

Erowid Experience Vaults Report Id: 86874

'Follow the Path You Have Chosen, Traveler'

by Curiosity and the cat

Dose: T+ 0:00	4 mg	oral	Pharms - Alprazolam	pill / tablet
T + 0.00	95 mg	smoked	DMT	powder / crystals

Body weight: 175 lbs

A brief history of I:

I have extensive experience in alcohol (with this I emphasize EXTENSIVE), weed, ecstasy, cocaine, benzodiazepines, SSRIs, NDRIs, amphetamine, LSD, and DMT. Starting from 6th grade (when I was around 10, 11, or 12 years of age, prior to ANY drug use [being straight edge until I was 18]), I've suffered from major depression, severe anxiety (but only every now and then, not constant), and ADHD my entire life. I'm a devout Atheist and always have been. I would like to refer to myself as a philosopher, as that is what I am thoroughly called by my friends and family. But none of my experience, nor my extensive theological ideas, could have prepared me for what I am about to tell you.

Specific history of personal use of dimethyltriptamine:

I started extracting DMT from mimosa hostilis root bark months ago, I got pretty good at it, able to get around 5-15 breakthroughs per 50g of powdered root bark. With this in mind, it is needless to say that I had endless dimethyltriptamine at my disposal. I dealt it, I used it daily, and I gave it to friends who were daring enough to try even a tiny bit.

I HAVE broken through, but not to the extent of what I am going to tell you in this trip report, so I have redefined what I call breaking through.

I do not know the exact mg's of all of the times I had done it, but I have a ballpark. I started around 15-20mg when I first made it (first batch), to test the potency. I was drunk at the time, so I had no anxiety, and I voluntarily closed my eyes, to see this extremely odd room with diamonds on the walls. There were three Jesters that kept switching off, opening their hands with something new and amazing (like a miniature tree made of gold and rupees) things. This lasted for around 5-8 minutes. That night I didn't do anymore.

Over the course of the next month I did it almost daily, increasing each time. I started breaking through when I go into the 40-60mg range. But it usually scared me too much, unless I was drunk, to want to do any more.

'sic infit.' (Latin, 'so it begins.')

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Recently, I had been reading all of these amazing trip reports from people and got so frustrated that I have all of this DMT and the only thing holding me back was my anxiety. I decided I was going to do a LOT. I bought 4, 2mg bars, from my friend (I have a huge benzo tolerance, I can eat 5 or 6 2mg bars and still remember what I did the next day). Once I got home, I ate two, preparing for the craziest DMT trip of my life, but I underestimated what was about to happen by using the word 'craziest.'

The bars started taking affect, my anxiety vanished and I became extremely excited to smoke this insane amount (previously to eating the bars I divided out how much I was going to do, so that I didn't die or something, lol). It was about 90mg-100mg. I say about because I had weighed up 87.8mg, then put another amount in that was around 10-15mg more.

I put it in some parsley leaves at the bottom of the bowl of my bong, just enough to clog the hole, then I put the wad of whitish-yellow DMT on top, then some more parsley (I have found that adding weed just makes a lot more smoke and its harder to hold in than parsley smoke, IMHO). I filled the bong with many ice cubes, sat down on my bed, and took a deep breath. I looked at the time and wrote it down on a small piece of scrap paper, it was 10:50pm.

I took the biggest hit I could hold in, held it in for about 10-15 seconds, blew it out. Immediately regular sound disappeared (I had some Tchaikovsky on, its soothing to me) and a loud ringing hit my head. Being as I was still awake, I knew there was still like half left in the bowl. I took another rip as soon as I let the smoke out, held it for about 8-10 seconds, blew it out. The ringing evolved into beeping as I began with the third hit, white noise, and sounds of technology. I took the third hit immediately, held it for about 5 seconds, took another hit, and then another, not even taking a regular breadth of oxygen in between. I just wanted to get ALL of it.

At this point it had been about 30 seconds or so since I took the first hit. My entire room was beginning to turn colors (it started the SECOND I exhaled the first hit), patterns were starting to form on the walls. The beeping and the computer noises started growing and growing. Within the next 3 seconds I no longer had walls, my entire vision was plastered with insanely colorful patterns and shapes. I took one last hit as this was all going on and got the rest of it. I sat the bong down, keeping the hit in. As soon as the bong touched the floor (which was no longer there), I saw odd creatures walking in and out of my 'room.' None of them noticed me, as I don't think any of them had any intelligence of me witnessing them, they looked like cats, but definitely were not cats. I laid down on my bed, blew the last hit out of my lungs, and my vision, within a millisecond of my head hitting my pillow, went black.

Instantly I was flying at hyperspeed through space, past planets in our solar system at first, going slow, then I started flying faster and faster, reaching a speed many times faster than the speed of light. I passed galaxies, I passed stars. Eventually, a huge red star started coming into view. So large that I cannot explain its enormous geometry. I began slowing down, next to the GIAGANTIC star, a space station started coming into view, just on the horizon of the star. At first when I saw it, compared to the enormous star, it looked like an ant. I slowly approached it (I didn't choose to, I wasn't controlling anything, I was just going with the flow) and it started getting larger and



larger as I was nearing it.

When I was right in front of it, there were windows, and I saw people inside. They looked kind of like humans but they were all glowing and were all gender-less (throughout this trip report I use 'He' but that's just for simplicity, they did not have a gender, or so it seemed), they were all looking at me, smiling, it was as if I could feel their joy. The front of the ship (or station) shot out a glowing, yellow line. It hit me and I started to feel a tingling sensation like the peak of a 4 bean MDMA trip. I was beamed onto the ship, directly in the middle, and one, wearing a maroon robe, instead of a white one like the majority of them, said to me 'Welcome, traveler.' He didn't open his mouth, none of them did, he said it telepathically. 'Feel free to follow me, we do not have as much time as you may think.' His voice in my head was so calm, 100% kind, there was no underlying meanings in his voice and this I could FEEL.

He began showing me around the crazy ship, it was about the size of 3 or 4 football fields horizontally laid on top of one another, in a square. It was entirely completely open, all of the controls and people were on the circular edges. But one thing struck me as EXTREMELY odd, there WERE things in the middle of the circle (like the little platform I appeared on), but as I passed a row of them and could see the next row, the row right before was no longer in my way. It was like it was layered, to where I always had a straight shot to my destination. It's really hard to explain, but that's the best I can do.

As we neared the northern edge (I only say northern because I saw an 'N' on this little meter thing [YES IT WAS THAT DETAILED]). He pointed out a window and asked me 'Can you tell me what star this is?' I knew what it was, it was VY Canis Majoris, the largest star visible from Earth, also the brightest. As soon as the name popped into my head, he said 'Very good, this is why you're here, your knowledge of what really matters is what sets you aside from most. You have chosen to let us know that you're not a part of the 'failed experiment' that your entire planet seems to be. There have been many others, such as yourself, that have done the same. But because of how large your population is, there should be millions that have chosen to visit us.'

'Do you know how much time it took for us to create that planet, the one you refer to as Earth?' he asked. 'It took millions beyond millions of years. First, the creatures I believe you call 'dinosaurs' started evolving. We noticed that they just weren't what we were looking for, in over 160 millions of years, they failed to surpass savagery. We had to destroy them, with the meteor. Your kind, and many related others, showed much promise in the speed of your evolution. But now...your kind is ruining your planet, worse than the 'dinosaurs' ever were. We have left you be because many of you have shown potential, but the problem is increasingly worse.'

I asked him (well, asked being, I just thought of it and he would answer), scared shitless, if they were going to destroy us as well, eventually that is. He replied 'We do not have to, you're doing it for us. But, on the contrary, you and your fellow travelers shall live on, among us, after your Earthly being has long since passed. The religious-followers of your home have called our society Heaven.' As if he sensed my fear and confusion, he then put his hand on my shoulder and said 'Follow the path you have chosen, traveler, you will not regret the outcome, that I can assure you.'



Then they all turned to me and bowed quickly.

I thought 'Thank you so much for giving me this knowledge, but I have so many questions to ask, I can't just up and leave.' He replied 'You will see us again and you know how.' I thought 'Okay, but, one thing, how come you're all telepathic?' This time, he replied in words, his voice sounded exactly the same as it did in my head, but I didn't FEEL his thoughts, I just heard his voice, he replied 'American English, era 21st century: Think about it, traveler, if your entire world were telepathic, the consequences would all eventually lead to peace. We cannot lie to one another, we cannot deceive one another. Many have tried, but it IS impossible to hide thoughts, no matter how good you think you are.' 'But, how?' I said, instead of thinking. He thought back again, instead of speaking this time, 'Emotions. But I also know you're asking me to teach you. Well, how can you use an eating utensil? It's just a natural part of evolution... 'Within seconds of him finishing the phrase, the ship started to fade away, I saw more and more of space through the ship, it was like it was vanishing. Then, I started flying back to Earth, much before I got there, the view of what I was seeing began to fade, until I just started seeing the patterns and things again, instead of space. Then I opened my eyes.

When I awoke, I couldn't speak, I didn't even care to watch the trailing open-eyed visuals that were still within my field of sight. I was in absolute awe, I just sat there, staring blankly at the floor. I began, literally, crying, for ten minutes, but not because I was sad, or mad, or happy. The emotion I felt wasn't an emotion anyone has spoken of before and I quickly realized why. You can't speak of it, it's not possible within our vocabulary. The closest I can come to describing it is a combination of anxiousness, regret, hope, love, confusion, completion, and so many other emotions, but no combination of Earthly language for emotions could properly, or even come close to, describe what it really was.

With tears filtering my vision, I saw my handwriting on that piece of paper, '10:50' it still read. I glanced at the clock, '11:12.' To think that almost all of that happened in around 20 minutes of time, is majorly mind-baffling. For a split second I thought that my depression throughout my life was just me knowing subconsciously that I wanted to be with 'them' faster. As usual, I wanted to commit suicide, but immediately I realized: he told me to continue the path I have chosen. I can't kill myself, then I would fail the test. At that very moment, my depression stopped. I've never once wanted to commit suicide again, I've never once thought about giving up since.

This experience has, so far, cured my depression, but it skyrocketed my anxiety. It's hard not to think about what I witnessed and what I was told, it's hard to tell myself 'it was just the drug.' Do I believe it was real? I simply do not know, but if that were all my imagination, I wouldn't mind lying in a bed, with an IV of DMT constantly entering my veins and permanently inhabiting my brain, for the rest of my life.

'Follow the path you have chosen, traveler, you will not regret the outcome, that I can assure you.'