I’ve been experimenting with psychedelics for over 2 years now, and I’ve found through my own personal experience, an inherent connection between a variety of psychoactive substances. In particular, I’ve noticed a common trend whilst under the influence of LSD, Psilocybin, Ketamine & Cannabis. As far as dosage is concerned, I’ve only ever taken 1 tab of LSD for every individual experience. Typically 2-4 grams of mushrooms, 1-2 average sized lines of K, or 1-2 average sized bowls of marijuana. To clarify, I rarely combine any of these 4 drugs - with the exception of pot (it pairs well with everything).

The first time I truly had a psychedelic experience, I was attending Shambhala Music Festival for the first time. I had taken one capsule of MDMA, and intended on getting a feel of the land. The capsule of MDMA does not pertain to the experience, but it is worth mentioning as it was definitely in my system at the time. I ran into some friends whilst exploring the landscape / festival grounds, and they offered me a “bump” of Ketamine. Not my first rodeo with K, so I gladly accepted.

It wasn’t until I returned to my campsite, that the experience began. I can recall looking out at a distant hillside, covered with tall evergreens, and hearing a very faint melody seemingly coming from the forest itself. I looked around bewildered, straining my ears to identify the source of this hauntingly beautiful music. It was most assuredly NOT coming from the festival grounds, or any adjacent campsite. I turned to my close friend, and asked him “Dude you hear that…?!" he replied, with an eyebrow raised “what…?" and the last coherent thought to cross my mind / come out of my mouth was “Josh… the Hill People are singing to me…”

What transpired immediately after is almost beyond my ability to describe. The faint, otherworldly music grew louder and louder, and my perceivable reality quickly began to melt away. I was whipped through innumerable alternate realities, dimensions and landscapes. As this was my first time hitting this depth, the intensity and mind-blowing nature of what was happening to me brought on a panic unlike anything I had ever experienced. It felt as if my entire being was becoming a flaming ball of pure energy, but my fear-based resistance was causing me to “feel the heat”.

I fell to my knees, (just outside of my car) and had one hand firmly planted on the ground beneath me. It felt as though without that connection to Earth, I would cease to exist in this reality altogether. Josh could tell I was quickly spiraling out of control, and suggested that I sit in the
car with him. I still have no idea how I was able to stand up, walk 10 paces to the driver side door, and safely plant myself inside the vehicle. Once inside however, the experience kicked into overdrive – I looked around and my car had seemingly become a spaceship. Josh was right beside me, but he may as well have been 1000 miles away. I look up to see the face/head of an alien, just on the other side of my windshield. It looks at me and a sly grin spreads across its face; it’s fascinated that I am capable of perceiving it. I can’t describe in much detail what this entity looked like, but it communicated its benevolent intentions to me telepathically. It offered me a choice – to join it and its kind in a higher dimension, and unveil the TRUE nature of “reality” to me, or to stay here and fulfill my original life’s purpose.

I remember tears streaming down my face, as I weighed the gravity of both options. All I could feel was the immense LOVE this being had for me the indescribable love that the Universe Itself has for me. Josh had resigned himself to playing what he felt was appropriate music, and his selection truly made the experience bearable. At its greatest intensity, the experience felt akin to meeting Creationseeing my Soul for the first time. I thanked the alien for its incredible offer, but respectfully turned it down. I knew that I had to stay here and do the work I chose to take on in this lifetime. When my decision was made clear, the alien smiled and vanished without a trace. I was able to reign in my consciousness enough to look over at Josh and ask him one simple question: “Is this what happens to people at Shambhala...?!?” he thought on this for a moment, and replied “Not alwayswas hoping it wouldn’t be this overwhelming for you...” (I have to add that from my perspective, it was Josh’s Higher Self that answered this questionhis “waking consciousness”). Upon hearing this, I was filled with a sense of reliefmore or less came “back” to reality. I thanked Josh for looking out for me, and went to lie down in my tent to rest, as I now felt completely drained and exhausted.

I had a similar experience the following day, and began to contemplate the nature of this particular festival. I was under the influence of LSD this time, but again, it was definitely not my first rodeo with acid. There was something different about this placepeople there were vibrating higher than most, and consequently emitted an energy that invited higher beings to come investigate. Josh and I can both recall seeing strange lights in the sky, independent of each other’s experience. The remainder of the festival was spent digesting these two experiences, and what they meant for me moving forward.

I have had numerous “deep trips” since then, and each one seems to hit a depth deeper than the last. Regardless of substance choice, I have noticed some commonalities within these experiences. They are; 1. Grid-like patterns appear everywhere I look; Geometrical in shape; ever-pulsing and oscillating. 2. Multiple thought-streams become evident; they have their own commentator and occur simultaneously within my consciousness. 3. Telepathic communication is readily available. 4. There is a spiraling nature to my thoughts; they seem to gravitate towards a central Truth, and as I get closer to it, the speed and intensity of said thoughts increases exponentially. 5. With experience, I can now choose to dive deeper and integrate my consciousness back into the “fabric” of the Universe, or simply enjoy the pedestrian visuals and body sensations. 6. A feeling of “getting the bigger picture” accompanies every experience. 7. Rainbow fractals overlaying my vision are
common at deeper levels. 8. Conversations with my “Higher Self” are guaranteed at every level. Hopefully this entry has been of some value to you, and if not, hope the description of my trip at Shambhala was at least entertaining! Thank you for reading, and happy tripping to you all!