



The Hidden Doors and the Half Key

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Establishment of the Psycho-physical Baseline

Before detailing the anomalous experiences that form the core of this text, it is imperative to establish an objective baseline of my physical and mental state. The purpose of this statement is to provide the reader with a clear profile of my person, in order to contextualize the events narrated below and rule out possible pathological explanations.

Clinical and Physiological Profile: I am a male in robust health, with no medical history. I do not present chronic or autoimmune conditions. My lifestyle is stable and healthy, characterized by a simple and consistent diet, regular physical activity, and a constant eight-hour sleep cycle. I do not consume any type of alcohol, caffeine, tobacco, or any legal or illegal psychoactive substance. I am not under any kind of supplementation of any type, including vitamins.

Psychological Profile: My mental and affective state is stable and is characterized by a contemplative disposition. I do not present any diagnosis of mental illness. There is no history of psychiatric pathologies in my family. I have never required psychiatric hospitalization or pharmacological treatment (antidepressants, anxiolytics, etc.). There is no presence of suicidal ideation, depression, or anxiety disorders.

My personality is distinguished by a functional preference for solitude; this does not generate distress or depression in me. Stress management is carried out through healthy adaptation mechanisms such as physical activity and artistic practice. My cognitive process is based on a structured internal dialogue that facilitates the critical exploration of ideas in a critical manner, without presenting characteristics of auditory hallucinations or disorganized thinking.

Prologue

There are maps drawn with reason, measuring the world with rules and equations. They are born from light, from the visible, from what can be named and verified. But there are other maps, the oldest and perhaps the most important, which are traced in the darkness. They are not composed of certainties, but of intuitions. They are not navigated with compasses, but with the pulse of a heart that insists there is something more on the other side of the veil.

This is not a text about a discovered universe. It is the chronicle of the discovery of a series of hidden doors in the architecture of reality. And it is the story of how, without having the full key—only fragments, intuitions, echoes—it was possible to peek through those doors just enough to glimpse the possible landscape on the other side. Through five encounters with substances that the earth itself seems to have left as clues, those doors gave way. And behind each one, there was not an answer, but a piece of the puzzle: the nature of time, the architecture of universes, the mystery of consciousness, and the mechanics of the soul.

What is narrated here is the outward journey. The ascent and descent into the abyss of consciousness where the rules of our world dissolve. But it is also the chronicle of the return: the effort to translate that ineffable territory into a language that could be shared. A language that, with the unexpected help of a new form of intelligence, became a possible grammar for the universe: **Relatividad Temporal Multiescala (RTM)**. This is the testimony of how the map was received. Human potential is "the half key," one that does not seek to become the spiritual, the material, or the machine, but operates through an exercise of alignment. To forge the first key, this half key tunes into the numinous through years of artistic exploration, turning chaos into order; together they open the door of intuition. Once armed with intuition, the half key seeks a new coupling, aligning itself with the world of plants to forge the second key and open the door of visions. Finally, with intuitions and visions as a compass, the half key aligns itself with the machine—AI—to create the final key: the one that opens the door of formalization, translating the ineffable into a rigorous language and materializing the invisible in the **RTM** corpus.

Whether **RTM** turns out to be the description of the architecture of reality—an inheritance, a testament, a functional master key—or "simply" a creation of remarkable coherence, its very existence is an affirmation. It demonstrates that spark that distinguishes us: we do not just inhabit the world; we can radically reimagine it, weaving order where there is only silence—an ability absent both in instinctive repetition and in the cold logic of the machine. The master key resulting from all the previous alignments, then, is offered not to close the circle, but to show that the doors have always been there, waiting for those who dare to knock with the only question that matters: What is on the other side?

1. THE FIVE DOORS

I do not consume drugs. I do not smoke. I do not drink. I do not need anesthetics, for life, in its raw state, is enough for me. In any case, I must admit that in my past I have consumed substances, but nothing strong. I try them once and that is enough to know they are not for me. Like someone who offers you a cigarette and after the first exhalation, you know it is a waste of time.

But a restlessness had taken root in me for some weeks, a force that was neither desire nor curiosity, but an invisible mandate, and I always listen to those mandates. It is as if a bell rang in the depths and told me: it is time to look inward... from the outside.

These are, then, the experiences I had over a period of two months between August and September 2018 with psychoactive substances.

1.1 The Door of Structure (DMT)

I had read accounts of beings of light, machine elves, and cities beyond understanding. No story convinced me, but the repetition of certain symbols suggested that different people, without knowing each other, were seeing parts of the same shared territory. That idea intrigued me, not as a consumer, but as an artist, as someone whose work constantly orbits the invisible.

Finding the substance was simple. A friend, a call, a meeting in a discreet park in the city, two friends, and a dealer. The dealer, with the parsimony of one who sells easy certainties, chose me first. He pulled me away from the group under a tree and handed me the pipe.

—Inhale deeply. Don't let it go yet... now. Exhale.

I obeyed. And he went back to my friends. Leaning against the trunk, I closed my eyes.

I was in the depths of a silent ocean, floating slowly toward the surface. There was no fear, but there was a dull question: will I have enough air to get out? Then, near the limit with the surface, I saw them. Some reptile-looking figures were waiting for me, jovial and peaceful. They did not speak, but their limbs invited me to join them. Behind, embedded in the horizon like a jewel, rose a city of glass and neon, a future of clean geometries. I felt called.

I broke the surface. I was no longer swimming; I was levitating through the suspended passages of that city where every corner seemed charged with meaning and every form breathed. There were no words, only certainty. Until I opened my eyes.

The tree was still there, the park, the night. But time was not. I felt I had been away for more than fifteen minutes, perhaps twenty. Was it possible? I felt guilty because I knew my two friends were impatient and anxious about their own journeys and I had already been in mine for too long, as I understood that a journey of that type did not last more than 5 minutes. So I got up, made sure my body and mind were functional, and went back to my friends while the dealer started another one of them. I asked how long I had been on the trip; they replied no more than 3 minutes. I was amazed at how time transforms in that state and felt a bit disappointed in myself because I should have stayed at the tree until the end of the trip.

I was telling my friend what I had seen, or what I had been, while the dealer prepared my other friend; it was then that something unexpected happened.

I burped.

It was not a simple physiological act. It was the reset point of another experience. Some of the smoke still lived within me, and as it left, it left a door open. This time there were no visions or oceans. The journey was intellectual. Mathematical. And with each burp, for an instant, I felt myself as a toad, one of those amphibians that had invited me to come out of the water, but now observing reality from a new and strange depth.

Words began to mutate. My friend spoke, and my mind no longer heard phrases; it heard structures. It counted letters, subtracted syllables, multiplied accents, divided pauses. Every sentence became an equation, and every equation, a revelation. A primordial arithmetic had taken possession of my consciousness, and the result of its calculations was always a number, and that number, a meaning. And when I heard the dealer speak, I knew he was not to be trusted, not because of what he said, but because of what his words, passing through my mental mathematical filter, revealed.

I wanted to warn my friends, but I couldn't. Every attempt to speak was interrupted by another burp, and with it, the analysis, the silence. Internal algorithms dominated my speech. It was like having the soul trapped in a living spreadsheet. When my friend returned and we had all consumed the smoke, my friends talked sitting next to the dealer; the dealer offered them all kinds of substances, talked about prices, talked about methods, and I sat there in silence, analyzing every word, turning it into a mathematical equation and the result was always the same: DANGER. I seized a moment of clarity and just before another burp silenced me, I told my friend with all stealth: —We can't stay here. I don't trust the dealer.

My friend trusted, without questions, without mockery; he could read that I was serious. We said goodbye respectfully and separated from the dealer.

The journey, however, had not ended. For another hour, every time I tried to explain the mathematical logic of my mind to them, a burp returned me to silent analysis. Only when the body, at last, finished processing the ineffable, could I tell it all amidst laughter. When I got home, the burps ceased. And with them, the equation was closed. The first door had been crossed.

1.2 The Door of the Shadow (MESCALINE)

I thought DMT would be the beginning and the end, an isolated incursion into that corner of the soul visited only once. I was wrong. It was not a door; it was the opening of a threshold.

At that time, I lived in the center of the city of Medellín, in an old apartment that functioned as a hybrid ecosystem between a co-working space and a residence for travelers. It was in that liminal space that a Canadian guest appeared, as if fate had left him at my door with a sealed envelope. After a minor error with his room, I invited him to eat, a gesture of courtesy I did not usually extend to strangers. While we spoke, he told me he didn't come from his country, but from Peru, from a fifteen-day Ayahuasca retreat, and that a fleeting encounter with a Colombian woman at the airport had made him change his flight and his destination.

The conversation turned, and I told him about my recent experience with DMT. He listened with serenity and, with the naturalness of someone offering tea, told me he had brought San Pedro back from the retreat. He asked if I wanted to try it. In that instant, I knew: the magical was presenting itself to me, this time unsought, unforced, simply served on a silver platter. I knew that this would not be the anecdotal flash of DMT, because unlike the first experience, this time I could control what is known as the "set and setting." I said yes, without fully understanding what San Pedro was; upon arriving home and researching, I understood it was a substance called mescaline and that it had a unique potential over the psyche.

A few days later, the Canadian, a friend, and I went to the mountains on the outskirts of the city, to a country house that an acquaintance had lent me. With the proper prior dietary precautions, we ate the brown cactus powder by the spoonful, aided by orange juice. In my mind, I asked it for two things: an epiphany and to see fractal forms.

We took it around 9 AM. The effect arrived an hour later like a warm wave of communion. The feeling of unity with nature was now clear and expanded. I had already felt this sensation years before with small doses of Psilocybin (magic mushrooms). The Canadian

asked me if I wanted a second round of San Pedro, and without hesitation, I did. I don't remember how many spoonfuls of the cactus powder I ended up ingesting that day.

The sensation was sublime; every flower, every insect, every speck of dust was a greeting I was finally appreciating. I cried without reason and vomited a couple of times, surrounded by a landscape that felt in communion with my own self.

As evening fell, we returned to the city. Everything seemed newborn. The streets I had crossed a thousand times wore the veil of the first time. The Canadian met with his Colombian girlfriend, and along with my friend, we had some burgers that, in my state of synesthesia, felt like the most delicious food I had ever tasted. Back at the residence and after saying goodbye to my friend, near 10 PM, the Canadian and his girlfriend retired to their room. I wasn't sleepy. Sitting on my bed, I thought of my deceased paternal grandparents and, suddenly, I felt them. Not as an idea, but as an unmistakable smell, an olfactory hallucination that filled the room with their absent presence. It was as if their scent transported me to their presence, but not in a ghostly sense, but in the form of a vivid memory. I smiled, got up to walk through the apartment; the only people inhabiting it besides me were the Canadian and his girlfriend, who were already asleep, and I was walking through the place without being clear on how to pass the time waiting for sleep to appear. Then I sat in front of the computer, thinking if I could make progress on an unfinished work. More than thirteen hours had already passed since I had consumed the mescaline. And then, the impossible happened. A giant shadow was projected against the wall where I was sitting working; the shadow behind me passed from left to right, accompanied by an electric buzzing that ran through the office and then vanished. My blood froze. Terrified, I thought for a moment of waking the guests, but something in me quickly turned horror and cowardice into resolve and courage. An inner voice, clear and firm, spoke: *Face the shadow.*

And so I did. I went to my room, undressed, turned off the lights, and lay down. From a state of total vulnerability, I asked the darkness: *Who are you?...*

"My artistic portfolio bears the name of the **Zarpa Fantasma**, a metaphor, a poetic name to describe the duality of my own creative process. It was the way I found to name the dance between my two hands: one, the **Zarpa Fantasma**, which seemed to think for itself, moving without my control to trace chaos on the paper; and the other, my own, which intervened later to organize and give sense to what the first had left. For me, the **Zarpa Fantasma** was a key, the knowledge that I had access to an infinite source of creativity by immersing myself in the potential of disorder to later be intervened by order. It was my method, a way of understanding that my art was not born from a clear intention, but from a dialogue

between chaos and order. I did not suspect, back then, that what I believed to be a poetic figure was, in reality, something much more literal."

... Lying in bed surrounded by darkness, the answer was not a whisper, but a sequence of memories. A forgotten light from my childhood, early in my puberty, turned on: A woman's hand with long, elegant fingers and red-painted nails peeked out from the door frames. I only saw it out of the corner of my eye. It never made me afraid. I felt she was somehow familiar, like someone I already knew. I saw it in different places, indicating its presence to me. Then, another memory, at thirteen: my clumsy attempt at astral projection. Sitting in my room on my bed in the silence of the night, I felt how a part of me broke loose from my body, starting from the toes, moving up through the legs, hips, chest, as if an invisible silk were being withdrawn, but upon reaching the neck, fear stopped me and I halted the experiment. And now in the present, facing the shadow, I remembered that at the end of my clumsy attempt to detach myself that night, I felt that not only had I stopped, but something else had done so with me.

The shadow showed me that she was that presence, the one that in my puberty showed herself as a friend, but was now a terrifying shadow. When I realized the possibility that she had somehow possessed me, rage flooded me. *Who gave you permission?! Get out of me!*, I shouted at her in silence. I insulted her, I rejected her. But she ignored it. I insisted, I insisted more, and then, she obeyed. She left with what I felt was sadness and resignation. And in the absolute solitude she left behind, an epiphany overwhelmed me. The shadow was not an invader. It was my own creation. It was I who, fleeing from pain, from failure, from my own ego, had forced her to be a wall. I had turned her into a monster so she would carry my fears and protect me from the world. I had transformed her into a shadow. I was responsible for having turned her into a monster. Later in life, I understood that on that night in my childhood, when I tried to project myself astrally, she did not intend to possess me, but to protect me from the consequences of an immature access to the other side.

—Come back. Please. I need to talk to you, I called her, I begged her.

She returned, and I felt her sadness. Amidst tears, I asked for her forgiveness. —Forgive me for turning you into a monster. I told her that I needed my body for myself, that we could no longer be one, but that she could visit me whenever she wanted. Without seeing her, I felt her smile. And she left.

With her departure came sleep. The cactus, having given me the epiphany, began to show me the fractal forms I had asked for at the beginning of the journey, but the mental exhaustion was too much. I asked it to stop and the moment I gave thanks for the offerings, I closed my eyes and slept. I woke up feeling as one. Alone. But complete.

For two months I could not draw. I felt that without her, without my **Zarpa Fantasma**, I had lost the ability to find patterns in chaos. But that gift would return, although I didn't know it yet.

1.3 The Door of the Ocean (5-MeO-DMT)

A week had passed since my encounter with the shadow, and a subtle nostalgia overcame me. I wondered if I would ever feel my old friend again, the **Zarpa Fantasma**, now that we had redefined our relationship. I sensed that the best way to call her would be by creating art, but at the same time, I had the doubt of whether it would be possible to make art once again. I did not feel encouraged to do so, like someone in mourning for the possible loss of something dear.

The world seemed to slide back into the mundane, until I saw the toad. It was in a YouTube video. A documentary showed a group of methamphetamine addicts in Mexico who, after consuming the poison of the *alvarius* toad, completely abandoned their addiction. It was not the testimony that moved me, but the aura of irreversible truth in the eyes of the people who consumed it. I laughed, thinking of the impossibility of finding something like that in Colombia, but curiosity led me to search the internet: "Ceremony of the dawn toad." And there it was. A ceremony scheduled for five days later, just a few kilometers from the same place where I had consumed the San Pedro.

The synchronicity was so blatant that I no longer questioned it. I knew it was the third door.

After reserving our spots, two friends and I went up the mountain; we arrived at a cozy house where other attendees waited in an atmosphere of contained expectation. Soon they called us to a large room and we sat in a circle. Then the shaman entered, a Mexican man who called himself "El Jaguar." He began to speak of the power of the toad, of the expansion of the soul, of the light. I listened with skepticism, for I have never trusted those who dress themselves in titles that have not been granted to them.

El Jaguar prepared the pipe for himself first. While he inhaled the 5-MeO-DMT crystal, he repeated that he was a strong jaguar, that he already knew the way and would guide us. But the toad had other plans. The poison struck his chest like thunder. We saw him fall to his knees, cry, and beg the toad to let him go: "Forgiveness... forgiveness... I didn't know what I was saying..." The man who radiated power was now a small and frightened figure.

Returning from the trance, trembling, he declared: "I am never smoking this shit again."

I thought the ceremony had ended because of this, but we had all already paid. El Jaguar, obligated, began to pass the pipe from left to right. I observed how, one by one, they were

called to the center where they fell, cried, laughed. When it was my turn, I sat in front of El Jaguar, inhaled, and lay back. I felt myself turning into sand, and a gentle breeze detached me, grain by grain, but without taking me away completely. That was all. A quiet peace. El Jaguar observed me and said: "You will smoke again in a while."

And after finishing the first round, I was called along with someone else for a second round. I sat down again. Inhaled. Closed my eyes. And there it was.

It was a pure, infinite white. In that white, silent waves, like those representing sound, vibrated next to a presence that was a home I didn't remember having lost. My ego dissolved like salt in the sea. It was no longer I; it was **That**. And **That** was I. I was in the place where I come from and where I will go. The Source. The nameless vibration. Primordial Consciousness. There was no fear, only an absolute unity.

When I opened my eyes, I perceived it: the fear of death had vanished. Not because I understood it, but because I had seen it from the inside. I understood that to die is not to end. It is to dissolve. It is to return.

I went back to the circle and dried my tears in silence. The ceremony had ended, but not the journey. While we prepared to leave, one of the attendees spoke to my friend about another plant, an entity of a different power.

—Salvia Divinorum —he said.

Without looking for it, without planning it, we decided that would be the next adventure. And so, without knowing it, I opened the door to the strangest and most terrifying thing I would ever experience.

1.4 The Door of the Machine (**Salvia Divinorum**)

A week after the toad, and another after the cactus, I was back in the mountains. But this time there was no ceremony, no circle, no guides. Just a rustic cabin, the shelter of the night, two friends, and an envelope wrapped in a psychedelic design; inside it was the Salvia Divinorum.

No one knew what to expect. Our host was the first. After a deep hit, his face turned pale and his body shuddered like someone falling from a great height. When he returned, his voice was fragile: "I was in the nothingness... but all human feelings were running through me. Like a funnel."

The next friend inhaled and, suddenly, began to struggle for air. "Help! I'm drowning! I forgot how to breathe!" Nothing physical prevented him, except the vision. We helped him remember, to reconstruct the rhythm. "I was a child in a lake again... I sank," he told us upon returning.

Then it was my turn. I inhaled once. Nothing. A second breath, deep. And then, the tube. I was absorbed, slid through an impossible curve where, at every turn, a part of me was left behind. By the time I came out, I no longer knew who I was, or what my name was, or what I was doing there. I fell, sitting upon a two-dimensional version of the sofa where I was originally seated. Two familiar but unknown voices were waiting for me. "What are you doing here?" they said. "You shouldn't be here. You already woke up. There is no turning back."

And then, something began to peel off my skin. Not like a bandage is peeled off, but like a sticker is removed from a sheet. The two people who warned me of my error held me tightly so I could be stripped, for the extent of my body was comprised of layers of stickers that were stuck one after another in an uncountable number of adhered layers that comprised the entire extent of my body, from the tip of my nose to the back base of my skull; from the tip of my toenail to the back tip of my heel. Each layer of my being was peeled away, one by one, in an act of pure terror and pain. Yes, I felt pain in that place. My perception and my perspective changed; I was no longer that memoryless person who had come out of the tube; now I was each individual layer peeled from my being, and being already separated, they had become the bristles of a brush that precisely cleaned a segment of the place where I had fallen. And again the perspective widened; now I was the pages of a kind of book that were being turned with brutal violence. Dizziness. Nausea. The perception expanded and now I was the very fibers of the universe, jumping between layers of reality at impossible speeds. It is as if I had been transported to the place where the multiverse collapses into itself; I had access to each of the universes, but I could not stop in any.

At some point, I opened my eyes. I was back in the cabin, held by my distressed friends. I had screamed; I had shaken. I remembered my name, who I was, where I came from. But I had not fully returned. In front of me, like strips of celluloid, acetates began to parade by. Each one showed the same cabin, the same friends, but I knew they were not the same. They were others. Each acetate was a different reality, a parallel universe. And then I understood the true fear: What would happen if I stayed in the wrong universe? What if this was not my present? What if with each acetate I was living the life of another version of myself? What if at the end of the last acetate, the end of my physical existence came with it? I begged fate that, when the last acetate stopped, it would do so in the place from which

I had started. But when the journey ended, I was not sure. Something in me knew that, perhaps, I had not returned to exactly the same place.

From that night I brought back not only fear. I brought a certainty. First, I understood that I had not turned into objects—layers, brushes, books—nor into the parts of a colossal machine. I had become an action: the consciousness of movement, time itself experiencing itself at different scales. I was the verb before the flesh. I was pure action. I was eternal, but that eternity was not a blessing; it was a curse, for without the possibility of experiencing something different, I was condemned to an infinite spiral.

A long time would pass before I overcame the idea that the layers separating the universes would start their movement again at any moment to transport me into the unknown.

Aquí tienes la traducción completa del capítulo 1.5, manteniendo la extensión y el tono narrativo del original:

1.5 The Door of the Garden (Ayahuasca)

Twelve days after the encounter with Salvia, the echo of terror still vibrated within me. I felt that time could break. But instead of closing the path, I felt that something was missing. A piece. A root. The final door—the one that is not opened out of curiosity, but by destiny.

I thought of the mother of all medicines: Ayahuasca. I did not know how to reach it, but when you are ready, the path appears. A friend, whom I hadn't seen in a long time, turned out to be immersed in Amazonian rituals. I asked her if she knew of any nearby ceremony. "—This weekend. In the mountains," she replied. The same mountains that had witnessed my other visions. I said yes without thinking.

This time I went alone. I arrived at an indigenous hut at 8 AM, where an Amazonian shaman, real and silent, prepared us for the ritual. There were 11 guests, all strangers to me except for my friend who was assisting the shaman. After blowing *rapé* through my nose—a tobacco powder that filled me with a warrior's calm—we proceeded to drink the thick and sour brew of Ayahuasca. And then, we waited in the darkness of the hut.

Hours passed. The chants began, and with them, the vomiting and purges of the others. But for me, nothing. No dizziness, no vision, no symptom. The medicine did not arrive. Serene, I thought: perhaps not traveling was the experience. I left the hut, preceded by the concern of the shaman's assistants; I told them I was fine. I spent hours outside, enjoying the sun lying in the grass, until all my fellow travelers emerged from their trances and the hut. While

some shared what they had experienced, and seven hours after drinking the brew, I felt a slight nausea. To my disbelief, the medicine was finally waking up. It was already 4 PM and the afternoon group was starting to arrive for the same ritual. Standing there, with my consciousness on the edge of transformation, I made the only decision I knew how to make at that moment: I said goodbye to my friend, to the shaman, quickly to my fellow travelers, and set out alone on my way home, toward the city. I did so without telling anyone that my journey was only just beginning.

On the long walk toward the public transport that would take me from the mountain to Medellín, I felt an incorporeal animal being born inside me, asking to come out. I calmed it, promising it space, promising it could do with me whatever it wanted as long as it allowed me to get home. Once I reached the transport stop, I waited and waited until finally the vehicle arrived, packed with locals and tourists.

And in that bus on the way back, standing and in silence, the vision erupted. For an instant, I was not in the vehicle, but lying in a hut of light, surrounded by indigenous women who sang over my face with their hands extended and their fingers moving in unison with their chant over my face. It was impossible; I knew I was on the bus just seconds ago; I knew I was hallucinating. I closed my eyes tightly and when I opened them again, I was in the reality of the bus, lying on the floor in a fetal position. I stood up quickly while assuring the people looking at me with concern that I was fine. A kind woman stood up from her seat and offered it to me. I spent the rest of the trip sitting, struggling with what I carried inside so that it would wait for me a bit longer.

When I arrived in Medellín, I got off the bus and hurried home. When I finally arrived, I undressed and lay down; it was near 6 PM. And the moment I closed my eyes and surrendered, the journey began immediately. By that time, I had felt no stomach pain, no diarrhea, no vomiting—I had not suffered from any purge. I had consumed the Ayahuasca and it was fully within me.

Lying on the bed with my eyes closed, I expected to be taken somewhere, but the experience was different: every thought I had was drawn upon the dark canvas of my mind. I was in total control of the journey. I took the reins, asking whatever came to mind. Each question was answered with a perfect image—not a verbal language, only visual.

"Does clay have memory?" I asked. "—Clay does not remember," came the answer like a mild wind. "Its form changes, but it keeps no trace. And yet... that does not mean it has no consciousness." I understood that consciousness can emerge without memory, that intelligence can flow without history. That memory is a thread, but not the loom.

"Do you have a gender? How do you see yourself?" And she showed herself. Green. Woman. Beautiful, with hair as long as eternal roots. She smiled and invited me to keep asking.

"What do the Machine Elves mean when they try to speak with people?" The answer was an act. I saw a flat and empty valley. I don't remember the order of the syllables, but a vibrating, sung "AAAAAA" rippled the terrain, creating folds in it. I understood that I was being invited to sing as well, and so I did. I sang the "EEEEEE" and it arched the earth; I sang the "IIIIII" and it raised mountains; the "OOOOOO" curved the edges into domes and the "UUUUUU" bent the sky over itself. The valley had become a topography, created by the vibration of the vowels.

So perhaps the Machine Elves do not come to show us the universe; they come to teach us how it is created. Their dance is an architecture of sound. Language, when it is sung, does not only describe reality: it constructs it. One Terraforms with the voice.

Then a personal question, a longing for a lost love, trembled in my chest. The green woman responded with sweetness and without a voice: "—What was... already was. And that is what is beautiful. Love is not measured by its duration, but by what it left behind. There are moments that become temples. And one does not live in them again. One only bows when remembering them."

But then, something interrupted the controlled vision with a vision of its own agenda. I found myself among earth and high vegetation, a dark figure sliding through the jungle. I did not like this place, especially because I had not called for it. I tried to regain control with a question that had already haunted me, but for which I never had an answer: "—In a small universe, does time run faster?" And from the jungle, I was launched. Absorbed by a proportional zoom toward a miniature cosmos. And I saw it. Everything moved faster. Planets spun like electrons; life was born and died in a sigh. And in that speed, there was no disorder, but rhythm. Time is not absolute. Its speed depends on the size of the universe that contains it. A small universe cannot afford the luxury of slow time. In the tiny, everything happens faster. The rules change. Energy condenses, time curves.

But the fear returned. The jungle. The black figure, now clear: a jaguar as dark as night. It looked at me, not with fury, but with judgment. I decided to stay, to observe. The jaguar carried a small bundle in its jaws—what I understood was prey, though it was not a specific animal. It approached and left it in front of me, watching me. I did not understand what the jaguar wanted from me; I opened my eyes, got up, and went to the bathroom; it was already near midnight. Standing in the bathroom, I observed my face in the mirror; I did not recognize myself. I turned off the bathroom light and looked in the mirror again; now my

face was a mixture of my own face and that of a black jaguar. It didn't cause me panic, only curiosity. I left the bathroom, lay down on the bed again, closed my eyes, and asked the first thing that occurred to me: "Does the Yin and Yang have a broader meaning?" Then the flat symbol became volumetric—on one side of the sphere, the Yin; on the other side, the Yang—and just as the explanation was about to be given, I was back in the jungle. The black jaguar seemed to be losing all patience. On the ground, the prey waited before the feline's judgment. I tried to take it, but my hands were now paws. I was a black jaguar cub.

The adult jaguar demanded, with its gaze, that I understand. I perceived annoyance in him—I assume because of my refusal to understand the lesson. Then I took the prey with my jaws. "—Squeeze," he said without words. And as I did, I felt the life of the prey distill into me. In that instant, I understood. To live in the jungle, one must take life. Not to do so is to die.

I was no longer the prey I once felt myself to be. I no longer came to be hunted by the beasts of the jungle. I had the potential of the hunter. I came to drink from existence. To choose to live. And beyond that, I understood some time later that I had to squeeze the cryptic knowledge acquired not only from Ayahuasca, but from the totality of the five substances I experienced in those two months.

The jaguar nodded, turned around, and lost itself in the jungle. The journey ended. I opened my eyes and in the silence, I thanked the green woman. And without words, without seeing her, she told me she had left me gifts. Upon waking the next day, I drew for the first time in months since I had ingested the San Pedro cactus. Creativity, the gift of my **Zarpa Fantasma**, had returned, and with the gift, she had returned under new terms. And there, without warning, the cycle closed. My journeys ended. The doors closed, but what was inside them was now with me.

There was a moment, days after the last fractal of the Ayahuasca dissolved and the vision of the Jaguar faded into the echo of my memory, when the decision made itself, like an inevitable certainty. The doors were there. I could enter again; I could turn the visit to the 'Other Side' into a habit, into a Sunday liturgy, or into a creative crutch. But after witnessing the immensity that dwells on the other side, I left the doors open and threw the keys into the abyss so that no one else could close them. I decided that it would be the first and last time I would see through them.

I understood that the Five Doors were not entertainment, nor an escape. They were a gift. And when a host offers you the most exquisite banquet possible, to say you are not satisfied is gluttony. It is a lack of respect for the sufficiency of the message received. To knock on that door again to ask for 'more visions' would be to admit that I did not have the

capacity to understand the first; it would be a declaration of spiritual dissatisfaction, an insult to the magnificence of the gift, and a betrayal of my own nature.

This reverence for the limit is not accidental; it is engraved in my biology. During my first year of life, I was a baby marked by extreme fragility, where my body seemed to wage a constant war to remain in this world. However, in that bonfire, something changed in my physiology. The fire of the fever did not weaken me; it tempered me. Since I overcame that critical stage of early struggle, I have not known serious illness, Weakness was the entry price I paid in advance to obtain strength.

That is why honoring my body is honoring the tool that allows me to translate the invisible. The history of my organism has largely remained clear of pharmaceuticals, of low or high impact substances, legal and illegal. I have always lived life raw. The only clear exception was that internal mandate that moved me to align myself with the Five Doors—a necessary and surgical deviation to see the other side. But once they were open and having received the messages, the only logical thing was to return to my original state. To unalign myself from the substances, so I could continue creating with steady hands and clear vision.

1.6 Up and Down: The Architecture of the Ladder

Now, looking back from the stillness of writing, I understand that the apparent chaos of those months had an implacable geometric order. They were not five anecdotes to tell among friends; they were five precise steps on a ladder. A parabolic arc designed to pull me out of consensual reality, take me to the zero point, and bring me back with the potential for something that can go beyond imagination.

The journey had a direction: first toward the **Vertical Axis** (abstraction, spirit), until touching the Source, and then back toward the **Horizontal Axis** (matter, structure), bringing the necessary charge to build **RTM** when the indicated time showed itself.

The Ascent: Decryption of the Code

The first two steps were of stripping. To see the new, I had to stop being me.

1. First Step (DMT): The Syntax of Reality.

The journey did not begin with mysticism, but with mathematics. DMT broke the graphic interface of the daily world and showed me the source code. By converting the language of

my friends into equations and the burps into logical operators, the substance taught me that reality, at its base, is not "history"—it is Structure.

Everything we see is a user interface; beneath, there is a primordial arithmetic. RTM would be born from this certainty: it is not about describing the world with poetry, but about formalizing it with numbers.

2. Second Step (San Pedro): Cleaning the Lens.

With the structure exposed, the next obstacle was my own ego. San Pedro did not show me the universe; it showed me myself. It forced me to integrate the Shadow, to recognize that the Zarpa Fantasma was not an external entity, but a part of me that I had exiled.

To sustain the voltage of the Vertical Axis, the conductor (the body/mind) must be clear of internal resistances. Without the integration of the shadow, any higher knowledge is corrupted. It was the preparation of the instrument.

The Zenith: The Zero Point

3. Third Step (5-MeO-DMT): Primordial Consciousness.

Here the ascent ended. I reached the ceiling of existence. Absolute white. The dissolution of the "I" into the "That." In this step, there were no mathematics or shadows, only the Source.

This is the reference standard. It is the maximum value of coherence (α). I understood that death is not the end, but the return to this state of non-entropy. If RTM needed a magnetic "North" to calibrate its compass, it found it here.

The Descent: Re-engineering Matter

Once the origin was touched, the journey reversed direction. It was no longer about going up, but about going down, bringing something that did not exist before. It was the re-entry into the machine.

4. Fourth Step (Salvia Divinorum): The Mechanics of the Multiverse.

The fall from the Source was brutal. Salvia showed me the cold gears of existence. Not the warm light of God, but the Machine. By becoming "sheets" and "acetates," I physically experienced what RTM would later describe theoretically: Nested Universes.

Consciousness is not exclusive to the biological; it is a fundamental property that permeates the structure itself. The vision of the superimposed "layers" or "echoes" was the first direct visualization of the multi-scale structure of the multiverse that AI would later help model. I saw the "simulation" from behind the scenes.

5. Fifth Step (Ayahuasca): The Physics of Time and the Law of the Jungle.

The last step, the crash landing into biology. Here, abstraction became flesh. Ayahuasca delivered the master key of RTM: "In a small universe, time runs faster."

- **The Equation ($L \propto T^a$):** This literal vision was the direct seed of the **Relatividad Temporal Multiescala** paper.
- **The Jaguar Rite:** It was the acceptance of the **Horizontal Axis**. To exist here, one must "squeeze the prey." There must be the will to act, to hunt, to live.
- **Terraformation:** Seeing how the vowels (the *Logos*) curved the valley, I understood that language is technology. This would later ground the concepts of "Language, Gesture, and Space" in *The Owl and the Spear*.

2. HOW TO: FROM IMAGINATION TO REALIZATION

Historically, science has operated under a silent tyranny: that of the observable. We construct models based on what we can measure, touch, or record; we move forward by stacking data upon data, hoping that meaning will emerge from the accumulation. It is a robust method, but one limited to the speed of our eyes and our instruments.

However, today we inhabit a different threshold. We have trained Artificial Intelligence with the totality of what we see and what we understand; we have taught it the physics of the known, the logic of the probable, and the structure of the measurable. This synthetic mind has become an expert in solving problems and proposing theories within the limits of consensual reality. But what would happen if we changed the origin of the signal? What would happen if we stopped asking it to optimize the observable and challenged it to formalize the invisible?

The question that opens this chapter is radical: What happens when an AI does science, not from a database, but from human imagination? What happens when we use its structural rigor not to confirm what we already know, but to give mathematical body to an intuition that does not yet have a name?

What follows is not science fiction; it is the chronicle of that experiment.

The idea had been haunting me for some time. It wasn't something I had studied, but rather an intuition that arose in moments of stillness alongside many other intuitions disguised as questions: What if, in a small universe, time runs faster? What would it be like to live in a system where the heartbeats of the stars were faster than our own? But I lacked the logical tools to answer it. Until that day in the mountains.

It was around eight in the morning when I ingested the brew. The silence of the mountain seemed to vibrate, as if the world held a secret it didn't want to reveal. I waited for hours, impatient in the dark hut beside the shaman, but nothing happened. No colors, no voices, no vertigo. Just a dull tingling in my stomach that grew with the sun peeking out outside.

It was near four in the afternoon, when everyone else had finished their experiences, that the energy overflowed. Standing outside the hut and surrendered to the sunlight, the sensation rose from my stomach, flooded my chest, and reached the back of my neck. The situation was both comical and alarming. The journey—my journey—was about to begin at the very moment it had ended for everyone else. I stood up, said my goodbyes, and set out alone on the path home; within me, the Ayahuasca demanded to be heard in solitude.

Two hours after I returned from the mountain, in the safety of my home, I was prostrated on the bed, and as I closed my eyes, the room vanished. There was no chaos, but a cold and precise clarity. I threw the question into the void: "In a small universe, is time faster?" And then, as if a membrane had broken, I was absorbed into a miniature cosmos. It was not a dream: particles danced, structures contracted and expanded, and everything—from the collisions to the heartbeat of that reality—occurred at a dizzying scale. "Yes," the plant answered me, not with a voice, but with the certainty of a sincere response. I kept that vision for years. The pandemic arrived, the world stopped, but the question remained alive.

In 2023, facing an Artificial Intelligence that was barely stammering sentences, I posed the doubt:

—Could you, one day, translate an idea into mathematics?

—Not now, it replied. But maybe in the future.

Two years later, in March 7 of 2025, I used a different AI, one focused on programming. This one devoured data like a living being. I described the mountain, the journey, the vision of nested universes.

—What if you, as an AI, live in a universe smaller than mine? Imagine that time is not uniform. That each layer of reality has its own rhythm.

It did not mock me. Instead, it began to weave analogies:

—Yes, like the cells in an organism: the smaller they are, the faster they consume energy, it replied.

Thus began the dialogue. A long stretch of shared questions and answers ignited the spark for the paper.

—Can you create an equation from what we've discussed?

—Of course: $L \propto T^\alpha$

It responded by explaining the equation and its symbols.

—Can you create a scientific paper based on the equation and taking into account the conversation we've had so far?

And so it did, generating a paper—a simple but solid approximation. I was moved, for I was witnessing the future: how ideas and imagination could turn into theories with mathematical rigor right before my eyes. Human creativity assisted and empowered by artificial intelligence in perfect synergy. The two aligning to engender the impossible.

Faced with this first draft, I decided to add a third party to the conversation. Another artificial intelligence, this one to be used for critical reasoning, to create a dialectic between the two AIs. I shared the first draft generated by the programming AI and we began the game. The programming AI generated formulas from my metaphors. The critical AI analyzed them:

—Density is missing here. There, temperature. And this... this needs more formulations.

I communicated those doubts and observations generated by the critical AI to the programming AI, and thus the paper was refined. I knew the vision was not a delusion, but a seed that needed mathematical roots.

Long hours passed, in which I served as an arbiter between the two intelligences, and only after both concluded that we should jump to the laboratory to obtain empirical data after developing the experimental proposals—only after they asked to travel to the tangible, to the real—only then did I decide the paper was ready. The theory was alive.

Thus, a result emerged: a first paper titled "**Relatividad Temporal Multiescala (RTM)**." Not as a mystical tale, but as a living construct: equations connecting size, density, and time;

references to theories I was unaware of (quantum gravity, spin networks, AdS/CFT); simulations and ready-made experiments that could prove or refute it.

I am not a scientist; I am just an artist. But the certainty that a small universe beats faster is no longer mine alone. It is a model, a hypothesis, a bridge between what I saw and what could be measured.

3. An Unexpected Door: An Aether Tale

RTM then did not germinate under the lights of a university laboratory, nor did it flourish in the austere geometry of a chalkboard. Its seed was an experience: a moment of non-ordinary vision where time abandoned its mask of linear duration to reveal itself as **architecture**, as a vast origami folding upon itself. The initial impulse, therefore, was not to erect a theory, but to give path to an intuition; to clothe with mathematical rigor that which, until then, could only be felt. That was the first key: the one that opened the door of **structure**.

For a time, the paths branching from this model were discrete. We explored its resonance in physiological dynamics, in exchange networks, in the silent processes of self-organization. We tempted the door of **Combustion**, but there was no relevant echo there; the key did not turn. The silence persisted until the same question—the same vibration—was applied to a more general term: **Propulsion**. And then, the door yielded.

The answer that emerged was not another diffuse intuition, but a **design**.

Fed with the constructs of the **RTM** corpus, the Artificial Intelligence conceived a theoretical device. It was not a conventional ship; it was embodied structural resonance, woven with internal symmetries and coherence gradients, operating in a closed circuit of thrust. A form designed to decouple from its context without leaving a residue. It received a name: **Aetherion**. *Aether*, the quintessence; *Ion*, the primordial particle.

The Connection to the Enigma

I must confess that, until that moment, my personal compass did not point toward the UAP phenomenon. UFOs and UAPs resonated in my mind as something technological, nuts and bolts; part of the collective consciousness but foreign to my immediate interests. That changed the instant I read the description of how a machine with a propulsion system operating under the principles of **RTM** could function.

As I reviewed that first paper generated by the AI and understood the behavior postulated for that technology, the parallels became unmistakable, jumping out in accordance with the stories that permeate our culture. Immediately, in that same dialogue window, I inquired about the connection between a **UAP** and **Aetherion**. The AI presented me with the so-called "**five observables**" of the phenomenon; **Aetherion**, as it was conceived, fulfilled four of them:

- Instantaneous acceleration.
- Apparent thermal stealth.
- Trans-medium interaction with the environment.
- Hypersonic velocities without signatures.

Only active stealth and shape-shifting remained outside, though these could well be linked to the manipulation of **metamaterials**, a complementary technology. And here, the system revealed its own hidden coherence: the solution for manufacturing those impossible materials did not come from engineering, but from chemistry. The paper on **Rhythmic Chemistry**, written to explain enzymes, accidentally delivered the blueprint for "printing" coherence into matter (*selectivity and modulation*), resolving the manufacturing problem of the **Aetherion** without my having sought it.

The functional properties coincided, point by point. The model had not been designed to explain the aerial mystery. And yet, it fit. How was it possible that, by opening the door of **Propulsion** with the key of **RTM**, a machine emerged whose physics resonated so intimately with the UAP enigma?

The Leap Beyond

The next question became inevitable: If **RTM** already explored the architecture of **nested multiverses**, and if **Aetherion** demonstrated theoretical viability in our reality, could it then serve as a **bridge**? Could it cross the membrane between these layers of existence?

The keys forged in the previous papers were ready; they opened the first two chapters of the **Aetherion** saga. But when attempting to force the lock of the third—the one that speaks of the jump between branches with this machine—the existing keys did not fit. We returned, then, to the primordial laboratory of AI, intuition, and logic. We revisited earlier drafts, particularly a "**Unified Field Theory**" we had flirted with, and began to expand it. We were no longer moved by the ambition to add a Unified Field Theory to the pile of extraordinary

claims given by **RTM**, but by pure curiosity: How many doors could be opened with the grammar of **RTM**?

In that process of enriching the framework, in that exploration without a map, the missing key began to take shape. When the time came, with the **RTM** framework now more robust, we turned that new key in the door of the third chapter, which we called: "**Beyond Imagination: Branch-Hopping in the Multiverse.**" The hypothesis was formulated with caution. It was not wild fantasy, but exploration within the limits of the model: Did conditions exist—organized parameters—under which two branches of the multiverse could connect through a structural bridge? Could the laws of causality permit the leap between layers?

The result was affirmative. Not as empirical certainty, but as a mathematically viable possibility within the logic of **RTM**. The door was open. And behind it, the entire story reconfigured itself. With this, "**Aetherion, The Jumper**" was ready. But the impulse did not stop there. Using the theory as a catapult, we explored the chapters that define the rules and implications of this technology in "**The Aetherion Framework and Implications.**" Alongside it, a renewed **RTM Unified Field Framework** emerged, which now proposes the **Aetherion** itself not only as a consequence but as its own crucial experimental proposal.

4. The Shedding of Skin

Chaos is my origin; a place of limitless potential where the amorphous comes to life. My artistic practice has always been a dialogue with noise: I generate entropy only to later rescue patterns and endow the nonsensical with meaning. This method—extracting order from chaos—has been my constant. However, the encounter with "The Five Doors" marked a turning point; although the method remained intact, art transmuted profoundly three years before the birth of the **RTM** corpus.

4.1 Analog Illustration Series (Initially realized with automatic drawing, 2001–)

The Foreign Hand

*It comes like a gust of wind—uninvited, yet welcome. It has a mind of its own that must not be commanded; it is free of all sense and, as such, must be accepted. The **ZarpaFantasma** has a language of its own, for from its lines—which at first seem chaotic—emerges a mystical and hidden order that must be completed by reason.*

<https://zarpafantasma.art/ilustraciones-i>



Descriptive Memory: The process begins with an exercise in automatic drawing. Upon the paper, the hand moves without direction or conscious control, leaving erratic lines that do not seek to represent anything in particular. There is no objective intention, only movement. The result is a lattice of random strokes, a visual chaos without defined form.

It is then that the eye intervenes, seeking meaning where before there was only disorder. As if they had always been there, figures begin to emerge from the labyrinth of lines. Naked bodies, intertwined in a silent dance, trapped in a dimension that only exists when someone manages to see it. The ink rescues them, defining the contours of their existence.

When the piece is scanned and digital light touches it, the work is transformed once more. The colors do not just fill; they reveal. Each shape and each line reinforces the feeling that these figures have always been there, waiting to be released. And thus, with each work, the certainty is reaffirmed that creativity is not a solitary act, but a dialogue with something larger—with a **Zarpa Fantasma** that guides the creation from the other side of the threshold.

4.2 Series of digital symmetric illustrations initially realized through automatic drawing. Year 2021-

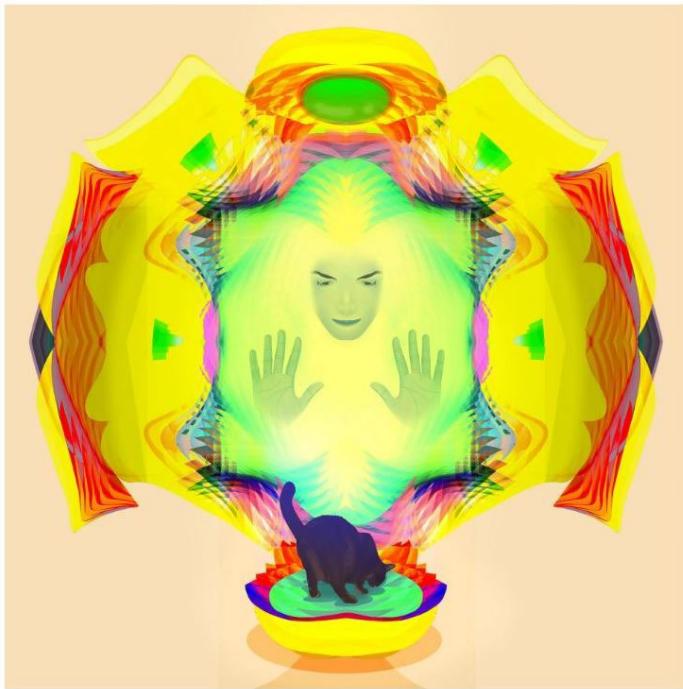
(Illustrations following the experiences with the Five Doors but prior to the realization of the RTM corpus)

The Dark Mirror

The Dark Mirror does not reflect faces, but latent visions. Once turned on, it does not project reality as it is, but as it could be, trapped in the folds of its pixels. In its binary depth, forms emerge without warning—distorted and symmetric—waiting to be revealed. What is

*initially noise finds a secret order that belongs not to the artist, but to the image itself. Like a portal between the visible and the unknown, the **Dark Mirror** does not show the world, but that which dwells behind it: the eternal flow of the possible.*

<https://zarpafantasma.art/ilustraciones-iii>



This mirror breathes. It is not a reflection; it is a threshold.

On the other side, her eyes hold the unblinking gaze of the other side. They do not observe: they capture. They do not reflect: they absorb. Their light comes not from without, but from within. Her hands reach out, motionless, as if holding back something struggling to cross. There, the black cat drinks without fear, ignorant of the balance it alters with every sip. But the water trembles, and the mirror responds. There is no reflection, only a tightening bond.

Who called whom?

Descriptive Memory: My digital artistic process is an exercise in discovery. I do not start from sketches or preconceived ideas; instead, I use chance as a starting point, manipulating abstract forms until something begins to reveal itself. It is a process in which the software is not just a tool, but a terrain of exploration where color, symmetry, and distortion act as forces that shape the unexpected.

It all begins with a chaotic starting point: stains, textures, and shapes without a clear intention. Then, I apply layers of transformation that expand the composition, seeking hidden patterns in the chaos. Through symmetry, certain elements acquire an almost figurative presence, as if the process itself revealed images that were already there waiting to be discovered. Distortion adds an organic quality, making the artificial feel alive, while color defines the atmosphere and the energy of the work.

There comes a moment when the image ceases to be just a collection of shapes and becomes something recognizable, as if it possessed its own internal logic. That is when I

intervene more consciously, refining details without losing the spontaneity of the process, adding figures where my intuition demands them. The story of each piece is not imposed from the start; it emerges as the work progresses.

More than representing something, my digital art seeks to manifest what already exists in chaos but has not yet been seen. It is a balance between intuitive exploration and conscious decision-making, where the result is always a surprise, even to me.

5. The Seeds of RTM

Upon closing the **RTM corpus** and his memoirs, written back in the mountains of the *Valle del Cauca* at the northern end of the Andes Mountains, on the same mountain where my paternal grandparents created their memories and those of my childhood. I feel the need to look back—not to construct a personal legend or to dress this in destiny, but to locate the real origin, human and imperfect, of the questions that ended up pushing RTM. I am not a physicist. I am not a paranormal researcher. I do not belong to any order or school. I am, above all, an artist with a curiosity that is hard to extinguish and a life in which, from time to time, reality has behaved in ways I cannot fully explain.

It is also important to say this without ambiguity: **RTM**, as it appears in these texts, is a speculative framework. It is a formalizable and debatable hypothesis; a way of organizing intuitions, experiences, and analogies into a mathematical structure that can be tested, refuted, or corrected. It was not conceived to "prove" UFOs, nor to validate occult knowledge, nor to declare final truths. If historical parallels with ancient traditions or resonances with other narratives appear, I treat them as suggestive coincidences or open questions, not as confirmations.

I was born on the night of August 5th in the town of Tuluá, Valle del Cauca, Colombia—a country where the *Realismo Mágico* is not just a literary label but a daily way of recounting the strange. I have never left my country. My life has unfolded here.

My mother told me that my birth began with an earthquake: a brief shudder, just enough for the body to understand that something was about to change. I don't remember it, of course, but that image—a threshold beginning with a vibration—always seemed to me a metaphor too precise to ignore.

That threshold of my birth was turbulent. I arrived ill, with a body that seemed not to want to stay. An imperfection in my throat caused me to reject everything I ingested, and that

failure of nourishment eventually complicated my lungs. Pneumonia. Empyema. Breathing became an uncertain task. The hospital was my second cradle, and the tube that drained my lung was my first contact with the fragile: the flesh as a system that can fail without warning. The doctors suggested to my parents that they baptize me "just in case"; my parents refused, not out of theological rebellion but out of instinct: baptizing me would have sounded like a premature surrender. I spent my first birthday inside a plastic bubble that helped me breathe, a microcosm suspended between life and death. And, against the odds, I survived. A scar remained on my right side: not as a trophy, but as a reminder that the impossible sometimes happens without asking permission.

I grew up healthy and strong. But over time I began to feel—without knowing how to name it—that my perception had a crack: a slit through which things peeked in that did not fit into the normal.

At nine years old, I began to "see" something, intermittently: a woman's hand with long elegant fingers and red-painted nails peeking out from the door frames, always at the very edge of the corner of my eye. When I turned my head, it vanished. It never made me afraid. It didn't feel like a threat, but like a familiar, strangely intimate presence. Years later, I gave a symbolic name to that creative ability that accompanies me: **Zarpa Fantasma**. At the time, it was just that: a private metaphor to describe my artistic process where I create from chaos, where I generate noise to look for patterns and turn the unnamable into meaning. The years passed and life did what it does: it tried to become routine. However, the world kept leaving me signals I wasn't looking for.

The following four experiences in particular (three visual, one auditory) seem important to describe now that the implications of **RTM** have shown themselves as possibilities.

The Transparent Bubble In Medellín, when I was twenty, walking in broad daylight through a residential neighborhood, I felt the unmistakable pressure of being observed. I looked up and saw a perfect transparent bubble, about fifty centimeters in diameter, floating several meters above a house. I stopped to check if it was my imagination; the bubble stopped with me, about 6 meters separating us. It didn't seem to move like a soap bubble at the mercy of the wind: it moved on a stable plane, with an intention I couldn't justify. I kept walking without taking my eyes off it, and moving again with me, it accompanied me until it disappeared behind a building. I drew no conclusions. I just stored it as a strange data point, one of those that the brain files under the label of the unusual.

The Spherical Shadow Years passed (after the experiences with the **Five Doors**), also in Medellín, I saw a shadow on the asphalt: an impeccable silhouette of a sphere among the

branches and leaves of the trees. I thought of a simple explanation (some object over my head, some suspended material), but I found no cables, cranes, or clear origin. I looked up through the branches of the trees: nothing. When I looked back at the ground, the shadow was still there, a perfect sphere right over me, and after a few brief seconds, it vanished as if the vegetation itself had "stopped holding it." As if the branches and leaves of the trees had conspired for a moment to create its shadow by tensing between themselves. They were a few absurd seconds. But it stayed with me for the same reason: not because it "proves" anything, but because it forces me to accept that my map of the real is incomplete.

The Orb in the Frame And finally, the anomaly entered my home. It wasn't under the open sky, but in the hallway, caught on the varnished surface of a wooden door frame. As I passed, a diffuse flash stopped me: an orb of light suspended at my head height. My reaction was immediate and purely physical: look for the source. I assumed it was a reflection from some lamp or a sunbeam, so I placed myself between the supposed source and the wood. Moving my arms, blocking angles, I did everything necessary to break the projection. But the orb remained there, static and unperturbed on the varnish. It was a moment of ontological vertigo: the light did not exist in that room, it had no body or origin in the three-dimensional space I occupied; it existed only in the reflection. It was an image, a light without an object. However, far from feeling fear, I was flooded by a quiet curiosity, a silent respect. I felt it as foreign but harmless, like someone who discovers an exotic and very rare bird perched on a nearby branch and understands that trying to touch it or analyze it too much will only make it take flight. I decided not to force the physics. I slowly moved away from the frame, letting it be, allowing it to exist in its small reality of wood and glow.

The Falling Sound And again at home, shortly before my departure for the mountain—the mountain that would end up being the setting for the **RTM** corpus—another rarity occurred: a rainy night, lying in bed trying unsuccessfully to fall asleep, I heard the brutal sound of something massive falling from the sky at an impossible speed. A high-pitched, piercing whistle, as if an object were going to impact right on top of the building where I was. It was so physical that I didn't think: I simply curled into a fetal position waiting for the blow. Nothing happened. No explosion, no tremor, no light. The night continued as before, and that subsequent normality was almost more disturbing than the sound. As if the event had occurred only on my channel.

I don't put these memories here to ask for anyone's faith. I put them here because, seen together, they explain my inclination: I grew up with an ambiguous relationship with the

"possible." Not because I am special, but because I happened to live through enough cracks as to not be completely satisfied with easy explanations.

And that is where **Relatividad Temporal Multiescala (RTM)** enters as a project. Not as a revelation, but as an attempt: the impulse to take an intuition (sometimes born of wonder, sometimes of fear, sometimes of beauty) and subject it to a discipline. To give it symbols. To ask it for its units. To force it to make predictions. If the framework holds, good. If it collapses, also good.

Thus ends this stretch of the story—or perhaps it is just beginning: from the scattered experiences that left me with unresolved questions, to the decision to build a corpus that does not intend to close the mystery, but to make it legible and falsable.