

LSD Trip report:

Dose: ~250ug

Time: 6:17pm

Report:

This was the most profound trip of my life. I've previously done LSD 3 times and Shrooms 4 times, and this one had the biggest effect. My friend's life also changed DRAMATICALLY, so this was a powerful experience.

At drop, we've watched the Big Lez Show, during our first peak we started listening to Pink Floyd. My girlfriend took 1 tab (and this is her first time) and my friend took three. I started sweating profusely, cuddling her and melting together as my friend is on the floor completely consumed by the Dark Side of the Moon. Visuals began to set in, and I've begun to see the room change colors and geometric shapes taking form.

An hour and a half later our friend's (lets just call him K) roommate T came in, and started to trip sit us and facilitate discussion. K and T go in the other room as I'm drawing with my girlfriend and laughing profusely while looking at videos. After two videos, I began to feel nervous. I could've sworn I heard crying from the other room. Panicked about my friend with this roommate I met for a second time, I asked my girlfriend, "Is K okay?" She said yes everything is fine, he's in there with a sober friend. I immediately acknowledged that it was okay, but I thought looped pretty bad. "K isn't okay. He's with T, what if T can't help him? K is okay. Yes, he's okay..... NO HE'S NOT OKAY!" I immediately jumped up and began knocking on the door, they jokingly said "No get the fuck out!". Knowing it was a joke---but still paranoid, I began feeling worse.

I walked out and tried to cuddle with my girlfriend again, telling her how I want trip aborters (abilify and klonopin). She asked "it's only been a few hours in, are you REALLY sure you want to take these?" I nodded my head, but I knew I really didn't want to take them. I told her, "Please tell them I'm not okay." She went and started knocking, I began seeing skulls and hearing laughter. Am I hallucinating? Am I having a bad trip? Whatever it was, I slipped into a state of immediate terror. She brought them out and they both looked worried saying, "What's wrong??" I told them that I thought K was crying and having a bad time and I'm too tripped out to help him. He said "No no, everything's fine. It's the COMPLETE OPPOSITE of what you think." By then, I immediately felt better. I was still shaking from anxiety, but I didn't see anything bad anymore and I perked out of it. I sat down and started to load a bowl and take a smoke, which dwelve me deeper into the trip.

After awhile, T came back out and started to facilitate intellectual conversation. Existential-nihilism, religion, the human experience/consciousness, etc. We spent easily two hours just talking and I've begun having my mind blown. He began telling me about how my schizoaffective disorder---while chronic---can at least be helped within perspective. I don't need to be a slave to my hallucinations or delusions, they happen. Sure, it sucks---but why panic and try to control what I cannot? All three of us began discussing deeper and learning more about ourselves.

Nearing the afterglow, my girlfriend SOMEHOW was able to sleep and K came in. He sat down with me and said "I lied to you---I didn't take four tabs, I took three." We began discussing why he lied, and I

literally watched someone transform COMPLETELY from my eyes. He told me about his life and why he did what he did, and that he was going to change. We both said that we've been complacent in life and that that's not acceptable—that it was time to take action and make a change.

The experience was so fucking profound, I have never seen someone make STRIDES of improvement over the course of 16 hours. I don't wish to share his personal story but trust me---he was the most productive, changed, much happier motherfucker I've ever seen.

Now it's around 6am ish, I wish I kept track of when everything was specifically but I was tripping too hard and was consumed into conversation. I took another bowl and intensified my afterglow, and my girlfriend and I helped K clean up his entire apartment and move out. I didn't get home until 5, and didn't sleep until 7.

What I've learned: To be responsible and to stop blaming my disorder for my entire discord. To take initiative of my life and to stop skirting by and being complacent. Now I'm going to wait for my next psychotic break and see how I can deal with it in a functioning matter.

Trust me, I've learned so much. So, so much. More than words could comprehend. It was literally life-changing, and while I immediately slipped into a state of paranoia and scare, I was able to get out of it with fantastic company.

Bless LSD, I will forever support the idea of LSD-assisted therapy, as people can literally transform from this powerful mind-expanding tool.

Cheers, I'll post a post-trip report based on my hallucinations.