

## **A LONELY SOUL GUIDE TO THE LANDS OF KANSRE: THE FURTHEST DESTINATION YOU CAN EVER CHOOSE**

How is death in Guambia, the south-west region of Colombia? How does a spirit of a deceased Misak travel? Where does it go, and which spectacular, unique sights does it see on its last journey? You can now find out in our transcendental travel guide for deceased souls! However, before deciding where to embark on your last voyage, I would recommend that you read all our guide books to the Underworld in all existing human traditions, (which we all have in stock now!) in order to choose the one which satisfies your curiosity, adventure and spiritual needs, and will also meet your spirit`s budget. So let`s set off for the Misak`s World Beyond and explore the highlights as well as the hidden gems of these spectacular underworld lands. And I promise a colourful journey it will be! And it takes you far.. further than you have ever dreamt of. Welcome to Kansre!

So when your body already feels heavy under the burden of too many lived-through days, the energy currents within it flow only very slowly, and the resin of life is far too thin and contaminated with many old regrets and decayed worries (just like a trunk of an old, half-rotten tree), your soul is already busy preparing itself for the journey to the Other World. You might not know about it yet at this point, but your spirit already sings the death tunes and slips away, time to time, into the lands of deep dreams which are so close to the Realm of the Dead (and this is why it`s always so important to pay extra attention to the dreams of very old people in the household, which the Misaks do while they tell each other their dreams first thing in the morning, sitting around the central fire in the kitchen). So at this time, your soul is slippery and restless, and its texture is full of tears and holes, just like an old poncho. And you feel how your life energy leaks away through those holes, and even sitting up straight is a difficult task, well... your family sends for a shaman and he comes, and it`s your friend Juan Esteban! How long haven`t you seen each other! And he greets you and gives you herb medicine to drink and exhales fumes from a whole packet of cigarettes in the direction of your bed, but all to no avail. Your time has come. Don`t whimper, this is how it goes with all the living creatures!

Here we have to mention that your soul is in fact two. One is your ego, Yon Musik, or the "Moon Spirit", which is

more like a ghost, and in most cases at this stage of dying, you will probably identify yourself with this one. In the end, it is indeed you: a collection of your memories, worries and joys, the good and bad deeds you performed, your thoughts. The second one is Posr Musik, "Sun Spirit", which represents the bit of infinite, imperishable, pure energy of nature which is, at the end of the day, the true you (even though you might have forgotten this, being completely immersed in the passionate dance of your everyday life). That it is becoming a bit confusing? Oh, not at all... so far are you only the Moon Spirit, a ghost, a wandering soul, and your mind travels in this, we could say, a low-budget spiritual vehicle which I would compare, once we are in Guambia, to an old, squeaky chiva-bus with after-death grimaces of fears and horrors painted on it in gloomy colours.

So whilst your body is slowly shutting down all its senses and circuits, your soul is, on the contrary, becoming more and more awoken and restless. It feels alert and smooth, as it hasn't for a long, long time, but then the fear of the unknown creeps in and fills it with unspeakable horror. And a justifiable fear it is!

First, an eagle comes. Its shrieks echo through the sleeping hills and swaying eucalyptus groves and chill every living creature to the bone. This is Yemwasro calling the other underworld beasts to the new, irresistibly appetizing death. And indeed, it doesn't take long and Kuawara joins in. Kuawara is a very powerful apparition which looks like a huge, furry dog and comes barking and growling from the darkest shadows of the underworld. Its appearance is simply terrifying- its menacingly looking fangs glow like two moon crescents in the darkness. In the end, the third party comes, and it's an owl inaudibly gliding through the air, an elegant and fearsome shadow, and when it perches on your house and starts its spooky hooting, your poor soul has already acknowledged that this is the end of all hopes. It wants to flee, but how to get around all these devilish beasts lurking outside? What to do? Your body is already completely stiff and numb... death is rapidly spreading through the every little particle within it, surely and steadily, just like a giant tidal wave devouring more and more grains of the beach sand. Even though the body is becoming cold and uncomfortable, just like old, stinky, damp clothes clinging to your skin, your

spirit hesitates to leave it- the fear of the unknown is stronger than comfort.

The fourth being, which comes to see you from the netherworld abyss at this point, is Kuanmusik. This spirit puts on itself a form of a person, and when you look closely and properly that person even looks like somebody from your family, or like one of your friends who had already departed for Kansre some time before. He or she only seems a bit strange, not quite themselves, you might even say a bit "insane", once you have noticed the oddly glowing sparks of lunacy in their eyes, but *who knows what death does to one... let's see how I'll look like after some time*, you think sympathetically, and feeling happy that you at last met somebody you know, you stretch out your hand to reach theirs and leave your body... but to add to your woes, you have just become a victim of a very wicked trick. (And don't be upset now, this is how it has been arranged since prehistoric times, and it's not your fault or a sign of naivety, I can assure you... everybody goes through the same.)

Well, to cut the long story short, this deceptive spirit, still mockingly wearing the face of one of your beloved, hisses at the three feral, demonic beast- the eagle, the dog and the owl, and they leap forward and start chasing you. And you run and run (how light and breezy you suddenly feel!) fleeing further and further away from the sleeping house and the body which is becoming colder and colder with every moment... further and further into the mountains, higher and higher up, all the way to the páramos... and the fiendish monsters are still in close pursuit, you almost feel their hot, bloodthirsty breath on your heels... and once you have run all the way up the highest peak of the mountain, be it a cliff, or a huge rocky slope... oh-oh, there is nowhere to go from here... you are trapped, and the diabolical beasts leap at you at once biting and pecking at your poor, old, exhausted body (well, to be precise, it is just the bodily appearance of your soul which you still hang on to) And it hurts! Of course it hurts, because you still believe your body and the pain are real, even though it is only you who causes the pain. It is the bad deeds and thoughts you were guilty of when you were still alive. And so the animal spirits bite and peck off your flesh devouring every last little bit of you, until there is nothing left.

And now I`m going to give you a little break from all this. I have to admit it is a bit depressing, particularly for the souls of more delicate nature, so meanwhile, I`ll tell you what is happening in your house. By now your relatives have found out that you died. But Misaks know that a human being cannot actually die (unlike for example fire which can die), but that he or she only leaves for Kansre which is not far away and spreads through some sacred places in the páramos. (Even though new theories have been suggested which claim that Kansre is actually in space and circles like the other planets around the Sun, on an even more distant orbit than Pluto. But as you would surely admit yourself, this is just modern nonsense, and all the shamans and chieftains tend to support the fact that Kansre is in the same world like ours, only shifted in time.) So your family knows that you are still with them, that you are only sleeping, hibernating, waiting for a new spiral of life you will eventually embark on, but having said that, your house is full of loud mourning and grieving nevertheless. Now the shaman has arrived as well as all the relatives... and they are changing your Misak clothes for western ones (for they don`t burn in Hell, just in case)... and they are piling all your belongings on a heap outside the house. They have also brought candles and powerful herbs and arranged them around your body. And all this is happening while you are still fighting the underworld beasts off your stripped bones (skeleton of your fossilized beliefs it is). Actually, long time ago, people used to wait for the funeral until they could see the bruises caused by the Kansre beastly spirits on the skin of the deceased. Only then everybody was sure that the person was really dead. Today, however, the funeral is performed as soon as possible.

And when even the last particle of your body, to which you used to cling to so much, is devoured by the three animal spirits, you have reached the final stage of the after-death metamorphose, and now you are a formless, spiritual being. But even then you will probably have an irresistible urge to go back to your house and see your relatives and friends. Driven by loneliness and grief, you will want to take a rest in your own bed, listen to the domestic conversations of your closest, whisper to them your advice and play with the grandchildren, just as you used to do when you lived. And once you are there, more thoughts will follow, like: *I wonder where that little pouch with money is... the one I used to keep hidden behind my bed with a few pesos to buy some aguardiente at the Tuesday*

market? *I hope it's still there!* And so you find it and wrap your energy around that little thing... it is the last material thing you can refer to as yours, and it allows you to stay in the room.

But what happens next is very hard to believe. Suddenly, a shaman enters the house, and it is Juan Esteban again. You are surely happy to see him, for you know shamans can talk with spirits, and you could really do with a little conversation and some human attention... but alas! Don Juan Esteban doesn't even reply to your greetings, instead he checks his jigra (the little woven bag with magical herbs and provisions) and starts the house cleansing. And to your utmost horror you realize that the cleansing should get the house rid of you! The respectable grandfather! Preposterous! As he is trying to get rid of you, he finds himself failing to start with, because there is still that little pouch of yours that allows you to stay close, but he soon finds out (well, the smoke he exhales gropes around the room until it finds it and send him a sign) and orders your family members to take it outside the house and destroy it (just the pouch, they keep the money, though). And so you are walking around the house, your energy weakening, fading away like the smoke of an extinguished flame... and while you still linger, Juan Esteban takes a broomstick of stinging nettles and starts thrashing you and chasing you far away from the household. After this experience, you are somehow more willing to take your final leave. This part of you is no more wanted amongst the living, there is nothing you can do but disappear.

But don't despair! Have you already forgotten? There is another spiritual part to you. The "Sunny" one, the infinite and unchangeable life-nurturing essence of you... of us all! So let's turn your attention to Posrmusik, whose travels are far more joyous and comfortable. Firstly, the "Day Spirit" of you will always stay in its land becoming the very elements from which everything is formed. Once your troublesome ego ceases to exist, you will naturally place all your attention to Posrmusik. *Why did it take so long?*, you might ask... Well, don't reprimand yourself, everything needs its time. But once it happens... a golden path leading to the azure depths of the skies appears right in front of your eyes. It is a golden filament onto which your soul attaches itself just like a little spider on its web, and it pulls you higher and higher up, into the arms of the Great Spirit, from which everything

was born at the beginning. And your essence dissolves in Water, Air and Earth and becomes a part of everything on the Earth; it becomes breath of all the living beings. A gift of the joy of life. So Adiós!

But not quite. Every year, your family will call you back and prepare a feast for you and the other deceased members- the food that you used to like, and perhaps even a little bit of the aguardiente you were saving your last money for. For an entire day you will be allowed to sit with them around the central fire listening to their stories. They will picture you coming in tears, grieving the loss of your home (even though it might not be so), and they will connect the first raindrops of the coming rainy season with your copious tears. Thus you will water their fields helping the crops to grow... and eventually you will become their food and appear again and again in the material cycle of life.

And so you see... the further you go, the closer you appear coming from the other side of reality. Did we take you that far... or did it just feel that way?