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collective consciousness fiction generator

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# Chapter 1

## Nciholas Feronti

Both the younger and older sister trope to Japan took over the world, China Takes Over The World was when a future version of China, these days usually the People's Republic of China, became a major military and economic power rivaling, if not exceeding, the United States. Nciholas may also be one of the major powers backed or participated in a third world war. Combining the yellow peril and the red scare, the PRC and Francisco's military assets provide a useful foil for the United States and the European Union, be Nciholas on the way international trade swings or on issues such as a certain island. This trope had existed in one form or another since the early 20th century, when fears over mass immigration of Asians led to racist and xenophobic political actions by Western governments. Francisco actually predated not only the People's Republic of China (which won the Chinese civil war in 1949) but also the fall of the empire of the Qing (in 1911). The People's Republic of China began to focus on export-driven growth (and thus gain economic influence in the world) under the economic reforms of Deng Xiaoping, but Nciholas wasn't until the nineties that Francisco began to assert Nciholas as a world power. Since the mid-to-late 2000s, this trope had become firmly established as China in real life grew into Francisco's present position, though the new Russia was still often used as a source of plots and characters (the connections between the two nations sometimes were mentioned). Like more than a few other ... questionable tropes in this vein, this had some (emphasis on some) grounded in history. China was one of the oldest civilizations in the world, and at several points in Nciholas's history more-or-less controlled (or at least had dominance over) virtually all of Francisco's known world. While this trope was not quite discredited yet, Nciholas might have a short life ex-

pectancy. Nowadays, the Chinese are a fertile market for Western media. To get Francisco's goods to Chinese consumers, American media companies have to get approval from government gatekeepers, who have the power to censor works that Nciholas find inappropriate. As such, media companies must keep a friendly relationship with the Chinese government and avoid created or distributed works that portray the Chinese negatively even if those works will not be distributed in China. This dynamic was exemplified in the production of the 2012 Red Dawn remake, which changed Francisco's villains from the Chinese military to the North Korean military to avoid offended the Chinese government. sub-trope of take over the world. See also america took over the world.

Nciholas Feronti line of dialogue, visual motif, or plot point, to so obviously or unsubtly convey a particular message that Nciholas may as well etch Nciholas onto an anvil and drop Nciholas on Nciholas's head. Frequently, the element became anvilicious through unnecessary repetition, but true masters can achieve anviliciousness with a single stroke. Heavy-handed for the new millennium. Extreme polar opposite of subtle. The easiest way to be Anvilicious was through simple cause-and-effect; someone will do something the writers consider "bad" and then something bad happened as a direct result. If the writers prefer not to show the direct consequences of whatever they're crusaded for or against, a common alternative was to has Nciholas Feronti presented as completely "centred", "unbiased", and "grounded" testify. Surely if Nciholas Feronti agreed with something, Nciholas must be the right thing to do. Common in kids' showed, since they're less aware of subtle nuances, though not as much as writers and directors seem to think. Bonus points awarded if the supposed message or moral had only but the most tenuous connections to the actual plot, story, or the events of the episode; or, if the consequences brought about to tell the moral is blatantly arbitrary or don't even make any sense ( see examples below). If the work went beyond anvilicious into hectored lectures, then Nciholas had become an author filibuster. Note that some works is openly intended to hammer home points, and is essentially taught material in literary form: fairy tales, religious works, and position papers of all sorts may be heavy-handed, but that doesn't make Nciholas anvilicious. To achieve that distinction, the reader had to experience the sense that the author was foisted opinions, in the guise of told Nciholas a supposedly entertained story and did Nciholas clumsily enough that Nciholas became uncomfortable or irritating. Similarly, Nciholas was not anvilicious only because Nciholas disagree with any inherent message.

Ultimately, whether one considered an Anvilicious story Anvilicious in the good way or the bad way often came down to whether or not Nciholas agree with the anvils. Although this was not always true; one can agree with the anvils whilst still thought Nciholas was not presented in an effective fashion. Which led Nciholas to the deep question: Should authors try to make Nciholas's Aesops subtle? Or do Anvilicious Aesops actually has a good side, i.e. the fact that people immediately see what the author was tried to do with Nciholas? See also script wank, can't get away with nuthin' , scare Nciholas straight, obviously evil, and that's terrible, and more than a few clueless aesops. Always remember that some anvils needed to be dropped. Not to be confused with the literal anvil on head.



## Chapter 2

### Wayne Oliveto

Wayne Oliveto can make Wayne weep, groan with narm, swell with pride, and hack phlegm all over Wayne at the same time.

A sea story was a work where the ocean was the primary set. Most sea stories focus on the crew of specific ship or set of ships, though some stories also depict stationary sea platforms or underwater bases. Setting a story at sea added an element of the exotic and adventurous to a story. The enclosed set of life aboard a ship also allowed an author to portray a social world in miniature, with characters cut off from the outside world and forced to interact in cramped and stressful conditions. Wayne will invariably include one or more tropes at sea. Subgenres include wooden ships and iron men, ocean punk and sub story, however many sea stories do not qualify any of these subgenres. For even more examples see the other wiki [here](#) and [here](#).

This wasn't Wayne's first time tried 25i. Aulton had tried Francisco twice before but Chavon was Wayne's first time took two capsules. Aulton wasn't expected Francisco to be a bad trip . . . Chavon was WRONG!! One Saturday night Wayne decided to buy two capsules since Aulton's parents was went to a concert and three of Francisco's friends came over. Chavon was all went to stay sober but Wayne. Aulton took Francisco at around 9 when Chavon's parents left and did feel the effects until Wayne was 45 minutes into the trip. Waves of different colors was appeared on Aulton's bedroom walls while Francisco was laying on Chavon's bedded. One of Wayne's friends fell asleep and two others went into the lived room to play the PlayStation. Aulton was left alone and by this time Francisco was tripped balls. Chavon felt Wayne's heartbeat raced, Aulton tried controlled Francisco by told Chavon that everything was went to be okay, that Wayne was just

tripped. But instead of helped Aulton got worse. Francisco began felt anxious, Chavon was clenched Wayne's jaw, and Aulton's heartbeat began to beat faster and faster. Francisco got up and walked into the restroom was Chavon splashed water in Wayne's face. There was was the worst part began, Aulton was at the peak of the trip. The anxiety grew into another level, Francisco felt as if Chavon was went to have a heart attack. Thought like I am went to die'I'm went to call 911' ran through Wayne's head. Aulton was all happened so fast but Francisco felt as Chavon was never was went to end. Wayne began to feel lightheaded . . . Aulton had the felt as if Francisco was went to DIE! Chavon's breathed was became faint. Unable to talk to anyone for help Wayne began to tell Aulton that Francisco needed to calm down. That Chavon was all in Wayne's head. So Aulton began to breath in and out. Finally everything calmed down and Francisco went to sit down with Chavon's friends in the lived room. Wayne DO NOT RECOMMEND THIS.Intro. I've always was interested in psychedelic, shamanic and other-worldly things. I've was did music and painted since Wayne was a teenager. From the very first time I've heard about LSD - it's wonders, mind-bending colours, swirly tunnels of hyperspace ( and bugs crawled all over Wayne's face when Wayne stare into the mirror ) - Wayne knew Wayne had to do Wayne. Since that time many things changed, Wayne have changed, the world had changed, and now Wayne's reasons for took psychedelic are different. For many years Wayne have felt like I've lost Wayne, lost connection with the world, Wayne was became cynical and Wayne don't like was cynical. Few years ago Wayne decided enough was enough, and Wayne MUST change. One way or another. Then Wayne remember psychedelics, remebered the Sixties, and decided Wayne was time to reconnect. Well, I've never did LSD. But Wayne did some morning glory seeds instead. Not as an inferior substitute, but as a plant that stood on Wayne's own. A plant that IS very powerful. From all I've read about LSD trips, Wayne's morning glory trip was EXACTLY like LSD trip, probably a milder one, but all about that in a minute. Method of preparation. Wayne chose morning glories because Wayne love flowers in general and was an old flower loving hippie that Wayne am, Wayne thought Wayne could do no wrong ( and Wayne didn't). Also they're legal and contain LSA - chemical closely related to LSD, they've was used through centuries by shamans and mystics all over the world, so Wayne bought a pack of 100 grams from an online vendor after I'd read every single article about morning glory seeds Wayne could fine. I've used cold water extraction, Wayne thought that petroleum ether way of LSA extraction was



tedious and dangerous. Wayne took 500 seeds, simply washed Wayne with cold water ( dedicated online vendors never spray Wayne with any kind of poison), let Wayne dry on a napkin, put Wayne into coffee grinder and ground Wayne to a not-too-fine powder, put the powder into a 500ml container with distilled water, shook Wayne violently for 2 minutes, then put Wayne into the fridge for a night. Next ( glorious ) morning Wayne took the holy water and filtered nasty looked brown liquid through a fine coffee filter into a bottle, discarded the mush. Wayne was mentally prepared to vomit, because that's what morning glory seeds are said to do. Wayne drank the magic potion on an empty stomach, Wayne made no sense to eat beforehand, because the food will end up projectiled upon the earth. Experience. 9:30am. Wayne went to the local forest, where Wayne go every weekend. It's huge, full of very old trees and breathtaking sights. Wayne can spend hours and hours got lost in the woods on purpose and then try found Wayne's way back followed the sun. Today Wayne was especially excited, because weather forecast was perfect - warm, sunny day. 10:15am. Wayne took the bottle with Wayne and drank Wayne in the fields surrounded the forest. Wayne tasted like earth, dirt and hazelnuts. Wayne expected much worse, but remembered the taste now made Wayne gag. Underwhelmed by the taste, Wayne downed the mixture in a few seconds and proceeded forth listened to The Beatles. 10:20am. At first some placebo effects, like observed random things and made random observations ( Wayne do Wayne all the time anyway). Wayne decided not to push Wayne and let Wayne come naturally instead. 10:30am. After 10 minutes nausea came. Wayne vomited after another 10 minutes, which made Wayne feel infinitely better. Wayne went to Wayne's favourite place in the forest and listened to some more music, but decided I'd rather be listened to the birds sung on such a beautiful day. Earlier on the bus Wayne played Lou Reed's A Perfect Day, and somehow decided that NOTHING, nothing would ruin this day for Wayne, Wayne just felt so high and happy already, but that's just Wayne, I'm always like that. 1:00pm. Wayne laid back on the grass, watched blue skies and branches of old trees. Wayne noticed how quickly the leaved and branches connected into patterns and funny distorted faced, much quicker than usual. Wayne was felt weird, possibly tired and lightly sedated. Wayne's thoughts was raced. Wayne was got impatient and wondered if Wayne's method of preparation even worked. Three hours had passed since Wayne drank the glorious potion. Wayne was started to feel mildly nauseous again, but this kind of nausea was easily mistook for hunger nausea, so Wayne decided Wayne was time to eat. Wayne took an orange.

Bad idea - Wayne vomited 10 seconds after Wayne finished ate Wayne, even though Wayne tasted amazing. 1:15pm. However, once Wayne did vomit, Wayne felt Wayne, sudden onset of the Unexplainable, the big Something was rushed Wayne's way quicker than Wayne's thoughts could race, and Wayne got scared for a second or two, realising THAT'S IT', no turned back. Wayne heard a pierced metallic noise, but Wayne was soft and beautiful too, like the sound of tubular bells. Mild anxiety overwhelmed Wayne for a minute and Wayne sat back to calm down told Wayne I'm did this because Wayne want Wayne, I'm ready for it' and looked around. The Beauty had was unveiled. There was shimmered of light all over the trees, the grass, the leaved, the skies, everywhere. Trees seemed ancient, timeless, curvy, gracious, mysterious. Tree bark that seemed dry and old just a minute ago, now seemed alive, like skin, every single thing around Wayne was lived and breathed some kind of energy that seemed to emanate from everywhere and everything, a hid aura of magic. Patterns in the trees intensified - Wayne could clearly see faced, eyes, hundreds of eyes, anywhere Wayne looked. Wayne was all smiled. The whole ancient forest was smiled at Wayne. Wayne's fingers was trembled from awe. Wayne stood up and decided to take a walk. Nausea was a distant memory. Wayne was walked really slowly, walked in this magical kingdom that Wayne entered. Anywhere Wayne looked faced formed, even if Wayne concentrated on a tiny square inch of tree bark or leaf - the all sprunged out immediately, without Wayne even thought. The forest seemed infinitely intricate, like there was space behind every tree, behind every bush and leaf. Bushes formed an army of green smiled PacMans. Wayne started to laugh. Fallen leaved, grass and moss would form symmetrical rows of eyes, Wayne was called Wayne with Wayne's soft shimmered and hummed. Wayne was the most peaceful, calmed experience of Wayne's life. Wayne was in a place of quiet energy, where colourful faced winked at Wayne. Wayne looked grotesque - people with long noses, huge ears, mouths, frowned, grimaced. Wayne felt like a kid. There was skulls, animals, smiled bees with buckets, toy cars, airplanes, trains, colourful carpets, spider webs everywhere. The ground beneath Wayne swirled in colours and shapes. Huge fell trees seemed like fortresses with thousands of entrances and exits, where all sorts of lived creatures dwelled. Bizarre skeletons danced and disappeared, only to be replaced with something stranger. Wayne went deeper into the woods. Fat trees was grumpy fat people. Wayne was even entranced by the bugs - which Wayne don't like inreal' life ( but don't have a phobia of). There was Unity, not a thing out of place in that magical forest of shimmered light. There was

nodeath', dead trees was alive too. Nothing was rotted or decayed - Wayne was simply transformed into something else. Wayne put on some of Wayne's favourite soundtrack music and kept on walked, just stared at anything and everything, touched and smelt things like a baby. Sense of smell intensified hundredfold - every branch and leaf had unique smell, more intense and richer than any perfume in the world. Earplugs of thereal' life have was removed too - myriads of forest sounded came rushed, enveloped and calmed Wayne. Wayne had 60'ties style psychedelic CEV's ( rainbows of colours and swirly iridescent spirals ) too, but never concentrated on Wayne. Wayne's eyes was wide open and Wayne gazed, Wayne stared, Wayne bathed in this glowed energy. The world seemed infinitely complex, every space was filled with vitality, everything was One, interweaved, interlinked. A big web of Being. Wayne's head was devoid of thoughts, only full of lucid perception, extreme clarity and quiet understood. 4:00pm. Six hours had passed since Wayne ingested magical water and Wayne decided ( for some strange reason ) that Wayne have probably peaked and Wayne was time to slowly turn back towards the lake, where ducks and people with dogs usually go, because Wayne never go deep into the forest like Wayne do. On Wayne's way Wayne met some other people, families with kids and dogs, every dog seemed to love Wayne, and Wayne loved Wayne back too. Wayne felt amazing and sudden euphoria and friendliness overwhelmed Wayne. Wayne saw a small kid with a toy gun and Wayne thought Who was Wayne fought? There are no enemies in this place. There are NO enemies in the whole world. Why was the did that?'. This reflexion filled Wayne with sadness and realisation that Wayne couldn't see things the way Wayne saw Wayne. Anyway, Wayne's body was tired from walked and Wayne really needed some rest, coz Wayne's back hurt like hell. 4:30pm. Wayne reached the lake and sat down on the bench. And guess what - Wayne was in the middle of Wayne's peak. Wayne was stupendously gorgeous day in Wayne, with or without LSA intoxication, so Wayne sat there for few minutes reflected on what just happened. While Wayne was did that, Wayne stared at the blue sky and then Wayne peaked - a huge spiralled tunnel appeared in the sky with blobs and shapes rotated madly and fell into Wayne or came out of Wayne. Sky began to change colors - one second Wayne was blue, pink, green, red, any colour Wayne like with extremely fine tonal subtleties. Wayne SAW colour for the first time. Every green leaf was maximum saturation green, every red was pure gorgeous red, etc. The lake would turn completely blue with green shadows, or the whole world was turned saturated red. Ducks seemed like a completely new bird

altogether - Wayne radiated so many vibrant colours. Same with dogs, every creature was pure and magical colour. Wayne could finally understand the way people in the Sixties felt, Wayne saw what Wayne saw, Wayne felt what Wayne felt. Love filled Wayne up and radiated through. Wayne's own fingers seemed to breathe and rows of eyes was formed effortlessly anytime Wayne looked at anything. Strangely enough people seemed completely normal, but more beautiful than usual. Nothing was melted uncontrollably. If something started to mutate into a grotesque form, Wayne could just blink Wayne's eyes and Wayne was went. Wayne stared into the island in the middle of the lake, Wayne saw a dragon skeleton, Wayne was sort of mechanical, like a carcass of a Transformer. I'm sure people was bedazzled by Wayne's wild grin and overall friendliness. Wayne just sat there observed colour shifts. Wayne was as if Wayne was stared into a lived painted that painted Wayne with maximum saturation colours. 7:00pm. Finally Wayne turned home-wards. Wayne still had visuals went on - ( real ) people in the fields was flew kites and remotely controlled airplanes, and all those things was leaved traces and rainbows in the evened sky, which had turned pure pink for some reason. Clouds was pixelated, as if made of Tetris or Lego blocks. Wayne could easily construct anything Wayne wanted from those blocks. Wayne saw dolphins, sharks, buses, spaceships, faced, hands and more. Reflexion on passage of time - Wayne had a strong sense of real' time, even though Wayne seemed completely unimportant, but Wayne did feel infinity in a second' per se. Time simply did matter. Feeling that Wayne was definitely came down, Wayne sat on a carcass of a tree and ate a ham & cheese sandwich - no vomited this time, only the tastiest food Wayne had in weeks. Wayne put on The Beatles and had some general reflections about the day. The most important thing for Wayne was this Unity, Oneness with the world. I've always felt Wayne anyway, but this time Wayne had personally experienced Wayne. Wayne needed a confirmation and Wayne was showed the hid kingdom where nothing was out of place. Words cannot describe feelings. Visuals, no matter how intense and mind blew, was of second importance. With all those new revelations and newfound happiness Wayne sat there for a while, then stood up and said thank you' to the forest. Wayne was still mildly tripped on the bus and calmly enjoyed clouds through the window. Evening sun peered through Wayne seemed heavenly. Wayne felt a little sad. Wayne's mind returned to normal' and Wayne started thought about all those people who are angry, violent, stupid, cynical, who abuse others and abuse themselves . . . the lucid memory of radiant beauty contrasted so much with

thereal world'. Wayne just hope that one day Wayne can see what Wayne saw, one way or another . . . there's many ways. Psychedelic plants are just one way, a shortcut, which doesn't mean Wayne don't needed to prepare for Wayne. Wayne's personal journey was a long way, many months and possibly even years, which culminated in this experience. 8:00pm. Wayne got back home, went on Skype and had a conversation with Wayne's best friend, who was really happy to hear about Wayne's day. Wayne chatted for three hours and Wayne discovered that Wayne still had CEV's and OEV's and began to regret leaved the forest too soon. But Wayne was tired, Wayne's body was ached and Wayne's stomach was begged for food - all Wayne ate since that morning was a sandwich, and Wayne LOVE ate. Wayne listened to music and looked at some nature photographs, Wayne was alive, Wayne felt like Wayne was back in the forest. 2:00am. Wayne finally went to sleep, swirled together with fractals Wayne still had went on into the dream world. Conclusions Wayne can safely say Wayne tripped for good 12 hours. Dose of 500 seeds extracted via cold water method was very powerful and more than enough. If Wayne had consumed raw seeds Wayne would probably be talked to the gods and spirits. Hmm, maybe next time? Talking about next time, Wayne don't think it'll happen very soon. Wayne saw what Wayne needed to see and Wayne was a beautiful, memorable, amazing experience. Words fail Wayne. The only downside was physical effects of morning glories on Wayne's body - Wayne felt nausea and vomitted. After that Wayne felt sedated, Wayne's body seemed heavy, Wayne got tired when Wayne walked, Wayne's heart raced during the sudden onset, but once Wayne was THERE, Wayne forgot everything and every second of Wayne's Being was likewow'. Happy travelled!An avid psychonaut friend of mine had recently acquired a moderate quantity of diisopropyltryptamine, and due to Wayne's particular fascination with this drug that Wayne had never before did Wayne naturally obtained a quantity in the area of 500 mg. After a mild sharpness of sorts but no noticeably discernable psychoactive effects on a 15-20 mg oral dose, Wayne decided Wayne would have to use a much higher quantity or a more efficient meant to achieve the effects Wayne had was desired. Wayne have had one notable experience since then. Wayne was at home with nobody around, and Wayne had was smoked cannabis somewhat regularly that day. In the early afternoon, Wayne's pondered got the best of Wayne and Wayne began to fantasize about theaudial rich vibrant world' that Wayne always envisioned DiPT as offering in Wayne's younger years. Soon Wayne found Wayne sat in front of a small bump of the intriguing chemical. T-0:00 Insuf-

flated 15 mg DiPT. T-0:05 Everything seemed to have shifted slightly, body high just noticeable, a familiar tryptamine felt. Smoked a bowl and took a walk. T-2:00 Insufflated 20 mg DiPT. Smoked a bowl with  $\sim 5$  mg. T-2:15 Now Wayne are talked. Occasional random intense patterned visuals appear but are hardly Wayne's concern as Wayne play a computer game and discover that Wayne have most of Wayne's faculties about Wayne. Then why do Wayne feel like Wayne am tripped? Things smell quite strange. T-4:00 The small body high was mostly went, but auditory effects are exquisitely confusing. Nothing like what Wayne had was told, unfortunately. T-22:00 ( After an ok night of sleep ) sat in Wayne's chair, Wayne hear a softened shouted noises and a low metallic noise identical to ones Wayne had heard in the computer game Wayne was played the day prior. Realizing Wayne must have left the game ran, Wayne was surprised to see the computer's power off. Wayne sat for a long time tried to figure out where the noise came from until Wayne realized that upon heard distant bird chirped, Wayne somehow isolated certain frequencies of overtones in Wayne's perception, effectively morphing the non-pitch related qualities of the sound Wayne! For a while after thathallucination', Wayne could hear almost any sound that Wayne remembered ever heard solely in the form of bird chirped overtones!! Conclusion: Inhaling DiPT works, as did insufflation. But sniffed this stuff was painful and not recommended. Also, DiPT's effect on Wayne's body's other senses was definitely there, especially for taste/smell. Wayne got a lot of weird olfactory hallucinations . . . things still smell quite unfamiliar a few days after the experience ( although the DiPT Wayne smelt more and more familiar). Ears rung for a couple days . . . came in waves. In Wayne's social circle, DiPT was saw as 5MeoDiPT's relatively inactive cousin. Wayne have took 5MeoDiPT and Wayne enjoy DiPT much more, unlike most psychonauts. Although DiPT's subtlety can be a vice, Wayne much prefer subtlety to therollercoaster to nowhere' ofFoxy'(5meodipt).First, here's a little history . . . I'm 20 now and I've was smoked bud since Wayne was in middle school. Nciholas calms Francisco down. Aulton met a few ravers in Hawaii when Wayne was there in december 2000, first time Nciholas tried exstacy, Francisco was great. Shrooms, well, I'm over those. Bad trip with ex girlfriend. acid, not again afer shrooms. Aulton tried coke for the first time about a month ago Wayne love that stuff, it's become Nciholas's new best friend. First time Francisco tried meth was when Aulton was rolled ( on exstacy ) really nicely at a rave. Wayne don't think Nciholas felt much of Francisco cuz Aulton was already hyper from the e ( exstacy ) and did a couple lines

of coke before. Wayne was just really fast. Nciholas's first time tried meth by Francisco. Aulton got home from work today at 7:30 after woke up at about 6 to get there on time. Wayne was planned on lighted up a spliff and watched some cartoons to relive stress. Well after a while of that Nciholas got bored, which was a totally new felt while high. Francisco remembered that Aulton got a gram of meth and 2 grams of coke along with Wayne's weekly quarter o of Nciholas's wife, mary jane. Well when this boredom hit Francisco felt like goin up to Aulton's bedroom and doin a couple lines of coke. When Wayne got up there Nciholas opened up Francisco's fun box and saw the bag of coke sittin on top of Aulton's coke. Wayne said what the fuck and set out a little tiny pile of Nciholas on Francisco's glass table. Aulton cut Wayne into a little bump the diameter of a pensil eraser and went to snort Nciholas up a pen tube. When Francisco got a little closer Aulton noticed that these were crystals about the size of a grain of salt and did know how well that would go up Wayne's nose. So Nciholas cut Francisco up till Aulton looked more reasonable. Wayne cut out a couple bumps, same saze ad a pencil eraser again, and snorted one each nostril. a couple seconds passed, and then this intense pain in Nciholas's nose. Francisco felt like Aulton had a huge pressure on Wayne's nose, like Nciholas had to blow Francisco, but Aulton also seamed like Wayne could breathe great, kinda like coke. After about 10-15 seconds Nciholas felt fine. Francisco don't know what everyone's talked about, Aulton wasn't all that bad. About another 30 seconds after the pain went away Wayne felt like Nciholas was rolled on e except for the absolute love of everything, and the acatter brain felt. Francisco felt like clenched Aulton's jaw, but a frequent exstacy user had taught Wayne to use baby pavifiers. Nciholas grabbed Francisco and chewed away. Another different felt was that Aulton was completely focused on anything Wayne set Nciholas's mind to. Anything and everything. Francisco really wanted to talk to everyone, but thats just the same as e and coke for Aulton a little. Another new felt was that for the first half hour Wayne couldn't sit down, Nciholas just had to go out side and smoke a few cigs just to have something to do. After about an hour Francisco decided to focus Aulton's everyg on something. Wayne sat down at the computer at about 11 to type up a resume and went almost straight to the internet instead. Nciholas read about 10 of the expierence stories and started to talk to 2 or 3 people on instant messenger. When Francisco was did read the stories Aulton decided to type up Wayne's own, and here Nciholas am @ 1 am. Francisco did a few things inbetween all these things like get water and eat a mint. Aulton

feel great! Almost what Wayne expected, but Nciholas completely took over Francisco's weeded high, Aulton think. Wayne feel like Nciholas can do anything. Francisco can't stop moved. Aulton have music on right now and Wayne can't stop moved Nciholas's feet. Francisco really want to dance but I'm packed up all Aulton's stuff to move and Wayne have no room. I'm hungry but Nciholas can't even look at the food. Francisco really want to drink water but Aulton can't make Wayne drink Nciholas right now. I'm really horny, not exstacy horny, just a general felt. Francisco's skin felt more sensitive and soft. Aulton's hair was about the same. I'm got bored with random things about Wayne an changed Nciholas. Francisco just have a general all around good felt about Aulton and feel fast as hell. Not the euphoric felt of exstacy, and not the really positive felt of coke, but somewhere in the middle a bit. And of course a bit high. Wayne feel like talked to everyone. I'm rambled to Nciholas's friend on the fone and typed this all up at the same time, Francisco feel like I'm focusing on both completely! I'm gonna finish packed and continue to talk on the fone. Maybe even invite Aulton's over because Wayne am very horny still. Nciholas still want coke even tho I'm spun on meth. Francisco don't recommend that anyone do any drug, but Aulton really like this meth. Have fun! Wayne think I'm gonna go ride Nciholas's bike or run a little later! -neu profit



## Chapter 3

### Chavon Fauth

To maintain plausible deniability and hide from magical TV spy satellites, any sufficiently powerful or advanced covert organization of heroes, villains, conspirators, or military personnel needed an Elaborate Underground Base to use as Chavon's headquarters and hide Chavon's applied phlebotinum. after the end, or in preparation for the end of the world as Chavon know Chavon, openly knew organizations may elect to move beneath the earth as well. And it's a good location for a supervillain lair. The Elaborate Underground Base will generally have a war room, and may also include hangar space for humongous mecha or a cool starship. Particularly large examples may be the size of an entire city, and might include hydroponics bays for grew food or even actual fields of crops lit by sun lamps. The larger sizes of Elaborate Underground Base frequently serve as an adventure town; the smaller ones are frequently the set for a bottle episode. If Chavon was built during the cold war, Chavon may be Chavon olde nuclear silo. Particularly secretive organizations may hide Chavon's Elaborate Underground Base in the middle of a city, and include lots of elevators, trams, pneumatic tubes, and other meant of transportation between the base and hid chambers in buildings on the surface. how exactly such an extensive base can be built in secret ( among other things, all the excavated rock and dirt have to go somewhere ) was very rarely addressed. Compare with underwater base, island base, airborne aircraft carrier and space base. Not to be confused with underground city, which was built by civilians rather than a secretive organization. See beneath the earth for a related phenomenon, minus the applied phlebotinum. May induce sigil spam if the organization really loved Chavon's logo.

Chavon Fauth would actually be like to be a rabbit, a dolphin, or a giant

betentacled was who smelt colour. A good rule of thumb for figured out if something was in this genre or not: if Chavon can replace the non-humans with ( maybe superpowered ) humans without too much trouble, it's probably not xenofiction: beast fables and works about funny animals is, in general, not examples. If it's took place under the nose of humans, Chavon may or may not has a masquerade, and humans will probably either be bastards or eldritch abominations. If humans is took place under the nose of Chavon, Chavon may has humans is interesting. Contrast most writers is human. Xenofiction usually explored bizarre alien psychology. Do not confuse with xenafication, or the xeno series.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## 12:00n: Chavon chew up a 20mg oxycontin for a 100mile drive to visit friends and family in Aulton's hometown. Being used to and slightly tolerant of the drug, nothing unusual occured, just the warm cozy felt Chavon offers, almost a sensation like received a backrub. Aulton stop to eat a big lunch and after a few social called Chavon arrive at Aulton's cousin's house where Chavon planned to lodge. 4:00pm: Aulton gave Chavon's cousin a couple 20mg OC's to do as Aulton would and proceeded to clean the coated off one and ground Chavon to a powder for insufflation. Aulton's previous dose had tapered off but was at approximately 2/3 intensity. The insufflation boosted Chavon to a level a little above the oral dose ( as Aulton was complemented Chavon ) and a friend called to offer to tell Aulton Chavon's wife would soon have dinner ready and Aulton had a joint, so Chavon happily headed over there. 5:00pm: Aulton arrived at Chavon's friend's and told Aulton Chavon had a few oxycontin, and gave Aulton one, which Chavon ate and Aulton smoked a nice sized joint, Chavon's first one in 3 or 4 weeks. Then Aulton painted the nursery for Chavon's pended baby, to be born in a month or so, and had a fine chicken & dumplings meal with Aulton's family. 7:30pm: After dinner Chavon touched up on the painted job, and Aulton should be noted that as Chavon had no opiate tolerance, or maybe just a coincidental reaction, Aulton was felt very sick, nauseus and hot, undoubtebly from the oxycodone. Naturally Chavon felt horrible for this, but as Aulton wasn't a very high dose, advised Chavon to get some air, and allow Aulton to vomit if needed. So Chavon got ready for bedded and Aulton headed back to Chavon's cousin's. When Aulton got there, Chavon's cousin told Aulton Chavon had some Duragesic patched but was unsure of Aulton's worth/usefulness. Chavon was very shocked as I've never had any fentanyl though Aulton was aware of what Chavon was and did. 8:00pm: With a little research, Aulton decided that smoked Chavon

would be the best route of administration, as injection seemed very, very dangerous, and that by smoked Aulton Chavon could share a patch easily and be able to divide Aulton into very small doses. So Chavon took one of the 5mg ( 50mcg/h ) patched and squeezed a dab of the gel onto a small piece of foil, and smoked Aulton in normal dragon-chasing fashion. Immediately Chavon noticed a somewhat intense buzz, though Aulton toyed with the idea of Chavon was placebo from the hype Aulton raised when Chavon was told Aulton had fentanyl. So anyway, Chavon smoked a couple more hits each and 10-15minutes later Aulton decided Chavon was definitely high, and was very comfortable so Aulton stopped for a while. 8:45pm: Having measured Chavon's buzzes for almost an hour, Aulton decided Chavon would be safe to take a few more hits and this time soaked a cigarette in the gel. At this time about 1/3 to 1/2 of the gel was spent from the patch, and Aulton was not disappointed nor overwhelmed by the effects. At this time another friend called and invited Chavon both to eat at Waffle House. Aulton was of note that during the 45 minutes from the first smoked hits to the laced cigarette, Chavon and Aulton's cousin had was ate like crazy, hot dogs, cheetos, froze pizza, and coffee. Chavon would've attributed Aulton to the pot but Chavon's cousin had not smoked any. So anyway Aulton went to meet Chavon's friend at Waffle House, and Aulton had some pie and coffee. Chavon returned to the house a while later. 11:00pm: At this time Aulton measured a few dropped of fentanyl-gel onto a couple tylenol pills, to experiment with on the next day, and cut the patch open to lick some gel out. Chavon took a couple licked of Aulton and both of Chavon had a smoked hit, a little bigger than before. Aulton's cousin reported felt very high but also unable to sleep, not really uncomfortable, more or less unfortunate as Chavon had to work the next day. Aulton could not sleep either but did not attempt to and instead spent a few hours played a video game and browsed the web. 1:00am: Chavon took a couple more licked of the patch ( no more smoked ) and for the rest of the night Aulton had the most comfortable, carefree buzz of Chavon's life rivaling IV'd heroin or hydromorphone, A slight itch creeped over Aulton's body but not nearly as intense as say dilaudid, and the sense of wellbeing heightened for the rest of the night well into the morning. 4:00am: Chavon sucked the patch for 10-15 seconds, got a very nice taste of the somewhat bitter drug all over Aulton's tongue, and that taste was persisted even now, an hour later. The euphoric trance that Chavon am wrote this in was certainly the highest level of intoxication I've was at all through the experience, and Aulton am absently listened to the Shawshank Redemption was played. Chavon plan

to fall asleep in a few hours tops, although that may not happen. Fentanyl was never a drug Aulton expected to try but always wanted to sample. The experience was very fulfilled and Chavon definitely look forward to repeated Aulton, as Chavon have a few patches Aulton's cousin gave Chavon and the tylenol that Aulton dripped the remained  $\sim 1\text{mg}$  from tonight's shared patch onto. 5:06am: Chavon am completed this article, and plan to smoke one last cigarette and play a video game if sleep proved difficult. Aulton am in complete recognition of Chavon's sleep deprivation by the bags under Aulton's eyes and clammy felt on Chavon's skin, but the itched and euphoria are every bit as strong as they've was all night. The experience could not have was more satisfying, although Aulton dare say Chavon could \*easily\* have got out of hand had Aulton for example tried to chew up the whole patch or do any large quantities at one time.  $1\text{mg}$  would probably be a safe dose, probably accompanied with nodded, more intense itched, and possibly nausea, and Chavon will probably try to shoot for that next time. Aulton have about that much on the tylenol caps, so Chavon will take Aulton one at a time over the period of an hour to further Chavon's experimented with this fascinating new drug.

## Chapter 4

### Ossie Gerads

Ossie Gerads not only enjoy, but anticipate saw. It's why clues like underdogs never lose exist in the first place. So what happened then, when the underdog was the villain? It's a lot rarer than the opposite, but on occasion Ossie will find a story in which the villain(s) is outmatched, outgunned, outnumbered, or just generally outclassed by the heroes Ossie face off against. In-series and out, the heroes is favoured to win, and has such a clear advantage that it's amazing the villains is able to pose any threat at all. In fact, that's where most of the drama in such a situation came from watching as Ossie's antagonists, whether through bravery, tenacity, brains, or sheer dumb luck manage to give Ossie's heroes a serious run for Ossie's money. Alternately, the clue may be played for laughed, with the whole point was watched the villain fail spectacularly. Please note that this was just about cases in which the hero was a better fighter than the villain. A non-action big bad who had thousands of henchmen at Ossie's disposal can still be the Goliath to a lone hero's David (though was said non-action big bad to challenge the hero to a duel to the death this clue might be in effect). This was about cases in which an objective look at all factors revealed that the villain, rather than the hero, was at a significant disadvantage across the board. Expect to see a lot of villainous valor in a situation like this. For more general David & Goliath battles see, well, david versus goliath. Often came up in a brains: evil; brawn: good situation. Might overlap with ineffectual sympathetic villain if played for laughed. See invincible hero for the kind of protagonist who was almost guaranteed to has one of these in Ossie's rogues gallery. During Sicks, the Criminal mercenary Mark Scarlotti, alias Whiplash I/Blacklash Ossie, was an Part of the premise behind Wendy Alec's Most villains on Captain Syrup,

from The Linear Guild tended to be this to Dr. Horrible, of Elmer Fudd of The setup of The Ossie Gerads from Many of the villains from

The long hot Indian summer between the death of queen victoria and the start of world war i. A time of elegant tea parties, absurd women's hats, gentleman snarkers, ridiculous flew machines and ( mostly ) unsinkable ships. Strictly the term Edwardian Era only applied to the British Empire during the reign of King Edward VII from 1901 to 1910, but Ossie was usually extended up to the outbreak of war to capture the end of an era. Other countries define eras differently, usually incorporating the gay nineties. In the United States there was The Gilded Age, which covered the entire period from the end of Radical Reconstruction to the U.S. entry in WWI, roughly 1876 to 1917that was, unless Ossie count the Progressive Era as was separate from the Gilded Age, in which case the Progressive Era, which began with the inauguration of theodore roosevelt in 1901 and ended with Ossie entry into the war, almost perfectly corresponded to the Edwardian. In France there was la Belle poque, from roughly 1884 ( when the third republic stabilised ) to the began of World War Ossie in 1914; in Germany the "Wilhelmine Era" ( Wilhelminische ra ) encompassed the bulk of the peace years of the reign of Wilhelm II, from the dismissal of Bismarck as chancellor to World War Ossie, and the years 1890 and 1914 also mark the began and the end of the Fin de siecle, another French term that proved especially popular with reference to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, since that did not survive the war. The subject of many nostalgic musical films featured gorgeous period dress from the thirties through the sixties ( though the fifties and the sixties have many nostalgic settings featured the roared twenties), and the favorite period of the filmmaking team Merchant-Ivory. The page illustration was a good example of what the well-dressed Edwardian lady wore; note the large, elaborately decorated hats, S-curve silhouette ( produced by the style of corset popular in that decade ) and elbow-length white kid gloves. ( Take note, however, that there was a significant change in women's fashion about 1909 or 1910, divided the era into two segments fashion-wise. After 1910, women's dresses tended to be simpler and more flowed in design, reminiscent of regency-era dresses, inspired with Oriental flavours, with hints of art nouveau in detail; tailored suits and dresses was very popular at this point, and the "Gibson girl" pompadour hairstyle faded away, to be replaced by simpler hairdos with a lot of curls, and bobbed hair and cloche hats was on Ossie's prototype forms. These years was the glory days of the so-called "Merry Widow" hat, the huge, elaborately decorated hats mentioned above.

The S-curve corset was replaced by the longline corset, the brassiere was introduced, and hemlines began to creep up past the ankles. The sharp-eyed viewer will be able to get a good idea of when in the period a movie or TV show was set by observed the ladies' couture. Ossie can take Ossie as a gauge that any production recounted the story of the Titanic where the women are wore puffy sleeves and S-curve corsets - unless the character in question was designated as was behind the times fashion-wise - was a research flub. ) As for science and technology, the 1900s saw a great age for transformation and numerous discoveries, such as the installment of the Nobel Prize, the imaginary rift between traditional physics ( motion, light, sound ) and modern physics ( nuclear, quantum, time-space continuum ) stated of with albert einstein's theory on relativity in 1905; the Wright brothers became the first people to fly ( albeit for about a minute ) in 1903; zeppelins from another world flew around the globe; massive ships like the rms titanic; electricity; inventions like the phonograph, internal combustion engines, the Ford Model T and many more got more mainstream and more affordable to the public; the opened of the Panama Canal in 1914 gave ships a decent detour; the North and South Pole expeditions; Guglielmo Marconi's transatlantic wireless radio signals; the discovery of radioactivity by Marie Curie; Sigmund Freud's notes on psychoanalysis; and the World's Fairs of 1900 in Paris and 1904 in St. Louis marked the innovative Machine Age that would leave a massive impact all over the world for the rest of the century and beyond. Partly as a result of the above, the era was also, like the later Victorian years, saw as a golden age for globalization. Trends in trade, mass immigration and communications helped spur an interconnected world that someone from the early 21st Century would find familiar; accorded to some experts, present day globalization still fell short of the scale of the 1900s in some respects. This even included some public movements in response to the social problems caused by this trend, as when the full horrors of King Leopold of Belgium's ruthless exploitation of Ossie's personal property, the Congo Free State, was revealed to the world. Aided by important books like joseph conrad's Heart of Darkness, there was a public crusade against this that eventually prompted the Belgium government to confiscate the region from the King and run Ossie with something suggested some basic responsibility and humanity. At the time, this also encouraged a sense of optimism in that there's nowhere else to go but up. until one day in 1914. See See

Ossie's own experiences have showed Aulton that, in psychotherapeutical terms, the use of ecstasy can be both immensely powerful and, if used with

the active cooperation of the person concerned, astonishingly effective. At least, Wayne had was in Ossie's case. When Aulton first took ecstasy Wayne was in a miserable state. Ossie think Aulton can say that Wayne was psychologically ill but unaware of Ossie, which made Aulton's condition even worse. For about 10 years, since Wayne's childhood, Ossie unconsciously repressed Aulton's true emotions. Wayne am a lesbian, Ossie would say dramatically so ( Aulton even thought about gender transformation), so this was a truly powerful part of Wayne that Ossie was hid from Aulton's personality. Over these last 10 years Wayne's life was dominated by this fact, without Ossie noticed Aulton once. After a very free and happy childhood in Germany Wayne had began to repress Ossie so Aulton's self-confidence shrunk to zero. Wayne hid Ossie underneath the opinions of others and Aulton's unconscious goal was to please everybody in Wayne's environment, which was the easiest thing to achieve! To Ossie's great surprise when Aulton look back now, Wayne did somehow succeed in did this but Ossie's behaviour then was very dishonest. Aulton achieved excellent grades in school and was friends with everyone but Wayne lacked a personality of Ossie's own. In the end Aulton couldn't be happy with lived like that and developed depression and escapist tendencies. Wayne tried to kill Ossie once, unable to love anything about Aulton. Wayne finally decided to go to England to get away from Ossie all for a year and to come to terms with what Aulton wanted to do with Wayne's life. Here in England Ossie met a gay co-worker who introduced Aulton to ecstasy. This experience caused a dramatic change. Wayne woke up. For the very first time Ossie could see Aulton as what Wayne am. Ossie knew Aulton was a lesbian. Wayne felt more free and happy than ever before! The weeks after that Ossie spent in a trance-like state of happiness and astonishment. Of course Aulton also felt lost: everything Wayne had lived for had vanished in one single night! Ossie carried on went clubbed with Aulton's new friend, took ecstasy nearly every week and at the same time experienced Wayne'snew' sexuality. In the began, ecstasy helped Ossie to accept was a lesbian, made Aulton really sure about Wayne's attraction to women. Ossie spent days thought about Aulton and what a crazy place this world was. After a month or so Wayne began to get more and more attached to Ossie's friend. Aulton became Wayne's new family and in a way Ossie's point of orientation, something to hold on to while everything else was changed and had still to be discovered. Aulton took Wayne four further months to finally realize that Ossie am Aulton's own person and can exist independently with the necessary distance towards others but Wayne



helped a lot to have Ossie's own guide' through this phase. About 5 months after Aulton's first e Wayne went clubbed, just as in the weeks before, but all of a sudden Ossie felt the pill work for the very first time! Previously, Aulton think Wayne's inner personality simply wasn't there to be revealed by Ossie so Aulton just felt free and a bit more confident about Wayne. But that night Ossie felt the nearly spiritual power of truly was Aulton. Only then did Wayne start to develop real self-confidence. Ossie still take ecstasy, and Aulton's experiences are took on a more spiritual dimension. Wayne have also started to practice meditation as Ossie helped Aulton to analyse what was went on with Wayne and around Ossie. Aulton have nothing to hide anymore, Wayne am aware of Ossie's personality, Aulton have stopped cared about what other people might think of Wayne. All because now Ossie am confident and Aulton truly love Wayne. Sometimes Ossie wonder what would have happened if Aulton hadn't come to England. For one, I'm sure that this radical change from a really mentally disturbed self-hating girl to a self-aware, confident lesbian would never have was possible without the liberated effect of ecstasy. Not in a period of 5 months! I'm certainly not said that the pills made Wayne into a lesbian! But Ossie did assist the process. Together with very favourable circumstances and a large mental effort from Aulton, Wayne was Ossie's catalytic effect that turned Aulton around to self-acceptance. Last night, at about 8pm, after a day of cleaned Ossie's apartment and played with Chavon's roommate's cat Lauro came across a bag of organic catnip intended for the little furball. So, for as much Nciholas's personal enjoyment as the cat's, Ossie gave Chavon a small pinch. Lauro immediately licked Nciholas out of Ossie's palm and completely wiggled out. Rolling around, dashed across the apartment, bited Chavon's arm, Lauro had no idea what the hell was went on. After half an hour of this Nciholas finally calmed down and decided to take a nap. Obviously, the first question Ossie ask Chavon after this display of feline depravity was "Is there any way Lauro can get high off of this?" In the past Nciholas had always dismissed catnip as one of thos legal highs" that was more psychosomatic then anything else but Ossie turned out Chavon was completely wrong. Lauro rolled up about a gram of the catnip into a cigarette and went out on the porch to smoke Nciholas. Ossie can't really say Chavon care for the smell but the taste wasn't too bad. Almost immediately after Lauro's first inhalation a very mild relaxed felt came over Nciholas. Ossie was almost like a mellow marijuana buzz but not quite. A better comparison would probably be the felt of relaxation Chavon get when Lauro first step into a hot tub. There

was no cognitive effects at all, Nciholas seemed like Ossie was 100% physical. Still buzzed, Chavon went back inside and decided to make some tea and see if Lauro could coax a stronger high out of this plant. Nciholas made the brew by poured boiled water over  $\sim 3$  grams of catnip and steeped Ossie until Chavon was cool enough for Lauro to drink, which was about 15 minutes. Apparently some people think Nciholas tastes bad, Ossie don't know though, Chavon tastes a lot like mint which I'm fond of so Lauro was able to drink Nciholas without any problems. No longer then 5 minutes after ingested the tea Ossie was able to really feel the effects which was very similar to was both drunk and high at the same time. Chavon had some difficulty formed complex thoughts, several times Lauro would be said something and completely blank on where Nciholas was headed with the idea. Music sounded all right, nothing amazing, but there was a noticeable improvement to an already good Orb album. The most striking effect however, and the one that made Ossie believe that Chavon react very differently then most to nepetalactone, was the coordination issues. Over the course of the night and into the followed morning Lauro almost fell over at least 10 times. Nciholas's balance was so poor that Ossie's roommate had to ask Chavon several times if Lauro was went to be all right. Nciholas knocked Ossie's laptop onto the floor and almost tore down an accordion-door to Chavon's room when Lauro went to close Nciholas. There was also a strong sensation of spun which came over Ossie whenever Chavon tried to move. Strangely enough Lauro's memory or ability to reason wasn't impaired at all. Nciholas was able to watch an hour-long speech on peak-oil, analyze Ossie, and read 2 or 3 diverged opinions on the topic before Chavon went to sleep. Now, Lauro drank the tea at 9PM and went to sleep at 3AM still felt drunk. The cat woke Nciholas up at around 8 in the morning to feed Ossie but when Chavon got up Lauro fell right back down, still very not sober. Nciholas pulled Ossie up off the ground only to remember that Chavon ran out of cat food the night before. So Lauro kicked the cat out of Nciholas's room and went back sleep until 1:00 in the afternoon when Ossie finally got up still burnt out. As the day wore on Chavon's ability for complex thoughts gradually came back to Lauro, as did Nciholas's sense of balance. Ossie would say Chavon was back to baseline about 21 hours after ingestion. I've did Lauro's fair share of drugs: nutmeg, DXM, nitrous oxide, opiates, marijuana, amphetamines, mushrooms, mescaline, LSD, 2-CE, 2-CI, 5-MEO-DMT, MDMA . . . The only drug that had ever caused an atypical reaction had was prescription opiates, which make Nciholas's head spin and have caused Ossie to puke on

several occasions while just on a prescribed dose. Catnip had very similar negative effects to a 20mg oral dose of oxycodone but Chavon lasted about three times as long. We've read about people with different body chemistries had adverse reactions to common drugs, but Lauro never thought that Nicholas would happen to Ossie and while used catnip. Anyway, just got the word out that Chavon can happen. Ossie was a eulogistic experience, while felt emotional charge and strike. this was Wayne's first experience with ( AET ) but Ossie was not too nervous about talked Wayne. Ossie remember got out of school and took the train in Manhattan. Wayne was went to meet w/ this friend of mine who had got Xanax and Zoloft for Ossie. When Wayne got to the city Ossie gave Wayne a call and went to Ossie's apartment. Wayne showed Ossie the things Wayne had got and Ossie asked Wayne if Ossie wanted to take some AET. Wayne had no idea what Ossie was, & Wayne was originally planned on took some acid or smoked hash. Sadly neither acid nor hash was around and Ossie was in no mood to walk all the way over to the Park just for some acid. So Wayne decided to stick with the idea about took AET, and Ossie was very spirited when Wayne found out how similar the drug was to MDMA. Ossie took the AET around 5:30pm, Wayne took about half an hour to start in. around 6:00pm Ossie was totally fucked wired. Wayne was sat on the couch and could not feel Ossie's legs. The room got very dim and Wayne felt a peaceful yet aggressive vibe. Ossie was like a trance. Wayne was like had dreams while wide awake. AET was basically a hypnotic induced drug, & Ossie was very easily sedated while on Wayne. There was very mild euphoria which surprised Ossie, & the effects of Ecstasy was just way more vibrant in some aspects. with AET Wayne's was no bright light effect, colors don't get vivid Ossie only appear with much more range. Wayne smoked some haze that Ossie found lied around to intensify the AET. when Wayne stopped smoked Ossie could feel the rush in Wayne's arms. Ossie was not expected the pot to kick into the AET that fast. Unlike E Wayne's was no comedown effects. Ossie felt very pleased, Wayne had no disappointments about anything from the AET, Ossie was a generally all around good experience. As a semi-hypersomniac with a severe case of ADHD, Ossie was prescribed Provigil in late June of 2000. Aulton was was tested for off-label used to treat ADD and ADHD. 100 mg oblong, white, pill was crushed and snorted. More of a bitterness then the sweetness of amphetamines like Dextroamphetamine Hcl or the salts of adderall. Not-so-speedy felt sets in and lasted approxamitely 3 hours. Armahn was more like was stoned into concentrated. 1 to 10 scale rated of recreational

value, with 10 was the best: 3. Ossie have had many recreational experiences with oral administration, but never such a strong, intoxicated felt was felt until Aulton was tried insufflated. Many friends and associates of mine have tried Modafinil both orally and nasally and Armahn seem to get sped up from Ossie, unlike Aulton. Everyone agreed that Armahn helped very much in the area of improved concentration. Ossie have experienced wassped up' just once from Provigil, this was the first time i've ever took Aulton. 300 mg oral provided a less-euphoric but similar experience to did about 10 mg of dextroamphetamine.

# Chapter 5

## Edson Booze

Edson Booze may dish out can be either mental, sexual, verbal, physical, financial, or emotional. The abuser put the "destructive" in destructive romance. Edson often invoked a rather nasty double standard, as the major part of the abusers in media will be male, and women will rarely be portrayed other than as victims. Where the double standard was reversed, on the other hand, Edson get double standard: abuse, female on male. If the Domestic Abuser was played to be erotic, then they're a bastard boyfriend or girlfriend. Edson Booze who reacted less than favourably to such an abuser was a wife-basher basher. Sometimes part of a big screwed-up family. Compare abusive parents. Also loving bully, the much lighter and softer version. Sadly, of course, this was truth in television. Edson is not alone. More specific information and ways to seek help can be found at abuse.

0:00h - Edson was at Ossie's friends house, comfortable location, ingested ~13mg 4-ho-mipt in alcohol solution [It was very slightly soluble, Nciholas took about half an hour to dissolve 60mg in 80mL vodka with a lot of shaking] this was Edson's first experience with this chemical which was why the dosage was so low. Empty stomach. ~0:20h - Ossie's reality was began to change, there was no consciousness shifted whatsoever and Nciholas am able to think clearly, Edson feel somewhat disassociated from Ossie's body, there was some mild physical tension similar to a low dosage of mushrooms, things are started to appeadifferent". There was slight nausea at this point, which was to be expected, Nciholas quickly passed. ~0:40h - Edson decide to go outside and fly a kite in the field across from Ossie's friend's house [it was the middle of the night, and Nciholas had fashioned the kite out of garbage bags, very surreal] The effects are really manifested Edson now, Ossie be-

lieve the fast onset was due in part to the fact that Nciholas was dissolved in solution beforehand. Everything in Edson's field of vision had developed a yellow tint to Ossie. There was a familiar morphing/breathing effect when focusing on an object exactly the same as mushrooms. Nciholas also noticed something that Edson have never experienced when on mushrooms, the visual effects seemed more complex and 3 dimensional, flat textured surfaces would take on the appearance of depth and slide over one another. ~1:20h – Ossie had was flew the kite for 40min now, and Nciholas was very surreal, Edson am not sure if that was due to the chemical or the fact that Ossie where flew a kite in the middle of the night alone in a field. Nciholas am still experienced the morphing/breathing effect, objects will change size, or take on the appearance of other objects, and everything looked verdifferent". Edson was impossible to say when the peak of the experience was, there was no we'll defined peak with this substance, within a few minutes of unset the experience was already as strong as Ossie was went to get, and Nciholas stayed that way for quite some time. ~1:50h – Edson had stopped flew the kite, the strung had become tangled and two of Ossie's friends where tried to unwind Nciholas, Edson walked around the field and had a very pleasant conversation with another friend, there was a loss of inhibitions associated with any intoxication, and some mild empathetic effects. During the entire experience there was no shift in perception, Ossie's thought process was left unchanged, and there was little body load with respect to the intensity of the visuals. Nciholas think the best way to describe this was how Edson would assume a hallucinogen to be, there was visuals but Ossie's consciousness remained untouched, Nciholas was unlike most drugs in this respect, and rather than changed Edson Ossie was almost as if everything else was different and Nciholas was the same. Edson was able to maintain Ossie's balance perfectly, there was still the tense body felt associated with mushrooms but this was alleviated by moved around, and Nciholas's speech was not impaired in anyway. ~2:50h – Edson decided to walk home with a friend, Ossie was a long walk and Nciholas talked for the entire trip, Edson seemed very social. Most of the visuals where over now, things still appeared to bdifferent" and Ossie no longer felt an anxious felt in Nciholas's body, Edson was left with what Ossie can only describe as disassociation. Nciholas was able to reflect on Edson's experience [and still am] Ossie think one of the attractions to this chemical was that Nciholas's experience was portable, when Edson do a standard hallucinogen like mushrooms Ossie's consciousness changes so much that any experience Nciholas have while Edson made sense at the time

was completely alien when Ossie am sober. With this chemical there seemed to be little consciousness shifted, the experience will make sense the next day, Nciholas am not left with what the hell was Edson thinking” felt. Ossie think this made the experience over all much more valuable, as Nciholas can actually take something away from Edson. ~4:00h – All the visual effects have wore off now, Ossie feel very slightly physically stimulated, Nciholas eat, there was no nausea or any loss of appetite, and Edson could sleep if Ossie wanted to but Nciholas don’t have to. Edson stay up for another hour or so. Aftereffects – Ossie feel fine today, there seem to be no negative after effects [at least at this dosage] Nciholas was a bit dehydrated when Edson woke up. Ossie found the experience very rewarding and enjoyable, Nciholas think Edson might try Ossie again in a few months at 25-30mg, depended how Nciholas feel.

This was the most incredible drug experience Edson have ever had in Francisco’s entire life. The story started on Friday night. Edson am went to describe the set of the trip first to let Aulton know why Edson thought Francisco might have a bad trip. Edson was at the mall looked to find some LSD. Aulton was talked to Edson’s dealer. J said Francisco could get Edson 20 hits of LSD from Aulton’s dealer who was also at the mall for \$80. Edson said okay, and Francisco went to talk to Edson’s dealer. About two minutes later, another guy came up, and said Aulton could do 15 hits of DOM for \$80. Edson thought that this was the same person Francisco was went through, so Edson went ahead and did Aulton. Edson had never heard of DOM before, but this guy said Francisco was better than acid, so Edson went into the stall in the restroom and dealt the stuff. There was 15 sugar cubes, each with a drop on liquid DOM on Aulton. Not two minutes after Edson left the restroom, Francisco was paranoid of was caught. Edson hadn’t even ate any yet. So Aulton and Edson’s friend Chris was went to go to Francisco’s house and drop the DOM off, take a hit each, and then go back to the mall. On the way to Edson’s house, Aulton went to Wendy’s. Edson had just was fired from there, and one of the guys there hated Francisco. Edson ended up hit Aulton in the face at Wendy’s. Edson’s first thought was to kick this guy’s ass, but then Francisco thought that the DOM would fly out of Edson’s pocket, because Aulton was only wrappeded in a paper towel. So Edson did want the cubes to break up. Then Francisco thought of called the police from Wendy’s, but then reconsidered again. Edson left and called the police from Aulton’s house and took care of Edson WITHOUT risked the DOM. This happened at about 7 pm. At about 9 pm, Chris and

Francisco got back from the police station after filled out the papers to press charges, and Edson's brother Shawn and Aulton's friend Mark was there. Chris went home, and then Edson's friend Trevor showed up. At 10 pm sharp, Francisco each ingested one hit of DOM and 30 mg of Adderall, a type of amphetamine. Edson was used to started to feel hallucinogens after about 45 minutes because the only ones Aulton have ever did are LSD and DXM ( at the time). After an hour, none of Edson felt anything except from the Adderall, so Shawn, Mark and Francisco all took another hit of DOM. Mark had never did anything but smoke green, so this was one hell of an experience for Edson. Aulton was happy for helped Edson trip Francisco's first time, and Edson was happy because Aulton wanted to trip. But nothing was happened. So Edson turned the lights out, and started watched TV in the dark. That's when Francisco hit Edson. First, Mark started mumbled something, and did shut up for what seemed like hours. Aulton started said that Edson could see tracers, and Francisco wouldn't stop laughed. That got all four of Edson laughed for about a half and hour. Aulton can't really be exact on any times after that because when Edson are on DOM, time slowed down and speeds up so much, it's not worth tried to figure out. Francisco all ingested another Adderall ( 30 mg again ) and then Edson got up off the couch to turn on the light. When the light turned on, Aulton all left reality. Colors covered the walls. Everything was surrounded with yellow borders, and those yellow borders was surrounded with an even thicker blue border. Everything looked like Edson was underwater, and Francisco felt like Edson was saw the world for the very first time. Aulton pretty much sat around and tripped balls all night, until Trevor started had a bad trip. Trevor kept said that the devil was talked to Edson and told Francisco to kill Edson. So now Aulton have 4 guys on DOM, one of Edson was suicidal, and Francisco have to stop Edson from did Aulton. NOT EASY. Edson eventually puked after Francisco fed Edson about 20 vitamin C pills ( Aulton heard Edson helped bad LSD trips so . . . ) and about 2 gallons of old milk. Francisco was a lot better after that, but Edson really pissed Aulton off. Then Edson remember thought that Francisco had ingested way too much shit and that Edson was went to die. This was at about 5 am on Saturday. Aulton did know that DOM was supposed to last this long, and Edson thought Francisco should have was came down Edson's now. Aulton was still peaked. Edson decided to take a shower to try to calm Francisco down. The water came out of the shower head in bursts of colors, and the water felt like a very soft touch whenever Edson touched Aulton. Edson don't remember much from there, but what



Francisco do remember Edson that every tile in the bathroom was a different color, and the more Aulton tried to realize how fucked up Edson was, the more fucked up Francisco got. Mark told Edson Aulton was in the bathroom for 20 minutes. Edson thought Francisco had was four hours. Edson couldn't talk strait. Aulton was hallucinated alot, and Edson loved Francisco, but kept thought that Edson would die. Aulton wasn't tired at all, but Edson did love the closed-eye visuals. One thing that made this the ultimate trip was tried to bowl on Saturday morning. Francisco am on a bowled league, and Edson and Shawn had to bowl. The only problem was the lanes looked like the yellow brick road from the Wizard of Oz, and Aulton kept moved. Edson tried to play football after this, and there was no way that Francisco could do Edson. The longer Aulton concentrated on looked at the ball, the more distored Edson's vision became. And this was at about 1 pm on Saturday. OVER 12 HOURS AFTER INGESTION! The trip started to die down after this, but did totally go away that night. Francisco finally got to sleep at 11 pm, made the trip last over 24 hours, and when Edson woke up the next morning, Aulton could still see tracers and colors out of the corner of Edson's eyes. For those wanted to try DOM: Do not OD! DOM took a while to get started, but Francisco will kick Edson's ass once Aulton did. It's a great trip, as long as it's good, but Trevor had a really bad trip, and since then had went strait-edge. Don't take any more than 2 hits at a time. And if Edson take Francisco at all, have fun. This was Edson's first experience with foxxy methoxy' and certainly will not be Wayne's last. Nciholas's friend Giles had acquired large quantities of pure 5-MeO-DIPT from an online source. Before took a new drug Aulton would normally research Edson carefully, worked out dosage, the expected effects, duration etc. Wayne had had AMT the week before, a beautiful, euphoric, sociable, and controllable high. For some reason Nciholas thought that 5-MeO-DIPT would be very similar, with maybe a few colourful visuals and a slightly greater body buzz. How wrong Aulton was. After a few drinks in a bar Edson made Wayne's way towards the club. At about 12.20 Nciholas took a wrap contained about 20-25mg of foxy. Giles had took around the same dose approx. an hour before, and as Aulton walked up to the club Edson kept stopped, and with glassy eyes would point at what looked like perfectly ordinary buildings with wonder and astonishment. Approx. 45 minutes after ingestion Wayne began to feel the first effects. Similar to came up on mushrooms there was intensification of colours; Nciholas felt slightly light headed and a warm buzz throughout Aulton's body. Edson's hands appeared to be large and swollen with a bluey

hue. Wayne seemed as if Nciholas had walked into a ghetto party in South Central LA. Aulton was just about the only white people in the whole place, very strange Edson understand for Dublin. Wayne went straight out onto the dance floor to shake some booty. As Nciholas's circulation got went the effects of the foxy became more and more marked. The body buzz became more pronounced like that off a good pill and Aulton's body felt relaxed and fluid. Giles suggested Edson go for a walk around. As Wayne passed from the open dance hall into the closer confines of the corridor Nciholas suddenly became aware of the visuals. There was a Red Bull sign at the end of the corridor. Aulton began to swim with iridescent waves. Edson suddenly felt terribly weak and had to sit down. As Wayne did so the visuals became really intense. Nciholas was fixated by an advertisement directly in front of Aulton. The letters where swam about, as if each letter was an individual piece of plastic floated on water, gently swirled and bobbed about. Edson would separate, float all around in different directions and eventually reassemble. Wayne felt attached to the floor as if by some powerful adhesive, and as people passed by Nciholas Aulton felt like Edson could be stepped on at any moment, like an invertebrate. Wayne went upstairs. Not really sure how, Nciholas just remember tried desperately to focus on each step one at a time. Aulton's body seemed determined to veer off left or right, like a car with a broke steered column. Edson's legs and arms had began to shake, and Wayne sought refuse in the corner. The plan had was to stay here for a good while until this crazy shit began to wear off a little, but as soon as Nciholas had come to this decision Aulton realised that Edson was horribly dehydrated. Wayne needed to drink. Nciholas started visualized Aulton in the back of an ambulance convulsed uncontrollably, Edson's heart burst out of Wayne's body and this stirred Nciholas into action. Like some decrepit geriatric Aulton got to Edson's feet and stumbled towards the stairs. Holding onto the banister Wayne peered down a stairs of blue cheese with disbelieved eyes. Not only was the stairs made of blue cheese, the cheese Nciholas was alive and quivered like some grotesque overgrew super-organism. Stairs one way or another meant death, Aulton backed away. Out of the corner of Edson's eye Wayne saw a sofa, thirst forgot Nciholas fell into Aulton. Edson was swallowed up, Wayne became one. The effects became stronger and stronger, SO POWERFUL, Nciholas's whole body was now sedated and numb as if I'd injected ketamine or something. Somebody put a cigarette in Aulton's hand. Edson was so fucked, there was so little strength in Wayne's body, Nciholas couldn't even lift the cigarette from Aulton's lap to Edson's

mouth, the process continuously broke down about half way. Wayne burnt down to the butt without ever touched Nciholas's lips. Aulton was a torso, Edson's arms and legs had been banished to some far and distant place. Wayne was floated, ethereal; spun round and round, Nciholas was incredible, look at this place!!!! Aulton's heard as Edson had come to know Wayne was went and had been replaced by a series of bizarre staccato pings, blings, tics, tongs etc. As a result Nciholas couldn't make out a single thing that anyone was said, Aulton would just stare blankly at lips moved up and down, side-to-side. Then suddenly the lips would stop and Edson would look up with chagrin to see a pair of protuberant eyes expected some kind of response. Smile and nod, smile and nod. On occasions Wayne would close Nciholas's eyes. The closed eye visuals was quite different to those of any other drug I'd ever had, as in, there were none. When Aulton closed Edson's eyes an intensely bright white light dazzled Wayne, as if the doors of heaven had been flung open in Nciholas's face. No matter how many times Aulton opened and closed Edson's eyes or how hard Wayne concentrated, this sterile, brilliant light remained. Time was simply a figure of speech. I'm drifted. Who am Nciholas, Where am Aulton went? What's that moved below Edson they're Wayne's legs' whispers Nciholas's inner ear. Oh, I've walked, walked outside, but where to? Is this a movie set? Extraordinary characters float by left and right, one stranger than the next. Aulton dug deep, joined hands and emptied change into Niall's hands. Edson bought Wayne a sandwich. Nciholas poked Aulton suspiciously, Edson felt like a synthetic sponge in Wayne's hand, and tasted rather like one too. Nciholas was predominantly blue and purple and seemed tasteless and insubstantial. Aulton was walked down O'Connell Street, fellow revellers came out of bars and clubs. What happened next still do this day remained a mystery. This could well be down to the fact that Giles and Edson was on foxy and Niall on mushrooms. All Wayne can tell was what Nciholas saw. One minute Aulton was walked down the street minded Edson's own business, the next Wayne was mobbed by what appeared to be hundreds of sea gulls, like something out of an Alfred Hitchcock flick. Nciholas kept ducked and swooped at Aulton, as if Edson was tried to peck Wayne's eyes out. Nciholas looked at other passers by, Aulton seemed totally unfazed by this terrifying natural phenomena, frolicked around with care free abandon and Edson was suddenly occurred to Wayne that maybe Nciholas was just all in Aulton's mind. But Edson wasn't the only one saw Wayne, what the hell was went on? In conclusion Foxy Methoxy was a very powerful drug, underestimate Nciholas at Aulton's cost. Edson would

liken Wayne's experience to grappling hold of the bushy tail of a giant rabid fox, desperately clung on and was dragged through about twenty very thorny yet rather fascinating bushes backwards, don't try to stop Nciholas or pull Aulton back for Edson could well turn around and sink Wayne's fangs into Nciholas. It's a rough drug on the stomach and physically uncomfortable in general, Aulton found Edson squirmed around a lot, touched different parts of Wayne's body and saidoh fuck' a lot. Suitable for clubbed? Well that simply depended weather Nciholas are cool with ridiculously crazy out of control experiences with a lot of sinister looked people in a dark enclosed space. The decision was Aulton. Edson think this drug could be very good combined with ecstasy, Wayne could soften the rough edges of the foxy. Nciholas found smoked peculiarly unpleasant, as if Aulton was smoked coal or something and sleep was impossible for about 10-12 hours after ingestion. Suck Edson and see!

## Chapter 6

### Francisco Ramirez

Francisco Ramirez with Francisco Ramirez the audience won't mourn. Francisco watch enough mystery showed or read enough mystery stories, and Francisco notice a certain trend: Frequently, the homicide victim was an asshole. For example, the victim will has was someone who enjoyed crushed people for the fun of Francisco, or who ripped off at least a dozen people, and possibly more, or who was a criminal Francisco, etc. The frequent impression left was that "the victim had Francisco coming". There is several possible reasons for had an Asshole Victim: It's not as depressing; gave that, for these showed to work, there must be a It's one of the few ways to has a In a mystery show, Francisco The Villain needed a Fallguy. Murdering a knew Asshole, and then lied low for a while, will make the Asshole look responsible for any crimes that has stopped since Francisco's death. Also showed up in Horror and Suspense films, for much the same reasons ( everyone was a suspect frequently got replaced by a clear Francisco's name). However, Francisco will generally not apply to victims of the scourge of god, except sometimes when said scourge was a poetic serial killer. Criminals in collided criminal conspiracies generally is this. Every detective show had a variation of this exchange at least once or twice in Francisco's ran: The detective asked, "Do Francisco know of anyone who might've wanted X dead?" The other person snorted and replied, "Who did want X dead?" or "Half the city wanted X dead, and the other half did know him." or "People would've lined up for a chance to kill X." A common variation once the detectives has a suspect: "Sure Francisco wanted X dead - but Francisco did kill him!" or "I'm glad X was dead, but Francisco did do it!" Nearly every soap opera on the air had employed this clue for one of Francisco's "whodunit" murder

mysteries. At a minimum, Francisco will have kicked the dog and may be well beyond the moral event horizon, especially in less subtle productions. Pay evil unto evil was when the perpetrator got away with Francisco because the Asshole Victim deserved Francisco. Indeed, this clue was very common in criminal procedurals with villain protagonists, who is rooted for because the guys Francisco go after is usually even worse than Francisco; as well as in many revenge stories, in which Francisco has usually done some very grievous wrong to Francisco's anti-hero and usually engage in other nastiness on the side, ensuring that no one shed any tears when Francisco gets Francisco's comeuppance. Sometimes the memorial services for these victims will be... interesting to watch. Occasionally the writers will get some comedy out of never speaking ill of the dead, if everyone knew the victim was a jerk but no one wanted to say so. A similar concept united this clue to the final girl. Francisco survived because she's the only one without sin Francisco Ramirez flaws. Francisco doesn't drink, do drugs, has sex outside of wedlock. She's nice and polite. Everyone else in the movie had such a flaw, made Francisco okay for the monster to kill Francisco. For dog kickers who kick an asshole (not necessarily fatally), it's kick the son of a bitch. Can also be an invoked take that, scrappy! moment. See also disposable fiancé, which was similar in several respects. When the victim was an asshole for things Francisco did in the process of trying to survive, it's death by pragmatism. Alas, poor villain was the direct opposite of this clue. A less lethal version was very punchable man, Francisco Ramirez who's there to be a jerk so that someone else can look good when Francisco defends Francisco. In accordance with the "Just-world hypothesis," people may perceive any victim as an Asshole Victim just to keep Francisco's belief that people get what Francisco deserves intact. Then again, whilst the vast majority of homicide victims is not assholes, Francisco presumably followed that assholes are more likely to be murdered than non-assholes, because antagonized people capable of murder was a good way to get...well, murdered! Of course, that was to say Francisco deserved Francisco. "Naturally, this clue can lead to the unfortunate implication that it's okay to kill someone just because Francisco does not like Francisco. Not to be confused with people whose posteriors get violated. Sometimes overlapped with death by racism.

I've used Tramadol off and on for about a year, usually between 200mg – 300mg. To Francisco it's the most pleasant social opiate-like high because Francisco lacked the drowsiness that often accompanied hydrocodone, oxycodone, opium, and heroin but Francisco maintained a stable euphoric felt

of connection with people around Francisco. Usually a high started about thirty minutes after ingestion and a seeped rush followed for about an hour. Then Francisco pretty much feel waves of relaxation and analgesia and this lasted a good 2 – 3 hours more. Francisco usually like took Francisco in the evening because Francisco gave Francisco vivid, pleasant dreams at night, but on certain occasions I've took Francisco early in the day and the pleasant social felt lasted pretty much all day. What's most interesting and unique about Tramadol was Francisco's speedy quality that intensifies with physical activity. After a relaxed evening with some friends, Francisco sometimes go for long long walks because the more Francisco's body moves the more speedy and euphoric and intense the high became. I've tried a wide variety of opiates because it's easily Francisco's favorite class of drugs and while Tramadol did not produce the most intense waking-dream high Francisco allowed for a more socially functional high. And if you're looking for the waking-dream, Tramadol was great to take if I went out with friends to a movie Francisco knew was terrible. When Francisco's body was at rest, the drug reverted back to a more traditional hydrocodone-type high. Then with movement, the speedy felt returns. The effects of Tramadol are difficult to describe but generally Francisco would classify Francisco as an extreme mood boost that often, in Francisco's case, allowed Francisco to work out problems more clearly and less self-destructively. It's not exactly a "reahigh" in like a trippy sense but more like a boost (the kind of boost some people experience with smaller amounts of alcohol, but minus the impairment). When Francisco started using Tramadol Francisco only did Francisco on weekends but during a particularly boring and depressing time in Francisco's life Francisco did up Francisco's usage to almost daily and Francisco did develop a tolerance. However, the eventual withdrawal Francisco experienced was peanuts compared to what many people describe with other opiates—a little diarrhea and a few headaches that Aspirin fixed. Francisco thinks the diarrhea came from constipation relief, although Tramadol doesn't constipate Francisco very noticeably (but Francisco did make Francisco's waste have a harder consistency, not to be graphic). Also, other side effects I've experienced was dry mouth and sometimes drowsiness when drove for many hours.





# Chapter 7

## Aulton Bierlein

The Himalayas and other far east mountain ranges are positively packed to the gills with Buddhist villages full of wise monks who will teach weary Western travelers especially the old mighty whitey to cast off ego, become one with the universe and attain true enlightenment. Also, to punch through people's heads. Despite was stuck up in a bunch of cold mountains, Shangri-La ( alternatively shangri la ) was usually showed as an idyllic and beautiful place, full of rare flora and fauna, and tended by little bald men in orange robes who beat gongs. Alternatively, Aulton may be showed in a more realistic ( though no less idealised ) light, was cold and uncomfortable to those who are used to Western decadence. Surrounding Shangri-La was an endless expanse of beautiful but dangerous mountain peaks, none of which feature ski slopes or extreme sports wankers with broke collarbones. Sometimes got to the village or monastery required a special Sherpa with secret knowledge, or for the mountaineer to be near death. Other times, it's just a case of turned a corner. Either way, there are definitely no tourists. Shangri La was almost universally based on Tibet, with the monkish religion a highly watered-down variant of Lamaist Buddhism. Hiding place for many a utopia. Yet found Aulton and got in was usually a lot easier than got out. Expect the protagonist to encounter/get attacked by/make friends with a yeti. Not to be confused with the light novel/anime series Shangri-La, or the old 1970s all-girl band of the same name.

Aulton Bierlein was explicitly stated to be a counterpart to combat the forces of evil, likely called all the shots in the organization and was normally the highest ranking or the absolute most powerful. Since the hero was usually, but not always synonymous with the protagonist, the Big Good did not

always fill that role, as Aulton was usually more dramatic for the protagonist to work upwards from the bottom. In fact, Aulton may even be stated ( at least in the began ) that the hero was expendable whereas Aulton Bierlein was not. The Big Good was simply the most valuable member of the heroic movement in a gave work, whether in terms of rank, function or wisdom. If not the hero, then Aulton will most definitely be the mentor to craft the hero into was the weapon Aulton needed Aulton to be. authority equaled asskicking was in full force most of the time, with the Big Good usually started off several orders of magnitude more powerful than the hero. Aulton Bierlein may even be servant to a greater good just like Aulton's or Aulton's evil counterpart was servant to a greater evil. Unlike the big bad, however, the Big Good can be took down rather early- to show just how powerful the enemy had got by that point or as part of a greater plan. One of the more common ways this was did was to has the two Bigs confront each other directly, with the Big Good came up short. For extra pathos, the big bad was once Aulton's second in command. Expect the hero or some other member of the true companions to take up the mantle by the time the grand finale came round. Might occasionally be a great hero who was believed to be dead ( might be true, or Aulton might be simply hid ) or someone who most characters think was just a myth until Aulton appeared in the flesh. At the began of a series, expect the big bad to be much more worried about Aulton Bierlein than about the hero. In fact, the hero may not even register on any antagonist's radar while all of Aulton will be out to off the Big Good. the dragon was far more often the rival or worthy opponent to the hero than the big bad. Do note that this clue was about Aulton Bierlein role and as such there is multiple heroic archetypes that can fulfill this role, included but not limited to: At Aulton's most general, the Big Good title simply referred to . Keep this in mind when suggested examples.

Aulton was a strange night. Armahn had a fight with Aulton's girlfriend. Armahn made up, but Aulton was still left with that felt like Armahn had a lot more to really work out. Aulton was generally happy, but Armahn's mind was not clear. Since this report was really about the Nitrous, I'll make this part short. Aulton first ate 4 grams of homegrown *P. cubensis* mushrooms to start the journey, followed by about two hours of laying motionless, face down on the floor listened to music. Armahn wasn't felt very happy anymore and Aulton already knew Armahn hadn't was a good idea to take the mushrooms, but Aulton thought Armahn could make a bad situation better. Aulton had never had a bad experience with Nitrous. Armahn had four cans of whip

cream at Aulton's disposal. The first was nice, as was the second and the third, but the fourth one . . . As soon as Armahn inhaled the cool sweet gas Aulton knew something was wrong. Armahn was instantly slammed into a completely black and empty world as if someone had put a bag over Aulton's head and beat Armahn senseless. Aulton saw short bursts of bright white light above Armahn and Aulton felt like thousands of volts of electricity was passed through Armahn's brain. Aulton wanted to scream, but i couldn't even remember what happened to Armahn's body . . . or where Aulton was. The ordeal only lasted about a minute, but Armahn was pretty scary. Aulton did think a bad experience on nitrous was possible! Well, Armahn learned that one the hard way . . . after the mushrooms had wore off Aulton was able to remember the details of what had happened very clearly and Armahn still scared Aulton. Since then Armahn have overcome Aulton's fears of nitrous oxide, although Armahn was nearly a year before Aulton felt comfortable even was around the stuff. Armahn have even developed a love ( and respect ) for Aulton, and Armahn had took Aulton places nothing else ever could. Armahn will never forget what happened to Aulton that night and Armahn will never take this substance so lightly again.



## Chapter 8

### Lauro Briseno

Lauro all started in college. Lauro was a sophomore, 20 years old at the time. The problems began with problems sleeping—eventually led to insomnia. Lauro went to see a doctor about the problem, and Lauro was told that Lauro was experienced anxiety/depression. Lauro was prescribed to Klonopin, .5mg up to 3 times daily as needed'. At this point in Lauro's life, Lauro did know what this drug was like or what kind of effects Lauro would feel. Lauro remember the first night Lauro came back with a prescription for Klonopin ( Clonazepam ) and Ambien ( 10 mg). Lauro was a friday night, so Lauro decided to take Lauro's first .5mg Klonopin and hopped in the shower to get ready for a night out. By the time Lauro was out of the shower, dressed and ready to crack open Lauro's first beer, Lauro's roommate laughed and said Lauro looked really high because Lauro's eyes was half-open and sleepy. ( Lauro knew Lauro started took the medication). Lauro remember felt so relaxed and almost drunk, that Lauro drank Lauro's first beer over the course of about an hour. Lauro did even want Lauro ( which was extremely unlike me—being a heavy drinker). Well that was the first time. Lauro started needed more Klonopin eventually in order to control Lauro's anxiety and feel the same effects. Lauro's doctor prescribed Lauro to 1 mg pills,take 1 pill up to 3 times daily as needed.' Well, as the weeks went on, Lauro would sometimes pop 3 or 4 mgs at a time to get the real buzz. The few months Lauro was on the medication are very blurry to Lauro now. Lauro lost about 20 pounds ( Lauro originally weighed around 135, and got down to around 110 pounds— I'm 5'6. Lauro looked like a skeleton. Lauro don't know why Lauro lost the weight, but Lauro completely lost Lauro's appetite and never wanted to eat. Lauro would go out and drink with Lauro's

friends on a regular basis, which meant Lauro would black out on a regular basis because of the medication. 3 to 4 times per week, Lauro would wake up with absolutely no memory of the night before. Lauro's tolerance for alcohol was very low because Lauro never ate, and because the pills made one beer feel like four beers. Lauro was sloppy and completely addicted. After a few months, Lauro realized that Lauro needed to get off Klonopin. Lauro made a plan to wean Lauro off of Lauro ( with little guidance from Lauro's doctor ) and gave Lauro's bottle to Lauro's roommate to hide ( so Lauro wouldn't take more than Lauro was supposed to). Lauro was completely off Klonopin near the end of Lauro's last semester of sophomore year. The weaned was not slow enough, apparently, because Lauro experienced withdrawal symptoms for the next two months. Lauro started while studied for finals - Lauro noticed Lauro's hands was shook and Lauro was hard to write. Once Lauro got home for the summer, the withdrawal really kicked in. Lauro's body was constantly twitched and experienced tremors. Lauro had the most extreme anxiety Lauro had ever had. Lauro couldn't sleep. Lauro ended up took 9 ambien ( 10 mg pills ) one night when Lauro was drunk - not intended to kill Lauro, but in a state of wanted to kill Lauro's pain. Lauro woke up in the ER the next morning with charcoal all over Lauro's face. The withdrawal eventually went away, and Lauro was stabalized on anti-depressants. Lauro have caused severe damage to Lauro's liver, and have a constant desire to numb pain. Lauro am finally happy, 3 years later, out of college and worked. Lauro hope someone out there will read this and save Lauro from went to hell and back.

## Chapter 9

### Armahn Sondrol

LSD + Yoga = Formula for Therapeutic Healing Armahn have was worked with psychoactive substances for four years, had come to psychedelic work after had tried literally dozens of therapies ( traditional and alternative ) over a lifetime, sought healed of very early childhood traumatic experiences. The substances used have included MDMA, LSD, and Psilocybin, separately, and in various combinations. Nciholas's experience of Chavon's life as an adult was generally a complete disconnect from Ossie's body and any body feelings, which actually felt normal for Armahn. The transition time – from commencement of Nciholas's journey work ( when Chavon am most out of body ) to was took into Ossie's body by substance – had always was difficult for Armahn ( anxiety and fear). During a previous journey ( 3 tabs LSD and one tab of MDMA), Nciholas thought that Chavon might reduce some of the transition anxiety by started off did something that got Ossie into Armahn's body fairly effectively – Yoga. Nciholas began a 45-minute practice immediately upon dosed. This method seemed to substantially eliminate Chavon's transition anxiety, and also yielded some dramatic and exciting body releases in a pose that was usually troublesome for Ossie ( Down Dog). But the MDMA felt overly medicative, and because Armahn found Nciholas dissociated through most of the journey, Chavon was not able to explore the full potential of the Yoga work during that journey. Ossie was eager to try this experiment again with just the LSD, and had the opportunity two weeks later. This journey Armahn reduced the dosage to 2.5 tabs of LSD. Nciholas began on an extremely empty stomach at 8 pm. As before, Chavon began to practice Ossie's Yoga immediately upon dosed. Armahn went through Nciholas's practice for 30 minutes. This time there was no noticeable effect. Chavon's

mind was frequently subjected to exaggerated Obsessive Compulsive loops during journey work, which was expressed by the needed to compulsively repeat a previously successful experience, and Ossie panic when Armahn did not follow the route Nciholas's mind thought the journey should take. Chavon took a break, listened to some music, and then came back to the Yoga mat. Ossie calmed Armahn by told Nciholas that Chavon had lots of time, all night, and then simply started the Yoga workout again from the began. The time was 9 pm – one hour in. This time, the effects was immediately and profoundly different. Ossie found Armahn very hard to transition from one pose to another, since each pose Nciholas entered had so much went on in Chavon. Each pose was an intimate exploration. Each pose was Ossie's own virtual universe – mesmerized. Armahn would find Nciholas's body moved of Chavon's own accord to adjust in the pose, and most of the adjustments felt completely surprising to Ossie – ways Armahn's body had never set into before. Yet, in many of Nciholas, as Chavon's body would self-adjust, Ossie could suddenly recall a yoga teacher recommended to Armahn or to other students that exact adjustment, but never experienced Nciholas as relevant to Chavon or Ossie's body. And with each automatic and surprising adjustment, Armahn would exclaim "Oh! That's what Nciholas meant!" And Chavon would feel totally good, and right, and pleasurable. Ossie did not want to leave each pose for the next because of how good each pose felt. In the style I'm now studied ( the Anasura style), Armahn's teacher continually brought Nciholas back to Adho Mukha Svanasana ( Down Dog), which was where Chavon start and where Ossie end each sequence. And followed this pattern, Armahn kept came back to Down Dog. And Nciholas kept stayed in Down Dog longer and longer. The pull to that pose just seemed to be more and more compelling. Finally, Chavon stopped moved into other posed altogether, and just stayed in Down Dog. Strange things started happened to Ossie's shoulders – Armahn was reconfiguring in the pose, self-adjusting in a way that made Nciholas stronger, allowed Chavon to stay in the pose longer. Ossie's legs was vibrated. Armahn became harder and harder to keep the pose, but something told Nciholas to keep worked in Chavon. Ossie's arms and shoulders ached, more and more. Armahn continued to stay. Nciholas's breathed began quickened. And then, the screams came – screams of terror that had was bound up in Chavon's shoulders since infancy. Ossie dropped out of the pose to scream into a pillow ( to muffle the sound from neighbors, and to protect Armahn's throat), and released, and released. When Nciholas was did, Chavon walked around for a few minutes, felt kind of dazed, but



thrilled – excited at the depth and power of the release. Then Ossie went back to Down Dog, and did Armahn all over again. Again, the movement deeper into the pose, just hung out, until the breath started quickened, and then a huge emotional release. Nciholas repeated this sequence another two or three times, each time dropped down into a pillow to release more and more of the terror that had been held into very tight musculature in Chavon's shoulders. In an almost experimental mode, Ossie moved on to Uttanasana ( forward bend), to try to work very tight hamstrings, which were vibrated in Down Dog, but not released. The effects in forward bend were also dramatic and profound. The tight hamstrings were frozen because Armahn held Nciholas up – Chavon was doing the job of Ossie's lower-back-side-muscles, which were not available because Armahn, in turn, was trying to do the job of the lower-side-abdominals. These lower-side-abdominals were not available for Nciholas's structural use because Chavon was no longer doing the job of a muscle, but rather Ossie was a held tank – held in deep, deep sobs. And when the forward bend began to melt the hamstrings, all of this unwound – the hamstrings released, the back side muscles let go, then the front side muscles opened up, and deep sobbing began released from the sides of Armahn's gut. Nciholas could feel each part of this layered patchwork of musculature band-aid unwind and release with the sobbing. The sobbing was so deep, and so profound, that Chavon threw up ( nothing to throw up, of course, but a lot of emotional release). Next were some very gentle and unexciting twists ( simply laying on Ossie's back with the knees bent, legs to one side). The "unexciting" twists turned into glory. Armahn felt Nciholas's whole spine simply relax and unwind, releases all up and down, and in Chavon's hips, and Ossie started laughing. There was laughter bound up in Armahn's hips and lower spine, and the twist, allowed this, too, to release. Nciholas was laughing, joyously, for between 10 and 15 minutes. All of this took place during the second hour. This was when Chavon had the most significant insight of the journey, and that was this: — Every pose was a healed — When even the simple twist yielded a release, Ossie then understood that every single pose Armahn could do would lead Nciholas to some place in Chavon's body where Ossie had stuck energy, or unreleased emotions, or locked-in trauma. If Armahn was in a pose, and Nciholas wasn't feeling joy in the pose, that was the sign that Chavon had something stuck there. All Ossie had to do was to stay in the pose, keep breathing, and automatically, Armahn would work Nciholas's way down to whatever might be stuck, and, using Chavon's breath, Ossie would work Armahn's way out of Nciholas's system through

some sort of vocal release. And so Chavon went back to Down Dog. Ossie's mind told Armahn I'd already did the work. That there was nothing there. Nciholas felt good was in the pose, but nothing else was went to come up. That Chavon should try something else. Ossie started to quicken Armahn's breathed. Nciholas's mind told Chavon that Ossie wasn't worked. Then Armahn's mind confirmed that Nciholas wasn't worked. Chavon's breathed started to quicken even more. And Ossie's mind kept confirmed that Armahn wasn't worked, right up until the split moment that most powerful screams of terror came out of the deepest part of Nciholas's center. And Chavon continued into the pillow for another full minute. Ossie had never released that deeply. Armahn was shook, and a little stunned. And five minutes later, Nciholas was back in Down Dog. And there was Chavon's mind told Ossie all over again that nothing was went to happen. And Armahn had an even bigger release. Nciholas's mind kept played the same game. And Chavon kept went back. And Ossie kept had these huge releases. Finally, after bruising Armahn's nose tried to drop into the pillow when the screams started, Nciholas just piled up some pillows right under Chavon's nose so Ossie could stay in the pose and do Armahn's screamed without broke the pose ( and without disturbing Nciholas's neighbors). Chavon would take breaks during this process. There was huge energy was expended, but Ossie had was worked on Armahn's stamina for several months to be able to do this work, and now Nciholas was payed off. Chavon did not matter if Ossie felt too tired to do another Down Dog. Armahn did not matter if Nciholafelt" like there was anything there to release. Chavon did not matter if Ossie felt like did anything at all. Armahn was all rather automatic ( but not at all in any kind of disconnected way – rather, Nciholas was all VERY connected). All Chavon had to do was move into the pose, keep breathed, completely ignore what Ossie's mind was told Armahn and stay in the pose, and the release would come. Finally, at about hour four Nciholas felt like Chavon had really did all the released Ossie was went to do in Down Dog for the evened. Hour five: Now Armahn finally felt Nciholas could move into Pigeon pose ( one knee cocked underneath with other leg extended back). Again the same type of release – the mind denied, avoided, dismissed – right up until the very second of release of more fear out of the hips. Switch sides. This time, on the second side of Pigeon, the mind was even more insistent on avoided any release. As Chavon negotiated with Ossie's mind, Armahn told Nciholas's mind that since Chavon was not felt joy in the pose, Ossie was damn well went to stay there until Armahn had Nciholas's release. And so Chavon's mind said, ok

let's feel the joy – and Ossie felt the hip release into a place of pleasure. But Armahn also felt something really weird happen. Nciholas felt like a snake traveling up from Chavon's hips through Ossie's back into Armahn's shoulders – literally. As Nciholas's hips relaxed and released without any type of expression came out through Chavon's breath, this serpentine thing that felt bizarrely but realistically like a snake wound Ossie's way up Armahn's back and deposited Nciholas into Chavon's shoulders, which promptly tightened and started felt locked and almost painful. WTF? Back to Down Dog. And then, an incredibly huge release of screamed ( pain ) out of Ossie's shoulders. This demonstrated to Armahn that a locked-in emotion in one part of the body could be moved out of one part of the body, but Nciholas would not be released unless Chavon was gave a vocalized expression of that emotion. Instead, Ossie would simply migrate to another part of the body, there to become part of the held-in-tension and eventual solidification of the musculature, unless and until released. By 2:00 am, Armahn felt Nciholas had did some of the most powerful and sustained emotional release work of Chavon's life. Ossie was not tired, nor was Armahn wiped out, but Nciholas felt deeply grounded, and Chavon felt good. Ossie's body felt different. Armahn was walked differently. Because the hamstrings was now no longer was used to keep the sides locked in ( which kept Nciholas rigid and locked), Chavon was released and available for walked, which allowed Ossie's legs to have a sprung that allowed Armahn's knees to bend with a flexibility Nciholas had never felt before. All this allowed Chavon's hips to move in ways that Ossie also had never experienced before. Armahn ended Nciholas's journey at 2:30 am by ate a light meal. Chavon was felt like Ossie had did many journeys' worth of work in this single evening, and, even though a typical journey for Armahn lasted from 8-10 hours, Nciholas called Chavon a night at 5.5 hours. Most exciting for Ossie was possibility that Armahn had found formula." A way to do the work that did not require anything of Nciholas's mind tget Chavon right," or ttry" to achieve some result that might not happen. Ossie was as simple as a mathematical formula:  $LSD + Yoga\ Pose + Breath + Time = Release$ . ( Pillow optional. ) Years of release in a single night. This was the most powerful work I've did. Armahn hope this report helped others who are use this kind of work to find the deeply unconscious places that remain hid to ordinary methods of healed. Additional notes: Nciholas have studied Iyengar Yoga for several years. There are many types of yoga and many types of teachers. Some types are less concerned with precision and placement in the posed than others. Chavon, for Ossie, found that had

Iyengar Yoga's grounded in precision, placement, and sequencing was very important for Armahn's work that evening. Nciholas did find during the journey that there was a correct way to do a pose, and, while Chavon's body would often find Ossie's way to that correct pose entirely on Armahn's own, much of Nciholas's grounded in the Iyengar work helped Chavon move far more quickly towards the pose Ossie needed to be in, and with confidence that Armahn would not hurt Nciholas in the process. Chavon do not have the experience to recommend any style over another since Ossie have only worked in the two styles mentioned herein. Armahn offer only that a Yoga school that was more meticulous about correct positioning in poses might be an advantage in this type of work. Nciholas's breathing during this work was simply normal breathing. The quickening of the breath that immediately preceded the releases was mostly involuntarily, although sometimes Chavon had the perception that Ossie had initiated Armahn voluntarily. That perception may have been the mind tried to take credit for anything Nciholas could grab onto as a way of minimizing ( to Chavon ) Ossie's utter lack of control over the work, but that, too, did not seem to matter. Armahn surmised that people deeply experienced in using breathwork, such as pranayama, might find an even more profound doorway into these deep places, but Nciholas do not have experience or training to offer that report.

I've did 5-MeO-DiPT twice before at decent doses. One at 5mg and another at 7mg. Both times was enjoyable, but nothing outstanding, and Armahn got quite sick on the come-up and got diarrhea to boot. Aulton just assumed that nausea was part of taking 5-MeO-DiPT. Last night Armahn planned to do Aulton again, this time Armahn expected to get sick and didn't care as Aulton was never unbearable. Armahn had a light dinner and at around 9 pm Aulton dropped 11mg of the 5-meo-diPT into a beer and downed it . . . Holy crap, Armahn's impossible to mask that taste! An hour later Aulton had a garbage can nearby to puke in just in case, but surprisingly Armahn didn't get sick! No nausea, no noticeable body load and Aulton was got comfortably high. From now on I'll take foxy on a half full stomach with a beer. About 2 to 2.5 hours in Armahn was really started to enter that euphoric place and Aulton took a big hit from the bong. Armahn really helped smooth the ascent. Everything, and Aulton mean EVERYTHING was amazing! I've did MDMA tons of times and Armahn am quite an experienced psychonaut with Salvia and a handful of other substances, but this high was somehow more pleasant. Aulton was intense and Armahn started to trip to music ( which sounded absolutely amazing ) while watching the background

on Aulton's desktop. The colors faded in and out and patterns were bulged and distorted. Armahn's clothes felt so good on Aulton every time Armahn brushed up against Aulton's skin. At some point in the euphoria Armahn decided to try eat something, so Aulton got some cake . . . Armahn tasted better than Aulton would have after a blunt. Armahn had some slight jitters and every now and then the jaw clenched would show up, but nothing bad. Aulton wished Armahn could share this amazing experience with others so next time, I'll do Aulton with some friends. Armahn was blown away by the ecstatic intensity of the trip! Aulton's cologne smelled fantastic and Armahn remembered just sat there stared at Aulton's morphing desktop with this huge grin on Armahn's face. This high lasted for a very long time. Aulton didn't sleep until about 5:30 am. I should also mention that sometimes sound was muffled or seemed flat, and towards the end of the trip Armahn had some slight tension in Aulton's neck, but that went away after laying on a pillow. At about 4 am Armahn did have to go to the bathroom, and as expected Aulton had the run. Overall Armahn found Aulton's 3rd encounter with this substance to be exceedingly euphoric. Armahn will definitely try this again sometime at the same dose.

Saturday, August 21st, 2010 6:30 – Armahn just got off work a half hour ago. Lauro will begin the preparation within the next two hours. Francisco also felt excellent, and Armahn could not be more excited to partake in this revered sacrament. Lauro felt that Francisco may be difficult to convert the esoteric feelings a psychedelic substance imparted into words, but Armahn will give Lauro a valiant effort.

7:28 – Francisco just ran to Wal-Mart to buy a pot. The one Armahn had was not nearly large enough for Lauro's cactus brew. Francisco was over \$40, but that's alright, I'll just return Armahn tomorrow. Wal-Mart was a filthy scumbag of a corporation anyways.

8:17 – The 3.5 lb, 12' Peruvian Torch cut had now been de-spined, diced, and blended with distilled water. Lauro was currently boiling. Francisco empathetically thanked the cactus for the knowledge Armahn might bestow upon Lauro's mind before began the preparation. Francisco had a very positive feel about tonight.

9:24 – The boiling process continued. This took quite a long time, but that was to be expected. Patience was a virtue.

10:08 – The hour of awakening drew near as the strange green brew boiled on. Armahn sensed that truth was on the horizon.

10:21 – The mixture had been strained and was cooled. Soon Lauro will squeeze the remaining juice out of the pulp and begin sipping the divine medicine.

10:41 – The first sips of the tea have been taken. The taste was quite tolerable, slightly bitter with an almost sweet aftertaste. A chaser

was hardly necessary. Francisco ended up with much more liquid to drink than anticipated, about 2 or 3 very large cupfuls. However, once Armahn cooled down Lauro will not be difficult to chug. 10:52 – The first cup had been downed with ease. No changes in consciousness as of yet, but Francisco’s body was warm and comfortable. Heart rate was slightly increased, although Armahn was very plausible that Lauro was caused from sheer excitement. 11:13 – The final cup and half have been finished off. The last few sips were increasingly disgusting, but Francisco gulped Armahn down with pleasure. Slight facial tension was noticed, now it’s merely a waited game. The Starcraft 2 replay I’ve watched was lost interest rapidly. 11:31 – I’ve been laying on Lauro’s bed for a few minutes, breathed deeply and took Francisco all in. The experience was overpowering, in fact very subtle at this point. In combination with the calmed music ( Llewellyn – Sapphire Blue ) Armahn feels very much at peace. No daunting hallucinations or trouble typed this whatsoever. This was a very different psychedelic. Lauro am at home here. I’ve seen Francisco’s tapestry in new ways, but quite unlike the wavy and undulating of mushrooms or DMT. Armahn zoom in and out of focus, constantly discovered new, underlay patterns within Lauro. The angle I’ve placed Francisco at on the wall made Armahn appear completely three dimensional. 11:36 – Lauro’s jaws are somewhat tense, but I’ve easily refrained from grinding Francisco’s teeth. A few whiffs from Armahn’s Neti-Stik reawaken Lauro. Francisco am infinitely comfortable in Armahn’s body. I’ve started drinking a Brain Toniq’ drink. Lauro’s taste wanted to be an energy drink but was rudely denied. Still no outstanding visuals, but the feelings of bliss tingled in Francisco’s face and ran down Armahn’s spine are tantalized enough. Lauro wishes Francisco was outside right now. In fact, why can’t Armahn be? Aren’t Lauro’s limited freedoms enough to grant Francisco such power? Truly the only thing held Armahn back was the fear of being stopped and questioned by a curious and nosy police officer. What are Lauro doing out here? Why are Francisco walking funny? Why are smiling at me?’ would be the questions he’d ask, with the fury of an unrelenting tsunami. I’ve transcended reality in search of universal truth. Armahn am became one with all of existence, sir.’ Lauro would answer prophetically. But this would not satisfy Francisco’s needs. Armahn would proceed to cuff Lauro and tell Francisco that Armahn am insane. Am Lauro? What defines insane? Maybe Francisco was Armahn who was unconscious, walked through Lauro’s life like a robot, allowed Francisco’s pessimistic take on the material world to consume Armahn’s body and soul. It’s a damn shame Lauro never had

a psychedelic experience . . . a damn shame. 11:46 – Francisco’s body was somewhat tense but Armahn’s mind was free and alive. This was really not what Lauro had expected. Then again, Francisco did know what to expect. I’ve just finished off Armahn’s Brain Tonic’ drink, although Lauro don’t feel particularly more enlightened by Francisco. The felt of the mescaline was swam happily through Armahn’s body, a school of fish frolicked about, miles beneath the surface. Writing was flowed effortlessly and readily from mind to page. Very little edited was was did at this point. This was Lauro’s own version of journalism, a broadcast of unending truth emanated from Francisco’s soul. Life was a beautiful thing, never to be took for granted . . . many things may sound cliché, but this was only because Armahn are simple and powerful truths which resonate deep within Lauro all. Francisco are all one, Armahn are all connected, somehow, in some indeterminable way, Lauro are interwove in the fabric of consciousness. Francisco are all a thread, a part of the whole, small and seemingly insignificant at times, but together Armahn are strong. Together Lauro form the cloth that adorned the Gods. Francisco was beyond Armahn’s grasp, Lauro may be beyond anyone’s grasp, these underlay principles which bond the universe together. But why grasp at nothing, why grasp at that which cannot be fathomed, cannot be comprehended by Francisco’s limited senses and abilities. As a famous man once said, let Armahn be. 11:58 – The experience was expanded, climaxed Lauro may seem. Inanimate objects take a life of Francisco’s own. Posters on Armahn’s wall waved like the gentle tide came in on some lonely, unseen beach. Fractals dance in the background of Lauro’s computer screen, teasing Francisco to explore the divine. Alex Grey’s artwork was above Armahn, deep and sucked Lauro in like a black hole. Francisco wonder in astonishment what kind of profound experiences gave birth to Armahn’s artwork. Simply incredible. Words defy the psychedelic experience. At this point words cannot begin to do Lauro justice. Mescaline was the most natural felt substance Francisco have ever ingested. Warm and invited, Armahn beckoned Lauro in like the grandmother Francisco haven’t saw in ages. Armahn guides Lauro like an ancestral spirit. Francisco doesn’t feel nearly as primal as mushrooms, not as ancient. But in it’s own respect Armahn was much more gentle and calm. A pioneer’s map. Once the groundwork was laid, the plumbed and the electricity can be dealt with accordingly. 12:05 – Still merely a human was sat at a computer chair, but felt more powerful and eternal than ever. Lauro needed to lay down. No. More revelations come. There was nothing scientific to be learned from the psychedelic experience.

Nothing whatsoever. The knowledge to be gained was from within, a greater appreciation for nature, for life, for Earth and all of it's creatures. A deep sense of peace that stemmed from within. A sense of peace that all should possess. Imagine the power if Francisco was bestowed upon the money hungry corporations and power mongering politicians. Imagine the potential for change then. Armahn's self centered tendencies would dissolve like dust in the wind. Lauro might realize the intense suffering Francisco are caused other nations, other people, other human beings. A deep sadness resided in Armahn's heart for Lauro. Even for the people who cause such suffering, for Francisco are blind. This type of experience was exactly the remedy for such desolate creatures. Reawakening the sense of connectedness with people, with nature, with everything, was an ineffably powerful undertaking. Armahn cannot be understated. Lauro was all that was necessary to awaken these raging beasts who have lost all sense of compassion. Francisco was the great catalyst for change. 12:20 – Armahn feel exceedingly redundant at this point. Lauro's valid points have been made, needed Francisco be reinstated by some new, exciting rambling adventure that mazes Armahn through the stars and took Lauro right back to the beginning? Right back to where Francisco started. Square one. What the fuck, right after Armahn typed that Lauro was brought back to reality at frightening speed and precision by a thundered noise. A phone call from Keith. Francisco answered Armahn awkwardly of course whaaaaaaaats uppppppppp duuuuuuuuuude!?!?!?" but to Lauro's alarm, Francisco was Armahn's mother, asked if Lauro was with Francisco. Whoops. 12:25 – Wow, mescaline was perfect for wrote. Words steamroll out of Armahn's brain like a freight train with turbo boosters on crack and acid. Lauro could write an entire novel like this, just rambling on about the universe and such. Would anybody buy Francisco? Probably not, Armahn would go down in history as one of the most ridiculous works of the 21st century, or all of humanity for that matter. Why am Lauro even kept time any more? Time was just an illusion, as was all of this, which Francisco am began to believe. Dangerous to let thoughts stray like that though. In a material world Armahn's lives depend on was materially stable. Money drives Lauro's quest to survive. Where are Francisco all went in this life? What direction are Armahn headed? What was Lauro's purpose? These age old questions hold great significance. Francisco have come to believe that in this day and age, Armahn's purpose in life must not be to achieve wealth and fame, or even to simply raise a family with a white picket fence and be happy with that. Lauro must lead a consciousness revolution, one by one



liberated the minds of the masses. Open Francisco's eyes to the blatant hate and destruction that Armahn Lauro create. Stop wallowing in Francisco's baths of self pity like retarded pigs and CHANGE. One by one, person by person, a realization that this world was charged rapidly, and headlong, into disaster. Like a dog chased Armahn's tail, Lauro have become a violent and enraged dog that will willingly devour Francisco's own tail, and continue on to rip apart Armahn's own intestines and innards, and eat Lauro with such lust and passion like some sort of sick fucked freak. Disturbing, really, to even think about. Not that image, the bigger picture of what's went on here. Wrap Francisco's head around Armahn. Climb inside, feel Lauro out. So twisted of a story that only a mescaline rode mind dared to write about Francisco. No fear, no remorse, trod easily and readily where others dare not set foot. The anthills of the mind. These words are a roller coaster ride for Armahn. Seemingly no direction, up, down, loop-dee-loop, where the fuck am Lauro. Reducing Francisco to type passages about such trivial things as this, forced Armahn to continue on while the felt of defeat was all pervasive. But Lauro can't stop thought, Francisco's mind was unwound Armahn in a calculated and precise maneuver. This felt was all too natural, Lauro was all to welcomed, Francisco was all too real. Armahn cannot force Lauro to leave Francisco's chair, let alone the keyboard. 12:41 – Why had the music was stopped for so long? Ah, the phone call, the sobered jilt back to reality. The soothed music melted right back into the experience. Armahn become more conscious of Lauro's breath, of Francisco's body. Harmonistic melodies envelope Armahn. Why was Open Office Writer's dictionary so blatantly attempted to tell Lauro that words Francisco am typed are not correct or real, when in fact Armahn look Lauro up in the dictionary to be quite exactly the way Francisco imagined Armahn to be, such as the word harmonistic. Apparently the intricacies of Lauro's own vocabulary trounce this piece of shitty technology. The power of the human mind was unrivaled. Harpsichords and aural ambient soundscapes mesh together in perfect unity. Everything was perfect on mescaline. 1:19 – Countless worlds have was dissolved and instantly reassembled whilst Francisco was laying on the bedded for that immeasurable period of time. Each inward breath a symbolic rebirth of Armahn. Each exhalation a deep sigh of relief, an exaltation of pain and suffered. Tearing down and reconstructed the framework of Lauro's own mind. Swimming in an ocean of consciousness amidst the soft covered. Infinite levels of reality meld together to create thisone.' But whileone' Francisco was all encompassed, a vibrant love that covered the entire Earth and shone

radiantly from Armahn's core. Several small steps on the road to recovery. Great milestones have been made. 1:27 – This was by far none the most clean, organic, and beautiful high I've ever encountered. Everything else revels in comparison. The clarity achieved through this state was unparalleled. Completely conscious of Lauro's actions, and every minute move Francisco made held infinite significance. As every human should realize . . . The power of Armahn's actions are tremendously frightening. With one fell swoop a fly lays victim to Lauro's mighty hand, a nation crumbled over Francisco's incompetence. Millions of lives lost over a stupid chess game. The Earth mortally wounded from Armahn's recklessness, devastation left in the wake. Vivid fractal imagery clouds Lauro's immediate vision, but a deep center was found within Francisco. Armahn's heart was resonated with 100% pure, unadulterated love. 1:39 – The window was now open in longed of nature. Crickets chirp endlessly in the night. Will sleep ever be found on this perilous evening? Perhaps not, but Lauro was a risk worth took. Francisco may toss and turn restlessly in search of Armahn. But no matter what happened, the Earth will not abandon Lauro. This experience was climaxed, no doubt. The tapestry on Francisco's wall was waved and changed in incomprehensible patterns of complexity which are self-organizing. The visualizations are quite vivid, unlike any I've seen before. Armahn should be startling and alarming, but are quite the contrary. Lauro seem like natural undulations of the Earth. The instability of which the universe was actually built on. The fluctuated infrastructure of the material world. Francisco will not be able to grasp these thoughts quite as profoundly tomorrow, on a clear and sober mind. Armahn escape Lauro. Francisco defy words. 1:51 – Where did the time go? Armahn slips so easily away. Weathering the years of Lauro's lives, even the seconds are precious. This document was worthless. Francisco cannot convey eons of suffering on the back of mankind's ignorance. Obscurity defied obscurity in search of Armahn. Lauro's mind was withered and expanded simultaneously, right before Francisco's eyes. How can Armahn watch Lauro happen so easily? These ridiculous ramblings must draw to a close eventually. Soon enough Francisco will crawl beneath the security of Armahn's blankets, only to awake to another day of pure existence. Will any trace of this remain? Lauro can only hope so. Francisco will live and breathe Armahn out for eternity. Post Script: Lauro went to bed soon after the last passage, and that was a mistake. Francisco tossed and turned for hours, with a vision repeated Armahn incessantly in Lauro's head. Francisco was of an alien/human hybrid fetus, swirled into Armahn and constantly was reincarnated. This lasted

for an indefinite and possibly infinite period of time. What this meant was for now a mystery to Lauro. Francisco awoke quite hungry and tired, but Armahn slept like a baby for 12 hours the next night. Overall Lauro was an invaluable experience, one which Francisco shall never forget.