Chapter 1

My Astral Projection Experiences

The Science Fair

My journey into discovering and eventually mastering the art of astral projection began, ironically, at my junior high science fair. I had decided to do my project on dreams and their interpretations. My teacher warned me it wasn’t a very scientific topic, but I would not be dissuaded.

We were required to read at least three books on our subject, but when I got to my local library, I found eleven books I wanted to read on this subject. For me, it wasn’t just a school project, it was a subject that fascinated me completely. I checked out and read those eleven books cover to cover.

From studying my books, I learned all about dreams, how to interpret them, and how they were tied to our sleep cycle. But in the process I also learned about two other phenomena I had never heard of before: lucid dreaming and astral projection. I was intrigued.

Lucid dreaming is when the dreamer becomes aware that he is dreaming while he is still dreaming. That sounded super awesome to me. I wanted to learn how to master lucid dreaming very badly.
The Astral Projection Guidebook

The second item, astral projection, sounded like a fairytale. It was described in my books as an out of body experience, where people reported leaving their bodies and traveling on another plane, while fully aware and NOT asleep. I really didn’t think such a thing was possible, but I was curious nonetheless.

I decided to start with lucid dreaming. It took me about three months of study, effort, and experimentation before I had my first lucid dream. After that, I learned how to control my dreams and even program the dream I wanted to have in advance. More on lucid dreaming later, but it was an important first step for me to eventually learn how to astral project.

Once I was well-versed in lucid dreaming, I decided to try having an out of body experience. This was not nearly as simple as learning lucid dreaming. I really had no reference experience for it, and didn’t even know what I was shooting for. The books at the time were quite vague on how to achieve one, they mainly described what it felt like once it happened.

Getting to the place where I could initiate an astral experience was elusive. I tried meditating. I would lie in my bed, breathe deeply, quiet my mind, and imagine I was outside of my bedroom. Nothing. Although I could easily and vividly imagine myself somewhere else, I wasn’t actually there. I was simply inside my imagination.

Then I tried mentally projecting myself to my ceiling so I could look down on my body. Nothing. Again, I could easily imagine it and visualize it, but I never escaped my body, I only escaped my mind.

I tried adjusting what time of day I tried it – before I went to sleep, upon first waking in the morning, during naps, and just spontaneous times like in math class when I was bored. Failure.

Since I had mastered lucid dreaming, I decided to try dreaming about astral projection. I reasoned that if I could just know what it felt like to fly around outside my body, then maybe my real soul could really leave my body. I had success dreaming that I was flying, but that wasn’t astral projection. I couldn’t even mimic projection in a dream because I hadn’t experienced it in real life, so I had nothing on which to base my programming.
I tried looking for real people who had real success but found none. I read everything I could find on astral projection, which wasn't much back then in the 1980s. With no friends who had ever done this, no Internet, and getting all my information from books in a library, I was very limited in my reach.

I worked on this for three years with zero success. I was frustrated. I decided that astral projection was a fantasy and people didn't really leave their bodies consciously. I gave up on ever learning the skill. I stopped trying completely.

My First Astral Projection

I started tenth grade in 1984. By this point, I was fantastic at lucid dreaming but had given up on astral projection. When I started my new school, I met two people who would become my closest friends, and who would become integral in my study and mastery of astral projection.

The first was a girl I met in Spanish class, and we clicked and hit it off as friends instantly. We had the same sense of humor, and were a little bit “out there” compared to our peers. To protect her identity, let’s call her Ashley. From day one, we bonded like sisters and slipped into a very easy and close friendship.

The second person I met was a boy. Let’s call him Jared. I was crushing hard on Jared, and the beauty was, he was just as “out there” as Ashley and I were, maybe even more so. He was into the occult and liked studying the paranormal.

It wasn’t long before the three of us would put our heads together and be discussing all manner of crazy arcane things. It was so nice to finally have people to talk to who understood me and accepted me for who I was. It allowed me to open up more to my own internal intuitive abilities, and explore unusual things without fear of judgment. I was so grateful for Ashley and Jared’s presence in my life.

Some of the things we played at were telepathy, dream sharing, and a fun game where we tried to get someone to look up at us on telepathic command. Neither of them had ever astral projected, so they were also a
dead end to me in terms of having an expert to learn from. That was all right though. I didn’t really care at this point; I was having fun with everything else we were doing.

But everything changed on January 7, 1985. That was the night my 15-year-old self finally experienced astral projection. It was unlike anything I’d ever experienced before or could even imagine.

I went to bed like usual. In the middle of the night I woke up in my bed, on my back, and felt an intense tingling sensation throughout my entire body. It was like someone had attached electrodes to me and current was passing through my body. It wasn’t painful, but it was intense and extremely unsettling.

The next thing I noticed was that I could see my room, but could also feel that my eyes were closed. I thought that was particularly unusual. How could I clearly see my room, in the dark, yet my eyes were closed?

Next I became aware of the presence of three other beings in the room with me. If I had to physically locate them, I’d say they were up near the ceiling to my left. Their presence was distinct and palpable. I didn’t have much time to consider who they might be, what they wanted, or whether they were friend or foe, but their presence was unmistakable.

Next there was a high-pitched whining sound in my head. I can only describe it as the sound of acceleration. Kind of like the sound a jet airplane makes as it’s speeding down a runway getting ready to take off into the sky. A fairly apt analogy as I was soon to discover.

To my absolute horror, I then started feeling my “self” being pulled slowly out of my body. It felt like someone had grabbed hold of my soul and was dragging it out of my body. It was not a comfortable sensation whatsoever. It didn’t feel natural, normal or healthy in any way, shape or form.

I was so terrified that I tried to scream, only no sound came out of me, nor did I have any control over my mouth. I was trying to resist being pulled, and I felt like I was choking. Then one of the beings in the room spoke to me in my mind. It said, “Breathe through your nose, it will be easier.”

So I concentrated on my nose and started breathing through it, only
that had the opposite effect I was hoping it would have. I started getting pulled out much faster. I went back to trying to scream, again to no avail. But my resistance and strong desire to get back into my body where it was safe did have the effect of merging me back in with my body.

Just when I thought the experience was over, the tugging started again. Something was pulling me out of my body! I did not want to go. For what seemed liked several minutes, this tug of war was happening with “them” pulling me out and I pulling myself back in.

Finally I heard one of the beings say, “This isn’t going to work. She’s too frightened.” Another responded with, “She’s got to learn one way or another.” The original voice said to me, “It’s okay, just let it happen.”

I responded mentally with, “Nope. Not interested. Forget I ever wanted to learn this stuff. I’m over it. Just please let me back into my body and I’ll be a good girl.” Eventually, I made it fully into my body and got control of it once again. As soon as I could, I sat up and turned on my light. I sat there with my knees drawn up to my chest, shaking a little from the trauma.

What does one do when one has just had their soul assaulted? There was no hotline I could think of to call. I didn’t want to wake my parents. I knew they’d think I was nuts. I wasn’t so sure I wasn’t! I stayed awake until morning and got ready for school. I was completely haunted by the experience and preoccupied with what had happened.

When I got to school, I ran into Jared in the parking lot. He gave me a quick hug and said, “So I tried to contact you telepathically last night while you were asleep, but I guess nothing happened.”

I looked at him in shock and burst into tears. I beat my fists on his chest and said, “No, no, something did happen.” For some reason, I blamed him for my experience. I thought maybe he had opened a door that I didn’t really want open and without even warning me. I was upset.

I told him about my experience, and he told me that a demon was trying to possess me. I’m going to insert right here and now that he was wrong, it was not remotely a demon trying to possess me, but at the time,
and with no experience or experts in sight, I believed him, which was unfortunate because it put me in a place of deep fear.

The Road to Mastery

The door was open. I now knew what it felt like to be separate from my body, at least a little. In the seven days that followed that initial experience, I had three or four more incidences just like it – an astral tug of war over my soul that made me ridiculously fearful of turning out my light at night. I would wake up, feel the tingling sensation, hear the high-pitched whine, and start moving out of my body. I would scream, resist, fight back, and get back in, only to be tugged out again. I must have looked like a banshee at the end of the week. I had gotten very little sleep and I probably looked like I’d been dragged through hell. That’s certainly what it felt like.

Although I assumed each experience was an attack, I did notice that the three presences in my room didn’t seem evil. They seemed more like patient teachers…the kind that push you out of an airplane even though you’re scared to sky dive because they know you have a parachute and won’t jump on your own. Spirit tough love, as it were.

I eventually realized they weren’t going to give up. Jared promised he would find a way to protect me, and Ashley got me a crystal to use as a talisman. They were both as supportive as they could be, but they couldn’t prevent the nighttime experiences.

After the first week, the experiences died down a bit. They happened maybe once per week. I was finally getting some sleep, and things were returning mostly to normal. Ashley and Jared were researching as much as they could, and we were trying different things to get a handle on it all.

Finally, Ashley hooked me up with a friend she met through work who was a couple of years older than us. Let’s call him Sam. Sam was an experienced astral projector and someone I could talk to who wouldn’t think I was nuts. I remember the first two-hour conversation we had. He really set my mind at ease.
Sam explained that the reason the experience was so terrifying was because I was afraid. Uh, damn skippy I was afraid! But Sam taught me that I didn’t have to be afraid, and that the reason I was having a terror reaction was because I thought something was trying to “get me.”

He taught me how to initiate the astral separation on my own, how to change my frequency so I wasn’t on the “fear channel,” and he explained all the ins and outs of astral travel in a way that made perfect sense for me.

Within a few months, I had made such good progress that I was able to astral project at will, protect my soul and my body while projecting, and I even learned how to go after and put down any low vibrational being that attacked me. I went from zero to hero in a few short months.

Once I got on top of the astral wave, I surfed it regularly. I loved astral projecting, exploring, experiencing, and dealing with astral bad boys. What I once had thought impossible became just as easy as lucid dreaming. By the time I’d reached my early twenties, I’d projected at least a thousand times, and had so many awesome adventures, experiences, and insights.

If it wasn’t for Sam, I’m not sure what would have happened to me. My desire for everyone reading this book is to learn to astral project without fear, and know how to handle themselves on the astral plane. That is why I’ve written this book, to be the guide for you that I wished I’d had before it first happened to me.

Astral projection doesn’t have to be frightening. If you’re already experiencing projection and you’re afraid, I will help you understand how to avoid those experiences. If you’re new to astral projection, I’ll teach you how to safely and effectively travel the astral realms and enjoy the process!

Throughout the rest of this book, I’ll share more of my stories to help illustrate my points. Let’s get ready to fly. Your journey is upon you!

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