

# A Very First Time Smoking DMT . . . HOLY SHIT!!!

Written by "EZ4U2Shoot" in 2008

An excerpt from *The End of Human Space*

I decided on 65 milligrams. It didn't look like much at all. *Holy shit* "not much" my ass! I wanted to make sure it was safe at any dosage that my ole lady might take, since she expressed some interest in smoking DMT after me. Besides that, I'm confident that I couldn't smoke enough to kill me. I went and smoked a cigarette first and saved all the ashes. I told my wife I was going into the bedroom to do this and she just said "All right."

I put some of the ashes in my small brass pipe, then put the powder on top of the ashes, and for good measure put some more ashes on top of that. Then I lay down on my bed. Using my torch lighter, I remembered to keep the flame an inch or so away from the bowl. It began to smoke and I inhaled slow and steady. I was expecting it to tear the hell out of my throat and lungs, but I found it to be rather smooth and easy to smoke. It did seem a little heavy inside my lungs—I have smoked buds a lot more harsh than this stuff. Hell, I smoked Bugler roll-your-own cigarettes that were way harder on my throat and lungs.

Okay, so I expected to be blasted within thirty seconds from the time I inhaled, but that wasn't the case. I could feel it coming on, but I wasn't blasted. Shortly afterwards, I figure between 45 seconds and a minute from start I was definitely taking off. I was hearing a high-pitched buzz that reminded me of the sound of a small engine racing motorcycle at red line speeds getting louder and beginning to resonate. I think it started resonating in key with the florescent light in the room. At this point, the room began to breathe and pulsate. Then it looked like the paint was chipping off in perfect triangles; not actually the paint, so much as the walls and ceiling

entirely. Everything was falling apart and started to swirl (kaleidoscopic is the perfect description).

The light on the ceiling was the only thing that didn't break up. It was breathing, staring at me, and smiling. It was growing and shrinking and growing. The surface of the light kept coming closer and moving away the whole time everything else was swirling and spinning and breaking into pieces and going back together and flying towards me and away all at the same time. At this point, I could feel a presence in the light so deeply it was as if it was communicating with me. I couldn't hear any words, but it was sending messages to me. I couldn't understand everything it was communicating to me, but I did get, "So, you want to see what I can show you?"

Now, I have read that many people drop the pipe while smoking this stuff. Well, I did not. At this point, I really did not have any sense that I was still laying down in my bed, and the light was telling me "You are still huffing away on that and it is burned out. You aren't going to get much further by inhaling heat from your lighter." Then still not hearing anything from it, but from somewhere deep, the light seemed to yell, "PUT THE DAMN PIPE DOWN!!! IT'S TIME TO GO!!!"

The next thing I know: everything explodes. The room that was swirling triangle pieces, the light that was pulsating and breathing, my body broke into billions of pieces and started swirling kaleidoscopically with the rest of everything else. Then my head popped like a confetti ball and I came flying out of it. A million miles per hour straight to the moon. And we stopped. The light "was gone," yet it was not; it was with me. It was all around me. It was inside me. It was me and it was something separate. It was light within darkness. And, it was darkness within the light.

Like a candle in a dark room except it was upside down, inside out, all turned around, and backwards going sideways. It existed but it did not. It spoke without speaking. It told me, *"Look and see."* I looked down.

The earth was like a being in and of itself. It was ill. It was infested with parasites and viruses. Destroying everything. Killing everything. Killing themselves. Creating scars upon the surface of the earth that will never completely heal. The earth was coughing and hacking as if to expel phlegm from the lungs. And then it was becoming feverish as if to fight off this infection; it is becoming feverish; it is coughing and hacking; it is in pain; and we are the scourge upon it, cutting deeply into its flesh, torturing it.

Then I heard, or felt it say, *"Hold on and let go."* BAM!!! We blasted out to the edge of the solar system for only a moment's look. Then everything started vibrating and shaking and swirling again, and the solar system began to shrink until it all came together and exploded. Perfect triangular shards came flying towards me at an astonishing speed. And right when I thought the explosion was about to consume what was left of me, I started moving away from it. Quicker and quicker. Speed beyond the speed of light and it came into view: I could see the entire galaxy. All of the planetary systems swirling around like billions of balls in millions of whirlpools. Groups swirling around other groups around others still and all of it swirling around a central mass.

What followed was nothing short of awe inspiring. The entity seemed to say, *"You haven't seen anything yet."* Now what was left of me, my spirit, my soul, my consciousness, my sentience exploded. Or more precisely, it seemed to expand at a rate that is indescribable. I started moving out in all directions of space and time at once! *I was becoming those things. I became the galaxies and the planetary systems and the planets and the stars. I became the universe. Or the universe became me, but I became.*

"Time" was long past relevant at this point. My body, spirit, soul, everything that was me was now spread across the entire universe; scattered throughout time; dispersed among an infinite

number of dimensions. And I could feel everything in every capacity imaginable and unimaginable. I surrounded it. I engulfed it. I existed both inside and outside of it.

Then it all began to slip away and out from whatever was "me." The universe, the multiverse, it began to shrink smaller and smaller until I could hold it in my hand. When I reached out, my hand wasn't my hand. It was an extension of myself but it was not. It was nothing and everything. As I held the Verse, it could see simplicity in its complexity. How small it all seemed. Even with the tiny universe before me, I could feel even more. I knew there was so much more beyond time and space and the dimensions of the Verses that existed. Verses within verses within verses, and I realized even with the vastness of the universe: Everything is still microscopic in the scope of It All.

Now the entity that seemed to have left for a bit was back. I felt the words, *"Now we must return."* And the tiny marble-size universe exploded and came flying at me! As soon as I was at the edge of the universe, a hole opened up on the surface and I got sucked into a wormhole through space and time. I was moving faster than ever before. Winding and looping, zigging and zagging, like a roller coaster through fast cork screws and high-g turns and twists. The whole time, vibrating and shaking and bouncing off the sides of the tunnel. Faster and faster. More erratic with every second. And then I busted through the roof and I was in my room. I came to a sudden stop above my bed. I started to slowly float down to the surface. The room swirling kaleidoscopically, but it was familiar and I knew where I was.

The entity was back inside the light again. It communicated with me some more. It said, *"So you don't want to throw up? You don't want to make the sacrifice of the elders before you? Remember this, and never forget: respect them for they are the ones who made all this possible for you."* (About this remark, my wife had asked me what I was making in the fridge earlier in the day. I explained I was trying to make a DMT harmaloid freebase so that it can either be smoked or ingested. When she asked why, I

explained that I would prefer not to vomit from ingesting Ayahuasca and that it would be a lot less likely in a pharmahuasca use.) Then the light just slapped me on the ass.

The next thing I knew, I was flying again. Shaking and vibrating the whole way. Only this time, I brought my body with me. I was bouncing back and forth. Ricocheting off the ceiling and walls. Getting faster and faster until I finally broke through the ceiling and I was bouncing back and forth between the Moon and the Earth. A million times a second I was bouncing between the Earth and all of the planets. A thousand times a second and I was bouncing between my bed and the outer reaches of the universe. It seemed like days had passed since I inhaled that first hit of the Spice. At this point I was ready for it to be over. It seemed like hours of bouncing between my bed and the edge of the universe. I was getting motion sickness like crazy. And then it began to slow down and I wasn't bouncing so far out. Each bounce away from my bed had less and less distance. I was just hoping it would end soon and not take off again like it did earlier. Finally I was back in my room and floating down to my bed. When I came in contact with the bed, it was as if that light was laying me down gently. Caressing my head. Smiling. Then as the force began to slip out of the light and it said *"This is but a portion of a grain of what I can show you."*

I began to sink into the mattress. I was back and the room was still swirling like triangles in a kaleidoscope but it was starting to slow down. I was on my own and alone in my room once again. It seemed very difficult to breath. There was a heavy pressure.

*I was in awe. I was astounded beyond description.* I was sick to my stomach like when you ride a roller coaster after a large meal, but I was now able to control my body. I moved my fingers and my arms; it was as if they had no bones. They wiggled like rubber limbs. The room seemed to reassemble itself, but with a glow. Everything was well defined around the edges. *And I knew*—straight to the toilet. After three or four dry heaves, I expelled. Twice, one after another, very short and it was done.

Then I washed out my mouth and went back into the living room where my wife was watching a movie. She just said "Done already?" I said "Yes, how long was I in there?" and she said, "I don't know. Maybe five or ten minutes I'd guess. Certainly not long." When she asked how it went, the only thing I could really say for a half-an-hour was "Holy shit. Holy, holy shit."

I want to conclude by saying words just cannot describe . . . Language can provide no justice. What I wrote here is only a fraction of the entire experience. It was beyond amazing, beyond awesome, it was simply beyond. Even now after a couple days, I am still digesting it all.

Written by "EZ4U2Shoot", 2008.  
[source withheld]