


MYSTIC - WRITER
VLADIMIR HLOCKY



TO BE READ ON CANNABIS

**JOURNEYS
BEYOND EARTH**

VOLUME I

JOURNEYS BEYOND EARTH
VOLUME I

**A COLLECTION OF WRITINGS
TO BE READ ON CANNABIS**

by Vladimir Hlocky

“Mystic-Writer”

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PREFACE & INSTRUCTIONS

Greetings, traveler. Welcome to Chapter Zero.

Consider me a line of text and for what it matters, your guide. Please, seat comfortably and allow me to steer the wheel of imagination. Just read. Sentence after sentence, follow my lead. I will be your light on the darkest of seas.

But first, let's clarify what Journeys Beyond Earth are about. In the most basic sense, they are a collection of writings meant for two eyes at a time, although I acknowledge their use in a therapeutic setting. They should give you intimate, penetrating, reflective, even transcendental experiences. They are like spacecraft with a single pilot seat for self-exploration.

To achieve the described effect, each writing is provided with a set of instructions. It's **mandatory** you follow these instructions. I'm not kidding you. Remarkable stories don't have to come in chapters. They can have the same impact on one page – but the instructions *are* the difference between having an epiphany and an ordinary read. In the most ideal case, you should read the writings after meeting all points. Let's run over them in detail.

Probably the selling point of this book is the requirement to read it while high on cannabis or psychedelics. I presume you, the reader, acknowledge their use in treatment of various forms of psychological disorders and in therapy but also value their capability for discovering one's true nature and self. Steadily as the world is recognizing their potential, I aspire we go a step further and set this beautiful trend of reading while in a high state.

This activity should not replace a full-blown trip.

Therefore, the dose ought to stay manageable; depending on your ability to read while high. The following writings should be relishing, enlightening, fresh and fun reads. They are meant to be chewed upon, contemplated, felt rather than thought-through; they are inherently trip-kickers or fellow companions that you “hug in the afterglow”.

If cannabis is out of your reach, either keep the activity for later or proceed to carry out the rest of instructions. Your second-best shot for attaining a powerful state (if I exclude psychedelics) is through the practice of holotropic breathwork; a method of breathing developed by Stan and Cristina Grof. I encourage you to research further the technique, the process, and inherently the dangers associated with it. Relevant links are provided in the Appendix at the end of the book – I recommend you visit it before continuing. If done properly before reading, mere five minutes of this technique will induce ground-shaking states, in which you will understand the following texts intensely. Maybe even cry at some of them. It is by far the most profound breathing technique I have come across in my life.

As mentioned, psychedelics are a suitable alternative, especially if you are able to read under them. Remember, this book should not be read frivolously. You should always stick to either cannabis, psychedelics, or holotropic breathwork when reading *Journeys Beyond Earth*. I consider them a holy trinity of the instructions.

One should get into a clear-headed, tranquil mood before reading and set a positive intention, which helps to bestow the right atmosphere and expectation. Repeat the intention, feel into it, speak it from the bottom of your

heart. You will find applicable intentions in each instruction set as well as manually selected music.

The provided audio tracks are clickable via hyperlinks but can easily be found online if the videos are missing. Simply search for them on YouTube, etc. Sound is more than half of the experience. If not stated otherwise, it is recommended you let the music unfold in the background on a **loop**. If the tracks are causing a distraction while you read, you can play them beforehand to get a grasp of the writing's ambience.

In some writings, you are additionally given the option to choose from multiple tracks. In others, you may encounter a star sign (★), which signals the given track should be played at a specific time during the read.

Optionally, I have found 3D audio tracks to work just as well, if not better, at immersing you in the experience. You may pick your favorite spatial track, such as instrumental or natural sounds. Keep in mind this option is not widely presented in the instruction sets but is possible.

The font was enlarged for each writing. It will be easier to read while you are high. Keep that in mind.

Finally, a word of notice about the forthcoming volumes of Journeys Beyond Earth. I plan to release new collections yearly while still tinkering with the writings' length, number, format, and evocativeness. More information is given in the Appendix, which you should read before continuing down the rabbit hole.

This is a lifetime project; one I consider my life's work. May Journeys Beyond Earth bring you to love and authenticity by overwhelming you with beauty. When I ought to read them from your point of view, may they provide the

intended value. This life, however, I sit behind the creator's desk. Yours is a journey for another.

What will the next pages uncover is entirely up to you. Let them dissolve your sense of reality, bask in their atmosphere, let your imagination wander. Return to them as often as you please. Let the lines guide you.

I hold one last advice: For a while, forget about everything. Let go of commonplace trouble. Breathe: Let a bubble appear in time, perfectly sealed from your highest aspirations. Within this book, there is no place to perform a search of any kind. Everything is prepared for you. Do not *seek* transcendental experiences, do not *seek* revelations. Instead, be perfectly filled with what is written. Let the text construct reality. There is no life outside this book.

Strap your seatbelt and flip the page, whereat awaits the first writing, the Pocket Universe. Remember: You should read the Appendix first for additional info.

WARNING:

Do not read without following the instructions.

By using this book, you agree to take 100% responsibility for all consequences, and you agree to waive any legal recourse against the author Vladimir Hlocky (“Mystic-Writer”). Some of the writings, insights, and experiences might get really profound and out-of-earth.

THE POCKET UNIVERSE

- *Be extremely present.*
 - *Do not guess what sentence comes next. There exists only one in your reality at a time. Abandon memory. Let the text flow without judgement.*
 - *Set inspiring music.*
 - *[“Vangelis – Alpha”](#)*
 - *Set a positive intention.*
 - *This story will be beautiful.*
 - *It will speak to my heart.*
 - *It will take me onto an adventure.*
 - *Use cannabis before reading to get high.*
 - *Depending on your country's regulatory laws, your past experiences, and your mental state. I do not encourage the use of psychoactive compounds without one's own research and full responsibility.*
 - *To achieve a similar result without cannabis:*
 - *5 minutes (recommended) of holotropic breathwork.*
 - *A dose of a psychedelic adequate to your experience.*
-

In a weathered closet, I saw a universe of irredeemable beauty. My eyes misted over in joy; hardly could I hold the rivers back. A galactic invitation stood in my room.

When I looked closer, I noticed an alliance of galaxies. They mysteriously floated apart, spinning like whirligigs, yet made no sound. They reminded me of cornflakes scattered in milk, unattended and already moist: I wondered where has the child gone from the

breakfast. But strapped in a seat, my soul could only venture deeper into the universe, into the story, into the ever-present unfolding of life which is happening now.

My eyes watered, as I waved goodbye to the alive galaxies. I greeted alluring nebulas. In the clouds of dust, I heard whispering voices. Each nebula abounded with seductively tender hands; a simple graze would melt a thousand human desires. They were pulling me nearer, but I hurtled too quickly to kiss them. I declined down the universe like a comet, trailing fire. All paradigms broke down at that unbelievable velocity – reality was a miracle; the miracle was being captured in my palm; captured nowhere else but in the eternal moment which is happening to you now. The music is perfectly guiding you. Follow it.

I foraged a path through the glamorous nebulas. They sang festive melodies. Long they glittered behind as I approached a monotone realm of black holes. With a sinking feeling and quiet lungs, I snuck around the gargantuan acupuncture in space. Hungry wolves in the dark. They were always on the move, never to be seen outside shadows. How far were they, I asked? Although their black humming was scratching my skin, what unforeseeable wonders awaited beyond their event horizon? I marveled.

I could not withhold an exalt. I leaned forward

into the closet. The rusted wooden frame was cracking; I barely held onto it with hands. My previous self was spiraling down the infinite magnitude of the cosmos.

In the blink of an eye, I saw Betelgeuse, and beyond its magnificent gleam I saw Neptune shivering in an arctic tempest. I did not have a blanket at the time. With regrets I commenced a silent flyby past the solemn planet.

Before I wiped my eyes, a thunder struck and pierced my vision in half. Earth was calling upon me – I leaned farther into the closet, pushing the body's utmost tension. Sounds of rage and despair hit me like a drought. The world was at war. Above dusky shades of Mars and below the celestial plane of Venus, women were buried in debris and children cried under trails of whizzing bullets, and amidst the pain and suffering I saw forests on fire and sobbing whales being butchered alive. Chaos, a completely spun-out-of-control chaos, one would exclaim! I discerned a subtle puppeteer's string, however, leading the state of disarray. It was love... A twisted, limited form of it, but love, nevertheless. This speck of dust was home to vastly deluded beings who ordained endless cruelties, who elected and lived under the reign of mad kings and supreme leaders, who were meanwhile capable of great affection and friendship, who were dreaming of not being in a dream, and thus they made hell of the sole, pale blue heaven

they had. The music guides you. Do you notice?

Straining my eyes, I swayed to look even closer.

Behind a dusty window, I noticed a human silhouette pressed against the glass. It was you. Your eyes were as watery as mine. In them glimmered a light you had mistaken for a comet's reflection. But I was the light, travelling at an inconceivable speed down the cosmos' infinite scope. It was me; you fool! I attempted to vocalize through language and communicate the truth withal. Did I ache to shout to you from the heavens! Oh, I did. The deafening beauty of yours jailed me in awe. Yet it seemed to have shackled itself in heartless thoughts. You were oblivious to your own beauty. You were a withered flower.

Wake up! I screamed so desperately that waves crashed onto shores. *Awaken to the restless temple of magnificence!* I screamed with my lungs dry. Awhile, a hope flounced around me. Did you overhear the comet's calling? Did you catch the banging voice? But my confidence faltered, as you frozenly lowered your eyes. I lost you, for I failed to reach you, but I could not dwell; you were merely a mote of dust in an infinite universe.

There were things far greater than you.

Into your dust I hence traveled, plummeting into a sea of deep-blue iris. Therein I witnessed orchestras drowning in a clamor. Choirs of tirelessly singing cells made up your body. Their maestro, the great conductor, was nowhere to be seen, until I

came to an awakening that would incite my voyage even deeper. The conductor has been diligently swinging the wand since the birth of time. Never did he strike an error. It was Love, Life, The Puppeteer! What a gorgeous universe resided inside your womb!

At that point, my mind was at craze. Music brought me to an orgasm. Hardly could I distinguish between solar systems coming into life and electrons mindlessly spinning around atomic citadels. But wait. These atoms were not mindless. In fact, far from it. I became wildly alive upon the realization everything I subdued as separate stood on the shoulders of these little creatures. Infinitely intelligent creatures indeed... As these particles perfectly knew their purpose. They spun and pulsed and quivered without anyone advising them how. I could yell at them. Threaten them; *spin faster, or...!* But in that I would kill the spontaneous process of Nature. Life's ingenuity would always precede one's paradigm and would never bend the knee before it.

I sailed past the whirring particles as I had flown past Neptune. I eagerly crossed the verge into unknown. Soon after, the universe dove into darkness. What was left was deprived of everything. Colors, though sometimes too bright for an eye, were gone in memories. So were echoes of chirping birds, though sometimes too irritating. So were all smells

and touches; all of which had previously filled existence with the illusion of *something*. Herein beyond particles, the minuscule silence obliged even the maddest kings to bow in humility. My very existence felt tiny and insignificant, and for the very same reason I humbly broke into tears.

I embraced the lulling peace. The universe was eternally present within me, swaying me in arms – just as it sways you reading this writing. You two cannot be separate. You are sincerely grateful for the breath which gives you life. Your purpose is to explore the beauty of life.

Without a burden, I forgave everyone I had ever wronged. I said goodbye to tranquil nights on the porch and waved in farewell to the family I had left behind. With all my weight I could *finally* let go. At last, I felt the old wooden frame give up in one final crack. I glanced off the frame and dropped through the closet. The universe soaked and soaked. I longed to drown in its absorbing peace. It soaked like a sponge whatever judgement I had thrown at it. The universe appreciated my limited hatred. It repaid me with selfless love. It was too immense. I did not need a mortal self anymore – what a pretentious game that would be. Life, Abundance, Vigor, Harmony, the four noble brothers of the Horsemen of Apocalypse were here, guiding me along in the dark. Each were far greater than their repressed shadows. I was on the brink of submerging into the infinite peace

when signs of sunlight rippled through the void:

Suddenly, a notice came to my senses. The engines were still humming in the dark – I was ploughing forward without a stop! This was the frontier ripe for exploration and discovery. In search of new spectacular mysteries of the universe, I nosed around in all directions, keen on being alive. Here below the roots of rationale, compasses crumbled into futile cog machines. Where were these sensory ripples coming from?

In most mild suspicion, I began to sense an indigo blue color surging out of darkness. I could just discern fluids raising my skin. Were the mysteriously pulling forces actual deep-sea currents, if undoubtedly, I overstepped the graves of spacetime? In hesitant laughter, my eyes shed tears. My chin vibrated, for amidst ghostly blinks I recognized stars aflame. Inside the cosmos' womb not only orchestras sang, but also clusters of stars gleamed! Down the groundless rabbit hole, the holy grail awaited me. The rabbit ate me. I looped around and became Life itself:

I saw deserts in which basked poisonous snakes. I saw an alpenglow of a setting sun comfort anger and bestow calm. I saw the blush of dawn; I saw clouds treading on the heels of a horizon like sheep following a shepherd. I saw eerie tempests which the sun tore apart. I saw mothers without children, and I saw children without mothers. I saw love oust bitten fear. I saw a wingless dragon never meant to cruise

the skies. I saw a flock of goldfish sail against a winding current. I saw the world from all angles, each infinitely more beautiful than the last. I saw a fire that never emitted heat. I saw a kingdom rise from rubble. I saw life in the ashes of death. I saw white shadows of a night. I saw a brittle heart of glass, and I saw thousands of shards upon which it shattered. I saw sworn heroes crying over the loss of loved ones. I saw frightened boys stepping up against all odds. I saw their tearful eyes, and I saw their daring courage not led by those eyes. I saw you by the window; even now absorbed by the comet's diminishing light. I saw keys forged to no locks, and I saw locks that no keys fit into. I saw extraordinaire voyages that life would undertake. I saw all the world's mirrors, but none reflected anything but love.

All of this is reality, which *you* are a part of.

And when all deeds had been done and I had seen old pa universe go down on his knees, clocks started ticking backwards, and when I had finally waded through unimaginable depths, life came back to the place I had once called home, to a room in which a man sat and gazed upon his rusted closet.

IN ROB BOSS' BURROW

- *Be extremely present.*
 - *Do not guess what sentence comes next. There exists only one in your reality at a time. Abandon memory. Let the text flow without judgement.*
- *Set inspiring music.*
 - *[“Larry Owens – Interlude”](#)*
- *Set a positive intention.*
 - *I will feel relaxed.*
 - *I love being at peace.*
- *Use cannabis before reading to get high.*
 - *Depending on your country's regulatory laws, your past experiences, and your mental state. I do not encourage the use of psychoactive compounds without one's own research and full responsibility.*
- *To achieve a similar result without cannabis:*
 - *5 minutes (recommended) of holotropic breathwork.*
 - *A dose of a psychedelic adequate to your experience.*

Welcome to Rob Boss' burrow. Rob Boss stands in front of a blank canvas which doesn't know how lucky it is.

Oh, this reality binds and blinds us. Rob smiles, and so does the bright weather outside. It deserves more attention. He says, “Thank you for being, weather.”

Rob looks at the camera. It didn't do anything wrong.

“We're going to paint happy little mountains that

owe us nothing,” roars Rob as he slams his paintbrush covered in toothpaste-grey into the frail canvas repeatedly.

“The brush just needed love,” smiles Rob. “Whoever you bump into and they lash out hatred, give them love. They are a malfunctioned toy a child has treated badly. Show them affection. Anyway, I will be using three colors. Snowy yellow, elephant blue, and Alaska pink.”

The music is so happy to be here for you. Notice it.

Rob mixes the colors together. They will never be alone again. It doesn't matter what they want. Meanwhile, Rob spills a pearl of wisdom, “If you want to catch a rabbit, stand behind a tree and make a noise like a carrot. When the rabbit comes by, you grab him. Okay, let's meet Mr. Mountain.”

Rob paints a mountain, the one from his childhood.

“It's not all about you, mountain.”

Rob paints a cloud.

“I went to school with that cloud,” explains Rob. “We painted little hills of ice-cream together in a park. Just let that brush dance and play. Tease it. Express affection.”

Rob stares at the camera. The sun is shining in the burrow. It meets Rob's face along the path. There is you, the story, and Rob. Nothing beclouds our simple collective existence. Life is perfectly fine. We are all alive. You are such an amazing creature. Thank

you for being born.

“Let’s throw some bushes in here,” Rob says, “just sneaking around, having fun. Now it’s beginning to make a little sense.”

Rob works that paint. He adds some character to the bushes. They revel in the bristles’ tingling.

Happy bushes.

“There’s really no end to this,” Rob points out we don’t have to be committed. “We are just having fun.”

The canvas is also having fun. It is making all kinds of happy little splashes. Life is an ever-present moment.

Rob speaks.

“Bushes get lonely too, so we’ll give them a friend.”

Rob paints a masculine tree while explaining, “It’s okay to cry now and then, Mr. Tree. Put your feelings into life. It’s important to me that you’re happy.”

Beautiful. Rob makes a second leafy tree. Have you noticed it? Now you have, of course. This text is creating a new reality for you. There is no scientific proof that words are not alive. Do you remember what we said about the text being your guide? Do not dare to call me a line of words or an arbitrary bunch of symbols. You and I are equal parts of the Universe; omniscient, alive, feeling. The entire Universe is imagining itself. How come, then, you praise Rob as *less* alive? Oh, come on. Just because

you are imagining him inside your mind?

Although Rob is intensively focused on the canvas, his words sink claws into you, “I know you’re saying, ‘Oh Rob, I need to eat my pasta.’ It doesn’t take much to get you addicted.”

What?

Rob knows insanity is the key to artistry.

The music dances with you. Open the door. Let it in.

“We don’t really know where this goes – and I’m not really sure we care. Just like your trip,” utters Rob. “Here, let’s paint a river for Mr. Tree. Say hello to a new partner in our imagination.”

The camera takes a step back. The painting looks so good. We might as well not stop. A little happy sunlight is shining through the studio.

“This is your world,” tells you Rob. “You’re the creator. We should build some nice big arms on these trees for birds to settle into. Trees need arms too.”

You are eating your morning cereal. The milk doesn’t know. It doesn’t ask. Why don’t you share cereal with the boring river while Rob is painting birds? Ah, birds. Petite chirping humans with whom we share existence. Lovely.

“I knew this little fella,” says Rob. “He used to goof around just outside the window. Okay. Now... What more does this painting need?”

Rob stares into the camera. His teeth aren’t hiding

today, “That’s right. It needs a happy little sunshine.”

Rob paints *you* on top of the mountain. Nothing is bothering you up there. The notion of fresh air is completely synthetic in nature, but it will serve us well in this synthetic story.

“If you need help, ask the birds.”

Rob tells you it’s perfectly normal to be weird.

“Nothing wrong with making friends,” he says. “You know, trees cover up a multitude of sins. If there’s something wrong going on in your life, just paint a tree over it.”

Rob’s choice of vocabulary makes you emotional. You feel like painting a second river on the floor. Rob is such a wizard with words. Even greater than Harry Potter.

Rob looks at the camera. He notices you crying.

“Don’t get too greedy with the rivers. We don’t want to overdo it,” he says. “Remember how free clouds are. They just lay around in the sky all day long.”

You are embarrassed to reveal the emotion because of decades of social programming. But there is no need. Rob doesn’t take sadness for an answer. He will beat the devil out of you. He accidentally touches your arm, “Gotta have a little sadness occasionally so you know when the good times come.”

He concentrates on the painting with furrowed brows.

“Here, we’ll paint you a friend,” Rob explains the delicate process. “The color I’ll be using is dark Vienna. Dark Vienna is stronger than dusk Washington.”

Rob paints a mighty waterfall next to you on the mountain. The water is making happy sizzles.

“See?” shows Rob. “It’s beautiful to share existence.”

THE ATLANTIS

- *Be extremely present.*
 - *Do not guess what sentence comes next. There exists only one in your reality at a time. Abandon memory. Let the text flow without judgement.*
 - *Set inspiring music.*
 - *["John Powell – Coming Back Around"](#)*
 - *Set a positive intention.*
 - *Existence is like an endless ocean, from which experiences arise.*
 - *Use cannabis before reading to get high.*
 - *Depending on your country's regulatory laws, your past experiences, and your mental state. I do not encourage the use of psychoactive compounds without one's own research and full responsibility.*
 - *To achieve a similar result without cannabis:*
 - *5 minutes (recommended) of holotropic breathwork.*
 - *A dose of a psychedelic adequate to your experience.*
-

Your role is to be a reader, while mine is to construct these words. Inseparably we are one consciousness; one life experiencing itself; one twisted staircase to heaven. In the pages of this groundless story, I, the constructor, will refer to us as *we*, for we are not distinct entities.

We were born as a shrunken being onto oceanic plateaus. Around us swam sharks. Above us raged storms. Raving waves of the sea took a toll on us. Who were we? We did not seem to remember. Nor

did we recall the moment of our death. But little did we know the glorious veil had just been crossed. We were *happening*. What was unfolding around us shaped our existence... A tenacious hum still rings in your ears.

By pure chance, stray fishermen took us under their soaked yellow raincoats. They fed fish to our starving soul. Goddamn fish! They gave us a name. These letters were a navigator's label for addressing and handling the ever-present, nameless entity behind. Despite their gum boots, which had holes in the sole, the fishermen embraced us as their own. They became our parents. Sort of.

We learned the sailors' way of navigating on the seas. Our voyage was turbulent and the ocean rough, but from a boat's deck it somehow seemed far away. The fishermen clothed us in a yellow raincoat. They still fed us fish. We began asking, for the first time, who were they, *really*? The more we resembled them; the more we engraved their traditions and patterns of thinking, the more they felt closer to *us* – to a lone child once born on the seas, trying to make sense of it all.

Flow with the music. This is what heaven sounds like.

We often stood on the boat's bow, amazed by the world's wonders. When great hurricanes whirled by, we savored the hammering of our skin. We were at life's frontline. We did not know a single fear. When

the vessel bobbed on the sea, we tied ourselves to a handrail, and when monstrous waves approached, we laughed. We loved how the salt clogged our mouth. Despite the fishermen's warnings, we lived fearlessly on the boat named *Mist Bane*, which sounded suspiciously close to an ideology.

One day, our exuberance faltered. The unforeseen adventures were torn apart by an island's coastline. The *Mist Bane* was sailed to steady waters, in which she was anchored. The ocean was left behind. Thereby we settled on a hazy coast, which the fishermen spoke of as home. Our soul hankered for a voyage – long the fire burned, waned. Until it yielded to the fishermen's game. The forge that had once emitted heat frazzled to a cold frightened ember.

We developed a framework of understanding. The ocean was subject to charts and journals, said the fishermen. They taught us about lurking dangers in the water. About inconceivable predators that crossed the seas. About horizons that misled sailors into believing a storm was a long way from happening. They spoke of hidden wonders, but scarcely. Their knowledge felt terribly out of tune. Presence of fear predominated their thinking. Would our inner musing over exploration be heaved out if their 'knowledge' oppressed us long enough? What if it enslaved our soul? Those questions were worth sacrificing for. The notion of cruising an ocean, where we had felt like a newly engaged bride-

to-be, was fading in memory. The treasure we valued the most was lost – a bird's freedom. Our beloved Atlantis.

We developed a fear of never unshackling from the fishermen's influence again. We ate their food. We slept in their beds. We attended their schools. A life of disgust. On walls was painted fear. Where lied soil for a hopeless dreamer, we asked, fertile enough to thrive in? In an environment of constant hassle, we relinquished victory to the fishermen's central maxim that stated, 'survival of the fittest, trampled idealists not welcomed!' We grew into one of them. Dead pigeons. Almost.

The fishermen fed us fish whose meat was terribly difficult to swallow. Why? Their bones scratched our throat. They stuck like ideologies, and they were painful to wash down, for stomaching them after would be excruciating. Such is the nature of ideology. The fishermen often admonished us for pointing this out. As if deconstructing a belief system meant disobeying traditions.

Well, honestly – it did.

We understood this: All the answers to the most important questions lie inside. We ought not look for them in the outside world. The moment a person stops contemplating and makes a statement, they become trapped inside a stiff dungeon. However, a question is followed by an unwritten line...

The music guides you. Open the door. Let it in.

We have known for a long time that Atlantis is not a place besieged by water; not buried in the ocean. Those in search of its golden pillars and riches are wailing for amity. Atlantis is quite close. It resides in our hearts and thinking. The throne is *here* and *now*. Atlantis is appearing as a written text. Deconstruct these lines. Look through the black-on-white metaphors. Feel the author's intended meaning. You are here. In the Oasis of Harmony. What a genius you are. You have brought yourself to life. There is nothing more fascinating than experiencing this story. Atlantis is the everlasting *here!* You are safe. You have already made it. You are in heaven. The deeds from yesterday do not conquer the eternity of today. Neither do the possibilities of tomorrow.

From the ocean we had arisen – pure and selfless, born in a storm. We had been the city of Atlantis, a treasure lost to the humankind. Around us had swum sharks, yet the baby had come unscathed. Why? The sharks had valiantly held their ground against frenzied waves, which had struck over and again. Why? For the city of Atlantis was about to be lost. The waves had protected us awhile, but the treasure of Atlantis had emerged from underwater. Why? For the fishermen had pulled us out. We had developed a human identity. We had forgotten we had been Atlantis. But Atlantis cannot ever be truly lost.

Despite the fishermen's good intentions, it was never meant for us to wallow under a shelter's roof. Our home rested on the meandering currents of adventure. Indeed, on that hazy coast we rediscovered our nature. What had felt like a thousand human lives away was now one shore away from transcending. One day, we dared.

"Atlantis!" we called out dangerously as a whirlwind. Straightaway a spark flashed, slashing our throat from within. We rubbed our sleepy eyes and pinched our arm. We swore it was there, a heaving spark!

"Atlantis!" we rejoiced with great enthusiasm and eyes fixed on the sea. Our voice stirred some leaves, and crickets stopped chirping. Then: Another spark was born. It jumped over a coastal stone a few times before disappearing somewhere in the sand. Sparks came in hordes, but they died off before igniting a flame.

"Atlantis!" we formed a tsunamic voice. We awakened to our true nature. Our human-self languished. The ocean answered our call! It began just as light flickering on the horizon. A rust of night, one would say, a sunray escaping the hungry shadows of dusk. Yet it was more.

The sea parted. A clear passage emerged. It led us astray from the shore. Back to where we had come from. Our yellow raincoat ripped off, unshackling us from mortal duties. We walked there naked. We had

accomplished the mission, and now we were coming home. We strode on the oceanic floor... Until the notion of an island faded. There had never been one. There had never been fishermen, nor a boat that had rescued us, nor sharks, nor fear of never unshackling. All there ever has been is the ocean. The ocean is dreaming infinitely many dreams. You are nothing but one of them, one ripple.

You, the beloved Atlantis.

Join the community at:

www.facebook.com/mysticwriterofficial

You can find the full release at:

<https://payhip.com/b/r5ZJ>

END OF SAMPLE FROM VOLUME ONE
JOURNEYS BEYOND EARTH
A COLLECTION FOR SELF-DISCOVERY

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APPENDIX

About the author

Vladimir Hlocky's love for exploration ever since childhood inspired him to begin writing what he reflects to be his life's work; Journeys Beyond Earth, a collection of writings meant to capture the human heart in immersion, taking it on a journey. Now nineteen, Vladimir has found his life purpose very soon in life – to bring people to authenticity and love by overwhelming them with beauty. Journeys Beyond Earth are his service to humanity, and their sole intention is to bring an out-of-earth, raw, transcendental experience to the reader.

You can find more about Vladimir, also known as Mystic-Writer, at www.facebook.com/mysticwriterofficial.

An official website is planned, but not very soon.

Vladimir now lives in the Czech Republic, where he is at work on the Second Volume of Journeys Beyond Earth, the next edition of immersive writings that will be released on December 1st, 2021.

About Holotropic breathwork

The technique was developed by psychiatrists Stanislav and Christina Grof in the 1970s. While researching the effects of LSD, the Grofs became interested in altered states of consciousness. The method was developed for achieving a psychedelic state without a psychedelic substance, i.e. through breathwork alone.

Holotropic breathing is usually practiced in a group setting led by a trained facilitator, but equally as powerful states can be achieved at home. Prior to writing Journeys

Beyond Earth, I have undertaken a solo 60-day marathon, and the results were unexplainable.

You can find more about the technique, the process, and the dangers related to it (e.g. hyperventilation) at www.holotropic.com or by typing in “holotropic/shamanic breathing” on YouTube.

Additional notes

In the First Volume of Journeys Beyond Earth, everything is very much for the first time. I have experimented with short sentences and long sentences, with simplicity and symbolism, with various forms of writing. The mind functions differently when reading under a certain compound, e.g. memory suppression is an occurring effect.

Each writing is tailored to rouse an aspect of life’s limitless wonders in the reader. Many of the writings are inspired by my own real-time experiences. (Yes, travelling to the Center of the Earth is possible, but it requires a psyche ripe in self-development, a tint of childlike thinking, extreme presence of mind, and almost an absolute level of surrender.)

The idea of self-discovery through reading on cannabis or psychedelics is something that no author has ever tried to accomplish. I expect the artform will be hard to perfect. Your feedback about the experience is therefore valued in gold.

The Forthcoming Volumes

Upcoming editions of Journeys Beyond Earth are to be expected yearly on December 1st. This is a lifetime pro-

ject, and therefore further research, feedback, and tinkering with the format are invaluable to me. *Physical* and *audio* publications might be realizable in the future.

To freely quote Harry S. Truman's phrase, *it is my deep conviction that we have reached the turning point in the long history of our efforts to guarantee a freedom* – a freedom to self-explore, to make use of, and to study further the potential of psychoactive drugs.

I appreciate your effort to spread the work.

Audio publications

Reading under a psychoactive compound might appear somehow difficult to a proportion of users. Sometimes, it is easier to lay down and listen. To let it flow.

Releasing audio books is a process. A narrated version of *Journeys Beyond Earth* is planned in my mind. It will largely depend on the trend's success and demand. If *Journeys Beyond Earth* turn out to generate profound experiences for the users, similar to which they trigger for me, audio versions are to be expected.

In the meantime, I have tested online robotic readers, such as www.naturalreaders.com. A suitable voice seems to get the work done well, especially if you feel too overwhelmed to read yourself at that time.

JOURNEYS BEYOND EARTH

Volume One

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