

MY EXPERIENCE WITH AJNA7

Piss Dreams

Waking Up to Fear, Stillness, and the Work



ARMAND "A-HOP" HOPKINS

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AN ILLUSTRATED LIVE EDITION

Armand “A-HOP” Hopkins

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Piss Dreams: Waking Up to Fear, Stillness, and the Work

Illustrated Live Edition, 2026

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The chakra and brainwave pairings in this book are a personal, symbolic framework for reflection. They are not medical, psychological, or scientific claims. Nothing in this book replaces care from a qualified professional. Float tanks and breathing practices are not for everyone; check with your doctor if you have health concerns.

Illustrations created for this edition with AI-assisted digital painting.

This is a live edition. It grows as the author grows, and as readers share their reflections.

*For the kid who woke up in a wet bed and decided
to become a scientist of his own dreams.*

*And for you, the reader, who just became part of
the experiment.*

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Before We Begin

Let me get this out of the way: yes, the book is called *Piss Dreams*. Yes, I know. And yes, you are still holding it, which already tells me something wonderful about you. You are curious. You are brave. You are willing to laugh at the human condition, which is the first step to healing it.

This is a book about waking up. Not just the morning-alarm, where-are-my-socks kind of waking up, but the deeper kind, the moment when you realize you have been asleep inside your own fear, your own forecasts, your own reruns of things that never actually happened. It all started, as many great philosophies do, with a full bladder and a very confusing bathtub.

Here's what you need to know about how to read this. Every chapter carries four things. First, a scene: something I actually lived, dreamed, floated through, or tripped over. Second, a reflection: what the scene taught me once I stopped being embarrassed about it. Third, a practice: something you can try with your own two hands and your own one nervous system. And fourth, a page for you, because this book is a live edition. It is meant to grow as I grow, and it grows a little every time somebody reads it and writes something true in the margins.

A quick word on the language I use. I talk about chakras, brainwaves, frequencies, simulations, and parallel tracks. Some of those words come from ancient traditions, some come from neuroscience labs, and some came from me lying in a tank of salt water at two in the afternoon. I treat the chakra-and-brainwave map in this book as a personal symbolic lens, a way of organizing

my experience, not as settled science or medical advice. Think of it like a playlist I made for my own mind. You are welcome to borrow the songs. You are also welcome to skip a track.

And one more thing, said with love: this book is not a replacement for a doctor, a therapist, or a good friend who answers the phone at midnight. If your nights are heavy, your fears are loud, or your sleep paralysis is showing up more often than your mail carrier, reach out to a professional. Meditation is a powerful tool. So is a phone call. Use both.

Now. Get comfortable. Maybe use the bathroom first. Trust me on that one.

How This Book Is Built

The book moves in three sections, the way a day moves from night to morning to noon.

Section One: The Awakening and the Void is the night. It's where I learned that the strange details of a dream are clues, that infinity can feel like a weight before it feels like a gift, that the scariest monster in my head was made of my own borrowed fear, and that my mind runs on more than one track at a time.

Section Two: The Armor of Acceptance is the sunrise. It's where I learned to think past the weather of my emotions, to float in salt and silence until patience became a muscle, and to carry that calm back out into the honking, beeping, glorious noise of real life.

Section Three: Sovereignty and Execution is high noon. It's where willpower and faith shake hands, where critics become fuel, where I finally admit that I am, very often, the problem, and that this is the best news I have ever received, because it means I am also the solution.

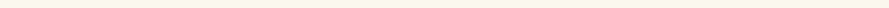
Then there's a short epilogue that I hope feels like opening a window.

At the back you'll find a symbolic map of the chakras and brainwaves, a pocket toolkit for shifting heavy emotions, a small glossary, and some open pages for your own notes. Use them. Write in this book. Dog-ear it. Spill tea on it. A book that looks brand new after you read it was never really read.

SECTION ONE

The Awakening and the Void

Night. Dreams. The first door opens.







CHAPTER ONE

The Waking Pissdream

In which a bathtub becomes a teacher.

I want to start with the most honest thing I know: I am now aware that I am in my third eye. It's hard to keep that awareness intact. It feels like dreaming, except I know I'm awake. It's like being in two rooms at once and hearing the music from both.

But to explain how I got here, I have to take you back to a bathtub. Not a real one. A dream one. Which, as you will see, is exactly the problem.

The Bathtub Incident

I was a kid. I was asleep. And in my dream, I had to go to the bathroom, bad. So dream-me got up, walked into the bathroom, and, for reasons known only to the architects of the subconscious, skipped the toilet entirely, stepped into the bathtub, and let it fly.

Here's the part I'll never forget. The stream came out in slow motion. Golden. Graceful. Almost cinematic, like a nature documentary about a waterfall. And somewhere in that slow-motion moment, a little voice in the back of my head said, *Wait a second. Why am I peeing in the bathtub?*

By the time I realized I was dreaming and not awake, it was too late. I woke up warm, then cold, then very, very wet. The bathtub was my bed. The documentary was over. The credits rolled on my sheets.

If you have ever been that kid, I want you to know: you're in excellent company. Some of the greatest minds in history have woken up in a puddle of their own imagination. Most of them just didn't write a book about it.

The Fireplace and the Oven

The bathtub was not a one-time performance. My subconscious had a whole tour scheduled.

There was the fire dream, where I found myself standing in front of a crackling fireplace, convinced that the right thing to do, the responsible thing, was to put it out personally. There was the kitchen oven dream, where I opened the oven door like I was checking on a casserole and decided, with total confidence, that this was the restroom.

Each time, the dream ended the same way. Each time, I woke up and had to explain things to my mother. Each time, I learned a little more.

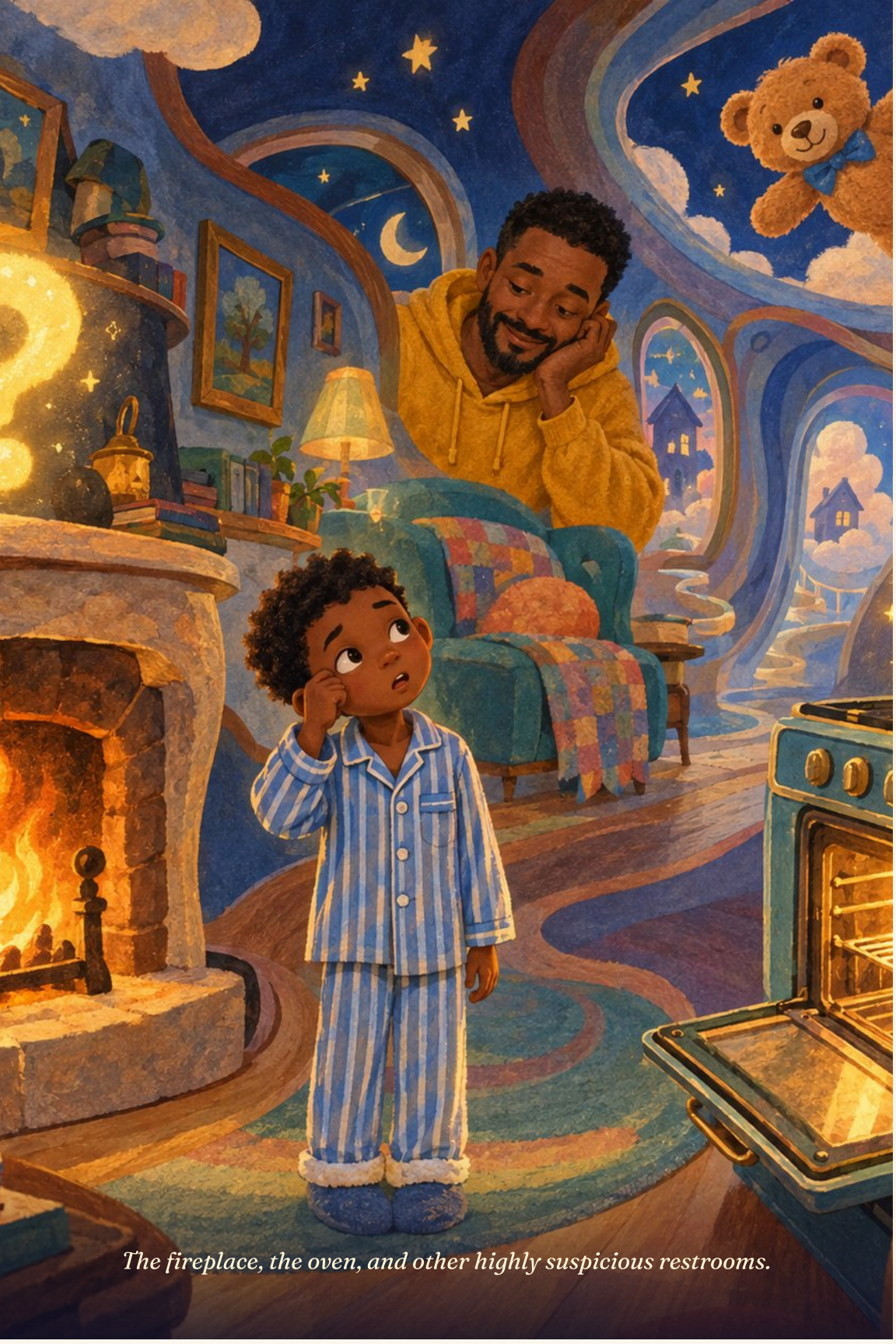
Because here's what started to click: the more awkward, bizarre, or out-of-place the spot where I was about to go, the more likely it was that I was dreaming. A bathtub? Suspicious. A fireplace? Highly suspicious. An oven? Sir, wake up.

The strangeness was the clue.

So I started to train myself. Whenever dream-me found myself in a strange place with an urgent need, I learned to pause and ask, *Is this real?* The sooner I asked, the sooner I could wake up, walk to the actual bathroom, and handle my business like a citizen of reality. My mattress thanked me. My mother thanked me. My self-esteem sent a fruit basket.

Without knowing the words for it, I had discovered my first awareness practice. I was learning that a dream has tells, like a poker player who scratches his nose when he's bluffing. And if you watch closely enough, you can catch the bluff before you go all in.

The strangeness was the clue. It always is.



The fireplace, the oven, and other highly suspicious restrooms.

The Plot Twist at the Toilet

Years later, I am a grown man. I pay bills. I own towels on purpose. I am, by all accounts, awake.

One morning I walk to the bathroom, completely conscious, and do what grown men do. And in that ordinary moment, the sensation hits me: it feels exactly, and I mean *exactly*, like it felt in those dreams. Same warmth. Same release. Same slow-motion feeling, like the universe hit the pause button so I could watch.

I froze. Was I dreaming? Was I about to wake up in a puddle at thirty-something years old? I looked at the tile. I looked at the ceiling. I wiggled my toes. Real. All real.

And that was the plot twist. I wasn't asking, *Am I dreaming?* anymore. I was asking a bigger question: *What if the line between dreaming and waking is thinner than I thought?*

It gave me the strongest *déjà vu* of my life. And here is how I've come to understand *déjà vu*, at least for myself. I picture it as the moment when multiple versions of reality line up, like transparent sheets stacked on top of each other, and for one second every version of you is doing the exact same thing at the exact same time. The edges match. The picture snaps into focus. You feel it in your bones: *I have been here before*, because in some sense, every you has.

Is that physics? I'm not claiming it is. Is it a beautiful way to notice the present moment? Absolutely. And noticing the present moment is the whole game.



Déjà vu: every version of you, lined up for one second.

The Third Eye Opens a Crack

That toilet epiphany was the morning my third eye cracked open, or at least the morning I noticed the door had a handle.

The third eye, called Ajna in the chakra tradition, is associated with intuition and seeing beyond the obvious. In my own experience, it felt like a new channel turning on. I could live my life and, at the same time, watch myself living it. I could write this book and have a conversation with myself while I wrote it. It sounds strange. It felt natural, like discovering you had a second hand that had been in your pocket the whole time.

I wrote down a phrase in the middle of one of those moments, and I still don't fully know where it came from: *This is infinity. Use the energy to remove negative emotions from yourself.*

When you put the third eye on, infinity is possible. That's what it felt like. Not in a "now I can fly" way. In a "now I can choose" way. If thoughts are the key to infinity, then every thought is a door. And if infinity equals thought, and thought equals infinity, then the most powerful real estate in the universe is the six inches between your ears.

Steven Pressfield wrote about the war of art, the daily battle against the resistance that keeps us from creating. I'd add a footnote: sometimes the battlefield is a bathroom, and the first victory is simply noticing where you are.

What the Bathtub Taught Me

Let me boil it down, the way a good grandma boils down a stew.

The weird details are messages. In dreams and in life, when something feels off, it usually is. That strange feeling isn't

something to ignore. It's a tap on the shoulder.

Awareness is a skill, not a gift. I wasn't born a lucid dreamer. I was born a bed-wetter. The awareness came from paying attention over and over until it became a habit.

The ordinary is not ordinary. If a trip to the bathroom can open your third eye, then nothing is too small to teach you something. Washing dishes. Waiting in traffic. Brushing your teeth. Every one of them is a classroom with the door propped open.

You can laugh and grow at the same time. I spent years embarrassed about these dreams. Now they're the opening chapter of my book. Shame is just a story that hasn't found its punchline yet.

PRACTICE

The Reality Check

Try this a few times a day for one week. It's simple, a little silly, and surprisingly powerful.

1. Pause wherever you are. Look at your hands. Count your fingers.
2. Ask, out loud or in your head: *Am I awake right now?* How do I know?
3. Name three ordinary details that prove it: the temperature of the air, the sound in the room, the feeling of your feet.
4. Smile. You just practiced awareness on purpose.

People who build this habit while awake often find it starts showing up in their dreams, too. And even if it never does, you'll spend more of your waking life actually awake. That's a win either way.

YOUR PAGE

Reflections

Where in your life is something “out of place” trying to get your attention?

What is a dream, literal or not, that you used to be embarrassed about?

What did it teach you?

Write down one ordinary moment from today that, if you look closely, was actually kind of magical.
