

Chapter 1 : As Far as the Eye Can See () - IMDb

As Far As The Eye Can Sea is the perfect location for your family vacation This home has a large private pool with a spill-way Jacuzzi tub and is only steps from the white sandy beaches of South Walton.

That is the question which hounds many theoretical cosmologists and philosophers alike. It is a question for the ages. How can one determine if the experiences and objects which we see around us are truly matter. Are matter and space the only things which make up the universe or is there more? After my experience with Lady Sally, this question has been with me ever since. Unconsciously, it is always in the back of my mind. My relationship with Sally is brief. I have only experienced its effects twice. The first time I smoked it was just a taste of the journey that I would experience later. I was smoking 5X leaf with a couple of friends of mine. There had been some light drinking in the hours before the event. I was not quite sure what to expect from this strange leaf which I had heard so much about. Sitting outside at a table we actually loaded the leaf into a hookah, which for me made it seem much more exotic and mystical. As the coals sparked the finally became hot, my friend finally was able to take the first dose. Not yet affected by the smoke which was still swirling through his lounges, every blood cell transporting a little more of the Salvanorin A to even the most remote regions of his brain, he finally exhaled and passed the hose to me. I let all the air out of my lungs slowly, placed the tip of the hose to my lips, and began to slowly inhale, just as if I was leisurely smoking a decadent mixture of melon and strawberry tobacco. After exhaling, the effects, quite rapidly by the way, took affect. Suddenly the perspective of everything changed. Things seemed more two dimensional and shifted out of position into a Picasso like arrangement of bushes and trees which lay about the yard. I could hear my breathing quite loudly, and had a very strange sensation from swallowing and talking. I hastily got up from the table and rushed to the corner of the yard by the gate, confused and a little anxious of the reality which I was now taking part in. Slowly things started to shift back into position, my voice started to sound likes its old self, and I was only left with a slight tingling like a limb recirculateing itself after a long period of restricted blood flow. This first experience was fairly mild. I was fully conscious the entire time, only with a dramatic change in perspective and thought process. I was kind of just nothing. The main difference between this experience and the last, was the potency of the leaf. This time we would be smoking 20X leaf. I was in the back yard of the same house when we loaded a nice sized bowl of 20X leaf into the hookah again. We had two new comers this time who would be coming in at the end of the rotation. After the coals were ignited, the hose passed from the first person, to the next, and then to me. I took a generous puff, and was planning on a second in attempts to explore the limits of my consciousness, but the second hit was not necessary. In fact before the hose was even out of my hand I was quickly being transported to a dimension not of our universe. At first I felt affects similar to that of the 5x leaf, but this stage lasted not but half a second and my mind quickly transcended from the restrictions of matter and space. At the moment that I was passing through the gateway from this reality, to the other side, everything seemed to turn to static, or T. I felt myself trying to hang on to my world, to my universe of matter and space, but I was being pulled to into this grotesque monstrosity of an existence made up of only consciousnesses of pure energy and space. After a short struggle the transfer was complete, suddenly and inexplicably. I had a body, surprisingly, but I could tell that it was not real and simply a projection of energy produced from a residual retention of the reality of my previous existence. I had some kind of form yes, but I was encased in some kind of orange mass, which I was some how submerged in from the waste up. The orange mass was just some form of energy which was holding me in place. I focused my perception on the rest of the space around me and perceived, in I guess what you could call a form of vision, other consciousnesses all around me, all incased in the orange mass of energy from the waste up, and organized into perfect rows and columns. If I looked around me all I could see was a never ending sea of consciousnesses, the whole mass was rippling in a wave like motion if I looked far enough ahead. At first I perceived it as a random assortment of various consciousnesses the likes of which I could not comprehend and I was definitely not supposed to interact with. My consciousness began to feel the human feeling of anxiety and started to feel what I my physical self would have called fear. I felt as if the entire mass was moving in some kind of

direction, expect for the fact that motion was not possible being as the single unified mass of souls was the only thing that existed. I was moving but not moving. I was moving relative to nothing. I looked behind and it was the same and found that it was the same for all the columns. I looked down the row and suddenly I knew, some how I knew, that these consciousnesses were not new beings, but these were the consciousnesses of all the people from my dimension, all lined up in a row. And further more, that each row was copy of every consciousness in existence, creating identical columns of consciousnesses. This was true for every column, except for mine. I was the variation, I was the intruder. The consciousness in front of me looked at me in fashion that someone from our dimension would call sinister. I felt fear and anxiety beyond earthly understanding. Ahead of me I saw the never ending sea seem to end. The entire mass was just starting to roll over on itself like a conveyer belt. For some reason I really did not want to go over that edge, but it came and as row of souls rolled over the boundary, I felt sensations and feelings which can not be described by any words in our physical dimension. There was no perception that I was on the top or the bottom, just that I was there. The consciousnesses in my proximity seemed to notice my anxiety and to my horror they communicated with me. Not with words, but my consciousness had only a feeling or an impression of the message which they were trying to convey to me. The truth is there are no words to describe the sensations and events that I perceived in that universe of energy and apace. I am convinced that what I saw was real. I have been troubled with the question of which is more real, this reality or that one. I question now the reality of the things around. Unfortunately my consciousness is not meant to exist in that state, and I lacked the understanding to comprehend what I was experiencing, and it terrified me. I am confident that what I saw was real. I believe that it is possible for others to go to where I have been.

Chapter 2 : Far as the Eye Can See by Robert Bausch

As Far As The Eye Can Sea is situated in Rye and offers barbecue facilities. The accommodation is miles from Geelong. This holiday home is fitted with 3 bedrooms, a TV, and a kitchen with a dishwasher.

It is instructive about hostile relations between Native American tribes and whites and, especially, the U. His mother died of cholera when he was nine. His father abandoned him immediately thereafter. Louis headed for Oregon. All of this is important for us to know prior to the first major event that Hale narrates. Hale has done something not yet revealed that has caused him to abandon his job of scout for the army, whose mission is to find and collect all of the Indian tribes in the Yellowstone River area and move them to specific areas near specified forts. The act that Hale has committed has him believing that both soldiers and Indians have good reason to track and kill him. Traveling hastily toward Bozeman, Montana, he discovers that he is being followed. Hiding behind an outcropping of large boulders, he sees what appears to be an Indian crawling through underbrush seemingly intent on attacking him unawares. He wounds the Indian and discovers the person is a young woman. The shot has ripped a shallow tear across her abdomen. She tells him that she is a half breed, has escaped from a Sioux village, and is fearful that her Indian husband is tracking her to kill her. Hale treats her wound and they leave, together, determined to find a distant sanctuary. We meet several white characters possessing varying degrees of bad character. One is Theo, the wagon train leader, wise of the shortcomings of mankind, of life on the trail, and of Indian values and behavior. Both men believe that when Indians and white men interact more often than not it is the white man who is the savage. Theo, Hale, Big Tree, and several other members of the train ride out ahead of the wagons. He must now prepare the wagon train for certain attack. Deciding to reside permanently in Bozeman, he urges Hale to lead the train to Oregon in the spring. Hale refuses to take the responsibility. Theo then recommends that Hale accompany Big Tree on a winter hunting, trapping expedition through the wild lands of the eastern Rocky Mountains. Hale and Big Tree do this for seven years. What Hale learns about Indian life from Big Tree and from his experiences is the second major section of the novel. In route, he overtakes a wagon owned by two white women whose husbands, missing for more than a year, are presumed to be dead. He helps them reach Bozeman. Hale eventually promises to escort the two women to Oregon in the spring. He chooses in the meantime to scout for the army because it will provide him an income and warm shelter when he is not on the trail. Because of his experiences, he has, justifiably, a harsh opinion of mankind. At one point in the novel, he and other wagon train members witness a bald eagle seize a puppy and carry it to its nest. The puppy, observing the humans below, wags its tail, then whimpers, then commences to howl. The train moves on. We occupy our little space of earth and wait for the damn bird to strike. Thinking of the two women that he had left in Bozeman, he muses: But these, he decides, are just words. Not like every human being he can be empathetic. Ink recognizes his goodness. The final five pages of the novel reveal whether or not he is strong enough to utilize it and whether or not the malevolence of others will eliminate the opportunity.

Chapter 3 : Salvia divinorum (5x & 20x extracts) - Erowid Exp - 'As Far as the Eye Can Sea'

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Chapter 4 : blog.quintoapp.com: Customer reviews: As Far As the Eye Can See

As Far As The Eye Can Sea is located in Rye and offers barbecue facilities. The property features sea views. This vacation home has 3 bedrooms, a TV, and a kitchen with a dishwasher.

Chapter 5 : Movie Review - As Far as the Eye Can See ()

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Southern hospitality is ever so present in shorts director David Franklin's debut feature As Far as the Eye Can See, a meditative and nuanced look at the past and carrying on family legacies.

Chapter 6 : T.n.t. - As Far As The Eye Can See Lyrics | MetroLyrics

As Far As The Eye Can See (). A feature film starring Jason London, Danny Mora, and Jasmine Skloss-Harrison. Directed by David Franklin. Written by Paden Fallis.

Chapter 7 : as far as the eye can see | WordReference Forums

An iris blooms at Sutton's Iris Gardens near Meridian on May There are more than varieties of bearded iris growing there that will be available for customers to order.

Chapter 8 : As Far As The Eye Can Sea Peninsula Holiday Rentals

As Far As The Eye Can See. 1, likes Â· 1 talking about this. "As Far As The Eye Can See" is a feature film, written by Paden Fallis, directed by David.

Chapter 9 : As Far as the Eye Can See () - Rotten Tomatoes

You can additionally park 2 more cars in the driveway. There is also a shared boat dock less than feet away at the end of the street for easy access to your boat if you prefer to get around via water.