

The background of the entire cover is a photograph of a person walking away from the viewer down a narrow path in a dense, lush jungle. The person is wearing a light-colored t-shirt and dark trousers. The jungle is filled with various types of green plants, including large-leafed tropical foliage and tall, thin trees in the background. The lighting is dappled, suggesting sunlight filtering through the canopy.

Apa Shanko
Book 2

Black & White Edition

Wanderer on a

Strange World

EDUARDO ZOTZ

Apa Shanko

Wanderer on a Strange World

Black & White Edition

by Eduardo Zotz

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This book is a personal account of the Author's stories and experiences following an apprenticeship with Medicine Men of the Amazon Rainforest, the Author cannot accept any liability for any consequences arising from the use thereof, or the information contained therein.

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*Our stories have a life of their own,
and as every life form, they want to be expressed.*

*Nurtured on our Hearts, kept cozy and safe in your memories,
one day, they want to see the light of the day,
and to share our long nights, when sleep lingers and stay away,
and they love the company of a mug of coffee...*

Introduction

Wanderer on a Strange World is a follow up to my first book: Pathfinder into Inner Realms.

These are stories, lessons and memories collected along 18 years drinking Yagé with Taitas and Healers in the Amazon forest, mostly in Columbia and Ecuador.

My Stories are true accounts, and the lessons are personal, there are many paths in the world of medicine plants, this is just one more, and I'm sure it has some parallels to other ones.

True to the first book, may this one also helps you find the path to your own discoveries.

Ecuador, June 2020.

Pathfinder

A pathfinder is someone thirsty for knowledge, bold enough and ready to leave the comfort of his hut, grab his backpack, and leave everything known behind. He knows the path will be hard, lonely, and filled with challenges, errors, dead ends, cold and long nights, his only companion will be the Stars at night, the sparks of his fireplace, and the only songs may be from his belly groaning without food...

There will be always another hill, another mountain, and he knows the next valley will be even more beautiful than the last one, sore feet won't hinder his steps, nor the pain in his back, tired or not, he walks.

When it comes to exploring Realms that are outside this world, the challenge is even bigger, now there are no grounds one can recognize, every night, every ceremony takes us into the unknown, our guide is a mighty Plant Spirit, and there's no way to know where it will take us, those Realms out there are endless, timeless.

The only way for a pathfinder to navigate those Realms is with the humbleness of a warrior, with trust in his Heart, and an Inner power that will make him keep trying, as long as he breaths, never to give up is his secret, knowing that there's no giving up, there's no way back, and above all, he wants to find safe passages for the ones coming after him, his tribe.

Fear stalks at every bend of the path, and will always be with him, not the fear of a coward, but the fear of wisdom, knowing that if he fails, his tribe won't have a safe path to follow, and many lives rest upon his hands, so he respects the fear, but never bows his head to it; deep inside he knows, he's not walking alone, many more are walking with him, in many other paths, all walking towards that

Land that is nowhere, our Real home.

Sometimes the path becomes a steep climb, when every move must be done totally aware, a simple distraction and he will be a goner, there's no room for mistakes, a small ledge gives him a little rest, time to regain strength, time to remember how nice it was to walk on that valley below, to swim in that cold creek, to lie down in the grass, then he keeps climbing.

The summit always brings relief and a wonderful view, there is always another valley and another field, another garden waiting for his tired body to rest, the path stretches into the Horizon.

Once my teacher told me: Yagé is an endless path, it goes into eternity.

One walking this path will never become a teacher to others, only a pathfinder, because each and every one of us must find our own lessons, get through our own mistakes and errors, and victories, all we can do is to share what we discovered along our paths with others, walking their own paths.

Our tears, laughter, and joy will be the incentive for others to walk this path, and we hope to get together one day, in that Land that is nowhere, our Real home.

Flying kite

I was in a forest, the Trees were old, lichens and mosses were hanging from the branches and covered the trunks of the trees, I could feel the wetness of the ground, the air was misty, fresh. I saw a wooden house, an old, very old house, the tiles were covered with green moss, leaving a bit from the old baked clay to be seen, a chimney letting smoke gave a feeling of coziness to the place.

I walked to the door and knocked softly.

The door opened, slowly as unwillingly, a little smiling old Lady appeared, she was happy seem me, like a grandma who hasn't seen a grandson for a long time.

She invited me in, making room for me to walk in.

I was in a spacious room, strange because from the outside, the house was way too small to have such a living room, but it had one.

In the middle of the room, a section of a thick tree trunk was placed over trestles, on a table next to it were chisels of different sizes, and wooden hammers; chips all over the floor showed she had been working, over the trestle laid a half carved Dragon.

I got close and began to wonder at her carving. In the places already done she had polished the wood, light browns and dark streams of wood veins gave an impression of roots going deep inside.

Wow, it was truly beautiful.

Then a second Lady appeared, both were old, grand grandmothers I thought. She invited me into the kitchen and we moved to a smaller room, warmed by the heat from an

open fire over a rustic stove, a kettle was hanging over the fire, something was steaming.

From a large teapot she filled a porcelain cup and handed it to me, I thanked her and drank it.

The taste was pure Yagé.

She smiled and said:

Now we are going to fly!

We left through the back door, and slowly she lifted in the air, I somehow knew how to do it and I did the same, only the will to do so was enough.

Then we began to fly through the forest, she was to my right, side by side we flew, we were fast, swaying to avoid the trees, and laughing, laughing.

Flying must be like swimming, once you learn it, you never forget how to do it.

In other dreams I learned that I could just sit in the air, like driving a cart, and move freely forwards, also deciding the speed at which I would move.

The idea is: you just use your will and lift from the ground, then apply the will to move; the intention of going to a known place may be the impetus, or just the desire to move away from the place you are.

A gate opens into other realms when we lift in the air and spin, we are instantly transported into a new realm.

The spinning is anti-clock wise.

The more we fly in our dreams, the easier it gets. It has also to do with the time we are dreaming, in dreams early in

the morning, when we have already depleted most of our heaviness, flying is quite easy, one lifts in the air just by wishing it.

In the dreams early in the night it's quite difficult, we feel heavy and it takes a big effort to lift; when that happens, I move my arms like a bird trying to take off, it works, but I can't fly high, and the flight is quite clumsy, like a duck...

Misty Mountain

Germany, autumn winds, red and brown leaves covering the ground, we came to a small field with still green grass, we didn't have to walk around much, like families, small circles of tall slim beautiful mushrooms were all over the place...

We began to collect them, full hands of them, and to eat... they were quite tasty, sort of a clover taste, with a water bottle in hand, it wasn't difficult to swallow them. I collected 250 then I ate many...

With pipes and good pieces of hashish in our pockets, and big smiles in our faces we entered the forest...

Night was falling fast, mist came down, dripping moss covering Tree trunks, the scent of the forest breathing life, cypress branches hugging down on us, only the sound of our muffled footsteps and the whispering wind.

Softly the tune from Led Zeppelin, misty Mountain song began to roll into my mind, we found a spot and lay down.

One by one, mushrooms began to appear and lit up, glowing colorful lights, alone and in groups they were everywhere, pulsating in colorful displays, now a humming tune came out of the ground, waves of smooth light were moving over the ground, we were one with the forest, with the mushrooms, one soul, one feeling.

Mother Earth was inviting us to share her immense beauty, in every dried or living trunk, every rock covered with moss, they were everywhere, in all shapes and sizes, a big family of forest dwellers, all in tune to each other, a lively bond pulsating with Mother Earth's Heart bit, slowly the bit permeated our bodies, and we began to pulsate in unison, we were one with them all.

Hours went by, suspended in time, our tears of joy melting with the dew that now covered the forest, the night-life songs playing endless tunes, our minds had stopped to be, only silence and wonder inside.

Now I knew, all we call life outside, is nothing, absolutely nothing, facing the wondrous realms that are hidden from our limited perception, a perception only tuned in survival mode, living in an artificial world, a creation of our minds...

Well over midnight we came out of the vision and slowly began to leave the Misty Mountain, we walked back to the car and drove two hours back home, without saying a single word.

We didn't want to break the spell...

Epilogue

We live in a world in constant change, in a planet sick to the bones, ruled by greed and selfishness, with plenty of resources and hungry starving children, anyone awoken enough, looks around full of shame and despair...

The root of our Illness is called Ego!

We need to begin with ourselves, only healing ourselves we gonna be able to heal the world we live in.

There are many ways to heal, and the Medicinal Plants are only one, although a powerful one, Yagé being a Master Healer.

I hope sharing my healing process will help others, and one day we can look around and see a different Earth, where Mother Nature is loved by everyone, and we can grow unhindered.

I'm a Wanderer and a Dreamer, and I'm sure, one day we will all be One.

Biography



Eduardo Zotz was born in the south of Brazil, a traveler by passion, he has spent most of his life in Latin America, Europe and the US.

18 years ago he took an apprenticeship with Cofan Elders in Colombia and has been studying traditional Medicine since. He lives in Ecuador and works as a Jungle Guide.

<https://www.facebook.com/Edawapa>

The End

I hope you have enjoyed the book and ask you to take a moment to make a short review on your favourite retailer website.

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Eduardo Zotz is a Yagesero (Yagé drinker), a jungle guide, teacher and artisan. Born Brazilian, a world citizen.

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