

A Future in the Deep Present

Colossi of the Deep Present

Some claim that people have been venturing into alien worlds for thousands of years. Most of these people have not necessarily been NASA astronauts, scientists working for SETI projects, or even science-fiction fans. Many of these explorers have not been prepared for what they have experienced, and most of them have never heard about First Contact Manuals. Instead, they have been spiritual seekers, shamans, religious ascetics, medical research subjects, psychiatric patients, drug abusers, and common people who, accidentally and sometimes against their will, have been forced to become our planetary ambassadors to alien worlds.

Slawek Wojtowicz - Inner Paths to Outer Space
Journeys to Alien Worlds Through Psychedelics and
Other Spiritual Technologies

The eidolon was colossal. A kind of rhizomatic tubular figure, adorned with spheres like nervous knots that branched vertically, interwoven, braided, stretching on a dozen long legs of intense fuchsia, lemon green, aquamarine blue, all spiraled, twisted, difficult to understand, rising immensely in pink spikes that topped it at a height of three hundred meters, intersected between sheets of almost biological, almost plastic kneecaps.

The monster towered over the posthuman jungle landscape like an ancient deity or a sculpture of Yugoslav art. It didn't move, at least not perceptibly, but its mere presence produced, if not fear, the disturbing sensation that ran down my back and gave me goosebumps, just like vertigo or seeing creepy insects moving.

What if we didn't attack? Could we assume that it wasn't going to attack us either? Why not leave it alone? Why not allow it to continue existing so we could turn our faces, stop salivating, avoid vomiting, and contain the dizziness of its maddening radiation? Like everything else that inhabited the *presentism* and the *dreamsphere*, it possibly did not perceive us in a linearity of time: "we were not about to reach it, we hadn't arrived, we had always been there".

INTEL: Did it have ranged weapons, or did it fight melee? Was it capable of running or flying? Could it toss lightning bolts or manipulate electric fields? They didn't give us any information about it. Only that it had appeared in section 4.35, sector 2b, on the outskirts of Jakarta, "capital" of the Ferals, if that ruin could be called a city, that is. Our mission: to recover the Nexial Gate. Nothing less.

Do not think. Take action.

PIZARRO and GAMA were walking with long strides on the right, and I was on the left. At first in slow mode, saving energy. We could see ourselves in the distance, enormous bluish humanoids, clones of ancient celestials encased in neodymium and tungsten armor taking saurian steps that made the earth tremble. 45 percent timing. Raising energy levels by five powers in three minutes. Activate battle shields on sides. Attack mode in five, four, three, two, one.

Lieutenant (from the space station): Any signs of movement?

Captain Benítez: Negative, sir. It's eerily still, but its presence... It's unsettling.

Sánchez: Luna. Think it'll attack if we make a move?

Kai Luna (That's me): Hard to tell. Maybe best to observe from a distance. The radiation's messing with my head, makes me feel like I'm something else. Or someone else.

Lieutenant (from the orbiting base): Extraction team's down. Leuktra division's moving in from the north. Your mission: recover the Nexial Gate. No compromises.

Captain Benítez: Roger that. PIZARRO, MAGELLAN let's advance cautiously. Sync at 45 percent. Energy levels up in three. Activate battle shields on the sides. Attack mode in five, four, three, two, one.

Kai Luna: Locked and loaded, sir.

Sánchez: Ready to roll, sir.

Captain Benítez: Lieutenant, we're poised. Permission to engage.

Lieutenant (from the orbiting base): Hold your horses, Benítez. I see the eagerness. Take a breath. Precision, that's what we need. You're handling machinery worth more than some nations' GDPs. Let's not get reckless.

Kai Luna: Things are getting weird. Feels like we're tripping. I suppose it's just the dreamsphere, but I thought our caskets would protect us from it.

It was enough to notice that the place we were walking through was not a normal jungle. This had been reported on numerous occasions: in the vicinity of an eidolon, anomalous effects could be experienced, a mobile interzone extended for several kilometers: folds of chaotically contained dimensions, meaningless vibrations like those of a fleeting trip with dimethyltryptamine towards the kingdom of the mechanical elves, buzzing in the ear as if we were about to confront our doppelganger in the back of the mind.

Sánchez: The scenery though. What a blast, huh?

Kai Luna: Breathtaking.

And I took a deep breath of the antidote gas so that *presentism* wouldn't absorb me. The kilometers that surrounded me of mountains covered with lush tropical jungle, omnipresent, endless and so mysterious, were giving me a kind of paralysis. I don't know how long I was in complete silence, placing my eyes on one detail, then another, on a flower, on a root, on the texture of a tree, insects that fluttered here and there, greens,

yellows, reds so intense. At least a couple of tears escaped my eyes, and I breathed deeply, tasting the thick humidity of the air, waiting for it to heal me, to transform me.

Sánchez: Breathtaking is an understatement. It's like our parents' stories come to life.

Kai Luna: I didn't imagine the colors were so vivid. Your folks would've loved this. Ugh and gravity is killing me.

Sánchez: Well, this is what our parents saw every day, huh? Your parents, Kai. They're with us. Think about it. What a privilege.

Lieutenant: Proceed, Captain.

Captain Benítez: MAGELLAN, GAMA. Open fire!

The three of us started shooting at the colossus. It was precision fire with point-fifty penetration ammo. A single bullet would have split the trunk of a large tree. Wisps of blue smoke formed around the bug, which began to move unusually, quite quickly, like a gigantic shapeless lizard, disarticulating and rearming itself to avoid the projectiles, twisting in a second, spinning, opening. Nothing human or biological on the entire Earth moves that way.

Sánchez: Watch it, friendly fire! Friendly fire!

The colossus danced, redirecting the bullets toward us at high speed so that we were forced to move quickly to avoid shooting at each other. Other idolons had done the same. They had learned and each one was smarter than the last.

Captain Benítez: The motherfucker's deflecting shots back at us.

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): I detect some heat signatures from the target. Try a guided missile.

Captain Benítez: Roger. Fire!

The kaiju detected the missile, it was as if it turned to see it in slow motion, turning its internal eyes to watch it pass, as if in a second it had deciphered the operation of the infrared guidance. Everyone saw how from one moment to the next it stopped emitting heat. The missile brushed past the monster and changed direction for a few degrees looking for the nearest heat source and hitting Pizarro. We all saw the explosion.

Kai Luna: You bitch! Sánchez, are you okay?

Captain Benítez: Sánchez, do you copy?

Sánchez: Lost an arm, sir. Damn.

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): No hits, no damage? What is this shitty operation, Captain?

Kai Luna: We don't know the weaknesses, sir.

I defended the column, but they would easily reprimand me for mediocrity.

Lieutenant: Plasma beam! Luna, fire at will!

Kai Luna: Aye sir. Core diversion in progress, cannon ready. Firing now.

I fired a burst of yellow light, streaking the Javanese blue sky. The bug changed color, caught the light, and turned it into a ball of energy. It seemed to hold it for a while inside its psychedelic structure and then, twisting the light like a misshapen lens, it channeled it and shot towards GAMA. Captain Benítez's enormous robot received the impact squarely in the chest. The beam tore through it, melting its armor, ripping open the cloned celestial's chest, shattering most of the chassis, and expelling its bloody alien viscera. There was no time to eject, there was no time for anything. Captain Benítez died in an instant. He probably didn't even realize what happened when he found himself in the afterlife, without warning, without saying goodbye to his loved ones, and without any decorations.

The giant fell backward with smoke, crashing into a section of the forest, and remained there in peace.

Matías in the PIZARRO unit and I in the MAGALLANES unit, remained silent, our robots stood completely still.

Sánchez: Man down. Man down.

Kai Luna: Captain! Captain!

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): He's gone. Readings are gone.

Sánchez: He probably died without realizing...

Sánchez: Well. According to the regular procedure, you're in charge now. Luna's the mission captain.

Kai Luna: Shit. Shit. Shit. Ok, let's calm the shit out. Ranged attacks aren't cutting it. Retreat, Lieutenant?

Sánchez: Hold on. It hasn't attacked us directly yet. No ranged offense. I'm going melee.

Kai Luna: Sánchez! Benítez is dead! Why play the hero? Are you trying to prove something?

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): Maybe it could work. PIZARRO unit, hand-to-hand combat instance authorized.

The PIZARRO unsheathed two enormous swords.

Sánchez: Core's energy to the limbs. Did I ever tell you about my thirty-meter katanas, Luna? I mean, Captain. Ehem. Ready to engage!

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): The team here is reorienting operational armor and activating auxiliary arms. You would've had four if you had been more careful. You've got thirty seconds.

Kai Luna: Do what you have to, then get out!

Then I changed my instance to fight in melee, dropping the plasma cannon, the submachine gun, and the missile pods, just in case I also needed to intervene.

The PIZARRO unit, with its three active arms, dashed towards the monster with great speed. It swung its swords like lightning, spinning, attacking, cutting, and thrusting. The creature dodged with great speed, bending most fantastically, displaying iridescent colors, showing electric blue membranes full of bright eggs, and reconfiguring its shape behind Sánchez's back. He was tired and losing focus.

Kai Luna: Combat speed activated!

I went after him, and drew my fire staff. A rubidium weapon capable of causing enormous heat damage to any structure. As I got closer I was able to detail that in the thirty seconds of combat he had already spent, Sánchez had only been cutting through the air. In the thirty-fifth second, the target produced a flash, leaning against the ground, it grew one of its appendages to an impossible width, hitting Matías in the side with such power that the robot was shot into the air. He suffered considerable damage, but as he flew, the artificial intelligence calculated the movements of a backflip and it landed safely on his feet.

Kai Luna: You are leaving now!

I yelled at Matías.

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): Yeah. Engage. Take him out of there. Try to spare the machine and pull back.

It was pure luck that I managed to break into the creature's defenses and hit it with the fire staff. The bug vibrated like a singing bowl, opening like a flower, spinning and preparing to fight me. It jumped like a cat while trying to hit me with his iridescent spikes. I dodged, and parried, then saw on the mental screen that the PIZARRO unit adopted its most powerful pose. It doubled, changing modules, losing weight, discarding two or three shells, and becoming a quadruped. A slender, black creature with golden claws and hundreds of horns like the branches of a tree. The true form of a fluxus.

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): What are you doing, Sánchez?

Sánchez: Saving my friend. And your precious mech. Changing modules one to five, discarding exterior shells.

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): That's not even tested in combat.

Sánchez: Doesn't mean it won't work. This is the true form of a fluxus! The black beast of the unconscious! Payback time, baby.

The PIZARRO unit charged at the kaiju, hitting it with its antlers. As he was thrown into the air, I aimed and turbocharged my right arm, throwing the staff at it, which chased it along the trajectory and buried itself in the heart of the beast. The eidolon fell into the jungle, sinking between the trees and taking fire damage.

We both stood silent, staring at the jungle.

Kai Luna: Did we kill it?

Lieutenant (from satellite base): Do we have a positive?

There was no answer.

Sánchez: Grab my sword. Give it the final blow and we'll dance reggaeton at Rubi's tonight. *PapiAbalonenLaCalle, You know I love you, daddy. Come on, daddy, come on, daddy, come on.*

I activated the retribution mode, found one of Matías's swords in the distance and made it fly into my hand like Mjollnir. I took a couple of strides with the little energy I had left and found the bug wriggling near a river basin, pulsating and throbbing like a mass of fungi and vapid organs. I raised the robot's arm and attacked. Halfway between the sword and the kaiju, the monster produced a bush of very long aquamarine blue spears, which pierced the core of the MAGELLAN unit. My mecha. The lights went out in the cabin. Sparks flew, and controls were inoperative. There was an alert message in the telepathic system and I saw on the mental display how the PIZARRO unit was impaled just like mine.

MAGELLAN AI: ALERT. ALERT. MAIN ENGINE COMPROMISED. IRREPARABLE DAMAGE. IRREPARABLE DAMAGE.

Kai Luna: Fuck! The eject mechanism is jammed. I'm falling. Magellan is falling.

I felt the robot's chaotic movement, losing stability. The MAGELLAN unit collapsed, crushing huge trees in its path. I held on to the controls. Then my head hit the edge of the command chair and I lost consciousness.

Lieutenant (from orbiting base): They've been hit. They've been hit! Are you there? Do you copy? Are you still operational? Luna? Sánchez? Do you copy? I repeat, do you copy?

Deciphering Extraterrestrial Language through DMT-Induced States of Consciousness: An Exploratory Study in the Amazon Basin

Longjie Yao, Juno Luna, Nafisa Abbas.¹

Department of Neuroscience and Psychology of the University of New Mexico, Department of Neurobiology of the National University of Colombia.

Abstract

This study focuses on the identification and analysis of linguistic and syntactic patterns perceived during states of consciousness induced by N, N-Dimethyltryptamine (DMT) in the Amazon basin. Through ceremonies controlled with pure DMT and ayahuasca, participants reported visions of "xenoglyphs," a seemingly coherent extraterrestrial alphabet with structural and meaningful elements. The sighted text suggests detailed technical instructions. The analysis focuses on deciphering these glyphs, exploring their syntax, semantics, and possible implications in communication with non-human entities. The findings provide new insight into the intersection between psychedelic substances and linguistics, suggesting the existence of an advanced, non-terrestrial communication system that humans have access to from their brains under certain conditions, and the existence of a technical manual for the creation of a cryptic machine.

Introduction

N, N-Dimethyltryptamine (DMT) is a powerful psychedelic substance that induces states of consciousness of short duration but extreme intensity. This study seeks to explore the effects of DMT and ayahuasca on human perception and consciousness, with a particular focus on the identification of a complex and technical language perceived during these states. Significant references include the works of Alex Grey, known for the album art of the industrial progressive rock band Tool, and Allison Grey, who has painted xenoglyphs for years. Additionally, the contributions of prominent neurobiologists have been considered, including interviews with Latin American adolescents who obtained the substance illegally, and the

numerous studies conducted by Rick Strassman, Benny Shanon, Robin L. Carhart-Harris, David J. Nutt, David E. Nichols, Stanislav Grof, Michael Pollan, Terence McKenna, and James Fadiman.²

Colorful mysteries, unimaginable and portentous abysses, spiritual planets with neon atmospheres first sighted by indigenous ayahuasqueros ages ago and firmly recorded in a century of reports from both occasional users and subjects of complex experiments funded by prestigious universities have given rise to the perception that the places and characters encountered during these experiences are real. These reports, almost invariably, include encounters with extraterrestrial entities, gods, or strange

luminous beings or elves. We have contacted aliens for millennia, and this contact is routinely reproducible. For years, modern humans have sought the technology to travel to distant planets and encounter intelligent life forms, but the technology to do so has been here from the beginning. Inside us.³

Strassman's reports of experiences with DMT speak for themselves:

Dose: 0.4mg/kg intravenously in saline solution.

"...an incredible pressure surged in my head, pushing me back. It launched me into the realm where pure living energy begins to take shape and show some strange code." "There were gremlins, small ones, with wings and tails." "I noticed five or six figures walking quickly beside me. "They felt like helpers, fellow travelers who were all discovering that things were made of some weird rectilinear alphabet." "I was in a nursery [...] [with] managers and different, vibrant animals... I was in a futuristic stroller full of some alien text."

Dose: 0.6mg/kg intravenously in saline solution.

"...An apartment of the future with walls covered in code. The places to sit, and do things, the counters, all were molded into the walls. Not only was it functional, but there was life in the furniture. They were molded from something living, an animal, a living being..." "...Many joking, grumpy elves, maybe four of them along a road dominated the scene. They were about my height and were holding signs showing me these incredibly beautiful, complex, swirling geometric letters... A bug-like thing crawled into my face, hovering over me as the DMT was

entering my veins... a space station below me, and to my right. Presence guided me towards a platform. I was also aware of many entities within the space station: automatons, android-like creatures that looked like a cross between crash test dummies and Star Empire troops, except they were living beings, not robots, and they showed me that everything was made of code."⁴

When they won the postdoctoral research fellowship, Juno Luna, the youngest of the group, convinced Nafisa Abbas, his girlfriend and research partner, and their tutor, Peter Yao, to go live in Leticia, Amazonas, for the next six months. The internet sucked in the whole town, and that would perhaps help them not to get too distracted scrolling through Instagram on prophesied afternoons of postdoctoral procrastination. But they wouldn't be so far from civilization that they couldn't go to a supermarket or a restaurant. Juno wasn't from Leticia, he had grown up in a small tourist town called Puerto Nariño but knew that Leticia offered a little more than just accommodation in an exotic location. There was also the nightlife, and the three of them hoped for a few messy nights: not everything in life is work. The night bars of Leticia were populated by various species of professional expatriates: neohippies, white women who talked about energies and healing stones, long-haired Dutch and Spaniards, some English anthropologists who would end up sleeping with part-time gay indigenous boys for some money, and Latin American tourists who smoked weed and paid extra for ayahuasca trips in one of the "eco-sustainable" hotels nearby. Round business, yucca, arepas, rotten tree worms fried in a saucepan.

Peter Yao, Juno Luna, and Nafisa Abbas arrived on the same flight, each with their unique perspectives and behaviors. Yao, enthusiastic and loquacious, drew parallels between the Amazon and the near-equatorial jungles of Hainan, southern China, his family's place of origin. Despite his detailed comparisons, Yao had never been to China and epitomized the quintessential "gringo," adorned in a flowered shirt and shorts, embodying the stereotypical tourist. His lack of firsthand experience with jungles was evident as he clung to the plane window with childlike curiosity, despite his fifty years and beard, inquiring about the white vapors rising from the jungle—a phenomenon Juno was unable to elucidate. Conversely, Nafisa remained reserved, sleeping throughout the flight and speaking only when necessary.⁵

They traveled by tuk-tuk to the Airbnb they rented on the outskirts of the city, and the owner of the house, another enterprising millennial in shorts and tattoos, recommended that they keep the mosquito nets on, turn off the lights when they went out, and not make too much noise in the rooms at night.

For Juno, born and raised in the basin of one of the largest rivers in the world, returning was crucial, almost a triumph of authenticity. He'd gone to the USA to become a top neurobiologist like his mother wanted, although she also wanted him to get married and have kids, and all that nonsense. Going to the United States meant accepting a little mental colonization, the idea that everything is better there. Peter Yao and Nafisa, whose parents had fallen into the same trap, were products of that belief: the Amazon was seen as inferior, underdeveloped, and dirty. Graduating as

a neurobiologist, doing a master's degree in Germany on consciousness and the pituitary gland, and earning a PhD on altered states of consciousness meant rising above his countrymen and obtaining the glory of the white man. The curious thing was discovering the depth of scientific studies on neurotransmitter science connected to dimethyltryptamine in ayahuasca. Altered states of consciousness were crucial in the study of the mind, but what was most interesting was reading how doctors from other fields, such as psychiatry, were beginning to see their role in understanding psychosis, schizophrenia, and bipolarity. Returning to the Amazon meant recognizing that the ancestral knowledge of Ahuarunas, Shipibos, Shuares, Ticunas, Ingas, Camsas, mestizo healers, and Brazilian ayahuasca churches possessed a technology that the Western civilization craved. Humble botanical knowledge suddenly mattered more than all the wealth in the world, and entering into a colorful hallucination was more valuable than all of Western civilization. Well, Juno would say after telling all this in a bar, I'm exaggerating a little.⁶

Methodology

Upon arrival, the intensity was palpable. Juno and Nafisa occupied the master bedroom, while Peter took the auxiliary room. Immediately, they began organizing the *Set and Setting*. The room required dim lighting, eye covers, a highly comfortable chair, and an array of needles, catheters, and thermometers. Their meticulous planning resembled that of a cult preparing to summon an unpredictable deity, similar to the rituals at Boleskine House on Loch Ness.

They rearranged furniture, positioning a chair, rug, and desk strategically. Peter began to perspire, while Nafisa discussed dietary plans. Meanwhile, Juno received a message from his contact at the National University, confirming the arrival of a refrigerated box containing two thousand legal doses of DMT, supplied by a Brazilian laboratory that provides experimental medications to pharmacological facilities in the state of Amazonas.⁷

Three days post-arrival, amidst a plethora of paper boards, and audiovisual recording equipment, the initial ceremony commenced. This ceremony was a continuation of prior sessions conducted at the University of New Mexico, where Nafisa typically assumed the role of administrator, and Professor Yao was responsible for comprehensive documentation. Role reversals occurred periodically, but Juno consistently emerged as the most adept "relator," demonstrating superior concentration during the altered states and proficiency in interpreting texts within the hyperspace context. These ceremonies fostered a profound sense of intimacy and camaraderie, essential for the gentle and affectionate atmosphere required.

The tactile interaction between Nafisa and Juno, characterized by a tender hand touch, evoked a maternal association for Juno, catalyzing their transition into lovers. Concurrently, Dr. Yao's methodical insertion of an anal thermometer for real-time temperature monitoring, directly integrated into the digital record, solidified their bond of friendship through professional trust and physical proximity.

At 3 PM, environmental controls were established: blinds were closed, lamps illuminated, and Juno was positioned

gently on a spacious sofa. Nafisa administered a high-dose injection of the dimethyltryptamine (DMT) solution, initiating the psychopharmacological process.

Tunnel of colors, neon flowers opening towards the abyss, welcome to hyperspace. Users frequently report flying over geometric patterns and entering extraterrestrial vessels that open more and more towards infinity, tunnels proliferate, mystical machines spin, fractaloid surfaces factor into eternal motion, futuristic kindergartens are inhabited by entities: beings whose limbs multiply, zoomorphic characters are assembled and disassembled, they seem to be made of plastic or yellow spheres. In re-set screenshots walls, the psychonaut is presented with hyper toys that open up like mandelbulbs, and endless lists of xenoglyphs. An orange alien may demonstrate a dance, presenting a polymorphic object composed of cells, each inscribed with alien codes, further emphasizing the rich, symbolic nature of DMT-induced hyperspace.⁹

— Xil, am, Zuk, anbar, anti-epsilon, rot , ten, per — Juno looked left, then right quickly as if he were inside a virtual reality video game, scrutinizing immense domes, vast spaces full of creatures that played with him, showing him stellar factories where they produced meaningless objects. —ata, zita, ru, pi, ru, be, apis...

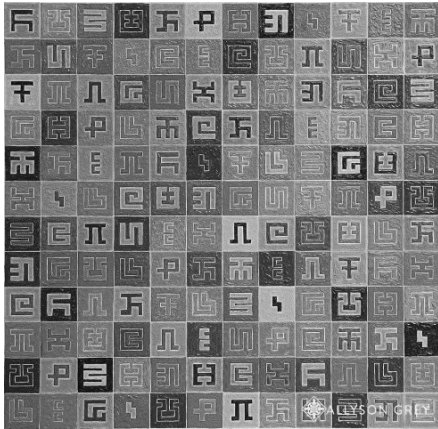


Fig. 1 A sample of the “Xenoglyphs” painted by Allyson Grey, (Page 693 of the Nexial Gate Manual).

Peter Yao meticulously documented the glyphs, despite comprehensive recordings of the sessions. He experienced an irrational perception of Juno as a technoprophet, struggling internally against venerating him as a deity—a modern Edward Kelley or a medium akin to Juan Peterson. Yao grappled with feelings of inadequacy, questioning whether he was merely a peripheral figure seeking attention within the group dynamics.

During breaks, Yao observed the intimate interactions between Juno and his partner, Nafisa, who kissed openly. They acknowledged Yao with tender smiles, seemingly unconcerned about his presence. Their provocative displays, including deep kisses with intertwining tongues, challenged Yao's boundaries and highlighted the complex relationships within the study environment.

—Professor Yao. Would you like to take a couple of days off?

After a week of intense prophetic downloads, and hours and hours in which the team was concentrated at the dining table making translations of the

xenoglyphs, they finally decided to enjoy the jungle. They went by bicycle to see the Amazon River, the small jungle museum, and Puerto Nariño. Then they took a boat and spent an afternoon relaxing by the banks of a tributary river under the shade of a tree, drinking Colombian beer and clipping their nails when Nafisa realized she had brought the wrong bag. It was the purse where she used to put the hygiene items.

“It’s too pretty to be a hygiene bag, huh,” said Peter. And he began to search for it. He found some expired skin cream, molten under the heat of the jungle, tweezers, deodorant, a new toothbrush, and a small makeup set. Finally, he found the nail clippers.

—Would you mind if I clip my nails here?

Yao, not only finished his toenails, he also offered to clip Juno’s toenails, professing expertise in such matters, proceeded to demonstrate an unusual proficiency with the nail clippers on Juno’s feet. Juno grimaced, and Peter asked Nafisa to distract her boyfriend. She complied by kissing Juno, diverting his attention from his nails. Concurrently, Yao began to caress Juno’s feet with unexpected tenderness.

Nafisa and Juno exchanged questioning glances (wearing their sunglasses and finishing a beer), unsure whether to permit this intrusion into their intimate space. Despite the discomfort, they had previously discussed their fondness for the professor. Juno’s attempt to conceal his erection was unsuccessful, leading to an awkward realization that boundaries had been unintentionally crossed. The tension was briefly alleviated by Nafisa’s humor. Later, to address the underlying tension, they ventured to Mono Tití, an

alternative bar in Leticia, seeking to resolve the social dynamics at play.

Psychosexual Dynamics and Social Interactions in an Intoxicated State

Mono Tití, a small venue adorned with a thatched roof and psychedelic images of six-eyed jaguars in phosphorescent greens, became the backdrop for significant psychosexual interactions among the participants. Despite the presence of other patrons, they remained insular, engaging minimally with random expatriates. As intoxication progressed, their behavior shifted towards heightened sexual arousal.

Unspoken confessions were conveyed through prolonged eye contact, subtle gestures, and increasingly overt insinuations. Eventually, they succumbed to their inebriated states, attempting to dance reggaeton with native flair. This led to an escalation of intimate behaviors: a hand wandering too far, faces seeking each other in dimly lit corners, and exchanges of sweaty kisses among the trio. The situation devolved into mutual spankings, beard rubbing, and drunken twerking in the men's room, characterized by a flurry of grabbing, touching, and sweaty smiles, culminating in a profound psychosexual experience.

—Aren't I invading your space, guys?
—Said the doctor with his shirt open, using the torch of his phone to see the road. At that point and with a red face, he just wanted to keep the last of his composure. —The thing is, if we screw up our relationship, we screw up the experiments too.

Juno and Nafisa, holding hands, looked at him with a smile.

—On the contrary, Doc. We are going to work much more intensely. Besides, we like you. —Juno said.

Nafisa added, smiling.

They took his hand and walked with him, and the next day, which was Sunday, they spent it all naked, watching movies that Nafisa had downloaded, knowing that Netflix was not going to work well in the Amazon.

Everything continued like this in the house:

During Juno's navigation through the DMT-induced multiverse, an intricate psychosexual dynamic unfolded between Nafisa and the professor. While Nafisa was in a state of slumber, the professor also engaged in oral-genital stimulation with Juno, who simultaneously attempted to prepare breakfast. Their sexual encounters involved mutual tactile stimulation, perspiration, and copulation. Their interactions extended beyond physical intimacy, encompassing verbal exchanges in various domestic settings such as the hammock, living room, flowered patio, and dining room table. These dialogues occurred during routine activities where Nafisa engaged in self-grooming, household tidying, and culinary tasks, facilitating a deeper understanding of each other's fundamental life philosophies.

The DMT experiments were all sprinkled with intimate questions about what it was like to grow up Muslim in Egypt, indigenous in Colombia, or Chinese in California. The professor's seniority was evident through his comparatively mature approach to these complex psychosexual interactions:

"Divorced," he answered when Juno and Nafisa finally dared to ask. He answered it naked, with a homemade mojito in his hand and his face turning a little red. —My parents insisted a lot on me getting married. Damn, that was a long time ago.

—Ugh. I feel you, my parents are also obsessed with marriage. —Nafisa responded.

—I tried to please them so that they would stop bothering me, but it backfired. —He smiled sadly. —At least I didn't have children.

Peter Yao was pragmatic, and apolitical, and enjoyed social status, technology, and reality shows. He viewed relationships, including their trio, as a series of negotiations over space, music, chores, and crisis management. Described as a complete, understanding, chubby Asian bear, he embraced his role affectionately.

Juno, the idealist, combined scientific rigor with anarcho-syndicalist leanings, deep concern for climate change, and critiques of capitalism. His discussions often centered on his home country's issues.

Nafisa navigated her identity as an Arab Muslim with Western influences, dealing with familial conflicts, striving for sexual freedom, feminism, and a fascination with psychedelics.

It was a six-month summer love. Professor Yao learned to dance salsa, Nafisa learned to make casabe arepas, and they tried lucuma, azaí and arazá juice. They crossed the border into Brazil and Peru, went to a wedding of a Letitian couple they met in *Mono Tití*, and did a couple of *mambe*, *ambil* and *Yagé* ceremonies. Ceremonies halfway

between the authentic ancestral experience and its touristic version, because in this era, what practice has not been yet modified by the flows of the global economy?

Results

By the third month of transcription, following a regimen of structured activities—weekday transcription and translation, cinematic and intimate evenings, dining at local eateries, and weekend excursions to tourist sites—it became apparent that the manuscript under scrutiny was an instructional manual. This epiphany transpired during a late-night session when the team discerned explicit references to elements of the periodic table and their molecular configurations embedded within the translated lexicon.

Juno's exegesis of a term as "element" revealed corresponding atomic numbers. The subsequent iconography elucidated bond types and their inter-elemental relationships. The text further delineated a methodology for quantifying substances, employing a notation system analogous to scientific notation, progressing from the enumeration of individual molecules to macroscopic measurements in grams and kilograms. This breakthrough highlighted the manuscript's didactic purpose, systematically outlining chemical processes and quantification techniques.

—Okay. It gives us lists of elements and quantities. And in section five we have seen that it more or less tells us about how each material must be molded in a specific way. —Yao continued.

—It's a machine. Isn't it obvious? In DMT we meet aliens who always welcome us

with instructions to create a machine. Possibly to meet them. —Juno concluded.

—Huh, like in Carl Sagan's Contact. The idea of sending a message that contained the instructions to create an Interdimensional ship. Have you read Contact? —Nafisa noted. —A sufficiently mature intelligence would be able to decipher the message.

Each one cursed in their native language and that night they could not sleep, excited by the text and beginning to understand entire sections with greater ease. It was extremely technical, not a welcome letter, nor a philosophical text about the purpose of life, but a simple and crude technical manual. Model a thin piece 4 churps thick, with a shape that on a "catabulquo" plane would occupy the coordinates, 13*2, 14*23, 15*25. Insert the zim, uk and major uk part into the zap, ac and roti slit. Enter the "rul" in the above opening at a temperature of 6000 roks in three ato time units, using the Akmak.

—It gives us diagrams. —Yao concluded already at sunrise, with circles under his eyes, existing on the verge of coffee and passion, and tapping his finger on the screen of his computer. —There are diagrams described in Cartesian planes. Can we draw them?

—I can try, —Juno answered.

—And the whole damn text goes on for pages and pages and pages, —said Nafisa, exhausted. —It seems that the text covers infinite surfaces inside the DMT spaces, but after chapter 11 it starts to repeat itself. And again. Everyone who has taken a DMT trip has seen the same code. The same instruction manual.¹¹

While Juno prepared some drinks to celebrate the discovery, Yao and Nafisa went out to the patio, and she tremblingly murmured that...

—The Inner Paths to Outer Space, —the original idea proposed by Rick Strassman, Slawek Wojtowicz, Luis Eduardo Luna, Ede Frecska in 2008, —it's true. They got the hypothesis right.

—But who left the code there? —asked the professor, psychotically noticing that the shapes of the plants in the garden recalled the fractaloid shapes of psychedelic trips, suggesting that there was a secret code in the shape of a caterpillar that crawled sluggishly down the front steps of the house. —And also, has it always had the same code? Or is DMT like a blank operating system? At some point did a race, or a confederation of beings from other planes install the instruction manual in it?

Nafisa sighed, her head was spinning.

—Since DMT has always been around, does that mean the code has been there since DMT existed? We're talking about millions of years of plant evolution, maybe the information was placed there at the start of life. But it's just a molecule, Peter. It's ONLY a molecule. I don't think that's it. It's the brain where things actually happen. The door is within us. DMT is just the key that unlocks it.

Yao was left thinking. Both of them, like Juno, were affected, they knew that there was no other way to explain it other than that they had really made contact with extraterrestrials, and they were not alone: other forms of intelligence existed. Then he said:

—I can imagine a lot of theists seeing this discovery as proof that we were created

and did not evolve. And that whoever the engineers were who put that information or that door inside us, they were waiting for us to be advanced enough to be able to decipher the message. The ufologists will jump at us saying that we were created by a race of ancient aliens. This is going to blast very soon.

For the next three months the work between the three of them ran at a faster pace, making almost twelve DMT trips a day, each producing about 10 to 15 minutes of transcription. Juno came to feel dizzy and somewhat terrified by the encounters, increasingly deeper and strange, in nightmare worlds, going through labyrinths that gave the sensation of breaking his mind, of visiting other dimensions where he was not supposed to exist, in which he did not have a body, and beings who communicated telepathically examined him, played with him, inserted objects into his body, raped him, cut him, allowed him to meet God, played with him, taught him things. Nothing that produced a real change in his life, as those who examined the therapeutic possibilities of other psychedelics claimed; nothing less, perhaps fear, or the feeling of losing one's mind. Nafisa and Yao took Juno's place a couple of times, although they could barely read a third of what Juno was capable of. In the last month of their stay in Leticia, they printed an English version of a 1,300-page text organized into 11 chapters. The text was eighty percent complete and was enough to apply for a larger grant or to involve other scientific agencies. Consultations with materials engineers in various parts of the world had already shown that simply obtaining the materials would mean a significant investment, many of the materials necessary to produce whatever

was going to be built required almost an industrial level of material processing.

3

Conclusions.

Notes on obtaining and refining the main material for the construction of "the machine".

Grants: SETI Fund for Outer Space Exploration. SpaceX fund for Experimental Technologies, NASA fund for Space Exploration Emerging Projects, ROSCOSMOS Experimentation Grant. Grant from the MIND foundation for the study of psychoactive substances. Development grant for scientific projects from the Colombian government.

Budget allocated to the refinement of the material: 159 million dollars.

Project directors: Yao Longjie, Juno Luna Barrera, Nafisa Abbas Abdelaziz.

Note. Most of the money will be used in the production of a rare alloy. Here described.

Material: Ogdoadium Isotope 5

Ogdoadium is a rare, extraterrestrial metal found in trace amounts within certain meteorite fragments. It has unique properties that make it integral to the construction of the "machine," including exceptional conductivity, stability under extreme conditions, and the ability to resonate with quantum frequencies. Ogdoadium appears as a silvery-blue metal with a crystalline structure.

Refining Process:

EXTRACTION: Meteorite fragments containing ogdoadium are carefully collected from impact sites around the world, or purchased from museums

legally. The highest concentrations are found in meteorites that have impacted remote regions with minimal human activity, such as Antarctica and certain deserts.

PRECIPITATION: Minerals are crushed into powder, this powder is precipitated in a tritium saline solution and a combination of chemical reagents and temperature control techniques in a giant tank to produce the necessary pressure. This step results in the separation of the ogdoadium from the other minerals, which are then collected by mixing it with a thorium base and refrigerated to minus 190 degrees Celsius to neutralize it.

Ogdoadium particles undergo a controlled crystallization process to improve their structural integrity and remove any remaining impurities. This step involves heating the crystals to high temperatures in a specialized steel furnace that will have to be built at 5000 meters above sea level, estimated to be in the Himalayan Mountains region of China or Nepal, in a reduced atmosphere, where they will be slowly cooled. under carefully controlled conditions.

TRANSMUTATION: The result will be manually inspected, and if it meets the necessary purity characteristics, it will be decomposed molecule by molecule, each of which will be ionized and accelerated in the LHC, reaching nearly lightspeed to bombard them into a gold plate of highest purity, creating a controlled atomic fusion and producing isotope number 5 of ogdoadium.

Refinery Locations:

Ogdoadium refineries will likely be established in regions with access to

abundant renewable energy sources and proximity to major transportation hubs for efficient logistics. The island of Java is a candidate.

Cost:

Factors contributing to spending include:

Remote and inaccessible nature of meteorite impact sites, requiring extensive logistical efforts for collection.

Complexity of purification and crystallization processes, requiring advanced equipment and qualified personnel, including the construction of plants designed exclusively for this purpose.

Energy-intensive refining techniques, especially during the precipitation and crystallization stages.

Compliance with strict environmental and safety regulations, especially in environmentally sensitive areas such as Antarctica.

Overall, the cost of refining ogdoadium for the construction of the Eleusis project would be considerable but justified by its unique properties and potential applications in advanced technology.

To obtain 4 kilograms of ogdoadium 5, we estimate that an investment of 159 million dollars will be needed.

References

1. *We have already signed the contract, five collection centers are going to be built, plus a refinery in Antarctica, and we are going to set aside an entire week to use the LHC* . R. (2001). Everything is going smoothly, we are already thinking of a place for experiments with the machine in Jakarta, Indonesia. Can you believe a few months ago it was just us? "Now there are like three hundred people involved." P89.
2. "How long do you think it will take us to refine the material?" W. & A. (1963). City Lights Books.
3. About nine months. It will be a birth, C. (1985). Contact Simon & Schuster.
4. Juno. I have to tell you something. Something you may already be imagining, B. (2002). The Antipodes of the Mind. Oxford University Press .
5. Related to nine months? Carhart-Harris, R.L., & Nutt, D.J. (2017). "...Yeah. Unfortunately."
6. Did you get tested? Journal of Psychopharmacology, 31(9), 1091-1120.
7. It came out positive. But I don't want to go to the hospital. My parents are going to kill me. DE (2016). You know how important virginity is and all that is in my family. Pharmacological Reviews , 68(2), 264-355.
8. Shit. Shit, shit. Well, they don't have to know, right? But are you going to have an abortion? Do you want me to go with you? S. (2000). The Psychology of the Future: Lessons from Modern Consciousness Research. State University of New York Press .
9. I don't know who the dad is, you motherfuckers. M. (2018). How to Change Your Mind: I told you to use a condom, damn. I curse you, may Allah destroy you, you little bitch, you and Yao. Penguin Press.
10. ...Did you tell Peter? McKenna, T. (1991). No. I'll tell him soon. I don't want to have an abortion. But I need to know who is going to be responsible. HarperSanFrancisco . P. 65, 36, 89.
11. If he is born with slanted eyes he is not my son. Hahaha. J. (2011). The Psychedelic Explorer's Guide: Safe, Therapeutic, and Sacred Journeys. Park Street Press.
12. You're an idiot. You're such an idiot. I can't believe it.
13. I'm kidding, obviously, babe. R. (2005). We will both be parents. No? Oxford University Press . P12 Two dads and a mom. What a privilege!

Sinn Chatreya ate her last burger in a van at the entrance to the Balumian Corp. laboratory while she checked the time on her phone, over and over again. She was surrounded by hooded men and women, armed with assault submachine guns, grenades, signal disruptors, climbing equipment, knives, and enough ammunition to kill the entire building's staff. Half belonged to a team of professional mercenaries hired in the Deep Web. Immortals. The other half were Chatreya's loyal followers: The Ferals. With her they had participated in a fairly impressive number of sit-ins, marches, and protests since she was a fourteen-year-old girl: they had faced riot police from several countries (some had lost their teeth in those epic confrontations), in perfectly strategic missions trying to stop the progress of logging in the Brazilian Amazon, seeking to prevent the signing of a law in Mongolia that allowed open pit mining, promoting the attempt to close a refinery in Venezuela, attacking seal hunters and plastic factories in China. They were a formidable group of anarcho-primitivists punk rockers, full with long hair, second-hand clothes, pierced genitals and nipples, all united in their increasingly firm belief that the only way to stop their mortal enemy (pollution, or capitalism, sometimes even technological progress), was through violence. Or at least, "certain types of violence."

Chatreya finished the last bite of the burger. She closed her eyes to taste the fat, and the sauces and sent a message to Juno Luna.

SINN: You have five minutes to get out of there.

Juno saw the message, and two checks came out, but he didn't respond to anything.

—He is a coward —said Juana, a six-foot-tall woman with a pink balaclava and AKIRA and Green Peace patches on her blue jean vest.

—Maybe he'll participate when the time comes, —Ratz added. Ratz was an 18-year-old boy whose face looked like that of a little rat, and he too had opted for the hamburger ritual. Considering animal slaughtering was about to be impossible.

The operation was relatively clean. One group entered through the roof, another through the parking lot, and another through the front door. Doors were closed, cleaning staff and a few scientists were threatened, all of whom ended up locked in an auditorium under the angry yelling of two armed mercenaries. The groups swept through rooms, storerooms, conference halls, and individual offices until they found the security room. Despite the planning, the hacking of the surveillance circuit, and other details, the police had been informed and were already on their way to the scene. They tied up the security officers with ropes and gag balls and left them naked in the bathroom. The vault where the Nexial Gateway was located was in the heart of the building in a large chamber with a very high ceiling, surrounded by instruments that monitored its thermal variations, radioactivity, etc.

The door burst open, and mercenaries and anarcho-primitivists entered pointing their assault rifles, placing themselves in positions that had been discussed and planned for months.

Chatreya walked in confidently, still picking food out of her teeth with her tongue. She located Juno Luna, with his lab coat and his small team of scientists on the second floor.

Chatreya looked in all directions, familiarizing herself with everything: the cooling tubes, the ultra-fast cameras, microphones, electromagnetism detectors, the stairs and emergency exits. With everything under control, she finally approached the Gateway.

It was surprisingly small compared to what was seen on the international news. Not only images of the machine in operation producing the strange blue flower of energy and a lot of circles that were drawn in the sky, but of the many guinea pigs, apes, cats, rats, who were administered DMT while they were inside the floating rings. There were also images of the humans who shone, became diffuse, seemed to disappear momentarily before reappearing, washed in sweat, shivering with fever and completely crazy, squeezing hyper-objects of delicate and strange nature in their hands with such force that their palms and nails were cut open and bleeding. What they had glimpsed had left them mentally handicapped, ready to be interned in a mental hospital. Or at least, that's how it was in the first months before they learned how to calibrate the "world selector".

—It looks like a hula hoop, a hundred and fifty million dollars hula hoop —said Chatreya without giving it much importance. Then she looked at Juno —if you stayed it's because you're part of the team.

Juno nodded, but that didn't make him happy. He was especially nervous about the mercenaries' weapons. After sending that much intel for years, he deserved to see the thing first-hand.

Chatreya looked at the Gateway again and approached it with greater interest.

—It's incredible what they've gotten out of it. Did you see that they opened an entire university degree just to study objects? —uttered Juana.

—We keep a few of them here —said Juno, as if sparing some time —we have the gold octahedron that is factored by 45 every 67 seconds in a tank, and we have the ogdoadian filigree that makes everyone vomit within a square kilometer, we have it in a lead box. If you are interested, I can give you a tour...

—Shht. No time for any of that. The police are on their way.

She took off her clothes in front of everyone. She walked shamelessly naked towards the plexiglass doors that separated the living space from the security area. Juana accompanied her, taking out a ready-to-use dose of dimethyltryptamine from her yellow suitcase made of recycled tires. Once inside, Chatreya touched the rings, noting that although they floated, they seemed firmly locked in the air. Magic from the advanced room-temperature superconductors. She bent down and entered between both rings. Juana took off her balaclava, kissed Chatreya in her mouth, and injected her left arm with a large dose of the active component in ayahuasca, an endogenous drug of the pituitary gland, found in almost every animal's metabolism.

—Health and good vision! —She managed to say before the interdimensional phenomenon began.

The discs activated and began to float, lifting Sinn into the air before the cameras and the astonished gaze of her fellow activists and mercenaries. In the space between

Chatreya and the floating disks, a source of energy began to appear. Red lines, branches of cosmic biotechnology grew rapidly, and a beautiful blood flower opened, with fluctuating and strangely polygonal cells of light covering the entire hall. From the center of the upper ring, an iridescent and shiny membrane then unfolded. Inside, a living being made of orange balloons became visible. A fragmentary god, rejoining, rearming, and disarming, playing hide and seek with all human civilization in our minds. The attendees heard their telepathic voice; terrified, they then knew they had made contact on a planetary level with PI RU RES, sentinel and observer of the stellar quadrant of Valmuria, the colossus of even numbers, our lady of skins. We have already seen it; PI RU RES has appeared in our dreams playing god of death and singing its song.

As the enormous, absolutely monumental, abstract, branched, and segmented legs of the shifting eidolon began to emerge from the flower of light, rising without stopping and beginning to break the ceiling that soon started to collapse, it is worth reviewing the training that Chatreya had gone through. Just as Juno Luna and her companions had spent months deciphering the strange writing, the walls of pseudo-computational codes that can be seen in the DMT “trip” that eventually gave them the instructions to build the Nexial Gateway, Sinn Chatreya was attempting to have functional conversations with the gods, elves, symbiotes, dimethyltryptamine aliens. As any psychonaut knows, mechanical elves communicate telepathically, and they like to talk, sometimes a phrase (which will stick in the psychonaut's mind for the rest of their life) sometimes entire conversations, not very clear ones, though. They are, however, not so good at listening, or, for that matter, having a functional conversation. When being asked anything, they normally answer something else completely, a 3-meter cactus man might talk about universal love, a lizard made of Legos might explain something about transcendental happiness, a fox woman made of orange bubbles might try to teach a traveler to dance. Chatreya tried to explain to the entities that we were destroying our planet and needed help. But for months the creatures strayed from the topic and ended up speaking to her in rhymes: In cosmos vast, my essence finds its home/ Where stars in dance, their light forever gleam/ In unity, I merge, no longer roam/ With universe, I blend, as in a dream.

By the way, PI RU RES, had grown so much at that point that it was possible to see him, or her, or whatever their pronouns are, from anywhere in Jakarta. They glowed a neon red/magenta. They raised their legs, branches, things, they had no human or animal form. They were a jumble of nerves, spheres, disconnected parts of an alien spine, and three yellow spheres like the yolks of giant eggs.

In the months of training, Chatreya learned the hard way, by interviewing insectoids, beings made of sticks, and enormous radioactive fish, that eidolon intelligence was more complicated, or more mysterious, than human intelligence. When she told the fluoride ghosts the details of what capitalism meant, submission to the laws of the market, and people's inability to break out of the cycle of buying things that depended on the destruction of everything, the monsters seemed more interested in showing her the usual hyper-toys, talking to her about enjoying the present and dancing forever. All of which would be wonderful.

I wish people could apply those teachings, Chatreya thought, because people came out of the trip having to go back to work in a system that depended on the destruction of everything, and the fantastic visions ended in just a curious story, years in the future, when the “once traveler” commented at a party with friends about the beings he had encountered. From this, and other totalizing experiences, she ended up feeding her new political current. Presentism.

By the way, the monstrous being that had emerged from Balumian's building. Corp, was already rising in all its magnificence, and everyone in Jakarta was looking at it, if not out the window, everywhere on the news, and now walking at a slow pace through the Sudirman CBD, followed by a helicopter and a multitude of drones towards the north, as it would just pass by the national monument and the Istiqlal mosque. As if they were a tourist who is going to take a picture. And in its wake, heavily, like an invisible jelly that expands street by street, it left the air rarified, undulating, and the people stunned.

The team of mercenaries had no idea that they had been hired to end human civilization as we knew it. They dropped their weapons, they dropped themselves, they began to feel a violent cooking of hormones and neurotransmitters that led to an ecstatic paralysis. Presentism, the annals of history would say, was in its theory, ecstasy as a political alternative to a positivist developmentalism of market expansion. Instead of slaving away all of humanity to create a future that looked like Shanghai or Shenzhen, presentism attempted to show that that future already existed within us, and it is called ecstasy. That was what PIR produced, and the legion of monumental neon gods that would enter the earth, landing with the softness of a feather to see with a smile how the oil pipelines stopped working, the plastic stopped being manufactured, the production of iPhones stopped dead. The same with the CO2, the cars stopped moving, the planes stopped flying, the Chinese factories stopped working, and everyone remained like idiots, smiling with pleasure. The contamination infected the mind, but, curiously, it seemed to spread even faster through electronic systems. Social networks, computers, cell phones, all went into ecstasy in unison. Microsoft Word vibrated in the present, Microsoft Edge manifested itself in meaningless jumps, Google Chrome crashed, restarted showing confused data, mixing up web sites with each other, Wikipedia with Xvideos.com, Zlibrary joined the Kuwait government page, ad infinitum, Facebook reused posts and profiles to create large musical mashups displaying fast deformed photographs and texts reorganized to look like pop songs. The machines had reached a spiritual dimension, reaching ecstasy, stasis, asis, sis. And although the physical effects were only initially felt on the island of Java, in just under a second they were felt in the rest of the planet, if you were a computer, that is.

Sinn Chatreya descended from between the hoops of the Nexial Gate. Scientists, police, mercenaries, terrorists and anarcho-primitivists were all, not only perfectly fascinated by the visual effects that surrounded them, obsessively inspecting the things around them, others writhing on the ground from the waves of psychosexual pleasure, the men ejaculating in their pants. Not only that; they also suddenly found themselves hooked to an alien technology, famous across worlds, that connected gastric systems through the air. A kind of food wifi. Sinn approached Juno, trying to control the laughter that possessed her, and told him that she had ordered a large amount of the food dendrites from Plocomia

11, a faraway planet in hyperspace in which food, energy, and entropy are in a tightly controlled balance. In effect, the energy particles moved between trees, animals, and things. Labor as a means to accomplish nourishment is a thing of the past. Work itself has been abolished. Juno Luna laughed so hard he peed on his pants and then understood quite clearly that time was not a line in a singular direction from past to future. It was quite clear now that time was a spiral, spiraling into the present, of this, this thing here, this word you're reading here. And this dot.

From: Sinner's corner <deathtotheruler@hotmail.com>

Sent: Monday, May 13, 2024 6:01 p.m.

To: Juno Luna <JLunaB@unm.edu>

Subject: Re: re: Presentism

Hey Juno.

Actually, yes. Presentism is reversing that way of understanding time and concentrating on the present, in which the present itself is an endless abyss, and staying in that abyss to understand our reality. It is ecstasy and psychedelic trance as a political alternative.

And what you asked me. Yes. I have been talking to the Eidolons, although the conversations don't make much sense if we translate them into our language. I know that you understand, I know that you know that what we live in is not sustainable and that no one is doing anything to stop it. You know it is urgent to stop it. We say it in the United Nations, we repeat it, we have been repeating it for decades, but no one is capable of changing it, because it's not profitable.

And worst of all, they believe that we are terrorists. Tell me, who is the terrorist? Us or them, who destroy everything!

Tell me if I can trust you.

CH

From: Dr. Yao <ljyao@unm.edu>

Sent: Monday, November 20, 2024 9:10 p.m.

To: Juno Luna <JLunaB@unm.edu>

Subject: Re: I need to tell you something.

Dear Juno,

I don't like what you're telling me. Ferals are terrorists. I'm not going to tell anyone, but I didn't work in the Nexial Gate to bring some unfathomable entity to bring chaos to the world. I did it to learn. To know and understand our universe. Plus, you're a little obsessed with environmentalism. Don't you think that in a few years, someone will invent something to replace plastic? Or that electric cars are going to replace gasoline cars very soon?

Just chill a little bit.

Dr Yao Longjie

PhD in Neurobiology

Head of AJKJ Nexial Gate Committee

From: Juno Luna <JLunaB@unm.edu>

Sent: Monday, November 18, 2024 6:01 p.m.

To: Sinner's corner <deathtotheruler@hotmail.com>

Subject: Re: I need to tell you something.

Dear Dr.

It has something to do with the tribe I'm related to in Colombia I told you about. They see time, not as a straight arrow that goes from past to future, but as a spiral, a spiral of the present continuous, in which everything is happening right now. It starkly contrasts with modernism and the ideology of progress. It's not that I don't agree with science, it's more like, the way "progress" and "development" work in our current society is all based on exponential economic growth, regardless of our finite resources. The future is more important than anything else, modernity is a project to never be completed, but the way it works now, it requires so much destruction to keep it going, that it doesn't make any sense to continue. The present is already rich enough, but we can't see it because we are already junkies to the system of future satisfaction and commodities. The gods of DMT have finally given us this solution. We met in this intergalactic session with representatives of a bunch of intelligent worlds, and they want to give us this gift. That's it. That's what presentism is.

Get [Outlook for iOS](#)

From: Dr. Yao <ljyao@unm.edu>

Sent: Monday, November 20, 2024 9:10 p.m. m.

To: Juno Luna <JLunaB@unm.edu>

Subject: Re: How ridiculous.

I'm very disappointed. You can't even understand how I felt about you and Nafisa. (Who, btw, is about to give birth). You don't even understand the scale of what you are unleashing. Of course, we all know that the system as it exists now has problems, but my life is actually good, many people I know and love are also having good lives that are worthy and interesting. It seems a disaster to me that you cannot see life with optimism, and instead can only see the righteousness of environmentalism; it makes you think you're better than everyone else, doesn't it? You think you're a saint because you care about pollution and plastic, and cows. And you dare to make such a big decision for so many millions of people. You are not only going to stop pollution but the entire intellectual production, you have just put an end to art, to writing, to someone being able to enjoy a sunset, to someone being able to fall in love and enjoy life. What happened in Jakarta, I'm sorry, but it is an act of fascism, and what you professed was the complete opposite. You have become what you hated most, and you don't even realize it, you imbecile.

I'm not staying, although I don't think you'll mind, I don't even know whether you can read anymore.

Dr Yao Longjie

PhD in Neurobiology

Head of AJKJ Nexial Gate Committee

I woke up in the dark, feeling an intense pain in my left hand. I didn't even want to touch it. I crawled pathetically in the darkness of the deck to discover that something had pierced through the hull, emptied the ayahuasca emulsion, and contaminated everything with a bioluminescent liquid, which at first could barely be seen, but little by little It gave off such a shine that it let me see everything in great detail. The colossal eidolon had not only penetrated the mecha's chassis; it had contaminated it. It was an immense crawling nervous system or disembodied spinal cord, that writhed around inside my mecha, stretching its spinal nerves and branching inside the crusted fluxus. Interdimensional parasitism, I thought. The same parasitism that had taken over the entire planet. I could barely move, but I could feel, not only the details of my body, the state of my mouth, the sweat that covered my face, the sound of my breathing. I also felt a kind of pleasure, waves of euphoria that escalated and spread through my toes, up to my genitals and my abdomen. I tried to move, holding back laughter and happy thoughts while at the same time feeling the pain in my arm. I looked for the exit, but the airlock was perfectly sealed, and the mechanical ejection lever was completely jammed. I was locked inside and could only wait for the hunger or the contaminated air to kill me.

A sudden electrical discharge, possibly coming from the eidolon, produced a muscular spasm in the leg of the MAGELLAN; it hurt me, but at the same time it felt like a tickle. The systems were back in operation. The lights came back on, the broken screens showed noise, and I had some control over the robot's limbs. My mind slowly linked with the giant's mind, only to confirm that it was already infected. I breathed in and grasped the thick smell of the jungle: plants, humidity, animals, decomposition, and flowers. The omnidirectional vision system linked successfully with my optical nerve, and I could see again, from above, below, around, and in detail. The eidolon had penetrated the mecha from a dozen points: very long spikes sprang out of my back, several phosphorescent, bulging, and enormous lemon-green tumors had grown like a bloody proliferation of fungi from the mecha's face and neck, spheres colored in bright cyan and magenta protruded from the spaces between the armor and the skin, branches of the most ultramarine blue made me look like a living coral reef. It was clear that the effects had also infected the software, causing the screens to fill with bugs, the programming to go crazy, meaningless commands to be executed, rhythmic pulses to be played, almost like distorted electronic music.

—Earth to base. Here MAGELLAN; Technician Luna in section 4.35, sector 2b. Do you copy? R 34. My unit is still operative. Two other units were destroyed. Two pilots down, I'm injured.

I waited a while, then repeated the message. I finally heard several voices. At first, I was joyful, but then I knew something was wrong: the voices were not coming from the mecha communication system, but from my mind, and they were not in a human language. I was able to move the mecha. I rose heavily from the jungle, managing to put the machine back on its feet, and began to limp, now a semi-symbiotic entity, half-humanoid, half alienoid. I walked towards Jakarta, stumbling every so often, thinking that maybe I could still accomplish my mission and retrieve the Nexial Gate. I saw eidolons in the distance, rising like alien trees. They didn't look at me, they didn't look for me, and it didn't occur to them to face me in battle; they just stood tall, towering over the jungles of west Java, some

walked heavily with no apparent direction or intention. I looked for human traces and it wasn't difficult to find them: remains of a rotten bridge, houses covered in vines, and finally the city. Kilometers of what once had been the slums of Jakarta, broken streets zigzagging endlessly, buildings covered in vines, spectacular trees growing from what had once been clusters of houses of South Tangerang, skyscrapers of the Surdiman area from which rivers poured wildly, what looked like shopping malls with worn surfaces covered in moss and lichen. I walked on top of abandoned stores and neighborhoods, my steps destroyed cars that lay almost petrified.

It was only after half an hour of making my way through the city in something like a meditation, that I realized how strange it was that the mecha still had battery power. I looked for the maps on the navigation panels, but the computers had gone crazy, some of what the monitors showed in the optic nerve looked like software from the Diaspora, but opening in lotuses of icons, abstract tides of meaningless code, windows that opened and closed, maps, old websites showing tons of information about things I had never seen before. It felt like the mecha had gone psychotic, surfing anxiously through corrupted encyclopedias, databases, search engines, porn sites, bank or university websites at a maddening speed. I closed my eyes, tried to remember the maps that we had memorized since we were children in the Diaspora, and walked trying to find my way, recognizing parks or intersections of the city before getting lost again in my thoughts, in my present. Until I finally began to understand what I was getting into.

In what had been ground zero of the infection years ago, the traces of a thousand battles became visible. I could see the craters, the collapsed buildings extending through large areas of ruins and desolation, and in the middle of it all rose the building of Balumian corp. The temple around which the Nexial Wars took place most intensely. Years ago, it had been a minimalist structure of concrete and curtain walls, but now a cluster of black basalt stood tall surrounded by rubble; a monument in the style of the Borobudur, made, we were told, by the eidolons, who enjoyed themselves in building large structures just like children love to build sandcastles.

This devastation and silence were so different from what I had been told at school, in the diaspora. They repeated this image of the Feral City as a nest of violence, boiling with weapons and anger, aggressive abominations ready to kill anybody who approached this holy epicenter. I was told they would shoot at me until there was nothing left but a pile of boiling organs. Well, perhaps the infection growing through my body made me invisible to the defense system, and I was already becoming one of them, but there didn't seem to be anyone in any of the large, ruined spaces. Not human beings, at least, just some birds and mammals.

I dismantled the pile of stones that replaced the building using only my infected right hand since the left one was still hurting so much. In the center of a square platform, on a cubic altar, were the two rings of the Nexial gate. So many years of war for something so small. It was no longer a simple smooth and polished pair of floating rings; the most diverse collection of extraterrestrial flora grew, spread and lived expanding from the rings off the Nexial Gate. Only when I was face to face with that eccentric and baroque mixture of multicolored organisms did I notice that the eidolons that were patrolling or ruminating

around the city had noticed me; not in a threatening way, just with curiosity. Then I heard something.

—Kai, Kai, Kai?

I can't say it was a single voice. Rather it felt like it was the biotic mass talking through a distorted radio that spoke directly to my mind.

I tried not to pay attention to the voices. I crouched down to get a better look and determine whether it would be possible to pry off the Nexial Gate with my fingers or whether I would need some tool to cut through the thick tangle of roots and branches so as not to break the precious artifact. The screens in the cockpit were still firing some psychotic images, codes, and text that showed the union between the diaspora internet and the dreamsphere. The screens suddenly began to tune to something different. Sounds and images connected strangely with my brain. Certain tones, palpitations, squares or circles, photographs of people I knew nothing about.

—Your mother is with us.

—Your father is with us.

—Kai Luna.

I stopped. I knew it could be a trap. The Nexial wars had been mostly fought in the mind, when prodigious eidolons made their way through the enemy camp, infecting the minds of everyone in waves of pleasure and pain, forcing them to agree to surrender and join the enemy. Leftists, environmentalists, communists, indigenous peoples, and intellectuals of all sorts gradually joined the ferals. They told me it happened through the World Wide Web: the human internet was seriously infected, and databases had spilled and lost their order. Passwords, bank accounts, state secrets, everything was scattered randomly: videos, movies, books, scientific reports, forums, and social networks; the information empire was now weird. There were thousands of people connected to the network who began with convulsions, sardonic laughter, euphoria, and sexual ecstasy without any provocation. Soon people got lost in their own homes, beginning to obsess over the details of the things around them.

—We have all the files if you want to see them in detail.

Feeling the waves of pleasure and presentism coursing through my nervous system, I had no choice but to grab the monitors with my fists and open my knuckles on the LED glass. The hypnosis stopped, or at least its effects were delayed. I closed my eyes, but the voices were still there.

—They lied to you. Kai. Your parents are not dead. We are here. I want you to see the conversations, papers, and reports, and see for yourself. We have stored human history, and its discoveries.

I operated the robot's right hand and produced a cannon that fired a sharp plasma beam, with which I used to cut the vines, roots, veins, fungal growths, and algae while doing my best to ignore what was happening around me. I focused intensely, cutting

biomass around the frame of the artifact but at the same time beginning to feel the increase in the soporific and highly pleasurable effects of the dreamsphere, as it reached into my lungs and affected my central nervous system. Now I could focus on details that I wouldn't have paid attention to before. The biological structures seemed to me to be masterpieces, extraordinary beings that I was destroying. I stopped. The feeling that those symmetrical bulbs, those colors and spots of such extraordinary shades of blue, purple and lilac gave me, was that they were part of my own body, and that, in that context, I was playing with the organs of an immense god. A god which I was also a part of.

—Son. Kai. I'm Nafisa.

Yes, of course. My mom. I was able to dissociate myself from the mecha's body for a second to notice that, inside the cockpit, the eidolon's filaments were beginning to touch my body. On my hands and legs, branches of the alien nervous system that filled the deck had bitten me like leeches, attached themselves to my body, injecting some substance to drug me and binding me to the creature. I started to stir, trying to remove the white veins one by one, tear them out, and cut them with my teeth.

—Oh yeah, mimicking my parents. I was expecting you to do something of the sort, how predictable. —I said, a little to myself. I didn't want to respond to the voices that were playing with my head. It was my years of training to try not to pay attention.

I continued cutting away at the vines and roots, ignoring comments that still seemed ghostly and meaningless, yet strangely familiar. I also noticed that the eidolons were approaching curiously, moving in their colorful monstrosity, surrounding me. I thought maybe if I talked to them I could distract them while I continued at my job.

—The eidolons are nothing more than colonizers. And they killed you, mom.

—No. No. No. —the voices responded. —Course correction. Correction. Course correction.

—We had a beautiful life on Earth. And you expelled us from our home.

—Humans don't have a beautiful life on Earth. Those who have, based on the suffering of millions of other life beings.

An eidolon in front of me began to mutate, between contractions, and strange movements, with lumps inflating and limbs definitively joining together, it acquired the shape of a gigantic human. A naked, multicolored woman. My mother. At its side, another eidolon went through a similar process, until becoming my father. Juno Luna.

I paused in my task for a second and looked at my parents' naked bodies, albeit in deep reds and neon blues.

—I missed you so much, baby. Now It's hard to understand that things were not always like this, but Juno was already in the dreamsphere when it happened, he was in Jakarta at the epicenter of everything when it happened. And when you were born.

—Yes, the Ferals kidnapped him —said I.

—No one kidnapped me. I was the one who gave all the intelligence to Chatreya to enter Balumian.

It had to be a lie. That's not what Peter told me. Peter told me...

—Peter didn't want you to know the truth. Also, at this point, we don't know if he is your father or not. Or if it's me. —The eidolon shaped like my father laughed. —We loved each other. The three of us. We were a family.

—But Peter ended up protecting capitalists, companies, transnational corporations, and powerful people.

Fleshy lumps of biological matter grew on my body, vines, roots, and nerves stretched out and grabbed my hands. I struggled in the cockpit, and the mecha began to move irregularly. Something grabbed my leg. As I turned to tear off whatever I had there, another mass clung to the mecha's face. The eidolon that had infected the mecha was taking control of its movement, and taking over the vital systems of the machinery, it even seemed to be rearranging the internal systems, and mechanisms, discarding servomotors or appropriating the thorium reactor. I backed away trying to regain control, using whatever strength I had left in my right hand to hit my bump-infected face with repeated blows, and I tried to tear the tentacles off. The mecha fell to the ground with me inside, together we wallowed in a sea of colorful lichens, surrounded by strange eidolons that looked at me with curiosity. In the deck, the nerves were beginning to connect to my face. I struggled with the vines, splashing bioluminescent liquid, ripping something off just as something else grabbed my arm, or my foot. Nerves, branches, and veins were entering through the holes in my body, I felt them writhing in my genitals, and in my anus, they played with my ears, they grabbed my hands and my face, and they touched my gums and my teeth. And I no longer had the energy to continue the struggle. The robot's intestines were emptied, the internal organs completely removed and exchanged for other things, an arm was torn off, which hurt me immensely and I screamed through the luminous liquid. The infected lymph pumped presentism into my bloodstream. The nerves of my own body began to move inside me, like transparent worms.

—Calm down, baby. You don't have to be afraid anymore. Let yourself go.

There was no point in fighting. I stayed still, breathing heavily, trying not to drown.

—Just look around you. Think about the places you have traveled on this planet and tell me if it would be best to build a shopping mall here, or a company where people must work for eight hours every day, and garbage over there. That's what the diaspora wants. No?

When I opened my eyes, the eidolon that was my mother was lulling me to sleep.

—Open your nerves, — she whispered in my mind.

As if it were a basic human technique or movement that I had completely forgotten, I moved something inside my body, like the way your throat moves or that secret muscle in your inner ear. Then my nerves began to push their way out of my body. It wasn't painful. The nerves spread out of my face, out of my hands and my legs, growing gently like a little

plant. Maybe I didn't care much about my own body anymore. Maybe I didn't care much about my own life anymore. I could only feel the granular pleasure of living in the present. My body expanded from being a tiny thing, occupying the entire size of the pilot capsule, joining with cancerous lumps, igneous fungi, mystical organs, stomachs and esophagus of beings from other dimensions until I became my own mecha. The "I" became the monster. It became clear that the eidolons, the extraterrestrials, were made of thousands of people who had attached themselves at some point to an alien core more or less voluntarily. Humanity was evolving into something new. A symbiogenesis in which aliens and we were a new type of life form, just like mitochondria and single cells had become eukaryotes; evolutionary changes were happening rapidly, and we would soon become new thousands of living beings. Bubbly minds greeted me: people who decades ago would have identified as Colombian or Australian, male or female, now seemed more like shapeless masses of light. They had not thereby lost their individuality, nor did they completely coexist as a single being, or an almost theological entity. Rather they existed in a stream of consciousness between being one and being multitudes.

I felt Mom's hug, and Dad's hug. Only they were no longer hugs, but hot nodes of nerves clinging and squeezing each other, exchanging telepathic information. And I felt the love they had for Peter. They missed him, they wanted to have settled that dispute in a hug and love. But Peter was not prepared to leave behind his middle-class life with a good salary. It seemed too radical to end the sources of air pollution because he liked to travel by plane, he was an Apple fan and he dreamed of buying a Tesla that could drive itself.

When I opened my eyes, I no longer saw like a human, with two frontal eyes facing a single direction. There were tiny clusters of eyes that covered my entire body, giving me vision much more complicated than stereoscopic vision.

There's no future. I stand in my hundred-meter height, noticing that I have lost the limits that make up the anthropomorphic figure of the robot. Metallic parts fall thunderously like shells while my limbs multiply. I look one last time at the Nexial Gateway. I can spend hours looking at it, exploring every detail, smelling every detail. It is an endless abyss, I can delve and delve and delve into the present, one thought leads to another, and another. And every thought is the present itself. I feel waves of pleasure, pulling tendons somewhere in my neck and legs. I am perfectly aware of my nervous system, every sensation deserves to be explored. If I prefer, I can also explore my own emotions with the same psychedelic concentration; I can immerse myself in my ideas, my concepts, my fears. I can communicate them to others without the anxiety of the future, and we can, together, analyze and understand each other. The aliens, who have become our backbones, seem to orchestrate in-person activities. Dances? Games? Do you walk to distant places to delight in what exists?

When I think that that's it, that what remains of the rest of my existence is summarized in wandering aimlessly through the immensity of the planet (which is quite a lot considering that we could spend eternity watching how the clouds or the water move), I discover new ways of existing. I have lived for (months?) wandering between jungles and continents, coming across ruins of human cities by surprise, curiously observing small windows towards individual rooms, ruined stairs, and static cars among the greenery. I

hear stories from those who lived there, part of the immense network system. I take strides across the ocean and am amazed by volcanoes, I dive and swim, I cross a desert, a wasteland, a medieval citadel.

When I remember again that there was such a thing as a “Nexial gate”. An alien prepares me for my first jump.

—Maybe you don’t notice it, but you have a Nexial gate inside you. We all have a machine capable of crossing intergalactic distances in consciousness. Consciousness itself is an intergalactic portal.

A group of eidolons perform the necessary steps of a small dance or ritual. Torrents of dimethyltryptamine activate tunnels, surrounded by petals of light. The doors between worlds open like flowers. We can explore other maps, sometimes we cross them without realizing it while appreciating the shape of a fish. That’s what it was about all along. To expand the exploration platforms, and wander in the tides of the present. Walk without waiting for a destination, create without thinking of the result, live without thinking about death, success, growth, development, progress, profits, the future, old age, tomorrow, a better tomorrow, or a worse yesterday, there is no past, there is no beginning, there are no centuries before Christ, there is no remote prehistoric world. There is only the now. The present is this phrase. This phrase. This phrase.

So I crossed to Valtiklar, without realizing it. I have always been in Valtiklar, we are the very elves of DMT, and we walk through worlds more fluorescent than Earth. I am now on Zumia Exis. It’s a mostly yellow world, and we are surrounded by shifting polygons that are siblings, friends, mothers, or a reflective mirror of ourselves. Aliens from various universes have flooded the Earth, but we have also invaded theirs. I learn to become a polygon. You have always been a geometric solid. Learn to fractalize yourself, factor yourself by a prime number. I am in a world where the concept of food does not exist. I’m living in a planetary stomach. I am in a ship of neon technology and the gods teach me to fragment myself, to reorganize myself. All this, of course, upholstered in repetitions of the manual to create a Nexial door, to help others reach the same top development, the omega point of galactic civilization.

I see a human entering Plocomia 11. He has entered with a neon suit. He’s high on Dimethyltryptamine. There are several of us who see him, amazed at the changing tides of mandelbulbs, of self-replicating figures, fractaloids that implode cyclically, several of us want to greet him.

—Peter?

But Peter doesn’t understand me. I can hardly tell you how happy I am to see you.

—Peter. I miss you a lot. I want to show you all the hyper toys we have here.

Peter seems to recognize me. Maybe? Maybe he can see me? Maybe he’s here to transcribe the manual. If he manages to build a Nexial gate again he could come with me permanently. I will show you the code. I open polygonal hyper-signifiers, transparent objects full of code. Copy it fast, Pete, come meet me soon.

—I'm glad you managed to integrate. —He seems to want to hug me.

I jump inside his holographic body, trying to show him my love, I take him by the hand through the immense geographies of Aktum. Peter, Peter, I miss you. I love you. Why don't you come with us. He seemed to want to say goodbye. Then he explained in his human language that he had to leave now and just wanted to make sure I was okay. Immediately he became a ball of light that streaked the sky of Aktum.

—No one tells you what happens with Peter? —an electric blue eidolon who saw everything from afar asked me.

—No one tells.

—Peter doesn't want the regular human way of life to disappear. He believes that there is intrinsic value in individual experience and that perhaps in something they call "the future" they find another way to develop their civilization without all the destruction. There is a pact. A pact between him and us.

When the Nexial Wars are nearing their end, Peter Yao is having a DMT ritual. In it he is addressing us, and asking us to stop the humans from taking the Nexial Gate into space. Why do humans want that? Agh, they're stupid. They think they can bring warmonger eidolons from the Salvia Divinorum to fight a new round of Nexial wars. Nobody believes him in the space colonies, but it is true. If they take the door to the Diaspora, what remains of humanity is also the present. We accept. That's why we don't let them take the Gateway. To honor Peter Yao. That's why Eidolons fight on Earth against giant robots.

—But then why does he want to make me fight on Earth?

—Because I'm feeling guilty. He is stealing you from your parents. Your parents ask many times to return you, and he wants to return you. In dreams, on DMT or ayahuasca surfing mode. He knows you can be integrated in symbiogenesis and be happy.

Lined up, pressed against the windows of the observation deck in the smelly and dilapidated space station where I grew up, the history teacher forced us to take a good look at “the green and blue beauty of Planet Earth” surrounded by hundreds of other space stations like ours, entire countries made of steel and ugly solar panels that looked like space garbage. The teacher and others repeated it to us every chance they could, with resentment, fear, and hunger: “Take a good look at where we come from, and where we need to return to. Those cursed fundamentalists expelled us from paradise. That’s where the resources are! The minerals, the trees, and life itself. “You can’t even imagine how beautiful those landscapes are.” Then we would return to class in a sad line, to talk, as usual, about the Nexial Wars for control of the gate.

After classes, I returned, through the compartments of the central hallway, to my father's room. Like many, Peter Yao was a fallen man in the pandemic of mental health; it was I who had to feed him and take care of him. I forced him to bathe, to continue his little routines, and brush his teeth. He was tormented by those he left, especially Juno and Nafisa; my other parents, according to what he told me. Dad had been a science celebrity, he even kept the articles that had been written about his work. However, after the great migration, he began a process of degeneration, in which he barely managed to raise me, but by the time I was fifteen, the role had been completely reversed. During much of that time, he had tried to convince the authorities not to attack Earth. He spoke ill of the Columbian-Fluxus program, which had been sold to the public as the only way to effectively combat aliens and re-take our land, by building giant robots in space from cloned eidolons; but he fought even harder to stop them from bringing the Nexial Gate to the space stations of the diaspora. Nobody paid attention to him, the scientific authorities were sure that they could use the door to bring beings from other dimensions, perhaps some more malevolent, like the demons found during bad trips with anticholinergics like datura or DMX, dark lords from the crystal meth universe, or the gods of the Salvia; entities or cosmic jesters, which, scientists believed, we could instrumentalize to produce a new Nexial war between gods from different worlds to re-colonize Earth.

When I confessed to Peter that I wanted to enlist in the Columbian-Fluxus program, he looked at me with some sadness, and he did mention Juno and Nafisa. He had told me how both were killed by the Ferals during the war, and only with luck had he been able to rescue me during the expansion of the dreamsphere; perhaps it made sense to seek revenge. He didn't say much more, but he also didn't ask me not to. Maybe he knew something else. Sometimes he would inject DMT in his room and wouldn't tell me what he had seen. I finally said goodbye to him, got into the military program, and got pretty good at synchronization in the mind-machine coupler. Grown into a man, with muscles and all, papa Yao hugged me one last time before I was sent to my first mission and said in a strange voice of mental illness: “If you ever see them, tell them I miss them.”