

July 15, 1895

My Dear journal,

The events of this evening have shaken me to my core, casting doubt upon the very foundations of my rationality. As I sit here in the comfort of my own study, surrounded by the familiar trappings of home, I am compelled to commit to paper the inexplicable occurrences that have transpired.

Upon my return from the jungles of South America, my mind still abuzz with the mysteries I had encountered, I found myself possessed by an insatiable curiosity. The sample of the peculiar "tea" procured from the depths of the Amazonian wilderness lay untouched in my possession, a tantalizing enigma waiting to be explored.

In a moment of reckless abandon—or perhaps spurred by a subconscious longing for the fantastical—I resolved to partake of the brew within the confines of my own home. With trembling hands, I prepared the infusion, its pungent aroma permeating the air as I raised the cup to my lips.

What followed defies all logic and reason. As the bitter liquid coursed through my veins, a profound sense of dislocation overcame me, and I found myself transported to a realm beyond the mortal coil. Visions of the afterlife unfolded before my eyes, spectral apparitions dancing in the flickering candlelight with an eerie grace.

But it was not the ethereal spectacles alone that shook me to my core. No, it was the sudden and inexplicable manifestation of a figure, a figure whose countenance bore an uncanny resemblance to that of my dear departed uncle Alexander Hart, long since consigned to the annals of memory.

In a state of disbelief, I watched as the apparition beckoned to me, its spectral form pulsating with an otherworldly glow. Though my rational mind screamed for reason, I could not deny the overwhelming surge of emotion that gripped my soul—a poignant mixture of awe, terror, and a longing for connection.

As swiftly as it had appeared, the apparition vanished, leaving me trembling in its wake. Was it a mere trick of the mind, conjured by the hallucinatory effects of the brew? Or was it something more—a glimpse into a reality beyond the grasp of mortal understanding?

David Jago