I had traveled to a specialist that focused on the inner psyche of the mind. One who had also claimed to be specialized in Krath Sorcery and Sith Alchemy. The Shadow Academy instructed them in rituals of Divination and Oniermancy; the arcane ways of the Force that looked deep into the mind’s eye. A concoction had been warmed to a tea-like brew and contained a measured amount of hallucinogenic toxins. This ingesting had occurred after being brought to the point of physical exhaustion, starvation, and severe dehydration. After the bitter concoction came a sweet tasting potion filled with micronutrients and energy for the body. A pill was swallowed, then water and a loaf of bread was given. I lied on my back and closed my eyes. My thoughts came and were eventually silenced under the trance of a trained meditative state of mind.

The specialist reached out to me through **telepathy**. *“It exists in dimensional fields overlapping and underlining our own physical reality. One accesses it by shedding the layer of oneself in attunement with that field, best done when the physical body is asleep. Through practiced meditation one stays awake as the body rests. Do remember that it is natural for the body to become limp, therefore do not stress the need to move your muscles at that stage. Focus merely on the breath...”*  
  
I fell more and more asleep with each exhale.  
  
*“Now... What is the source of stress that once irritates you and has blossomed into* ***Rage****?”*

"My pride... My ego," I replied.

*“Use that as your will of identity here in this realm. You will be tested before you are allowed to be given form.”*

"What do you mean?"

*“You will forget as you learn, I'll see you when you return.”*

"Return from where?"

The effects of **Slow** and **Mind Trick** suddenly overtook me.

**500 Years Later**

I wandered the void of my own mind unable to wake and unable to sleep. I took upon the void with my sense of self. I was not just myself, but also this place. Manifestations of **illusions** limited only to the imagination had run its course. Cycles of creative expressions that linger into chaotic madness eventually return to the state of the void, empty of mind and dominion.

The once familiar telepathic presence suddenly returned in proximity of my senses. It returned at a point after the most recent death and before the next life. "You're late," I said.

*You seem “irritated”, shall I come by some other time?*

"I apologize, please stay.”

*“I return to tell you that it is time for you to face your fears.”*

“I am ready…”

Lifetimes of **terror** spent in woe, fear, agony, hate, and helpless despair. Outside of my control and malevolent against me, an unknown number of reincarnated selves spent in fear and rage. It embodied my sense of self with its emotional magnitude through the flooded memories combined after "death". I lost count on how many I lived through.

*“Do you remember who you once were? Before this dream?”*

"No," I said, “I have forgotten. Too many lives that have flooded my memories through my experiences in them.”

*This was the trial. You are ready to return. Simply breathe in and you will wake up.*

I took breath and I had awakened.