

## Cosmic Comic's Happysynaptic Headliners

Cosmicalized human species:	Aida Galactica
Place of origin:	Planet Uterus
Specialization:	Hyperroom-Obstetrics
Existential task:	Revival by buckling
Prefered aids:	HappySynappies
Shortmessage to Yours:	For the optimization of the buckled trace, metabolish yourself well, so that your transmitters can dance.

Since People remember, a whole lotta dreamers perceived them, the uterus-planetary bridge-builders between this side and hereafter, between outsides and insides, between awake and dream, those wonder-cure-mediators for intergalactic reincarnation. In the name of all earthly active cyberspace-midwives from their universe of essential freedom, in this word-complex an experience-sketch of theirs is torn, in which their prefered aids, the HappySynappies, form golden keys on the floor by which the gates can be opened, if one only expects oneself to pick up the instrument, to take and to turn it.

To simplify matters, the biochemical nature of just those stimulators could be identified as cake-decorating sugar-sprinkles, but these particles also imply a biophysical component, that, for the complexity, is not to be overlooked. Aidas namely expose the sugar-molecules in miscellaneous, colorful formations to cosmic desert-energy, uploaded inside crystal geodes. Midwifely charged, they therefore form inexpressible rich energy boosters for not only their sort, because sun-star-light persuades endorphines to dance, in order to absorb still open aspects of all in all by activating new synaptical reactions. So it is about fine-material undulations, which consequently perfect your relationship to gravity, as well as they promote so far unknown neuronal infrastructures by which the sensations of heart-areas blast the walls and dreaming transmitters in cheerful serenity stabilize their lanes directed to the goal.

However, possibly human beings aren't merely their highly personal nervous systems. Happy Synappies are symbols of the mastery of things, which we wondered not to be able to know. Answering, they reflect this ideal into our senses, we'd be able to penetrate into ourselves' systems and, in view of the relearned ability to determine our will from some intersubjective self in transpersonal hover, to simply transform to own and foreign welfare.

Be it as it is. Anyway, a Happy-Synappy-Induction enables the waiting half buckles to find the appropriate part and to dock, whereupon, as if they had never been separated, the energy current of the central-axis Hara unhindered intently waves on and on, while the umbilical cords to their selves regenerate, starting a feeling-free from realitary irritations for the optimization of the buckling in lightning speed.

With that, the access to the cosmic concept of colossal extent is secured, far beyond time-factors, where pure rhythm realizes vibration, where ovaries, nurtured on the basis of galactic light-deserts, lift their arms instead of lowering them, where soft-hoofed vehicles escort you from one visionary place to the next, where kissed frogs turn out to be dicks-on-wings, that swarm around the illuminating euphorically, where buckles keep the upperhand to intervene and tie together what once has been thrown out of balance, where blissful freedom by means of ingenious information-processing unmask the egocentrism of mad-making apparent cares' abundance.

The number of Aida Galacticas momentarily active on planet earth, is not easy to be estimated. But due to the fact that they have specialized in hyperroom-obstetrics, it is to be assumed, that all the already existing ultimate idealized reviving are continually multiplying. So, may the flying dicks in round, like all the cures effect the ground, as long as buckles buckles buckle, humming on a buckled trace.