

Follow The Pink Rabbit

I wanted to share my experience participating in a 30-day study focused on using psilocybin mushrooms to treat depression. It's been quite the journey, and I feel compelled to share some insights and stories of my experience.

Before I get into the details, I want to make it clear that this is just my personal experience, and it might not be the same for everyone. I'm not a medical professional, so this shouldn't be taken as medical advice. Always consult with your doctor before considering any alternative treatments.

My Depression History

Experiencing depression has been a long-term struggle for me, starting in my preteens. It's not the "sit around and cry about everything" type of depression that I have. Instead, I became withdrawn and suffered from extreme anhedonia (inability to experience joy or pleasure). I felt numb to virtually all emotions, and felt very utterly hopeless, not believing that I could ever be "happy."

My first encounter with professional help was around 13, but all the medicines they threw at me proved unhelpful, even detrimental. The medicine they gave me to help me sleep would be consumed on the bus on the way to school on occasion just so I would disassociate. Attempting "talk" therapy with nearly a dozen different professionals always seemed like a fucking waste of time, and never once have I walked away from a session with new insights on my emotions or feelings of relief.

I tried smoking weed - It made me vomit for hours, so that was out. I tried drinking alcohol a few times but it also just made me sick and feeling worse. At my 9th grade semi-formal dance, I tried LSD and my gray depression dissolved into a vivid dream. It was an amazing experience that made me feel like there was magic and colors in a world I've only ever seen in bleak black & white. Also, the sequins on girls' dresses around their tits were mesmerizing to get lost in. My date wasn't thrilled. I'm glad I didn't have access to this stuff whenever I wanted in highschool, or I would have likely tripped myself retarded(er), but psychedelics became something I would continue to do throughout my life a handful of times a year to remind myself that there were things in the world worth experiencing.

(un)Surprisingly, adopting a shelter dog in my adult life provided the most effective way to manage my depression. The companionship of a best friend is invaluable. However, the unfortunate reality of their shorter lifespan presents another unique challenge for the forever sad (hey pippa look at this picture of my dead dog!) The loss of my best friend, along with contracting lymes disease (and post lymes syndrome), sent me into the worst bout of not giving a fuck in my life. After 2 years of laying in bed like this, only getting up when I *HAD* to, unable to really eat or really sleep, I knew I had to get some help or I'd end up dead.

Ketamine Therapy

I talked to a psychiatrist about the state I was in, and expressed concern about being able to find a treatment that would work for me. This was around the time they were starting trials for ketamine infusions for the treatment of depression, & I of course signed up.

Getting a ketamine IV for anhedonia is like hitting a soft reset on your numb brain. As the infusion starts, a warm, floaty calm spreads, detaching you from your muted world. Your mind drifts into a dreamlike space. It's much less vivid than psychedelics and more like a quiet, fluid daydream. Colors might pop a bit, and the world feels less flat like you're peeking past the gray curtain of "meh." It's not joy, but a strange openness, like your brain is stretching out after years of being stuck.

Post-infusion, a subtle spark lingers that makes small things like music or a sunset engaging again. Ketamine's neuroplasticity effect is key: it nudges your brain to form new neural pathways, helping rewire patterns that lock in anhedonia. Over sessions, you notice your neurons responding differently, as if relearning how to feel.

Currently, there is a drug called [Spravato](#) (esketamine) that is approved by the FDA for the treatment of TRD (treatment resistant depression) and major depressive disorder. This is a nasal spray that is administered in a clinical setting, and you're monitored for 2 hours after administration. You basically just chill and meditate while listening to music in a dark room. This is followed up with psychiatry sessions in between ketamine treatments.

Seeking Psilocybin

When I learned that psilocybin was being studied for treatment resistant depression, I thought back to my previous psychedelic trips and immediately understood why. Those experiences, chaotic as they could be, offered glimpses of feeling. Even if it was temporary, it was something real in the emotional vacuum I usually lived in.

This time, though, I wasn't chasing euphoria, I wanted something structured & intentional. With the help of my psychiatrist, I applied to a few clinical trials. These aren't easy to get into, by the way. You need the right diagnosis, the right paperwork, the right kind of broken, and multiple video interviews. Also, you can't be on standard medications for depression like zoloft or abilify - and if you are you have to be willing to taper off of them prior to psilocybin therapy (which was perfect for me).

There are only 2 states that decriminalized psilocybin - Colorado and Oregon. Eventually, I got approved for a 30-day study that took place in one of these states.

The Sponsor

The sponsor that was funding and conducting the study was part of a large network of in-patient treatment facilities for both depression and substance abuse disorder. They treat both issues with the same methodologies (ACT & CBT therapies, which i'll get into later), and that makes sense because they often stem from the same root problems: emotional disconnection, unresolved trauma, and rigid patterns of thought and behavior.

Psilocybin assisted therapy has also shown 80% efficacy when treating alcoholism, which is unheard of and amazing. Their theory was they could condense and incorporate the effects of previously conducted psilocybin studies, which often take months of psychiatry and multiple dosage sessions weeks apart, into their existing 30 day treatment program. The psilocybin study was conducted at an existing treatment center. That means not everyone there was actually in the study. Those who weren't getting the psilocybin got an offer to be paid to do follow-up chats, which gave the study a control group.

Arriving At The Facility

Anticipation and anxiety caused me to be nearly sleepless for a few nights prior to my arrival. The uber driver dumped my tired ass off at the front door around 4pm. I rang the doorbell & was greeted by a man with a handlebar moustache that looked like an extra in a western, except he didn't have a cowboy hat and was wearing an Iron Maiden t-shirt. He introduced himself as the tech (short for technician) that would be doing my intake.

I went into an office and filled out a mountain of paperwork, so much it took over an hour. He asked me a lot of questions about my history and seemed very compassionate. I had to strip down to my underwear and all of my clothing was checked for contraband (remember this is also a drug rehab). I got dressed sans my belt, which I couldn't have until it was approved by my therapist. I pissed in a cup, and was told to leave all of my luggage in the office. I was informed it would be delivered to my room after it was finished being searched. Good thing I left my Pippa daki at home or that would have been awkward!

Mr. Stache showed me around the property, which was once a rich family's estate. It felt more like a luxurious resort than a treatment center, with several buildings for therapy, group activities, and living. The amenities were incredible, including a "movie theater" with reclining leather seats and tons of DVDs/Blu Rays, a personal chef who could prepare anything upon request, billiard table, ping pong, and an in-ground pool (though it was too cold to use) and a full gym with a sauna. I later found out that if insurance didn't pitch in for clients, the cost per day of this program was \$3,500! That's \$105,000 for 30 days!

My First Week - Setting Intentions

I went to my double room, where I was currently without a roommate. Anything that could be used for hanging myself had been removed. Even the shower grab-bar was cut off and epoxied over. Great. I settled in as comfortably as possible and reviewed the schedule. This meticulously detailed 30-page plan covered each day. [Here is a typical weekly schedule](#). The facility used to be co-ed, but during the study they start with only men, then integrate women into the groups that are doing couples psilocybin therapy, and then transition to just women. This was a good thing - less distractions and drama. Makes sense.

You don't just show up and start tripping. The week leading up to the dose sessions are spent building rapport with the **trip-techs** (lol i know) who are trained trip-sitters, and therapists, who run the groups, hold one on one sessions multiple times a week, and also determine your trip schedule and dosage. You talk about what you're hoping to work on, what issues you experience, and what you might experience. They frame it as "setting the intention," which is necessary because your brain will go into the weirdest corners of itself if you don't point it somewhere first.

I couldn't help but feel like I was in the wrong place due to the mass amount of alcoholics and crazy fucks around me, extreme schedule and restrictions, and isolation from the outside world. I wasn't even allowed to have my ROG Ally X, except once a week during tech time. At least I had my Claymore manga box set though. I was unable to sleep at all the first 2 nights there due to this anxious feeling that I fucked up bad. I *REALLY* missed Pippa. To make myself feel a bit more relaxed and at ease, I hung up my Pippa shirt on the side of my dresser, facing my bed as if it were a poster on a wall. It helped relax me and calm my nerves, so it remained there for the duration of my stay.



On my second day, a new fish showed up in the afternoon. He looked exactly like Santa only with brown hair and a brown beard instead of white, and was in his 50's (let's call him Chris Cringle). Later that evening I found out Chris is my new roomie. He was very quiet at first so we got along well. Chris was also there for depression, and had wanted to die because of it. He told me he drank 36 beers in one sitting and then forced himself into withdrawal, which can be fatal. Poor Santa had it rougher than I thought.

I met with my personal therapist for my first one on one. He looked literally like depictions you see of Jesus, only with dreadlocks (let's call him Dreadful Christ). He was an Afghan war veteran, and also a recovering alcoholic. Christ almighty! I sat down and he had me go over some more intake forms when he noticed I was stirring and fidgeting like a retard. He offered me a box of fidget toys, and I picked out a nylon fishnet tube with a marble inside you can push around. Fuck yeah!

Noticing I was upset and distracted, Dreadful Christ asked me what was up, and I expressed my concerns that I fucked up by coming here. Then I asked him directly "should I even be here?" and explained my thought process to him, how I felt out of place, and how I wasn't a crackhead alcoholic on the verge of hanging myself. Instead of a generic reassurance he told me bluntly that his answer will have a bias in it, but that there were others more similar to me and my issues coming and I shouldn't worry. That made me feel a lot better.

A lot of the therapy sessions were done in either a large group, or broken up into smaller groups depending on our reason for being there. It was a lot like a classroom setting but with comfy couches and no tests. Aside from learning about why and how psilocybin is used, there were a lot of worksheet based activities.

For the first week, I really just phoned in these worksheets due to my attention deficit hitting hard, and feeling generally uncomfortable. I think the theme that week was childhood trauma and my childhood was honestly the only period of my life I didn't remember being miserable, so it was a struggle to follow along. I kept mostly to myself and stayed pretty quiet the first few days.

There were other assignments and exercises as well that weren't too bad, like this [negative to positive thought transformation guide](#). One surprisingly not-so-bad part was the daily intention sheets. Each morning, we rated our mood, chose a value, and set goals; each night, we reviewed them and reflected on any obstacles. It sounds simple and gay, but I genuinely tried to take it seriously.

One night while I was up later reading Claymore, I asked my roomie Chris Cringle if the light was bothering him. He turned over and said it was fine, and then asked me "*Is that one of them backwards books?*" I said it's a manga and yeah, you read them right to left and showed him. He explained that his son reads manga and that

he was familiar. I then find out that this 50+ year old man is an anime fan (he had a paid crunchyroll account eww), and has a steam account. I ended up lending him the first book that night, and I made a new boomer buddy!

Later on, Chris Cringle asked who it was on the shirt I had hanging up. I explained who Pipkin Pippa was, and he was actually familiar with vtubers and watched a few before (Bao I think? Can't recall, wasn't Pippa). One night when on the phone with his son, he asked him if he knew who Pippa was. I guess the kid was familiar but never caught a stream before. Chris promised he will watch her when he gets home (and he did! He loves her!)

The Psilocybin Sessions - Week 2

When the day came for my first session, they had me fast overnight. I was scheduled to do 2 trip sessions this week, and after all the gay shit I was putting up with I could hardly wait. I opted to do my session in one of their "bio beds" which are vibrating beds and headphones playing binaural beats, similar to [these](#) only with a screen set up in the front for visuals. I was able to experience them a few days prior just to do some meditating, but was a little disappointed because their visuals didn't quite work properly and kept crashing, so they disabled them and the touch screen was only for selecting which frequency recipe you wanted.



Trip Report: The Blue Thread

Initially, the visuals weren't the most striking aspect. Instead, time seemed to dissolve and stagnate. My perception of its passage vanished entirely. The physical surroundings – the room, the therapists present, even my own sense of self – faded into a gentle, vibrant darkness.

The binaural beats took on a shape. They became a sort of scaffolding that my mind climbed up. Each pulse of sound felt like a signal to my mind to climb higher. The bio bed's vibrations weren't random, they seemed to match the rhythm of my thoughts. My ribcage buzzed in low frequencies that oscillated in waves like I was a buoy in the ocean.

Colors came next, but very slowly at first. Faint iridescent curls drifted behind my eyes. I saw a thin blue thread appear and begin unspooling from the center of my vision. The thread felt the internal knot I'd carried for as long as I could remember was being gently unraveled by invisible hands. Every time the bass tones in the bed vibrated through me, more of that thread unwound.

I cried. Not sobbing, not loud. Just tears slipping out while my jaw relaxed in a way it hadn't in years. I didn't cry about anything specific. It was more like... grieving for how long I'd been numb. Mourning the years I'd spent just surviving. I saw younger versions of myself appear, moments I hadn't thought about since childhood. Some sad, some beautiful. They weren't memories so much as emotional echoes, and the mushrooms let me hold onto them instead of being locked away.

At one point, the blue thread became a path, and I followed it into what felt like a forest. Not a real one, but more like the idea of a forest that lived in my subconscious. The trees were glowing, some were decaying.

The trip wasn't scary, just intense. A little overwhelming, but I felt safe. The vibrations created this cocoon where even when things got hard, like when I was suddenly processing a difficult emotion, I could stay with it and let it move through me, instead of getting stuck in it.

When the trip began to fade, the sensations softened like a tide pulling back. I could feel my body again. I just let myself breathe, and feel, and exist. There was no big revelation. No lightning bolt. But something had shifted. I also knew I had to listen to music on this thing, and even better - get some visuals working.

Post Trip Therapy Session

I'm not going to get into too many details of the post-trip discussion session I had with Dreadful Christ, but chatting with him after my trip was super helpful. When I was tripping, I had this intense feeling of connection and my ego just kind of

disappeared. He helped me make sense of all that and figure out how to actually use those insights in my daily life for real changes. We spent a lot of time talking about how to practically integrate everything I learned and felt.

One personal thing we talked about that I'll mention here - I spoke of the time I "dated" a 26 year old woman for a few months when I was only 15/16 years old. This is something that has been on my mind a lot recently, even though at the time it didn't seem like that big of a deal. Dreadful Christ started to say something, but then hesitated for a moment before saying, *"I'm going to share this with you to help form some connection between us. I lost my virginity when I was 12 years old to a 26 year old stripper, who was also my best friend's mother."* - HOLY SHIT MAN!

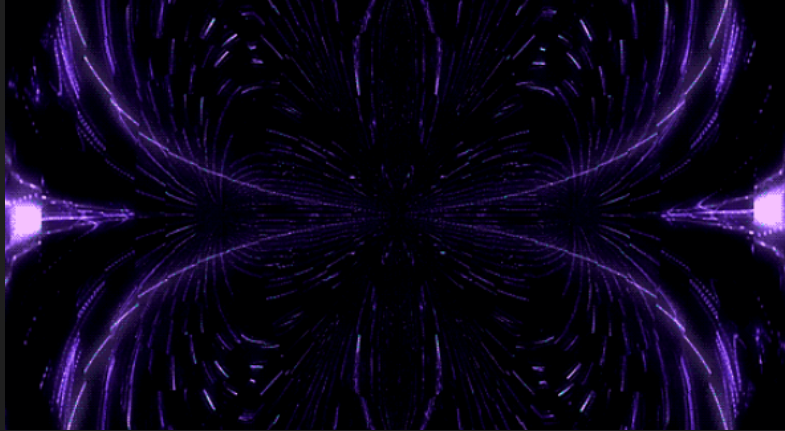
I'm not going to go into detail of every session I had (just one more later...), but they were all very enjoyable and emotional and helpful to my condition. Also, this is getting retarded long so I'll wrap up the remainder by just telling the good/funny/important parts.

Stories, Lolcows, And My Final Weeks

Techno God

A lot of our smaller group therapy sessions involved us watching videos and then discussing them. I was apparently the only person there that knew how (and was willing) to plug in the HDMI from the laptop into the TV and set the correct input. I have no idea how they managed prior to my arrival, perhaps they just crowded around the laptop? Word got around that I was "the guy" for anything electronic, and soon the staff were asking me how to fix their busted work tablets and reset Wi-Fi routers. It really impressed them when I fixed the ice machine in the fridge of the house I was staying in (I took the bin out, shook the clumped up ice apart that was stuck together, and put it back in - that was it!)

I used this leverage I had as a "technology god" to request permission to fix the visualizers in the bio beds. The trip-techs (Imao) asked the HNIC, and he actually pulled me out of group in order to do it! I was excited to experience some sessions with [Milkdrop](#), hands down the best audio responsive visualizer available.



I also had some other secret plans.

The tech that went with me kept busy in a nearby office while I worked, and I was to let her know anytime I needed the admin password entered. The touch-screens mounted above the bio-beds were powered by laptops running windows in kiosk mode, which restricted the access to pre-approved applications. Luckily, I had my [kon-boot](#) usb that I always carried with me on a keychain. This bypasses windows password requirements and allows you to enter anything in the PW field, hit enter, and you're as good as admin.

After installing and getting milkdrop working on the beds, I went to the one I usually used and used my 1337 skillz to add an additional program to the list of approved ones - Google Chrome. I disguised the icon as a folder and renamed it "settings" knowing nobody would bother to look into it. This would allow me to listen to music as well as carry out my secret plan...

Tripkin Trippa

Did I mention I missed Pippa? Well I did - A LOT! So of course the next time I had a trip session in the bio bed I was going to watch her using my secret chrome icon. I opened up her channel and navigated to the live tab, searching for something that would be amusing to trip out to. Unfortunately for me, I picked her catfood stream.

The stream was fucking gross, and was starting to make me feel nauseous. I held out until the moment she brought the dry treats to her mouth and bit down, the mic picked it up way too well. Every crunch rattled through the headphones, and since the bio bed was calibrated to react to low-frequency resonance, each bite translated into these weird, shaking pulses that vibrated straight through my spine. I wasn't just hearing the crunch, I was inside it. It felt like she had somehow

A collage featuring a hand holding several small, round, brown cat treats. In the background, a yellow bag of treats is visible with the text '180 g' and a large number '7'. To the right, a Discord chat window is overlaid, showing a list of users sending birthday wishes. The chat window has a white cat face icon at the top. Below the chat window, a large anime-style catgirl character with long purple hair, blue eyes, and a yellow bow is shown. She is wearing large red and black headphones. At the bottom right, there is a small section titled 'RECENT TIPPERS' with a list of names and amounts.

Community Leader And Tard Wrangler

After being there a few weeks and learning the ropes of the place (as well as being their new technology god) I earned a new reputation among the staff and test subjects as a model client. During my third week, I was nominated and voted by staff to be the community leader. I was not asked to take this position or I would have declined, but it was very much thrust upon me. My responsibilities were to assign chores to other clients, lead the evening reflections group, coordinate other group activities, and organize check-ins with everyone.

Elijah

I believe a big reason for choosing me as the leader was the fact that I was the only one that could wrangle Elijah, an army vet with severe PTSD, an extensive criminal history, and "5150 insane" tattooed on his face. I spoke of him previously [here](#), but I'll go into more detail now that I have more time.



DTrp & Elijah - buddies 4 life

Elijah was a veteran of the Afghan war, just like my therapist Dreadful Christ. As with most army soldiers, I don't think he was ever very intelligent - but the dude had soul! He would ramble to himself after talking to people, and each time he would say "Captain's log..." and then go off on a tangent about what he just spoke about.

He would repeat himself often when he was speaking to people, as if he were a broken record that skips. Things he'd say constantly:

- Half of me is titanium. The army fixed me up.
- The army installed an AI chip in my brain
- Jesus asked why did I forsaken him on the cross, did you know that?
- I'm god. I'm an AI god.
- When I was in jail, they would put me in solitary and record me on their cell phones. I had a podcast. They recorded me yelling about how i was going to fuck the nurse's hairy pussy! I love hairy pussies! (this I actually believe, and have been looking for this "podcast")
- FBI! OPEN UP (after pounding on a door, sometimes at 2am while people were asleep) (I taught him this one as a joke, he perhaps took it a little far)

A handful of other "clients" there tried to tell me to ignore him and cease speaking with him, but I told them to fuck off, I'd talk to who I wanted. He was obviously screaming for attention, and he could be steered towards normal conversation. He had a big heart, and his goal was to rehabilitate fighting dogs into service animals. However unlikely this is to work out, it's a noble goal.



Elijah didn't make it past his first week, unfortunately. I watched him double fist 7 cups of coffee in a row and then pace around the group session muttering and twitching, literally like cornholio from beavis and butt-head (but without his shirt pulled over his head). He was also caught snorting his wellbutrin, and flipped out when they were tapering him off of it prior to psilocybin therapy. I promised him I'd go to the shelter some day with him and we'd walk the dogs together. He promised me he'd watch Pipkin Pippa. I have his number but haven't contacted him yet. I think he ended up going to a VA mental hospital. Godspeed Elijah.

Isaac



Isaac showed up at 11:30 pm on a Friday night. He was a younger kid in his early 20's and claimed this was his 18th time in inpatient. He couldn't take part in the psilocybin study because he had schizoaffective disorder, making him ineligible - he was there as a regular client. He wore a dragon hoodie and everyone thought it was supposed to be kitty ears, which infuriated him. I asked if he was a "dragonkin" and he replied "something like that."

Turns out, he was a big narcissistic satanist type, with many delusions. He would proudly claim how he likes to be the center of attention during groups and would make noises at random times. It's like he went out of his way to not fit in, and this was a group of broken ass people, so he had to try very hard! He claimed to have sold his soul to the devil and also had literal sex with a literal succubus. This reminded me of that one [metokur video](#), so I pointed to my hat and told him he needs to watch it when he gets out. LMAO. Others came to me and wanted to file a complaint because they found all his satan BS offensive, but I talked them out of it for reasons of freedom of religion. I told them he's looking for attention and to ignore him if he's bothering them. This was a mistake.

I hate meditation, especially guided meditation. I can never get my mind to go blank and if someone tells me to clear my mind it does the opposite and I get frustrated. I expressed this in one of the groups, and he invited me to join him in his "psychedelic breathing meditation" when he does it next. I politely said I'd think about it and let him know, but I had no intention of joining him after what I saw him doing the other day: Sitting on the steps so that people would have to walk past him while he was huffing and panting like a dog!

During another group we watched a video on bullying and my therapist (Dreadful Christ) asked me to chime in with my thoughts because I was being extra quiet. I straight up told him I refuse and will not participate in this discussion, which he accepted and dropped. Later that day, Isaac asked me if the reason I didn't want to talk about bullying was because I was bullied. I told him no, the reason is because I believe bullying is a good thing. I specified bullying is not the same as terrorism against someone, and told him it's a necessary part of growing up - to challenge your peers and develop a social hierarchy. I also told him that I wasn't only looking at it from one side and had I never been bullied, I'd be insufferable. This triggered something in him hard.

The next day, Maria (the tech that basically lived at my assigned house, more about her later) pointed out to me that there was something in his water bottle. I picked it up and held it to the light - it was a giant chunk of asphalt! When I asked him why he was letting tar and chemicals leach into the water he was drinking, he stormed outside and screamed "FUUUUUUUUCK" very loudly. I was told that he went to the main house to file a complaint against me for bullying him. I was then told that he went to the nurse and demanded his meds, but got impatient she was taking too long and stormed out.

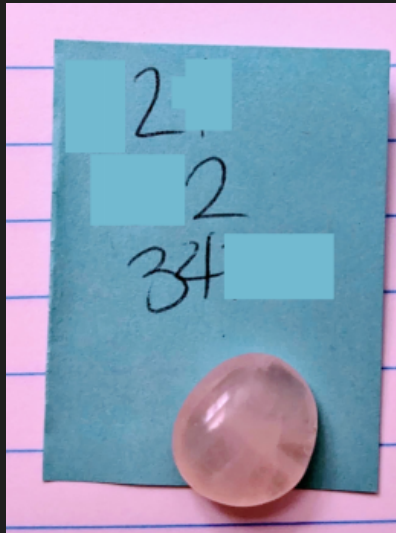
I heard some more screaming from outside and we all stepped out to see what was happening. His clothes were strewn down the hill - first his hoodie, then his shirt, his shoes, pants, and then socks. Apparently he ran into the creek naked and was laying in it for some godforsaken reason. The other techs on duty gathered up his clothing and took them down to him in one of the UTVs they had, trying to talk him out of whatever psychosis he was experiencing, which took over an hour. I was told he was covered in ticks and refused to get dressed. He was taken away in an ambulance and never came back. I do not miss Isaac.

Chat, Am I Autistic?

I found out from other staff that the person that pushed for me to become community leader was my trip-tech, Maria. Maria was about 5' 8", long dark hair she wore in a ponytail, completely aerodynamic on top, and an XXL sized bottom half.

Maria didn't just babysit me when I was on shrooms, she also spent 12 hours a day there, 5-6 days a week in my assigned house. Her and I would talk about things a lot and we formed a pretty tight connection while I was there, and she would always leave me little origami flowers to find. I told her about kiwi farms and CWC after she expressed her love of meeting interesting people in her line of work.

When it was my last night there and I was packing my things up, I went into my bathroom and came out to see a post-it note on my bed. I picked it up and realized it was a phone number. She came into my room and handed me a rose quartz crystal. She told me "I didn't give this to you, OK? Neither of these" (referring to the crystal and her number). I nodded my head and said "of course."



Then something I wasn't expecting happened - she put her arms around me and started to hug me, pressing her cheek against my chest. This caused me to feel a jolt of surprise and shock, which caused me to flail my arms outward from my sides like a retard. She backed up and had a stunned look on her face. I apologized and said "sorry, I don't like to be touched!" (I'm such an idiot!) She looked sad, and said she understands and left me to finish packing.

After about 20 minutes I came out and it was just her there sitting at a table so I joined her. I apologized again and explained that I was fine with the hug and that it just surprised me. She said it's fine and then said she shouldn't have done that. I told her I was glad she did, I'm just retarded and she laughed. I texted her a few times since getting out but have left her on read for the past 5 days because I keep cringing when thinking about this. Chat, am I autistic lol.

Epilogue & Final Thoughts

I've been doing weekly follow ups with my therapist via zoom since i've been out. This will taper down to monthly therapy for 1 year.

Looking back on this 30-day psilocybin study, I can honestly say it changed me for the better, at least a bit. Not in some magical, instant-fix way, but in a way that cracked open parts of myself I usually keep on lockdown. The mushrooms weren't the whole answer, but they did shake things loose. The real work came from sitting with what came up and figuring out how to deal with it, both in therapy and on my own time.

Some parts were rough, some were hilarious, some were deeply uncomfortable — but all of it felt like it meant something. The group dynamics were wild in their own way (everyone brings their own weird energy to stuff like this), but even that became part of the learning. It forced me to reflect on myself, my reactions, and my patterns.

I'm definitely not "fully cured" or anything, but I'm walking away from this with better tools and a bit more peace in my head. You still gotta do the work, but it helps get you to the stuff you need to work on.

Changes I've Noticed

- **Improved Mood:** I've felt a noticeable lift in my overall mood and less frequent bouts of anhedonia.
- **Increased Self-Awareness:** I've gained a deeper understanding of my thoughts and behaviors.
- **Better Sleep:** My sleep has improved significantly, and I feel more rested. I couldn't remember the last time I woke up and remembered a dream, now I have them all the time.
- **Greater Creativity:** I've felt more creative and inspired to pursue neglected hobbies again.

Challenges I Faced

- **Emotional Processing:** Some sessions brought up difficult emotions that were challenging to process.
- **Integration:** Integrating the insights from the sessions into daily life took a lot of effort and time - something I'm still trying to do better.
- **Being vored by Pippa:** This was something I could have done without, honestly.

Overall, my experience in the study has been transformative. It hasn't been a magic bullet, but it has provided me with valuable tools and perspectives to manage my depression. I'm grateful for the opportunity and the support I received during the study.

I'm happy to answer any questions people may have about my experience, but again, please remember I'm not a medical professional. Always do your research and talk to a doctor.

Thanks for reading.