

**Complete Decode of Dana Coverstone's
“The Yellow Horse” Dream
by Paula on September 30, 2023**

[Paula's decode comments are bold within brackets]

Dana narrated his dream, as follows:

I had this dream (one night only) on August 26, 2023 [**8+2+6+2+2+3 = 23 = 666**]. So, it's been about three and a half, four weeks since I had it. [**3.5 = years of the Great Tribulation; 4 = End Times.**]

A) In the dream I saw a long, Western wooden fence [**fence = one who receives and sells stolen goods**] about 100 yards long that was right beside a hard, dirt road [**hard = hardhearted; dirt = corruption; road = traffic**]. Just flat dirt—no gravel, no rock, just hard dirt—brown, hard earth, hard earth. And standing along the fence [the side of the fence away from the road, per Dana's email clarification], from end-to-end for that 100 yards, were Native Americans. Now, the men standing at the front end of the fence were all dressed in traditional attire. So, if you would have watched a 'Western' about the 1800s [**18 = 666**]—or the late, you know, those years—you would have seen the native dress, and the things on their chests [**warrior breastplates to guard the heart**], and the hats [**headdresses to signify rank**].

B) And the first man, the very first man in line appeared to be a Native Chief, with the full regalia. And as the men progressed down that line they became more modern in appearance and in dress, and were younger as well. So, they kind of went from older to younger, but then they were still very respectably dressed. But you had...the very first man was like the Chief of an Indian tribe and very, you know, very majestic, very proud [prideful], very professional [strictly business], in that sense. And there were probably 100 men in that line, and they were all looking down at the front end of the fence, in deep anticipation [one thinks Deep State/Church]. So, they're all looking back to where the Chief was standing [= **all eyes on the Chief—who, as we will soon see, is the regent of the whole operation revealed in this scandalous dream**].

C) And across the area from the fence and across from all the Native American men that were there, there was this open platform that was about...it was 3 tiers high; and it was filled with men on all three levels [**3 levels of the Illuminati class system**]; and they were all dressed in white, Middle-Eastern clothing [**like painted sepulchers, but full of dead men's bones**]. And I'm just going to say this the best way I can: I sense that they were all from Saudi Arabia. [**Note: about 2/3's (= .666) of Saudi Arabia is Muslim. Jesus said, “Unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you have no life in you.”**] So, I'm not trying to stereotype; but they all had the sheikh-type hats (the cloth and the rope tied around), and a lot of what you would see when you look at people in Saudi Arabia—very professional [all business], very traditional. And, as I said, I sense they were all from Saudi Arabia.

D) They were all in various huddled groups [**secret meetings**]. They were talking quietly; they were looking at their phones...looking at their phones and then talking. And one man in the middle tier [**a middle man**] (and obviously the leader), he motioned for all of them to sit down. With his hands...he turned and just did this [Dana moves both hands in a downward motion]. And everybody from top, middle, and bottom tiers, they all sat down; they all complied at once, listening to this man [**they didn't hesitate to obey the leader**].

E) And then the native Chief walked to the middle of the dirt road between the fence and the [3-tier] platform—and the platform was literally just about 50 feet [= **16.66666 yards**] on the other side of the dirt road. So, he held a medicine stick [= **staff**] in his right hand [**right = has authority**], and he faced down the road [**down = South, since we already know West and East**]. He was just looking down the road towards where what-you're-about-to-hear comes in. He lifted the stick [staff] into the air [**a gesture of defiance towards GOD**]; and then he struck the ground once [to signal the start of the sale of contraband] and went back to his place on that fence line (facing the platform), as [he was] the first person in that line. [**The 'first' person indicates leadership. The opposite ends of the fence and the road = South and North—which, in addition to the Indians (West) and the Arabians (East), encompass the whole world. So, this is about global, black-market activity.**]

F) And from down the road and coming towards that dirt road [traveling Northward from the South, per Dana's email clarification] were men leading horses. Each handler walked a large and beautiful horse with a thin golden [= \$] rope-line tied to the horse [= **whore**] that they were leading [Dana gestures to indicate the rope was around the horses' necks]. Now, the men on all three tiers, when they saw these horses, they stood; and they looked at each horse that was walking through. And it took some time as they [horses and handlers] were coming through. But they're watching these horses very, very carefully...had small binoculars; and they're taking notes, and they were talking aggressively on their phones to people [**remote bidders**] about the horses that they were seeing.

G) One by one, the handlers brought the horses to the middle of the hard dirt road and stopped [**where the Chief had stopped**]. Now, when I say 'middle', I mean right in the middle of that 100 yards, like halfway. They just stopped, and they turned and faced their horse. And they stood very firm and quiet. So, they lead the horse, they stop, they turn around, they're still holding on the rope, they're looking at their horse. And so, the men on the platform and the Native Americans are all watching what's happening here. So, they [the handlers] turned and faced their horse; they stood very firm and quiet. And after a few seconds, they turned and led the horses to the [**far**] end of the fence line [= **North**], and then beyond. Now, I never saw where the horses went once they passed that end of the fence line; but they walked majestically passed those that were watching. And when I say majestic...these horses were trained, they were polished, they were beautiful, they were some of the best horses that I can say I've ever seen in my life. These were like racehorse quality; but they were just very majestic, very pure [**thoroughly groomed**].

H) During the dream, at least 100 horses were walked passed the crowd of men on both sides. [**Note: 100 yards of fence, 100 men along the fence, 100 horses being shown = the use of the number 100 three times emphasizes that GOD had granted the infernal foe one century in which to test man.**] Yet everyone

on both sides remained quiet while they walked. Now, the first 75 to 80 **[the majority of the]** horses seemed very mature **[adult]** and very well trained; they were pristine in their discipline and their appearance **[the easily-controlled madams or call-girls, who are enriched through this illegal trade and who are well-compensated for teaching the new, reluctant inductees]**. But after about the 80th horse...75th - 80th horse, the horses that followed were unruly. And they were kicking, and they were trying to pull away from the handlers. And so, these handlers...they're pulling, they're jerking, they're trying to maintain their composure and their integrity as a handler. But these horses were getting out of control. The handlers were struggling with controlling them; and I mean really, really struggling **['struggling' sounds like 'smuggling']**. They were trying—but [the unruly horses] kept kicking up, bowing up [arching] on their hind legs, and kicking, and just being forceful, being awful **[unwilling sex slaves]**.

I) And the ropes that I noticed on these other horses (that were unruly), they were not the gold, smooth ropes; but they were rough and thick [= **harsh restraints; no monetary reward to the slaves**]. And the handlers with them had very thick gloves on, that went all the way up to their elbows...these gloves from the tip of their fingers, all the way up to their elbows; and they were very rough, like leather, very very thick [= **called a 'gauntlet'**]. And a few of the more modern-dressed **[younger, able-bodied]** Native Americans jumped the fence, and they ran out to help the handlers. So, basically the Native Americans were [thinking] like, 'These horses are out of control; we got to help the handlers.' And so they went to help the handlers with the horses. Now, the handlers that had walked the [other] horses off the field [= **catwalk**] also came running back to help, as well. So, we had these guys who earlier had been taking care of the horses that were all nice and pristine, they come running back. And after several minutes of struggle, the last remaining horses were controlled and led off of the road.

J) And the horses that were out of control, just from what I know and from seeing, they were small horses, they were all Mustangs **[Mustang Sally = driving age of 16; and even younger]**, and they were bucking and kicking and just simply flat-out, plain wild horses. They were trying to run away; and a few got off the road, but they were subdued with a lot of strength. It was taking 5 or 6 **[5 followed by 6]** different guys to grab that thick rope and try to get them back on the road **[trafficked]**. Once all the horses were corralled **[captured]** and off the road **[sold via phone auction]**, quiet filled the air again. And the men on both sides of the horses were quiet. The Native American men were quiet; the ones I believe were representing the Saudi Arabians were quiet **[since the auction was over]**.

K) Finally, the Chief who'd been watching...he'd been watching the last several moments with tears...tears are streaming down his eyes. (If you remember the commercial of the Native American man who was watching all the trash.) **[Trash = prostitutes.]** The tears were rolling down both of his eyes; his eyes were moist and wet; his eyes were full of tears. **[Both the TV Indian and the Chief in this dream were acting; those were merely crocodile tears, as the Chief doesn't really care about those in human bondage. Also, the word 'tears' correlates to 'tiers' [of the 3-tier platform].** He folded his arms after that last wild horse was escorted through. **[The road also represented a 'gauntlet'—that hard, dirt road between the two groups of men. According to Wikipedia, "A number of Native American tribes...forced prisoners to run the gauntlet."]** And he [the Chief] walked to the middle of the dirt road **[as a middle man]**, and he faced the men in the tiers...those 3-tiered platforms. **[The Chief was in 'tears', and the Saudi's were in 'tiers'.]**

L) And the leader in the middle tier [**central commander of the 'Arabians', which interestingly is also the name of another horse breed**] was suddenly agitated; and he stood up and he said, "I want to see the Yellow Horse." And the Chief just stood there quietly and said nothing. He was in a firm position; he didn't have one foot back; he was just firmly planted, looked at them, arms folded, basically didn't say a word. He just shrugged his shoulders, but he did it very aggressively like this [Dana demonstrates by folding his arms and pumping them down hard, conclusively, against his chest]. It was very firm, like [saying] I'm not moving. And the man in the middle tier began to huddle up with about 10 to 12 of those men. And they were upset; they're yelling, and they're making noise and pointing, and all sorts of things. And finally they're shaking their fists; they're exhibiting a very angry face; and the man [leader of the East] then yells, "*We demand to see the Yellow Horse!*" [**Yellow = cowardly, contemptible, base—as in, the basest of men: in other words, the AC; and/or the period of the Pale Horse of the Apocalypse.**]

M) And the Chief stepped towards that platform; he walked from the middle of the road, off that hard dirt road, walked right up to...about 25 ft. away from the tiers (**the midpoint from the road**) and looked up. He raised his medicine stick [**staff**] into the air [**defiance towards GOD**] in his right hand [**authority**]. He just held it there, and he said firmly, "You will not see the Yellow Horse until he is ready to run!" [**The Yellow Horse is specifically identified as male.**]

(End of dream)

Additional Analysis by Paula

1) The obvious 'tell' that this one-time dream, which Dana had, is inherently *different from his prophetic dreams* is that the 'Man in White' is nowhere to be found. This tells us that this isn't a prophetic dream. It's not a warning about the future. It is about what is really happening globally right NOW. The only timeline the 100-yard fence represents is the century granted by GOD for the evil one to test man—and that time is almost over. The fence has another meaning of 'one who receives and sells stolen (*or kidnapped!*) goods'—and that definition closely dovetails with the overall meaning of this dream. The triple 100's (yards of fencing; men along the fence; horses) clearly emphasize that a century was granted by the Holy Trinity—and that the infernal foe is not testing man beyond the LORD's permitting Will.

2) At the beginning of his narration, Dana describes the road: "Just flat dirt—*no gravel, no rock, just hard dirt.*" '**No gravel**' = no stone cut from the mountain (i.e., no Remnant involved in the trafficking trade). '**No rock**' = there is no true Pope. '**Just hard dirt**' = GOD's Word won't take root in that hardhearted, dirty business.

3) Continuing along in Dana's narration, two groups are identified: Native Americans (WESTern) and Saudi Arabians (EASTern). Dana makes it clear that those two groups and all the handlers are strictly men.

4) The very first man in line at the fence was the Chief, in full regalia. The 100 'Indians' went from older to younger, with their garb getting *progressively modern* [**progressive modernism**]. But all were dressed respectably and professionally. (They all dress as respectable wolves in sheep's clothing.) **The men are**

standing behind the fence that parallels the road. If you haven't guessed by now, **the Chief is Jorge Bergoglio**, followed by the other 'Indians': first, the cardinals; then, the bishops; and then, the priests—which is how they would actually fall in line age-wise from older to younger. They are all attentive to the Chief, who they look to in **deep anticipation = the Deep Church**, which operates heavily in the WEST (per the map).

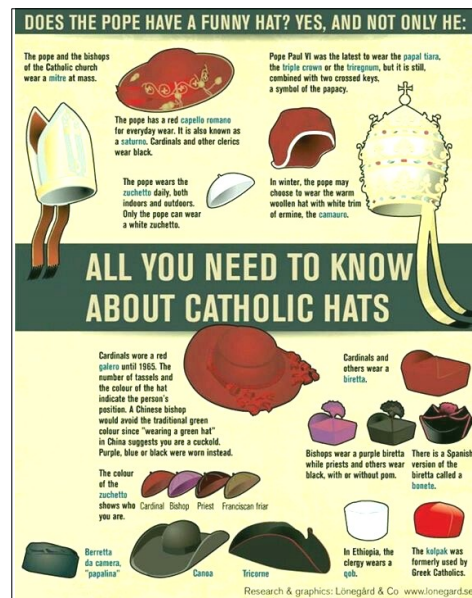
5) Across the road are the Saudi Arabians, who are also professionally dressed; they are preparing to conduct business by phone, on behalf of their clandestine clients. They are occupying a 3-tier platform. **'Platform' is a political term**; so, this is a function of the **Deep State**, which operates heavily in the EAST (per the map).

6) The Chief stations himself in the middle of the road between the Deep Church (Indians) and the Deep State (Arabians). He strikes the ground with his **medicine stick = shepherd's staff**. Horses are led along **the runway, from South to North (South America to North America)**. The **fence** could also be the real, incomplete fence at the southern border. The gorgeous horses have **thin, golden rope tied around their necks** = perhaps precious-metal jewelry, as compensation for their compliance in managing the wild herd—it signifies a fine leash of control (or a rope to hang troublemakers).

7) The Indians are all men and symbolize Catholic clergy. The Arabians are all men, because Arabian men exercise power and rights not granted to their female citizens. And the handlers are all men. **In this diabolical trade, men are the primary perpetrators; women the primary victims—and 'Pimp Francis' is the primary middleman.**

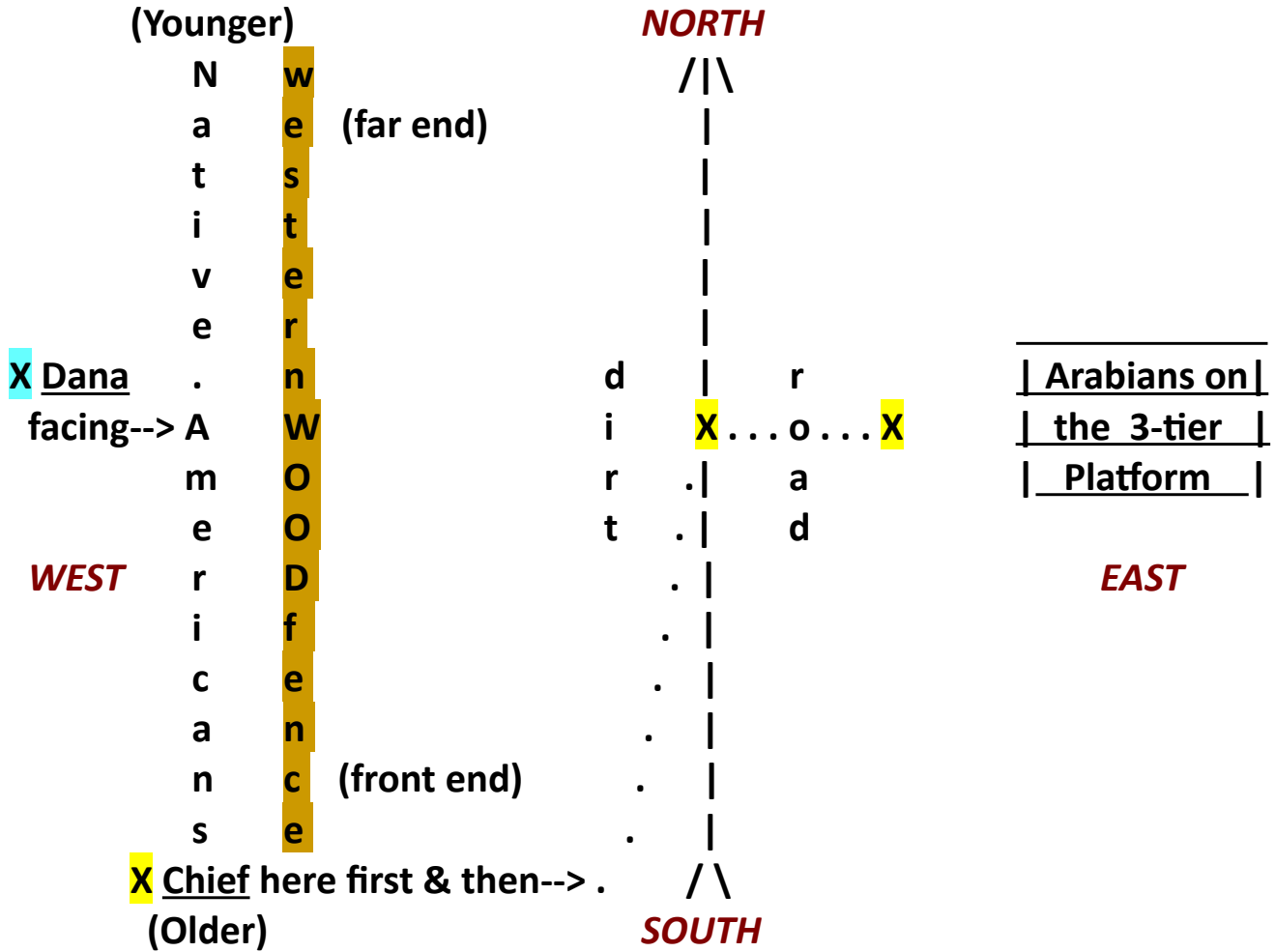


Wearing breastplates to guard the heart.



Different headdresses signify rank.

**MAP OF THE DREAM SCENE, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE ACTORS
AND THE DIRECTION OF THE 'TRAFFIC' FROM SOUTH TO NORTH.**





Medicine stick looks like a shepherd's staff.



Example of traditional breastplate.



Jorge Bergoglio (at far left) enjoys dressing up as an Indian Chief.



Note the Horse on the medallion!



Seminole Indians at roundup (Big Cypress Reservation).



Examples of traditional headdresses.



Source: John N. Hyde, "**Running the gauntlet**--A scene in front of a popular hotel in New York City at five o'clock P.M.," *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, May 16, 1874 - American Social History Project.