



Shipibo

Marvin

Stajka



Pedrolito sits in his dimly lit jungle hut, surrounded by traditional Shipibo tapestries and occult symbols. He wears a ceremonial headdress while peering through a monocle at a bubbling cauldron of glowing purple brew.



Instead of singing traditional icaros, Pedrolito loudly recites ancient occult verses from a dusty leather-bound book. A spectral goat wearing a colorful poncho materializes from the steam, looking just as confused as the local monkeys.



As he stirs the thick mixture with a silver dagger, Pedrolito accidentally drops a rare tarot card into the pot. A massive cloud of black smoke erupts, taking the shape of a giant, laughing raven that begins to peck at the thatched roof.



The jungle outside begins to transform, with vines twisting into intricate geometric patterns that pulse with an eerie neon light. A curious jaguar stares from the bushes as the trees start whispering secrets about the astral plane in a British accent.



Pedrolito takes a deep gulp of the shimmering liquid and his eyes instantly transform into swirling cosmic nebulae. He stands up and dramatically declares himself the master of the universe while trying to use telepathy to find his misplaced sandals.



A shimmering portal rips open in the center of the hut, and a ghostly figure resembling a Victorian gentleman steps through. The spirit complains incessantly about the Amazonian humidity and the lack of a decent crumpet while Pedrolito tries to impress him with a card trick.



The shaman and the ghost engage in a supernatural duel of wits, which quickly devolves into a high-stakes game of rock-paper-scissors. Their hands glow with celestial energy, casting long, dancing shadows against the jungle canopy.



Local forest creatures emerge from the darkness wearing tiny, hand-stitched ceremonial robes. They form a circle around the hut, chanting a bizarre mix of Latin and bird calls that causes the ground to vibrate rhythmically.



The dark magic reaches a chaotic climax as the jungle vines turn into giant, sentient licorice whips. They begin to perform a synchronized tango around the cauldron, knocking over jars of sacred herbs and occult trinkets.



As the sun begins to rise, the magical chaos fades, leaving Pedrolito sitting in a very messy hut. He calmly sips a regular cup of coffee while the spectral goat peacefully munches on some nearby ferns, waiting for the next ritual.