

# Erowid Experience Vaults Report Id: 20236

## Irony in a Shell

by *Freemind*

Dose: T+ 0:00	650 seeds	oral	Morning Glory	tea
---------------	-----------	------	---------------	-----

Body weight:	135.00
--------------	--------

For the last few years I have been very interested in drugs and the higher consciousness. For the last 6-7 months I have been a frequent user of marijuana (4-5 times per week). I have also been practicing meditation over the last few months, and my interest in hallucinogens has been increasing. Over the summer, I tripped on shrooms. It was a very positive experience, as I came to a greater level of understanding about life and the way of things than I ever had before. Five days ago, I decided to try morning glory seeds. I went to a local plant nursery, and bought 6 packs of seeds (there were approximately 65 seeds in each pack). My friend recommended this dosage. When I took the seeds I did not grind them up. They passed through my digestive system without being fully digested, and thus I did not trip on the seeds.

Two days ago I decided to try the seeds again. Before ingesting them, I rinsed them for about an hour. I bought ten packets, and ground them up in a coffee grinder. Once they were ground up, I put them in steaming hot water, and drank the soupy tea.

I began to trip about 30 minutes later. My parents came home, and my friend and I (he had tried to take the seeds but found them too distasteful and threw up) made a quick exit. Minutes later, my parents called my cell phone wondering why there were 24 beers in my room (I am underage). I had to come home, and I was tripping. The discussion with my parents was very interesting. At times when I usually would have been defensive, I was open-minded to their arguments. I did not yell as I usually do, I did not curse. In fact, I agreed with them that the way I obtained the beers was rather unintelligent. They couldn't tell that I was tripping. After what felt like only a few minutes, but in actuality was closer to 30, I went downstairs to my room. By this time, I had nausea and stomach discomfort to the point that I needed to lie down. So I lay on my bed, and closed my eyes, and tried to fight the negative physical effects of the trip. I was immediately thrust into deep meditation. At first, I experienced many close eyed visuals. I wish I could remember them, but I remember only that there were very vivid colors, and the pictures were clear.

Eventually the visuals ceased, and my life began to come into focus. I experienced (that is really the only way to describe it) the middle path. I recognized the coexistence of opposites that is life. I grasped the concept of everything and nothing, that together they balance out into the middle path. From this awakening came another. A big part of the problems in my life could be attributed to drugs. From authority figures, the law, school, parents, drugs were portrayed as the devil. In contrast, I had been making drugs my god. . . my saviour. This was not the way to live. I realized that to release oneself from the ego, one must make nothing their god, and nothing their demon. To have gods and demons is to cling to self-importance. In my meditation I completely changed my views on drugs. I viewed them impartially now.

The closed eye visuals began again, and I started to see colorful mushrooms. Suddenly, I realized that the understanding of the middle path - the knowledge of everything and nothing - that I attained earlier in the trip was the exact same conclusion about life that I had come to when I shroomed months ago. It became clear to me that the drugs were not responsible for this greater understanding of life. The drugs are only a catalyst. The ability to comprehend the middle path, to achieve complete clarity, to reach nirvana, lies within our minds. Yogis do it, Buddhas do it, Shamans do it. And they do it through natural meditation, without the use of drugs. I decided in that instant that no longer would I use drugs to try and achieve these levels of meditation. It seemed to me almost like cheating. And the more one uses the drugs to reach these levels, the more one comes to depend on it.

At this point, I awoke from meditation, and looked at the clock. I had been laying in bed, motionless, for two hours. My arm had been under my head, and it was numb. The nausea and stomach pain returned to me, and was very strong. I decided to take a shower. The hallucinations became very strong in the shower. I sat in the middle of the tub and let the water pour on my head. Unable to puke, I forced my fingers down my throat. I puked only a little. However, I had a very strange reaction to the puke. It was not disgusting, or vile in any way. It seemed completely natural to me, and I pushed it down the drain without any hesitation to touching it with my hand. The water that was collecting at the drain began to take on a reddish appearance, like water mixed with blood. I looked at my legs and arms, and they also appeared to be reddish purple. I enjoyed the shower so thoroughly that I didnt want to leave. But I had been in there for some time, and didnt want my parents wondering what I was doing. So I filled up the tub and took a bath.

After I tripped for another 30 minutes or so in the bath, I went back to my bed. But I was feeling cold, and my stomach hurt, and I was still nauseous. At this point, it was about 1 in the morning, and my dad was working in the next room. I was afraid to leave my room because I thought I would have to confront him. But then, I decided that in light of my recent revelations, confronting him was the best thing. I told him that I was tripping on morning glories, that I had been smoking pot for months, that I had been drinking a lot. He wasn't that upset. I suddenly felt much more comfortable (though still nauseous). I was experiencing severe dry mouth, and kept walking from my bedroom to my bathroom to take small sips of water. For about an hour I would keep walking into the bathroom and try to make myself puke. Finally I forced my fingers down my throat again, and puked a lot. I felt wonderful after that, and went to sleep still tripping.

The next day my parents took me to the emergency room to test for toxins ( they were worried about the fungicides and pesticides that may have been in the seeds). That day felt like a rebirth to me. I showed up negative for all toxins except THC (marijuana). This doesn't mean, however, that morning glory seeds are perfectly safe.

I am a firm believer that one can 'trip' naturally, through meditation. I wont even begin to pretend that tripping on drugs isn't one of the most incredible experiences I can ever have. But as an American in the early 21st century, it is not the time nor the place to experiment with drugs (in my opinion). The risks are simply too great. I am still a crusader for the legalization of all drugs, and I still believe that more good than harm can come from many natural drugs. However, if a person is using the drugs to try to achieve spiritual epiphanies,

I would recommend they try meditation. It is more difficult than just swallowing some seeds, or eating some mushrooms; but like anything else, practice makes perfect. The irony of it all is that I needed to use drugs to allow me to realize I don't need drugs. A paradox. But then, so is life. It only seems fitting that my use of drugs should end in such a way.