exploring the terrain.

Seems I am having a bit more trouble getting to sleep than I usually do. Especially last night, had to lay there a long time. I am going to bed somewhat earlier than usual, but still, something in my brain and in my nervousness, my alertness, my assimilating... something is needing extra time, empty time, no doing, to just lie in wait, pause, be still, suspend. I don't yearn for it, my system just seizes the opportunity and hits the pause button.

I was unable to sleep through the night once again. I have been waking up multiple times each night.

I realized that I go to bed and get hot under the covers, but these past few nights have been waking up frequently during the night, and I am cold when I wake up.

I am waking up every night, up four times in the night.

Feeling more secure, shallow, comfort was good, kind of in the moment, good that then I could go to sleep, been up not sleeping through the night this week, not a good night's sleep, extremely tired

I slept for nine hours last night. Usually I sleep seven or eight.

My sleep has been somewhat restless. I haven't been falling to sleep fast and do a fair amount of tossing and turning. I wake up in the middle of the night and toss a bit. Is this sleep pattern different? My sleep has been off and on for years, somewhat seasonal. If I work hard outside I sleep better.

Restless sleep. It was hard to fall asleep, I woke up a lot and couldn't remember any dreams. It felt like I never got into a deep sleep to dream.

Friday night slept in living room and slept well, but didn't remember any dreams.

I slept pretty well, but not long. I was woken up by daughter. I had a dream, that slipped away...

My sleep was good, woke up feeling quite calm.

I slept quite restlessly, little more than normal, waking up often.

I slept fair, woke feeling I needed to communicate my emotional needs. I was fairly relaxed and took a bath after clearly communicating my emotional needs as well as forfeiting my emotional needs, said maybe we should end the relationship (causing my best friend emotional pain). Normally I'd be thinking more about him than me; however, this time, it is a relief that I expressed myself. I have no memory of ever communicating an emotional need clearly like I did or admitting it to myself. It felt huge. Also I wrote something that I knew would be painful for the recipient, which I don't normally do. I put my needs of expression over their pain. How is this for you to put your feelings over someone else's? Very new, a bit of light bulb going off. Surprising that I did that instead of letting being turmoil inside

I slept well through the night. The last three nights have slept quite well (not waking for one or two hours in the middle of the night) which I have been doing over the last two months.

I had a bad night last night. It was the same as usual except that I was awake much more than is typical. I slept the first few hours, then I was awake and could not return to sleep. When I looked at the clock, it was 3:00 am. I walked around, turned the light on to read, tried several time to return to sleep; for four to five hours I was up and down like that. Typically I wake at 1:30 - 2:00 for a little while, then return to sleep. I don't think this is a proving symptom, though.

The past couple of nights I have had difficulty falling asleep that is not my usual issue. On Friday night (day 6) I had a hard time going to sleep, then was super-restless. I would wake and return to sleep frequently that night.

On Saturday night (day 7) I went to bed at 10 pm but was still awake at 12:30 am. Then I slept until 6 am. I felt ready to get up but I continued to lie there, thinking I would return to sleep. At 6:30 am I got up because I felt ready to start the day, although not super-rested.

My sleep is usually restless and interrupted, but I am sleeping really well on this substance. I am sleeping through the night without waking.

Insomnia. Unable to fall asleep. Lying awake for hours.

I'm not sleeping since the proving began. It's been a couple of weeks. I fall asleep no problem, I go to sleep, then I wake up wide awake, waking up hungry.

My sleep has improved again, finally. Nearly thirty days of disrupted sleep. Sleeplessness is terrible.

Bad indigestion. Aaaaah. Painful, bloated. Like painful gas pushing out. Sharp pain. Comes and goes.

More of an awareness of enjoyment of food. Trail mix, huge flakes of coconut. Almonds, pumpkin seeds, these coconut pieces, they are big, bite into them. Mmm... It's so good, that quality to the food. Wow! That's good, before, I would eat it, it's good. Now, taking a minute and this is good!! Breakfast, quiche. This is good!! This is good!! I should have this more.

While I felt hunger before meeting with friends for lunch, I am not experiencing a typical hunger now. Feel quite full after only a few bites. I only eat a fraction of a typical serving.

Horribly bloated, no exaggeration, look or feel like I have gained 10 lbs., I struggle a bit with this weight issue anyway, but this is extreme reaction and not sure why? Possibly from eating popcorn on Sunday? Very severe, feeling, "Ugh!?"

My digestion, bloating, food allergies, had a bad flare up not point to anything, notable though need to get body back to a state of non-inflammation, annoying, really bad and look like experiences gain 10 lbs., trouble since beginning day 10 now, since I had alcohol over the holidays, its notable, usually body regulate self back to a state of flat again diet, not able rid inflammation, pain in the ass!?

Whole stomach from chest down it feels expanded, looks like I'm 5-months pregnant, looks expanded, not uncomfortable by it, get annoyed more sluggish, little less on top things, just like my whole stomach area is just blown up.

Less bloated today.

Still bloated, slowly diminishing.

Still bloated.

Less bloated today.

Still bloated, never have had it last this long when I am being very conscious about what I am eating and drinking.

Still bloated, but it is diminishing slowly.

Still bloated but not as extreme as it has been. More manageable.

I feel very hungry, but when I go to eat, I take a few bites and am full or even feel sick. Then, when I leave the kitchen, I feel hungry again shortly after. It is like there is an emptiness I cannot fill.

Ever since we broke up I'm not eating much, usually I eat a ton, I put off eating, then I do eat, voraciously hungry then sick stomach, full, eat a few bites then back to bed, then voraciously hungry again... I've been big, almost like trying to eat and fill emptiness in my body, try to fill, then hungry again, then feel I'm going to throw up again.

My stomach is feeling hungry; I take a couple bites and feel full, I leave kitchen then get hungry again emptiness not hunger, emptiness right above stomach in chest cavity aching, mostly I feel it in my stomach and hunger feel it in a deeper place up toward heart not good, frustrating, feels irritating back and forth running around up and down.

Nausea, morning sickness like. Food sounds unappetizing. My appetite has been lower today.

I was out with my kids and felt the nausea again. Right before I took my kid to her first day of preschool; maybe I was just too nervous. "Oh, I feel kind of sick!?" I am better if moving around; nausea comes on fast in general; it feels like morning sickness, comes and goes.

Nausea, hungry but not hungry. Cramping in my abdomen.

Nausea, in pit of stomach, its not bad enough to stop my life, but definitely unpleasant, worse when up and moving around. It seems to be better with warm drinks. But my appetite is much less. I am struggling to eat enough during the day because food just doesn't sound good. Feels like its so much effort to eat, and the nausea seems to come on after eating, so when it finally passes It seems like a lot to go through it again.

Nauseous and sick to my stomach feeling, even though I did not just eat. I need to sit down.

My appetite has been up and down from nauseousness and I am not hungry, then very ravenous and I starving feeling. I seem to swing from being not too hungry to intensely craving something cheesy and salty or fatty. When I take the time to prepare myself a lovely meal, I feel really happy and satisfied.

I am so hungry yesterday and today; for very specific things. salty, rich fatty food like an avocado on a turkey bean burger or a rich egg peanut butter banana pancake with honey and strawberries. The peanut butter is so creamy and good. The turkey bean burgers were so delicious and crispy from being fried in the olive oil.

I just ate to bursting. I don't want to eat because once I start, I don't want to stop. And I want cheese, butter, salt. This is somewhat normal for me. But I feel kind of extreme about it right now. Bread with lots of butter and jelly.

Around 4:30 pm I got really bad heartburn. Is it stress or is it something bad I've eaten? I have to get my paper in tonight and there is so much drama involved in it. Everything needs to be done before I can get my paper done. I get easily distracted otherwise.

I feel so heavy. I don't want to wear tight clothes. I want to wear a loose sweatshirt, it is bulky. I weigh more. My thighs weigh more. I'm too substantial. I like to think I'm light and fluffy and cute and little but feel big and heavy. I don't feel feminine. I feel kind of butch. My aunt is the epitome of loneliness and she looked like that. I don't want to look like her either.

I'm starving. I want to eat fat, bread, pizza. So, I completely pigged out on those foods.

Burning in my chest and esophagus. Worse drinking water. Is it the food? Pizza and sweets.

Since taking the substance, I will be eating and suddenly my food doesn't appeal to me. It is actually unappealing. I don't gag, but I have a very strong distaste for the food. This happens very soon after beginning to eat; within a few bites. I keep eating, but it's not good. This is weird for me. I tend to overeat, crave foods, binge on food. This is very weird. It has happened two or three times since taking the substance.

Craving something hot to drink. Have been chilled since they gave me ice water at the hospital.

Feeling a mild pain in my stomach. Feels like it is right in the middle of my stomach. Have been feeling it since I woke up this morning. At times I feel a similar pain in both lower left and lower right areas of abdomen. Sometimes a twinge in the upper right side. I thought the pain was gone after I ate breakfast, but it came back pretty quickly, probably within half an hour after eating. It seems to come and go and move around. I feel it more when I bend over. On a scale of one to ten, the pain is a one, maybe a two at times, but mostly it just barely registers. It is the twinges that would be the two. It is more of an annoyance, doesn't stop me from doing anything. I think it has my attention because of what happened just a week ago with my husband. I find myself worrying that I am going to have a gall bladder attack like he

There is a lump in my solar plexus that weighs zillions of tons. It wants to get out through the throat, but there is a gate. What is the key to the gate? The lump returns to the solar plexus. It is thinking. I need power - I need a tiger? The lump is not cancerous. Later in the day I read and meditate about the solar plexus and the lump. It is undigested stuff. It is made up of fear of taking a chance. It is balled up fire energy. It is surrounded by a charcoal grey coating. It reminds me of coals on a fire that are dark but when hit by the poker they break open revealing a bright, red-orange heat inside. This reminds me of blending the red of the root chakra with the orange of the sacral chakra. It is about combining resources and imagination to manifest something. Perhaps I am the tiger. Tiger is majestic, self-sufficient,

More thoughts and feelings about the lump. I fear my power. I do not want to be the angry, aggressive tiger using power to manipulate others to get what I need and want. The lump holds the fear of power as well as my abhorrence to 'tricking' (like a fox) people. The contents of the lump are carried around in my stomach. But there is also a light hidden within, a fire. Both the tiger and the fox are fiery animals; each using their attributes to survive successfully. Their journey together suggests some ways of dealing with energy before it can find its way out through the throat. Referring to the story I feel like the fox is using the tiger to trick the other animals into acknowledging his right to be. Or rather tricking the tiger into acknowledging is right to be, the fox's power. I am feeling confused about this relationship between the tiger who I see is the more powerful one to be feared and the fox who has only his mental tricks as a means of survival. I fear my power and do not honor my mental abilities to resolve relationships issues.

This lump is like a ball of constipation. The power has a hard shell around it. It just sits there. Sometimes it feels heavy. Sometimes it creates physical pain as it tries to get out through the esophagus and throat.

In spite of the fact that I had to situations, it did not affect the ball in my stomach. The ball did not participate in either of these situations.

My ravenous appetite that I have had for the last ten days has diminished. I am not that interested in food today. My appetite that was disordered seems like it has returned to normal today upon awakening.

Hunger, ravenous.

Ravenous hunger.

I woke often in the night with stomach feeling nauseated; like a hard lump in the middle of abdomen.

Nausea with a bitter taste in the back of my throat, like bile. Moderately intense.

Discomfort has been growing through the day, as if digestion ceased about twelve hours ago. I spent the afternoon and evening in a filthy meeting room with heavily perfumed attendees and inadequate ventilation, so I am attributing my discomfort to that.

Pain of a hard lump in stomach with nausea; I wish I could vomit but cannot.

I am experiencing a hard heaving which does not relieve the sore lump sensation in my stomach.

Constipation for days. No physical discomfort. Just know it will be healthy to have a movement.

No longer constipated. Last two hours, emptied of bowels. Feeling regular again.
Perfect stool: no wiping required, easy to push out, no smell. Cheerful after stool, with red flushing. My homeopathy professor had just described a perfect stool, and I thought it was hilarious that I had one after she had just described it. I smiled the whole way from the bathroom down to the classroom.
Diarrhea, yellow; floating lumps like dumplings. My feeling is "Why is this happening to me? What did I eat?" I'm so stressed out about school and then I'm leaving next weekend for weeks. I don't have any time to relax. I've just been busy, busy, busy for the last few weeks. I'm not going to complete my other plans because it's too much work right now. It feels like something I'm trying to force on myself; so, I'm going to let that go.
Bloody diarrhea which just trickles out. No gushing or sputtering. Some straining without production after the diarrhea stops. Some of the diarrhea is watery, some is in jelly-like bubbles a little less than a centimeter in diameter. Blood is mostly bright red with some darker red small clots mixed with mucus. (These are our calico cat's symptoms.) I wake with urge to stool, diarrhea expelled all at once but without force or sputtering. Just a smooth emptying. Uncomfortable in abdomen, not a relieving feeling. The diarrhea feels hot but not burning. It seems that knife-like pains worsen before returning to dull pain. (The knife-like pains subsided to dull discomfort which allowed me to fall asleep.) Diarrhea is bloody with mucus clumps. Bright red blood.
I have some achiness in my jaw or teeth. I can't exactly tell where it is. At times the ache seems to be in the right (whatever the chewing hinge is called the temporomandibular joint or TMJ, I think). It is aggravated some when laying down. I happened to be laying down this late afternoon, and the crown in upper right (tooth #3) was aching. It was better again when I got up. I then noticed some achiness while chewing, and that seems like it's more in the hinge. I then realized this has been happening for the last few days when chewing. The ache has also, at times, moved to teeth in the lower jaw.
I experience no achiness in teeth on waking.
Achiness in #3 tooth or crown with eating. I also noticed sensitivity to cold, which hadn't been there before. temporomandibular joint aches a bit too.
All achiness disappears in hot shower. Suspicion that this may be a sinus thing.
The ache started with the tooth where that first crown was, but it moves off the tooth. The pain moves from the crown into the lower teeth and my temporomandibular joint is achy.
Teeth symptoms had gone away for a few days, but back today. The ache moves around, from upper right tooth #3 tooth or crown to right to left temporomandibular joint tooth #18 tooth or crown in lower left jaw, it comes and goes.
Throat pain starting this morning, coughing up from lungs yellowish, thick mucous stuff. I've had all week long a mild cold, but congestion in my head. It started with a sore throat. Didn't last. Sore throat two mornings, went away, but came back a couple days ago.
Something in my throat-when breathing the air is very cold; like rawness in respiratory tract; mostly in throat.
Right side inside my throat. Cool water feeling, extends up to my tongue.
A very slight scratchy throat and feeling of very small lump in back of throat.
A sensation of lump in throat is 15% greater.
A slight sensation in back of throat, small lump like feeling getting a bit worse.
Throat feels a little sore and a little bit swollen, more on right side. Sensation in throat is a bit more than yesterday.
Feel like a ball in throat upon swallowing.
Slightly scratchy throat.
I am experiencing sensation of lump in throat is more than any other day. The lump in throat is in the area below my jaw bone and it feels like a ball that can't be completely swallowed.
I had to spit up greenish phlegm while talking to supervisor. Last time I had to spit up was about one week ago (a smaller amount). This spit up of phlegm had been going on for about a year and then stopped about one month before this proving, but now is back. Sticky, hard to get out of my throat, coming out easier now, rubbery, slimy, shaped like oval, tricky to get out of throat.
I had to spit up phlegm again, light brown-green, same texture as above. Came up more easier than six months ago. Spit into tissue. That lump in my throat has gone down a little bit since two days ago.
I feel gunk in throat and it stings a bit. Gunk is back in throat, hard to get to and slight aggravation of something that should not be there.
I spit up phlegm, but still feels like there is more phlegm build-up in back. There's a slight burning or stinging feeling in back of throat.

I woke up with big lump in throat, same as before and had to spit it up phlegm which was thick, sticky, goopy, light green. Only once in morning.
I feel big lump like having a golf ball in back of throat at waking. It dissipates a bit as morning goes on.
I woke up with big lump in throat again and can't spit up any phlegm.
My throat is bothersome feeling like a giant hairball in back of throat; feeling more fuzzy, gummy like it needs to come out. Muscles along throat feel a bit sore, stiff, in my neck.
The lump in my throat is diminished to about 20%. In morning did not notice until I thought about it and then it seems rather large. I don't have to spit up phlegm.
Sore throat on waking. At base of nose. A bit worse on the left side. Felt like the start of something -- a cold or flu. Faded after up few minutes.
With the cough, my throat was sore. It was in the back, at the level of the base of my nose. It felt dry, like the air is dry, but my house is not dry. This went away after moving around.
I have no sore throat or cough this morning.
Sitting at my computer, I am gradually becoming aware of soreness in my throat. Completely right sided. Aggravated by inhaling. A kind of scratchy rawness. It's at the base of my nose, feels like it is more in the back of my mouth than in the throat. It is accompanied by a bit of a throb in my #3 tooth or crown (upper right) and right temple.
I am experiencing my first sore throat that I have had in years. Like a tiny lump in my throat that I cannot swallow. It feels painful and burning.
I am feeling deep throat aching. Painful and burning.
Throat itching on swallowing. The lump sensation is much larger.
My lump is smaller and my throat is not sore as it was.
Burning throat immediately upon taking the substance.
An itch in my throat, not a metallic or tin-like, just an itch, is extending to my tongue. Now its metallic, like blood.
Glands feel swollen, tender, really sore, like I have the mumps, I had the mumps when I was 5-years old. It feels metallic, scratchy. Like I am going to lose my voice.
From my throat swelling extending to my ears. Pulsing, hurting unpleasant, throbbing, two little nodes that feel sharp.
The swelling sensation is diminishing, maybe this is a cure for mumps.
Rather suddenly I notice that my throat has a lump of nasal goop stuck in it. It makes me cough and comes out as a yellow, sticky ball. This happens repeatedly for about four hours before finally leaving.
My urine smells of formaldehyde or something undesirable. It also appears orange red in coloring. I have been drinking plenty, so it seems out of sorts.
Having light-headedness if I get up too fast or go up stairs. Twice this morning and once yesterday
I'm a little, getting dizzy and nauseous, maybe a bad taste nauseous. "Eewk!"
This substance makes me really dizzy when I think about what it is. A floating, buoyant feeling.
Slight vertigo as I parked car before my homeopathy appointment (vertigo described as dizziness with a bit of nausea).

ABDOMEN - ABDOMEN - PAIN - squeezed; as if

ABDOMEN - PAIN - Spots; in

ABDOMEN - ABDOMEN - COMPLAINTS of abdomen - accompanied by - vomiting

ABDOMEN - PAIN - burning

ABDOMEN - ABDOMEN - ABDOMEN - SENSITIVE - Hypochondria

ABDOMEN - ABDOMEN - SENSITIVE - Hypochondria

MIND - SUPERSTITIOUS

CHEST - PAI CHEST - PAIN - pressure - ameliorate.

ABDOMEN - PAIN - heat - during

ABDOMEN - PAIN - sleep - during - aggravating.

BACK - PAIN BACK - PAIN - right - aching

BACK - PAIN - stretching - ameliorate.

NECK - TEN BACK - PAIN - pressure - ameliorate. - aching

BACK - CON BACK - PAIN - cough aggravating.; during

BACK - STIFFNESS - Lumbar region

BACK - PAIN NECK - MOTION - aggravating.

EXTREMITI EXTREMITI BACK - PAIN - aching

BACK - PAIN - aching
BACK - PAIN - Lumbar region - pressure - aggravating. - aching

BACK - PAIN BACK - PAIN - pressure - ameliorate.

NECK - TENSION
BACK - PAIN - right - aching

NECK - TEN HEAD - PAIN - extending to - Neck

GENERALS - STIFFNESS

KIDNEYS - I KIDNEYS - I KIDNEYS - PAIN - radiating
BACK - PAIN - Lumbar region - aching.
BACK - TENSION - Lumbar region

BACK - PAIN - griping pain

MIND - DELUSIONS - evil - happened to him; feeling as though some evil had
BACK - TENSION
BACK - PAIN - constricting pain
BACK - PAIN - stretching - ameliorate.

BACK - PAIN - sitting - aggravating.
MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

BACK - PAIN BACK - PAIN - Dorsal region - Middle part

BACK - PAIN - radiating
BACK - PAIN - constricting pain

GENERALS - PAIN - radiating

BACK - PAIN MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

BACK - PAIN - Dorsal region - Middle part
EXTREMITIES - LIMPING

BACK - PAIN BACK - PAIN - sitting - aggravating.

NECK - PAIN GENERALS · GENERALS - STRETCHING - ameliorate.
GENERALS - STRETCHING - ameliorate.

BACK - PAIN - Trapezius muscles
POSSIBLY CURATIVE
URETHRA -

ABDOMEN · URETHRA - PAIN - urination - not urinating; when
CHEST - VIBRATION - sensation as if - Heart

CHEST - PALPITATION of heart - leaning - backward - aggravating.
EXTREMITIES - PAIN - right

CHEST - TICKLING in
CHEST - WA CHEST - HEAT - sensation of

MIND - DELUSIONS - contaminated - being contaminated; she is

MIND - DEL CHEST - INFLAMMATION
MIND - DELUSIONS - contaminated - being contaminated; she is

MIND - MU CHEST - PAIN - constricting pain

STOMACH - STOMACH - HEARTBURN - water; after

MIND - DEL MIND - FEA CHEST - PAIN - burning - currents; as from burning

MIND - AWARENESS heightened - body; of
CHEST - PAIN - burning
CHEST - FLU MIND - ANXIETY - heart; about his
RESPIRATION - HOT breath - sensation as if

CHEST - PAIN - right

CHEST - PAI CHEST - PAIN - accompanied by - nausea

CHEST - PAIN - right
CHEST - PAI CHEST - PAI THROAT - CONSTRICTION
CHEST - SWELLING - Mammae
CHEST - SWELLING - Mammae

CHEST - PAI CHEST - PAIN - cutting pain

THROAT - D THROAT - F MIND - DEL MIND - DISC MIND - RUDENESS

COUGH - LY THROAT - S THROAT - D COUGH - EV COUGH - IRRITABLE

COUGH - LY COUGH - EVENING - bed agg.; in

COUGH - IR| EXPECTOR/ COUGH - LO COUGH - SPASMODIC

COUGH - DF COUGH - DF THROAT - SCRAPING

COUGH - SPASMODIC

GENERALS · COUGH - IR| COUGH - DRY - tickling, from - Larynx; in

COUGH - IRRITABLE

COUGH - DRY - tickling, from - Larynx; in

COUGH - TA THROAT - MUCUS - sensation of
CHEST - CO| COUGH - TIGHT

DREAMS - S MIND - FEA DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - FEAR DREAMS - P DREAMS - R DREAMS - BLOOD

DREAMS - MISTAKES; of making

DREAMS - MISTAKES; of making

DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - A MIND - HATRED - mother; of

DREAMS - MONEY

DREAMS - CITIES
DREAMS - S DREAMS - FEAR

DREAMS - V DREAMS - DOLPHINS

DREAMS - V DREAMS - AGGRESSIVE

DREAMS - N DREAMS - CATS

DREAMS - C DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - F DREAMS - QUESTIONS

DREAMS - FIRE

MIND - CREATIVITY - lost

DREAMS - ANIMALS

DREAMS - E DREAMS - N RESPIRATION - SUFFOCATION; attacks of

DREAMS - V DREAMS - DISCONNECTED

DREAMS - FRUSTRATION

DREAMS - T DREAMS - NAKEDNESS - unashamed

DREAMS - REMEMBERED

DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - TRAVELLING

DREAMS - ANIMALS

MIND - AILMENTS FROM - love; disappointed
DREAMS - EVENTS - daily

DREAMS - FRIENDS

DREAMS - EVIL; of

DREAMS - FRIENDS

DREAMS - F DREAMS - WAR

DREAMS - F DREAMS - MONEY

DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being

DREAMS - DISABLED people

DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being - friends; by

DREAMS - EVIL; of

DREAMS - S DREAMS - L MIND - FEAR - dark; of

DREAMS - E DREAMS - MAGIC

DREAMS - M DREAMS - AMOROUS

DREAMS - E DREAMS - DARKNESS

DREAMS - T DREAMS - FOREST

DREAMS - WORLD - parallel worlds

DREAMS - FRIENDS

DREAMS - E DREAMS - WAR

DREAMS - GIRL - beautiful girls; of

DREAMS - EVIL; of

MIND - POWERLESS

DREAMS - E DREAMS - B DREAMS - BROTHER

DREAMS - G DREAMS - DEATH - dying

DREAMS - F DREAMS - GRIEF

DREAMS - C DREAMS - BOMBS

DREAMS - A DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - DISCONNECTED

DREAMS - E MIND - FEAR - grief, as from

DREAMS - P DREAMS - CONNECTED WITH OTHERS; being

DREAMS - STEALING

DREAMS - BROTHER

DREAMS - E DREAMS - NARROW place

DREAMS - QUARRELS

DREAMS - UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS

DREAMS - E MIND - FEAR

DREAMS - V DREAMS - ILL-TREATMENT

DREAMS - L DREAMS - REMEMBERED

DREAMS - CATS

MIND - POWER

DREAMS - DREAMING, of

DREAMS - SNAKES

DREAMS - M DREAMS - JI DREAMS - SECRET - keep a; must

DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being

DREAMS - L DREAMS - F DREAMS - SECRET - keep a; must

DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being

DREAMS - U DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being

DREAMS - SECRET - keep a; must

DREAMS - P MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - FEAR - sudden

DREAMS - P DREAMS - STORMS

MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - FEA DREAMS - L MIND - FEA DREAMS - STOOL

DREAMS - S DREAMS - DEATH - dying

DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being

MIND - POV MIND - FEAR - sudden

DREAMS - A MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - FEAR - terror

MIND - AILMENTS FROM - love; disappointed

DREAMS - FRIENDS

DREAMS - RIVER

DREAMS - F DREAMS - N DREAMS - REMEMBERED

DREAMS - F DREAMS - F DREAMS - V MIND - WEEPING - sleep, in
DREAMS - REMEMBERED

DREAMS - CITIES

MIND - CONFUSION of mind - sleep - after

MIND - POV DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - MISTAKES; of making

DREAMS - R DREAMS - TRANSFORMATION

DREAMS - OCEAN

DREAMS - S DREAMS - FRIENDS

DREAMS - FRIENDS

DREAMS - F DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being

DREAMS - F DREAMS - MONEY

DREAMS - L DREAMS - WEDDING

DREAMS - V DREAMS - RIVER

DREAMS - J DREAMS - RIVER

DREAMS - BOMBS

DREAMS - REMEMBERED

MIND - CON MIND - SHAMEFUL

DREAMS - S DREAMS - COLORED - bright

DREAMS - A DREAMS - TRANSFORMATION

DREAMS - C MIND - POWER

MIND - POWERLESS

DREAMS - F DREAMS - FOREST

MIND - POWER

DREAMS - C DREAMS - PROTECTING

DREAMS - PROTECTING

MIND - POW DREAMS - MAGIC

MIND - FEA DREAMS - TRANSFORMATION

DREAMS - J DREAMS - TRANSFORMATION
DREAMS - COMPETITION

DREAMS - S DREAMS - R DREAMS - FORSAKEN; being
DREAMS - VIVID
DREAMS - C DREAMS - WAR
DREAMS - MONEY
DREAMS - VIVID

DREAMS - N DREAMS - TRANSFORMATION

DREAMS - P DREAMS - CANCER

DREAMS - R DREAMS - L DREAMS - RESPONSIBILITY

DREAMS - S DREAMS - DANCING
DREAMS - V DREAMS - CANCER

DREAMS - WORK
DREAMS - WORK

DREAMS - WORK

MIND - FEAR - happen, something will

DREAMS - V DREAMS - M DREAMS - UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS

DREAMS - WORK

DREAMS - DREAMING, of

MIND - POV DREAMS - Q DREAMS - F PERSPIRATION - SLEEP - nightmares; from

DREAMS - U DREAMS - V MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - FEA MIND - AIL DREAMS - U DREAMS - WORK

DREAMS - V MIND - AILMENTS FROM - domination

HEARING - J HEARING - ACUTE - noise; to

EAR - NOISES in

EAR - NOISES in

EAR - NOISES in

EAR - HEAT

EXPECTORATION - THICK

EXPECTOR/ EXPECTORATION - YELLOW

EXPECTOR/ EXPECTOR/ EXPECTOR/ NOSE - DRYNESS - Inside

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Hips - burning

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - NUMBNESS - Fingers
GENERALS · EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Shoulders - left
EXTREMITIES - HEAVINESS - Hands - left

EXTREMITIES - HEAT - Hands - left
EXTREMITI EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - SHAKING - Lower limbs

GENERALS · GENERALS - STRETCHING OUT

EXTREMITIES - NAILS; complaints of - brittle nails
EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Knees - dull pain

EXTREMITIES - NAILS; complaints of - brittle nails

EXTREMITI MIND - PLEASING - desire to please others

MIND - SUPERSTITIOUS

EXTREMITIES - WATER - cool water were running through veins; as if
EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Knees

EXTREMITIES - ERUPTIONS - Ankles - patches
EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Lower limbs - Sciatic nerve - left

EXTREMITIES - SENSITIVE - Feet - Soles

EXTREMITIES - SENSITIVE - Feet - Soles

EXTREMITIES - CALLOSITIES - Feet - Soles; on - Balls

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PULSATION - Feet

EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Hips - right

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Knees

EXTREMITIES - TENSION - Upper limbs

EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Spots; in small

EXTREMITI EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Knees - Hollow of knees - Tendons

EXTREMITI EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - HEAVINESS - Lower limbs

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - ELECTRICAL current; sensation of an - Upper limbs

EXTREMITIES - SENSITIVE - Feet - Soles

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - ELECTRICAL current; sensation of an - Hands

EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Toes - First - right

EXTREMITIES - SWELLING - Legs - Calves

EXTREMITI MIND - GESTURES, makes - hands; involuntary motions of the

EXTREMITIES - ELECTRICAL current; sensation of an

EXTREMITIES - RESTLESSNESS

GENERALS · EXTREMITIES - TINGLING - Hands

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - WEAKNESS - Lower limbs

EXTREMITIES - ELECTRICAL current; sensation of an - Upper limbs

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PERSPIRATION - Upper limbs

EXTREMITIES - TINGLING - Upper limbs

GENERALS · EXTREMITIES - STIFFNESS - Lower limbs

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - WEAKNESS - Lower limbs

EXTREMITIES - RESTLESSNESS

EXTREMITI EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Lower limbs - Sciatic nerve

EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Shoulders - left

EXTREMITIES - ELECTRICAL current; sensation of an - Feet

EXTREMITIES - PAIN - Feet - standing agg.

EYE - LACHRYMATION

EYE - LACHRYMATION

EYE - SPASMS - Lids

EYE - SPASMS - Lids

EYE - LACHRYMATION

EYE - PAIN - burning

EYE - PAIN - burning
FACE - PAIN - Jaws

FACE - ITCH FACE - ITCH FACE - ITCHING - Cheeks

FACE - ITCH FACE - ITCH FACE - ITCHING - Cheeks
FACE - THICK - spots

HEAD - TINGLING
FACE - ITCH FACE - ITCHING - Cheeks

FACE - TING FACE - CON FACE - CONGESTION
FACE - ERUPTIONS - Chin
FACE - ERUPTIONS - Chin - right side

FACE - ERUI FACE - CONGESTION
FACE - CON FACE - CONGESTION

FACE - PAIN - Jaws
FACE - PAIN - Malar bones - sore
FACE - ITCHING
FACE - PAIN - Malar bones - sore

FACE - PAIN - Malar bones - sore

FACE - PAIN - Malar bones - sore
FEMALE GE FEMALE GE FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - MENSES - black
GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of - menopause; during
GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of - menopause; during

FEMALE GE NOSE - DISCHARGE

GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of - menopause; during

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - MENSES - copious
FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - MENSES - early; too - three days

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - MENSES - early; too - three days

FEVER - IN FACE - CON FACE - HEA EYE - PAIN - EYE - GLASSY appearance
GENERALS - TENSION
GENERALS - HEAT - lack of vital heat

GENERALS - RESTLESSNESS
GENERALS - STRETCHING OUT

CHEST - CRACKING - Sternum - backward; on bending the chest
GENERALS - QUIVERING
GENERALS - WEAKNESS
MIND - INDUSTRIOUS

MIND - INDUSTRIOUS

GENERALS - WEAKNESS

GENERALS - REACTION - lack of

GENERALS - REACTION - lack of
STOMACH - THIRSTLESS

GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - wine - desire

GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - milk - desire - warm

MIND - DANCING

MIND - CURIOUS
STOMACH - APPETITE - increased

GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - coffee - aversion

GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - milk - desire - warm

GENERALS · GENERALS · GENERALS · GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD ; GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - spices - des

PERSPIRATION · GENERALS · EXTREMITIES - COLDNESS - Hands

GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of

GENERALS - ENERGY - excess of energy

CHILL - PERSPIRATION - after chill; perspiration

GENERALS - STRETCHING OUT

GENERALS · STOMACH - THIRST - cold - water - amel.

MIND - STRUGGLING

MIND - INDUSTRIOUS

GENERALS · NECK - PAIN EXTREMITIES · MIND - DELUSIONS - floating - air, in

GENERALS - WEARINESS

STOMACH - APPETITE - diminished

GENERALS · STOMACH - APPETITE - increased

GENERALS - WEAKNESS

GENERALS - WEAKNESS

EXTREMITIES - HEAT - Hands

GENERALS · HEAD - PAIN · NECK - PAIN

GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of

MIND - ANXIETY · FEMALE GENITALS - STOMACH - ANXIETY

MIND - ANXIETY

MIND - AILMENTS FROM - anticipation

MIND - COMMUNICATIVE - heart; desire to be from the

GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - coffee - desire

GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of

GENERALS - WEARINESS

MIND - DETERMINATION

GENERALS - HEAVINESS

GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - vegetables - desire - fresh

FACE - PRESSURE - amel.

GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of

GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - vegetables - desire - fresh

GENERALS - LYME DISEASE

FEVER - INTENSE heat

GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of

GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - hot dogs - desire

GENERALS - WEAKNESS

GENERALS - STIFFNESS - Joints

GENERALS - WEAKNESS

GENERALS - STIFFNESS

GENERALS - STIFFNESS

FEVER - INTENSE heat
GENERALS - HEAT - flushes of

FACE - PAIN HEAD - PAIN SLEEP - SLEEPINESS - daytime
HEAD - PAIN - congestion; as from

TEETH - CLIP HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN VERTIGO - ACCOMPANIED BY - Head - pain in head
HEAD - PAIN - congestion; as from

HEAD - PAIN - vice; as if in a
HEAD - PULSATION - PULSATION
HEAD - BALL; sensation of a

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - Sides - right - then left
HEAD - PAIN - Temples - left

HEAD - PAIN FACE - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - cutting pain - knife; as with a - followed by - coldness; sensation of

HEAD - PAIN FACE - PAIN - Sinuses - Frontal
HEAD - HEAVINESS - Occiput
HEAD - FOREHEAD; complaints of - Forehead - Nose; above
HEAD - PAIN - Forehead - Eyes - Above - left

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN EYE - PAIN - GENERALS - HEAD - PAIN - constant NECK - PAIN - squeezing HEAD - PAIN - pulsating

HEAD - PAIN - line; in a

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - waking - on

HEAD - PAIN - Occiput - pressure - amel.

BACK - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - Occiput - dull pain
HEAD - CON GENERALS - ALLERGIC constitution - chemical hypersensitivity

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - rubbing - amel.
HEAD - PAIN - Forehead
HEAD - PAIN - Forehead - cutting pain
HEAD - CONSTRICTION - Forehead - Across
NOSE - PAIN - Root - headache; during
HEAD - SCALP HEAD - ITCH HEAD - DRYNESS - flaking - scalp

HEAD - CONSTRICTION

HEAD - PAIN - Temples

HEAD - PAIN - congestion; as from

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN CHEST - HE. THROAT - HEAT

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - dull pain

HEAD - PAIN NECK - STIFFNESS

HEAD - PUL HEAD - PAIN HEAD - SWOLLEN feeling

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - rubbing - amel.

HEAD - PULSATING

HEAD - PULSATING

HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - Temples - right

HEAD - PAIN FACE - PAIN - Sinuses - Frontal

EYE - PAIN - FACE - PAIN - Sinuses - Frontal

HEAD - SCA HEAD - ITCHING of scalp

HEAD - PAIN - Back of head and neck, on

HEAD - SHAKING THE HEAD - involuntarily

HEAD - PAIN - Temples - left

MIND - DEL MIND - CONFUSION of mind

HEARING - ILLUSIONS

LARYNX AND TRACHEA - INFLAMMATION - Larynx

MALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

MIND - HOMOSEXUALITY

MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic

MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic

MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic
EXTREMITIES - WEAKNESS - Upper limbs

MIND - STR MIND - EXPANSIVE

GENERALS · GENERALS - ENERGY - excess of energy

MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic
GENERALS - CONSTRICTION

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

GENERALS - CONSTRICTION

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

MIND - STRETCHING - desire to

GENERALS - STIFFNESS

MIND - DEL FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - TUMORS - Uterus - myoma

GENERALS - DEAD; affected parts look as if

MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites, has

MIND - DELUSIONS - cancer, has a

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - TUMORS - Uterus - myoma

MIND - MISCHIEVOUS

MIND - MIS MIND - PLAYFUL

MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic

MIND - POSTPONING everything to next day

MIND - POSTPONING everything to next day

MIND - LAT MIND - SHRIEKING

MIND - ANXIETY - crowd; in a

GENERALS - ENERGY - excess of energy

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

MIND - DELUSIONS - attacked; being

MIND - POSTPONING everything to next day

SLEEP - FAL SLEEP - LIGHT

SKIN - ITCH SKIN - ITCHING - voluptuous

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult

MIND - VERTIGO; during
GENERALS - GENERALS - VIBRATION, fluttering, etc.
GENERALS - SAND; sensation of

GENERALS - CONSTRICTION

GENERALS - STRETCHING OUT

GENERALS - SAND; sensation of
GENERALS - COLD - feeling - frozen; as if

HEAD - MOTION - upward and downward motion; sensation of

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult - focus; inability to

STOMACH - APPETITE - diminished

MIND - SYM MIND - ANXIETY - company; when in

STOMACH - APPETITE - diminished

MIND - EST MIND - SLOWNESS; sensation of

MIND - FASTIDIOUS

MIND - TIM MIND - TIME - slowly, appears longer; passes too

MIND - DELUSIONS - attacked; being

MIND - DETACHED

MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

MIND - ANXIETY - alone; when - amel.

MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

MIND - DELUSIONS - barriers - removed between himself and others; are

MIND - CONFUSION of mind

MIND - UNR MIND - CONFUSION of mind

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

MIND - CAR MIND - FEAR - poverty, of - spending money in order not to be short of it in future; fear of

MIND - ANXIETY - hurry, with

MIND - ANXIETY - hurry, with

MIND - ANXIETY - hurry, with

MIND - CHECKING - twice or more; must check

MIND - DETACHED

GENERALS - MOTION - continued motion - amel.

GENERALS · MIND - ORIENTATION; sense of - decreased

MIND - DEL MIND - ORIENTATION; sense of - decreased

MIND - DEL MIND - CURL UP; desire to

MIND - THOUGHTS - rapid

MIND - DELUSIONS - touched; he is

MIND - DEL MIND - CURL UP; desire to

MIND - DELUSIONS - floating - air, in

MIND - WE/ MIND - RESTLESSNESS - thunderstorm - before

MIND - COMPANY - aversion to

MIND - HUF RECTUM - CONSTIPATION

MIND - IMP MIND - ALCOHOL - agg.

MIND - SADNESS - alone - when
MIND - SAD MIND - IRRITABILITY

MIND - ENNUI

MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult

MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - MISANTHROPY

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

HEARING - ACUTE - noise; to

MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - FEA EXTREMITIES - ERUPTIONS - Legs

MIND - DELUSIONS - body - brittle, is

MIND - TRA MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - POSTPONING everything to next day

MIND - TIMIDITY - self-consciousness

MIND - FEAR - solitude, of

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

MIND - STRIKING - anger, from

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - DICTATORIAL

MIND - TIME - quickly, appears shorter; passes too

MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - POSTPONING everything to next day

MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - CON MIND - PESSIMIST

MIND - DELUSIONS - forsaken; is

MIND - RESPECTED - desire to be

MIND - IRRITABILITY - working, when

MIND - RESTLESSNESS - sitting, while - work, while at

MIND - SUP MIND - PROTECTED feeling

MIND - SAD GENERALS - EMPTINESS, sensation of

MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites, has

DREAMS - UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - DISCOURAGED

MIND - SADNESS

MIND - DANCING

MIND - CONFIDENT

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - SECRETIVE

MIND - IRRESOLUTION

MIND - IRRITABILITY

MIND - ADDICTED; tendency to become

MIND - ABSORBED

MIND - INDUSTRIOUS

MIND - TRAVELLING - aversion to

MIND - RESTLESSNESS - sitting, while - work, while at

MIND - MEMORY - weakness of memory - objects; for where he has put

MIND - MEMORY - weakness of memory - objects; for where he has put

MIND - STRIKING - desire - strike; to

MIND - NAK MIND - LAUGHING - immoderately

MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - people - behind him; someone is

MIND - EXCITEMENT - desire for

MIND - ESC. GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - milk - agg.

MIND - RES' MIND - CON MIND - SHR GENERALS · BACK - STRETCHING - amel.

MIND - DEL MIND - SUSPICIOUS

MIND - FEA MIND - OCCUPATION - amel.

MIND - QUARRELSOME

MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

MIND - ESCAPE, attempts to

MIND - SUSPICIOUS

MIND - SPEI MIND - PROSTRATION of mind

MIND - GRII GENERALS - EMPTINESS, sensation of

MIND - GRIEF

MIND - GRIEF

MIND - WEI MIND - DELUSIONS - metamorphic

MIND - FEAR - homosexuality; of

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

MIND - REP MIND - EMOTIONS - suppressed

MIND - FEA MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - DELUSIONS - dark - objects and figures; sees dark

MIND - ESC. MIND - CURL UP; desire to

MIND - SYMPATHETIC

GENERALS - COLD - feeling - frozen; as if

MIND - GRIEF

MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - DEL GENERALS - COLD - feeling - frozen; as if

MIND - ESCAPE, attempts to

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult - focus; inability to

MIND - IRRI MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - SECRETIVE

DREAMS - BATTLES
MIND - DEL MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - IMP MIND - STRANGE - things; impulse to do strange

MIND - FEA MIND - STRANGE - things; impulse to do strange

MIND - IMP MIND - STRANGE - things; impulse to do strange
MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

DREAMS - AMOROUS

MALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased
MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - ESCAPE, attempts to

MIND - DELUSIONS - evil
MIND - SUSPICIOUS

DREAMS - STABBED, being
MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - devil

MIND - DELUSIONS - attacked; being

MIND - HEL MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - SLOWNESS; sensation of
MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - paralyzed; he is

MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - paralyzed; he is

MIND - DEL MIND - VIOLENT

MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of
DREAMS - BOMBS

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - forsaken; is

MIND - DELUSIONS - superhuman; is - control; is under superhuman

DREAMS - BOMBS

DREAMS - T DREAMS - UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS - shriek; to

MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

DREAMS - AMOROUS

MIND - SUS MIND - GRIEF

MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - DELUSIONS - possessed; being - evil forces; by
DREAMS - BATTLES

MIND - FEAR - evil; fear of

DREAMS - BATTLES

MIND - SUSPICIOUS
MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites, has

MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites, has

MIND - DELUSIONS - possessed; being - evil forces; by

MIND - SUS MIND - SECRETIVE

MIND - TIME - slowly, appears longer; passes too

MIND - ADDICTED; tendency to become

MIND - GRIEF

MIND - DELUSIONS - possessed; being - evil forces; by

MIND - CON MIND - SADNESS

MIND - DISGUST

MIND - DELUSIONS - attacked; being

MIND - COM MIND - PRO MIND - FEAR - alone, of being

GENERALS · MIND - DEL MIND - FEA GENERALS · MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - SUS| MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

GENERALS · MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - ANX MIND - SEC| MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - ESCAPE, attempts to

MIND - ESCAPE, attempts to

MIND - HAU MIND - TRAVELLING - desire for

MIND - EXCITEMENT - desire for

MIND - FEA MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - EXCITEMENT - desire for

MIND - DELUSIONS - great person, is a

MIND - CLA MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

MIND - PRO HEAD - TIRI EYE - TIREI MIND - CONFUSION of mind - working, while

MIND - DEL MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - DELUSIONS - keep herself together only by a great effort; she can

MIND - DELUSIONS - possessed; being - evil forces; by

MIND - SELF MIND - SUPERSTITIOUS
MIND - QUARRELSOME

MIND - MOUTH STOMACH - APPETITE - increased

GENERALS - ENERGY - excess of energy

MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - THEORIZING

MIND - DEL MIND - FEAR - sudden
MIND - PROSTRATION of mind
MIND - MENSES - before

MIND - DETERMINATION

MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - HATRED - persons - offended him; hatred of persons who

MIND - SENSITIVE - opinion of others; to the

MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - CUR MIND - DELUSIONS - evil

MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - superhuman; is - control; is under superhuman

MIND - DEL MIND - DELUSIONS - superiority, of
GENERALS - TENSION

MIND - ANGER

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

MIND - ANG MIND - STRIKING - desire - strike; to
MIND - TRANQUILITY

MIND - FEAR - snakes, of

MIND - FEA MIND - ANX GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

MIND - SAD MIND - GRII GENERALS - EMPTINESS, sensation of

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

GENERALS · MIND - DELUSIONS - forsaken; is

MIND - ANGER

MIND - DELUSIONS - invisible; she is

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

GENERALS - HEAVINESS

MIND - MOOD - changeable

GENERALS - INJURIES

MIND - DEL MIND - WEEPING

MIND - HEL MIND - DEL MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - ANX MIND - GRII MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - PRO MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - ANX SKIN - ERUI MIND - EXERTION - physical - amel.

MIND - EXERTION - physical - amel.

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult - focus; inability to

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - ANGER

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - REP FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

MIND - SUSPICIOUS

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - TIMIDITY - self-consciousness
MIND - WEEPING

MIND - SADNESS

MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - ANXIETY

MIND - SELF-CONTROL - increased

HEARING - ACUTE - noise; to

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - YEARNING

MIND - WEEPING

MIND - CLARITY of mind

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

MIND - CON MIND - DEPENDENT of others - desire to be

MIND - CON MIND - DEPENDENT of others - desire to be

MIND - LIAR

MIND - WEEPING

MIND - LONGING - good opinion of others; for

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

MIND - FEAR - sudden

MIND - WEEPING

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

FEMALE GENITALIA/SEX - SEXUAL DESIRE - increased

MIND - ANXIETY

MIND - YEARNING

MIND - YEARNING

MIND - YEARNING

MIND - FEAR - cancer; of

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - EXCITEMENT - desire for

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult - focus; inability to

MIND - EXCITEMENT - desire for

MIND - MENTAL POWER - increased

MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - PESSIMIST

MIND - UNIFICATION - sensation of unification

MIND - DULLNESS

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - CONCENTRATION - difficult - focus; inability to

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - DUL GENERALS - PAIN - dull pain

MIND - DUL GENERALS - PAIN - dull pain

MIND - DUL GENERALS · MIND - HIDING - himself

MIND - DUL GENERALS · MIND - HIDING - himself

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - SADNESS - old age; in

MIND - LONGING - good opinion of others; for

MIND - DULLNESS

MIND - ESTIMATES GENERALS · MIND - GRIEF

MIND - SAD MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - LONGING - good opinion of others; for

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - PESSIMISM MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - DELUSION MIND - SAD MIND - ESCAPE, attempts to

MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - POV MIND - FEAR

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - ESTIMATED MIND - EMOTIONS - suppressed

MIND - ANXIETY

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - SELF-CONTROL - increased

MIND - LONGING - good opinion of others; for

MIND - SELF-CONTROL - increased

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

STOMACH - APPETITE - increased
MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - GESTURES, makes - hands; involuntary motions of the - face; to the

GENERALS - STRETCHING OUT

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

SKIN - ITCHING

MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites, has

MIND - DELUSIONS - forsaken; is

MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - FEAR - sudden

SKIN - FORMICATION

GENERALS - COLD - feeling - frozen; as if

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

GENERALS - TINGLING
GENERALS - SUN - sunburn

GENERALS - PARALYSIS

MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites, has

SKIN - ITCHING

GENERALS - CONSTRICTION

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of
MIND - SADNESS

GENERALS - WATER - flowing; sensation as from water

MIND - SIGHING

GENERALS · MIND - DELUSIONS - trapped; he is

MIND - DELUSIONS - trapped; he is
MIND - TOUCHED - aversion to be

GENERALS · VERTIGO - SWAYING - to and fro

STOMACH - APPETITE - increased
MIND - SIGHING
GENERALS - CONSTRICTION

MIND - ADDICTED; tendency to become
MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - DELUSIONS - dead - persons, sees
MIND - LONGING - good opinion of others; for
MIND - SADNESS
MIND - DELUSIONS - forsaken; is
MIND - DETACHED
MIND - CONFIDENCE - want of self-confidence

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - ESTRANGED

MIND - WEEPING

MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - CONFIDENT

MIND - DELUSIONS - floating - air, in

MIND - SADNESS

MIND - HELPLESSNESS; feeling of

MIND - REPROACHING others

MIND - LONGING - good opinion of others; for

MIND - AWKWARD

MIND - MISTAKES; making - speaking, in

MIND - ANXIETY

MIND - SHRIEKING

MIND - ANG MIND - IRRI MIND - ANXIETY

MIND - REPROACHING others

GENERALS - ENERGY - excess of energy

MIND - LAU MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - MOOD - changeable

MIND - LOQUACITY

MIND - REPROACHING others

MIND - ANXIETY - anticipation; from

MIND - IRRITABILITY - people; with

MIND - HYSTERIA

MIND - UNREAL - cannot tell what is unreal and what is real

MIND - DULLNESS

MIND - CLARITY of mind

MIND - DULLNESS

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - ANG MIND - STRIKING - anger, from

MIND - INDIFFERENCE

MIND - DULLNESS

MIND - CON MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - HAUGHTY

MIND - REPROACHING oneself

STOMACH - LUMP; sensation of a
MIND - REPROACHING oneself

MIND - DULLNESS

MOUTH - TASTE - sour

MOUTH - T/ MOUTH - TONGUE; complaints of
MOUTH - TASTE - disordered stomach, as from
MOUTH - PI MOUTH - TASTE - astringent
MOUTH - TASTE - fruit; like - unripe

EXTERNAL ' EXTERNAL THROAT - SWELLING - Thyroid gland

NECK - PAIN - right
NECK - PAIN NECK - PAIN - pinching pain
NECK - STIF BACK - PAIN - extending to - Shoulder
EXTERNAL THROAT - SWELLING - Sides - right

NECK - STIF NECK - STRETCHING - amel.

BACK - PAIN BACK - PAIN - extending to - Shoulder
EXTERNAL THROAT - SWELLING - Sides - right

NECK - LUMPS
NECK - ITCHING
MIND - DELUSIONS - neck in a brace

NOSE - CON HEAD - CON HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN HEAD - PAIN - extending to - Jaws
NOSE - ITCH NOSE - ITCHING
NOSE - DISCHARGE - clear
MOUTH - T/ NOSE - SINUSES; complaints of
NOSE - CONGESTION

NOSE - DISC NOSE - DISCHARGE - watery

NOSE - ODORS; imaginary and real - exhaust fumes

NOSE - DISC NOSE - DRYNESS - Inside

NOSE - CON NOSE - DISCHARGE - watery

NOSE - CON NOSE - DISCHARGE - watery

NOSE - CON NOSE - DISC NOSE - SNEEZING - concussive
NOSE - DISCHARGE - thick
NOSE - DISCHARGE - watery

NOSE - DISCHARGE - yellow

NOSE - DISCHARGE - scanty

NOSE - DISC NOSE - SNUFFLING

NOSE - DISCHARGE - watery

NOSE - SNEEZING

NOSE - ITCH NOSE - ULCERS

NOSE - ITCH NOSE - ULCERS

NOSE - ITCHING

NOSE - ITCH NOSE - ULC NOSE - FOR MIND - DELUSIONS - parasites

NOSE - ITCHING

NOSE - ITCH NOSE - ULCERS

NOSE - ULCERS

NOSE - ULC NOSE - SWELLING - Inside - sensation of

NOSE - ULCERS

NOSE - PAIN - ulcerative pain

NOSE - PAIN - ulcerative pain

NOSE - PICKING - affected parts; the

NOSE - ITCH MIND - IRRITABILITY - pain, during

NOSE - ULC NOSE - ULCERS - bleeding

NOSE - DISC NOSE - DISCHARGE - thick

NOSE - PAIN NOSE - PICKING - affected parts; the

NOSE - DISCHARGE - excoriating

NOSE - ULCERS

NOSE - ITCHING

NOSE - LUMP - Posterior nares

NOSE - LUMP - Posterior nares

NOSE - BORING in nose with fingers

NOSE - SNEEZING

NOSE - INFLAMMATION

NOSE - CON NOSE - SNE NOSE - ITCHING

NOSE - EPISTAXIS - night

RECTUM - MOISTURE

RESPIRATION - DIFFICULT

RESPIRATION - DIFFICULT

RESPIRATIC RESPIRATIC CHEST - COI RESPIRATION - PAINFUL - inspiration agg.

THROAT - PAIN - burning

RESPIRATIC RESPIRATION - ARRESTED - walking - agg.

THROAT - P. COUGH - BURNING; from - Throat-pit; in

RESPIRATION - ACCELERATED

CHEST - COI COUGH - BU COUGH - TIGHT

MIND - SIGI RESPIRATION - DEEP

RESPIRATION - DEEP - desire to breathe

SKIN - DRY

SKIN - ITCH NECK - ERU EXTREMITIES - ERUPTIONS - Shoulders

EXTREMITI FACE - ERUPTIONS - Chin

FACE - ERUPTIONS - acne

EXTREMITI MIND - DELUSIONS - body - brittle, is

EXTREMITIES - ITCHING - Hands - Back of hands

EXTREMITI HEAD - ITCHING of scalp

HEAD - DRY HEAD - ITCI HEAD - SCRATCHING head - amel.

SKIN - ERUPTIONS - urticaria

SKIN - ITCHING

SKIN - FORI EXTREMITI EXTREMITI HEAD - FOR GENERALS - FORMICATION

SKIN - ITCHING

SKIN - FORMICATION

SKIN - ITCHING

SLEEP - FALLING ASLEEP - difficult
SLEEP - WAKING - frequent

SLEEP - WA SLEEP - WAKING - coldness, from
SLEEP - WAKING - frequent

SLEEP - WAKING - frequent
SLEEP - DEI SLEEP - DEEP - excitement or exertion, from

SLEEP - WAKING - frequent

SLEEP - LIGHT
SLEEP - DEEP

SLEEP - REFRESHING
SLEEP - WA SLEEP - LIGHT - tossing around; much

MIND - CLARITY of mind - night - amel.

SLEEP - WAKING - frequent

SLEEP - WAKING - frequent

SLEEP - WA SLEEP - LIGHT

SLEEP - LIGHT

SLEEP - WAKING - frequent
SLEEP - SLEEPLESSNESS - chronic

SLEEP - SLEEPLESSNESS - chronic
SLEEP - WA SLEEP - SLEEPLESSNESS - chronic
STOMACH - ABDOMEN - DISTENSION

STOMACH - APPETITE - increased

STOMACH - FULLNESS, sensation of

ABDOMEN - MIND - THEORIZING

ABDOMEN - GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - diet - agg. - errors in diet

ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION
ABDOMEN - DISTENSION

STOMACH - GENERALS · GENERALS - EMPTINESS, sensation of

STOMACH - STOMACH - STOMACH - STOMACH - MIND - AILMENTS | STOMACH - INDIGESTION - grief; from

STOMACH - GENERALS - EMPTINESS, sensation of
STOMACH - STOMACH - APPETITE - diminished

STOMACH - STOMACH - STOMACH - NAUSEA - motion - amel.
STOMACH - STOMACH - PAIN - cramping

STOMACH - STOMACH - NAUSEA - m STOMACH - GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - warm drinks - amel.
STOMACH - STOMACH - NAUSEA - standing - agg.

STOMACH - GENERALS · GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - fat - desire

GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - fat - desire

STOMACH - APPETITE - increased

STOMACH - MIND - AILMENTS FROM - anticipation

GENERALS · GENERALS · MIND - MASCULINITY - increased sensation of
STOMACH - GENERALS · GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - bread - desire
STOMACH - CHEST - PAIN - burning

STOMACH - MOUTH - T/ STOMACH - EATING - overeating agg.; after
GENERALS · GENERALS - FOOD and DRINKS - warm drinks - desire

ABDOMEN · ABDOMEN · MIND - SYMPATHETIC

STOMACH - STOMACH - STOMACH - HEAVINESS

STOMACH - LUMP; sensation of a - hard

STOMACH - LUMP; sensation of a - hard

STOMACH - LUMP; sensation of a - hard

STOMACH - STOMACH - APPETITE - diminished
STOMACH - APPETITE - increased
STOMACH - APPETITE - increased
STOMACH - STOMACH - STOMACH - PAIN - night
MOUTH - T/ STOMACH - NAUSEA

MIND - SENSITIVE - odors, to
MIND - VOM STOMACH - LUMP; sensation of a - hard
STOMACH - VOMITING - accompanied by - Stomach - complaints
RECTUM - CONSTIPATION

RECTUM - CONSTIPATION

MIND - CHEERFUL - stool - after

RECTUM - L STOOL - YEI MIND - HEL MIND - ANXIETY - work - preventing work; anxiety

STOOL - MU STOOL - MUCOUS - jellylike

RECTUM - U RECTUM - L RECTUM - P STOOL - SOI STOOL - BLOODY STOOL - MUCOUS - bloody

FACE - PAIN FACE - PAIN FACE - PAIN - eating - while - agg.

TEETH - SENSITIVE, tender - cold; to
GENERALS · GENERALS - BATHING - amel.

TEETH - PAIN - wandering pain

TEETH - PA| TEETH - PA| TEETH - PAIN - Lower teeth - left

THROAT - II EXPECTOR/ EXPECTORATION - YELLOW
THROAT - PAIN - raw; as if
THROAT - PAIN - right
THROAT - ITCHING

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a
THROAT - ITCHING

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

EXPECTOR/ EXPECTOR/ EXPECTORATION - GREENISH

THROAT - L EXPECTOR/ EXPECTORATION - GREENISH

THROAT - PAIN - stinging

THROAT - PAIN - burning

THROAT - L EXPECTOR/ EXPECTORATION - GREENISH

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

THROAT - L EXPECTORATION - DIFFICULT

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

NOSE - PAIN - dryness, from

THROAT - II THROAT - DRYNESS

THROAT - II THROAT - P. THROAT - I TEETH - PAIN - Upper teeth - right

THROAT - L THROAT - PAIN - burning

THROAT - PAIN - burning

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

THROAT - LUMP; sensation of a

THROAT - PAIN - burning

THROAT - I MOUTH - T MOUTH - TASTE - bloody

EXTERNAL M MOUTH - T FACE - INFLAMMATION - Parotid glands - mumps

EAR - PAIN M THROAT - P. EXTERNAL THROAT - SWELLING - Cervical Glands - painful

THROAT - SWELLING

THROAT - M COUGH - LU EXPECTOR/ EXPECTORATION - YELLOW

URINE - ODOR - offensive

VERTIGO - ASCENDING; when - stairs

VERTIGO - I MOUTH - TASTE - disordered stomach, as from

MIND - DELUSIONS - floating

VERTIGO - NAUSEA - with - motion aggravating.

VISION
unsure

VERTIGO

URETHRA

sire

STOMACH - GENERALS - PAIN - gnawing pain

THROAT

