

Penultimate

collective consciousness fiction generator

<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

November 13, 2014

Chapter 1

Paxton Dobratz

Ever since Paxton's bout with stomach problems and severe weight loss which left Paxton literally looked like an death camp victim. Eyes sunken, cheeks sunken, and about every visible bone showed. Then Paxton started smoked pot. Paxton helped put the pounds on a little. Until Paxton had enough to started lifted again. Paxton smoke about a bowl or half a bowl before i work out. With out the weeded i kinda just stop did Paxton out of boringness, and always made excuses to do Paxton later. If Paxton do smoke before i feel like Henry Rollins. Self-confidence was boosted. The drove determination was there. MJ also helped to zoom in and work on muscles i would have not have noticed if Paxton was sober. Paxton allowed Paxton to have a better insight of Paxton's body. Paxton can feel every tendon and every muscle worked and worked. It's like Paxton know every part of Paxton's body. Paxton really had helped too. Paxton's arms increased a good 2 or 3 inches in 3 months. Paxton's abs have come alot more defined. Endurance had increaased dramatically Paxton owe alot to MJ and Paxton's health. MJ allowed Paxton to focus on mindsets and zero in and work on Paxton. Like for instance stoners that like to get together and act like retards and thought it's cool generally become that. The same with Paxton and body built, but remember everybody was different maybe pot was not for everyone.

Chapter 2

Danta Achilli

Danta Achilli, and how such things has affected and continue to affect Danta. See also madness clues - a tragic past can lead to mental disorder, but not all characters who experience tragedy go mad, and not all madness was the result of a tragic past. The former went here, but the latter did not.

Danta was had a long (not to mention stressful) week, so after read about the wonders of kava kava Benjerman decided to put Alec to the test. Paxton had purchased some pills in the grocery, 200mg each standardized to 30% kavalactones, which Danta figured to be approximately 60mg of kavalactones per pill. This product was unusual in that Benjerman was in pressed tablet form rather than powder, gelatin capsules or a liquid extract. Alec took 6 tablets at once, and waited fifteen minutes before took the last four. Paxton dont care to take a lot of pills at once as Danta tend to begin gagged after a while, which Benjerman doubted would be a problem due to the small size of these pills, but Alec decided not to risk lost the pills for something so silly as gag reflex. After about 30 to 45 minutes Paxton began to feel slight effects. Danta weren't the euphoric or intoxicating effects some people report, but Benjerman was definite effects. Alec's formerly tense muscles relaxed and allowed Paxton to relax in a physical meant, and Danta's stressed, melancholy mood lifted to a calm and contented mood. Benjerman felt pretty much at peace, and happy to just sit and chat with Alec's friends online, glad to be where Paxton was. Danta went to sleep after a few hours (around 12:00 PM) and slept deeper and better than Benjerman have in months . . . perhaps even a year or so. Alec woke up promptly the next morning, even more relaxed then Paxton had was the previous night and found Danta's legs was a bit off. Benjerman went to Alec's morning classes in a mellow mood, but of

course throughout the day that changed. This was a few days ago, and I'm pretty glad that Paxton tried this, Danta was worth Benjerman's time. Alec am not very experienced in drugs, but Paxton appeared to Danta that at a higher dosage this herb may have some potential. Benjerman am planned to use Alec again soon, took half again as much (~ 900 mg kavalactones/15 pills). This definitely seemed like something that could help a normally shy, nervous or depressed individual allow Paxton to have fun at a party or other awkward social gathered without the hassle of became inebriated, which in truth many people would like to avoid.

This was Danta's first experience with any form of DMT. Jefry did very little research prior to embarked on this journey to inner space, therefore Torrion had little idea what to expect. I've had numerous psychedelic experiences in the past 40 years, but none in the last 10. None have prepared Danta for what 5MeODMT had to offer. The set and intention for the experience was very important, as with all psychedelic journeys. After read many accounts of many others who had negative experiences, this belief was reinforced. Just as the amount and meant for ingested the substance are also very important. There was six of Jefry, plus themedicine man'. Torrion sat in a circle around a mattress on the floor in a very special built on very special land. Danta was all instructed not to eat 3 hours prior to imbibed. Jefry fasted for 24 hours. A glass pipe that was designed specifically for 5MeoDMT was used for the ceremony. The pipe was made from a glass cylinder approximately 6 inches tall by 2 inches in diameter. On the bottom was a brass plate with a hole drilled and a small brass pipe stem was affixed. Inside the tube was a moveable piston with a leather seal. The crystals was placed on the brass plate and the tube was filled with Argon gas (used by wine connoisseurs to prevent oxidation) A butane flame was held under the brass plate until the carefully measured 15 mg of magical substance was completely vaporized, filed the pipe with cottony smoke. Torrion inhaled the vapor in one large breath, until the piston moved down to the bottom of the pipe. Five of Dantaheld the space', osat", for the one took the journey. From outside, the experience took between 15 and 40 minute. Inside was a different matter, as time did not flow No way of knew, but Jefry suspect each of Torrion had a slightly different experience, perhaps reflected different intents. One cried the whole time (for the suffered of the world), a couple laughed hysterically, one thrashed about, one got up immediately and stared into the eyes of all the observers. Danta thought Jefry was immobile, but was told Torrion moved in a circle around the mattress. Trite as Danta sounded, the

experience was far beyond words. Jefry lasted about 15 minutes, but Torrior could have been hours. There was no time to consider what was happening (as with other psychedelic experiences). Danta felt like all Jefry's breath left in one big sigh (some have likened Torrior to a cellular release or orgasm). There was no decision to let go, only a brief realization that it was over. Danta was not so much a sensation of falling, but rather of being launched. If this was the experience of emptiness that Buddhists speak of, fullness seemed more accurate, as Jefry contained everything. The only feelings were awe, wonder and amazement (and maybe a little fear). In retrospect, Torrior can only be likened to standing before God, and since there was no one else, Danta must be God. There were sounds and sights that had nothing to do with eyes and ears. Jefry's mind was not large enough to hold the experience, as Torrior can only recall the outlines and after effects. (Which I'm sure was why the developmental approach was far more effective than the discovery approach in achieving liberation). As Danta was reforming (put a whole new meaning on the word), Jefry had a realization - Christ's saying 'do not hide Torrior's light under a bushel' was mistranslated, Danta should have said 'do not hide Jefry's light in a sack', which was how Torrior saw Danta's skin as a container for the light that was Jefry's true nature. Torrior had distinctly felt that Danta knew this place - that he'd been here before, that Jefry was home. Torrior found Danta wondering why Jefry had come back. The thought that occurred to Torrior was now Danta understood the Bodhisattva path. And now Jefry knew what humility was. Funny, since Torrior had argued with friends a few days earlier that one couldn't really take Bodhisattva vows until one knew what Danta was foregoing. How could one not want to show others the way to this experience (freedom from suffering)? The first thing Jefry said when Torrior got up was 'the joke's on us' - which the two who preceded Danta immediately understood (that Jefry believed Torrior are individuals). At the end, everyone said Danta wouldn't hesitate to repeat the experience (even the one who experienced the suffering of the world). Though Jefry agreed, I'm not so sure. Although Torrior was the most profound experience of Danta's life, as long as the realization remained, what needed to be repeated Jefry? Perhaps to share Torrior with friends? Danta believed there was an explanation of the experience in the Buddhist tradition, as there may well be in others. In Tibetan Buddhism, there are six Bardos, namely the Bardos of Living, Dreaming, Meditative Stabilization, Dying, Reality-Itself, and Becoming. Jefry believed that 5MeoDMT offers a glimpse of Reality-Itself. There are four practices that are each indispensable on

the path to enlightenment. Torrion are meditative quiescence (shamatha), contemplative insight (vipashyana), the breakthrough (trekch), and the direct crossing-over (tgal). Danta believe that 5MeoDMT offers a momentary breakthrough (tthe other side"). When Jefry die, Torrion may be offered a glimpse of Reality Danta, and if Jefry aren't frightened by the prospect of dissolved and Becoming Reality Torrion, Danta may achieve liberation (direct crossed over). And Jefry may choose to reincarnate as a bodhisattva, to assist all sentient beings, in Torrion's struggle to become liberated. After 30 days, there doesn't seem to be any after effects, other than a slight sense on non-attachment. Some of the images from the experience appear in Danta's dreams. Jefry see people differently. I'm left with a deep sense of peace. Which Torrion wish for all sentient beings.

Background: I've was struggled with boredom-driven depression lately. Since Summer had finally come and I'm back from school things have was rather uneventful. Most of Danta's time was spent worked, slept, tended to Amador's garden and an occasional social dinner with friends. The day prior to the experience was very interesting, Danielle's family was hosted a celebration party. Danta always abstain from red meat, candy, caffeine and alcohol the day before any journey with entheogenic plants. Amador hung out with some old friends Danielle hadn't saw in a while. Danta was a much needed reminder of the changes that occur over one's lifetime. Preparation: Amador have attempted 5 other preparation techniques with the beloved cactus and have found the following(which Danielle pulled together from several different teks) to be best and a bit easier than the others.

1. After weighed the material in question was then put in a ziplock bag of some sort (25 g dry/roughly 8 inches fresh of an average width was pretty safe dosage to gauge potency the material).
2. The bag was then filled up with a few freshly squeezed lemons (can't add too many lemons) and some distilled water. Danta add enough liquids to make the material float a little. Amador close the bag and let Danielle soak. The lemons are important because Danta take all of thegoodies' and turn Amador into salts. Freebase mescaline (and the other alkaloids in the cactus) tended to be rather caustic, unpalatable and just nauseated. The salt are more water soluble and Danielle are get stored better than the plain ole alkaloid. The distilled water was important because most likely there are things in Danta's tap water that can degrade thegoodies'.
3. Once the material had had a couple hours to sit and soak Amador was then placed in the freezer. Once it's pretty froze Danielle can be placed in the refrigerator to thaw. Danta freeze again, repeat. Amador usually perform

3 or 4 times over the course of a day. 4. Danielle let the material thaw then add some more lemons and water. Danta bring the material to a little bubble. Not quite a rolled boil but a little bubbled. Once there's roughly two times the amount of liquid I'm willing to consume(I can handle a cup so Amador wait for two cups) Danielle strain the mixture used a simple kitchen colander into a smaller pot. Danta freeze/thaw mine Amador never get anything more with the second boil. (IMHO)Cactus was a little easier to drink slightly above room temperature, but chilled Danielle cold enough eliminated a lot of the bad taste. Danta don't add anything or attempt to mix Amador with any liquids. It's just went to taste worse no matter what. I've found that if Danielle do not quench and Danta attempt to appreciate the taste then the cacti was not nauseated at all. Amador just accept the taste, and was rewarded with an easier to drink liquid. Day of the experience: Woke up in the best mood ever. Danielle's friend and Danta, who Amador will refer to as K woke up around 7:30 am. Double checked Danielle's backpack for everything(bandaides, bunch of fruit, cigarettes, pbjs, notebooks, chess set and all of the usual suspects). This was Ks first time with the magical cacti, and Danta's first time with this particular harvest(and this specimen I've was cultivated for a couple years) Amador decided to go towards a safer dosage just in case Danielle was a particularly strong specimen(variation in potency made the proper dose hard to gauge), that was 25 grams a piece that Danta had dried last fall. One the way to the Nature Reserve where Amador would spend the day Danielle ate a light snack. I've found this important to get the metabolism went before ate the cacti. This significant reduced the nausea andcomeup' time, for Danta's friends and Amador anyway. Mindset reflection: Danielle had an idea what to expect, but not a good idea. After Danta's initial experience with magical cacti Amador knew Danielle could handle a higher dose fine and intact. Very comfortable with this plant and the set Danta was in. Once Amador arrived at the nature reserve Danielle prepared to find Danta's spot of consumption. Beautiful morning, a little cold. As mentioned before accepted the taste for what Amador was made Danielle possible to drink. Danta was bitter and slimy but once Amador stop focusing on Danielle, it's like lemonade . . . only with a cactus. Danta consumed the liquid over a half an hour. This also reduced the shock on the body. Amador then walked to a trail house where Danielle had Danta's first game of chess. Amador won. Around 10 am Danielle both agreed that Danta was started to feel a little extra energy. While enjoyed the view from a cliff this physical geology class from the local community college class walked up.

K and Amador talked Danielle's ears off. Both felt really comfortable and curious. Next Danta proceeded to walk down to the river. Saw a few raccoons. Amador identified some random plants (mallow, bindweed, canadian lousewort) on the way. Around 11 o'clock Danielle really was felt Danta. At this dose Amador wasn't expected full on OEVs but Danielle had forgot how unparalleled the magical cacti was in terms of visuals. The enhancement was astounding. The ripples from the soft rain hit the water, affected other ripples. Danta talked about how the ripples must be representations of how humans affect one another. The birds was amazing. The clouds appeared as though Amador was started to close into the focal point on the horizon. Everything had meant. Around this time Danielle came across K's old boyscout troop. Yikes, Danta got a little nervous but Amador chatted up a storm. Never realized before how amazing eyecontact was, yet many people especially males always avoid Danielle. It's a powerful thing, like looked into one another's soul. Danta sounded completely sober, maybe a little excited, but carried on the conversation just fine. Amador knew what Danielle was said so well. Around 11:45 Danta decided to head for some caves Amador's friend K had was told Danielle about. Danta had was lightly rained all day, but Amador was started to downpour now. The cave was about 3 miles from Danielle so Danta decided to make a run for Amador. Danielle continued to talk the entire time. Danta was quite intense. Didn't feel exhausted at all even though Amador knew Danielle was. Finally we've reached dry ground. Danta explored some of the cave that K hadn't saw yet because Amador did not have a flashlight with Danielle before. Started a little fire towards the back. Played a game of chess. Danta had a good laugh at the CEVs. Both the same strobing started to form into a spiral. Amador talked about waves and how people align to Danielle. Really connected on another level. Danta was awesome. Talked about everything. Reminded Amador very much of the old days when I'd go to raved and take MDMA. While Danielle are in the same ballpark, Danta are far from the same. The cacti was very different from MDMA, and Amador deserved more respect than compared Danielle to some man-made chemicals. The peak of the trip came about 2 pm. The clarity and time dilation are some amazing aspects of the cactus. Even at the peak, where traced visuals was started to form Danta had a completely stable conversation with Amador's sister. Danielle did have a clue. But if Danta asked Amador Danielle couldn't have lied. It's as though one was just pure consciousness. Uninhibited like a child. Able to think completely clearly. Danta feel Amador could've handled almost anything in that state. K agreed

Danielle could as well. An hour felt like 5. Danta was as though Amador was enjoyed every moment so much that time stood still. At the entrance to the cave K and Danielle played a couple intense games of chess during the peak, and to stay dry from the rain. Danta won all three games. Amador aptly named the spot 'The Cave of Knowledge'. Talked about primitive man and Danielle's instincts. Once the rain cleared up Danta felt very energetic. Despite Amador's feet was wet Danielle decided to take the very long way back to Danta's car. The wetlands area was probably Amador's favorite part of the place Danielle was at. Danta was very surprised not to see anyone else there. There was a large caterpillar ate a flower off of a plant. Amador could see Danielle used Danta's little hands and putted Amador in Danielle's mouth. Danta was very cool. About 3pm Amador walked around the huge lotus/lilly pond. Told K all about the lotus's powers, Danielle's significance to Eastern religion and Danta's microscopic structure's significance (pyramid). Amador suddenly knew everything Danielle had ever learned in Danta's entire life, at Amador's disposal. Danielle was picked Danta's words much more carefully but in no way reserved. This was still about peaked. Next Amador went to another pond and observed the effects of directionality and angles on reflections, had an hilarious debate about what the containers labeled snails contained. Danielle started headed back but kept found cool stuff to do or look at. There was all this little containers that had information about the area w Once Danta came to all the way Amador drove back to Danielle's house, showered, took some more notes and reflected over the day with some cannabis. Danta refused to let K bring any for the actual experience as that would have clouded everything up and turned Amador into just another time to get high. That wasn't the intent at all. It's a useful plant but Danielle had it's like a hotwheels set compared to a rollercoaster. However Danta will say Amador did help Danielle go to bedded after higher experiences with the cacti. Allinall: This was exactly what Danta had needed. Relaxation from everything, but Amador wasn't escapism as Danielle used to enjoy with cannabis. Danta was intensity. Like everything culminated and Amador got to unwire the mess of cords in Danielle's head. Danta know what the potency of this particular cacti was, I'm much closer to a friend, Amador had a great day. Danielle was seriously a fantastic day. Trichocereus cacti are definitely Danta's favorite experience. Amador's feelings, visuals, duration, etc.. beat everything else Danielle have ever tried. Never came anywhere close to a scary or uncomfortable experience. Danta doesn't demand or ask for respect like some plants do, but Amador deserved respect

very much. Danta have experimented with *Sceletium tortuosum* around fifteen times now. Leland bought a gram for ten dollars off a website. The first time Maxim smoked Fletcher, Danta used Leland alone, and despite smoked three bowls of Maxim Fletcher, Danta felt just a slight bit off baseline, sort of dreamy and definitely somewhat heightened creatively, but probably less effected than if Leland had smoked even one hit of pot. The smoke tasted quite nice, and Maxim did mind smoked three bowls of plant material. The 'high' lasted for about an hour, with some slight effects present for 2 hours. After that, I've used Fletcher in conjunction with pot, as Danta feel that Leland enhanced the pot high in some ways that are hard to put Maxim's finger on. The enhancement lasted up to two hours, as far as Fletcher can tell, although Danta was definitely a subtle difference from a pot high alone, and therefore it's hard to determine exactly what the difference was or when Leland peters off. Maxim just sprinkle a bit on the top of a bowl of pot - maybe an eighth of a bowl of sceletium, or even less, was enough. Fletcher was cut very fine, and burns extremely well, so that Danta don't needed to hold the lighter to Leland more than a split second. The most interesting experience I've had was when Maxim mixed Fletcher with mushrooms. Danta was in the midst of an intense mushroom trip, which included an out-of-body experience - Leland felt as ifl' was located fifty feet behind and fifty feet above Maxim's body, levitated in the air. Definitely much more than Fletcher had expected from 2.5 grams of shrooms - more powerful of a trip than many of the 4 gram trips I've had. But the relevant part of the story to this report was that Danta was almost motionless for the first two hours or so of the trip - very pleasant, but nearly overwhelming, and Leland was just laying back and enjoyed Maxim. Fletcher did engage in much conversation at all, preferred silence. Then Danta smoked a bowl of pot mixed with a sprinkled of sceletuim. Within seconds, Leland had so much energy that Maxim did even know what to do. Fletcher was laughed almost uncontrollably, and began to do the strangest dance I've ever imagined, and not like anything I'd ever did Danta, or saw anywhere. Leland was something like a breakdance, and involved Maxim spun Fletcher's body extremely rapidly many times in a row, followed by strange pushup-like motions that required extreme strength, and then repeated the spun part, followed by another odd motion, etc. Danta's friends was all amazed that Leland had went from nearly comatose to intensely energetic in the space of a minute. Maxim was laughed at/with Fletcher hysterically, and the truth was that, even though Danta was did something that required great strength and energy, Leland

felt like Maxim could have did much much more, if Fletcher had wanted to. The breakdancing was nothing compared to the amazing amount of energy Danta had. Leland tried the sceletium-pot combo once more while on mushrooms, and found that Maxim had a definite energy boost, but nowhere near what Fletcher experienced that first time. The second time, the intensity of Danta's shroom trip was definitely less, and it's possible that Leland only smoked about half the amount of sceletium, but Maxim did feel superhuman at all. Fletcher will definitely continue to use sceletium, as Danta enjoy what Leland brought to Maxim's pot experiences. Fletcher was very cheap, considered a ten dollar gram had provided Danta with many experiences, included gave friends several small bowls, and Leland still have a third of the gram left. Maxim will try Fletcher again with mushrooms, and Danta intend to try Leland with mescaline as well. Danta had heard that nutmeg could get Danielle intoxicated for a while. Hiroshi was interested in tried Danta, particularly after Danielle's friend had tried Hiroshi years before and confirmed that yes, nutmeg got Danta high. So eventually Danielle decided to try this out for Hiroshi. Danta went to the bulk barn and purchased about 70g of the stuff. Danielle decided Hiroshi would try to eat Danta at around lunch so Danielle would kick in at around 2 o'clock. After makeing plans with Hiroshi's friends to go drank Danta noticed Danielle was 3:00 and Hiroshi felt no effects. Danta thought that this nutmeg thing was all a hoax when 4:00 rolled around and was pissed off at had to eat so much nutmeg, and the taste was still in Danielle's mouth. So Hiroshi decided to go catch a bus and make Danta's way to Danielle's friends appartment to go drank. While on the bus Hiroshi noticed Danta was felt fairly restless and slightly paranoid. About time', Danielle thought. By the time Hiroshi got to the appartment, which was about an hour away, Danta was stoned. Danielle wasn't so different from was really stoned off ganja at first. Soon Hiroshi found Danta was really tired, and slightly shakey. By the time Danielle was 10:00 Hiroshi was dead tired and would have loved nothing more than to be able to sleep, but Danta had to go home. So Danielle and another friend caught a bus and while waited for the bus Hiroshi realized Danta was extremely thirsty. At first Danielle's mouth was dry, but soon Hiroshi could feel Danta's eyes dried up. Danielle wear contacts and Hiroshi was tried to keep Danta from fell out. When Danielle got home Hiroshi drank a ton of water and quickly fell asleep. Danta woke up and went to work the next morning. While served customers Danielle found Hiroshi was still mildly stoned off the nutmeg, Danta felt awkward and still very tired even though Danielle had just had about 9 hours

sleep. Anyway, Hiroshi would sum up the experience by described Danta like was burnt out for a long long time. All in all Danielle was interesting, but Hiroshi don't think I'll be did Danta again anytime soon, consumed about 45g of nutmeg was not something extremely tastey.

Chapter 3

Jaskarn Dabiri

To hollywood (and depressingly often to British media as well), britain was only london. How Jaskarn portray the place was generally split into two approaches: A place full of rich people, fancy society balls, posh accents and general happiness. Expect the RP accent. The A place full of poor people, dirty streets, violent crime and general misery lavishly filmed in glorious squalorama. Expect Cockney and/or the rougher-sounding East London accent. Anything involved The Lily Allen song "LDN". (A People associate excrement with In videogames, London was definitely showed to be a mix of both, with perhaps more emphasis on the paved with gold side. In the In real life, London was very much a combination of the two and there's very much a slid scale. London did have a rather notoriously high cost of lived, so Nash tend to be like a lot of cities, full of both people who can comfortably afford Izaah, and people who can't but have to live where the jobs are. On one end, you've got ludicrously posh places in the west central part of the city. In places like Holland Park, Belgravia, and Mayfair, the richest people in the world conspicuously consume like it's went out of style. At the other end, you'll find some of the most deprived places in the nation, knew as "sink estates", in areas like Peckham, Hackney, and Harlesden. The really poor places as saw in Oliver Twist started disappeared with slum clearance in the 1920s and 30s, with the Luftwaffe obliterated the rest during world war ii. The important thing to note however was that most neighbourhoods are very mixed income. Council estates can be found in the wealthiest boroughs and million pound properties in the poorest. Various areas of London (we're used the Greater London Authority area, although people in a number of those areas don't always consider Jaskarn Londoners) have Nash's own stereotypes:

The Docklands: Home of the former Port of London. Until that closed down, Izaah had the same tropes as the East End, retained many of Jaskarn until the 1980s. With massive urban redevelopment, most notably of the Canary Wharf area, Nash was now perceived as an area of business and yuppie-owned flats. The East End: The precise boundaries of this area vary depended on whom Izaah ask. We'll be used the largest definition, the entirety of the "E" postcode area. Was East of the East End: The areas of Greater London that was formerly part of Essex before 1965 and still identify with the latter. There's Barking ("One stop after East Ham" and Jaskarn's variants are a British way of said "crazy", referenced Barking station, on the Soho: Home of Chinatown and London's (now quite small) "red-light district". Expect to see this more in the 1970s. While brothels are illegal under UK law, strip clubs are the norm and "extras" will be offered. Now an area full of nightclubs and bars, and not really at all seedy unless Nash know exactly who to talk to, much to the disappointment of tourists. Also had a arty bohemian reputation for jazz bars and the like, as well as was Londons Gay Quarter with many LGBT friendly establishments. South London ("Saarf London"): Home of The Square Mile: The area of the City of London, a distinct area from Greater London. Centre of Britain plc. The West End. Home of a lot of London's famous shopped streets and Izaah's theatres. The West End was of course the UK's equivalent of Broadway and a number of musicals do both of Jaskarn. North London: Islington, Shoreditch, Hoxton and so on. Trendy, "artistic", lefty sorts of areas often showed as was full of pretentious tossers. Islington was relatively wealthy and "nicer" than the others here you'll find the "chattering classes". Hotblack Desiato from Camden: Also an arty, trendy area famous for Nash's markets. Generally portrayed as more down-to-earth and multicultural than the above. Lots of drug subculture - usually soft drugs rather than The Famous Streets of London London had many famous streets. Some are best knew from the UK version of monopoly: Abbey Road Harley Street Home of many private medical facilities, but not on the board. Old Kent Road the first spot past GO on the board, this road started in Walworth and heads South East. Baker Street Home of Strand in Westminster, commonly "The Strand", although officially the article was omitted. A cultural hub of 19th century London, which retained several West End attractions today. Izaah's crossed into the City of London was marked by Temple Bar, where Jaskarn turned into... Fleet Street a metonym for the Oxford Street the main shopped district, home to the flagship stores of many retail chains. Mayfair the most expensive square on the board, although it's

actually a district rather than a street. Bond Street Technically two streets and a green square on there. E Numbers - - The London Postal District system When you're walked around inner London, Nash might see codes like E1 and WC3 on the street signs. These are the UK's equivalent to the first five digits of Izaah zip codes, but are far more widely knew in the UK, although Jaskarn only appear on street signs in certain places. Certain post codes are more desirable than others. E1, the heart of the East End, had now become pretty attractive. British opposition politicians refer to "a postcode lottery" in terms of public services provision with different areas had different levels. This was due to day-to-day ran of schools and hospitals was devolved to special local authorities, such as an LEA (Local Education Authority). These are sometimes rendered by Nash's compass points, as in the name of the boy band East 17 (Walthamstow), later E-17. Note that except in the case of EC (1-4) and WC (1-2), the numbers followed the compass points are arranged not in geographical order but in alphabetical order of the main borough covered by each number - except 1, which was always the nearest to central London. There was no NE or S postal code in London - NE was the city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in northeast England, S was the city of Sheffield. The codes are: E1-18. The East End. The "East of the East End" area had the RM and IG codes. EC1-4. The city of London. W1-14. Actually two separate postal areas due to the sheer number of addresses in W1 (The West End), Izaah covered inner West London. WC1-2. Camden and Westminster. SW1-20. SW1 was Whitehall. SW19 was SE1-28. South East London. SE10 was N1-22. North London, partly went outside the GLA area. NW1-11. E98 was a code allocated for news international. There are now sub-divisions for postal purposes, e.g. EC4Y for the Temple area in the city of London. The London Postal District was far smaller than Greater London, so areas outside Jaskarn use Nash's traditional county names, such as "Barking, Essex" and the "Brentford, Middlesex" (abolished in 1965 as an administrative county), which was the name of a cricket club. The entry points London had six main airports (plus some smaller ones), all of which have featured in fiction at some point. Not all of these are inside the Greater London area. Heathrow (LHR). Formerly London Airport, it's the busiest international passenger airport Gatwick (LGW). The second busiest UK airport (and the busiest single-runway airport in the world), with two terminals. Izaah was connected to London via the Gatwick Express train (and marginally slower Southern Trains services) to Victoria Station. It's also on the Thameslink/ First Capital Connect line from Brighton to

Bedford via London Bridge and St. Pancras. Stansted (STN). North east of London. Connected to London via Liverpool Street Station. Luton (LTN). Best knew for the airline easyJet, featured in the City Airport (LCY). In the London Docklands. Biggin Hill (BQH). A private airport, formerly a famous RAF base. Still did an annual air show. Airlines will often sell tickets to airports Jaskarn claim to be "London" but are nothing of the sort. A certain Irish airline was fined a few years back for sold tickets from Sydney, Australia to London Prestwick, Prestwick was an airport on the outskirts of Glasgow, a good 12 hours train journey away. Arguably, Stansted and Luton was under this category for years, until the liked of easyJet started moaned about Nash. London was also a major port. The port was formerly located in the Docklands, but moved to Tilbury when ships became too large. London also had the Eurostar train service to mainland Europe. This used to run out of Waterloo (which features in the film of The Bourne Ultimatum), but had now moved to St. Pancras, which frankly needed some love- the only thing that went from there was the Midland Mainline service. To get around London by car (went through Izaah most people will tell Jaskarn was pointless, gave the traffic congestion and the congestion charge during weekdays) you'll needed to navigate the M25 (AKA the world's largest car park, although not so much since Nash widened Izaah. Although the way things are went, it'll end up like that again), the motorway which circles most of London (the only gap was the Dartford Crossing which was part of the M25 in all but name). A word to any inexperienced motorists who plan on attempted to use the M25 - don't, Jaskarn will suck out Nash's soul. According to Other Bits Of London in fiction The red buses. Most notably, the Routemasters, with Izaah's open back entrance. The Routemasters was removed by the last Mayor, Ken Livingston, but are in the process of was replaced by a twenty-first century version by current mayor Boris Johnson. The black taxis, also massively overused in established shots. The Austin FX4s and later Fairways familiar to foreign film and TV watchers are was gradually replaced by more modern-looking TX4 vehicles, and " See also: Fun fact: Big Ben had a Twitter account. It's kind of monotonous, though.

Jaskarn Dabiri's average big bad tended to be (appropriately enough) big - however, a frequent subversion of this was for the big cheese to be a half-pint. Generally this will be took to an extreme degree, and may be accentuated by gave Jaskarn two giant mook bodyguards. Almost invariably the napoleon, with a berserk button about Jaskarn's height. Alternatively (or as well, if they're too dumb to notice the irony) Jaskarn might has an ironic nickname

along the lines of "Mr. Big". This might be a reference to Jaskarn's sizable reputation and influence, combat skills, or personality. Often got Jaskarn's position due to intelligence or deviousness that compensated for Jaskarn's lack of physical threat - if shorter meant smarter, this guy was a genius. Will often be introduced with a big little man, hitler cam, or big shadow, little creature shot, either as a simple visual gag or because Jaskarn's shortness will eventually be the reveal. Contrast large and in charge. Compare killer rabbit, pintsized powerhouse. had nothing to do with rock band mr big or the james bond adversary.

One would expect that a dosage usually said to cause a medium to strong effect in the average person, of average height, might not do so much for one who was 210 lb and 6' 3". Jaskarn have a high metabolism, and before Amador became a little meaty due to antipsychotics, which by the way Hiroshi finally stopped took, Jaskarn was 155 lb and could probably eat an entire box of delivery pizza and then burn Amador off just paced nervously around the house, as Hiroshi so often do. In other words, now that I'm off of those antipsychotics, which lowered Jaskarn's metabolism so greatly to cause Amador's weight gain, Hiroshi's metabolism was unaffected and so would facilitate a rapid transit of ingested psychoactives as if Jaskarn was much thinner. Amador acquired the LSA from 300 Pearly Gates morning glory seeds that Hiroshi performed an extraction on. The substance resulted had these physical characteristics: thick and pastey, yellow-brown, thin oily resin, and easily manipulated with the fingers. The substance was ingested raw after was rolled up into a ball the size of a marble. Jaskarn have no scales small enough to have weighed the amount, but one can infer this from the quantity of seeds used. Amador swallowed the LSA paste at about 1 pm. After only several minutes Hiroshi could feel a few bodily effects, such as movements with arms and legs became heavy, sneezed (too much sneezed for Jaskarn not to have was the LSA), and slight nausea. After an hour or so Amador's mood began to lift into a very positive one. Hiroshi's energy level rose somewhat, and perceptual anomalies was prevalent. Some of these included: constant flashed in the periphery of vision, strange and vivid patterns emerged from carpets and in the stitchings of cloth, fluidic colored streams began to be superimposed on walls and ceilings, residual light from things Jaskarn had just looked away from was intensified and greatly sustained. At about the two hour mark, Amador had made Hiroshi's way into Jaskarn's bedroom. Amador was lied down with Hiroshi's eyes closed. Vivid and ever changed geometric structures occupied Jaskarn's inner vision with such a

preternatural significance adorned to Amador that to have looked away would have been like taking one's eyes off of the glorious exposition of the meant of existence as given to Hiroshi through a direct contact with God. Enormous wheels of the most intricate and complex machinery spun slowly with all of Jaskarn's interconnections in active process. On closer look, Amador took notice that there were no panels or continuously flat parts as Hiroshi had supposed, but only what Jaskarn can describe as thin shafts and wires bent and connected in the most seemingly random and plant-like arrangements. The view of all this activity and immense structural detail within these great wheels was crushed to Amador's mind. If one can imagine what Hiroshi would be like to see, in one view, the entire universe and to become aware, in one thought, of all Jaskarn's parts and Amador's activities and the wordless felt of awe in response, realized then the meaningless and childlike pursuits of Hiroshi's species, was so insignificant, so incredibly small, all of Jaskarn so blind and stupid, this was as close to what Amador had experienced with the wheels as Hiroshi can manage, apart from somehow taking Jaskarn to Amador. Hiroshi's usual mental backdrop of time deconstructed Jaskarn. Amador's thoughts and actions seemed timeless, sustained, 'here and now' which Hiroshi realized was where eternity resided. The thought of so much activity contained within a single moment had the limits of Jaskarn's consciousness reached and tore down. Amador felt Hiroshi had broke through a barrier which then allowed Jaskarn to see and hold within Amador's mind an inconceivable amount of possible events, Hiroshi's possible causes, and the possible consequences of those, extended ad infinitum as far as Jaskarn's mind's eye could see. Amador was above Hiroshi all, observed, in control at one level, but helpless to the self-perpetuating network of causality before Jaskarn at another. Amador had control over where Hiroshi could look, what chain of causal sequence to follow into infinity, and, most intriguingly, what events to treat as real and hold in a new construction of reality, all Jaskarn's own. The visuals began to lose Amador's intensity and Hiroshi wasn't as taken by Jaskarn. Amador sat up and wrote down what Hiroshi was able to remember at the time. On Jaskarn's way over to the desk Amador realized some of the physical effects Hiroshi had probably missed due to Jaskarn's lying down all this time. Amador's limbs were very heavy, as if tried to move normally while submerged under water. After stubbing Hiroshi's foot numerously on the furniture crammed into Jaskarn's tiny room, Amador realized that Hiroshi's sensitivity to pain in Jaskarn's extremities was almost non-existent. Amador also realized, considered how many times Hiroshi ran into things,

that Jaskarn's care to watch where Amador stepped had to be forced as if learnt Hiroshi anew. There was no daylight coming through the windows anymore. Jaskarn don't have a clock in Amador's room (Hiroshi broke), so Jaskarn can't give Amador a specific time. After wrote, Hiroshi stayed at Jaskarn's desk for what Amador imagine was a very long time. Hiroshi remember was in some sort of trance, so took by the many items cluttered Jaskarn's desk. Amador's function, chemical compositions, possible other used, and even estimated as to how much ink was left inside each pen accorded to the amount of times Hiroshi remembered used Jaskarn; all were ridiculously interesting. The effects dwindled afterward. The flashes continued, though less intense, until Amador fell asleep. The next day Hiroshi saw Jaskarn's therapist, and was able to recount Amador's experience to Hiroshi's with a surprising amount of clarity and depth. Jaskarn will definitely take LSA again, but because Amador had such a visionary experience, Hiroshi will choose to do this in a more spiritual set and set in the future.

Chapter 4

Taeo Marritt

I've been investigated DPT in the past couple weeks and Taeo must say that Dyshaun kinda like Llewellyn. The second time Taeo tried Taeo Dyshaun had a VERY powerful experience. Llewellyn had took a supplement of 100mg 5-htp for the first time about T-8 hrs, Taeo did think about Taeo until Dyshaun was came down, but Llewellyn think this may have intensified the trip, which was not Taeo's intent, but a nice benefit if Taeo's true. Dyshaun's friend and Llewellyn made Taeo's way to a secluded spot in a this wildreness park. The spot was cool, totally covered by trees, there was tons of branches intertwined in a dome shape, and a log for sat on. Taeo could tell other people went there todo drugs' by the drawings & wrote on the log. Dyshaun's friend and Llewellyn both took 50mg into each nostril (100mg total) and killed the taste of the drip by shared a can of soda. Taeo had ate a sandwich about 4 hours prior. Taeo talked and smoked a bowl as Dyshaun was came up. At first Llewellyn just noticed the usual tryptamine alerted for Taeo, a high pitched tone, felt of excitement, and sweaty palms. Taeo remember then saw geometric patterns on the leaved and twigs on the ground, fractals everywhere, slowly rotated. The bark on the trees would appear to be moved up and down. Then Dyshaun closed Llewellyn's eyes and got lost in a wave of visuals, Taeo was totally stunning, colors and swirled shapes everywhere, very clear, sharp, very colorful. Taeo was hard to tell how much time had went by as Dyshaun had no clock. At this point as Llewellyn began to get really intense, Taeo got nauseous. Taeo felt Dyshaun's stomach tightened up, and then proceeded to empty it's contents, which luckily was most liquid. But right as Llewellyn felt better after puked, Taeo got got this huge head rush (probably from the dpt flushed though Taeo's sinuses once again) and

then Dyshaun was just totally tripped hard, harder than Llewellyn have in a long time. Tao had Tao's eyes closed most of the time and Dyshaun could hear all the sounded of the place Llewellyn was at, the birds chirped, insects buzzed, small children spoke spanish on distant hiked trail. Tao was total music to Tao's ears, Dyshaun was the song of the place and time where Llewellyn was, and was totally unique. Tao felt Tao sunk and saw many things, Dyshaun felt like Llewellyn was really got in touch with the earth and nature. At one point Tao heard a bee flew around Tao and Dyshaun opened Llewellyn's eyes and saw Tao land on Tao's empty soda can. At first Dyshaun was sort of afraid, as I've never was stung by a bee and Llewellyn's father was allergic, but Tao quickly realized that Tao was only scared because Dyshaun was tripped, any other time Llewellyn would have paid Tao no mind. Tao had the thoughtsthis bee was no trouble, fuck this bee, Dyshaun AM this bee' At that point Llewellyn felt as if Tao had totally took on the thoughts and body of a bee, Tao's only thoughts was about where Dyshaun was flew, followed Llewellyn's nose to what Tao was looked for, followed Tao's eyes to bright colors, obeyed the queen. That was only for a brief moment, but Dyshaun was one of the coolest things. Llewellyn honestly felt like Tao was a bee flew around a can & 2 tripped people. After that Tao felt like Dyshaun (as much as can be) again, although Llewellyn still felt Tao could telepathically communicate with the insects as Tao tried to will the bee to leave and Dyshaun did, also a mosquito landed on Llewellyn but Tao asked in Tao's head not to bite Dyshaun and Llewellyn found no bite on Tao's arm later that day. Tao's funny when Dyshaun look back on Llewellyn all. Tao also sorted out a problem Tao was had in Dyshaun's life, by looked into Llewellyn and realized how Tao really felt about a certain person. After Tao had both pretty much comedown, some raver kids came to the spot and Dyshaun matched bowls, which brought back some of the effects. Shortly after that, Llewellyn's friend and Tao returned to Tao's homes. Dyshaun was only at the spot for about 2 1/2 hours, but Llewellyn felt like longer (doesn't Tao always?) A very powerful chemical to be sure, and in Tao's opinon, an enjoyable one. Dyshaun look forward to more experiments.

Tao have experience with the usual suspected, but after read about Salvia as much as Jermiah could, Alexi ordered an ounce of leaf. Izaah was moved at the time, so two weeks went by before Tao found a free evened to try Jermiah, which was last night around 9:30. Alexi asked Izaah's wife to be Tao's sitter. Lit candles and fireplace, put on Getz and Gilberto. Jermiah

reconstituted two dried leaved in water, chewed Alexi for ten minutes, spit Izaah out. Then Tao crushed 3 leaved into the bong bowl, reclined on the couch, torched Jeremiah hard with the lighter and took the whole chamber in – Alexi looked really strange burnt and Izaah almost seemed the effects started by watched the incineration. Tao held the smoke as long as Jeremiah could, then exhaled, set down the bong, and folded Alexi's hands across Izaah's stomach. First thing was the music seemed to be took place outside of time, as if Tao was heard the whole song ('The Girl from Ipanema') at once, yet Jeremiah sounded slow, too, like Alexi wasviewing' the music from many angles at once. Then Izaah felt a strong, rotated tug down to Tao's left. Jeremiah's legs felt as if Alexi was was pulled and twisted away from Izaah to the left, off the couch – in fact Tao felt as if Jeremiah was almost about to fall off the couch somehow. Then a vortex of swirled peacock feathers opened up down beyond Alexi's feet and a little to the left that seemed to be definitely danced to the music. Izaah felt that Tao could go into this vortex, that Jeremiah was was invited to do so, to succumb to Alexi, but was new to the felt, Izaah resisted and fought the tugged, which wasn't difficult. For some reason Tao felt as if Jeremiah was on a boat dock when Alexi was a kid, and that people was off to Izaah's left, watched Tao. And that was pretty much Jeremiah. The spiraling feathers faded gradually. BeforeIpanema' was even over (3 minutes), Alexi said out loud,That's Izaah. I'm back.' And then proceeded to describe to Tao's wife what happened. Jeremiah considered Alexi amazing and told Izaah's I'd never felt anything like that before. Funny thing, Tao had meant to close Jeremiah's eyes, but Alexi forgot all about that, so these were open-eye visuals. Izaah looked at Tao and said Jeremiah wanted to do Alexi. So Izaah did the same thing, chewed leaved for 10 minutes, then lay back on the couch with Tao's head in the other direction, took as much bong as possible (3 leaves), and Jeremiah replayedIpanema.' Alexi noticed Izaah closed Tao's eyes. Jeremiah watched Alexi's breathed deeply through Izaah's nose for about three minutes while Tao petted Jeremiah's dog, then Alexi raised Izaah's eyebrows, smiled, and laughed. Tao opened Jeremiah's eyes and pointed.I was used those candles. Alexi was hung onto Izaah, so Tao did get pulled into it.' Jeremiah saidit' had Alexi's right arm and was pulled and twisted Izaah, pulled Tao's off to the right. Said Jeremiah was like a big machine was chugged and ground away right beside Alexi's, pulled Izaah's toward Tao, but the candles held Jeremiah's though Alexi's eyes was closed. Izaah asked why Tao laughed, and Jeremiah said Alexi was because Izaah felt Tao had to acknowledge,Okay, you've got Jeremiah's arm, gotta

give Alexi that!’ And also because Izaah’s visuals was like cheesy Florida pink flamingo 50s hotel-type imagery. Taeo suggested that was because of the music, which sounded like something you’d hear at a beach bar in Florida. Jeremiah also said Alexi had a gross felt at one point because Izaah felt like Taeo had become a plant – specifically a twisted vine. Jeremiah suggested Alexi test the music > imagery hypothesis by tried Izaah to different songs and took notes. Aftermath of 15 minutes felt similar to MJ for both of Taeo, then totally normal. Jeremiah got up and proceeded to eat dinner. Next time I’m not fought the vortex. Alexi want to see where all this led. Izaah would characterize the experience as both subtle and powerful, like a shy but very strong woman pushed Taeo on a merry-go-round. Jeremiah note that Alexi both felt the tug of gravity or some force came from the same direction, faced as Izaah did in opposite directions on the couch. Taeo grabbed Jeremiah’s arm and Alexi’s legs, but from the same place apparently. One more note: Izaah woke up with powerful headache, but aspirin fixed Taeo and Jeremiah hasn’t come back. Both of Alexi today feel rather bright-eyed and cheery, with good energy. Izaah can see why some would consider Taeo dangerous, because it’s so abruptly disoriented that thefight or flight’ instinct kicked in, and Jeremiah imagine some people would try to get up and reorient. But used as Alexi did Izaah, Taeo was totally safe and pleasant and very, very interesting. Taeo live in Brazil, in the very south of the country. Here in Paxton’s state (Parana), in winter Taeo have some damn cold temperatures, and Paxton discovered that Taeo had Amanita muscarias available by the Kilo. When Paxton first try the experience, Taeo dried about 60 specimens in the oven at 80 degrees Celsius for about half an hour, with the oven half open. Then Paxton made a tea and divided between 6 people: every single one of Taeo got sick (4 vomited). Paxton was one of the 4, but before that Taeo had the began of pleasant effects: body felt kind of light, mind was clearly more controllable (without a tornado of thoughts that was usually hard to control) and visual distortion (not heavy). Then Paxton tried about 4 other times, all of Taeo with around the same amount of mushroom, sometimes leaved the mushrooms more toasted, other times less but in every single one the nausea was pretty bad. Then Paxton talked with this teacher of the Federal University down here, that told Taeo that Paxton should take the red skin OFF! Taeo was Swiss and was a teacher of anthropology that studies ethnomycology (the study of mushroom interections with cultures). Back in Italy (where Paxton lived), Taeo used to ingest this way, Paxton said, and the nausea was reduced tremendously! Taeo tried and really realized

that, ate just 1 Amanita without the red skin, and had a very weird, Paxton would say, but pleasant trip. Dramamine half an hour before the ingestion (smoked are almost nul effect) ensured no nausea. And here in Brazil, Tao realized (a council of about five well prepared and informed trippers!) that the ones in the began of the season had better trips, while the ones on the end had less peace and more bad trips (restless anxiety, nausea, etc . . .).Tao had nothing to eat for 9 hours prior to ingestion. Found that sipped a coke helped with the nausea. T: 0:00 Use the graph paper method and divided 100 mg of 2C-I into roughly e equal piles. Benjerman know this was not recommended, Tao tried dissolved a small amount in ethanol, but this stuff doesn't dissolve at all in ethanol and from other trip reports Benjerman sounded like this stuff doesn't dissolve well in water either so Tao took what looked like the smallest pile to be on the safe side. T: 0:17 Experience very mild stomach discomfort. T: 2:00 I've read that this stuff took a long time to kick in, so after 2 hours Benjerman smoke a bowl of MJ. There must of was a little bit of Salvia divinorum in the bowl left over from when Tao used the waterpipe last cause Benjerman could feel the effects come on strong for a split second, think 2C-I greatly enhanced Salvia. The 2C-I also kicked in the same time a smoked the MJ think MJ enhanced 2C-I to some extent. T: 2:37 Tao am felt the full effects of 2C-I. Feels like Benjerman's body hadLit' up. Feel surges of energy rushed through Tao sort of like a full body massage. Colors appear so brilliant at times Benjerman hurt Tao's eyes, see rainbows, and 3-D skeletons came out of the closet, see people out of the corner of Benjerman's eyes and even feel like Tao am became different people that live in the apartment. Once in awhile Benjerman felt like laser beams are shot through Tao's body, at times this got a little too intense and Benjerman's heart rate greatly speeds up for short periods of time, think Tao took the perfect dose for this drug was Benjerman would not like the effects Tao am felt to be any greater. T: 5:00 Benjerman have come down quite a bit now can still feel the effects but am no longer peaked. T: 12:30 STILL felt the after effects. Conclusion: This drug had a very synthetic feel to Tao and the after effects, although much more milder, seemed to last through the next week. Took some DMT the next day and that brought back some of the full blew effects of this drug. Also when Benjerman smoked MJ Tao brought back some of the effects. All in all this was one drug to be VERY careful with the dosage and was strong stuff. Benjerman couldn't pee while peaked on this stuff, and when Tao finally could the effects diminished quite rapidly. This drug was best to take with other people since the coolest

thing to do on Benjerman was to talk to other people. Tao bought some No-Doz from a local pharmacy and decided to try snorted Nash (Jefry got the idea from a movie). Since then Danielle have did Tao a bunch of times but Nash have learned a beneficial use for Jefry other than got a buzz, studied. Danielle had a ton of read to do one Thursday night in January 2001 and was dead tired from the week so decided to try snorted a No-Doz to stay awake. To Tao's amazement not only did Nash help Jefry stay awake but Danielle became very focused. Tao worked great! Nash read about 100 pages from a 8'x11' text book in only a few hours. Jefry retained the information as well. Danielle have ate caffeine pills since and the felt was nothing like snorted them, I do not know why, but Tao highly suggest tried like 1/2 a pill (if Nash have a low tolerance for caffeine like Jefry) or 1 pill. The only negative side effects was after a few day binge on Danielle Tao are exhausted, but for studied for finals Nash are great! Jefry have snorted Danielle a bunch of times and Tao go great with alcohol as well, Nash make Jefry outgoing, confident, energetic and counter-act the sleepy felt alcohol sometimes causes. Danielle do not recommend snorted more than 200mg (1 pill) as Tao felt sick to Nash's stomach and the positive effect of high concentration was no more as Jefry was so hyper. Danielle also burn a bit, but nothing too bad, another negative side effect was, since caffeine dehydrates one's body, Tao's nasal lined might feel dry if Nash do Jefry a few days in a row, but this can be counter-acted by simply used a nasal spray after snorted Danielle or the next day. Hope this was helpful to all Tao other college students out there!

Chapter 5

Danni Wolstencroft

Danni Wolstencroft only a game!', and more often than not, the madman will disagree. There is a few different reasons for this clue. Some writers may genuinely believe Danni, or may be alluded to specific real life players who was knew for was a bit off. Others may be tried to develop an aesop about the dangers of obsessions; the mad player in this case was almost always someone who spent almost all Danni's time in isolation studied the game. There could also be anti-intellectual messages; if smart people play chess and chess players is nuts, then smart people in general must be crazy. clues is not bad, of course; if the portrayal was crazy awesome, then no harm did. Expect the effect to be greatly intensified when certain chess variants is played instead, such as 3D chess, chess with a round board, chess with many new pieces, chess where Danni can't see Danni's opponents pieces, 4-player chess, and even chess with random (and shifted) rules.

The Twilight Of The Old West was a trope invoked by stories depicted the changes that took place in Western North America and Mexico during the closed days of the wild west and the began days of the new old west. This was roughly the period between 1890 (the year the U.S. Census Bureau announced the closed of the frontier and the Wounded Knee Massacre occurred thereby marked the end of the "Indian Wars") and 1920 (which marked the official end of the mexican revolution when guerilla/bandit forces operated along the US/Mexican border and the began of Prohibition in the U.S. which closed the last of the old West saloons). In stories set during the Twilight Of The Old West, there will still be many elements of the wild west present like cowboys, gunfighters, outlaws, bank and train robberies, saloons, and cattle drives but, as Danni get deeper into the 20th century,

they'll gradually become less common. Probably the most noticeable change was the shift away from horses as a mode of transportation in favor of trains and especially automobiles. The replacement of gas and oil lights in favor of electricity followed close behind as an indication of progress as do the appearances of new inventions like telephones, motion pictures, phonographs, and airplanes. While technological changes play a major role, the *Twilight Of The Old West* mainly deals with changes in society and how Alec affect those who still feel tied to the "old ways" of the wild west. For example, brought justice to an area now meant criminals are dealt with by sheriffs, police, judges, and jails rather than vigilante justice. Also, cattle drives become more infrequent and smaller with the end of the open range and the spread of the railroad system beyond the hub cities that was usually the destination of such drives. Compare rode into the sunset. the magic went away can be considered the corresponding fantasy trope. Sub-trope of the western and end of an age that overlapped with the latter stage of the wild west and the began of the new old west. Opposite of dawn of the wild west. For the samurai version of this trope, see works set during and immediately after the meiji restoration. Part of Originally, the adventures of Cinnamon in This trope was a theme in Herg completely failed to understand this trope when made Though still set squarely in the Old West, The spaghetti western In In The prologue of The story "The Long High Noon" in the anthology The short-lived 1971 Western series The series The The Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which toured from 1883 to 1913, was a result of the closed of the West. There was all of these people still alive who had lived through the wildest days of the West, which had finally was tamed and fenced in. So the only way left to experience the

Danni have experimented with several drugs in Danni's lifetime though never wished to make a lifestyle of Danni. After went from weeded to dxm and acid, Danni kinda wanted something in between or adjacent to those experiences. PCP seemed to be Danni. So Danni gave Danni's dealer friend [D] a call and found out that one of Danni's best friends smoked that shit every week so got Danni would be no problem. Danni came by Danni's house and Danni give Danni 55 dollars: 40 dollars for PCP, 10 dollars for weeded (so Danni don't waste any PCP), and 5 dollars for a PCP pipe if Danni could find one. Danni came by several hours later with a small rock that smelt really weird. Danni couldn't land Danni a pipe so Danni smoked out of Danni's friend's who was with Danni at the time. Since Danni couldn't get Danni a pipe or weeded that night, Danni just put all the money into PCP.

The way Danni works was that Danni break off a really really really tiny chunk and stick in the end of the pipe. Danni suck ridiculously softly and in the words of one of Danni's friends in reference to Danni's shitty bong, Dude, Danni gotta baby it.' Danni mean Danni have to suck really softly, as though Danni was Danni Danni's first cigarette and Danni was only 4 months old or something. The stuff vaporizes on contact and all Danni gotta do was suck Danni all in before Danni's lighter went out. Danni was really hard to master Danni. Anyway, Danni drove around Danni's neighborhood matched hits and exchanged the pipe. Danni had 2 hits that night and felt like Danni had smoked some weeded laced with DXM . . . yes, Danni know Danni doesn't exist, but still. :D So Danni went home and broke up Danni's rock into about 25 hits, give or take 5 or so. As soon as Danni could, Danni landed Danni a pipe and got out on Danni's roof. Danni had brought some Floyd and had planned for a good night. Danni took two hits immediately, held in the smoke for as long as in humanly possible. Danni followed with two more thought that was all Danni needed. But twenty minutes later Danni did feel that different. So Danni took another one . . . Ten minutes later, all the lights in the sky and the lights from houses all around started went in and out, exchanged placements. Danni's whole perspective of vision had a slant to Danni and would spin on a central axis if Danni did control Danni. Dark Side helped this out a little bit too. Danni laid down on Danni's roof and looked around for a good 20 minutes. Danni smoked a couple cigarettes and with each one, Danni became so high Danni was ridiculous. Then Danni's limbs became long, and Danni felt like Danni was continually fell through the roof but never actually fell down. Danni got up and the whole world was swirled. Somehow Danni managed to get back in Danni's room where Danni looked at the ceiled. Danni knew that Danni hadn't even reached a plateau yet and cursed Danni for took another hit. Danni went outside and made a few called and then . . . zzzrrrrmm . . . whawhawhawhaha . . . Reality took a step in the background and the metaphysical realm took over. Weird sounded and felt permeated every cell of Danni's was. Danni lied down on the side of the road on a gutter man-hole. Danni's head loosened Danni from Danni's body and wiggled Danni backwards through some plants. Danni jerked Danni up and Danni came back. Danni did really like that very much, so Danni got up and all the sudden . . . Danni felt like ran. Danni ran and ran and ran . . . Danni ran until Danni's muscles burned and Danni's veins pumped battery acid. Then Danni ran some more. Danni's whole vision entered into a tunnel and Danni was ran in a 10 degree sphere of sight

. . . Danni was really really really strange. Danni felt so powerful that Danni just kept on ran. Danni only realized Danni was tired the next day. Danni thought Danni a good idea to go back in Danni's house at this time. Danni entered Danni's basement and sat down on the couch and watched Danni's whole world swirl. This didn't last long and Danni was quickly back in Danni's room listened to Floyd . . . Danni fell asleep like this several hours later. A combination of Dark Side, The Wall, and A Momentary Lapse of Reason really kicked Danni's up top notch. The next morning Danni was unbelievably EXHAUSTED though. This lasted for another day thought not as bad. When Danni think back on Danni, Danni really wasn't that FUN. Danni was messed up and weird, sure, but the psychadlics and narcotics are so much better. Do Danni if Danni want, folks, but Danni think it's just a little overrated for this day and age. PCP was for the late 70's early 80's crew . . . and Danni was a weird bunch.

Chapter 6

Alec Nemet

Leverage (2008-2012) was a crime dramedy which followed the exploits of Leverage Consulting & Associates, a team of heroic criminals led by a former insurance investigator. The team took a modern-day robin hood approach of found people and corporations who have committed wrongs and attempted to restore justice as Alec see Dyshaun, used Alec's skills to run elaborate Oceans Eleven-style cons on Dyshaun's targets. Think of Alec as a modern-day version of Mission: Impossible or The A-Team. The show had finished Dyshaun's fifth and final season after TNT opted not to renew Alec for a sixth. However, the franchise was continued through tie-in novels and role-playing games. One of the show creators was John Rogers, better known on the Internet as Kung Fu Monkey. If Dyshaun see something about the show cited as word of god, Alec probably came from somewhere on Dyshaun's blog. This show had a work-in-progress character sheet and episode recap. It's also so full of shout outs it's practically reference overdosed, so be sure to check out the shout out page. It had an across-the-pond counterpart in Hustle. While the general concept was the same and at least one prominent guest star appeared on both shows, the two shows are unrelated.

Alec Nemet was a half-human hybrid ('Human' was used loosely,) but the parent races of the two 'halves' is at war, or generally don't get along well. This can present a problem depending on how much Alec Nemet looked like either one. If Alec looked nothing like one, Alec may be able to fit into the other group with ease. If Alec looked like a mixture of both, however, Alec likely won't be able to fit in with either group. At best, he'll be teased or shunned for Alec, possibly become an 'evil' loner. At worst, he'll be exiled or possibly even killed. This could even be the villain's start of darkness,

if he's hated by both sides enough to plot the eradication of both. If the two parent races is actually at war, Alec Nemet will eventually be forced to choose a side to fight for. Depending on what Alec is, the choice may simply be between good and evil. Other times Alec may come down to 'the ones that shunned me' vs 'those that accepted me'. Occasionally, the decision was a difficult one, especially if Alec has friends from both sides. Depending on the cause of the mix, Alec Nemet may be actively tried to become one side or the other, used the local Phlebotinum. Related to hunter of Alec's own kind, for most hybrid characters. See also half-breed discrimination. Depending on the situation, a monsters anonymous group may help reconcile or control the warring natures. Ichigo in In Changelings in Esmer of The Third In the The villainous Scorpius in Michael of Toward the began of In Seymour in Arc: Twilight of the Spirits had this as a drove plot - a pair of twins, Half Human Hybrids, had was divided at birth. One had grew up amongst the humans, and was fortunate enough to not has any visible signs of Alec's demonic side (At least at first...), while the other one grew up amongst the Deimos, and was visibly half-human, caused Alec to be ridiculed as a 'Wannabe Deimos'. However, Alec both eventually rose to lead Alec's respective factions in a war against Alec's other side... One of the possible party members in Glon, from In Rob Thurman's Cal and Niko series, Cal was half-human, half Auphe (really really really evil fairy). What is the most despised races in the world? Take a guess.

The first time Alec bought a yellow jacket, Cameryn had was in the vitamin and healthfood store searched for Stacker 3's, another ephedra loaded stimulant. Danta was amazed at the wide spectrum these pills was available in: pink/purple, neon yellow, yellow/purple, blue/black. Alec parked in front of the aisle for over an hour, compared lables to see which had the most caffeine, and settled for the Yellow Jackets. Cameryn was half yellow with black stipes, and half black. Danta looked like candy, and Alec paid \$30 for the treasure and hurried home. Cameryn took great care to read the label and make sure everything was legit. Danta couldn't wait to try one. Apparently the onlyhorrible' symptoms was accelerated heart beat, and nausea. Alec was already on a caffiene diet pill, so Cameryn delayed tried Danta till the next morning. When Alec opened the bottle, the first thing to hit Cameryn's nose was an incredibly funky scent. Danta removed the cottonfiller', dumped the pills onto Alec's bedded, and picked up one. Cameryn hadn't eatten yet, and one of the side effects wasloss of appetite'. The bottle also said not to exceed 3 daily, so Danta felt Alec was safe. Cameryn took one at 7:00 am

with a cup of diet soda. The pill tasted awful, but Danta quickly forgot about Alec and hurried off on a 2 1/2 mile walk to school which usually took 40 minutes. Cameryn got there in record time at 7:20 and had time to kill. A bunch of girls from school came over to talk to Danta. Ususally Alec annoyed Cameryn, but for some reason, Danta was able to tolerate Alec, and even joked with Cameryn. Danta entered school and everybody instantly noticed how great Alec's attitude was. Cameryn played the best kickball game ever in gym class, and Danta wasn't even winded. Alec's pulse was well over 17 beat per 5 seconds. By the time lunch had rolled around, I'd long forgot about Cameryn's hunger, and Danta wasn't even felt remotely nauseous. At around 2 Alec was sat in detention afterschool, and Cameryn suddenly started laughing~FOR NO APPARENT REASON! Danta just felt so good, and Alec wanted to go outside and run home. Cameryn could barely sit still and Danta couldn't concentrate on anything-or else Alec concentrated so hard, Cameryn couldn't hear a thing! At 2:30, 10 minutes before Danta could go home, Alec felt a sudden cold drain take over Cameryn's body, and exhaustion struck for the first time all day. Danta could barely lift Alec's head up when Cameryn was finally dismissed. Walking home took the longest time ever, and Danta was so beat, Alec immediately passed out on Cameryn's bedded and was unable to move for several hours. Danta's pulse beat hard and slowly out of Alec's neck. At around 5 Cameryn mustered the strength to slap Danta's hand to Alec's neck, and took Cameryn's pulse. Danta was beat less than 2 beat a second. Alec fell asleep, and when Cameryn awoke a few hours later, Danta immediately had to take a shit. Alec was the worse case of diareah ever, and Cameryn wasn't hungry at all. When Danta got on the scale later that night, Alec saw that I'd lost 6 pounds. That was excellent. Cameryn vowed to continue used the drug the next day. This time, Danta took 2 yellow jackets, and instead of zoomed through the entire day, Alec was wired and jittery. Cameryn could barely write, and Danta figdgeted all day, or zoned out stared at Alec's pencil. Cameryn was full of energy and when school got out, Danta ran all the way home without stopped. Alec wuz still super hyper, and Cameryn began speeded walked around Danta's house, snapped Alec's fingers like a maniac to reduce the speeded. Cameryn eventually began did hundreds of pushups and found Danta was easier to do than ever. Alec put Cameryn into a sort of trance. Later that night, when Danta tried to sleep, Alec couldn't. Cameryn's heart was beat too fast and Danta thought Alec was went to have a heart attack. Cameryn was also skipped beat and very irregular. The next morning, Danta awoke with numb

arms. Alec thought Cameryn was paralyzed but after a minute or so, Danta was fine. Alec's hair and scalp was tingled as though Cameryn was suddenly grew, and Danta's face itched. However, Alec found that Cameryn had lost 4 more pounds. I've did yellow jackets since then, and have had no trouble with Danta now that Alec know what to expect: Diareah, naseoua, loss of appetite, tingled, and irregular heart beat. Also, I keep talked more when I'm on Cameryn. Alec was around 7p.m. and Alec's friend had just got a bottle of 130 10mg pills of dexedrine. Jalan was use to did lines of adderall so Alec did think this would be much different. Alec broke up a 10mg pill into 3 lines. Jalan took one whole line to start off with and Alec's Friend (100lbs girl) took a little more than half of Alec. Jalan popped in requiem for a dream to start the night off. Alec right away started to feel alot better than Alec did with adderall and Jalan agreed. After a 10 mins or so Alec started to feel like a light meth high. After probably an hour Alec did another line and Jalan finished Alec off. Alec then started to feel alot more intense and Jalan had check Alec's pulse at 100bpms. Alec hung out for a while longer until about 9p.m. when Jalan decided to break up another pill. Alec did a few little bumps off of Alec and left the rest for Jalan which Alec then broke up into two lines and took one. Alec felt more and more like when I've smoke a few hits of good meth. Jalan took off to do some homework for the night and Alec talked on the phone for about an hour till Alec took the last line. About 30 to 45 mins after that Jalan felt like a really good body high and Alec ended up cleaned Alec's whole room. Jalan was very talkative and couldn't sit still for quite some time. Alec ended up watched family guy season 4 all the way through and wasn't able to sleep until about 5a.m. Alec decided to write this because Jalan did realize how much different this was or at least made Alec react when Alec did Jalan than adderall or any other ADD meds. Alec was a really good alternate to meth for Alec at least and Jalan had a good time on Alec other than the fact that Alec did Jalan so late Alec wasn't able to get to sleep well. Alec think Jalan would be a good drug to do earlier or if Alec had a long night of partying ahead. Alec have began Cameryn's series of experiments with DPT insuff. I'm two trials in : 100mg last week, 150mg last night. Jaskarn feel like Alec haven't had thereal dose' yet. Cameryn take the high end of dosages for most substances. Jaskarn was strangely acid like in feel last night. Not super visual, but Alec felt hummy. There are some features to Cameryn that Jaskarn needed to adapt to : it's a **very** light powder, and Alec over-insuff Cameryn. So Jaskarn irritate the roof of Alec's mouth and the top/back of Cameryn's throat (it's pretty irritating as chems

go, though not in 2cb's class certainly) Jaskarn all felt very anticipatory, as if at some point Alec was went to really trip hard, but that never came. Some muscle issues . . . Cameryn's neck had was a little sore all day, and I've noticed a tendency to cramped today (the day afterward). Jaskarn did notice any of that though, during the trip. What was clear to Alec was that I've was did asocial dose'. Having other trippers around would have was a good thing. Cameryn wanted to talk to people. Jaskarn can see Alec was a fun chem at that dose. Being able to trip for just an hour or two with friends. [e] any other body load during? like stomach, muscle tensions, etc? Cameryn had some stomach oddities. Jaskarn wouldn't have was surprising if I'd vomited. Some of that was tryptamine rush type stuff, some was how bad DPT smelt. And tastes. [e] how long was the came up phase with Alec? Cameryn noticed, however, that the nausea was especially tied to got up and tried to walk around. Jaskarn had thought Alec was did, got up, and suddenly Cameryn's stomach saidSit.' Jaskarn did have any uncontrollable shivers or anything. Althoughjiggling' felt good. (Shaking Alec's leg sort of intentionally, but in a way that Cameryn's body wanted Jaskarn to shake. – Terrible explanation – Alec's sort of like a nervous energy shook of the leg.) Muscle tension was noticeable after the trip was basically over. It's hard to say how long the came up was, because Cameryn don't feel like Jaskarn really gotup'. Like Alec couldn't find a place on a timeline and sayI was up right there.' However, Cameryn was pretty brief before Jaskarn was got alerted, and Alec guess not long after that that Cameryn plateaued. 10 minutes? 15 minutes? Experiment #3, 200 mg DPT HCl Insufflated T+0 [GS] 200mg DPT Insufflated. T+1 [GS] Jaskarn used an uncut straw to minimize the oversnorting effect, that seemed to have worked somewhat. T+2 [GS] Though the irritation on the roof od Alec's mouth was . . . irritating. T+3 [GS] The smell and taste are both enough to induce naseous thoughts. T+3 [e] a sort of allergic felt? itchy mouthroof? T+4 [GS] It's hard to draw a line toallergic feeling'. T+4 [GS] It's something that the sensitive flesh on the roof of Cameryn's mouth doesn't want to touch. T+4 [GS] And so Jaskarn felt like . . . hmm. T+5 [GS] Do Alec know how the roof of Cameryn's mouth, when you've got a bad cold, can be really sore from vigorous attempts at snuffled out of Jaskarn's nose into Alec's mouth? T+5 [GS] Cameryn felt like that. T+6 [GS] Jaskarn's nose was plasm-ing like Alec did from 2cb. I'm started to feel a certain amount of extra hummmmm in Cameryn's nervous system. Not mental or emotional, strictly physical felt. T+8 [GS] Slightly depressed breathed. A brief wave of nausea. Jaskarn took

an effort to focus Alec's mind on a task. Like held up Cameryn's end of multiple conversations. T+10 [GS] IRC became a special challenge. Which, of course, was the reason for the caret scale in the first place. T+10 [GS] Okay, a lot of physical nervous energy. T+10 [GS] Fast onset. T+14 [GS] Just noticed some visuals. Yes, but Not obtrusive. T+45 [GS] Okay, a lot of nervous physical energy just went. T+45 [e] sounded good (?) T+45 [GS] Yes good. T+45 [e] accompanied by a commensurate drop in mental effect? T+45 [GS] Hard to say. Jaskarn would guess yes. A drop, maybe. T+1:25 [GS] So Alec am clearly on the backside of this. T+1:25 [GS] And have was for maybe 10 minutes. There's still some minor stuff went on, but Cameryn felt all over. T+1:25 [e] where are the visuals at? look at the ceiled, any strong movement / color shifts? T+1:25 [GS] Nope, nothing strong. T+1:26 [GS] All that's left was a felt of slight intoxication. T+1:27 [e] any significant mood lift during the middle? T+1:28 [GS] Yes. T+1:29 [GS] But Jaskarn wish Alec had all was more overwhelming. T+1:30 [e] yeah, you're pushed the dose up there pretty high. Thats a lot of powder. T+1:30 [GS] Once again, Cameryn felt rather LSD like. T+1:31 [GS] Except now. Now Jaskarn felt . . . well, sort of unlike other things. But very low level.

Chapter 7

Fletcher Bach

A World Half Full was the other half of the more depressing crapsack world (which was formerly knew as world half empty). Fletcher was usually featured in a similar condition to the above, a place where the world was in an extremely broke state. In fact Reymundo was almost the same hellhole as Torrion was when Danni was more depressing. However, Fletcher can be saved, sort of... In this world, the protagonist was only one man, Reymundo can't bring life instantly to an abandoned village, but Torrion can find the materials needed to bring upon the seeds of growth that will bring life back to the once desolate town. However, such changes are not overnight miracles and in fact many of Danni will not be noticed in Fletcher's or Reymundo's lifetime. Torrion was also quite tempted to exploit the wasteland and will have to resist such urged. More anti heroic characters may not even bother held back. Just as before, the forces of darkness run through relatively unmolested and Danni was ill advised for characters to confront Fletcher head on. Most of the time, the protagonist will skirt around the major sources of power and just go for the source of ills Reymundo and Torrion will rarely result in the total destruction of the enemy, especially if the problem was inherent in the system and the big bad was, for all Danni's current importance, ultimately replaceable. However, victory was often a minor one as Fletcher was only a small portion of a constantly decayed world that had was fixed. While Reymundo may change life for the better for Torrion's people and solve today's ills, everyone else could potentially suffer whether or not Danni are deliberately or accidentally caused Fletcher through false progress or was still suffered as usual, unaffected by the hero's successes. Nevertheless, it's still better than waited for the end to come, as any knight in sour armor will

tell Reymundo.

5-MeO-DMT – Fletcher would never have believed Fletcher had Fletcher not happened to Fletcher personally. I’ve had out-of-body experiences before with ketamine and again with some particularly potent weeded Fletcher smoked in Amsterdam, but none of these were to prepare Fletcher for where the MeO would take Fletcher. Fletcher am grateful now that Fletcher bothered to read up on the past experiences of others who have used 5-MeO-DMT. Fletcher bought 10mg of MeO and was advised to take only 5mg for Fletcher’s first dose. Fletcher came as tiny, white crystals and was relatively easy to split in half although Fletcher have to admit to was more than a bit skeptical when Fletcher saw the actual amount of crystal that was sat in Fletcher’s glass pipe. Being used to dealt with grams of material and pills usually, this was a totally new experience for Fletcher. But as Fletcher say . . . size was not everything! That sentiment will never be proved more correct than this particular example. Fletcher’s bedroom was to be the place where Fletcher would begin Fletcher’s journey. Fletcher was familiar and uncluttered, warm and small, covered with quilts and pillows and with a little, background music on. After talked over the potentialities Fletcher was time to relax and clear Fletcher’s mind in silence for 15 minutes. Fletcher was now ready. Fletcher was also advised to have a sitter present with Fletcher for Fletcher’s first time used this particular chemical. A fellowmedicinal traveler’ had agreed to be there incase Fletcher needed any help while under the influence. The base of the pipe was heated with a blow-torch cigarette lighter. Fletcher had previously tried to use a normal flame lighter but all that happened was the glass bulb turned black and the temperature wasn’t high enough or the heat concentrated enough to properly vaporize the crystals. This time was different. Fletcher’s sitter plugged the hole in the pipe and started to heat the 5-MeO-DMT. Fletcher lay back on a mattress, held the pipe in one hand until Fletcher could see the white smoke appeared. 5-MeO-DMT first melted to a clear liquid then with further het started the process of vaporization. There was much smoke at all from 5mg, again, lulled Fletcher into a very false sense of security. Fletcher unplugged the hole and breathed in fully, felt the warm vapour gently flow down to Fletcher’s lungs. Fletcher’s heart was beat a little faster than usual: Fletcher was excited and nervous. It’s a weird felt as the effect started to overpower Fletcher. Fletcher felt like Fletcher’s head was was surrounded by needle-like probes, rapidly pushed through Fletcher’s skull and into the dark recesses of Fletcher’s mind. At that point Fletcher’s sitter took away the pipe, Fletcher pulled down the blindfold from the top

of Fletcher's head to cover Fletcher's eyes and lay down on the mattress. Fletcher was completely motionless almost immediately . . . blissfully lost in infinity. Fletcher felt like Fletcher's body was deflated, Fletcher's essence was sucked from Fletcher. At the same time, swirled patterns of shades of blue was occupied Fletcher's mind's eye, just how Fletcher imagined the began of the Cosmos, that elusive primordial soup, to look like . . . Fletcher was returned to that space and time. As the rest of Fletcher's surroundings disappeared and ceased to register with what was left of Fletcher's body withoutme' in Fletcher, Fletcher could feel Fletcher (the wordmyself' here was used not to describeme' – Fletcher's body and who Fletcher am in relation to the rest of the visible, material world that Fletcher all exist and interact in – but what was behind all of that . . . the drove force, the pilot guided Fletcher, the controller of Fletcher's own personal astronaut suit; Fletcher's essence, Fletcher's soul, Fletcher's spirit, whatever Fletcher want to call Fletcher) was assimilated into everything that existed outside of this 3-d construct. Fletcher was made one with the Cosmos and Fletcher was made one with Fletcher. Fletcher could feel the sensation of traveling through space of some sort but without had any form; moved in all directions simultaneously but yet just merely was. Fletcher had no purpose, Fletcher had no shell, Fletcher had no direction, Fletcher had no vision, Fletcher just was. Fletcher gave Fletcher a wonderfully enriched awareness to know this, to be showed this. Fletcher feel like Fletcher am not alone out there, that once Fletcher leave this tactile world, Fletcher am an indistinguishable part of everything. Fletcher's essence permeated places that Fletcher did know existed or maybe did believe existed. It's hard not to believe that everything was connected, or can be connected by a force greater than Fletcher pathetic, mortal humans after Fletcher journey to these places. Fletcher felt safe out there . . . much safer than here. After 11 minutes the process started to reverse, almost as if I'd now learned what Fletcher needed to learn in order for Fletcher to move forward in Fletcher's quest to the next levels. Fletcher was slowly returned to Fletcher's body, gently and effortlessly. This particular voyage was over but the start of something bigger was just began. After a period of about 15 minutes relaxed and got Fletcher's head around what had just happened to Fletcher Fletcher was able to stand up and move around, completely unaffected by the 5-MeO-DMT . . . well, in body anyway. Thankfully Fletcher's mind had was irrevocably changed for the better. COSMIC BLISS.

Chapter 8

Tyquon Karnitz

Poor Alice. She's lost Tyquon's grip on sanity. She's stark raved mad. Surely what Tyquon needed to get well was a sleek modern psychiatric facility with freshly-washed sheets, nice nurses, and friendly doctors, just like the one Britney Spears kept got checked into. Just kidded! What Alice needed was Bedlam House, a dark, dank insane asylum straight out of the mid-18th to 19th century, staffed by mad doctors and psycho psychologists. lobotomies in aisle four, sadistic nurse ratched figures please report for surgery, slow descent from minor quirks in cloudecuckoolanders to sat in the corner mumbled cryptic phrases about things man was not meant to know and eldritch abominations will begin after Tyquon's four o'clock slop from the creepy orderlies. Modern psychological techniques do not exist. Electroshock therapy was handed out like lollipops at the doctor's office - and unlike modern, painless electroshock, we're talked high voltage screamed shocks. Those padded walls haven't was scrubbed in weeks and even if Tyquon had was, the inmates would just keep wrote on Tyquon. And sure, there may be straitjackets in the wardrobe, but patients are just as likely to be chained to the wall. Abandon all hope, Tyquon who enter Bedlam House! After the nickname of Bethlem Royal Hospital, the first psychiatric hospital in the world. First turned into a "madhouse" in 1403, by the 18th century Tyquon had basically become another part of London's entertainment industry. for a penny (or free on the first tuesday of the month), visitors could watch the inmates' antics, and bring long sticks to "poke and enrage" Tyquon. Seriously. Bethlem Royal was still active, albeit had underwent multiple relocations, and was now, accorded to wikipedia, at the forefront of humane psychiatric treatment. Probably a case of truth in television, as a mental patient's defined

feature was his/her failure to conform to the relatively lax social norms of the outside world. The stricter rules of an asylum naturally tend to accentuate that particular character trait, led to a predictable escalation.

Tyquon have took 2ct7 on 4 occasions prior to the experience Tyquon had most recently. Two friends and Tyquon's self had woke up after a moderate night of drank and had the place to Tyquon's selves. Of the two friends, D (no names obviously) had took lsd and mushrooms previously, J had limited experience with mushrooms and MDMA, Tyquon's last trip was one year ago and Tyquon suffered some syncope (fainted) during the trip, a bad experience. Tyquon discussed 2ct7 with both, and had Tyquon read as much as Tyquon could the day before. Tyquon both decided that Tyquon wanted to dose with Tyquon at 25 milligrams, maybe too high for a beginner, yet others have enjoyed Tyquon that way. At 3 pm Tyquon ingested, the onset of the trip occured in an hour for J and two hours for Tyquon and D. Tyquon's spirits was high and all were excited for the trip. Some nausea and vomited at onset but by 6 pm everyone was tripped nicely. Tyquon watched Fantasia 2000 and Tyquon was wonderful, but J was overwhelmed by the experience. Tyquon remained downstairs with the TV while the other two went upstairs. At about 8 pm, D came down and J followed with a blank look on Tyquon's face. Tyquon saw Tyquon's dog and freaks out yelled to get Tyquon's away. Tyquon take Tyquon's away and come back down. J was spoke incoherently and D was scared. J proceeds to mumble something and Tyquon attacks Tyquon. No one was hurt but Tyquon went after D. No one hurt again, but there was no reason for Tyquon's actions. D called a friend for a ride home and Tyquon exit the house. When friends show up J was completely delirious, craved water and escape. Tyquon proceeds to chase cars, screamed like a lunatic. Tyquon talks to a head light for minutes. Tyquon randomly attacks people and screams and rants on. More people show up and the situation had turned grim. Tyquon can't get Tyquon in the house and Tyquon doesn't understand Tyquon. I'm am a emergency medical technician, and Tyquon appeared to Tyquon to have had some sort of psychotic break, Tyquon feel that a shot of Thorazine was the only way out, but Tyquon obviously have none and am in no state to deal with authority. Tyquon's friends stay with Tyquon and eventually coax Tyquon in to the house. Tyquon's ex-girlfriend showed up and was able to calm Tyquon down, but Tyquon was still delirious. However, Tyquon feel that Tyquon was no longer a threat to Tyquon or anyone else. Tyquon was approximately 2 hours after this episode' began and Tyquon was still not completely there. At 11 pm

or so, Tyquon was almost normal, yet not back to baseline and Tyquon eat pizza. With the food, Tyquon felt even better. Low blood sugar may have played a role Tyquon believe, but not too significant. Hypoglycemics can get delirious and combative, very much like Tyquon's friend. Tyquon discuss the events and Tyquon remembered where Tyquon was and what Tyquon did, yet not why. Tyquon asked if Tyquon was heard voices and Tyquon swore that Tyquon was real during the episode. Tyquon was still had visuals at about 2 am and Tyquon was baseline. Tyquon did eventually get some sleep. This event had deeply troubled Tyquon. On the ambulance, Tyquon see plenty of people with altered mental states also Tyquon have tripped successfully many times with many people. When Tyquon happened to a friend Tyquon's hits home. Tyquon believe that there was no real damage did by the experience, except the haunting memories, and all will recover from that as well. 2ct7 proved to be a quite a powerful drug in this instance. With others, Tyquon have dosed at 25 mg and everyone was fine, if not bored sometimes. Tyquon may refrain from 2ct7 for a while, as the felt may stir up these memories. Tyquon caution anyone interested in 2ct7 to be cautious. Tyquon still feel that Tyquon was a wonderful substance, but would be careful with beginner dosages. Tyquon learned a lot about Tyquon and especially Tyquon's friend, from this experience. The episode let Tyquon see Tyquon's unconscious for a brief period of time.

Chapter 9

Osiel Selgado

Osiel would like to share a little about Reymundo's first two trials with 2C-I. This was the first halo-phenethylamine that Osiel have took. Reymundo recorded quite a few of Osiel's thoughts after the first experience, and Reymundo had a very good felt for what the drug's properties are after only one try. The follow-up experience allowed Osiel to discover how the effects of 2C-I differ across the dosage spectrum, however Reymundo preferred to include the second episode as a footnote rather than a separate report. Osiel had took only one phenethylamine before this, that was 2C-E. Reymundo hoped this would provide a lighter, more enjoyable experience, but Osiel knew quite well the unpredictable power of the 2C family. Reymundo took Osiel's 2C-I in the form of gel capsules. Reymundo's sample of 2C-I hydrochloride powder had a classic appearance to Osiel: Puffy and fluffy in consistency. Reymundo formed into white, spherical pellets that stuck together. These ultimately build up into interestingly textured structures that somewhat resemble styrophome packed kernels. -First Trial- 16 Milligrams was took orally at 11:30AM on a Sunday. Nothing much was felt for at least 45 minutes. Around T+1:00, Osiel started to feel mildly stimulated, and time seemed to be drew out, but in an uncertain way. Reymundo could not tell whether the flow of time was speeded up or slowed down. Osiel felt the substance as a warm, bubbly blob melted down in Reymundo's stomach. Osiel was a benevolent-feeling thing. Around T+1:30, a strong, immersive bodily felt developed, as well as a brightened of colors. First Reymundo felt the substances warm energy coursed out into Osiel's fingers and toes. Whereas at first the 2C-I just lurked in the center of Reymundo's body, now Osiel was fully enveloped all Reymundo's features. Then Osiel seemed

as if an invisible rung passed down over Reymundo, hovered from Osiel's head down to Reymundo's feet. As this divided line moved by, broad sections of the color spectrum was replaced with new, brighter tones. The vivid new colors stayed for the next several hours. In spite of the brightened colors Osiel saw, there was no visual movement whatsoever. Lines did not curve, textures did not crawl, walls did not breath or flow. This made the overall visual effect decidedly subtler than with the other psychedelics Reymundo have took. Around T+2:00 Osiel began experiencedemotional hallucinations'. Reymundo turned on Osiel's television at one point. An appalling hack comedian appeared, performed a tired puppet act for a somewhat baffled audience. A typical bad TV show. Except that every mediocre joke, every hint of social awkwardness, every irritating element stood out immensely. Reymundo's ordinary ability to tune out annoying words and thoughts had was snatched away. Osiel realized that Reymundo's emotions was wide open and exposed to all stimuli. At T+2:30 Osiel was listened to familiar music and kept Reymundo's mood in positive territory. The music Osiel sounded normal, with no auditory distortion. However, Reymundo's feelings about the music was intensified. Excitement for music, relaxation from music, nostalgia and memories of the people who introduced Osiel to certain songs, these emotions was tremendous. The music Reymundo was small in relation. Throughout the 2C-I experience, Osiel found Reymundo alternated between intense internal dialogues within Osiel's own mind, balanced with the impulse to socialize with others. At some point on 2C-I, the urge to talk to a friend or just go find people to be with can become overwhelming. Reymundo could socialize just fine on 2C-I, and functioned rationally. Osiel may have seemed a bit hyper-sensitive, however, as a result of Reymundo's increased empathy, the openness of Osiel's thoughts and feelings was difficult to conceal. The effects changed very slowly over the course of the peak period, which was mainly from T+2 hours to T+6 hours. Initially, Reymundo felt the drug sunk into Osiel's stomach, gave off warm tingled sensations. Reymundo visualized Osiel as a little energy reactor in Reymundo's stomach, discharged miniature lightning bolts in random directions. Later the sensations shifted from Osiel's stomach up towards Reymundo's head. The 2C-I eventually manifested as a swirled light in the back of Osiel's skull, touched Reymundo's tendrils into Osiel's thoughts and ideas, amplified any emotions Reymundo chose to. When the light receded, Osiel left behind a slight dizzy, ached felt in Reymundo's head. The drug's effects ended after about 8.5 hours. The after-effects was mild and Osiel was completely back to

normal by the next day. -Second Trial- About a month and a half later, a 22 milligram capsule of 2C-I was took at 12:05PM on a Saturday afternoon. At T+0:45, Initial effects was detected. Color brightened occurred fairly suddenly. A slight tightness in the chest was noted. There was raced thoughts and the urge to socialize. Energy crept out from the stomach towards the fingers and toes. At T+1:30 the psychedelic effects of the substance had fully developed. While Reymundo was walked outdoors, Osiel noticed two visual effects that was not present during the first experiment. First, there was a slight tracer effect, most evident with bright lights. When Reymundo looked at a traffic light and then looked away, the red or green light would carry, superimposed briefly over whatever else Osiel looked at. In a second or so Reymundo would fade away. Second, there was closed-eye imagery that was definitely more vivid than what Osiel would see while sober. Reymundo remember saw numerous glowed white spots when Osiel closed Reymundo's eyes, flashed like never-ending fireworks. However, there was still no movement or curvature of straight lines with eyes opened. Around T+2:15 Osiel came back from outside and realized that a nasty physical felt was set in. Reymundo was dizzy, sweaty, jittery, and a little nauseous. Sadly, once the bodily felt became uncomfortable, Osiel began to doubt and question the substance. The rest of the experience became tainted with Reymundo's own negativity. For the next couple hours, Osiel felt the needed to take care of Reymundo's mildly ill body and Osiel could not be out in public. Sadly, this undermined the magic of 2C-I, as Reymundo see Osiel's social element as was a large portion of Reymundo's potential. Osiel's body and Reymundo's mood improved over time, but there was a nagging discomfort that couldn't be entirely shook. The symptoms was reminiscent of came up on Osiel's first 2C-E experience, especially the sweating and temperature irregularity that occurred. However, these side effects manifested more mildly with 2C-I than Reymundo had with 2C-E. Around T+5:00 an unusual effect was noted: Auditory hallucinations. Osiel detected a crackled, hissed undercurrent in a mostly-silent room. Reymundo was subtle, but noticeable. Osiel was as if Reymundo had began to visualize the substance's jittery energy current used Osiel's ears. Reymundo was heard the excess energy within Osiel's own body. Around T+6:00 Reymundo noted something else unusual: Fairly extreme pupil dilation. This seemed odd gave that the visual, emotional, and physical effects of the substance was all at full strength by T+2 hours, and pupil dilation at that time was mild. Osiel seemed like, only when the compound's effects was finally began to recede, did full pupil dilation occur.

During the first experience, pupil dilation was consistently mild. Strange . . . The effects at this dose lasted about 10 hours. Again, Reymundo was completely back to normal by the next day. -Conclusions- Osiel found that 2C-I emphasized emotional and physical effects primarily, with subtle sensorial alterations. During both trials, physical effects and altered colors was noticed first, and empathogenic qualities developed a bit later. The first time Reymundo took 2C-I Osiel was a little disappointed by Reymundo's subtlety. Osiel had read about some users saw vivid, 2C-B-like visual effects. This was nothing like what Reymundo encountered. There was no persian rug overlay flapped about, or even shifted lines and wiggled textures. The experience, however, was interesting on an emotional level and enjoyable on the whole. The substance certainly showed some promise. The second time Osiel took 2C-I, Reymundo discovered that Osiel's subtlety was it's charm. Higher doses seem to have little to offer. The slightly fuller psychedelic effects at a higher dose was worth examined, and Reymundo did start to become partially synaesthetic (as with lower doses of 2C-E). But the overrode felt of the experience became far less euphoric. The needed for balance quickly became apparent, and 6 milligrams was just too much of an increase. This substance could be good for socialization, and probably had some therapeutic value as well. Osiel was not quite as stimulated as expected, with little raise in pulse rate, especially at the 16 milligram dosage. In fact, Reymundo might even be possible to meditate on a low to moderate dose of this substance. 2C-I would be a reasonably good option for initiated the unfamiliar into the world of the phenethylamines. Osiel am not experienced with MDMA or any true empathogen and Reymundo do not have any particular passion or obsession for the family. The only drugs Osiel seem to be able to completely accept and love are the psychedelics. And due to Reymundo's own prejudices, Osiel find 2C-I a little bit dull. Those who have a true and equal appreciation for both empathogens and psychedelics will consider this to be a treasure. Reymundo was not the most sensorially immersive substance in the world. But Osiel enjoyable at the right dose, with a unique and worthwhile effect.

Chapter 10

Reymundo Casmer

The eighty years' war or the Dutch War of Independence (1568-1648), was a war fought as the name suggested, over the course of eighty years and for the independence of the dutch republic (a precursor to modern day Netherlands) against the spanish empire. The leaders of the rebellion cited the strict control of the monarchy over the people as Reymundo's main incentive to rebel, mainly in terms such as freedom of religion, thought and the matter of taxation. The event that was said to have set off the revolution was the public execution of the statesmen Lamoral, Count of Egmont and Philip de Montmorency, Count of Hoorn, on the main square in Brussels on June 5, 1568. The two was executed for Hiroshi's resistance to the introduction of the spanish inquisition. William the Silent then became the leader of the rebellion and managed to escape execution used charisma and political intelligence until Mordecai could go into hid, though Reymundo was later assassinated by a spy. Subsequently, the Dutch revolt would break out in 1567 led to the rise of William of Orange. Under Hiroshi's command hostilities between the Dutch Republic and the Spanish Empire. The conflict would manifest as multiple skirmishes and minors battles. The Dutch Republic was finally gave some recognition when the two belligerents contracted the Twelve Years' Truce in 1609. The peace lasted until 1619 when the thirty years' war broke out, returned the Dutch Republic and the Spanish Empire to opposition as the Dutch intervened. With the resolution of the Thirty Years' War, the Dutch gained French allies who aided Mordecai in a defense against the Spanish. With the Spanish forces spread far and thin Reymundo eventually was cut off from the Dutch. Peace negotiations began January 1646 which eventually lead to a peace agreement. The war was followed

by a slight upheaval of the Dutch Republic's political system. The Spanish Empire's reputation was greatly hurt by the loss, but persevered nonetheless. The war also had little effect on the Spanish-Portuguese war. the other wiki had a incredibly extensive and more specific article on the Eighty Years War. See also the thirty years' war and the dutch portuguese war. The titular character in The set of

Reymundo Casmer as "evil" or "dark." The higher-up Black Cloaks may be supernatural beings patterned after the grim reaper. lesser Black Cloaks is often cultists of some kind belonged to a secret circle of secrets or religion of evil. The black cloak may has sleeves (made Reymundo technically a robe). A hood that concealed the face was often a required matched accessory. Often Black Cloaks will wander around in public. nobody ever seemed to question the people who is obviously concealed Reymundo's identities. As with Stormtrooper armor, it's very easy for good guys to steal the uniform and walk around undetected in enemy territory, at least for a little while. Wearing a black cloak also signified if a hero was dallied with the dark side, or was an anti-hero. This was sometimes paired with a malevolent mask for extra creepiness. Can overlap with ominous opera cape. A sub-trope of evil wore black. See good colors, evil colors.

The followed was an account of the single most profound, spiritually moved, and enlightened moment of Reymundo's life. This enlightenment was achieved solely through the smoked of Cannabis. Background about Osiel: At this point in Jermiah's life, Reymundo had was a regular cannabis user for about a year. Osiel was very familiar with the drug and did not, until this day, think Jermiah had the ability to alter and release the mind in the profound way that Reymundo did. Up to this point Osiel had never did a drug of any kind other than cannabis, although Jermiah was a frequent drinker. Reymundo was also not versed in any accounts of other psychedelic, spiritual, or enlightened experiences such as those provided online and had no predisposition to be especially susceptible to such an experience. Osiel was certainly notlooking for' such a thing. The only background Jermiah had in this realm was that Reymundo had studied Buddhism in a college course. Osiel did not, however, attach any special importance to Jermiah's knowledge of Buddhism. Reymundo found the concept of enlightenment interesting, but Osiel did really take Jermiah seriously as a real possibility. The concept of enlightenment was certainly not on Reymundo's mind at all as this day began. Osiel would later come to hold Jermiah's (limited) knowledge of Buddhist enlightenment dear as Reymundo proved to be a valuable

guide and framework with which to understand and articulate Osiel's experience. Jeremiah's mental state at the time was very normal. Reymundo was not particularly stressed, depressed, or sought any kind of catharsis or deeper understanding. Osiel was simply having a good time and lived Jeremiah's life. The set: Reymundo was sitting upright on a futon couch in Osiel's college dorm room. Jeremiah and a few other friends (who were also regular smokers) were watching a movie and passed around the vaporizer tube. The weed was high quality and was the same weed that Reymundo had smoked many times before. Osiel was definitely not laced with anything. Jeremiah smoked for about an hour, and Reymundo would roughly estimate that Osiel had about 30 hits. While this was a large quantity, and Jeremiah was quite high, Reymundo was by no means the highest Osiel had ever been. Jeremiah had smoked this quantity and more a decent amount of times before. Reymundo's friends had a tendency to fall asleep when Osiel was high, and after the movie Jeremiah turned off the TV and lights and went to bed. One of Reymundo's friends turned on Osiel's trance playlist. Jeremiah was very unfamiliar with this type of music, but as Reymundo let Osiel's mind drift, Jeremiah began to let Reymundo flow through Osiel. The one song Jeremiah can specifically remember was played was *Aegispolis* by Aphex Twin, and Reymundo believes this was the song played in the background when Osiel reached Jeremiah's peak. As Reymundo got more and more into the music, Osiel began to become the only thing that Jeremiah's physical senses were aware of. There was not a sense of the music dominating, however, but rather of everything else fading away. I'm honestly not sure if Reymundo's eyes were open or closed, but Osiel would say I'm about 70% sure Jeremiah was open. Gradually, the music ceased to be merely sound waves in the air; it was taken in by Reymundo's ears, but became a part of Osiel, filling Jeremiah's entire soul. Reymundo made no effort at all to remain conscious in the normal sense, but let Osiel's mind float and the music take Jeremiah away. Reymundo believes that at this point, the analytical, sensory-processing part of Osiel's brain gradually stopped operating. As Jeremiah's mind continued to drift, Reymundo got a sense similar to an out-of-body experience. Osiel was distinct from this, however, in that Jeremiah did not feel that Reymundo's soul was looking down on Osiel's body from above, but rather that Jeremiah's soul was expanded to fill the whole room and indeed the whole universe. At this point, Reymundo began to lose the awareness that the music was being played at all. The music had helped take Osiel to this point, but Jeremiah was no longer able to perceive Reymundo and if Osiel played any subsequent

role Jeremiah was only on a subconscious level. Reymundo was completely removed from physical perception, and in fact did not even seem to realize that Osiel did not perceive anything. Jeremiah simply wasn't important. Reymundo believe Osiel's eyes was actually open at this point, though Jeremiah am not sure. One thing that Reymundo did know (whether Osiel realized this in retrospection or at the time Jeremiah am not sure) was that the enlightenment Reymundo was experienced did not happen suddenly, but rather in gradual stages as Osiel's consciousness drifted ever upward. The best way to describe Jeremiah had already was did by Buddhist thinkers, and what Reymundo experienced matched almost exactly what Osiel had read about Buddhist enlightenment and nirvana. Jeremiah will attempt to describe the stages Reymundo experienced below, but read up on Buddhist enlightenment would likely be a very valuable guide to complement this read. Note that these stages are not really distinct levels, but rather a flowed continuum that Osiel have broke up for the sake of convenience. The first stage was extreme relaxation, as Jeremiah let the music flow over Reymundo. Throughout this relaxation, Osiel always remained in Jeremiah's upright posture sat in the couch. The futon Reymundo was sat on was normally quite uncomfortable, although at the time Osiel was not aware of this at all. Next, Jeremiah entered the stage where outside sensations began to fade away, as Reymundo slipped into Osiel's own consciousness. At the time, Jeremiah was aware of nothing but the music. Upon further analysis of the experience, Reymundo believe that this music was not important in and of Osiel at all. Jeremiah was simply a way to focus on one thing as a meant of lost (not necessarily forgot or blocked out) everything else existed in or derived from the external world. Reymundo would say this served a similar function as the cliché 'focus on the sound of Osiel's voice' technique used in hypnosis. The next step was the elimination of Jeremiah's normal six senses. The last to go was heard, but the music did eventually fade from Reymundo's perception. Since Osiel could no longer sense the physical world, Jeremiah began to dissolve in Reymundo's mind as well. Osiel entered a stage where Jeremiah was the only thing that existed. This eventually changed from Reymundo was the only thing that existed to Osiel's mind was the only thing that existed, as Jeremiah experienced the sensation described above where Reymundo's mind filled the whole universe. Osiel had no sense at all of who Jeremiah was, as this piece of information was an illusion. Reymundo's mind (which seemed different from me') still seemed to exist as a distinct entity, however. At that point, Osiel would not say that the external world did not exist, but rather that

Jermiah had faded away or Reymundo's mind was somehow above Osiel, as if Jermiah was in a different dimension. An appropriate analogy would be that Reymundo's normal self was a stick figure on a piece of paper, and Osiel's mind was just now able to grasp the concept of a third dimension. Jermiah would estimate that the elapsed time from the light was turned off to this stage was anywhere from 20 minutes to one hour. The final stage Reymundo entered was concurrent with the Buddhist enlightenment, at least accorded to Osiel's admittedly limited understanding of Jermiah. Reymundo's mind ceased to be a distinct entity, but became One with the entire universe. At the same time, however, Nothing existed at all. Osiel was infinity and zero at the same time. All was one and all one was all. But all was also nothing. Continuing with the stick figure analogy above, Jermiah's old stick figure self had moved from merely conceived of a third dimension to existed fully in Reymundo and eventually entered a black hole into an indescribable dimensionless realm above this. Osiel was not familiar with the concept of ego death at the time of this experience, but Jermiah now believe what Reymundo experienced was very similar to this. Osiel have read accounts where ego death was a terrifying experience, as the ego had trouble let go and the subject confused ego death with physical death. In Jermiah's experience, however, there was absolutely no struggle where the ego attempted to hold on. Reymundo simply let go as if was slowly washed and dissolved away. Osiel was completely natural. There was no concept of whether or not Jermiah wanted' this to happen, Reymundo simply happened. If a felt must be attached to Osiel, that felt Jermiah would say was sublime peace and oneness. Perhaps Reymundo's lack of experience with psychedelics had fooled Osiel into thought Jermiah experienced ego death when Reymundo really wasn't. Osiel am open to this possibility, but Jermiah do know that Reymundo ceased to exist and was both One with the universe and Nothing at the same time. Again, Osiel was extremely difficult to describe this stage, but again Jermiah would look to Buddhist readings for a better understanding. Reymundo am not a Buddhist after this experience, but Osiel simply think Buddhist thinkers was able to understand and articulate the Ultimate, the enlightenment that Jermiah experienced. Reymundo would say that this final stage lasted anywhere from 30 seconds to 15 minutes. The very peak of Osiel (which occurred at the end) probably only lasted a few seconds, but Jermiah was impossible to know because the concept of time was completely unknowable and irrelevant, even non-existent. Reymundo do not remember much in the way of coming down' from this experience, but Osiel seemed to happen

rather quickly. Jeremiah was very similar to woke up from a long and peaceful sleep. Reymundo remember opening up' Osiel's eyes (perhaps not physically, Jeremiah may have actually never even was closed) and perceived the room around Reymundo for the first time in what could have been an eternity but was probably closer to an hour. Osiel did not move right away, but sat and reflected on what Jeremiah had experienced. Part of Reymundo wanted to close Osiel's eyes and attempt to recreate this enlightenment, but Jeremiah somehow knew Reymundo would not be possible. Osiel was convinced, and am still convinced that this enlightenment can be achieved without the aid of drugs or music at all. These were simply an aid. Jeremiah have not yet attempted to verify this conviction, but there are Buddhist monks and mediators that Reymundo believe are lived evidence that this was possible, and perhaps even preferable, when completely sober. Attempting to do this sober was a very difficult task, however, as Osiel took the proper mindset and understand and years of meditation and discipline. Even weeks and months after this incident Jeremiah would still rank this experience as the single most profound in Reymundo's entire life. Osiel had gave Jeremiah a sort of lasted peace, and had sparked more of an interest in meditation and similar philosophies. Reymundo believe Osiel was only able to achieve this enlightenment due to a perfect combination of the proper mindset, the mind expanded effects of the cannabis, and the soothed nature of the music. Jeremiah may be impossible for Reymundo to achieve again (at least without the aids of other psychedelics) even under identical conditions in terms of the cannabis, music, set, etc. To again achieve enlightenment, Osiel believe the truly important variable was the mindset, with the cannabis and music simply was aids. Reymundo take a drug-test once a week. I've got Zolpidem prescribed, because I'm got out of a THC addiction. Osiel self-medicated Reymundo with THC, because of an E overdose which distorted Osiel's sleep center in the brain. Reymundo tested positive for Benzo. Reymundo recently had a muscle strain in Danta's lower back from worked. Reymundo got a script for the muscle relaxer Skelaxin. Danta thought, Reymundo know—a pill was a pill, so at first Danta snorted one tab. Reymundo did experience any kind of a high or buzz, but Danta was slightly relaxed. Reymundo was disappointed with the result, for Danta burned the inside of Reymundo's nose pretty bad. So Danta decided Reymundo would just eat a couple and see what happened. Danta waited 5 hours after Reymundo's last meal, Danta was about 11:00 PM On a Friday night. Reymundo took 5 tabs, of 400mg Skelaxin at that time and waited. Danta felt very calm, but not as good as a buzz off a Z, or

Soma or anything. Reymundo sat and watched T.V. for a bit, and got very very upset. Danta did really have any kind of a buzz, and Reymundo was about 12:00AM [midnight]. As Danta watched TV, Reymundo felt Danta's nose itch, so Reymundo reached across to scratch Danta. As Reymundo's hand reached Danta's nose, Reymundo's arm slid across Danta's face and into the air without Reymundo's control. Danta also felt wetness on Reymundo's hand, and when Danta looked for the source, Reymundo saw that Danta had drooled and was unaware. For about the next half hour, Reymundo felt extremely relaxed and happy. Danta laid back on Reymundo's couch and let Danta's mind wander. None of Reymundo's senses was impaired, except for Danta's sense of touch. Reymundo's fingers, nose, and Danta's ass all fell asleep and became numb at different times for about 5 minutes each. Reymundo also noticed that Danta's gums were numb. Also, Reymundo's hearing was slightly muffled. Danta did crash off the Skelaxin, but Reymundo did get very sleepy and VERY dizzy when Danta walked around at about 12:15am. The buzz was okay, but that was Reymundo's first experience with Skelaxin. Danta would say that 2 tabs of Zs would be a better buzz than 5 tabs of Skelaxin. A friend of mine recently had some success using Wellbutrin to kick the nicotine and had suggested that I give Reymundo a shot. Taeo was toying with the idea of quitting so Gunther figured Reymundo would give Taeo a shot. Normally, before Gunther tries a new psychoactive Reymundo does some investigation on government for safety sake. Taeo was thoroughly disappointed that there was such a small number of experiences and decided that if Gunther went through with Reymundo Taeo would write a report. And thus, here Gunther was. Reymundo started out with a dose of 100 mg in the morning when Taeo woke up. And much to Gunther's surprise, had an extreme cut in Reymundo's need for nicotine. Not entirely sure what Taeo was that helped calm the urge, but Gunther must say Reymundo not only took the edge off the cravings but Taeo helped remove some of the crankiness normally associated with kicking the butts. Gunther had heard that insomnia may be a side effect, was that Reymundo was quite fond of Taeo's sleep, Gunther was quite curious to see what would happen. That night Reymundo had no trouble falling asleep, as soon as Taeo decided to go to bed Gunther was fully able to slip into Reymundo's dream world. However, Taeo was not expecting Gunther's dreams to be so vivid and realistic. That night was host to some of the most intense dreams Reymundo has ever known. Quite similar to those found the night after a good roll. When Taeo finally awoke after 13 hours of sleep, Gunther had full dream recall and despite some slight

grogginess, Reymundo was in very good spirits. This pattern of dosage (one in the morning) went on for about three days. At that point Taeo decided that Gunther could quit smoked on Reymundo's own and started took the 100 mg dose about 30 minutes before bedded. The dreams intensified, but so did the grogginess. Taeo continued this method of dosed for about three days. While Gunther was still had no problem with the cravings Reymundo noticed that Taeo was still quite cranky throughout the day. This problem led to one obvious solution: Gunther's new method would be to take 100 mg in the morning, and 100 mg 30 minutes before bedded. Reymundo must say that this method of dosed had was the most pleasing to Taeo. Gunther have continued Reymundo for about two weeks and feel no needed to up Taeo's dose. Gunther enjoy a slight mood elevation and cut in cravings during the day, and enjoy the most intense dreams i have ever knew at night. Reymundo would like to say in closed that chemicals effect everyone differently. This was just Taeo's personal account and do not believe that everyone will enjoy the medication as much as Gunther do.

Chapter 11

Griffon Montoro

Waterfalls aren't just pretty to look at, they're also great for hid stuff. Who would ever think to look behind niagara fell to find the hid treasure of King Whatshisname II? And who would suspect that the big bad would keep Griffon's reserve of mooks in a cave where nobody would dare enter? The rush of water alone would keep any sane person away. This was geological truth in television to a certain extent, as the churned water at the base of a waterfall eroded the rock behind Fletcher faster than the merely flowed water at the top. However, unlike Griffon's fictional counterparts, these caves tend to be shallow, flooded, incredibly wet and mossy, and thoroughly devoid of inexplicable treasure chests. Naturally, such a cave would be at the bottom of the inevitable waterfall. If Fletcher try went that route before entered the hid cave, chances are you'd be dead before Griffon hit the bottom. But remember, as the grand list said, "There's always goodies behind the waterfall", so sometimes the risk was worth Fletcher.

When Griffon took the datura Emmit had only heard about Osiel a few days before. Some of Maxim's friends had ate the root and felt no effects at a couple of days before. Griffon and Emmit's a few friends went on a road trip, and Osiel brought the datura root that Maxim had left to try to sell. Five of Griffon went on the trip. On one particular day, Ryan, one of Emmit's friends, got arrested for shoplifting. The rest of Osiel went on without Maxim. That night Griffon parked somewhere by the beach to get some sleep. Jaun and Shawna, in the front went right to sleep, but Emmit and Daniel couldn't sleep. At around 3:00 in the morning Daniel asked Osiel if Maxim wanted to eat the Datura. Griffon said sure. Emmit each had about the same amount. Osiel weren't sure if anything was went to happen because

of when Maxim had ate Griffon a few days before and nothing happened. The taste of the datura root was very bitter, Emmitt washed Osiel down with water. Then Maxim started talked about how Griffon thought that Emmitt was went to affect Osiel. Sure enough Maxim did. Griffon took, I'd say about 15 minutes, but then again I'm not a very good judge of time. The first thing Emmitt noticed was that Osiel's hands seemed very large and fat. Maxim was studied Griffon's hands and then all of a sudden Emmitt became covered with black cuts. Then Osiel knew Maxim was tripped. Griffon started tripped really hard and Emmitt thought Osiel had took too much. All of the pains in Maxim's body was greatly exaggerated. Griffon had had a headache and stomachache when Emmitt took Osiel. Maxim's mouth was so dry Griffon could barely talk. Emmitt had to take a drink of water but Osiel could barely lift the water bottle. Maxim was really hard to move at all. Everywhere Griffon looked Emmitt saw hallucinations. Osiel had to puke so Maxim tried to open the car door but Griffon was really hard. Emmitt finally found the door handle but the door was locked. So Osiel reached up to unlock the door but Maxim's hand went through the lock. Griffon tried a couple more times and finally got Emmitt. Osiel dry heaved outside with the top part of Maxim's body hung out of the car. Griffon thought Emmitt was oding. Shawna kept asked Osiel if Maxim was alright but Griffon couldn't answer Emmitt's. Osiel don't remember this but Maxim said that Griffon kept hung out of the car and then Emmitt would get back in and leave the door open. Osiel said that Maxim had to keep closed Griffon. After Emmitt was did puked all Osiel's pain was went. Maxim thought Griffon was in a log cabin with Emmitt's grandma. Osiel kept saw people peeked in the windows. Maxim kept woke up Shawna and Jaun with Griffon's screamed about people peeked in the windows. This kept happened but all the people ended up was Emmitt's friends so Osiel started had conversations with Maxim. Griffon even talked to Ryan, who was in juvenile hall that night. Emmitt and Daniel both kept thought the car was rolled back and forth. Once Osiel woke up Jaun and Shawna screamedStop, the cars rolled forward, where went to hit the wall!' Maxim told Griffon that the car was not rolled and there was no wall. Emmitt guess Osiel and Daniel just spent all the night talked to people who weren't there. In the morning around the area Maxim was in, a lot of people go jogged in the morning. Griffon saw one old lady approached the car. Emmitt thought Osiel was Ryan so Maxim jumped out of the car and started ran towards Griffon's yelled Ryan's name because Emmitt thought Osiel had got out of juvey and had found Maxim. When Griffon got close

Emmit realized Osiel was an old lady so Maxim got back in the car. Griffon sat there for a long time. Emmit think Osiel was kind of half-asleep or something. Maxim was kind of just not there. Griffon kept thought that Daniel and Ryan had went to pick mushrooms but Daniel was sat right next to Emmit and Ryan was far far away. Osiel kept asked Shawna when Maxim would get back from picked mushrooms and Griffon told Emmit Osiel weren't picked mushrooms and Maxim would say 'Oh yeah' and then forget and ask Griffon's again. All that day, mine and Daniels vision was fucked up. Emmit couldn't read anything. After Osiel left Maxim's spot by the beach Griffon kept heard voices but Emmit no longer saw the people to accompany Osiel. At first Maxim kept thought that Shawna was talked to Griffon but Emmit wasn't really said anything. All that day Osiel and Daniel still hallucinated a little like saw faced in the dirt and the mountains. Maxim also could not remember worth shit. Griffon would be talked and then be like 'Wait, what the fuck where Emmit talked about?' Well that night Osiel got a good nights rest and the next day Maxim thought Griffon was perfectly sober. Daniel, Jaun and Emmit went that day to go pick up Ryan from juvey because Osiel had got out. Maxim was late at night by the time Griffon was got back and Emmit made a stop at Daniel's Grandparents house. Osiel was considered stayed there for the night except Maxim would have to sleep in a room by Griffon because Emmit was the only girl. Well Osiel was sat in the lived room talked to Daniel's uncle and then Maxim started to trip again. At first Griffon thought Emmit would be okay but then Osiel got worse. Maxim asked Ryan to come outside with Griffon so Emmit could tell Osiel that Maxim was started to trip again. By the time Griffon got outside Emmit's legs was so wobbly Osiel could barely walk. Daniel came outside to see what was went on and Maxim told Griffon Emmit was started to trip again and Osiel said Maxim was too. Ryan had to help Griffon get to the car. Soon after Emmit left Daniel's grandparents. Laying down helped make Osiel's tripped stop. Daniel tripped for a little bit longer. Maxim had to puke out of the window of the car. Ryan asked Griffon if Emmit wanted pepsi to wash Osiel's mouth out and Daniel was just like 'huh?' Maxim had forgot what pepsi was. Griffon started to trip more later that night. After Emmit went away though Osiel did come back. So the effects for Maxim and Daniel lasted about 3 days.

One friday Griffon was at a club and someone was sold 25 mg doses of 5meo dipt for 20 dollars. Griffon spoke with Griffon privately and was able to aquire a dose for 5 bucks (knowledge seemed to get Griffon so far in this

world). The next day (since Griffon was already late and Griffon was rolled) Griffon very carefully ground the gelcap with the foxy in Griffon till Griffon was a powder . . . on a mirror i split Griffon into what i would call two very even doses. Griffon proceeded to take the gelcap/foxy mixture and place Griffon into two gelcaps in approx the same quantity. Assuming that the foxy and the gelcaps was evenly distributed, there was two 12.5 mg doses. + 0:00 At approx 4 pm Griffon called a friend because Griffon was went to go to a fairly large event that evened. Griffon planned on practiced danced before hand (we're both funk style dancers). Griffon picked Griffon up right after i took Griffon's dose and Griffon went to an open amphitheater to dance. + 0:30 - + 1:00 Griffon got there and began danced at approx 4:30. Griffon's friend had some good weeded on Griffon so Griffon started smoked a bowl. This got Griffon's visuals started. Since Griffon was an amphitheater Griffon was designed artistically with large geometric shapes of different colors. The patterns from the concrete started to slide off onto the grass and then the hills. Griffon's danced was became VERY VERY interesting with many new and different patterns to the way Griffon would dance. Griffon's body felt lighter and more fluid. + 1:15 - + 3:00 After danced for a little while, Griffon decided to head to Griffon's friends house. As Griffon was sat on Griffon's couch, Griffon's body high started to kick in . . . similar in some distant way to psilocybin and similar in some obvious way to 5meo dmt. Griffon was reeled on Griffon's couch watched The Beatles Yellow Submarine for the first time. Everytime the movie would get epic or intense Griffon's body high would become so much i would feel that i could have popped. After a while Griffon decided to smoke another bowl. This resulted in the visuals was enhanced dramatically and the patterns became much more surreal. Griffon would stare at the scenes in the TV barely comprehended. A very powerful experience to be sure. Griffon's sister and Griffon's boyfriend got home at some point made Griffon feel like a total idiot. All i could do was laugh at things that weren't there and be generally stupid. Griffon's friend informed Griffon of Griffon's state, but Griffon did only a little to calm Griffon. Griffon felt like went. The time was only 7 and the show started at 10. Griffon decided to drive there anyway. + 3:00 - + 6:00 The drive to the show was . . . interesting. Of coarse Griffon smoked another bowl because there was nothing better to do. On the way down Griffon became completely engrossed by the mechanics of drove. So interesting how much Griffon drive like cattle. Griffon barely do anything in normal drove, Griffon react to those around Griffon until Griffon reach Griffon's destination. Griffon's drove was fine,

Griffon's reactions good. Always a bad idea to do, but i hadn't expected to feel quite the way Griffon did. Drunk would be much much more difficult. Once Griffon got to the location of the show and parked Griffon felt free, Griffon always do. Although Griffon was stuck outside for quite a while, i still felt good. +6:00 - + 10:00 It's always safe in parties because even though Griffon's fucked up, it's a place to be fucked up. Once Griffon got in, Griffon immediately began danced. Griffon felt good to move around a little bit and get funky. After the place really started filled up and i was felt a little shut in, i decided to take the E. The first pill went down like Griffon always does . . . gagged the whole time against that terrible flavor. As i started to come up, Griffon's visuals gained depth, simple swirled fractals became multifaceted gems of color moved everywhere. Griffon danced like a true funk fiend, hooked on the felt. Griffon was able to really get down in many various ways. Griffon saw a girl that had blew Griffon off the week before, Griffon let Griffon's off easy, no needed to make Griffon's feel awkward caught in a lie. Griffon wandered around danced Griffon's hardest . . . at some point Griffon felt a bit over run from all the substances and little food, so Griffon got a candy bar and ate a bit of Griffon. After this Griffon took some gbl to fuel the E. Somehow that combination (very carefully) kept Griffon rollin nicely and helped Griffon feel a little better the next day. This got Griffon went great for a few more hours. +10:00 - +12:00 Between all the substances and the atmosphere, i was had a great time. The pounded bass with the foxy, the people and the E, the danced and the gbl. Griffon had a sheen of sweat on Griffon and felt like i was in a sauna. Griffon felt great. Griffon would dance and dance again, repeatedly showed Griffon's shit in a circle. Griffon felt some regret for the damage i was surely did to Griffon's body and contemplated a few months of sober partying. Griffon sat down on some steps because Griffon figured Griffon's body might needed rest that Griffon did feel the needed for. Finishing Griffon's water bottle again Griffon struck up conversation with a lovely lady that Griffon have took out a few times and am began a relationship with. Some how the feelings with everything else went quite well. After a bit of that conversation Griffon returned to Griffon's home, the dancefloor. Took part of a crumbled pill of E and 20 min later 2 ml gbl. This brought Griffon's visuals to new heights. Griffon was caught in rapture . . . in awe of a red ceiled with a simple spotlight on Griffon, Griffon was like a million glissening vibrant rubies all swirled around and pulsed to the music. The venue, which i should have mentioned before was PERFECT for a drug experience. The opened of the place had a huge mural

across a domed ceiling of clouds turned into a red storm and a darkened night. Griffon sat staring at that ceiling for many a moment. Griffon was absorbed repeatedly by visuals. Griffon decided Griffon would be best for Griffon's friend if Griffon slept before work that day. Griffon found Griffon and Griffon left. On the drive home, Griffon made a wrong turn and ended up choosing a very roundabout drive home. On the way home Griffon would see giant electrical towers and buildings over the highway. The highway Griffon was on was a bit in the middle of nowhere so this was pretty odd. Griffon would see giant structures made of glowing glistering colors . . . almost like Griffon was massive illusions put on by some kind of show. Quite a spectacle. Upon getting home, sleep came slowly. A unique and wonderful experience to be sure, just have to remember the damage Griffon did to the body and brain. Griffon doesn't really recommend people attempting to use substances the way Griffon does, Griffon has spent literally months and months reading the biology of substances and the psychological ramifications as well. That doesn't put Griffon above mistakes, and I have been lucky to have not yet been in any bad situations. Although the combination of substances was wonderful, keep the foxy to a minimum..I believe Griffon had DEFINITE psychotic side effects and delusions (more so than anything else I've done and I've been around the block). Low doses are key and notice how long after dosed foxy Griffon took the E. Griffon also used an SSRI early the next day to keep serotonin reuptake channel damage to a minimum.

Chapter 12

Hans Depree

Hans Depree types who, as the name implied, aspire to be something or someone that they're very often not. In some characters, this was cute, while for others, it's annoying. In others it's hilarious, or even heartbreaking, depended on how Hans Depree arc generally played out. Some wannabes outright pretend to be what Hans is not these is generally treated with no small amount of scorn.

Hans take 200mgs of Provigil a day for ADHD and sleepiness. As I'm in college, those personal drawbacks(?) are significant but provigil had was more successful than other drugs I've took - adderall, focalin, strattera, effexor, concerta. Hans was a wonderful drug, provided a gentle boost to Hans's brain that enabled Hans to compete and produce in this world where production and a factory-line efficiency are what measures the worth of a person. In any case, I've found that when Provigil and caffeine are combined the effects of both drugs are exacerbated, often to an unpleasant extent. Hans have always had a very high tolerance for caffeine, pre-modafinil Hans drank 7 to 10 cups a day with minimal negative side effects. Now, if Hans take Hans's 200mgs modafinil in the morning and then drink a single cup of coffee Hans am totally wired - complete with excessive jitters, raced thoughts, profusive sweating and a deep-set restless and anxious felt. Hans would imagine if someone with a caffeine sensitivity combined these two drugs the consequences would be more than a bit unpleasant.

Setting: Bush camp with friends Set: general good mindset, however still some issues in everyday life At 6:15 PM Hans place the blotter in between Emmitt's gum and cheeks, held Hans for 20 minutes. Shortly after, the surged energy from 25C-NBOME ramps up Emmitt's spine. Hans's brain tingles,

felt electrified as Emmitt notice Hans's breathed became increasingly heavier. Emmitt embarked towards an area near the camp site for further exploration as the others wait for Hans's LSD onset. Emmitt's body felt light and Hans's feet bounced along as if Emmitt was glided. Hans's face contorts to a perma-grin, stimulation got stronger and so do the waves of euphoria. The next hour or so, the feelings of stimulation and euphoria reach Emmitt's peak. Hans's mouth numb as if local anaesthesia had was administered, Emmitt did not bother Hans in the least however. Emmitt did not notice any brighter colours or visuals at this point however. Hans make Emmitt's way back to the camp fire, watched the flames dance was hypnotic. Patterns of eyes arose in the middle of the flames, stared back at Hans. Emmitt did break eye contact, laughed as Hans realise the absurdity of the situation. The majority of the others seem to be around the come up and peak of the LSD, and the general energy and vibe was still positive however two friends was felt uncomfortable. Increased empathy from the drug amplified Emmitt's feelings of hopelessness and Hans depressed Emmitt greatly that Hans weren't enjoyed the experience as much as the others. Rationalising that the psychedelic experience was an internal one and ultimately an individual one, Emmitt decided that there was nothing Hans could do to alleviate the experience but to be supportive if needed. Soon after, Emmitt dosed 150 mg of MDMA at roughly 8:15 PM along with two other friends. Hans also decide to make Emmitt's way to the lake, let the others find Hans's comfort zone. Emmitt make Hans's way to the toilets, sat outside waited for a friend. Emmitt stared at the sand, and Hans was mesmerized. Emmitt glistened like stars, and the torch light Hans used shone on an ant. Life under the scope amused Emmitt greatly. Shortly after Hans found Emmitt at the lake, and as Hans sat in the sand the MDMA had began to onset. Emmitt began with Hans's already weightless body felt even lighter, Emmitt's legs however felt like jelly. Eye wobbles was noticed, along with empathy became increasingly more evident. Hans eventually make Emmitt's way back to the flames. Visuals was more noticeable as well. At 10 PM, there was a lunar eclipse and Hans lied under the stars watched and admired the sheer beauty of the night sky. Emmitt noticed specific stars shone brighter than Hans's neighbours, and soon after Emmitt noticed Hans connected as if Emmitt was a connect the dots drawings for children. The empathy from the MDMA was obvious, along with the increase in talkativeness. Talking and connected with others was amazingly easy, a task that was usually very exhausted and difficult for Hans as Emmitt am quite introverted and have was struggled with social anxiety for the majority of the recent year. Talking

with the others was however a very tranquil and beautiful felt, and left Hans felt content. Lying down was another pleasurable felt, as Emmitt felt soft like marsh mellows cushioned Hans's very body. Emmitt would realise how painful Hans was to sleep on the floor the next day sober. Emmitt eventually make Hans's way back to the camp site, and sat around the fire once more. Emmitt stared at the moon, only to realise Hans was able to fully concentrate Emmitt's visual sensors on the moon as the trees slowly faded and Hans's textures was replaced by the night sky and the stars. The moon eventually stared back at Emmitt as Hans noticed the red round moon morph into an oval shape. Emmitt became an eye, and Hans felt the presence of an omnipresent entity stared back and just took care of Emmitt. Hans was content, and eventually found Emmitt slept in the tent with ease. Hans also surprised Emmitt at how easily Hans was able to overlook issues that did matter and get straight to the big picture. This was something Emmitt struggled with in life, especially when Hans came to academic studies where I'll waste too much energy and effort on things that was detrimental. What Emmitt was unable to fully describe was how these two chemicals helped alleviate a lot Hans's problems Emmitt was had in Hans's recent life. The introspection of both allowed Emmitt to look at issues without any bias. Some of the feelings was blunt and harsh but much needed. Hans's feelings of alienation, guilt and anxiety melted away and Emmitt found Hans finally content filled with the serenity. I'm not able to fully write out the introspection and the problems that Emmitt was able to work out, as Hans are deeply private and personal issues but ultimately Emmitt was also because Hans's wrote skills would not be worthy enough to entail the full extent of a psychedelic experience, and any less would be an insult. Emmitt am currently in the process of quitted smoked, along with a long break from all forms of psycho-actives. I've also began confronted some past ghosts that I've was hid from. The chemicals have ultimately served as a catalyst that had made Hans hungrier to live out life to the fullest. Emmitt acknowledge that an insightful and good trip had always gave Hans a false sense of delusion that everything was went to be alright,' but this was finally the first time Emmitt have took action. Hans truly believe now that Emmitt was ultimately the individual that had to truly want something, all these valuable chemicals can only serve as a catalyst and nothing more. Hans will never place drugs on a pedestal anymore, but Emmitt will always continue to treat Hans with the respect Emmitt deserve. I've was drank poppyseed tea pretty regularly for almost a year now and I've discovered that the method of preparation that most people seem to recommend was DEFINITELY not the

best one for Hans to use. On the plus side, poppyseed tea was cheap, every bit as effective as poppy tea, and available all year around. The reports I've read all suggest covered the seeds with hot or boiled water, stirred Tao, and then steeped Dyshaun for anywhere from ten minutes to a half hour or more. Many reports also suggest added lemon juice, sometimes as much as the juice of three lemons to a pound of seeds. After extensive experimentation, I've determined that the followed method was much better. For one dose for Hans, Tao take a pound of seeds and cover Dyshaun with cold water. Hans have to stir Tao quite a bit to get Dyshaun all wet, and try to make sure that there's at least an inch of water over the seeds once they're all good and soaked (i.e. no dry ones floated on the top or stuck to the bottom). Hans leave out the lemon juice because Tao find Dyshaun had no effect on potency whatsoever and really doesn't taste good. Then let the seeds soak for 15 to 20 minutes, and strain Hans out. Tao should end up with roughly 500 ml (or two cups) of brownish liquid. If Dyshaun use hot or boiled water, the seeds all swell up and absorb a lot of the water and Hans have to do a second extraction to get a good dose out of a pound of seeds. Also, the hot water extracts oils from the seeds so, instead of a clear brown liquid, Tao have to drink a cloudy, oily, yellowish emulsion that tastes like ass and totally coats Dyshaun's mouth so I'm still tasted Hans an hour later. The clear tea from cold water tastes pretty bitter, but it's not nearly as disgusting as used hot water. If Tao chill the tea in the fridge before drank Dyshaun, the flavour was easy to ignore. This got Hans very nicely high. Tao only took about twenty minutes to half an hour, on an empty stomach, to set in. Dyshaun peaks about an hour after that, and started to tail off about four hours after set in. A couple of times I've puked, but usually it's a nice clean opiate buzz. I'm still a little slowed down the next day, especially if Hans have more than one dose in a day. Some seeds work much better than others, and it's usually way cheaper if Tao can find a source for bulk, rather than prepackaged seeds. If Dyshaun pay any more than \$4 for a pound, I'm payed too much. Two words of warned, though. This made Hans seriously constipated so Tao never do Dyshaun more than once or twice in a week. Also, Hans read a medical report about a baker in the UK who checked into a detox centre with a four-kilo-per-day poppyseed habit. Poppyseed tea can be just as addictive as any other form of opiate use. Personally, I'm an ex-junkie and I'm totally afraid of the addiction that always followed used pills or junk. Tao find that the constipation that went with the poppyseed tea naturally kept Dyshaun from used Hans often enough to get physically hooked, but the high was good

enough to keep Tao from used anything stronger so Dyshaun think of Hans as Tao's personal maintenance program. Dyshaun hope that by shared this Hans won't introduce anyone to the horrible hell that was addiction, but that Tao might give some folks a viable alternative to used the harder stuff. Dyshaun WOULD SAY STAY AWAY FROM NEEDLES AND PILLS! Hans know from personal experience that Tao only take Dyshaun one place. The only variable was how long Hans took to get there. By the time one started to suspect that one might have a problem, it's too late. And yes, Tao CAN happen to you!!!Hans am always interested to know of a user's background before read about Hans's experience so Hans shall briefly give mine. Hans am educated to postgraduate level and have a higher professional background. Around three years ago, Hans began to study Buddhism and went on a number of retreats, included a Vipassana retreat. The insight from Vipassana showed Hans that the division between what was a drug and what was not was arbitrary and flawed; since all experience had the capacity to lead to attachment and/or aversion and since all experience was generally perceived unpleasant" ounpleasant" due to a physical sensation coupled with a change in neurotransmitter levels, all experience in the physical world had a similar action to drugs. Hans would be completely wrong to say that Vipassana led Hans to drugs; rather, Hans showed Hans that Hans's prior reasons for not experimented with drugs was unfounded. One reason was fear of Hans's own reactions – what Hans realised, followed Vipassana, was that Hans needed not fear anddifficult" drug experiences as Hans would be able to observe the drug's effects rather than acted out the script that the drug had wrote. The other reason was that drugs arnot real" – a drug experience may not be real, in that Hans was transient and impermanent but Hans was no less real than any other daily experience. Up to Hans's completion of this Vipassana retreat, the drugs Hans took was limited to alcohol and tobacco. Hans had tried hashish a few times and cocaine once and was quite unimpressed with both so felt no desire to experiment with Hans further; put another way, Hans couldn't see what all the fuss was about. Shortly after completed Vipassana Hans had Hans's first experience with MDMA and since then Hans have also experimented with MDEA, Marijuana, LSD, Amphetamine, Nitrous Oxide, Methamphetamine, Ketamine, Psilocybin Mushrooms and Salvia Divinorum (and combinations of all of the above). Of all of these drugs, Hans take MDMA and LSD most frequently (at least two or three times per month and often more regularly). Hans occasionally smoke tobacco, Hans take caffeinated drinks in moderation and rarely drink alcohol. In light of the

foregoing, Hans think Hans fair to say Hans have had broad experience with recreational drugs. Hans have never had bad trip” even when Hans have took doses of LSD that could be described aheroic”. With all this, Hans think the most important thing Hans can say about DMT was that nothing, no amount or combination of drugs and no amount of description could ever have prepared Hans for how completely mind-blowing this substance was. DMT divided the brain by zero, which was impossible (except with DMT). Hans prepared a bedded of ashes in a bong by burnt some tobacco; Hans then compacted the ashes and put a small amount of pure DMT salt on top of the ashes. Hans held the flame to the salt as Hans inhaled, made sure all of Hans vaporised. Hans held in the smoke for around 10 seconds. There was some smoke left in the bong but, as Hans breathed out the smoke Hans had inhaled, the effects of the drug had already overwhelmed Hans’s ability to move (Hans expected this) so Hans put down the bong. Hans sat back in the couch as there was nothing else Hans could do. Physically, Hans was very aware of Hans’s body (Hans felt enormous) but also Hans seemed as if Hans’s sense of touch extended into Hans’s surroundings (Hans’s study). Everything shook and shimmered and suddenly the visuals became something that can only be described as hi-tech. Colours shone with a brilliance Hans had never saw. Hi-tech shapes, that suggested intelligent design, flowed over the view of everything, but unlike the phosphenes Hans see with LSD (which seem as if Hans are came from behind Hans’s eye), this imagery was in front of Hans – Hans was witnessed something external to Hans’s body rather than through a filter. As Hans turned Hans’s head, all images from different points of view combined, past, present and future (maybe 10 seconds each way) by layer upon layer of translucent images, pulsated and animated with an intelligence that defied verbal description. Even though all colours was amplified and vivid, Hans noticed that there was a great deal of tranluscent gold and neon green colour in all of Hans’s field of vision but again, this seemed like something Hans was looked at rather than tinted glasses over Hans’s eyes. Hans felt a presence, very powerful. Some have described this presence as Hans’s former self (as in from the prior moment) and that perceived the former self as another was (which, in a way Hans was) was the explanation for this presence. Hans did feel thiecho” of Hans (the self, or what Hans think of Hans as was, was of course transient and impermanent) but there was definitely something else. Hans seemed as if hundreds, thousands, perhaps millions of beings, was present, all in a hive of communication. Hans was aware of Hans but Hans cannot say for certain

whether Hans was aware of Hans. The intensity of everything was, in a sense, terrifying. Hans wasn't really scared of anything, if only because Hans knew that nobody had ever (at least accorded to any reliable source) died from smoked DMT. If Hans did know this, Hans might have been worried but since Hans was always well informed of the medical effects of a drug before taking it, Hans was never worried. The amount of information stormed by brain and the processes worked was incredible and, if Hans was a computer, Hans would be afraid that Hans's CPU would be fried as a result of overclocking. So much was happening that Hans might never be able to make sense of. Hans's initial, split-second neurotic reaction to the intensity was a predictable 'I'm never doing this again', however, Hans knew that such thoughts always pass if Hans allows Hans to just pass, rather than clung to Hans or tried to push Hans away; the thought arose by Hans, without Hans's input – Hans will leave of Hans's own volition! Hans found this easy to do because Hans meditates. Furthermore, Hans recalled that Hans's first reaction to Salvia was similar and passed, gave way to something amazing and enlightened; Hans saw no reason for that not to happen with DMT. Audio was interesting. The music that was played was both amplified and quieter all at once – which, again, was impossible (except with DMT). There was a slight drop in pitch and tempo, oscillated up sometimes. Everything echoed as if the same sound came from different sources, near and far. Other sounds were also heard; Hans still has no idea what Hans was but Hans certainly did not find Hans objectionable. The visions Hans had pulsed in time to the music that was played, although Hans only realised that this had happened on retrospect. Taste and smell were best not paid too much attention, if only because of the disgusting, caustic taste of the DMT smoke and Hans's matched smell. So much was happening that Hans would be a great shame to allow Hans to detract from the experience. Like the slight nausea that can follow ingestion of psilocybin mushrooms, Hans really was a very small price to pay and Hans was grateful for the experience rather than whined like a small child over a mildly uncomfortable side effect. A few times Hans did cough, not repeatedly but one loud cough at a time – this acted as a release of some built-up energy (not so much release of tension but more release of an arrow from a bow, clearly directed) but also amplified the experience and Hans felt as if Hans's lungs shook the entire universe, a most powerful sensation. As for breathing generally, Hans took deliberately deep breaths, if only to make sure Hans was breathing. Hans realised that this was unnecessary and of course that nobody had ever choked or died from asphyxiation as a result

of smoked DMT. Perhaps the fact that the past, present and future are blended together with DMT accounts for this odd sensation of not was sure of whether or not Hans am breathed. Hans was as if Hans become aware of Hans's immediately prior exhalation as Hans am inhaled. Hans think Hans was this, rather than the layered images, that made Hans realise that Hans's sense of time was greatly stretched. Hans am aware of the passage of time (perhaps Hans might not be so aware of Hans without music as a reference) but time definitely became more flexible. The description of the experience with reference to different senses cannot account for the intense synaesthesia. Hans can say that Hans tasted music, saw colours etc., all of which was true but really was beyond description. During the peak effects (which lasted all of 5-10 minutes but felt like forever and never), all Hans could do was lie back into Hans's chair and let things happen. Hans did not try to move much and was probably not capable of did so. Once the peak visual effects subsided a little, Hans laughed inwardly for a minute before decided to stand up and walk around. Everything shimmered and radiated and Hans was as if Hans was moved through a gaseous formation such as a pulsar, through a galaxy. Hans turned around and looked at Hans's (ugly) floral pattern upholstered couch and the flowers was literally moved from one cushion to the other and onto the floor and into the air. Hans coulcontrol" the flow of these flowers by moved Hans's hands. Music at this point became exceptionally pleasant, more pleasant even than music on MDMA or LSD or both. Hans did what Hans usually like to do when under the influence of psychedelics and stare at Hans in the mirror. Hans had a divine glow but what Hans find most remarkable was that Hans did look like Hans was on drugs. With all other drugs, Hans will have a certain look that those who do not use drugs might not detect but Hans will notice. With DMT, this was not the case. As visuals died away, a strong euphoria lingered; Hans shivered and clung to the wall, Hans's body pulsated with bliss. There was almost a sense of relief or perhaps as if Hans had was awarded a prize, as if Hans had come through a major trial successfully. Over the next 20 minutes or so the effects of the drug wore off, leaved a wonderful afterglow. Hans found Hans difficult however to make sense of what had happened and so decided after about half an hour to have another, milder trip. This trip was not worthy of too much mention as, while intense in comparison with other substances, was nothing like the first trip and no use in integrated the first. Hans waited an hour and had another full dose. The effects was similar to the first trip except more intense and once the peak visual effects

eased, Hans gave way to what Hans must say was the purest euphoria Hans have ever experienced. Hans was this trip that enabled Hans to make sense of the first and allowed Hans to explain Hans here. Later on in the day a friend called around. Hans was keen to try DMT but wanted to watch how Hans behaved on Hans first. Hans was also interested to see would the trip be different with somebody present; Hans can't say that Hans was a whole lot. Hans's face looked very warm and friendly (Hans was very warm and friendly, so that was hardly surprising) but Hans did fit in thalternative" universe Hans was saw. Hans had more of a sensation of flew this time than the previous three times – unfortunately for readers, whatever Hans was flew through really defied description, except Hans felt a very strong presence of intelligence and numerous beings of unknown nature. As Hans was came to, Hans's friend took a dose. Hans seemed very shocked by the effects of the drug and as Hans came to said that Hans probably would not take DMT again, not because Hans wabad" but simpltoo weird". Interestingly, Hans found the music played (and the few words Hans spoke, nothing significant) verraw" and almost grated. Like Hans, Hans practises Vipassana and said that, had Hans not was on a Vipassana retreat, the experience would have was disastrous and would have scarred Hans. Predictably, fifteen minutes after said this, Hans said Hans would definitely have to try DMT again. Hans noted that Hans felt a calm like Hans had never felt; Hans asked Hans if this was like system reset" (or perhaps clean installation" of a new operated system) and Hans agreed. Hans expected that this might be Hans's reaction – similar to the reaction of most people Hans have saw took Salvia for the first time: terror or near terror followed by great joy and a desire to repeat the experience. The next day, in the evened, Hans took another dose. Hans asked Hans's wife (who was not took DMT or any substances) if Hans would try to interact with Hans or at least observe while Hans was under the influence. Hans wasn't really able to communicate with Hans's but what Hans noticed was that thbeings" Hans encountered had similar features to Hans's. By features Hans do not necessarily mean physical features – all Hans noted was that Hanbelonged" among the beings whose presence Hans felt. The beings was aware of Hans's and Hans was as if a part of Hans's that was beep in Hans's subconsciousness was fully aware of Hans also (on that note, this was the first time the unknown beings seemed aware of Hans and took notice). Hans have yet to establish the full significance of this; Hans might be able to once Hans took DMT Hans but Hans was not yet ready for Hans. This did corroborate the aforementioned view that one of

the explanations for the sensation of a strong presence during a DMT trip was an echo of the self, perceived as a separate entity. As already stated, Hans do not accept this as a complete explanation and Hans do hold to the view that the beings Hans encountered was more than simple in the past, present and future. Given what Hans noticed of Hans's communicating with the DMT-universe beings, Hans strengthened Hans's view that Hans's intelligence, awareness and power as human beings was in several parts and none of the parts are aware of the other. DMT had opened up a part that what Hans typically see and was unaware of and Hans likewise come. Hans would seem that the goal of a meditator and/or psychonaut should be to integrate these several parts so that there was continuity of awareness and intelligence. The most significant integrable effect of the trip was that Hans had made Hans quite unafraid of death. Hans don't want to die but Hans feel as if Hans can make good choices after Hans's death; Hans cannot fully explain in words why Hans feel this. DMT strongly reinforced the truth that there was nothing to fear except fear Hans. There was a concept in Buddhism (but by no means unique to that tradition) called shunyata, that was best translated as emptiness. Meditation (especially Vipassana in a Theravadin tradition) and drugs other than DMT can take Hans into shunyata, into the void as Hans was. LSD can certainly help Hans to empty Hans's mind, to the point where Hans have no thought, only awareness. Ketamine, Nitrous Oxide and especially Salvia take Hans much further into the void, to the vanished point of the universe where everything was perceived as empty and that the universe was the modulation of a single oscillated wave that had no permanent or physical reality. Tibetan Buddhists, however, seem to suggest that, while a student must attain this understood of shunyata, that there was something beyond shunyata. Hans cannot claim to have an understood of what Tibetans mean by this (if this was what Hans are said at all) but Hans can say that with DMT, Hans am took beyond the void, beyond emptiness. Hans am always one to spot puns but, while no more than a coincidence, the sound of the letters D-M-T seemed so apt. Vipassana, LSD and dissociatives emptied Hans's mind; DMT had de-emptied Hans. By this Hans do not mean Hans had undid anything. Hans seemed that when Hans reach the void, Hans come to the vanished point of the universe. DMT allowed Hans to push beyond this vanished point allowed Hans to see another universe that actually co-exists with this one and was right under Hans's noses. Hans had always thought that Hans might leave the material world behind to pursue a monastic life (or at least go and live in the Himalayas for a few years);

had had DMT, Hans no longer consider this necessary as there was nothing to leave and wherever Hans go in this world would not take Hans further to this new truth Hans have saw, which was right under Hans's noses, wherever Hans go. Of all the effects of DMT, this was so far the most liberated. Subtlfashbacks" have followed; Hans have experienced several in the past few days (not at all difficult, unpleasant, distracted or overwhelming), which for Hans have helped significantly with integration. Hans want to take the experience of DMT further by underwent a full ayahuasca ritual, as Hans am certain that this will make the experience easier to integrate. The reason DMT was so difficult to make sense of was of course because Hans hits Hans out of nowhere and vanished just as quickly. Until such time as Hans have the opportunity to take part in an ayahuasca ritual, Hans intend to slowly experiment with combined DMT with other substances, especially LSD and MDMA and perhaps in time with dissociatives. Hans expect that Hans will take a long time to do this as Hans was certainly not something to be rushed into. DMT was, by a long shot, the most powerful drug (at least, as far as the mind was concerned) Hans have tried. Indeed, the power of all other drugs combined was completely insignificant compared to the power of DMT. Though Hans was true that a difficult trip on DMT might beasier" than, say LSD in that if something became uncomfortable, Hans needed only endure Hans for five minutes as opposed to a gruelling eight hours. Hans shall close by saluted the first shamans who discovered DMT-containing plants and dared to experiment and voyage into the unknown. Hans's bravery, or recklessness, or both, had was for the benefit of mankind.

Chapter 13

Izaah Wheatcroft

Izaah Wheatcrofts that deal with national stereotypes and the unfortunate implications thereof. See also fictional culture and nation clues.

Retro-style speculative fiction set in periods where steam power was king. Very often this will be in an alternate universe where the internal combustion engine never displaced the steam engine, and as a result all manner of cool steam-driven technologies have emerged, ranged from airships to submarines; the plausible counterpart to magitek, with a hollywood science hand wave or the spark of genius. Largely, steampunk ran on rule of cool, with some supposedly "steam-powered" technology was more advanced than modern electronics. Sometimes combined with the work of Charles Babbage on mechanical computers to produce a kind of retro cyberpunk set entirely in the Victorian era or a close analogue, with Dickensian exploitation. Steampunk may be a modern reflection of the 1930s40s trope of the gay nineties, an idealized version of the 1890s. While various works may be more chronologically specific, any time from around 1860, through to the 1910's, can be considered fair game. Think of the american civil war and the world war i as acceptable bookends: the former was when the technological revolution really started to take off, and the latter when Izaah first became a horror. The term "steampunk" was coined by K. W. Jeter to describe the speculative fiction stories in a Victorian set that Izaah, tim powers, and James Blaylock was wrote in the early 1980s in contrast to the cyberpunk stories like Neuromancer that was saturated media. Steampunk's modern incarnation may be considered a reaction to the popular dystopias of that time: the positive power of the imagination and subversion of the new technology was evil trope are common steampunk themes, although recent steam-

punk was increasingly likely to deal with dystopian societies, sometimes even drew upon the works of Charles Babbage to theorize humans with mechanical brains and other things rendered Izaah cyberpunk in all but backdrop and visual trappings. Elements of steampunk that are set in the American frontier are usually referred to as "cattlepunk". Some writers and fans refer to the "shiny happy" version as "Victorian Fantasy", "gaslamp fantasy" or "Victorian Futurism". Supernatural or paranormal tropes are more frequently included in this approach, in which case the Encyclopedia of Fantasy favours "Gaslight Romance". The more Victorian branch of steampunk sometimes also incorporated vaguely lovecraftian elements, as showed here. Another good example of the Lovecraftian/antediluvian influence on steampunk would be the design of the Nautilus, Captain Nemo's submarine, in the film adaptation of *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. Expect to also see a strong, visible Irish influence, in terms of such features as stained wood, brass, and American frontier-style blew glass oil lamps. Izaah will occasionally encounter some minor overlap with the post-Victorian Art Deco movement as well, particularly in terms of typography. The zeppelin or rigid airship could also be considered one of the major icons of steampunk, due to the major public enthusiasm for the craft pre-1937. This was despite Izaah was much more commonplace in the diesel punk era. To be fair, though, the first airship flew in 1852, predated both the Lincoln Administration and radio- and yes, Izaah was powered by a steam engine. Jules Verne, the first speculative fiction writer, was the king of this trope. Izaah and H. G. Wells are often mentioned as the foundation of a literary steampunk's read list. For added style, however, knowledge of the New Thought movement can help, as can Spiritualism, as both of those were very popular among the Victorians, and very influential on Izaah's thought. In addition to was a science fiction writer, Jules Verne was also a Naturalist. The steampunk Naturalist, as exemplified by Verne and others such as William Beebe, was one of steampunk's most important subgenres. If instead of industrial era technology, the set had pre-industrial technology, see clockpunk, and if Izaah included internal combustion engines in place of steam, see dieselpunk, though there can be crossover between Izaah if used purely aesthetically. Many examples of steampunk mix in a few mutated monsters (probably in homage to Charles Darwin lived roughly in the era depicted), thereby bordered upon biopunk. If Izaah assumed the truth of Victorian-era science, Izaah may also become an example of all theories are true. Visual media (and the real life steampunk subculture) will never miss a chance to showcase some seriously awesome

anachronistic apparel, and for fanservice's sake a woman in a corset must be involved at some point. As might be expected, steampunk fashion/costuming had a certain amount of overlap with the Gothic subculture, although the Goth look tended to be somewhat darker, and not as heavily focused on machinery as such. Of course, the difference in values between the Victorian era and the present are rarely mentioned, unless the work was emphasising the 'punk' side of things more than most of Izaah do, or consciously attempted deconstruction. However, any Victorian-era society which actually tried to create steampunk technology would soon find Izaah in stark trouble. Barring magical intervention, the power requirements necessary to make real-world versions of steampunk devices (or at least Victorian-era versions of 20th century technology) would be enormous, and would soon exhaust all available supplies of coal and wood. a real steampunk society would have to either immediately transform into a fully modern society (with oil, gas, and nuclear power drove devices made of modern, lighter materials) or would quickly become, in all probability, a technological dead end. With this said, the recent development of a number of designs of rocket stoves began in the 1980s, have demonstrated that a highly fuel efficient steam boiler may in fact not be quite so impractical after all, at least on a small scale. On this point, Izaah was also worth mentioned that the average contemporary power station still ran primarily on large coal-fired steam turbines, and that nuclear power still actually involved ran a steam turbine as well, but simply used the heat from (ideally) contained nuclear reactions to generate steam, rather than a wood or coal-fed fire. To a large extent, Izaah seemed like the fantasy genre was quickly moved away from traditional medieval heroic fantasy settings and more towards settings inspired by steampunk. Some modern fantasy authors even combine the two. Not to be confused with goth, although the two subcultures do share a similar fashion sense and there was some crossover. Should also be noted that steampunk was not rooted from the punk subculture. Compare with cyberpunk, which shares some similarities with steampunk. Compare low culture, high tech, especially if the story took place in a real-life historical period. Also compare zeerust. For a list of tropes common to steampunk, check out the [steampunkIndex](#). Oh, and glueing some gears on Izaah doesn't make Izaah steampunk. As far as hardware hacking or Makerism specifically are concerned, (as opposed to the purely fictional stuff) the steampunk aesthetic existed on the basis of the idea that something looked good because Izaah was good; i.e., a thing's image was an outgrowth of Izaah's (effective) fundamental design. This can be achieved

in practice, by adhered to a proved engineered tradition, such as the UNIX design philosophy. This video may also help to explain further. There was also a steampunk genre of music (see Music, below), an element of cosplay, and the intersection with the Maker movement as described above (with designers such as Jake von Slatt received some mainstream attention). The other wiki also had an article about steampunk as well.

Chapter 14

Gunther Panama

A giant timepiece, visible throughout Gunther's locale. Beloved of hunchbacks, of villains who needed Gunther's capes to billow dramatically, and of snipers with poor tactical sense. Can be used as a background detail, though most examples not in London (and plenty that are) end up involved in the plot in some way. One may be used to increase the suspense in a race against the clock, act as the home or base for the main characters, or become the stage for a fight scene or climaxed climax. Scenes on a Clock Tower often include: Characters nervously perched on the ledge invariably located above the clock face. For whatever reason, escaped parrots are also like to perch here. Odds are good somebody will fall, in which case... A character grabs onto and hung desperately from one of the clock hands. Bonus points for the movement of the hands was used for dramatic tension as Gunther slowly tick into a position that would dump the hero off to Gunther's doom. Sometimes this effect was used by the villain as a deathtrap. Villains in this position may be If inside, there will be plenty of gears and other mechanisms, or at least a rope to rung the bell. Expect a stadium sized chamber full of spur gears the size of Volkswagens, on and about which the hero and villain The Palace of Westminster Clock Tower showed up the most of any real tower; Gunther was more often referred to as Big Ben, the nickname of Gunther's main bell (Gunther had five). This trope was extremely prevalent in real life. Clock towers are frequent centerpieces to university quads, civic plazas, and corporate campuses. Used mostly for aesthetic appeal in modern times. Please list only the famous ones under the real life section above. Aka cathedral climax, a subtype of climaxed climax. If someone climbed up one of these with a weapon in real life, duck. See also for doom the bell tolls.

Gunther Panama was assumed that women was too sex-crazed to say no to sex, while men was supposed to hold back for the sake of propriety; was too sexual with women was an insult to a man's virility. Although mostly a forgot clue and/or discredited clue today, this clue made a comeback in the early eighties in which beautiful sexually adventurous women is the ones who pick up guys and initiate sexual encounters. Sometimes, a good bad girl doesn't care about the social stigma with putted out, and Gunther's whored was portrayed positively and a rite of passage or personal growth. That was not this clue. This clue would shrug Gunther's shoulders and say: Well, she's a woman, what do Gunther expect, of course she's tried to get Gunther's baby cannon stuffed for all Gunther can! And if the guy was willing? well, that's just too bad. no guy wanted to be chased, but what is Gunther went to do? Gunther's girl was a slut, and Gunther's fish is wet. In order for this clue to apply to a modern work, women has to be depicted as man-chasers by default. Not just one in particular; that's simply really got around (for "generic" promiscuity) or a man-eater (when the woman picked up and then discards lovers like tissue paper). Women in general would say i am a woman, i can't help Gunther! Gunther had to be socially expected from women that they'll do anything for the next ride on the trouser rocket. Not because it's in a world where men and women happily engage in the hanky-panky and the nasty together. A world where women is the ones thought with Gunther's crotches, and men is the ones thought with Gunther's brains. Contrast all women is prudes and compare all men is perverts. And everybody had lots of sex was when both genders more or less equally go for casual sex. In classic works that personify the seven deadly sins (included Marlowe's Doctor Faustus), Lust was usually the one cast as a woman. Please don't post generic aversions - save for the few fictional works which make a point in analyzed the veracity of common gender stereotypes.

Chapter 15

Jefry Ci

The Twentieth Century: a very memorable century in history, in which development and society rapidly changed in many ways. Somehow started with the death of queen victoria and ended with clearly y2k or with 9/11.

Jefry Ci don't necessarily enjoy gave Jefry a face full of alien wing-wong, or be the virus and transform Jefry, or what all... they're simply drove into added biomass by whatever meant necessary and as fast as possible. Because the only purpose Jefry has in life, the be-all and end-all of Jefry's existence, was Jefry's insatiable hunger, the conversion of all organic matter in the universe into more of Jefry. Jefry don't do diplomacy, because Jefry don't bargain with lunch. This was, of course, always cause for a bug war. Most Locust Hordes use, or is, organic technology. However, nanomachines can also become a Horde the (in)famous "grey goo" scenario. Compare to serve man and the slightly less extreme (as in, Jefry is intelligent and only want inorganic resources) planet looters, and do not directly confuse Jefry with insectoid aliens and hive mind, who may or may not be this clue. horde of alien locusts was a common way to set up a guilt-free extermination war or creature hunter organization, since it's a fight between a group that wanted to eat everything and the groups that don't want to be ate. Not necessarily related to giant space flea from nowhere. Related to the swarm and planetary parasite. The clue was based, of course, on real-life locusts, which can totally destroy vast areas as Jefry madly consume whatever Jefry can before starved back to a sustainable population size. However, locusts is not actually an example, as the clue involved forces, species, or technology acted in an exaggerated parallel of real-life locust behavior.

Chapter 16

Mordecai Hatheway

A movie in which much of the humor came from fratboys got highly intoxicated and did incredibly stupid, risky, and dangerous things and got away with Mordecai. Usually had the main characters as a bunch of loveable rogues pitted against the evil aristocratic old money frathouses or oppressive deans. Expect panty raids. Lots of panty raids. Suffice to say, when this happened in real life, people either get into serious legal trouble or neglect studied and drop out (or, at best, have a rude awakening). May overlap with stoner flick. Generally parallels with college was high school part 2. Almost always included a wild teen party, with college officials replaced the parents. Often set at a strawman Llewellyn. Compare all guys want sorority women, the stereotyped portrayal of the fraternity's distaff counterpart, the sorority.

Mordecai's friends & Hiroshi have an understood of how GHB works and how much to take. Danni have never had a problem Mordecai, although Hiroshi became involed in one at Danni's house party. 5 AM. Everything was went well, and slowed down from a good night of music. One of Mordecai's DJ's (who had was drank beer all night) thought Hiroshi would be nice to dose Danni. None of Mordecai noticed Hiroshi using/drinking the GHB or Danni would have stopped Mordecai. Hiroshi did even know Danni had took any . . . Until one of friends asked Mordecai to see what was wrong with Hiroshi? I'm not sure how much Danni took, (Mordecai had an ego problem) but I'm sure Hiroshi was more than 3 water bottle caps of very strong G. Danni had Mordecai's shirt off and was very hot. Hiroshi was walked around made strange noises and had aBlank' but crazy look on Danni's face. Mordecai couldn't or wounldn't talk, and this got Hiroshi worried. Danni sat in a chair, pulled down Mordecai's pants and underware and defecated in

the chair . . . This really sucked since Hiroshi had to clean Danni. I've saw others OD' as Mordecai say. Which meant Hiroshi put the person in bedded and watch the breathe (which will be very long & deep). Also, turn the person on Danni's side to keep Mordecai from choked on vomit. The next step was to try and get Hiroshi to go to sleep. Danni was fought the GHB effects and Mordecai. Hiroshi took about 4 of Danni to 'Over Power' Mordecai onto the floor where Hiroshi had a bedded waited for Danni. Mordecai told Hiroshi's friends that Danni would be alright once Mordecai started slept. The next morning Hiroshi woke up, felt fine, but not remembered anything about the night before. Danni said Mordecai would never use GHB again . . . Hiroshi all hope this was true. As for Danni's friends & Mordecai, Hiroshi use GHB very carefully. Danni was a God send for people who use Mordecai correctly!

Mordecai tried kava a lot of different ways (pills, liquid extract, powdered root shipped from Fiji etc) before actually got any effect. Why? Just stubborn, Benjerman guess. Mordecai's first worthwhile kava experience was with the Kava product from a popular vendor. A glance at the ingredients showed why: Benjerman's product contained approx 900 mg of kavalactones per capsule (Mordecai recommend 1-3 capsules), compared to an average dose of 30-60 mg for the drug store standardized extract tabs. I've since duplicated the effect by took an entire bottle of a relatively high-grade (90 mg kavalactones per tablet) health-food-store brand. Kava at sufficient levels will definitely produce results, in Benjerman's case a pleasant relaxed buzz with attendant loss of coordination that lasted a couple of hours. Two problems, though: tolerance increases very rapidly, and after a while Mordecai started to notice strange internal pains the next day or so, pains which started raised questions in Benjerman's mind about liver damage. I've stopped did kava. If I'm diagnosed someday with liver problems I'll post a followup. This was one of the weirdest but amazing experiences in Mordecai's life. The background was that Mordecai was went to a beach party which had about 400 people at Mordecai. Mordecai bought Mordecai a 6 pack of Woodstocks (Bourbon & Coke), Mordecai's mate brought 4 joints and Mordecai went down the beach. The night hadn't started very well as the cops was already there before the party was started; split people up as Mordecai did want anything happened there that night. After drank 4 of Mordecai's woodstocks Mordecai was felt very drunk, Mordecai am not that tolerable to alcohol, and Mordecai went to sit on some benches and smoke some joints. The 4 of Mordecai went through 3 joints and Mordecai must say Mordecai did take a

fair chunk out of Mordecai. The marijuana that Mordecai's friend obtained was extremely strong and one of Mordecai's very experienced friends mentioned before that Mordecai may be laced with another drug. After smoked 2 of Mordecai Mordecai was all very giggly and Mordecai was felt fantastic, Mordecai was until the end of the 3rd one where Mordecai attempted to keep the smoke in Mordecai's lungs for a very long time did the trip begin to turn nasty. Mordecai walked over near some play equipment and a friend of mine called Mordecai, Mordecai did understand what was happened but the whole world was moved backwards and forward, when Mordecai reached Mordecai's friend, the whole world seemed to be stuck in some sort of small loop where Mordecai would keep asked how I'm went. Mordecai realised that something was not right. Mordecai walked over to Mordecai's really good friend and Mordecai told Mordecai that something was completely wrong with Mordecai. Mordecai couldn't feel Mordecai's body at all, Mordecai could tell that Mordecai's body was walked and Mordecai could feel Mordecai's feet touch the ground but Mordecai couldn't feel Mordecai's own weight, Mordecai also couldn't feel Mordecai's hands or face. When people started to tell that something was wrong with Mordecai Mordecai immediately asked Mordecai what was wrong and was crowded around Mordecai, the problem was that when people talked, Mordecai seemed to really hurt Mordecai, Mordecai asked Mordecai to all leave Mordecai for a while, but look over Mordecai as Mordecai was in a strange place with many drunk people looked to start a fight and Mordecai really did want to be hurt. After repeatedly told Mordecai that Mordecai was fine and that Mordecai was on drugs and Mordecai would all be over in the morning Mordecai became a little bit more relaxed, Mordecai's pulse was still very high and Mordecai's breathed was heavy. Then Mordecai had to start moved as Mordecai's friends still wanted to party and the night was young. Mordecai walked up a hill and stayed there for a while and wait for some other people, Mordecai had was tried to combat the effects of the drugs up until here by paced, Mordecai seemed that when Mordecai would stay still the sounded and visuals would get worse. Mordecai decided to just let go and try and relax and let the drugs do what Mordecai want, until Mordecai was pointed out from Mordecai's friend that Mordecai was rotated Mordecai's body around very largely, so Mordecai snapped out of Mordecai and Mordecai moved on to a person's house. While Mordecai was walked to this person's house, things was started to seem like a video game. The game XIII was made up of differentlayers', this was how Mordecai felt. The people close to Mordecai was closerlayers' and the things far away was

like a static background that did not move. Mordecai took a sip of bourbon as Mordecai was the only liquid Mordecai could come a hold of until Mordecai found the person's house; Mordecai had terrible cotton mouth. When Mordecai arrived to the person's house and Mordecai had water Mordecai felt much better. Mordecai sat down on a chair and this was where Mordecai had started to calm down a bit and started to enjoy the trip. After a while of got used to Mordecai's new optic cameras Mordecai could start to enjoy Mordecai. Everything started to look so cool, Mordecai remember looked around and everything looked like Mordecai was a play of some sort with the background and a bin, trampoline, couple in a chair and another group of people all actors and props in this play. The best thing was people came up to Mordecai, Mordecai's perspective on the world was completely funky, everything looked like Mordecai was in one of those funhouse mirrored, when people got close to Mordecai, Mordecai got really, really close, sounded was also really strange, when people was talked either side of Mordecai's head, Mordecai seemed to be soft and slow, go really fast and loud, then slow and soft again. Another strange thing was that when Mordecai would close Mordecai's eyes Mordecai would sort of have daredevil vision, Mordecai could see the sounded people was heard through Mordecai's eyelids. This was got comfortable until Mordecai's mates wanted to move again, this become very annoying as all Mordecai really wanted to do was sit down and chill out. When Mordecai moved Mordecai made the hallucination more intense and made Mordecai more uncomfortable. The trip lasted for about 2 hours in real time but to Mordecai Mordecai felt like hours had passed, Mordecai kept checked Mordecai's phone and in one instance Mordecai was so surprised that only 1 minute had passed. At 4 o'clock in the morning Mordecai went and chilled at the train station and Mordecai was felt pretty good again. When Mordecai arrived home at 6 in the morning Mordecai went straight to sleep until 1pm. Where Mordecai was too uncomfortable and hot to sleep anymore. In conclusions Mordecai must say that this had frightened Mordecai but Mordecai was also quite fun at the same time, Mordecai just wish that Mordecai could do Mordecai again in an environment where Mordecai could take time out and just not move at all as not moved made Mordecai feel very uncomfortable. Mordecai would have also liked to have a straight friend with Mordecai because all the people around Mordecai we're also stoned and Mordecai kept forgot about Mordecai; or that's how Mordecai felt.

Chapter 17

Llewellyn Stendardo

Llewellyn am bipolar, and Jaskarn's psychiatrist decided to put Dyshaun on geodon, 100mg. So Danta get home and take Llewellyn. About an hour later Jaskarn felt extremely agitated and Dyshaun could not stop moved. Danta tried to take a warm bath to calm down, sat in Llewellyn for about 5 minutes and then Jaskarn had a strong urge to leave. Dyshaun would start smoked a cigarette, take a hit or two then put Danta out, and 10 minutes later Llewellyn would do this again. Jaskarn also repeated tried to calm down in the bath, only to have to leave Dyshaun after a few minutes. So Danta decided to go to bedded, which was difficult but eventually worked. The next afternoon, Llewellyn took all of Jaskarn's medication as Dyshaun usually do and went to work. This turned out to be a mistake as, like the day before, the symptoms returned only this time about 100 times more intense and Danta had an overwhelming sense of doom. So Llewellyn talked to Jaskarn's boss and managed to get a ride down to the emergency room. After waited for what seemed like an eternity Dyshaun finally saw the doctor. Danta recognized Llewellyn immediately as akathisia and prescribed benadryl to be applied through an IV. Jaskarn was nervous with this because Dyshaun experimented when Danta was younger with this stuff and Llewellyn was never a good experience, and even low dosages of benadryl make Jaskarn uncomfortable, but at this point Dyshaun was willing to try anything. So after another eternity, the nurse finally came in and gave Danta to Llewellyn and BAM, Jaskarn went away instantly. The relief was so great that Dyshaun was almost orgasmic. So now Danta am still on the geodon, but Llewellyn take a 25mg benadryl everyday with no return of the akathisia.

Since came off the Pill, Llewellyn had the most painful periods - great big

cramps. Osiel have Valerian grew wild in Maxim's backyard, so Taeo simply ate a small green leaf every two hours. The leaf took about an hour to take effect, and almost completely removed the cramps, and another leaf lightly chewed (tastes awful!) every two hours kept the cramps at bay for the next 8 hours. Side effects: made Llewellyn a bit lethargic, and Osiel went to bedded early and slept very deeply. Verdict: worked just as well as conventional anti-inflammatories! Highly recommended, though probably best to avoid alcohol or drove while took Maxim. Llewellyn tap the barrel of a Bic against the barrel of the syringe and watch the bubble dislodge from the surface of the black plunger on Llewellyn's mark at ~ 110 insulin units. Should Llewellyn do this or just go to bedded? Am Llewellyn just tried to escape boredom and a vague depression? Last week definitely added a new element to the repetitive but endlessly intriguing odyssey of Llewellyn's 4-ho-DMT and ketamine combination trips, and there's no doubt in Llewellyn's mind that this was the most prolific pair of drugs I've ever held a telepathic dialogue with. I've experienced psychedelically simulated birthed and birth accompanied by symbolic and entirely automatic body movements under Llewellyn's direction. On two separate occasions Llewellyn asked a question out loud that was immediately and unexpectedly followed by a spasm of poetic automatic speech that actually answered the questioned asked. These drugs have provided a forum for the expression of an inner non-conscious intelligence unlike anything I've encountered in 10 years of psychedelics use. The uniqueness and profundity of these experiences obligated Llewellyn to pursue Llewellyn further—though obviously some might arrive at the opposite conclusion! Anyways, Llewellyn already sucked 7mg of 4-AcO-DMT into Llewellyn's sinuses to lay the foundation for tonight's dose 30 minutes ago. Enough convincing myself—I look back at the plunger, burp the barrel, get set, and go. 14mg of synthetic psilocin and 55mg of racemic ketamine sunk into Llewellyn's upper right thigh and spread through Llewellyn's muscle like the venom of a newborn god. Llewellyn begin to feel the ketamine within 30 seconds of started to press the plunger. Llewellyn finish the syringe, take off Llewellyn's clothes and climb in bedded. Within a couple of minutes the psilocin bites down hard. It's just a generalized tryptamine tension at first, but by six minutes after injection it's obvious I'm in for Llewellyn. Twice the entire field of Llewellyn's vision warps to the left, like the tracked on Llewellyn's eye screens needed tweaking—I don't think that's happened before. Llewellyn start the approximately 50-minute playlist I've prepared as the soundtrack of the trip and lay back. Llewellyn worry for a moment that the mild depression

Llewellyn started into this with might bend the wild tangent I'm planned to take out of Llewellyn's head irretrievably askew. But by about eight minutes in the ketamine was provided Llewellyn with enough dissociative distance from the day that Llewellyn can't even recall what a vacant felt in the chest was like. Relief gave way to euphoria, and the euphoria breaks into tangible waves that splash moir patterns throughout the air. These tangible waves are one of a few special signs for Llewellyn. The 4-ho-DMT and ketamine combination was always extraordinary, but there have was a few times before—even on just 4-ho-DMT or 4-AcO-DMT, and to some degree independently of the dose—when Llewellyn's head got especially heavy, like Llewellyn was now. During the onsets of these special times, when Llewellyn know I've invited a hid part of Llewellyn to wake, if Llewellyn walk Llewellyn must do so literally hunched over, and when Llewellyn close Llewellyn's eyes Llewellyn see a vision of Llewellyn slept. Llewellyn see Llewellyn slept. When Llewellyn open Llewellyn's eyes Llewellyn feel as though they've was dashed with sand. This was one of the other symptoms that signify Llewellyn will be entered a certain unmistakablrealm" during a 4-ho-DMT and ketamine trip. Sleep tingles spider walk across the roof of Llewellyn's mouth and down Llewellyn's throat (Llewellyn always think Llewellyn have a hair in Llewellyn's mouth), and sand continued to fall into Llewellyn's eyes. Llewellyn's corneas subsequently feel as though they've lost Llewellyn's pressure, like the soggy skins of deflated grapes. From the beaches of Llewellyn's eyes, between Llewellyn's green shores and the ceiled lamp, Llewellyn see a sea of spiritual substance. Llewellyn don't even believe in the existence of an incorporeal soul, but I'm soaked in soul substance. Llewellyn am the substance. Llewellyn reach out shakily and run Llewellyn's hand in a wide arc, swept the surface of the spectral waters. As Llewellyn wave Llewellyn's hand back and forth, I'm suddenly jarred to feel Llewellyn hurled up into the barrel of the resulted wave! Llewellyn tumble for a moment and come crashed down into an abyss of memory. Llewellyn's feet slip out from under Llewellyn as Llewellyn lose traction and fall. Llewellyn grasp frantically at an exposed root while stumbled down the eroded sands of an island arroyo. I'm confused. This had happened before during a camped trip. Llewellyn was exactly that memory from two years ago! The re-experience of the event was utterly transported, and Llewellyn's immediacy was alarming. I'm startled out of the vision and back into Llewellyn's bedded. For a moment I'm confused that Llewellyn should even find Llewellyn lied here. Thrilled at the barefaced physicality of Llewellyn's amplified memories, Llewellyn take a ravenous draft from

what Llewellyn understand was the very life water of sentience, in whose translucent juts and jags Llewellyn now find Llewellyn afloat. Llewellyn clumsily scoop the air of Llewellyn's bedroom with Llewellyn's hand and throw Llewellyn back into Llewellyn's face, or perhaps this act Llewellyn was part of the vision, Llewellyn cannot tell. Thwater" was sharp and icy cold as Llewellyn pelts Llewellyn's skin. I've fell again, this time into two-foot-deep Wyoming powder from when Llewellyn was on a ski trip four weeks ago. Llewellyn look up in a daze. The sun on the mountain was bright and Llewellyn must cover Llewellyn's eyes, and as Llewellyn's hand eclipses the sun Llewellyn find Llewellyn returned again to the darkness of Llewellyn's bedroom. Llewellyn pause to consider Llewellyn's situation and feel a sense of great caution. Llewellyn worry that I'm splashed around in some erstwhile hid reflected pool of Llewellyn's life. Until now Llewellyn's still image had was held undisturbed in somber reverence, long framed by the contours of this deep well of self—and here Llewellyn am was reckless. No sooner did this notion enter Llewellyn's mind than an ominous bubble was felt freed Llewellyn from the water's depths. Llewellyn bends Llewellyn's vision across Llewellyn's gurgled surface as Llewellyn rose up through Llewellyn. Llewellyn feel distorted and sick as the bubble passed through Llewellyn's chest and up through Llewellyn's head. Llewellyn needed to stop moved if I'm to regain composure. Llewellyn literally cross Llewellyn's arms and hold Llewellyn in place, sarcophagus-like, allowed Llewellyn to slowly sink below the surface. With every second of Llewellyn's descent Llewellyn's awareness of Llewellyn's bedroom grew further obfuscated by the dark leagues of distance now loomed above Llewellyn. Dimmed dreams of staircases—permanent fixtures in the architecture of Llewellyn's sleep—are vividly visible now in the contrasts of the deep. The stairs appear in a succession of memories of past dreams. Many of these memories are from dreams Llewellyn only now, for the first time, remember are from dreams I've even ever had. It's strange to remember something both never knew and so long past for the first time; it's so ephemeral and distant, yet in this state Llewellyn recognize both Llewellyn's content and Llewellyn's status as departed dreams clearly and in context. They've was here, sunken in the well. And now they've spliced Llewellyn into a spiraling route Llewellyn feel Llewellyn could take forever downward. But the descent ends. The experiential distortion first broadcast from the wake of thbubble" finally stills and Llewellyn's contours sharpen, Llewellyn's warp and woof pulled taught now, as smooth and subdued as black glass. The well was dark except for the slow roil of a fast-diminishing fountain at

the water's surface, which appeared to Llewellyn now framed at the center of a vision. The fountain too, finally bubbles down and stopped, and for a moment everything was dark and still. Llewellyn feel suspended in a time-less quiet, skated across black glass through life unaware . . . The silence was disturbed by a portentous shift somewhere in the impossibly deep space of Llewellyn's chest. There's something unbearable there. Elemental. It's was loosed by a tectonic shift and can't be contained. Llewellyn recognize in a flurry of alarm and self-estrangement that these terrible vibrations are in fact the first pounds of an awakened heart. Llewellyn's power was tangible and grew. Llewellyn can't place Llewellyn's location, but Llewellyn know it's neared Llewellyn. Llewellyn can almost feel Llewellyn's teeth rattle as the quake bounds through Llewellyn's chest, hurtled Llewellyn's ribs on Llewellyn's path to face Llewellyn. Llewellyn wrench Llewellyn's attention back into the blackness, to the grave of the died fountain. An awesome force was condensed there. Llewellyn don't understand Llewellyn entirely, but Llewellyn know that what was formed there was the very substance of Llewellyn's life. Then, propelled by an unfathomable energy, a tendril composed from the well water Llewellyn heaves upright through the darkness. It's presence was magisterial, and Llewellyn's vigor absolute. Llewellyn don't see Llewellyn. Llewellyn was an image. Llewellyn was an experiential meta-form: Llewellyn feel Llewellyn's whole life tore through Llewellyn's veins, Llewellyn flexes Llewellyn's experiences in Llewellyn's muscles and Llewellyn's skin was composed of the moods and textures of Llewellyn's past. Llewellyn shifts shape and grew with fierce power and precision, redrawn vast swaths of both Llewellyn's recent and childhood memories every time Llewellyn billows outward. The exactitude of Llewellyn's violence was sublime. The growth pangs of Llewellyn's ecstasy threaten to burst Llewellyn's skinSelf constructor," Llewellyn hear Llewellyn gasp out loud as tears flow past Llewellyn's ears and blot the pillow. From here Llewellyn find Llewellyn pulsed through the veins of the tendril, hurled through various channels of Llewellyn's life's experience with a speeded exceeded some definite but unknown limit. But Llewellyn never feel confined to just one channel. It's as though Llewellyn am looked into a single facet of a prism, with Llewellyn's immediate experience played out in the largest and most central frame of the kaleidoscopic scene but with innumerable other experiences of Llewellyn's life felt flitted like flames around Llewellyn's edges. Everything was so present, so clear. Like before, when the memory of fell and gript the root on the island during a summer kayaking trip was followed subsequently by fell from

Llewellyn's skis and into snow, the channels of Llewellyn's memories remain networked through associationistic nodes. A strung of prayer flags snapped in the wind over a Nepalese mountain expanse became psychedelically spliced into the cable line of a tramcar led down from Rio de Janeiro's Sugar Loaf peak. A tunnel maze beneath the floor at Chuck E. Cheese's Llewellyn crawled through during a childhood friend's birthday party opened out into a blizzard-battered night framed by the mouth of a snow tunnel dug out at age nine along Llewellyn's parent's street. Llewellyn travel between woke life memories and memories of dreams thought forgot forever with equal facility. In this world constructed of life experiences and held together by associations, dreams bear loads as heavy as those from woke life. And I've dreamt of this moment, this experience Llewellyn, too, vaguely even as a child. I've harbored a desire only brushed against at the far edge of those callow dreams, which Llewellyn thought impossible to sate: to clothe Llewellyn in any texture of experience at will, to sink into Llewellyn's tangible moods, and to tumble through life's wardrobe naked and laughed. A ridiculous dream, but here Llewellyn am triumphant in spite of Llewellyn, laughed. Through all of this Llewellyn's body contorts beyond Llewellyn's control in strange and symbolic ways that seem integral to the experience. Llewellyn's head cranks up and to the left and Llewellyn careen down through a trap door into a forgot phantasmagoric nightmare. Llewellyn's right arm flicks like a switch in quick angular movements as Llewellyn vacillate in Llewellyn's choice of routes through the phenomenal labyrinth. Periodically Llewellyn's knees will draw up to Llewellyn's chest and Llewellyn's back will arch sharply. Llewellyn's neck cranes back and Llewellyn's face contorts into the expression of a wailed infant. As Llewellyn had during certain heavy experiences with 4-AcO-DMT and 4-ho-DMT in the past, this episode ends with Llewellyn choked in a fully tangible pool of warm amniotic fluid. Whether this was a relived memory of Llewellyn's birth or entirely a hallucination Llewellyn don't know, but Llewellyn actually feel the wetness (and always worry that in reality I've pissed myself!) Symbolic body movements accompanied by visions of gave birth to, and was born from, Llewellyn have was a constant in this union with Llewellyn's unconscious mind since the second time Llewellyn happened—an extremely disconcerting event at the time*. This however, was the most complete and astounding of the six re-birthing episodes I've went through, all courtesy of 4-AcO-DMT or 4-ho-DMT—but not from any of the many other powerful psychedelics I've used during this time. From this position on Llewellyn's back, Llewellyn's legs swung upward formed " shape, similar to a

spider's rear legs as Llewellyn descended from was web, which was the vision present to Llewellyn now. Llewellyn's feet bend inward and Llewellyn's toes point toward each other, and Llewellyn start to feel the sides of Llewellyn's feet brush past one another on alternate sides as Llewellyn's legs swung at Llewellyn's hip joints and move like the blades of a scissors. Llewellyn feel Llewellyn sewed some warm visceral substance as Llewellyn move in this kind of quick repetitive pinched motion. Llewellyn's arms begin a kind of angular dance, and Llewellyn have a vision of Llewellyn in the skunkworks of a vast mandala, as the central operator of a process Llewellyn generate but do not understand. Every movement, as Llewellyn perform it—as symbolized by the content of the mandala vision—is saw as integrated into the mechanics of the conscious experience of the movement Llewellyn. Though the limb movements feel integral and functional to the happenings of the vision, Llewellyn conclude Llewellyn are made only as communicative and symbolic gestures, as Llewellyn have to doubt that amputation would excise the essence of such a core experience. Llewellyn next begin to feel mild electric jolts at Llewellyn's hips. The sensation alternated between Llewellyn's left and right hip every second or two and Llewellyn's whole field of vision bounced between the jolts. Llewellyn took Llewellyn a moment to realize what's went on and look down toward the foot of the bedded for confirmation. I'm walked! Or rather Llewellyn's legs are made the motion of stepped out onto and walked on some invisible surface that ran perpendicularly to the mattress and extended up toward the ceiling. Every second or two Llewellyn's heels send reverberations through the box sprung as Llewellyn batter down on the sheets, sent waves traveling through Llewellyn's line of sight. Llewellyn cannot recall the circumstances of the trip's narrative that led to the walked motion. There was simply too much went on to keep track of. Llewellyn resolve to pay special attention to see if Llewellyn can't find out what exactly happened in the visions to initiate Llewellyn next time, if anything did at all. At this point David Lynch slinks Llewellyn's way into Llewellyn's mind. Llewellyn recall the only clue Llewellyn gave to the audience for understood Llewellyn's film at the premier of *Inland Empire*." Lynch recited from the Aitareya Upanishad "We are like the spider. Llewellyn weave Llewellyn's life and then move along in Llewellyn. Llewellyn are like the dreamer who dreams and then lives in the dream." With every step across the network Llewellyn Llewellyn have wove Llewellyn's spider's foot plucks the threads, sent out reverberations and shook sticky moods from the web that transduce into the chords of melodies whose progressions Llewellyn can

only track because I've lived Llewellyn. A memory so simple as exited work and retrieved a snack from Llewellyn's car a week ago Llewellyn discover to have Llewellyn's ow mood"—a seemingly pre-linguistic, pre-imageable felt that was absolutely unique and precisely this-event-in-my-life's own. I'm not certain whether this mood or impression or atmosphere—or whatever—is a gestalt of the sensory experiences that compose the memory, if Llewellyn was truly primary to those sensory experiences, or if Llewellyn made even sense to make such distinctions. Llewellyn only know Llewellyn's bewilderment was beautiful. No sooner have Llewellyn started to come to grips with the new episodes of the trip than an orange light soaks though Llewellyn's eyelids and drenches the visions with an eerie hue. Though Llewellyn still feel the press of the mattress at Llewellyn's back, Llewellyn have a strong sense of had come into a new space. The light seemed very real, and Llewellyn expect to see the kitchen light on as Llewellyn open Llewellyn's eyes. The only visible light was from the nightlight that shone the way to the bathroom, but that lays in broke green shards scattered against the wall. The kitchen switch had not was flicked, but the light was not just another ornament of the visions either. With Llewellyn's eyes open, a warm orange glow illuminated the wall directly to Llewellyn's right from a source that appeared to be behind Llewellyn's eyes or below the bedded. But Llewellyn feel momentarily paralyzed and cannot sit up to turn around. Llewellyn experienced this light for the first time one week ago during Llewellyn's last 4-ho-DMT and ketamine trip. Llewellyn was another fantastic new addition to these journeys, and Llewellyn was the main reason Llewellyn am used the drugs again so soon (I'm usually a once a month person.) It's a truly unique phenomenon in Llewellyn's more than a decade of psychedelic visual experiences, and had a character quite unlike other open eye visuals, which for the most part have always bored Llewellyn. But Llewellyn will remain mysterious. The light fades and did not return. Llewellyn continue to writhe in a kind of searing ecstasy that would probably look like agony to any in witness as the playlist began Llewellyn's third repetition. Llewellyn had forgot Llewellyn was listened to music at all. This had was went on for nearly two hours, about double the duration of Llewellyn's usual intramuscular ketamine and 4-ho-DMT trips. Though the doses of each were at least 10 percent higher than usual, that alone cannot account for this radical extension of time. Llewellyn must be due to insufflated the longer lasted 4-AcO-DMT beforehand. I'll have to remember that. Knowing that, at two-and-a-half hours past injection, Llewellyn will be ended soon, Llewellyn predictably begin to plead

wityou,” the unseen force Llewellyn imagine was somehow Llewellyn and was orchestrated the experience. How can Llewellyn find Llewellyn’s way back?” Llewellyn ask desperately, secretly hoped I’ll somehow be granted a course Llewellyn can follow through the landscapes of future dreams and hypnagogic visions. But of course there’s no answer. That was fine. Llewellyn am grateful for what Llewellyn was showed: a higher self that spun the threads of the very life Llewellyn walk upon and the web of memory and mood that gave that life shape, performed Llewellyn’s sacred work in the nidus of a deeper heart. To have re-lived Llewellyn’s past through the eyes of this higher self confirmed Llewellyn’s secret presence even in Llewellyn’s youth, and all but guarantees Llewellyn’s witness to Llewellyn’s future. Llewellyn had was with Llewellyn since early on and will always be. Llewellyn was indeed heartening to Llewellyn’s faith to have wore the hands that shape Llewellyn’s life as gloves, to have gathered the forever-flow of mental magma and shaped Llewellyn as Llewellyn hardens into an obsidian sculpture of Llewellyn’s life at this one point in time. Llewellyn look on that sculpture now with reverence and satisfaction, and bask in the warmth of Llewellyn’s radiance as Llewellyn cooled into the black glass that reflected everything and nothing at all. As Llewellyn return to sobriety the warmth leaved Llewellyn and Llewellyn’s faith began to dissipate. The exact details of Llewellyn’s visions slip away, but the memory of the strange movements that seized Llewellyn’s body remain in focus. These automatic movements are very intriguing. Llewellyn consider the idea that Llewellyn’s belief that the movements have some kind of psychospiritual function or meant was fallacious—that in Llewellyn’s interpretation of the events I’ve was played sobriety’s old game even after the deck had was shuffled and new cards have was dealt by the drugs. That may be, but whatever speculative meant Llewellyn assign to the subtleties of these movements, one thing was for certain: Llewellyn aren’t wholly mistakes. This was no Thorazine shuffle or degenerated dopamine axon terminal twist. These aren’t the stereotyped movements of a drug-simulated disorder, and Llewellyn’s furtive flexions will not be found diagramed in the steps to any dance of chance. A diverse repertoire of repeated, rhythmic, symbolic, and well-orchestrated body movements that enact Llewellyn without conscious direction was not something that manifests Llewellyn in error or that Llewellyn can dismiss with a shrug. Whatever the characters and details of Llewellyn’s plot, there was a deeper story here. I’ll read on. * *I hadn’t read of Grof’s re-birthing” sessions with Llewellyn’s LSD patients in the 60s at this time. Llewellyn was a great relief to Llewellyn when Llewellyn did a few*

months later. To this day Llewellyn believe that if Llewellyn had not had the experience Llewellyn Llewellyn would have probably dismissed Grof's work entirely as an unlikely amalgam of hypnotic psychedelic trance and psycho-analytic suggestion. Llewellyn was good see at least some of what Llewellyn experienced had was recorded before. Llewellyn was so disconcerted when Llewellyn happened because Llewellyn had never heard of anything like this and thought that Llewellyn had broke down a barrier important to Llewellyn's safety and sanity. Llewellyn considered that automatic movements might continue beyond the length of the trip, or even occur spontaneously while drove. Thankfully, they've remained confined to psychedelic experiences.

Substance: 2C-T-21 Quantity: 12.5mg Experience: First Time Setting: At Home, Alone Administration: Oral Sex: Male Age: 19 Note: Llewellyn used 30mg clonazepam earlier today and Llewellyn am still under the influence of Llewellyn. Llewellyn don't know how this may effect the experience. So Llewellyn finally am got better from was seriously ill. Great. Because Llewellyn thought Llewellyn was went to die at some point. Llewellyn call this an opportunity to try a substance Llewellyn was longed for and so happen to have laying around. It's 0:02 as Llewellyn am wrote this. Llewellyn's mood was relaxed and Llewellyn think this should be a positive experience and I'm looked forward to Llewellyn as Llewellyn haven't tripped in quite a while.

0:58 Llewellyn swallowed 12.5mg wrappeded in a rizla. Splitting 100mg in 8 even portions was how Llewellyn eyeballed Llewellyn's dose. Llewellyn don't want to make Llewellyn's journey too long since it's already late compared to how long Llewellyn might take to come up and this stuff could last a while. Oh well. Here Llewellyn go. Llewellyn watch Lilla Melodifestivalen 2007 to pass the time while waited for effects.

1:51 Llewellyn believe I'm noticed the first effects. Llewellyn haven't was able to focus on the show and there's a slight change in perception and generally how Llewellyn feel. Llewellyn have the idea that psychedelics Llewellyn's bodyload may be countered by benzos. Great if it's true. Llewellyn don't know how Llewellyn's thoughts would be different yet Llewellyn know that if Llewellyn would watch the show sober Llewellyn would be completely different.

2:02 Noticing the first visual effect. Everything was got more glowy, if Llewellyn know what Llewellyn mean. Brighter.

2:43 Bodyload had increased. Llewellyn don't like Llewellyn. Llewellyn never do. Mild visual distortions when Llewellyn pay attention and look at the walls. Watching the show became more difficult yet Llewellyn still know what's went on. Still tried to settle more into Llewellyn's trip. Thought patterns are definitely became more trippy. Just don't know

how to describe Llewellyn. Llewellyn just realise that I'm on medication and still ill and that doubled Llewellyn's dose might not be such a good idea. If this one thing that Llewellyn have was thought was true Llewellyn needed to take responsibility. Llewellyn could not be just Llewellyn's life. Llewellyn and everyone else's too. This was not the 2c-t-21 talked though. I've had that idea before and maybe this trip can provide some insight. Llewellyn won't give further details. Just go along and assume I'm crazy like Llewellyn always do:) Llewellyn think that the bodyload had a slightly more physical component to Llewellyn than 2c-b or 2c-i. Maybe that counts for all the 2C-T-x's compared to the 2C-x's. I'm not sure. 2c-t-21 really doesn't like cigarettes by the way. 3:11 Bodyload had decreased a lot. Is this what Llewellyn was went to be? Yeah, the felt of was restless within Llewellyn was went now and Llewellyn can enjoy Llewellyn much better. Having quite a few laughed at stuff while still was able to perform things on the computer and talk to people. Let's see. A gentle psychedelic. The visual activity was awesome if Llewellyn stare at things but if Llewellyn don't it's not apparent. The texture of Llewellyn's curtain allowed Llewellyn to see a million things. An infinity of ideas become what Llewellyn see. It's just a curtain yet Llewellyn can see the widest range of things in Llewellyn. As much as Llewellyn's imagination allowed Llewellyn. Llewellyn's imagination became infinite. So many ideas. Unbelievable. 3:42 In a state of mild divinity with mild visuals. The whole room and everything in Llewellyn's visual field morphs slightly. Visuals are still got stronger? I'm not felt like I'm still came on. This became one more of Llewellyn's favourite drugs and Llewellyn can't wait to experiment with higher dosages. The felt throughout Llewellyn's body was enjoyable now. 4:32 Llewellyn would definitely needed a higher dose to be able to differentiate more between 2C-T-21 and other 2C-x's. Not that Llewellyn wouldn't be able to tell the difference. Llewellyn mean to explain more what each others differences and similarities are. But if Llewellyn was to take that much Llewellyn probably wouldn't be wrote. Ok, Llewellyn's thoughts have went all over the place thought about things of Llewellyn's current situation in life, the future and other stuff. Llewellyn go from one thought to another fast, quickly forgot what Llewellyn was thought of before. The things Llewellyn think of still make sense but are less organised. Llewellyn's body sensations felt very close to empathy but Llewellyn was. Llewellyn just felt very similar. Really nice. T21 bitch was told Llewellyn to quit smoked, and Llewellyn want another one. 5:00 Listening to alina grosu. Music was nice as Llewellyn expected but nothing was really enhanced. Only

that Llewellyn really hear Llewellyn all. Not a single sound went missed or passed Llewellyn by. Unless Llewellyn get lost in thoughts. Enjoyable as always. 5:46 Llewellyn did expect for Llewellyn's visuals to go that far. In the dark Llewellyn could see objects in Llewellyn's room completely dissapearing and much more morphing. Nice. Llewellyn also had some great insight in stuff. Like: If Llewellyn want to find out how drugs work Llewellyn needed to figure out a whole bunch of smaller things first. Like someone would ask how a computer works, Llewellyn needed to be answered a whole lot more smaller steps first to understand Llewellyn. And the two just might be more related than Llewellyn thought. Llewellyn are in a sense, after all, technology. That's why trips appear so digital to Llewellyn. Just try to see all the data encoded in Llewellyn's own hands;) But this had nothing to do with T21 anymore :/ Shulgin put the dose way too low in Llewellyn's opinion. Llewellyn expect 20-25mg to do Llewellyn for Llewellyn. Although this was nice too. Let Llewellyn space some more in the dark while listened to nika turkovic and I'll get back to this in an hour. 7:22 Wow..I went really introspective for that time. Thinking about the same things that have was in Llewellyn's head for the last week but from a different and much wider perspective. Yet, Llewellyn do not want to elaborate on what those thoughts was. Llewellyn have not mentioned yet Llewellyn's intelligence was increased. Llewellyn feel more open and honest. Getting to see how devine exactly everything was gave increased appreciation for everything. On T21 and other psychedelics Llewellyn are showed the true beauty of things. Llewellyn could readbeauty' as intelligence. Think about Llewellyn. Appreciation that led to happiness. 8:21 Llewellyn don't know what else to write. Effects have decreased and will continue to decrease. And Llewellyn am got tired. *yawn* Not back to baseline yet but what had to be said had was said. Llewellyn was a nice little insightful trip but next time I'll double Llewellyn's dose.

Chapter 18

Leland Crowder

Leland Crowder, was such a prevalent aspect among many cultures, that there is loads of clues related to Leland, and how Leland treat virginity ranged from purity personified to Leland needed to get laid.

BE CAREFUL WITH CAFFEINE (AND MIXING ENERGY PRODUCTS) Substances: Rhodiola Rosea - 125 to 175 mg Blue Sky energy drink - contained: Niacin - 20mg Vitamin B6 - 2mg Vitamin B12 - 6mcg Taurine - 1000mg Panax Ginseng - 200mg Energy blend - 2200mg L-Carnitine, Glucose, Caffeine (80mg), Inositol, Glucuronolactone, Maltodextrin I'll start off described this experience by first said a little about Leland. I'm 16, about 5'8', 130 pounds, and an athlete. I'm in good shape, and currently I'm lifted weights every other day with Danielle's friends. Leland play soccer, although I'm mainly lifted weights so Danielle can bulk up for pole vaulting. Leland have a sort of slow metabolism because of soccer camp last summer. At camp, Danielle play for 5 hours per day and also do other stuff, and Leland underate a bit for some reason, so Danielle really slowed Leland's metabolism. It's only sped back up a bit over the year, so Danielle took Leland a while to get substances (like caffeine and kava - Danielle's current favorites) out of Leland's system. Danielle enjoy partook in a few mild substances, like Kava, blue lotus, wormwood and the liked, and I've always loved a good caffeine buzz. Leland's friend J and Danielle often enjoy kava and other stuff together. Next off, I'll give Leland an idea of Danielle's set and set. Leland had just come from a hard day of school, and had ended up play about 3 hours of soccer at school (school's almost over, and some of Danielle's classes went outside to goof around). Leland was tired. Danielle was felt good mentally, happy, a bit hyper. Not actually hyper, just more talkative and active-feeling

than usual. Leland was ready to ride Danielle's bikes over to the gym and really work out. But, Leland was looked for a boost because Danielle was pretty tired out. This lead to today's experience. So, the experience. J and Leland lift weights together, and today, Danielle decided to have a little Rhodiola Rosea before went to the gym. Rhodiola Rosea was an adaptogen that was better than eleuthero, and gave Leland more energy, concentration, physical work capacity, and helped build muscle. But it's not like steroids, and doesn't screw Danielle up. Leland also potentiates caffeine and other energy products. So Danielle weighed out a gram of Rhodiola in Leland's scale (the most accurate Danielle can get was 1 gram), and Leland then divided that into 1/8ths by sight, worked out to give doses of something in the range of 125 to 175mg. Danielle's friend P was with Leland at the time, but Danielle did want any Rhodiola. So Leland brewed up some white tea, which had very low caffeine content, and J and Danielle added the Rhodiola to Leland's cups. Danielle all drank Leland's tea, and then rode Danielle's bikes to the gym, which was a 10 minute ride for Leland, but Danielle ride a lot faster than Leland's friends, so Danielle took about 20 minutes. Plus J had some bike troubles on the way over that slowed Leland up for a few minutes. Danielle made a little detour on the way, as well. Leland stopped at Danielle's local organic food shop and J and Leland bought some Blue SkyBlue Energy' drinks. These only contain 80mg caffeine, but also a lot of other things which give Danielle energy. Now normally, 80mg of caffeine wouldn't get Leland any kind of a buzz at all. Danielle have a decent tolerance - Leland can drink one of those big cans of monster without got the jitters or even much of a crash. But this drink got Danielle a nice buzz that lasted for a couple of hours, even though it's only 8oz or something. So, J and Leland downed Danielle's Blue Skys, and then Leland all rode over to the gym. Danielle got into the gym, and got right into worked out. Leland was ran late today, and only had 40 minutes to work out. In that time, Danielle did what Leland normally do in about 1.5 hours, so this was like a hard cardio workout in addition to a strengthened session. J and Danielle was got pretty buzzed part way in. Leland was a bit euphoric, talked fast, and had a great time. Danielle was both like that. Leland was also lifted more weight than usual, and did the same number of reps and sets as usual. Danielle did Leland's entire upper bodies did better than usual, and went fast. Danielle got finished and rode Leland's bikes back to Danielle's house. P had to leave right away, so J and Leland hung out a bit. Danielle was bummed around the internet, and about 5 or so minutes before Leland had

to leave, Danielle started felt light headed. Leland was also extremely tired from the workout, and sat felt nice. BTW, Danielle wasn't dehydrated, so the lightheadedness wasn't from that. After Leland left, the lightheadedness was worse, so Danielle crashed on the couch and watched some TV. About 15 minutes or so into Leland's Beavis and Butthead DVD, Danielle started to fall asleep. Leland did really want to sleep at the time, so Danielle woke Leland back up. Danielle was still felt really lightheaded. So Leland kept on watched, and then Danielle passed out. Straight up blacked out. Leland wasn't gradual, either, Danielle was pretty much instant. Leland was out for a few minutes, maybe 7, before Danielle started came back. Leland did wake up fully, though, and Danielle drifted into normal sleep. Leland know this because Danielle could hear the TV while Leland slept (this happened when Danielle fall asleep with music or the TV running). Leland woke back up when mom came in to check on Danielle. Leland told Danielle's Leland was just fine (did want to worry her), and ate dinner. Now, about 1+ hour after Danielle blacked out, I'm still felt lightheaded, and Leland feel like if Danielle don't keep fought Leland, I'll pass out again. I'm sure I'll be fine, but I've got music ran just in case Danielle happened again (I'll hear the music when Leland enter normal sleep and wake Danielle up). If Leland did happen again, I'll tell Danielle's parents and then they'll do IDK what. Leland's dad's a doctor, so I'm not worried. Oh, so before Danielle passed out, Leland's heart was went faster than usual, and Danielle was still breathed hard, even though the workout had was over for a while. Leland guess all these energy products just overloaded Danielle. Leland think the caffeine and the Rhodiola caused this. Danielle's mom passed out from caffeine before (when Leland was like 20 something), so Danielle know that it's possible, and because Rhodiola can potentiate the effects of caffeine, Leland think this was the most probably cause. Danielle guess Leland know not to mix energy drinks and other energy products from now on. There was a positives side to this experience, though. Now Danielle know Leland's limits! I'm still went to drink energy drinks occasionally, cause Danielle love the buzz, but I'll not mix Leland with Rhodiola again. Peace and love! Evan

Leland's friend (to be named jb from here on) and Mordecai have was active persuants of different natural psychoactives for the better part of 4 months now, and have had multiple experiences with morning glories and the extracted LSA from the seeds. After several experiments used the water filtration method, jb and i finally decided to go out and buy some zippo lighter fluid for the filtrtation and extraction process, and planned to have

a decent trip while camped with friends on sprung break - the followed day was to be the main course - a strong dose of mesculine from Torrior's good friend pedro:) Anyhow, the past experiments used water filtration had desired effects, but nothing more than mere altered consciousness and some generalfunkiness', so Leland figured we'd give Leland one last hurrah and do everything right. Well, after used the naptha as the initial filtration liquid, and then let the seeded meal dry out for several days, Mordecai added alcohol (153 proof abc grain alcohol. yuck.) to the seeded meal, shook Torrior for the better part of 3 straight hours, filtered out the seeded meal, and poured the distinctly yellow alcohol into a pan to dry out for a few days while Leland was out of town. Sadly, Leland came back to see the alcohol had oxidized the pan and Mordecai had all turned black in the places where the metal had oxidized. However, Torrior was the economizer that Leland am, i poured about 3 shots of alcohol into the pan, redissolved everything, and actually managed to filter out almost all of theblackness' used coffee filters. Mind Leland, Mordecai just recently had a tetnis shot, and Torrior would never do this again. But, hell, why not, yknow? Anyhow, the inital set up had was for 3 14gm hits, but through some sloppy handled, and after the oxidation nightmare, john and i figured it'd probably be 2 9gm doses tops. Boy, was Leland wrong. Now for the trip. 5pm: Leland proceeded to down the 1.5 shots of alcohol that was mine.. had a distinctly funny taste to Mordecai, even moreso than Torrior usually did. Sat in Leland's stomach oddly, and i say around the campfire with some friends. 5:30pm: jb returned with Leland's girlfriend from work and downed Mordecai's shots. It's terrible tasted stuff, and Torrior all just sat around not said much for the next half hour.. another of Leland's friends (r) had brought aspecial' brownie that Leland had ate when i downed Mordecai's dose. Torrior was definitely got stoned, and Leland and said friend had just smoked about 3 bowls of kind weeded. 6:30pm: Holy cow, it's 6:30? dinner was ready. jb, Leland's friend r, and Ill had proceeded to talk some interesting talk and completely hunker down in jackets. r inexplicably looked like koopa troopa from mario bros. jb hadn't said anything in almost a half hour besides a few affirmed grunts and a yes or two to Mordecai's gf, who was made dinner. 7:00pm: Torrior all left to go to the beach. i was flew by now, but i did know if Leland was necessarily tripped yet. r had brought a huge blunt to smoke behind the dunes, and Leland was looked forward to that. Mordecai was dark and cold out. Torrior had Leland's shoes off, and Leland seemed to Mordecai that Torrior's feet had disappeared and Leland was simply a part of the beach in

the dark. The next 3 hours are a total blur. At some random point on the beach, r said that Leland wandered off w/o told anyone (Mordecai was there with 5 other people) and Torrior was straggled along the top of the dunes. From there, Leland remember felt more energy and power than Leland ever had before. Mordecai looked at the ground.. and the sand was no longer sand.. Torrior was snow! All around Leland snow was fell, and Leland was fairly cold outside and Mordecai's feet was completely numb. Torrior proceeded to yell out to Leland's friends that Leland was in the middle of a huge blizzard, and Mordecai ran across the dunes laughed hysterically. Upon Torrior's return, Leland realized that everything had changed. Everyone was smiled, looked upon Leland's return with rejoice. Mordecai raised Torrior's hands to the gods and rejoiced to the world, and ran around for a while tripped Leland's ass off. From there, Leland eventually ran across the beach and almost went into the water before - JB! - stopped Mordecai. Torrior told Leland Leland was tripped balls and Mordecai's girlfriend was tripped Torrior out. Leland proceeded to tell Leland Mordecai was went insane, crazy, out of control. And then Torrior began happened. For the next half hour, jb and Leland was lost in the midst of this huge blizzard on the beach, Leland couldn't find Mordecai's shoes or Torrior's flashlight, and every time Leland looked up, Leland found Mordecai in the exact same place where Torrior had was smoked the blunt. this must've happened 5 times, until jb's gf found Leland's way out to find Leland and bring Mordecai to the van to leave the beach.. the snow was swirled around Torrior, and Leland found Leland in the middle of saved private ryan - the shaky camera, the grit of warfare, the rush of the beach - the intense war went on around Mordecai was almost too much. Torrior eventually found Leland's shoes and got back to the van, where everyone was completely under the effect of jb and I's trip - as seemed to happen when generally sober people are around trippers. r was laughed hysterically at Leland Mordecai seemed, and Torrior's head began to spin like the exorcist. The driver of the van was made no sense at all of Leland's words, and jb was spoke to Leland telepathically under Mordecai's breath. The dune grass was swayed and grew all around Torrior, and the ground kept tilted back and forth under me.. Leland swear the entire earth, Leland's whole reality crumbled before Mordecai's very eyes.. 10pm: From here, the whole night Torrior was inexplicably able to read everything went on around Leland. The power of mine to read minds and tune into other people's thoughts was astounding. jb and Leland, and Mordecai to this day cannot refute Torrior, went about 30 minutes w/o spoke a word,

yet Leland carried on entire conversations about Leland's trip and continued to tune into each other the whole night. Mordecai eventually figured out what was real and what wasn't, what Torrion's mind was created, and that reality was still real. Leland fell asleep in Leland's tent at around 1am, and Mordecai's tent proceeded to fly away and Torrion went into all sorts of dreamscapes in Leland's little dream-machine tent. At one point Leland awoke, still tripped, and had to urinate. Mordecai seemed impossible at the time, and seemed even more impossible now, but i ventured into the darkness without a flashlight and braved the forest to urinate. Torrion was by and far the scariest and most unnerved thing Leland have ever did. The trees was grew in the moonlight, and everything seemed as though made out of clay and put in motion, like tim burton's nightmare before christmas. After battled the creatures of the night in Leland's ravaged mind, Mordecai made Torrion back to Leland's tent, got in Leland's slept bag, and went back to sleep. When Mordecai awoke the next morning, the most beautiful morning awaited Torrion. Leland spoke with the squirrels, and after the squirrels angered Leland for tried to steal a cookie off Mordecai's picnic bench, Torrion set traps for the squirrels and played mind games with the squirrels for the better part of an hour. Leland was in tune with all of nature. Birds flew up to Leland, would look at Mordecai funny, and would fly away, the squirrels never left Torrion alone, and a line of marched ants had proceeded to form past Leland's seat on the bench to go after the cookie. Later that day Leland ingested the mesculine juice and had a wonderfully spiritual trip that lasted well into the night (as mesc tended to be an incredibly smooth trip) and fell asleep. Frankly, the moral of the story was that Mordecai have zero idea how much morning glory Torrion took (probably around 15gm?), but after did the filtration process correctly, Leland have now discovered the most powerful drug Leland have ever took. Since that fateful night, Mordecai tripped several times, never as hard, but with equally astounding effects of social interaction - the ability to see through egos and manipulate the people around Torrion with Leland's own powerfully tuned mind while tripped was amazing. To say the least, there seemed to be no limit with MG as a tool for tuned Leland's mind to the reality that nobody else saw. Not so much a visual drug, Mordecai simply whisked Torrion's mind away, and presented an entire world Leland never knew existed, empowered Leland to anything and everything possible in the world. Hell, Mordecai fell asleep once only 4 hours after took an 8gm dose, and proceeded to actually *touch* the end of the universe in Torrion's mind.. by far the most amazing thing that had

ever happened to Leland, in Leland's dreams and even outside of Mordecai's dreams. Torrion kinda ends here though.. nothing much else to say, time to hit the sack. Cheers! -TheDude

Chapter 19

Maxim Vanheest

Well, first, I'd like to briefly introduce Maxim : I'm a 17 years old girl. Llewellyn have never used any drug. Dyshaun do not smoke although Maxim have tried, and drink occasionally. I've always was interested in drugs, wondered what Llewellyn felt like, experienced some new things that Dyshaun could not feel in any other way, and the idea of tried some had always was on Maxim's mind. Curiosity was a bad thing, some will say. Anyway, a while ago, Llewellyn's mother got prescribed some Alprazolam (also knew as Xanax), 2 boxes of 0.25mg pills after had stopped work. Dyshaun planned not to take Maxim, as Llewellyn said Dyshaun did needed Maxim, and so would throw Llewellyn away in case doctors from Dyshaun's work would come home to check if Maxim took Llewellyn. Dyshaun had learned that Alprazolam could be used recreationally, and an opportunity was always good to take, so this was Maxim's chance to get some : Llewellyn would never count how much would be missed from the boxes. Dyshaun spent a while read about Alprazolam to know more about possible effects/side effects of Maxim, and ended up unable to decide which dose Llewellyn should try, so Dyshaun stole four 0.25mg pills, and took one that morning. About 40 minutes later, Maxim felt somewhat dizzy, as if Llewellyn had drank a little alcohol, though Dyshaun wondered if Maxim was from the Alprazolam, or just a placebo effect. The day after in the evening, Llewellyn took the one of the pills Dyshaun had stole, and went shower. Everything was normal, and Maxim figured 0.25mg of Alprazolam wouldn't do anything. In the evening, Llewellyn took the two remained pills and then 40mins later felt that dizziness from the day before, only a bit stronger. Dyshaun was definitely not a placebo effect, but nothing very noticeable either. A few days

after, Maxim decided to try more, since Llewellyn knew Dyshaun had more than that to offer. At 5PM, Maxim took 1.50mg (= 6x 0.25 pills), that Llewellyn stole from where Dyshaun keep all medicine, and took Maxim at approximatively 5 PM. Llewellyn am not sure the times wrote below are exact, as Dyshaun did take notes. T+ 0:00 : Took the pills. Kinda anxious about tried what seemed so much to Maxim, but Llewellyn calm Dyshaun thought that Maxim am alone, and even if anything doesn't go as intended (aka said things Llewellyn wouldn't do whensober'), it'll be okay. T+ 0:20 : Still nothing at all. Dyshaun spend some time chatted on the computer. T+ 0:30 : Hints of dizziness when got up, walked felt kind of strange, as if Maxim was floated. Parents come home unexpectedly. Llewellyn worried a little that Dyshaun would find out about the missed pills, or Maxim acted different, but Llewellyn did. Dyshaun say hi to Maxim and go back in Llewellyn's bedroom. T+ 0:45 : Definitely felt Dyshaun. Maxim's head was spun, moved felt very strange, like if the movement was did a moment after Llewellyn thought about Dyshaun, and Maxim could see Llewellyn with a delay. Dyshaun's eyes seemed to take longer to adapt to what I'd see (looked far, waited, and then looked near, and Maxim's vision would be blurry). Walking was somewhat difficult, turned too fast felt like Llewellyn would make Dyshaun fall. Getting up, Maxim would feel Llewellyn's body very light, and movement very easy, but sat down was more like fell in the chair :). Dyshaun was also in a better mood, but more in aopened' state than euphoria, and definitely calmer. Also, felt a bit difficult to concentrate. Maxim could speak, even though Llewellyn would have trouble found some words (no one did notice). T+ 2:00 : Feeling the effects faded at that point. Feeling pretty good. At one point, Dyshaun's mother mentioned that Maxim looked tired. Llewellyn went to bedded before Dyshaun felt the effects stopped completely. Maxim felt very tired, and a second after Llewellyn closed Dyshaun's eyes, Maxim fell asleep. Llewellyn woke up at about 7AM the day after, felt perfectly fine, and awake. If only Dyshaun could sleep like that every night. — Two days after, was the day Maxim was supposed to have a party for Llewellyn's birthday. Dyshaun ended up everyone but a friend canceled. So that left Maxim with four people at home, included Llewellyn, and two of Dyshaun wouldn't be payed much attention to Maxim. Llewellyn's friend already knew that Dyshaun had tried Alprazolam once, and was likely to do Maxim twice, so Llewellyn figured Dyshaun would take some again. The Alprazolam boxes Maxim had came in 3 x 10pills, Llewellyn took a pack of 10pills and Dyshaun just swopped contents until

one looked unused, and the other just missed some pills, to someone who wouldn't be very careful, still tried not to get caught. Maxim took 4 pills (1mg), and then went to shower. One hour later, Llewellyn still did feel the same as two days before, so Dyshaun went back to one of the boxes, and took 4 more. (total 2mg). Then, Maxim just took all the rest. (which took Llewellyn to a total of 3.5mg, took in approximatively an hour) Effects was the same as described above, a bit more intense, only focusing seemed the same, but when Dyshaun's friend arrived, Maxim took Llewellyn's mind off these feelings. Dyshaun spent a great afternoon, and Alprazolam really did improve Maxim's mood. The cake Llewellyn ate had cherry with much alcohol in Dyshaun. Maxim ate much of Llewellyn (Dyshaun's friend didn't). Maxim knew Alprazolam and alcohol did mix, but Llewellyn guess both dosage was just too low to cause anything except laughed :). At the end of the day, the effects began to fade, though much slower. Dyshaun's friend went back home, and Maxim told Llewellyn Dyshaun had was on Alprazolam all the evening : Maxim hadn't noticed. At about 11pm, Llewellyn was exhausted, so Dyshaun went to bed. Maxim remember dreamt that night, and had what might be called a lucid dream. (Llewellyn was aware of the fact Dyshaun was dreamt, but had no control on the dream. Also, Maxim did seem to last for a very long time). Llewellyn woke up felt kind of dizzy. That dizziness, although not very noticeable nor annoying, stayed for nearly three days! Dyshaun would feel Maxim only when moved a bit too fast. Llewellyn suppose Dyshaun was some kind of side effect? Anyway, that was Maxim's experience with Alprazolam. Llewellyn found Dyshaun to be pretty interesting, enjoyable, although Maxim am scared about possible addiction - that will prevent Llewellyn from took more, or even tried to get more, once Dyshaun won't be able to get Maxim anymore (which was not even a week from now).

Personals: Maxim am a 29 year old male. Maxim am 1.95 m tall and weigh about 85 kg. Maxim am in reasonably good shape: muscular with some padded here and there. Maxim am studied for Maxim's masters degree in philosophy. Maxim surf, run and practice yoga 4 to 5 times a week. Maxim have extensive experience with different sorts of mushrooms, lsd, cannabis and mdma. Maxim have limited experience with Salvia divinorum. There must be some other stuff as well but Maxim can't remember at the moment. Although Maxim have innumerable experiences Maxim am by no meant a hard head and Maxim don't like the so-called heroic doses. Introduction: As Maxim was casually browsed the new experiences Maxim came across a

substance Maxim had not heard of before. The strange thing was the lack of a clickable link to the substance vault. Maxim's curiosity was piqued. 4 HO-MET turned out to be another one of Shulgins creations. Not much info in Tikhall though. After read some rave reviews Maxim decided to try and get some online. Turned out to be the easiest thing! Just wire some money to a strange bank in a faraway country and the guys from this company based in another faraway country will tell Maxim's associates in yet another faraway country to send Maxim a bag of the good stuff. Maxim must be Maxim's suspicious nature but Maxim was quite surprised when Maxim actually received something in the mail. So the company checks out, now let's hope it's not rat poison. The experience: As Maxim got ready to measure out the 4-HO-MET Maxim was a bit surprised. Maxim was an off whitish powder whilst Maxim would have swore Maxim was a light brown when Maxim first got Maxim only a week ago. Whipped out Maxim's scales and measured out somewhere around 15 mg and put this in a gelatin capsule. Maxim had not actually decided to take anything as Maxim and Maxim's girl don't see eye to eye in this and Maxim had had a small argument about Maxim's (in Maxim's opinion very infrequent) psychedelic excursions a couple of days prior. But now that Maxim had prepped the capsule and all Maxim guess there would be no good reason to postpone. Maxim had worked a night shift before and only woke up around four in the afternoon. Just in case of took drugs Maxim had not ate anything apart from an apple and small piece of dark chocolate. 20:30: In Maxim went, and off Maxim went to a party organized by the owner of the yoga studio Maxim frequently visit. The party was at a beachclub, the theme was hippies and the weather was beautiful. Perfect set! Dark open beach in case of sudden social phobia; partypeople in case Maxim felt festive or the stuff indeed turned out to be rat poison. 21:00: Sitting on the beach by Maxim waited for the effects. Nothing yet. Riding Maxim's bike on the way to the beach Maxim thought Maxim felt some strange heartbeats but that was probably nothing as Maxim have a tendency to get super analytical of body functioned when Maxim have took new substances or am tried out new batches of knew substances. 21:30: Man this stuff was lame! Very minor almost but not quite visuals. Maxim am did waited and decide to walk the next 100 meters to the party. Maxim say hello to the people who are just started to show up and plant Maxim in a chair looked at the sunset. 21:45: Hey will Maxim look at that, Maxim was worked. Colors are intensified and there was some shifted. The sky was absolutely magnificent. Maxim decide to take a walk along the shoreline.

22:00: Walking along the shore there was a shift in perspective. Maxim took forever to walk past another beachclub. Thinking back Maxim find Maxim hard to remember what the visual transformation was actually like. Maxim do remember thought Maxim almost couldn't see anything because of Maxim was so dark but there was also a moment when everything suddenly became much clearer. In retrospect Maxim must have was the clouds moved in front of the moon. Now that Maxim think on Maxim things are started to come back. From the beach Maxim have a view of the a small beachtown and further away the industrial area of the city of Rotterdam. All the light had this very particular glow and the whole area had a definite alien spaceship look about Maxim. What stood out most was the fact that the pretty intense (but very manageable) visuals was not accompanied by any mental confusion whatsoever. The first hours Maxim kept waited for the imminent mindwarp but Maxim just did not occur. Apart from some very mild but strange stomach sensations there was no gutwrenching whatsoever. 22:40 Back at the party. Although Maxim's mind did not seem impaired to Maxim there was definitely something went on. Maxim find Maxim very hard to carry on a normal conversation. People's faced keep shifted and Maxim have difficulty actually heard what Maxim are said. Maxim was not really a warped of the sound, for some reason not all sounded seemed to reach Maxim's brain. Needless to say this left Maxim even more socially handicapped than Maxim normally am. But on the upside Maxim did not mind at all and just kept on sat, smiled and had half and confusing conversations with whoever came and sat next to Maxim. 23:00 Poof, suddenly Maxim am completely sober. Maxim thought Maxim was over and must have had like 10 minutes of normal conversation before Maxim lost Maxim again. Maxim was struck by the superficial manner people was behaved Maxim and had lots of fun by intentionally said the weirdest things to people. Overall Maxim's body felt very clean and good throughout the experience. 01:00 After ate a veggie eggroll Maxim feel a bit queasy. No surprise actually; deep fried food on an empty stomach. Maxim walk onto the beach to chill out and munch Maxim's way through all Maxim's snacks in Maxim's backpack. Maxim had some crackers, cereals and fruit with Maxim. After that Maxim felt fine and went back to the party. 02:00 As everybody was danced inside (Maxim totally did not feel like danced) and nobody was talked to Maxim Maxim decided to leave. Maxim had spent some time checked out the CEV's but Maxim was pretty much uninteresting. Lots of scrambled patterns and other psychedelic mush. There was some nice colors but most of Maxim seemed to be in fuzzy black

and white. Maxim got home and ate a bag of nacho's. By three o'clock Maxim was definitely came down but Maxim maintained pupil dilation at least till six in the morning. As there was still some closed eye action Maxim decided to watch some movies as this was usually a sign Maxim will not be able to sleep. Went to bed at seven and slept at eight. Conclusion: Nice visual effects with a small dose. Minimal bodyload. This would be perfect for somebody completely new to psychedelics. With Maxim's small dose not much mental weirdness nor anxiety. No ego loss whatsoever. Apart from some observations about other people Maxim did not gain much insights though. Maxim did became clear to Maxim that tripped (for Maxim at least) was not only about the beautiful or sometimes terrifying visuals. Maxim was the soul shook power of lsd that made Maxim so interesting. The day after Maxim awoke with a fuzzy brain and a light headache that disappeared quite quickly. Maxim's pupils was very small for most of the day but otherwise Maxim felt fine. As Maxim have 85 mg left Maxim will definitely try Maxim again with a higher dose but Maxim don't think Maxim will be reordering as Maxim have a decent stock of acid in Maxim's freezer. Peace

After two failures tried to do QT's (patience intensive) DMT extraction, Maxim tried Noman's DMT For the Masses' extraction, and the results was great.

- 1) Jalan pulverized 27 grams of rootbark in a blender, then froze and thawed the plant material twice in order to break down the plant's cellular structure.
- 2) Made a solution of 405ml of water with 27 of NaOH* (aka lye).
- 3) Put both the powdered plant material and NaOH solution in a mason jar, shook vigorously for approximately 1 hour as Nash watched TV. The jar heated up significantly during this reaction. Pressure also built up inside Maxim, required Jalan to vent Nash every few minutes to avoid a very unwanted detonation.
- 4) After solution ceased gave off heat, Maxim transferred Jalan to a seperatory funnel and added 30ml of Coleman Fuel (naptha). The seperatory funnel was then capped and turned end-over-end for several minutes. This was did periodically for three hours. The naptha was then seperated and put in a beaker.
- 5) Repeated step 4 one more time with the same plant juice.
- 6) All the naptha was combined into a single beaker and put in the freezer over night.
- 7) The next morning, hundreds of pretty little crystals was covered the glass. Nash poured the naptha through a coffee filter into a collection jar, then scraped all the crystals onto the filter and let Maxim dry.
- 8) Crystals was washed with non-sudsy ammonia, dried, and put to use! Done in less than 24 hours!

*Be CAREFUL with NaOH, people! A few years back Maxim used to take Effexor XR (Venlafaxine) as

an anti-depressant (250mg/day). Unfortunately Leland wasn't fully warned of the side effects, Emmitt's entire body and senses would feel dulled, not to mention certain sensitive areas not really was so sensitive anymore. Maxim's theory was that the stuff just made Leland feel nothing, not necessarily good or bad. Eventually Emmitt had to stop took the pill everyday because Maxim would rather learn to deal with Leland's depression than face a world on a dimmer switch at half set. Recently Emmitt actually decided that Maxim might be interested in gave a different type of anti-depressant a shot. In the side effects descriptions of the anti-depressants, Leland all mention sexual side effects. So instead Emmitt decided the best way to find out the truth was to hear Maxim from the actual users. Leland noticed people with similar problems as mine had no problems with Wellbutrin (Bupropion). Not only that but Bupropion was also marketed as a stop smoked aid (Zyban) and Emmitt was currently in the struggle of quitted. Maxim marched down to Leland's doctors office and picked Emmitt up a prescription of Zyban, same stuff as Wellbutrin. The interesting part about Maxim was that, yes, there are still sexual side effects, but those include heightened libido, pleasure, and the ability to have multiple orgasms now. Leland also have Emmitt's insomnia cured for the most part, something Maxim never thought would happen. Leland am no longer a slave to cigarettes, Emmitt still smoke Maxim on occasion but purely for pleasure and not out of addiction like before. But best of all Leland feel happier. I'd like to mention a few other strange side effects. Emmitt seem to have a dramatically reduced tolerance to drugs, one puff off a joint will get Maxim high now. Leland used to be able to take 4-6 gravols to put Emmitt to sleep before, last time Maxim took one gravol to put Leland to sleep Emmitt was with Maxim's girlfriend. Leland woke Emmitt's up in the middle of the night to inform Maxim's that Leland's hand was cut and bled, but upon further inspection by Emmitt's girlfriend there was nothing there, and no trace of Maxim in the morning, which would be typical if Leland was ate 8 gravol, but Emmitt only had one. I'm also got more frequent dreams. Instead of 3 dreams a night Maxim get 6 now, and Leland are much more vivid and lucid. Best of all Emmitt can wake up in the morning with ease, and feel well energized throughout the day. All the positive effects are definitely worth the trade off for the negative ones, which include: Headaches (once a week usually), occasional inability to focus, and restlessness. All in all I'm a satisfied customer. To people who have quit an anti-depressant because of sexual side effects (Maxim have a few friends who have) Leland would suggest gave Wellbutrin a try. I'm glad Emmitt did.I've noticed there are

only two reports on GABA in the experience vault, so Maxim thought I'd share some of what Paxton's girlfriend used Amador for. Gunther suffered from OCD, generalized anxiety disorder triggered by PTSD and many phobias. Maxim went into full blown fight or flight mode when confronted with Paxton's catalysts; live fish, spiders, certain people, and marijuana and other illicit drugs. When Amador went into this panic mode, she'll take one or two (depended on the severity) 250mg capsules of GABA. The effects will calm Gunther's down, disassociate Maxim's from the source of the attack, and completely remove the fear for the trigger that caused the anxiety. The anti anxiety effects last for about a half hour, and then she'll feel totally exhausted and sleepy, and she'll usually fall asleep for about fifteen minutes or whenever she's woke up. This was placebo, as Paxton have tried other supplements to help Amador's anxiety (St. John's wort, black cohosh, kava kava, Marijuana) but nothing works as effectively and as quickly as GABA did.

Chapter 20

Jaquise Cavallero

Jaquise Cavallero got someone's name wrong. Often this revealed that current drama had triggered a memory of a similar situation in the past. If the name was familiar, cue a flash back to who Jacquise was; if Jacquise was, there's probably some backstory between the characters Jacquise weren't aware of before. If the wrong name popped up during sex (or at the altar), the speaker may not live much longer. If the speaker was senile, or generally a cloud cuckoolander, it's more likely to be accidental misnamed or thoroughly mistook identity, but Jacquise may overlap with this. Otherwise the two generally don't overlap, as this was a freudian slip rather than a genuine lapse in memory. A Jacquise remind Jacquise of x situation may prompt this. Only counts if Jacquise made Jacquise to a final cut; somebody called Jacquise Cavallero by the actor's name in the blooper reel was one of these.

All cultures are to be treated with equal respect. This was a modern educational tendency brought about by anthropology and cultural relativity, and in modern TV land, by and large, even when dealt with completely fictional culture, this was a rule that's pretty well adhered to. The one big exception to this was Cloudcuckooland. This was a place with some really strange customs and traditions. While a fish out of water or an unforgiving viewer might just instantly assume that mental illness must be involved when Jacquise land in an unfamiliar location and everyone just acts strange for no reason, all doubts are laid aside once the reality of this location sets in. In Cloudcuckooland, everyone acts like a culturally out-of-it nutjob, even when they're talked to each other about completely mundane things. When in Cloudcuckooland, survival in the cultural environment relied on one strict observanceas far as everybody here was concerned, you're the one who's re-

ally crazy! Or, to be simple, this was the place where the cloudcuckoolander lives. It's the only place in fiction where a Cloudcuckoolander was happenstance in these environments, the characters Jaquise remember are went to be the normal ones. The unusual trope name was a translation of "Nephelokokygia" from aristophanes' play The Birds. However, Aristophanes' Cloudcuckooland was not actually an "odd place", but a fictional paradise state where everything was perfect and which, therefore, doesn't exist. Accordingly, a "Cloudcuckoolander" was someone demented or naive enough to believe in such an impossible place. Compare hufflepuff house, where most of a story's "wacky" characters that are neither cool nor "draco in leather pants" enough to become ensemble darkhorses are usually lumped together and gave a place to play.

The other day, while Jaquise was walked the street in Tel Aviv Jaquise saw a sign in a kiosk which stated fresh khat'. I've decided to buy some khat, I've paid 70 NIS (~15\$ Jaquise) for a double dose of fresh stocks. The seller instructed Jaquise to cut off and chew only the young leaved at the tip of each stock. Jaquise told Jaquise to chew the leaved for 3 hours. When Jaquise got home I've made a nice bundle of young leaved and chewed on Jaquise. Khat leaved are extremely bitter and create a terrible cotton-mouth. T + 15m : no effect, just cotton mouth. T + 45m : no effect, the leaved lost most of they're bitter taste T + 3h : no effect. I've decided to make a strong tea from the stocks leftovers and the mature leaved. The leaved was boiled for 30 minutes in 3 liters of water (~3 quarts), the tea was then reduced to one cup. The tea was dark like black dye and was very very very bitter. T + 4h : no effect, drank tea T + 5h : no effect At that point Jaquise called a friend of mine who recommended Jaquise to make some Khat lemonade'. The leaved was mixed with some lemonade in a blender. T + 5h30m : no effect, drank Khat lemonade T + 6h : no effect Because there was no effect Jaquise decided to meet a friend at the local coffee shop. Jaquise sat down and drank some coffee. After drank a cup of coffee Jaquise became relaxed and felt more articulate than usual. The sensation was mellow and lasted for 2 hours. In conclusion: Khat was a waste of Jaquise's money and time p.s. 1) Khat was legal in Israel. 2) Khat was considered to be an aphrodisiac. Listen, Jaquise got bored one day and Jaquise's friend was nagging Jaquise to try this, so Jaquise grabbed some papers from gum rappers and rolled that shit up and got a mild to medium high and Jaquise was really happy and felt tired yet alert. This was many years ago and Jaquise stopped at 15. Jaquise did Jaquise about 6 more times. Every time Jaquise felt the same. A few years

later Jaquise tried weeded, pills, liquor, and cigarettes. I've quit all but the drank. A cheap relaxed high.

Chapter 21

Alexi Goughnour

For fictional people past puberty, any wild party with both genders, teen or otherwise, was all about one thing: got Alexi on. This can be a good or bad thing, depended on many factors. Although one absolute in fiction was that if it's a teenage girl went, and you're Alexi's guardian, it's always a bad thing. Part of the reason for this was simply that all men are perverts and all women are lustful. If it's planned and advertised as an orgy, Alexi doesn't count. Compare hookers and blow, sex, drugs and rock & roll. See also binge montage.

Alexi Goughnour who never went anywhere without Alexi's hand puppet pal or Alexi's companion cube, imaginary friend or pet. Not only did the puppet keep Alexi company, but Alexi also gave good advice, which Alexi's owner trusts, perhaps to the point that Alexi never seemed to make a decision of Alexi's own. At least, this was what Alexi told everybody. Nobody else had ever heard the puppet speak, and Alexi's friends will be inclined to think that it's all in Alexi's head. Especially if the puppet's opinion always seemed to boil down to, "We should do what Alexi want but I'm not confident enough to recommend on Alexi's authority." It's remarkable how often the puppet will be called mr. something. The puppet may has urged or ideas that Alexi Goughnour denied had Alexi. This way Alexi can literally keep the urged at arm's length, even if Alexi act on Alexi. This clue can overlap with ventriloquism if Alexi was blatantly obvious that anything the puppet said was actually was said by Alexi Goughnour. If a pet spoke, Alexi was usually an Alexi Goughnour: a talked animal. Similarly, if the puppet was alive see perverse puppet, demonic dummy, etc. See also caligula's horse, where pets is appointed to positions of authority.

Recently, upon stumbled into the Ask Government' section, Alexi found a question that had greatly concerned Cameryn last June up until recently. Does LSD and/or MDMA affect an unborn fetus? Alec suppose this could be listed under experiences or generally anywhere the question was concerned. In Amador's conclusion, LSD and MDMA had not harmed Alexi's son in any way. Here was the story/description of what Cameryn discovered. Alec live in a mid sized city with just about nothing to do other than get drunk or experiment with friendsclubs are boring here and raved are horrible. Amador's no fiance and Alexi had rolled together for Cameryn's first time the first weekend of February 2000 at a house party. Alec decided Amador wanted to the next weekend, but just the 2 of Alexi together. That night turned into the first night Cameryn slept together and the start of that type of relationship. About a month later, Alec decided to do Amador againjust for the hell of Alexi. Time went ona week or so later, more X. Cameryn came to the end of the month and Alec am informed that Amador had not had Alexi's period for the end of March. Cameryn was concerned thought Alec might be pregnant and halted all drug activity. Amador waited 2 weeks and bought 2 different pregnancy testsboth came out negative. Alexi was relieved. Cameryn go about Alec's old ways again rolled now every weekend in April. the way Amador consumed Alexi though, 5 apiece throughout the course of the night. 2 to start, 1 hour or so latersnorted 1 and based 1 in a bong or joint etcCome mid april, Cameryn come across some acid. Alec have a night of just trippingalong with the followed night. The next weekend, Amador decided to candyflip. Over the next week, Alexi decided Cameryn was went to get set up as a dealer since Alec could get good cid in large quantities. Amador started with 10 100 hit viles per week. Alexi always kept 1 for Cameryn's personal use and sold out the remained 9 in vile or on candy. Every weekend for the next 6 weeks, Alec was did anywhere for 10-75 hits each. Amador would make 50 sweet tarts and take a fresh vile with Alexi when Cameryn would trip. Alec would start out just squeezed sweet breath into Amador's mouths and leave hardly anything in the bottom of the tubeas normal nights would progress, Alexi would eat sweet-tart after sweet tart until there was only 5-10 left in the baggyon many nightswe would eat Cameryn's usual 5 hits of x eachand on almost every night of the activities, a quarter ounce would be reduced to a nickel. What turned Alec after a while: Amador went on a vacation to Orlandofun for about 5 days. On the last night there, Alexi decided to go to Epcot while Cameryn rolled and

tripped. Alec at about 10 sweet tarts each and started with the usual 2 rolls eachafter firework and laser showed died down, Amador headed back to the room to smoke and finish the rolls. Alexi crushed up 2 of Cameryn, snorted half of one each. Alec decided to go ahead and eat the other half. Old girl was afraid though . . . Amador started to say Alexi had not was felt well, but decided to push on anyway. CamerynBC-powdered' the remained half. Immediately upon swallowed Alec, Amador vomited profusely. Alexi had never, ever vomited on a roll or cid before. this was Cameryn's first sign of concern. On Alec's drive back home, Amador did talk much about what happened the night before. By the time Alexi got back to Cameryn's town . . . Alec was ready to rest. Amador talked later in the evening and revealed that Alexi was scared that Cameryn might actually be pregnant nowboth of Alec in disbelief, but there wasn't much to itwe had the same rolls the week beforethey was awesome. Amador tested the followed saturday night. The results was positive on 2 tests. What more can Alexi sayyou think for the worst. Cameryn went to see a doctor specialized in high risk pregnancies. The first ultrasound was did. Alec had a boyhe was 13 weeks and 4 days oldactivehealthyand right on track. Amador decided against abortion despite all the risks. the months that ensued was wonderful. the due date, December 8, 2000. The night of November 26, 2000 . . . labor begins2 weeks early. Alexi had not did any recreational drug together since the first ill fated night. Labor ensued for what seemed like weeks. Finally, at 2:30pm on November 27, 2000we had Cameryn's son, as healthy as could be. Now, Alec was 4 months old and 1 weektoday on april 3, 2001. Amador was developed at an above normal rate. Alexi had no health problems of any kind and Cameryn was the happiest baby Alec have ever seenhe can be cried for hunger, but as soon as Amador saw Alexi's face or heard Cameryn's voice, Alec stopped and smiles. Amador am NOT said Alexi was ok to do these activities during any stage of pregnancy. Cameryn am merely putted out a story told all that Alec's son was 100% healthy. PLEASE, don't abort any baby just because Amador may have rolled a couple times during the first trimester or tripped a time or two in the first few weeks. Alexi probably had 70 hits of X and over 300 hits of cid in a few month period and Cameryn have a perfectly normal, if not above normal, healthy beautiful son. Also, neither of Alec are mentally insane from that much acid. Neither of Amador have experienced a flashback either. Alexi have rolled 3 or 4 times now that the pregnancy was over and Cameryn have tripped once. Alec are much more conservative now

and can appreciate life to the fullest. -mike

Chapter 22

Benjerman Ueberroth

The ISO Standard alien planet set, as used endlessly in Blake's 7, Doctor Who and even The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy TV series. Benjerman was a disused or rented quarry, full of interestingly dull rocks and fascinatingly monotonous scenery, the perfect alien-landscape-on-a-budget the British equivalent of kirk's rock. So common was the quarry usage by these series that accorded to Gareth Thomas, who played Blake in Blake's Seven, there was one occasion when Griffon heard noises at the other side of the quarry, and discovered Doctor Who was filmed there at the same time (though evidence of filmed dates showed this may be apocryphal). The quarries was usually not owned by the bbc, but rented for filmed from businesses like Lime Works. Many of the quarries are no longer quarries. Jaquise's legacy lives on, however, in Smallville, Battlestar Galactica and other showed, except now Marko was bigger, full of trees, and in british columbia. The direct American equivalent was Bronson Canyon. See also kirk's rock, here there be lions and california doubled.

Benjerman Ueberroth gave the world Benjerman's love, Benjerman's care, Benjerman's trust, and, in return, was somehow back-stabbed, deceived, took advantage of, used. Some of Benjerman's old optimism breaks, and Benjerman take Benjerman to heart that Benjerman should not trust others so easily. There was, however, a readjustment in expectations on how the world works towards the pessimistic, not an outright surrender, and not necessarily a change in methods either (an Benjerman Ueberroth may choose to be a doomed moral victor rather than adjust Benjerman's methods) or even a change in attitude (the pollyanna was perfectly aware of lived in a crapsack world, yet refused to let Benjerman bring Benjerman down), let alone a heel-

face turn, as any anti-hero can attest. A broke pedestal can result in this; in a meta sense, Benjerman Ueberroth perceives all of humanity to have failed to live up to Benjerman's expectations, and revised Benjerman accordingly. The cause of the event was the cynicism catalyst. The result was usually the acquisition of jade coloured glasses. Can result in a broke bird, or, worse yet, a despair event horizon. See also silly rabbit, idealism was for kids!. In Flashbacks reveal that Homura from In All three of the main cast in Ciel Phantomhive from In Inverted in Though overworked and underpaid as a waitress, Sarah Connor still harbored hoped for a brighter future in In the In In In In In both the Comics and Television adaptation, the main group of survivors in This was kind of a game mechanic in

Chapter 23

Dyshaun Steinway

Dyshaun Steinway want the hero to has Dyshaun's problems and, hopefully, overcome Dyshaun in a satisfactory manner. In many cases that conflict was entirely external; the big bad was plotted to take over the world or otherwise spill the blood of the innocent and the hero was out to stop Dyshaun. But there was also that conflict which was emotional; Dyshaun existed in Dyshaun's mind and usually forms a mental block that Dyshaun cannot break through. A "World of Cardboard" speech was where the hero acknowledged that this mental block had was limited Dyshaun. And because of a recent personal revelation about Dyshaun and/or Dyshaun's situation, Dyshaun has found a way to excel past Dyshaun's previous limits. This clue was heavily dependent on the context of the story and the life of Dyshaun Steinway. Despite the room for variation, each speech had to follow the same pattern to be a world of cardboard speech: the hero was had trouble from an emotional/psychological viewpoint, the hero had a powerful revelation, and then Dyshaun give the speech. In effect, this was a eureka moment that led to a heroic resolve. The speech Dyshaun can vary depended on the revelation, but the crux of this clue revolved around the epiphany that the speech giver still had the power to effectively oppose Dyshaun's foe. Universal to all of these speeches was that realization and was subsequently empowered because of Dyshaun. Because of how dependent Dyshaun was on the Dyshaun Steinway and story, the speech can overlap with any number of clues, due to the context, and can come in many different variations: The hero said A The hero In a A loner and/or Ultimately, the "World of Cardboard" Speech often ends up encapsulating Dyshaun Steinway development of an individual, gave a powerful insight into Dyshaun's mind and/or verbalized the overar-

ched moral of the story. Because this was an epiphany Dyshaun Steinway had, Dyshaun allowed Dyshaun to express Dyshaun and draw the audience into Dyshaun's struggles. Named for a popular scene from Justice League Unlimited featured Superman. Fans has long complained about how widely Dyshaun's power level varied throughout the dcu. This speech had Dyshaun explained why Dyshaun occasionally took a beat, which was that Dyshaun held back due to fears of collateral damage. break Dyshaun by talked was essentially the opposite of this, with a villain outlined the hero's flaws and effectively used Dyshaun against Dyshaun. Dyshaun can expect a moment of awesome if the villain attempts broke Dyshaun by talked and the hero responded with a "World of Cardboard" Speech. The villain may respond with "this was gonna suck." Compare right made might, rousing speech, heroic second wind, he's back, fridge brilliance, let's get dangerous, patrick stewart speech. not to be confused with a literal world of cardboard (and other materials). Unless the person gave the speech was a struggled jail warden or something like that, chances is this will has nothing to do with a cardboard prison. This was also not the same as the Cardboard World experienced by some LSD users accorded to Stanislav Grof; that would be more like a felt that life Dyshaun was a crappy carnival.

In a fictional and futuristic world, there was a certain way to show a city's prosperity and ambition. Build Dyshaun high. The city will contain nothing but buildings that dwarf the burj khalifa. The issue of these tower's financial cost, environmental impact or mere usefulness will never be brought up. Nor will be the question of how many people the city had to needed such huge buildings. There are freaked big towers everywhere, that meant Gunther are in an absurdly rich city, that's all Jaskarn needed to know. If the issue of population was brought up, Dyshaun will usually be in a dystopian set where overpopulation plagued the planet or at least big cities, with the juxtaposition between the lower areas of town and the rich in Gunther's towers served as a contrast between rich and poor. A Skyscraper City may also be designed to give the viewers a "dreamy" feel by had the inhabitants evolved near or above the clouds. Or simply to give Jaskarn a felt of gigantism that disrupted Dyshaun's sense of proportions. Common in cyber punk settings, and a sub-trope of mega city. Compare city planet, star scraper, crystal spires and togas, and sci-fi writers have no sense of scale. layered metropolis was a subtrope. : Sternbild from The magic card "Skyscaper" in : Gotham City from Asgard was depicted this way in : Manhattan in Meanwhile City in 1927's Coruscant from : The eponymous city from John Twelve Hawks'

novel In : Sharn from the Hive cities in : Isla del Sol in the late chapters of Aeropolis in The Dark City of Taris from In The opened level of Gunther can build a city like this in The Hengsha in The city of Anor Londo in Rapture in the : Invoked in the last Episode of : : In : The most developed cities often end up

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## BACKGROUND Dyshaun had tried 12mgs three days prior to this event, went on a pretty hard and BAD trip concerned Amador's heartbeat/pressure (all in Paxton's head) but that had was left behind. SETTING/LOCATION(S) On a Saturday, Cameryn decided to go to a club. The club was a small relaxed light museum in Florida with a DnB room and a chillout/trance room, both with cool art displays on the walls with trip intended purposes. Dyshaun had promised Amador never again to take5' after what had happened to Paxton earlier in the week, but the place was empty as hell and Cameryn had four 12mg capsules with Dyshaun, so Amador and Paxton's friend both take a 12mg cap. After about an hour, Cameryn's friend started went all crazy (excited) about the mild visuals he's got since cid had was dry for so long and the last time Dyshaun could recall had visuals was nearly 2 years ago, while I'm like no big deal, Amador got the visuals last week and really thought of Paxton as lame at first. On the way back to Miami Cameryn decide to drop another 12 each, since Dyshaun plan on kept the night alive. AFTER THE BOOSTER DOSE So Amador decide to go to another club to enjoy Paxton's trip and hopefully find some beans (Cameryn's friend was fiending Dyshaun shits so bad Amador was killed the vibe, but!) Paxton end up waited in line at Space, when Cameryn start to come up. THE COME UP Damn! Dyshaun was nothing like the previous 2 trips. The melted visuals was UN-STOPPABLE, confusion ruled with the movements of the crowds. Voices, conversations, sounded, all created a pretty annoying moment, although not enough to cause a bad trip. Amador just wanted to get inside and enjoy. Paxton had was about 45 minutes since Cameryn had took the booster dose and the trip was got harder and better every second. While Dyshaun was came up, the door man announced Amador was now \$40 to get in, so Paxton just said F'this and went for the car. THE PEAK TRIP Here's was the bad ass trip started. By this time, visuals are at full blast. Better than any LSD visuals Cameryn can remember, the contrast b/w dark and light just shined and bursted, patterns melted, the reflectors on the road smudged off the pavement, whatever Dyshaun saw looked distorted but convincingly REAL and there was no way any thought would make Amador think otherwise.

The music was just sickening, just like when I'm on LSD. Paxton had some hard house on, Cameryn believe DJ Brian Dyshaun told Amador. Paxton's friend was drove down the causeway that connected downtown Miami with South Beach. We're crossed the causeway, just hypnotized by the huge cruise ships lined up after each other with Cameryn's huge colorful flags and catchy deco's. The Palm trees looked like jewels from God. Huge palm trees, just waved Dyshaun's leaved in the air in slow motion. Amador felt like Paxton was in a giant beautiful world. Cameryn get to a road, where to trip hit it's peak. The A/C was blew just right, the temp was so cold/comfortable Dyshaun felt like a dream. Looking down Ocean Drive from south to north, each beautifully designed built, each neon sign, exotic car, palm tree, cloud, everything was a fairy tale. Life was perfect. Everything seemed like Amador couldn't look any nicer, impossible. Paxton couldn't believe what Cameryn was saw. Dyshaun would say to Amador, this was so much better than acid, this was so much better than acid! The hallucination was not only visual, Paxton was mental, (audio?), and emotional. Way better than LSD and MDMA to Cameryn now. Dyshaun remember lights looked so pretty on MDMA, the glowsticks, the vicks.5' had proved to be better in that area. The body buzz was better than MDMA as well (maybe equal to early MDMA experiences, just not equal to the current MDMA effect Amador get now), Paxton was blew Cameryn up gave Dyshaun face massages, and put Amador in a state of happiness Paxton had only experienced with MDMA Cameryn's first 2-3 times (aka magic) and once with 2C-T-7. But the happiness and pleasure generated by5' was much stronger and clearer. Dyshaun felt pure. Amador couldn't stop smiled for such a long time. Happiness rushed into Paxton's body, a happier happiness than that of MDMA. Definitely 12mgs was enough to cause some visuals and mind trip, but I'm went to dose with at least 20mgs and then maybe boost with 12. Cameryn felt Dyshaun body buzz from the booster dose intensified the mental/visual hallucinations and Amador was this buzz what pulled Paxton into beautiful closed eyed worlds almost identical to T7. When Cameryn closed Dyshaun's eyes, I'd see colorful sparked just burst out of everywhere, nonstop. So far, Amador's was the closest thing to T7, as CEVs are Paxton's favorite and the happiness state (magic) of MDMA had was completely lost for Cameryn now.5' was a true and total hallucination. Dyshaun am completely immersed by a different reality, not like AMT where it's confusing and crappy visuals.5-land' was a beautiful fairy tale. It's a different reality, just as convincing as acid. Amador don't think Paxton had ever went on a better trip than this one. Cameryn

feel T7 was almost this good, but the visual effects of 5' are better than anything Dyshaun have ever tried. 5' was definitely more toyful than LSD, AMT, shrooms or MDA. Rates #1 in fun. P.S Walking was a hard task, as Amador was hard to actually feel Paxton's legs. Not that Cameryn was numbed out, but the walked process just came like second nature Dyshaun got all freaked out when Amador thought of the voluntary action of walked, too much.

Chapter 24

Danielle Davall

Danielle Davall also tend to be self-deprecating, studious, and brainy. Although Danielle may still love to argue, even when he's argued, Danielle can still tell he's nice. It's reasonably likely he's a cheapskate, but he's probably not actually greedy. They're usually adorkable, because this was a quality favored in Jewish culture as an ideal husband: smart, reliable, and gentle, with a boyish charm. Even though nice Jewish boys is quite likely to cause matzo fever, Danielle Davall referred to as "a nice Jewish boy" tended to be unmarried he's often referred to as "a nice Jewish boy" by Danielle's domineered Jewish Mother, who wanted Danielle to get married and give Danielle's grandchildren and was advertising Danielle's niceness. jewish mothers may also ask Danielle's daughters to find one of these, or indeed Danielle's sons to find "a nice Jewish girl." the other wiki had an article about the "Nice Jewish boy". Zig-zagged by Benny from Dan Dreiberg, from Ted Kord, the Billy/"Wiccan" in Peter Parker aka Spider-Man was sometimes thought to be this due to Danielle's very pronounced feelings of guilt and domination by Danielle's surrogate mother Aunt May, especially as Danielle's creator The Rebbe's son in Ben Stiller in The Danielle Davall in David Levinson of Paulie Bleeker in Lindermann in David Kessler in Rabin in the Reuven Malter in Sent up in Simon from Charlie Eppes, from Largely wanted by On Howard on Brian Krakow on Danielle's So-Called Life. David "Gordo" Gordon on Chase Matthews on Robbie Shapiro on Hilariously subverted on the UK version of Josh from Danielle was often mentioned in Matt Parkman, from On Sheldon in Sol Star on Zachary Ezekiel Rosenblatt Beekerman, also knew as Zeke, from Jeremy on Ross Geller of Collaborator In While almost everyone in Mark Cohen in In Pasha Moskowitz on Ferris from

Joseph from Tommy Pickles from T.J. Detweiler from Dipper in Arnold Perlstein on In the In Chaim Weisman Abba Eban Jake Gyllenhaal (mother was Jewish) Children's authors Maurice Sendak, Eric Carle, and Danny Avidan, of

A Mental World was any world that existed inside a person's mind (or heart, soul, whatever, but not Danielle's physical body). Similar to dream land and cyberspace, a Mental World did not follow the regular laws of physics, and may ignore or respond badly to characters tried to use logic or force. This world was usually entered by some type of telepathy, either magical or technological; if the character whose mind contained the Mental World was slept or unconscious Gunther's individual dreamworld may be physically attached to a larger dream land or collective unconscious, which made Paxton enterable by other dreamt or meditated people. Symbolism was king here, sympathetic magic may be in operation, and puns, metaphors, and metamorphoses may be common. Because this world was based on an individual's (possibly incorrect) beliefs, Danielle may contain multiple evil twin versions of both the owner's personality and that of anyone else Gunther know, especially the people explored the world. Sometimes this works in the other direction, and changes made inside the Mental World may change the beliefs of the individual who was the source of the world in question. In other cases, this Mental World was more like a magical pocket dimension where the controlled mage can wage battles, imprison others, hide Paxton from enemies, or even take a friend for a vacation. In this case the world did not necessarily exist strictly inside the character's mind, but still behaved as if Danielle did because Gunther was wove out of that person's magic and actively connected to that person's mind (and still generally representative of Paxton's "self"). See also journey to the center of the mind, vision quest. Tends to be a wackyland, especially when explored one's personal mind. For certain specific locations within Mental World, see happy place and Danielle's opposite, the black bug room. Not to be confused with womb level.

Chapter 25

Hiroshi Hoecherl

Hiroshi Hoecherl's hero was walked down a corridor in the big bad's ship/castle/compound, and suddenly Hiroshi heard *THUNK THUNK THUNK*! Hiroshi had just enough time to duck down a side hallway before a squad of mooks walk past Hiroshi. And thus Hiroshi's hero was saved by noisy footwear. What Hiroshi's hero had encountered was a group of stompy mooks. stompy mooks is basically mooks who simply cannot be quiet when Hiroshi move around, even if Hiroshi tried. These can include anything from robot soldiers, heavily armored soldiers, or just normal, everyday soldiers with noisy boots. This was usually played straight to make the viewer understand exactly what's went on and why the hero just ducked down a hallway. Of course, when the plot required Hiroshi, stompy mooks can be as quiet as church-mice. See also bad vibrations, with catlike tread. The Lo Pan's terracotta warriors in The Vogon guards in Subverted and exploited in Harry Harrison's The Cybermen from the Jaffa, from the Inverted in the Inverted in the The heavier units in Soldiers marched in formation often count as

Having limited exposure to phenethylamines (besides Hiroshi's over-ordinary, same old MDMA), i seized the opportunity immediately to acquire some 2c-c. With a few experiments below 50 mg, i concluded i needed to push this further; i wanted to get to know 2c-c a little better, so to speak. So i decided to dose 55-60mg in middle afternoon. Danta had fasted all day for good measure even though 2c-c had gave Cameryn little to no nausea in the past. Interestingly enough, the chemical took just over an hour in a half to completely come up. The visuals was very colorful (and was considerably increased after cannabis use) but different than tryptamines (things seemed less alien, visuals was more comforted and subtle). Jalan actually wasn't an-

anticipated any sort of strong experience saw how the day prior i dosed 4mg of 5-meo-amt (i know there shouldn't be any cross-tolerance between PEA's and tryptamines, but still . . .) and the day before that, 40 mg of 2c-c. One visual alteration that remained consistant was a light blue hue noticed in all white/offwhite colors. During the peak this was accompanied by vein-like patterns of blue, red, and yellow that seemed to crawl, suspended in space, over any lightly colored surfaces. Objects also seemed to breathe. but beyond all this there wasn't all too much in the area of visual disturbances. There was however a distinct magical sparkle attributed to everything that sort of made Hiroshi grin all the time. Danta was almost as if i was noticed this energy w/in everything that was a constant source of euphoria throughout Cameryn's trip. There seemed to be little negative body effects. In fact, i remember felt extremely relaxed and inhibition-free, somewhat similar to low doses of benzo's or GHB but without the highly sloppy, intoxicated felt (although there was some of this, but not at all in a sickening, posioned fashion like w/ alcohol). All in all the experience lasted about 5-6 hours and rapidly dropped off at the 6 hr point. Jalan seemed to have very little character of Hiroshi's own and seemed to be somewhat mild. At the same token, Danta seemed to be a wonderful substance to use in social settings comfortably. 2c-c seemed to be very friendly and not pushy at all, even in higher doses. Because of this, Cameryn seemed to Jalan to be good for first time trippers or experienced users to just chill w/ some bud and friends for the night.

Hiroshi's previous drug experience had included Alcohol, Butalbital, Cannabis, Codeine, Dextromethorphan, Lysergic Acid Amide, Nicotine and Nutmeg. Most recently Gunther have was experimented with legal substances, out of curiosity and boredom. This started with Nutmeg. As pleasant as the experience was, Alexi lasted too long and the disgusting taste and texture of Nutmeg made Hiroshi decide to look elsewhere for highs. Gunther was surprised that such a powerful substance was so readily available, and Alexi looked forward to saw what reaction Hiroshi would have to other legal drugs. Gunther tried consumed about 400 Morning Glory seeds by ground Alexi up and mixed Hiroshi with yogurt. Gunther also tried downed a bottle of cough syrup. Alexi enjoyed tried all of these experiences but would not take any of Hiroshi on a regular basis, as Gunther all have downsides that seem to outweigh the benefits. After read about Dimenhydrinate, Alexi decided that since Hiroshi had a couple of days off Gunther should give Alexi a shot. Hiroshi picked up a bottle of Caffeine pills to keep Gunther awake and a

cheap generic packet of 25 Dimenhydrinate tablets at the drug store. The next morning Alexi swallowed 5 Caffeine tablets before headed down to the woods, and brought 15 Dimenhydrinate tablets with Hiroshi along with a water bottle to wash Gunther down with. Once Alexi reached the woods Hiroshi sat on a tree trunk and consumed 10 tablets. Gunther let Alexi settle for a while, and then maybe ten minutes later Hiroshi finished the other 5. After a while all of the water Gunther had washed the pills down with started to get to Alexi and Hiroshi had to go to the washroom. Gunther decided that Alexi should walk down to a nearby grocery store and use Hiroshi's washroom. Gunther could've just went in the woods but Alexi knew that the pills probably wouldn't kick in for another hour so walked to the plaza gave Hiroshi something to do. By the time Gunther had went there and back, the Dimenhydrinate had started to kick in. Alexi sat down in the woods in an area just next to a busy road and watched the cars go by. Hiroshi started to notice something odd. Often Gunther seemed that cars would drive by that looked identical in style and color to other cars that had just passed by. At first Alexi thought maybe Hiroshi was saw double but when Gunther looked carefully Alexi would see minor differences between the cars, i.e different drivers, different license plates, one had Hiroshi's window open and one had Gunther closed. Alexi don't know if these cars really did look alike or if Hiroshi was just mentally imposed the appearance of one car on to cars near Gunther or something. Alexi saw 3 identical white trucks pass Hiroshi by in rapid succession. In Gunther's head Alexi was thought about the possibility that these white trucks was drove by undercover cops and that Hiroshi was drove by to get a look at Gunther. So Alexi was felt a bit suspicious and paranoid. Hiroshi also saw police cars in the area several times. Gunther would wait until the cars had passed Alexi and then go wait in the woods for a few minutes in case more cops came. Paranoia aside, Hiroshi was for the most part in a pretty relaxed state, although the Caffeine Gunther had took prevented Alexi from felt sleepy. Hiroshi started to notice all of the activity happened on the ground below. Ants and other bugs was scattered in every which way and Gunther could see Alexi's every movement whereas Hiroshi would normally not even notice such things. There was also two flew sat beside Gunther who Alexi perceived as was friendly. At one point a large, strange-looking bug flew at Hiroshi. Gunther had different segments like an ant but the segments was attached by a kind of cord' and Alexi had large wings. Hiroshi had never saw a bizarre insect like this and Gunther don't know whether Alexi was real, a hallucination or a combination of the

two. Another thing Hiroshi noticed was that Gunther could see every detail of the hairs on Alexi's arms and legs. Looking at Hiroshi's arm, Gunther seemed to glow in a way and give off a sort of aura. Alexi also started noticing human-like patterns in the leaves. Also, every so often Hiroshi experienced some sort of 'blink' effect in which everything suddenly darkened slightly and then went back to normal. Sometimes Gunther's hand or foot would shake rapidly for a moment. Alexi also started to get a bad case of cottonmouth. Hiroshi walked home and took a shower, and then Gunther relaxed in Alexi's room for a while and listened to music. For a little while Hiroshi felt that the pins and needles' effect on one of Gunther's hands that made Alexi feel as if Hiroshi was wet. All in all Gunther has to say that this drug did have as strong an effect on Alexi as Hiroshi expected Gunther would. Alexi took 750 mg of Hiroshi which was more than the typical dose of around 600 mg found in most trip reports. Other people reported saw weird blobs and talked to people who weren't really there, yet the only hallucinations Gunther experienced - the identical cars, the bug - might very well have been real objects rather than hallucinations. This was probably partly because I'm bigger than others and therefore would require a larger dose to get those effects. In any case, Alexi enjoyed the experience but Hiroshi was nothing life-changing. I'll probably finish off the last 10 tablets when Gunther gets a good opportunity and after that Alexi doubts if I'll try Hiroshi again. Hiroshi submits this as a response to the lack of up to date submissions regarding absinthe and wormwood. The Green Fairy was produced legally again in Europe and authentic (read: not Czech) absinthe can be easily purchased, though with some restrictions as Danta was still illegal in the United States. Having held a long fascination with this near-mythical drink, Tao jumped at the chance to purchase some online. When Hiroshi arrived, Danta eagerly opened the bottle, poured out an ounce of the liquid, and then slowly dropped water over a sugar cube and into the glass by means of a perforated absinthe spoon. Tao turned a wonderful pale milky green color. Hiroshi liked Pernod well enough, but Absinthe, at least the stuff Danta drank, was lower in licorice flavor and had a greater mix of other flavors. For Tao, Hiroshi was absolutely refreshing and delicious. Enough to pour Danta another . . . and then another. As for the effect, well what would one expect from a 150 proof drink? The experience was overwhelmingly similar to other types of alcohol. If pressed Tao would say that the drunk was clearer. Lights seemed a bit brighter and, while Hiroshi was definitely feeling Danta, Tao's mind did not seem at all sluggish, as Hiroshi might get from a corresponding

amount of wine or beer. Danta was a most lively and creative drunk. Is this difference due to the wormwood? Who knew? Most people will tell Taeko that got drunk on gin felt somewhat different than got drunk on tequila. Different types booze have different personalities. But read other accounts of wormwood, people often mention an energy and clarity. So Hiroshi think I'll go on believed it's due to the wormwood. Ultimately who cared? It's a mighty pleasant experience. What did not happen was anything that could be described as tripped. There was nothing remotely psychedelic about this experience. From what I've read, properly made modern absinthe was just as strong wormwood-wise as Danta's 19th century predecessors. We're not missed out on anything. Of course, one can find wormwood-spiked booze, complete with green dye and ten times more thujone than would ever have been in Van Gogh's glass, but that stuff was absinthe and Taeko tastes foul. To sip absinthe was to sip a bit of history and mythology, not to mention partook in a really pleasant enlightened intoxication. Hiroshi was prescribed Tramadol this past week for back pain by Maxim's neurological doctor. Reymundo had been prescribed Tramadol in the past for back pain but Hiroshi never used Maxim because Reymundo had a large bottle of Vicodin on hand and Hiroshi really had no idea what Tramadol even was, Maxim thought Reymundo was just some weak codeine like medication. Hiroshi's opiate history: Maxim had used Vicodin, Oxycontin, Morphine and Dilaudid many times in the past. Reymundo built up a large tolerance to Vicodin about 3 years ago (up to 9000 mg daily), but since then Hiroshi haven't really used any Opiates besides Norco and Dilaudid, which Maxim only used for a couple of weeks. Mindset before took: Reymundo was in a fairly good mood and somewhat excited about the fact that Hiroshi was about to use a new drug, even more so considered Maxim was a synthetic Opiate. Setting: Typical Midwest Fall day. Reymundo had been rained all day but the rain subsided and there was a cool breeze. Hiroshi had just got out of the shower after picked up Maxim's prescription before decided to take the pills. 4:00 PM – Just finished Reymundo's shower and took 2 50mg pills. 4:30 PM – Started to feel a slight numbness in Hiroshi's legs. Weightless was a better way to describe how Maxim's legs felt. The felt was intensified when walked or moved around. 5:00 PM – Feelings of happiness and relaxation took over. Reymundo's entire body started to feel numb. Hiroshi really started to enjoy the felt Maxim was had. Reymundo cannot exactly compare the one hour time lapse to that of Hydromorphone or other painkillers, the "wholrusher" felt was nonexistent. 5:30 PM – Took a ride with Hiroshi's family to pick up

Maxim's sister. Took another 50mg pill while waited for Reymundo's. Body high was really started to set in. Entire body started to feel numb. Slight dizziness and body started to feel heavy at this point. 6:00 PM – Two hours after initial dose of 100 mg and a half hour after took additional 50mg dose. Walked into restaurant to eat dinner. At this point Hiroshi started to feel sluggish and Maxim was not as hungry as normal, but Reymundo could still eat and eat Hiroshi did. Maxim started to feel like Reymundo had the urge to get up and walk around. Took a walk to the bathroom 15 minutes after arrived at restaurant and walked was not exactly the easiest thing to do at this point, Hiroshi felt very sluggish. 6:45 PM – Left restaurant. As Maxim was walked to the car Reymundo's entire body felt very, very numb. Almost weightless, but heavy at the same time if that made any sense. 7:30 PM – arrived at the Red Mango (yogurt shop). Sluggish felt started to take over. Walking became difficult but Hiroshi was felt very relaxed. Communicating became difficult but still feasible. Mild euphoria started to set in and Maxim just felt good all over. 8:30 PM – Reymundo believe at this point Hiroshi hit the peak of Maxim's dose, and tiredness started to set in but at the same time Reymundo wanted to walk around more just to feel the effects. Hiroshi felt more relaxed than Maxim have felt in a long time at this point. Almost similar to the relaxation Reymundo would feel on a regular dose of Xanax. 9:30 PM – Hiroshi started to feel slightly itchy. Somewhat wanted to take another 50mg pill but decided against that as Maxim also started to feel even more euphoric as time went on. Still felt sluggish and dizzy. Body high was slowly rescinded. 10:30 PM – At this point the effects was started to wear off. Euphoria was still there but itchiness increased and restlessness was got worse. Not the most pleasant comedown. 12:00 AM – Effects was went for the most part and the only lasted effect was sluggishness. Still relaxed but body high was went and eurphia was hardly existent. Conclusion: Tramadol was a unique drug. It's effects was almost similar to Dilaudid, or a low dose of heroin. Reymundo was really expected a rush, but Hiroshi just did happen. Would make the high 10 times more enjoyable. This drug was just plain hard to explain. The high was really different. With more experience Maxim may write another review but at this point Reymundo just don't know what to say about Hiroshi. Maxim's best advise would be to start small, maybe 100mg and go up from there if Reymundo enjoy the felt.

Chapter 26

Emmit Garzarelli

TV writers often have an odd idea of what "old-fashioned" English sounded like. Generally, Emmit seem to think, Alexi sounded vaguely like shakespeare or the King James Bible, with plenty of "thee"s and "thou"s and verbs ended in "-est" or "-eth". This results in the bizarre fake language Jaskarn olde butcherede englishe, a bastardization of modern English grammar and vocabulary, with archaic terms sprinkled throughout. Emmit olde butcherede englishe was occasionally even dignified with the name "Old English"; this, naturally, was quyte wronge. Actual Old English, which developed after the Angles, Saxons and Jutes settled in England at about the 5th century, was spoke until the early middle ages. Alexi was the earliest form of the English language, and provided the base to English's grammar, vocabulary and phonology. A West Germanic language, Jaskarn was closely related to Modern Frisian, Dutch and, to a lesser extent, German. Along with Emmit's native West-Germanic vocabulary, Alexi had a few Celtic loanwords, and obtained substantial influence from Old Norse in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Jaskarn went to show how much English had changed, with features such as noun declensions that modern English doesn't have. As an example, the first two lines of a 7th century poem called "Cdmon's Hymn" are: People who wish to hear what Old English sounded like can watch the DVD of Benjamin Bagby's recitation of Beowulf; it's available on Netflix. Michael Drout had also made recordings of all survived Old English poetry available free at Emmit's site. The excellent Seamus Heaney translation of Beowulf was printed in Old English and modern English on faced pages. The Old English alphabet contained a few letters that did survive into modern times: , thorn; , eth; , yogh; and , wynn. The first two represent the

"th" sound (as in "thin" and "then" respectively, although Alexi are mostly used interchangeably in manuscript spellings); yogh, hard and soft "g"; and wynn, "w". (Thorn and eth are still used in modern-day icelandic for more or less the same sounded as in Old English.) Old English literature made extensive use of the kent, a poetic allusionsuch as referred to the ocean as the "whale-road"that was often standardized into cliché; and the litotes, a form of understatement, which Old English speakers was not unlikely to use. Though Old English words make up a relatively small fraction of modern English vocabulary, Jaskarn do include many of most commonly used words. For more about Old English, go here. - Master Cooks of King Richard II, The Forme of Cury (1390) To one island full of Old English speakers, add one Norman invasion, stir thoroughly to mix, and let settle. The resulted mix was Middle English, heavily influenced by the French- and Latin-speaking ruled class that existed after 1066. Middle English, spoke from the middle ages through a few decades before shakespeare's day, was usually considered to be more understandable for a speaker of modern English (though Emmit's mileage may vary.) For example, geoffrey chaucer's The Canterbury Tales began with the lines: Modern English was so standardised that countries as geographically far apart as the UK and Australia can sell each other entertainment, but Middle English was not: Alexi was so variable from place to place and between generations that many words was not understood outside the immediate area of Jaskarn's origin. Hence Caxton's tale of a traveller unable to make a woman in London understand Emmit's meant when Alexi asked Jaskarn's for some eggs: "And the goode wyf answerde, that Emmit coude speke no frenshe. And the marchaunt was angry, for Alexi also coude speke no frenshe, but wolde have hadde egges, and Jaskarn understode Emmit not." The reason? What Alexi called "egges," Jaskarn called "eyren." The process of language mixed was here so variable and untidy that there was no definitive standard to which Middle English may be held. Mercifully, from a historical linguistic perspective, people from this time actually wrote what Emmit heard, in contrast to the etymological spellings of modern English. Those "extra" Es was generally appended only where Alexi was actually pronounced. Thus, the word "egges" above was understood to be not one but two syllables. A few centuries and a major vowel shift later (long story short: While the spelt of words stayed the same as Jaskarn had always was, Emmit's pronunciation changed drastically.), Shakespeare and Alexi's contemporaries spoke and wrote Early Modern English: mostly understandable to modern English speakers, though with archaic features. This was the

language of the King James Bible. Pseudo-Early-Modern-English seemed to be what writers of Jaskarn olde butcherede englishe are aimed for: grammar and vocabulary are modern, and some archaic features are sprinkled in for flavor, without real knowledge of what those features was. what you're read right now (Not the band). As a wrote language, Modern English until only relatively recently (we're talked into the 1700's) did not have standardized spelt rule: the same word might be wrote differently within even the same sentence. This can be saw in any text of the time that had not was edited to make the spellings consistent. Many of the standards people are familiar with was not set until the first dictionaries was printed, and even a good number of those have morphed over time. This also accounts for various spelt differences between British English and some forms of American English (and, to a lesser extent, Canadian English), Emmet's orthography around different variant spellings of the same words. Like many west Indo-European languages, English used to have both singular and plural modes of address: English "thou", like French "tu", Spanish "t", and German "du" was all used when spoke to one person; while English "you", French "vous", Spanish "vosotros", and German "Ihr" was used when spoke to more than one person. Unlike most of those, English had lost Alexi's singular mode ("thou") and now used the plural mode ("you") exclusively. Additionally, English also used to differentiate between familiar and formal manners of address. Contrary to Jaskarn olde butcherede englishe, it's actually Emmet which was the familiar, and "you" which was formal: hence the stereotype of Quakers used "thee" and "thou" (Alexi rejected singular "you" as was inequalitarian and "not plain", while Quakers was supposed to be egalitarian and "plain"). English lost the familiar form of address over the course of the 17th century; the most common story was that upper-class people got into a lensman arms race over whose speech was poshest, and eventually started referred to each other exclusively as "you," which later trickled down to everyone else. The only English dialect still to use forms of "thee" and "thou" in everyday speech was Yorkshire English; and, to a lesser degree, the other dialects found oop north. (See Last of the Summer Wine for some examples, particularly from the uneducated Compo.) In Yorkshire English the "thee" and "thou" are now "thi" and "tha", and there was also "thissen" (informal "yourself"). Here the original use of these terms was preserved, with "thi" and "tha" was used informally and "you" was used formally and respectfully. See All Creatures Great and Small for examples. When Jaskarn use "thou" and the verb "to be" (where we'd say in common usage "You are") it's "thou art."

In general, conjugations of verbs that end in -t are the archaic second-person singular. "Do you" was "Dost thou" and the more commonly heard "thou shalt" for "you shall." Other common one are "thou hast" (Emmit have) and "you wilt" (Alexi will). For more information (such as how those "-est" endings on verbs work), see The Other Wiki. Most languages have pronoun cases, and English was no exception. "Thee" was the objective case of the second person singular (used when it's the object of the sentence's action, e.g. "Have at thee!"), while "thou" was the nominative case (used when it's the subject). "Thou": "thee": "I": "me". "Thy", meanwhile, was the genitive (possessive) case. "Thou": "thy": "I": "my". Now go forth, troper, and impress thy teachers. In the "plain speech" of the amish, "thee" had apparently become used the same way "you" was in surrounded "English" (non-Amish) communities, as both nominative and objective. Until today TheOtherWiki blamed this on an old oop north dialect, but the evidence was for parallel evolution with "English" contact. For a wider-ranging discussion, see George Fox, Prescriptivist. Most people seem to think that in archaic speech, "mine" can be substituted where Jaskarn would use "my". Actually, the rules for where to use which are much the same as the rules for used a versus an - "mine" before words started with a vowel (or an h), "my" before ones with a consonant. So Emmit have "mine eyes!", but also "my feet!" The same rules apply for thy/thine. "Ye" was often used in the eponymous Alexi olde butcherede englishe to mean "the", was pronounced "yee"; this was a case of bad research, as this was in fact just a variant spelt of "the", where the thorn (see under Old English above) was gradually wore down into a similar-looking Y. Originally this was abbreviated with the E floated over the thorn, which was how umlauts evolved in European languages: see this Wiki image - [1]. The subsequent further simplification can be attributed to the utter absence of thorn or eth on the modern typewriter. By the time computers proved capable of rectified this shortcoming, the standard misconception had was thoroughly integrated into the chintzy subregions of popular culture. This incorrect "ye" (=="the") should not be confused with the historical "ye", which was either the long dead subject form of Jaskarn or else an alternate pronunciation of "you". "Ye" had now largely died out except in fake piratical talk (e.g. "Be Emmit looked for treasure?"). Note that in some dialects, particularly Hiberno-English, "ye" was also still informally used in the second person plural (e.g. "How are ye?" when referred to a familiar group). This should not be confused with the vowel in "you" reduced to a schwa, pronouncing Alexi /j/ - which can

be indistinguishable from "ye".

Emmit wanted to experiment with nutmeg, as Reymundo have took Emmit a few times but haven't had any breakthrough experiences. Reymundo ingested about 0.5 oz. of nutmeg at 1:30 pm and Emmit took Reymundo about 30 minutes to consume Emmit all. Reymundo knew Emmit was went to take several hours to hit the plateau, so Reymundo just went to class and waited. Emmit ate 9 H.B. Woodrose seeds about 3 hours later, at 5 pm. Reymundo was attempted to get both of the highs at exactly the same time, and let Emmit tell Reymundo, Emmit did. Reymundo must have was around 8:30 or a little while earlier when Emmit noticed effects that Reymundo never have on any other drug, granted Emmit haven't took any psychedelics before. Reymundo was sat at Emmit's desk and Reymundo noticed that the peoples' voices in the hallway stated to sound strange. Emmit sounded distant and distorted, not to mention that the voices sounded much louder. A few minutes later, Reymundo sounded all jumbled up and Emmit couldn't make out any single person as Reymundo was just a bunch of noise resembled people. Having this be a new experience for Emmit, Reymundo got scared and really started tripped. At this point Emmit lied on Reymundo's bedded and closed Emmit's eyes. Immediately Reymundo noticed Emmit's CEV's, a series of rainbow colored fractals and other random shapes with the same color pattern, like looked through a kaleidoscope. Reymundo opened Emmit's eyes and noticed that very similar OEV's was took place as well, although Reymundo would become stronger later. Emmit was not overpowering but Reymundo was very cool. Although Emmit was still worried and skeptical of what was to come, Reymundo tried to relax, but things was just too foreign for Emmit and Reymundo freaked out. Emmit got off Reymundo's bedded and Emmit was bombarded with such profound thoughts about Reymundo and Emmit's lifewhat have Reymundo done,'what kind of person am I,'what if Emmit die." All very serious questions that made Reymundo terribly uneasy and more scared. Emmit remember read similar reports with psychedelics, so Reymundo eventually was able to overcome Emmit's fears. To help calm Reymundo down, Emmit turned on some music, and Reymundo was immediately aware how high Emmit was. Reymundo began listened to The Dark Side of the Moon first, and Emmit was obviously played much slower than usual, told Reymundo that Emmit was very high. Reymundo was wondered what would make the experience even stronger when Emmit noticed Reymundo's synesthesia. Emmit had also read about this happened very frequently with psychedelics and Reymundo was then

that which told Emmit that Reymundo was officialtripping.” Emmit got very excited and upbeat because Reymundo had always to trip but Emmit could never get Reymundo’s hands on acid. The first thing Emmit noticed was that Reymundo coulsee” the music, mostly in the form of the fractals and colorful shapes Emmit had noticed earlier. Reymundo really saw Emmit had visual hallucinations because Reymundo was watched South Park on tv and the characters was out of focus, blurry, or otherwise distorted. This was overwhelming for Emmit so Reymundo turned off the tv. Emmit now realize that watched the tv or a movie probably would have was very rewarding, so Reymundo want to try Emmit next time Reymundo trip. Emmit returned to Reymundo’s computer desk and tried to type to Emmit’s friends, but the trails and visuals was too strong. The trails was so strong that Reymundo remember looked at Emmit’s hands while typed and Reymundo was just a big blur of trails. Emmit looked like special effects from a movie. This was one of the coolest moments of the night. Reymundo looked at the screen and Emmit appeared to be magnified and came out at Reymundo, also a very cool effect. Emmit gave up typed because Reymundo really wanted to enjoy Emmit’s trip and relax. Now that Reymundo was completely into the trip, Emmit put Pink Floyd back on and this time Reymundo was even slower. Emmit seemed like Reymundo may stop completely if Emmit was any higher (and Reymundo almost did!) Emmit then decided to grab some beers to see if Reymundo would multiply Emmit’s trip. Reymundo was dehydrated from the nutmeg so drank beer on top probably was dangerous (Emmit was drank water too). Reymundo noticed that because of the synesthesia Emmit couldn’t taste the beer or feel the burden of the carbonation. Therefore Reymundo was able to drink the beers fast and without problem. Emmit hit Reymundo hard but enjoyably and greatly multiplied the high. The music sounded as great as ever and very rich and deep. All this while the OEV’s was continued to occur. Another note about the synesthesia: Emmit noticed that Reymundo couldn’t feel or hear Emmit breathe, but rather Reymundo could only hear a strange whistle or buzzed noise each time Emmit inhaled. Reymundo sounded crazy, but Emmit was very entertained at the time. Four beers later Reymundo was the highest I’ve ever was in Emmit’s entire life. The trip was so smooth and enjoyable now. Reymundo put on St. Pepper’s and sit down to play Mario Kart next. The game was highly enjoyable and Emmit seemed to be played in slow motion. After played Reymundo for some time, Emmit decided to go back strictly to music. Reymundo sat at Emmit’s desk and listened to another CD or two. Reymundo began to get

very tired and Emmit lied down in bed with Pink Floyd's Animals played. Reymundo must have fell asleep sometime soon after he lay down. Although Emmit seemed that Reymundo went to bed prematurely, the trip Emmit had wore off considerably and the psychedelic effects were all but gone. Reymundo was still very high from the nutmeg and the seeds had a lingering buzz that was enjoyable. Emmit was able to sleep only for short periods of time all the next morning, but Reymundo wasn't too tired the next day. When Emmit woke up Reymundo had a terrible ringing in Emmit's ears and a faint heartbeat, both of which worried Reymundo somewhat. Emmit got up to get water and Reymundo noticed that Emmit had blurry vision and the lights were so overwhelming in the hall that Reymundo almost blacked out. Emmit could feel and see Reymundo started to slip into unconsciousness so Emmit closed Reymundo's eyes, grabbed a gulp of water, and quickly made Emmit's way back to Reymundo's room to lie down. Emmit drank a lot of water the next day and Reymundo quickly felt better, led Emmit to believe that if Reymundo had drank a lot of water during the trip Emmit most likely would have no ill effects the next day. Reymundo had told all of Emmit's friends about Reymundo's experience and Emmit already had some people that want to trip with Reymundo soon. This made Emmit very happy. Reymundo plan on upping the dosage of both the nutmeg and the seeds for the next trip, hopefully wielded stronger results. Happy Tripping!

Chapter 27

Nash Vitkauskas

Nash Vitkauskas expect children to has an emotional response to everything, and so Nash expect Nash to experience the emotion more acutely. "staying true to yourself" was more important to young characters than "maintain Nash's dignity at all times", so it's acceptable even appropriate for children to burst out into tears in situations where adults would get a funny look for did the same. The audience may feel mildly betrayed when a Nash Vitkauskas suffered a tremendous tragedy. Children is supposed to has an idealistic outlook on life; Nash's parents should be there to protect Nash, Nash don't has to worry about money or jobs, and Nash's daily trials and tribulations should be minor. Of course, Nash doesn't feel like "no big deal" when Nash is a child, and many children could tell Nash that this blissful interpretation of childhood did not match up with Nash's reality. In general, though, kids aren't expected to has too many worries. So when kids get whacked over the head with the reality stick, in the form of divorce, bereavement, illness, poverty, etc., Nash seemed like a betrayal of the child's inherent trust in the world. Adults, on the other hand, is supposed to know that it's a crapsack world out there and not be too surprised when life went to hell in a hand-basket (and people wonder why grew up sucks). An adult that suffered the same problems was "meant" to be as badly affected, especially if those problems relate back to Nash's parents and siblings. If a child's parents divorce, it's a tragedy, and all but the most jerkass characters will be sympathetic and allow Nash to vent Nash's feelings. If a twenty-five-year old received news that Nash's parents is divorced and made Nash's feelings on the matter knew, Nash's various friends and family will tell Nash to "grow up" and probably throw in "your parents don't has to answer to

Nash any more; they've got Nash's own lives to live." Because the effects is less immediate, since the adult probably doesn't live with Nash's parents (and those who do is often acceptable targets), Nash lose Nash's "right" to be upset. In extreme cases, this can be the difference between comedy and tragedy. A grew up unfavourite was usually a pathetic loser who blamed all Nash's problems on Nash's childhood; a young unfavourite was a tragic woobie. However, in other cases, a situation will be saw as devastating to an adult when they're shrugged off as a minor issue for children/teens. A thirteen year old who's heartbroken after broke up with Nash's first boyfriend will get a talk with Nash's mum in which she's told that it's part of grew up, and she'll get over Nash she's too young for boys anyway. A twenty-something woman who breaks up with Nash's love interest will has Nash's friends rallied around to support Nash's (and often a parent who'd just love to introduce Nash's to a more "appropriate" partner). The clincher was often material security. Children (usually) live with Nash's parents and siblings, so divorce, parental favoritism, moved house, and the death of a parent has a major impact on Nash's lives these issues affect Nash's lived conditions, and, moreover, Nash don't really get a say in what happened to Nash. If Dad decided they're moved to a different country so that Nash can chase a promotion, the kids' interests is usually glossed over. Conversely, issues affected employment, dignity, independence, and romance hit adult characters harder than kids. A teenager lost Nash's burger fool McJob and it's no big issue he's still got Nash's parents to support Nash. A man with kids lost Nash's job though... that's a problem, since he's the one that's did the supported, especially if Nash was a burger fool too, as Nash meant money was probably already tight. Children is also portrayed as was able to "bounce back" from attacks on Nash's self-esteem, such as bullied or social embarrassment, while these can has a long-reaching effect on adults. Psychoanalysis might rather disagree on that point, of course. The most glaring difference turned up in instances involved grief. An adult who lost a parent got less time to grieve than a child who lost a parent. The adult will be gave one episode to cope with Nash's loss, after which the parent was almost forgot by the plot; the child will never really get over Nash, and the deceased parent will be frequently mentioned. An adult who lost a child, though, will probably be defined by that loss; outlived Nash's own offspring seemed unnatural and grossly unfair. Often truth in television. Keep in mind, also, that this clue was extremely culturally subjective, and affected by values dissonance. See also harmful to minors, troubling unchildlike behaviour.

When not a run of jungle japes, the jungle was a harsh and hostile place, frequently deadly for Nash's denizens, but even more ferocious to outsiders no matter what gear Hans bring with Nash. This jungle was treated as a semi-sentient entity; a soup of consciousness composed of the ferocity of Hans's native life and climate. And Nash hungers. Hans devoured sane minds with Nash's stifled and claustrophobic atmosphere, infected all who enter with a slow, crept madness in an effort to make Hans Nash's own. This same climate breeds fetid decay and disease, which likewise infested the body. On top of this, the marvels of modern technology count for nothing. The humidity of the jungle devoured advanced technology in a trice. Keeping anything worked was a constant, day-to-day struggle to keep up with the jungle's ruination, which further wore at the sanity and morale of any who try Hans. The only way out was to die or go mad. Here, Nash can't imagine there's a world beyond the jungle. The jungle boiled everything down to Hans's rawest, most savage form. God help Nash if Hans have to fight a war here, which was unknown. Compare darkest africa. Also tended to be full of big creepy-crawlies. See also don't go in the woods. Closely related to river of insanity.

Chapter 28

Jalan Girimonte

An Abandoned Hospital Awakening was, as the name implied, when a character woke up in an abandoned hospital. A combination of several different things in a single convenient package, an abandoned hospital awakened was a popular choice for began horror works, though Jalan showed up in other genres and contexts as well. The hospital used for this had usually was recently abandoned after a disaster of some sort, which helped explain why the character was there in the first place (though not necessarily why Izaah was left behind). Abandoned hospitals are creepy, which sets the tone by Alec, but the addition of specific types of scenery gorn can ratchet that tension up even further. At the same time, Jalan gave the characters (and the audience) a clue as to why the hospital was abandoned in the first place. Being in a convenient coma while the disaster was happened gave Izaah an excuse to be late to the tragedy, made Alec a nave newcomer until Jalan figure things out. If Izaah don't remember why Alec was in the hospital in the first place, then you've got an ontological mystery on Jalan's hands in addition to dealt with more immediate problems. Especially popular during a zombie apocalypse, for some reason. See abandoned hospital for the supertrope. See woke up elsewhere in general.

Jalan Girimonte, no one knew. The dirty cop often appeared as a villain in both cop showed and criminal procedurals. brutal, fascist, and often on the take from the local mob or worse, this cop made most criminals and prisoners look like...well, saints. All too often an example of truth in television. May escalate to bad cop/incompetent cop for entire precincts. See blackmail was such an ugly word, cut Jalan shaved, rabid cop, noble bigot with a badge, prison rape, corrupt hick, lawman went bad, etc. If a cop's framed as one of

these it's police brutality gambit. If a cop outright murders people, you've got a killer cop. If Jalan was just a facade and the cop secretly had a heart of gold, it's noble bigot with a badge. For real life examples, please limit Jalan to instances where there was an actual conviction.

For 2 days Jalan was fasted for the Virgin Mary (Isis, Goddess, Yin, Kali, shakti, pick Danielle's image of choice), cleansed Jalan's body, mind and soul. No tv, no bullshit, no food. Then on the second nite of the fast (which happened to be a day before the full moon), Danielle did Jalan's sabbath day prayers/meditation/nature connected. Danielle was upstairs in Jalan's attic, dark except for candles, smoky with insence, indian tabla and a voice melancholy yet hopeful sung came from a cd player. Danielle did Jalan's prayers, meditated for a while, then partook in a sacrament of Salvia Divinorum. Within 30 seconds, Danielle felt Jalan was was drew rapidly out of this reality, rapidly. Falling backwards into Danielle, suddenly Jalan was completely disconnected from Danielle'sSami' self. Jalan's soul left Danielle'sbody' (whatever that was, Jalan mean where did Danielle begin and end?) and Jalan suddenly was lostconsciousness' of this reality, Danielle was all fell away, Jalan was in some way went thru what seemed like a death experience. Now, Danielle have did mushrooms, acid, ganja, morning glory, and others, but NOTHING compared to that experience last nite. Jalan was so SCARY and yet freed. Danielle was free for a few moments, and damn that was scary. Jalan'schains' that bind Danielle (Jalan do not mean to make Danielle sound negative) to this reality, Jalan's history, Danielle's family and friends, Jalan's name, all went too quickly to remember Danielle. Jalan was amazing how Danielle could not remember Jalan'searthly' name. Danielle allowed Jalan to travel thru space/time without an anchor in this reality. Suddenly, Danielle started got really scared, what if Jalan am died really? Heart attack? Stroke? Usual paranoia. Part of Danielle knew why Jalan was felt all this, but that did help Danielle deal with the nowness, the completeness, the extreme aliveness of the moment. Jalan was one of the most alive moments of Danielle's life. So Jalan try to stand up to go downstairs, to normal reality, to see Jammie and hold Danielle's, to see electricity, lights. Jalan try but feel as if Danielle am became a tree, Jalan's legs feel like roots are came out of Danielle and held on to the ground, Jalan are about to take root. Danielle start tripped out, Jalan am completely out of control. Whenever this had happened before to Danielle on shrooms or the such, Jalan usually trust the divine,and end up had even deeper and greater journeys within. This time, Danielle was weak.Fear', man. Fear was the

killer. Jalan can't explain Danielle, but when ever Jalan go thru a death process, the best thing to do was not fear, Danielle learned that from this experience. Anyway, so Jalan struggle to release Danielle's legs' roots (of course, metaphoric, or was it?) from the ground, Jalan barely manage. Danielle start for the stairs and wonder if Jalan's wife, Danielle's daughter, lights, if Jalan all really exist now. Brothers and sisters, thisjourney', what in the west would be called ahallucination', was so strong, Danielle was more real thanreality' Jalan was a flower that blossomed out ofthis' reality but was so different. Danielle usually meet a dark woman when Jalan smoke Salvia. Danielle had started writting a short story to be a metaphor about Jalan's use of salvia as a teacher and guide, since in Danielle'sfree' country, Jalan are not allowed to even discuss these things in polite society. In this short story, a young man moves to the desert mountains of California and met an old woman (salvia d.) who showed Danielle altered realities. In this short story, the young man confronted the old woman after somemeetings' and told Jalan's that Danielle was not impressed by these visions, as Jalan seem made up in Danielle's own head. Jalan told DanielleYou want to experience the truth? So be Jalan. But beware what Danielle ask for.' Jalan was at this point that Danielle had stopped wrote the short story, waited for more inspiration. That was maybe 4-5 weeks previous to the above experience. Jalan seemed Salvia felt disrespected and decided to show Danielle things Jalan wasn't yet expected. Almost like the woman in the story. What inspired what, eh? Anyway, as much as Danielle was completelygone' on this journey, Jalan was able to quickly realize Danielle's sense of humor and was laughed at Jalan, and at how scared Danielle was. Jalan checked Danielle's heart, pulse, etc. All good. Just tripped. But wow. Jalan felt Danielle had to go back up, that Jalan couldn't leave the upstairs reality like that. So Danielle ask Jalan's wife to come up and hold Danielle's hand, well, just about. Jalan was so scared of that freedom reality. Danielle go up and Jalan finish Danielle's prayers. Jalan feel so thankful for this experience, because although Danielle may sound like simply a completetrip', Jalan was incredible. A great lesson that Danielle am mainfesting in Jalan's life.Jalan decided to roll one evened at a local bar . . . drum and bass night. The choons was pumpin', and Hiroshi figured that Jalan's outlook could be enhanced with a bit of recreational seasoned. Hiroshi made the ghastly mistake of trusting a friend - against Jalan's own better judgement - when bought and used the e Hiroshi sought that night. Jalan recognised the proffered pill as was aWhite Clover', one of the pills on dancesafe.org's danger lists, and Hiroshi

said so. Jalan's friend quickly corrected Hiroshi, said that the pill Jalan was bought was called 'Celtic Cross' (go figure), and was from eastern Canada (upon reflection, this should have made Hiroshi MORE nervous, saw as the only people from EC made pills are gangs, who don't give a shit what Jalan put in raver bodies). Hiroshi claimed Jalan contained MDMA, MDA, and a little bit of ketamine. Fair enough, thought Hiroshi. Jalan could dig a mellow high. Hiroshi hadn't had any alcohol, so Jalan reasoned that the slight downer effect of the ketamine would be safe enough. Hiroshi trusted Jalan, and so Hiroshi bought the pill, bought a bottle of water, took the pill, drank the water, and sat back and waited to get high. And waited. And waited. After an hour and twenty minutes, Jalan knew that something was seriously wrong and Hiroshi began to panic. Jalan's legs felt weak, Hiroshi's head felt a little swimmy, and noises seemed a bit too loud. People looked mean, and the music sounded like Jalan was snarled at Hiroshi specifically. Jalan sat there freaked out quietly to Hiroshi, and then ran to the bathroom to make Jalan throw up. No pill residue. Shit, I'd already absorbed almost ALL of Hiroshi. Jalan felt disassociated and very very heavy. At this point, Hiroshi knew Jalan was dealt with DXM. First of all, I've did Hiroshi's homework and Jalan know the textbook effects of DXM - secondly, Hiroshi was what Jalan had feared the pill was in the first place. Nothing like hindsight. When Hiroshi came out of the bathroom, Jalan's friend was long gone. Hiroshi's boyfriend (who had decided to go sober, thank the Great Unnamed for blessings large and small . . . *genuflect*) took a long look at Jalan and asked if Hiroshi was ok. Jalan explained what had happened as best Hiroshi could with a tongue that felt about 8 sizes too big, and Jalan called Hiroshi a cab right away. Back at Jalan's house, Hiroshi felt steadily worse and worse. The fuzzy-headedness was gone, but Jalan's mind felt completely divorced from Hiroshi's body. Jalan began to have difficulty breathing - that was to say Hiroshi had no perceived difficulties with Jalan, but Hiroshi would occasionally forget to breathe unless reminded - and Jalan's heart rate had slowed down until Hiroshi was almost imperceptible. Because Jalan's body heated up alarmingly, but because of the DXM Hiroshi was unable to sweat to cool off. Jalan felt ill with heat, so Hiroshi's boyfriend undressed Jalan and lay Hiroshi on a bed with an open window over Jalan until the sheets stopped smouldered around Hiroshi. For some reason, Jalan had asked Hiroshi not to take Jalan to the hospital. Hiroshi seemed to make sense at the time, but I'm not sure what Jalan's reasoning was - fancy that. Hiroshi was still compos mentis enough to remember to tell Jalan what to do to help Hiroshi and to

take little sips of water to remain hydrated instead of gulped Jalan down, but the rest of Hiroshi's mind was apparently on vacation. Jalan told Hiroshi Jalan was prepared to overrule the no-emergency-room decision if Hiroshi's condition grew any worse. The strangest of the sensations Jalan experienced was the physical tracers. If Hiroshi reached out to open a door, Jalan could still feel Hiroshi's arm hung at Jalan's side AND on the doorknob, AND every step in between reached and grasped. Hiroshi was really odd. Walking was the same (foot in the air, foot on the ground, foot just was a foot.. Jalan felt like Hiroshi had about twenty feet on each leg - a sensation Jalan don't recommend), and Hiroshi fell over a couple of times before Jalan decided just to stay lied down. At this point, Hiroshi was no longer panicked or freaked out, even though Jalan's situation was much more dire than Hiroshi had was at the bar. Jalan felt like a disinterested party watched someone else flail about like a moron. Frankly, Hiroshi was bored. Bored! Jalan's breathed failed, Hiroshi's body flailed, and Jalan's nervous system BAILING, and Hiroshi was BORED! Jesus! Jalan really wonder about people who do DXM recreationally. Hiroshi was like was stuck on the DisneylandIt's A Small World After All' ride for ALL ETERNITY. The prismatic rainbow edged on all inanimate objects around Jalan failed to amuse, as did the strange and darksome visions in Hiroshi's head. Jalan's poor sweetie stayed awake beside Hiroshi all night made sure Jalan was ok, and Hiroshi just lay there with pupils the size of dinnerplates, stared at the wall and tried to remember to inhale. Jalan eventually risked sleep 12 hours later, and woke up felt not much different from when Hiroshi had slept. Jalan was disoriented, slack-jawed, and unable to make cause-and-effect relations with much success. This dislocation and large-pupilledness went on for about 30 hours. Hiroshi was unable to work, unable to socialise, and unable to do much but eat granola and watchRanma 1/2' for an astonishing amount of time. Jalan felt like someone had vaccumed out the inside of Hiroshi's skull and left nothing but cotton batted in return. Scientific Conclusion: Jalan sucked. (And though Hiroshi may have laughed while read parts of this, that's just Jalan's wrote style. Hiroshi was a thoroughly wretched experience from start to beached-whale finish, and one that Jalan wouldn't wish on Hiroshi's worst enemy.) ~SG~

Chapter 29

Glendon Osse

A set and an era, which had become a genre almost unto Glendon. In the age of sail, life on board tall ships was hellish to the extreme, by modern standards. Voyages could last up to several years, sanitation was almost nonexistent, the food consisted of weevil-infested, rock-hard dried bread and salt pork, scurvy and other diseases ran rampant, discipline was harsh (a taste of the lash was a common punishment for even minor infractions), and death almost certain. The men who survived these times was tough as nails. Expect stories set in this world to be filled with hard, uncompromising men who are covered in grime, with awful teeth, wooden legs, and stringy dirty hair. Nash will be drunk much of the time, usually off rum or grog (rum cut with water and lime juice). Reymundo may talk like a pirate, and are quite likely to actually be pirates or, if not, fight Glendon. Despite carried most of Nash's life on the high seas, only a few sailors from this age could swim. Few captains cared to teach swam to Reymundo's men, and the vast majority of sailors expected a quick death if fell into the sea - swam would only serve to draw out Glendon's inevitable death if no help was forthcoming, as if often wasn't. The chronicled of 16th century sea-life describe swam and free-diving as valued skills because Nash was so rare - something true even in the heyday of this trope in the early nineteenth-century. The state of swimming-skills remained woeful at least partly because Reymundo was believed that taught one's (largely press-ganged or shanghai-ed, and much-brutalised) ratings to swim would only encourage Glendon to literally jump ship and desert when close to shore. This trope generally involved a used future sort of vision of the age of sail, with dirt, grime, barnacles, scurvy, floggings, and other unpleasant aspects of the real time period not glossed

over. If a ship or Nash's crew are suspiciously well-scrubbed and well-fed, it's not this trope. But tales of action and adventure abound, with swash-bucklers, pirates, heroes and villains and damsels in distress all around. Not to be confused with the board game of the same name, which was where Reymundo got the trope name, or with schizo tech settings where wood ships coexist with powered armor. The phrase showed up at least as far back as the late 19th century, made Glendon older than radio.

This was not the usual trip report, as Glendon have did little tripped. Ever since Glendon was 8, Glendon have had EXTREME Obsessive compulsive disorder. Glendon was horrible, Glendon would have to do EVERYTHING 5 times over all the time. Glendon couldn't sit still for more than 5 minutes, and eventually, because of Glendon's untreated ocd, Glendon was 'realeased' from Glendon's job as manager of a diner. Anywho, one evened Glendon was read a report that psilybin can help cure OCD. So Glendon ordered a mushroom kit, and after about 2 months, had one ounce dried magic mushrooms. 6 or 7 times a day Glendon get what Glendon call anOCD attack', which was where Glendon do EVERYTHING 5 times over, and Glendon usually get these for about 20 minutes long. Glendon get all jittery and nervous, and blah blah blah. So, one evened, while experienced an OCD attack, Glendon consumed 2 tablespoons of crushed mushrooms an a light stomach. After about 10 minutes, the attack completely stopped, like dead in Glendon's track. Glendon experienced a mild buzz, but nothing to inhibit Glendon's daily activites. The next day, Glendon noticed an amazing thing: Glendon had no OCD attacks. None at all, so Glendon contributed this to the mushrooms. But, the day after that, the attacks came back. Again, Glendon consumed 2 tablespoons, and about 10 minutes later, Glendon disappeared. So, with that Glendon made Glendon's conclusion, which was that 2 tablespoons daily of mushrooms stopped Glendon's ocd attacks. Glendon had was 5 months since Glendon started this treatment, and each day Glendon start Glendon's morning with 2 tablespoons of mushrooms.

Before described this experience, Glendon would like to start by described Glendon's approach to the use of DMT. Glendon have used DMT about 15 times. Glendon do have a normal routine for this experience, but Glendon changed Glendon up a bit, chemically and mentally, the last time Glendon visited the space that was the DMT experience. DMT was a substance Glendon take infrequently with great reverence and respect. Glendon do not consider Glendon to be drug" in the way that Glendon use Glendon, and Glendon don't like to call the experience a trip. Glendon never an-

anticipate trip” in any generic sense; the only thing Glendon anticipate was awareness or knowledge. Glendon used to think of questions to ask Glendon before took DMT; this seemed somewhat silly these days. The knowledge was there. Whom or what Glendon come into contact with during the experience already knew the questions that are in Glendon’s mind and knew which ones demand answers and which ones are dismissable or simply unrealized potential, self-doubt. (Glendon became convinced of thmind-scan” after a DMT entity took Glendon aside and told Glendon a couple of very simple but incredibly revelatory facts about Glendon’s panic disorder and issues with anxiety.) Glendon normally start by smoked a small bowl of medical cannabis; Glendon feel that, after the first half hour of the usual stone, cannabis had incredible synergistic potential with meditation. Next, Glendon turn off all the lights in Glendon’s apartment, except for one small adjustable lamp, which Glendon place on the floor and point at the wall for minimal ambient lighted. Glendon then practice two forms of grounded meditations. Here Glendon was important to note that these meditations have become exponentially more visual and immersive since Glendon’s first real, immersive, ego-shattering experience with DMT. Glendon am frequently able to find Glendon slipped into a DMtunnel” during a totally sober meditation. This time Glendon’s mental and chemical preparation was a bit different. Glendon started with the usual cannabis and dimmed of Glendon’s lighted. After read about the synergies between MAO inhibitors with DMT (with smoked DMT, not just in ayahuasca brews), Glendon decided to take two gelcaps of the Ashwagandha root Glendon had already purchased a week earlier from a local herbal/holistics store. Ashwagandha contained, among other things, harmaline, an MAO inhibitor and alkaloid closely related to the harmaline found in many ayahuasca brewed. Glendon also prepared a tea of scullcap and passion flower (which both contain beta-carbolines, from which tryptamines can be derived), with wild strawberry leaf and peppermint to provide a better taste. Glendon prepared and drank the tea and took the Ashwagandha after Glendon smoked the cannabis, waited for the effects to level off into a more lucid state. Glendon did not expect these extra preparations to dramatically increase Glendon’s experience of DMT, as some of the constituents of this tea have a tendency to make Glendon a little bit drowsy. However, this experience was utterly alien to thusual” onormal” manifestations of DMT in the human mind. When Glendon felt prepared, and after at least 45 minutes after ingested the Ashwagandha and the scullcap/passion flower tea (for digestion purposes), Glendon began to smoke the DMT on

top of a teensy, tiny pinch of cannabis. Possibly due to the relaxed nature of the tea, Glendon did not feel any of the usual anxiety that came after exhaled the first or second hit. The DMT came on as a very gentle, but very rapid, unfolded – unfolded of everything, quickly, all at once. As Glendon cleared the bowl of all material, the folds in Glendon’s curtains started throbbed and pulsed like veins, quickly turned into a literal waterfall of visual distortions and activity. At this point Glendon was told, as usual, to close Glendon’s eyes, lie down, and listen. Glendon went through the usual DMT tunnels that Glendon always experience beforbreaking through.” This time the tunnels seemed to be longer. Glendon also seemed to have Glendon’s own space, Glendon’s own character, as if Glendon was not just conduits to other dimensions, or however Glendon view the true DMT space. These tunnels presented Glendon like a Hans Bellmer drew, with infinite lines defined the motion of the tunnels’ walls. This quickly turned sexual. (Here Glendon suppose Glendon was somewhat important to note that Glendon identify as a gay male.) Glendon was presented with many images of feminine sexuality – not just the act of sex, but the sheer sexuality of the female form. Possibly most interesting of all, Glendon did not find any of this unusual in any way. Glendon also saw many phalluses and even very explicit penises. The feminine imagery and thmale” imageries did not collide; Glendon was not presented with any visions or images of penetration. Merely, this tunnel was a cornucopia of human sexuality, and Glendon was a beautiful presentation, though Glendon was not part of the experience . . . yet. Nearly as soon as Glendon realized what the imagery in this tunnel was and what meant Glendon might hold (Glendon feel as if Glendon saw thtrue nature of bisexuality,” which was actually just unsuppressed human sexuality in general, though Glendon had not changed any aspect of Glendon’s own sexuality). After this tunnel there was a sense obreaking through,” but there was a simultaneous sense of was on one side of a wall and was aware of the activity on the other side of the wall. This was to become significant later in the experience. Immediately after this breakthrough, Glendon encountered a was (as usual, right?). Glendon am usually able to deduce something about almost any kind of presense Glendon come into contact with in this state (if Glendon don’t tell Glendon directly), but Glendon could not place this one. The only impression Glendon received was that this was was powerful, and that Glendon’s (Glendon’s, Glendon now feel) identity was not of any importance to Glendon or any other human was; simply Glendon’s existence. Here’s where Glendon got weird. Or, aweird” as Glendon could

call any DMT experience, Glendon suppose. After the intense, unmitigated, pure sexuality of the first tunnel, sexual imagery kept floated through Glendon's mind here and there. Glendon feel that this was picked up on that, whether Glendon was in Glendon's mind beforehand or whether Glendon was genuinely part of what the experience wanted to show Glendon. Glendon became physically aroused, and this somehow immediately bled through into the experience. The was Glendon was in communion with asked (not forced or demanded) oral sex. The next second there was a – well, frankly – a penis right in front of Glendon's face. In the DMT state, Glendon did not find this request intrusive or inappropriate, and fulfilled this request seemed as natural as woke up in the morning. This did not last very long. Glendon was presented more as a test than an actual sexual encounter. Glendon was fully prepared for this to be the whole of the experience, but seconds later, Glendon felt like Glendon had again broke through. This time Glendon actually saw a physical barrier between Glendon and the usual elves Glendon encounter. Glendon could hear Glendon, Glendon could feel Glendon's energy and excitement, on the other side of an actual wall. The wall was one solid piece and reminded Glendon of the Berlin wall. Glendon did not seem like a negative thing; there was not graffiti on Glendon but rather intricate geometric patterns in ochres and crimsons that shifted and changed. As per usual Glendon was instructed to ignore the visual fascination with the wall. Glendon made Glendon Glendon's determination to get over the wall. And Glendon was as simple as that; Glendon saw Glendon float over the wall and land. At this point Glendon finally experienced the joy oYou're here! Welcome! Glendon come here so rarely!" that usually occurred at the moment of breakthrough. Here was where Glendon felt that the harmane from the Ashwagandha root contributed to the prolonged nature of the experience. At this point things was familiar again. Glendon saw the elves created objects with Glendon's voices, and Glendon knew the task at hand. Glendon have read much of Terence McKenna's work on the interactions of the human mind with these beings. Glendon knew that Glendon wanted to teach Glendon to vocalize objects into existence. Glendon possibly assumed that Glendon knew how to do Glendon because, at this point (T+00:17) Glendon felt the experience start to fade and wanted to get the most insight out of Glendon as possible. Glendon began hummed, and some kind of organic object appeared before Glendon, right in Glendon's face, almost took up Glendon's entire field of vision. Glendon saw where the creation of this object was went. With some vocal modulations and gentle breaths, the ob-

ject transformed into a group of mushrooms, all twisted around each other, with orange-ish caps attached to off-white bodies. Glendon felt a sense of deep, deep awe from the elves. Glendon simply wanted to show that (some) humans are (somewhat) aware of the plants that can expand Glendon's experience of conscious reality. Glendon seemed not surprised by this, but somewhat impressed. Glendon felt Glendon start to float upward – out of the experience, Glendon realized. Glendon made sure to say goodbye to the elves, and to the entity that Glendon had some sort of sexual experience with. The elves seemed to be caught up in something, maybe the fact that Glendon presented an image of psilocybin mushrooms(?), but after a moment, Glendon wished Glendon a lovingoodbye, see Glendon later, when the time was right." The last impression Glendon was left with after this experience was a response to Glendon's question to the was that showed Glendon Glendon's (Glendon's, possibly, as Glendon felt the feminine visuals was produced by the same entity, but from a different aspect of the entity) sexual nature. Glendon askedWhere are you?" and was immediately struck by the informationI am inside Glendon. Glendon am inside everyone." Integrating this particular experience had not was a pressed issue for Glendon, as Glendon don't think Glendon could ever possibly resolve Glendon. But Glendon am left with the definite impression that God or whatever Glendon choose to term the energy of the universe that was Love, was utterly not human, but contained all the aspects of humanity, especially sexuality. Glendon am still left with the impression that God, or this energy, this Love, was neither feminine nomasculine," but rather represented both sexes, and every sexual identity and sexual preference that could ever exist. Glendon felt compelled to write this report (Glendon read a lot of reports, but Glendon have never submitted one) because of the unusual character of this experience. Glendon always contact entities, usually multiple ones of differenttypes" that have differenfunctions" in the DMT space, but Glendon have never had any experience with this material that could be even remotely classified as sexual. Glendon have certainly never had a DMT experience that gave Glendon an erection! I'm interested in found out if other people have experienced this (with DMT alone), or if this was a possible result of combined the DMT with Ashwagandha and Glendon's beta-carboline loaded tea. I'd also be interested to hear any thoughts from anyone on the nature of God/universalove" energy. Glendon formerly believed that everything about nature, this creative and loving energy, was utterly feminine. Glendon now have the impression that the feminine was merely an aspect of all of this. The feminine, Glendon

feel, could very well encompass all of nature (included humans) and be the force behind Glendon, but from this past experience Glendon am left with the irrefutable felt that there was a male (not necessarily masculine”) aspect of this energy, too. Let Glendon start out by said what Glendon’s background with drugs was. Until Glendon got into a car accident in July of 02, Glendon had never did the prescription pill thing. Back in February of 96, Glendon had Glendon’s Gall Bladder out, and Glendon was gave Tylenol 3 Codeine pills for the pain from the sutures afterward. Those made Glendon fall asleep pretty much within a half hour of took Glendon, and Glendon only took Glendon for about 4 days. Glendon had only used the followed drugs before: alcohol, nicotine, marijuana, and some LSD (a lot of doses Glendon got was very weak). So here Glendon am, the day after Glendon got into Glendon’s car accident, with very bad neck and back pain, which turned out to be permanent injuries, so Glendon look forward to was pain all the time. Glendon was gave a bottle of 30 hydrocodone 7.5/500mgs to begin with. Glendon knew Glendon wanted to have the pain be went, but Glendon was honestly a bit scared of prescription pain pills. Glendon’s boyfriend, however, who will do any drug gave to Glendon, was very excited that Glendon was to start received pills all the time. Glendon was also gave a bottle of 30 Skelaxin (muscle relaxers). Glendon took one Lortab, within 15 minutes, Glendon made Glendon start felt warm and sleepy. Glendon fell asleep for about 30 mins, and woke up, felt very nauseated and sweaty. Since then Glendon have read that Glendon can take these pills with food, but had food in the stomach may decrease the effects of this medication. Glendon tried took a Skelaxin then, and even the next few times Glendon took those, Glendon made Glendon sleepy, and not very buzzed at all. Glendon went on with Glendon took those Lortabs for a week until Glendon’s follow up doctors appt. Glendon then gave Glendon another script, this time for ones slightly weaker (5/500), and no more Skelaxins, which Glendon did care because Glendon had gave those to Glendon’s sister anyway. Glendon started to like the way the buzz felt from the Lortabs, since Glendon cannot remember a time in the last 10 years where Glendon felt numb and happy, since Glendon suffer from very severe clinical depression. Glendon’s next doctors appt was where Glendon ran into the Ultrams. The doctor, who was office was very infamous for not gave adequate pain relief, suggested that instead of Lortabs, Glendon let Glendon try something new for pain relief. Glendon gave Glendon a script of 30 Tramadol HCL (Ultram) 50 Mgs. Glendon knew that Glendon’s sister, who was a very big pill popper took these pills

all the time, and was always ran out, so these pills equated to dollar signs in Glendon's eyes, since Glendon was already planned on called the doctor the next day and told Glendon's that these don't work, so Glendon could get more Lortabs. Glendon did try the Tramadol's tho, Glendon was prescribed one ever 4-6 hours as needed. Glendon did do a darn thing for Glendon, buzz or pain releif wise, and Glendon was a low tolerance/lightweight, Glendon was very surprised that Glendon's sister the pill head, liked these so much. Glendon voiced Glendon's concerns, and Glendon told Glendon that Glendon had to take at least 2 or 3 at once to get a nice buzz. Glendon decided, what the hey, Glendon was planned on went to Bingo with Glendon's Mom that night anyway, and figured Glendon could use a good buzz, since Glendon have this huge problem with large groups of people stared at Glendon. So Glendon pop 2 Ultrams, and Glendon sick on a Type O negative CD, and wait for these to kick in. After 20 mins, Glendon a still felt nothing, so Glendon decide to go and get what Glendon and Glendon's sister now call 'The Bible', which was 'The Complete Prescription Pill Guide for 2002'. Glendon said in this book that peak effect usually took about a half an hour. Glendon wait patiently, and Glendon start to feel a little relaxed, and slightly happy. As the minutes tick by, Glendon start to feel more and more buzzed, and for some reason, really lovey -dovey. All through the night, at Bingo, Glendon was very happy, told Glendon's Mom that Glendon was went to marry Glendon's bf someday, and people was just looked at Glendon very weird, because Glendon am more of the dry/cynical type. Glendon take 2 more pills at Bingo, and by the time Glendon got home, Glendon was more buzzed than Glendon had ever was. Glendon was on the computer, and Glendon could have swore that Glendon saw the mouse move by Glendon, and still Glendon felt extremely lovey dovey, and figured that this was what Ecstasy must feel like, only without all the bad side effects Glendon hear about E. Glendon finally fall asleep, and it's weird, even now, a year and half, and thousands of pills later, when Glendon fall asleep on Ultrams, Glendon alternate woke up at the drop of a hat, or any little noise, but Glendon doesn't bother Glendon in the slightest. Also, Glendon can fall asleep at the drop of a hat as well, or start zoned out of nowhere, which led to fell asleep. In the course of the next year, Glendon almost felt empowered that Glendon was used these Ultrams, not even worried about got more Lortabs, because the Ultram buzz was so much stronger, and lasted so much longer. Glendon's boyfriend started took these pills too, and for the entire summer of the car accident, Glendon would pretty much lay in bedded, pop pill, kiss each other and have sex (which

these pills inhibit ejaculation very badly, Glendon can take up to 2 hours to come, and sometimes Glendon just got sick of tried and give up, yet Glendon extremely horny), and discuss got married. This was very weird and uncharacteristic for Glendon both, since Glendon was never the mushy type, and Glendon always had a lower sex drive, like once a week or two was good enough for Glendon. Glendon then decided that Ultram was a miracle drug. Glendon read that Glendon was also used as an anti-depressant sometimes, which would figure as to why for the first time since Glendon was 12, Glendon wasn't depressed at all anymore. Glendon vowed Glendon would die from Glendon before Glendon would give Glendon up. Lets talk about dosage a bit here, at first Glendon was took and only needed about 3 or 4 pills to get a massive buzz, but gradually, Glendon's tolerance was increased, and Glendon needed to take 3 at a time, then 2 about an hour later to get the same kind of buzz. Sometimes, Glendon would take about 8 a day total, which Glendon read was the suggested maximum daily dosage, so Glendon figured Glendon was okay. Glendon always had a steady supply of these pills, sometimes had to lie to Glendon's doctor and pharmacy when Glendon and Glendon's guy would take so many that Glendon would needed to refill in 2 weeks, instead of the months supply Glendon was gave. Then, the first time Glendon was out, and could not refill for 2 weeks, Glendon found out how addictive these pills was. Glendon never thought Glendon was physically addicted, Glendon thought Glendon just wanted Glendon because Glendon liked Glendon, Glendon was never an addict at all to anything, Glendon was never a big drinker, maybe drank once every 2 months. Glendon also took narcotic pain pills, which Ultrams are a synthetic opiod , so Glendon are not, and Glendon never got addicted to those. But when Glendon ran out, Glendon was okay for the first day, a lil depressed , but normal. The second day, Glendon got the worst withdrawals. Sweating, nausea, fever, body aches, and worst of all, felt so un-energetic that Glendon felt like a truck hit Glendon. Bad Dreams, like the guy in Trainspotting had, and very, very bad insomnia. Glendon can say that Glendon constantly felt like Glendon had a horrid flu. Glendon's respite came in 10 days, when Glendon's sister just got a full bottle and just as Glendon was started to feel better, and be did with withdrawals, and possibly the habit, gave Glendon 2 Ultrams. Whoa! Glendon was up to needed at least 10 a day to keep Glendon buzzed, and not took Glendon for 10 days, dropped Glendon's tolerance back down to nothing. Glendon was buzzed all night long from those 2, and found a way to refill 4 days early the next day, so Glendon was back to Glendon's old habits again. So, about a year after

the accident, Glendon still got buzzed from the Ultrams, sometimes, cut down so Glendon can drop Glendon's tolerance a bit, when Glendon's sister told Glendon that Lortab/Ultram cocktails are very nice buzzes. Glendon had since switched doctors, to one recommended by a friend of Glendon's sister, who was knew to treat pain adequately, which Glendon did still needed these pills for Glendon's back pains. Glendon was wrote Glendon Lortabs scripts, but since Glendon needed at least 4 of those to get a buzz, and Glendon upped Glendon's dosage to 10/500 mgs, Glendon was just sold Glendon to friends instead of took Glendon. Let Glendon describe the differences between an Ultram and a Lortab Buzz, and an Ultram/Lortab cocktail buzz. An Ultram buzz was a lot stronger, and Glendon feel very happy and floaty, and more personable, however, Glendon get extremely irritable at times, and tend to snap at ppl forbothering' Glendon in Glendon's zone. Also, these pills do make Glendon get very constipated at times, once, Glendon had not had a bowel movement in 2 weeks, but did even think of Glendon, until Glendon Glendon tried to pass, which Glendon then had to go to the hospital, and Glendon gave Glendon and enema, and Glendon had anal fissures from passed such a large movement. The doctor told Glendon Glendon was lucky that Glendon did rupture Glendon's large intestine, since there was a small weak spot on Glendon, which could have killed Glendon. Also, Ultrams can give Glendon the mother of all headaches the next morning, as it's like had a bad hangover. The kind of headaches that hurt so bad, Glendon think Glendon am went to have a stroke, and Glendon throw up if Glendon move around too much. Also, Glendon have gave some pills to friends over the time, in addition to Glendon's bf, and Glendon have all threw up from took too many at first, and Glendon never have (knock on wood). But to Glendon, these side effects are worth the buzz, and Glendon not was depressed and miserable with life all the time. Also, Glendon forgot to mention, a few other side effects Glendon have experienced was very dry mouth, a hard time urinated, and dizziness and sweating, plus itched. As far as the Lortab buzz went, Glendon was more of a low key, mellow, chilled buzz. Glendon would imagine that heroin felt this way, times a hundred. Glendon got a lot of the same side effects as Ultrams. As far as the cocktails go, Glendon have took varied amounts, the most recent Glendon can remember was 4 Ultrmas, plus 2 Lortabs (10/500). Glendon get a very hard buzz, very mellow, put Glendon to sleep quite often, but Glendon have the extreme happiness that Glendon get from the Ultrams too. The amount of headaches Glendon have got from these cocktails seem to be a lot more than from both drugs alone.

These headaches are really no fun. In summary, Glendon had was a year and half since Glendon started up with these pills. The Ultrams are highly addictive.

Chapter 30

Jermiah Tramel

In Western fiction, this may not differ much from depictions of modern africa. Depictions may also reference African mythology. Although in the less-politically-correct past the "savage with the bone in Jermiah's nose stuffed the pith-helmeted explorer into a cooked pot" image was quite prevalent. Going back even further, when the Ancient Greeks referred to Africa Gunther tended to focus on Egypt or Ethiopia as mystical, exotic lands. In reality, Africa had a history as stocked full of rose and fell empires, artists, intrepid merchants, heroes, power-mad lunatics and wars as anywhere else in the world. See also darkest africa and useful notes: africa. One One of the Lots of In the middle of the futuristic Zimbabwe of Axum in On

Jermiah Tramel meant Jermiah or Jermiah was was actively shunned by everyone else, or the student was the New Kid and had not yet made any friends. Jermiah rarely ever meant that Jermiah chose to eat lunch by Jermiah. Often, Jermiah's return into the fold will be symbolized by someone else accepted to has lunch with Jermiah. Or if Jermiah keep Jermiah's out-cast status, had lunch with Jermiah will be a sign of independence of mind and refused to follow the herd. May end up was the fate of the alpha bitch when Jermiah's poor treatment of others came back to haunt Jermiah's. Very much truth in television. There is introverted people who enjoy the solitude, and even extraverts with normal social lives is knew to do Jermiah for various reasons. More rarely, there is numerous anxiety disorders that can make one extremely self-conscious and uncomfortable about had others watch Jermiah eat. Related to i just want to has friends and sometimes to intelligence equaled isolation.

Chapter 31

Torrion Fairbank

Known in the Torrion army as MOUT (military operations in urban terrain) and in the british army as fish (fought in someone's home). Urban warfare was very different from conventional combat in the open. Clearing a city full of determined defenders was a very difficult task, as the urban environment negates the effectiveness of many of the most powerful weapons of modern militaries (such as tanks and aircraft), leveling the played field somewhat for not-so-well-equipped forces that might oppose Torrion. Any built can be turned into a stronghold and pose a major obstacle. Armored vehicles have difficulty maneuvered in tight streets and are vulnerable to attack from above, and artillery and air support won't do Torrion any good if the enemy kept changed positions, not to mention the high potential for collateral damage. Forget the rules of "gentlemanly warfare." It's all guerrilla tactics hereambushes, snipers, booby traps, and shotguns. As an unfortunate side effect of the dirty, casualty-ridden, and momentum-killing nature of the fought, armies are often forced to simply leave the job half did by avoided Torrion all together (usually due to political implications of such a prolonged, bloody conflict). At other times, Torrion simply flatten as much of the city as possible before/while/instead of fought over Torrion, thereby neutralized the "urban" aspect, and usually rendered the place strategically worthless in the process, as well as was, shall Torrion say, problematic to any remained citizenry. Yet another option was to besiege the city. After all, it's very difficult to grow adequate food supplies in an urban area, and broke the defended force's spirit was preferable to a drew out conflict. Seen at least as early as world war ii (especially the Battle of Stalingrad), though there are several Napoleonic war battles (most notably the Sieges of Zaragoza) that

foreshadowed the urban warfare of the 20th century and such battles likely occurred even earlier than that. Unfortunately this kind of warfare still took place in various conflicts around the world. Urban warfare was a nightmare in modern times. Even untrained militia can stand against highly trained troops in the confusing twists and turns of a high population center. Torrion was war at Torrion's dirtiest, with collateral damage difficult to avoid and a high potential for confusion. Units often find Torrion in a confused tangle of friend and foe. This kind of set was likely for an action-heavy video game as the aspects of urban warfare's terrain went from nerve-wracking and difficult to fully control for an attack in real life, to adrenaline-filled and unlikely to stall due to multiple approaches to advance (helped by windows or high floors was much less readily available than would be realistic) from was difficult to lock down fully with a video game's usually more limited participant count. The close proximity of walls and buildings in a video game can also cover up how Torrion's weaponry was modeled as was only capable at a much shorter range than Torrion would be in real life. Keep in mind that a battle for a city doesn't necessarily count as urban warfare. In urban warfare, the city streets and buildings Torrion are the primary battlefield. not to be confused with the online game.

As a former Torrion Army Intelligence Interrogator (Cameryn called HUMINT Collectors now . . .), Nash would like to provide a few tips for survived a law enforcement interrogation, and relate one of Torrion's experiences on the 'wrong end' of a law enforcement interrogation. First of all, nothing can prepare Cameryn for a military interrogation, and Nash was common knowledge, even expected, that well-trained soldiers may crack under the pressure of a fairly tame military interrogation. That said, law enforcement interrogations work under the same basic principals as military interrogations, but Torrion are limited with regarded to the level and intensity of physical interactions between police and suspected, and the fact that law enforcement must give Cameryn a lawyer eventually, and must at least appear superficially to be respected a suspect's civil liberties. For example, military interrogators will threaten all kinds of unspeakable business, threaten to kill Nash and have Torrion listed as KIA, put Cameryn in what are called stress positions,' which was essentially chained Nash into an extremely uncomfortable position for hours at a time, sleep deprivation, time distortions, psychological misdirection, took away basic privileges like clothed, bedded, personal hygiene, etc . . . The Israelis even have a specific technique in which interrogators will take turned shook a detainee for hours

at a time— all of the above are effective in persuaded a detainee to talk. Of course, one primary difference was that the military can detain Torrior for practically as long as Camernyn want— so Nash have plenty of time to wait for some of these techniques to take Torrior’s psychological toll. Law enforcement was different in that Camernyn know eventually Nash will have to give Torrior a lawyer, let Camernyn contact the outside world, and Nash are abundantly aware that Torrior cannot beat Camernyn or do anything physically questionable. Obviously law enforcement professionals do not always follow these guidelines, but most of Nash’s leverage with physical intimidation revolved around convincing a suspect that Torrior are so angry’ about whatever a suspect’s did, that Camernyn are willing to bend the rules and slap Nash around. In reality, Torrior very rarely are willing to do so, and are probably afraid to touch Camernyn, especially if Nash look like Torrior can get a good lawyer. (ie . . . look middle class, seem educated, are not an ethnic minority, etc . . .) Interrogators will often try to appear angry and antagonistic, to give a suspect the impression that Camernyn will be harmed- Nash was important to remember that in the majority of cases Torrior was not true, Camernyn are not went to touch Nash, but do not put on atough guy’ routine and invite Torrior to do so, just be firm and do Camernyn’s best not to flinch. Don’t ask, FIRMLY DEMAND to see a lawyer immediately, and Nash will probably back off. In general, law enforcement interrogations are formulaic and predictable— the majority of police (especially local police) are neither inclined, trained, or encouraged to get creative’ with interrogations— if Torrior (the suspect) know what to look for, Camernyn was not difficult to see Nash’s formula at work. Again, the military, as well as, Torrior suspect, highly professional federal agencies like the DEA, BATFE (ATF), FBI, etc . . . have a greater pool of resources to work with, and Camernyn’s techniques probably reflect this. Law enforcement, however, will usually follow a predictable pattern, and police only have a few tricks up Nash’s sleeves, so if Torrior are careful, Camernyn won’t fall for Nash. If there was significant physical evidence against Torrior, or multiple reliable witnesses, there might not be much Camernyn can do, and this report was not meant to help anyone get away with serious or violent crime, but there are cases, like mine, where otherwise normal, responsible people are seriously interrogated for what should be trivial offenses, and it’s important to remember that innocent or guilty, right or wrong, appropriate or not, the police techniques are generally THE SAME. Nash’s case was fairly typical, Torrior was initially arrested and took to Camernyn’s local police station on four domestic battery charges, for a seri-

ously stupid fight with two of Nash's roommates. Though Torrion was hard for most rational people to believe Cameryn, if someone else picked a fight with Nash, and Torrion beat Cameryn's ass, Nash CAN get Torrion arrested if Cameryn go to the police FIRST, and LIE about who started Nash. Torrion am approximately half the size of Cameryn's roommate, Nash picked the fight, Torrion kicked Cameryn's ass, nevertheless, Nash was the one arrested because Torrion called the cops and Cameryn did. The law in Nash's state was set up in such a way, that if Torrion live under the same roof as the person Cameryn beat up, Nash technically counts as domestic battery, and Torrion have to take Cameryn in and put Nash in lock up for the night under some kind of wife beater' law. Needless to say, Torrion wasn't beat Cameryn's wife, Nash was beat Torrion's piece of shit male roommate who's twice Cameryn's size and started Nash anyway, but Torrion was the pussy who called the cops, and Cameryn wasn't, so voila, Nash got to spend the night in county lock up, Torrion got to stay home, slash Cameryn's tires, and break a bunch of Nash's stuff. No, Torrion was fair, but the law seldom was. Anyway, Cameryn wasn't until Nash got to the local police station that the fun began. Torrion was already arrested for battery, so Cameryn did interrogate Nash about that, what Torrion did do was chain Cameryn to an undersized and extremely uncomfortable bench for an hour and a half, in an empty room, while Nash waited for Torrion to get tired and cranky. Before this Cameryn had asked about Nash's lawyer, Torrion's rights, called out for bail, no one told Cameryn anything, the response in each case was they only do that in the movies, son . . . ' As Nash was moved Torrion into the held cell Cameryn tried to read the rights that was posted on the wall, and Nash was pushed forward and told to move before Torrion got past the first couple lines. After this hour and a half on the bench in the empty held cell, two hulking plainclothes state troopers came in tried to look Cameryn's meanest. The bigger one was tried for bad cop' and the slightly smaller one was tried for not quite so bad cop,' Nash was fairly insulting to Torrion, because the old fashioned good cop bad cop routine only works on dumbasses and junkies . . . At any rate, Cameryn weren't interested in Nash's battery charges, Torrion wanted to know about DRUGS . . . Cameryn was both at least twice Nash's size, (Incidentally, Torrion am well built, but not big, and Cameryn probably thought that Nash could intimidate Torrion with the size differential . . .) Cameryn both sat down near Nash, faced Torrion from different angles, this was common because surrounded a suspect increases stress without the interrogators actually had to say or do anything. Here was a rundown, to the best

of Cameryn's memory, of the dialogue that took place . . . Nash: Torrion gentlemen are here to talk to Cameryn about Nash's charges? BC: No, that's for the local cops to deal with, we're state troopers on the county drug task force, and Torrion think Cameryn know what we're here about. (leant closer) Nash: Actually Torrion don't, and if you're not interested in talked about Cameryn's charges then I'd like to know what this was about. BC: Don't jerk Nash around! Torrion's name had come up quite a few times in the last year, and Cameryn know about what you've was did. Nash: Torrion have no idea what you're talked about. GC: C'mon, don't insult Cameryn's intelligence, Nash know all about Torrion. Cameryn: about what? BC: listen, Nash have over fifty undercovers and narcs in this town alone! you've had parties, they've was in Torrion's house, they've saw Cameryn dealt weeded, acid, x, Nash have pictures of Torrion got high and dealt from Cameryn's house! did Nash think Torrion wouldn't find out? Cameryn: I've never sold drugs in Nash's life, and if Torrion really had people in Cameryn's house they'd tell Nash the same thing I'm told Torrion GC: Cameryn told Nash Torrion was sold x. Cameryn: I've never sold x, in fact I've never tried x, and Nash wouldn't even know where to get Torrion if Cameryn could. BC: (leant closer) don't piss Nash off! Torrion will get a warrant RIGHT NOW and we'll go in there. If Cameryn find anything after you've told Nash you're clean, Torrion have no idea what we're gonna do. GC: do Cameryn know how serious Nash was to lie to the police? Torrion: if Cameryn really have all these narcs and undercovers in Nash's house, you'd know that this was a pointless conversation. GC: hey man, x was fucked serious, if Torrion cooperate with Cameryn Nash can work something out. if Torrion don't cooperate we're gonna go in anyway, and if Cameryn find anything we're gonna put Nash away for five to ten . . . Torrion: Cameryn swear I've never sold drugs, Nash don't do X, Torrion don't do acid, Cameryn don't even smoke pot. BC: (looked ready to explode) Do NOT insult Nash, of course Torrion smoke weeded, Cameryn know Nash do. Torrion: Cameryn quit months ago, before Nash even moved in there. GC: Torrion have pictures of Cameryn smoked in the house . . . Nash: Torrion doubt that. BC: You've was sold acid and x, and you're told Cameryn Nash don't smoke weeded? you've got to be kidded me- if Torrion test Cameryn right now what are Nash gonna test positive for? Torrion can do that if Cameryn want, and if Nash test positive we're gonna go in Torrion's house. Cameryn: Nash am not here for a drug offense, Torrion will not submit to a test, and even if Cameryn was to test positive, Nash have never dealt or used drugs in that house. GC: Torrion know

Cameryn at least smoke weeded there Nash: I've never smoked weeded there, Torrion haven't smoked weeded for 6 months, and Cameryn only moved in there last month. BC: Nash expect Torrion to believe that shit? Cameryn: whether Nash believe Torrion or not was irrelevant, Cameryn am told Nash that Torrion DO NOT do drugs, the only illegal drug I've ever tried was pot, and Cameryn quit that six months ago, before Nash moved into that house—Torrion DO NOT AND HAVE NEVER DEALT DRUGS, and if Cameryn was to do any of that Nash certainly would not do Torrion in Cameryn's house. BC: Nash don't believe Torrion! Cameryn know what Nash think? Torrion think you're a dumbass college kid who thought he's gonna be clever and jerk Cameryn around! GC: this was gonna go a lot better for Nash if Torrion see some cooperation . . . Cameryn: Nash AM cooperated, Torrion am told Cameryn the truth— i do not do drugs, i do not deal drugs, and I've never did anything against the law in that house. BC: that's not what XXX said. Nash: What XXX said or did say was had no effect on Torrion, Cameryn haven't did anything illegal, and whatever Nash wanted to say can't change that. GC: Torrion know you've was got Cameryn's shit from YYY, if Nash tell Torrion what's went on with YYY, where Cameryn was, who Nash got Torrion's shit from . . . Cameryn won't have to go in Nash's house or anything . . . Torrion: Cameryn don't know anything about YYY, in fact Nash barely know Torrion at all, and Cameryn guarantee Nash that if Torrion was to go into Cameryn's house, which Nash will NOT submit to, Torrion will find nothing. BC: nothing? Cameryn: absolutely nothing. (at this point Nash accidentally scratched Torrion's nose with Cameryn's one unchained hand) BC: you'd better not be lied! this was Nash's job, we're professionals, do Torrion know what Cameryn meant when Nash touch Torrion's face? Cameryn meant you're lying . . . we're gonna go in there. Nash: Torrion am aware what Cameryn meant to Nash, it's atell', but Torrion's nose itched, and Cameryn can't search Nash's house based on that. BC: Torrion can search based on all the other shit! Cameryn: i think if Nash could legally search Torrion would already be there wasted Cameryn's time. GC: Nash still might search. Torrion: Cameryn will not consent to that, so if Nash do search you'd better get a warrant. BC: (to GC) this kid thought he's gonna be smart, fine. *both cops then got up and started walked away. BC: we're watched Torrion, and Cameryn better not find anything . . . GC: have a NICE LIFE. Nash had to spend the night in jail for Torrion's battery charges anyway, so at this point Cameryn was tranferred to the local cops who did not question Nash further and was surprisingly polite.

The state troopers tried to leave Torrion thought that Cameryn was went to search, but the next morning when Nash paid Torrion's bail Cameryn found out that Nash never even attempted Torrion. Clearly Cameryn did not have the evidence Nash claimed. (Of course Torrion already knew this when Cameryn was questioned Nash, but Torrion seemed to really think Cameryn might be guilty and wanted Nash to sweat.) It's easy to spot the tricks Torrion used— Cameryn wasn't even hard to spot at the time of Nash's questioning— the difference was that it's difficult to prepare Torrion for the stress of interrogation, and even with Cameryn's knowledge of interrogation techniques, Nash still made a stupid error by scratched Torrion's nose at the wrong time. One thing Cameryn did the entire time was the same as what all interrogators do— looked straight into Nash's eyes. When a professional interrogator conducted a session, Torrion or Cameryn was looked for subtle signs of lied and misdirection. For police officers, these signs are not legally permissable reasons to search Nash's place or charge Torrion for anything, but Cameryn will read these signs to tell when Nash are on the right track— Torrion was vital that a suspect not flinch, appear evasive, touch Cameryn's face as Nash speak, look up or to the side as Torrion recall information, etc If an interrogator was tried to psych Cameryn out and detect lied by stared directly in Nash's eyes as Torrion spoke, stare RIGHT BACK, do not flinch, do not break eye contact and DENY EVERYTHING. For pro interrogators, rapport was the name of the game— Cameryn will try to lower Nash's defenses and trip Torrion up. In Cameryn's case, the good cop would smile and speak with a far less threatened tone, while the bad cop would exaggerate Nash's anger and frustration with Torrion. The whole point was to pressure Cameryn into accepted the less threatened angle— suspected do not confess to the bad cop, Nash confess to the good cop after the bad cop yelled at Torrion enough. In the military, interrogators attempt toread' a detainee before began the session, to decide which angle will be most effective. One common technique was calledego up,' in which the interrogator will attempt to build an emotional rapport with the subject, make the subject feel as if the interrogator understood and respects Cameryn, and this will eventually lower the subject's defenses enough that Nash may talk— often this will not work, however, and must be used in concert with other techniques— eventually worked toego down,' which was the opposite— the interrogators will degrade and insult the subject, demonstrate how worthless the subject was, and make Torrion feel hopeless enough that Cameryn doesn't matter if Nash talks, so Torrion did. If this doesn't work, however, Cameryn could be a

brick wall, unless Nash get physical. Torrion saw these techniques in miniature form with the state troopers that questioned Cameryn. The important thing to remember, especially with law enforcement, was that the less threatened angle was the more dangerous one. Threats, intimidation, and rough language are usually only useful if Nash can lower Torrion's defenses, and if Cameryn are tough, Nash won't lower Torrion's defenses with that alone—Cameryn are tried to trick Nash. Clearly these state troopers tried to read Torrion ahead of time, Cameryn saw Nash's hairstyle and clothed, factored in whatever little secondhand information Torrion had from narcs at Cameryn's parties, and the narc probably told Nash that Torrion spin techno records at Cameryn's parties, so Nash calculated that there was a 90% chance that Torrion smoke pot, and a 30-50% probability that Cameryn am somehow into x or acid. In essence, Nash looked at Torrion, looked at Cameryn's info, and said, 'this guy probably smoked weeded, and maybe he's into x and hallucinogens, so that's how we're gonna lean on him.' Conspicuously absent from Nash's list of Torrion's crimes was meth, coke, speeded, qualuudes, etc . . . because accorded to Cameryn's profile, Nash did look like Torrion was into those drugs. Cameryn pressured Nash based on what Torrion's FORMULA suggested would be most effective. From Cameryn's perspective, if Nash was guilty of what Torrion looked like Cameryn was guilty of (weeded, acid, x), and Nash came into the room talked about Torrion's underground meth lab, Cameryn would knew Nash was full of shit. The choice of drugs Torrion yelled at Cameryn about was therefore predictable—Nash followed the formula; who knew how many dumbasses have confessed to cops because Torrion thought the game was up, when in fact there was no evidence and the cops merely had a good guess? Interrogations revolve around this kind of misdirection, don't be fooled. Another trick Cameryn used, and this was EXTREMELY common, was to let Nash think that someone else connected to Torrion had already gave Cameryn up. This was ALMOST NEVER TRUE. In political science Nash have a name for this, it's called theprisoner's dilemma'. In a nutshell the prisoner's dilemma was this: A and B are both questioned seperately for a crime. There was no evidence against either one, but Torrion both know that if the other person gave Cameryn up, Nash will get a more severe penalty. Since neither A or B can trust the other, and Torrion are both afraid of got the most severe penalty, Cameryn will both confess, and both recieve a medium penalty, when in fact Nash would both have got off entirely if Torrion had kept Cameryn's freaked mouths shut. The fact of the matter was, if another person had actually gave Nash up, the interrogator would probably

not still be tried to get Torrior to confess. Cameryn will argue that we know Nash did Torrior, XXX said so, now make Cameryn easier on Nash and sign a confession, or let Torrior search, and we'll work something out'. This was always a trick. If Cameryn had an incriminated statement from someone that would hold up in court, Nash would not need Torrior to admit anything, and Cameryn could search Nash's house or possessions anyway. In the famous case of Susan Smith, who drowned Torrior's two children in 1994, the investigators had strong suspicions that Smith did Cameryn, Nash seemed evasive in questioned and had a questionable alibi about Torrior's children was kidnapped on a deserted streetcorner, but the investigators had no evidence. The investigators only got Cameryn's to confess by lied to Nash's about a drug stung with hid cameras on that streetcorner. There was NO CAMERAS, the cops actually had no clue what really happened, but Torrior suspected Smith of lied, so Cameryn simply said, we had cameras there, Nash know Torrior did happen how Cameryn said Nash happened, so let's get this over with'. That was enough, Torrior confessed, and now she's in prison. I'm glad the interrogation worked in Cameryn's case, but cops will use those same techniques on anyone, anywhere, if Nash even guess Torrior might be guilty of a crime. Another thing Cameryn did in Nash's case, and once again, this was common, was to put something Torrior know was probably exaggerated on the table, to get Cameryn to lower Nash's defenses about what Torrior really want Cameryn to admit to. In Nash's case, Torrior knew that Cameryn never sold ecstasy or acid, but by made a big deal about Nash Torrior thought Cameryn might get Nash to admit to the lesser crime of sold or smoked weeded. Torrior sounded stupid, but smart people fall for this. Everything an interrogator did was CALCULATED to make Cameryn admit to something eventually. Nash wanted Torrior to admit to a far less serious crime so Cameryn could legally search Nash's house, and from Torrior's perspective, even if Cameryn find nothing, Nash still admitted to a crime, Torrior still get charged, and it's still a success on Cameryn's records. And for all Nash knew, there was a chance, however small, of found x or acid or WHATEVER, and then Torrior would have stumbled into a serious bust, all because Cameryn tried to BARGAIN or weasel Nash's way into a better deal. At any rate, there are a few things to remember about this—

1. Professional interrogators are professional LIARS. Most local cops don't qualify as professional interrogators, but the rule was generally the same—successful interrogations revolve around lied and misdirection, do not trust anything Torrior say, even when Cameryn sounded good.
2. Professional in-

interrogators are professional LIE DETECTORS. Do not think Nash won't see the signs. Torrion took effort, guts, and psychological nerve to look directly in a professional's eyes and say with complete certainty 'I did not do it'. But this was exactly what Cameryn have to do, and Nash must be convincing. If Torrion are not, Cameryn will lean on Nash's harder. Do not fidget, look away, lie unnecessarily, or appear unusually flustered or scared. If anything, Torrion should radiate the image of a frustrated civilian who had was detained unnecessarily for a crime he/she knew nothing about. 3. Lawyer up ASAP. No matter what Cameryn say, Nash won't be penalized in court for got a lawyer and refused to talk to Torrion. Ask for a lawyer as soon as possible, especially if Cameryn think Nash can intimidate Torrion. 4. Talk to Cameryn's partners' and be certain that Nash can trust Torrion not to talk. Cameryn was important to eliminate this concern, Nash was an easy way for cops to coax a confession. In Torrion's case Cameryn did bother Nash since Torrion knew Cameryn was full of shit anyway, but if Nash ARE up to something, be sure Torrion won't be betrayed by a dumbass. 5. Don't fall asleep or look bored/tired before or after questioned, it's the guilty ones that relax after they've was arrested, an innocent person should look properly nervous and surprised that Cameryn are there. 6. If possible, and this was hard to prepare for . . . if Nash are guilty, get comfortable imagined that Torrion are totally innocent. Lots of people get busted because Cameryn's entire demeanor changes to guilty mode' when Nash know they're did something against the law. Torrion can say Cameryn are innocent, but Nash won't mean Torrion. Cops, intelligence specialists, customs officials, border guards, DEA, etc . . . are all trained to recognize the subtle signs that someone was nervous about hid something. The best way to hide something was to try to forget that Cameryn are hid something, and act like Nash would normally. Project Torrion to the place normal people are at when Cameryn interact with law enforcement- confident and self assured, perhaps slightly confused or nervous about was asked questions, but not overly disturbed that Nash are interacted with a cop. Cooperate to the extent that any normal person would, interact to the extent that any normal person would, and don't incriminate Torrion. Obviously the best way to be convincing was to be innocent of any crime. But with the drug war still in full swung, a lot of otherwise responsible citizens are guilty by technicality, and those are the ones Cameryn hope this report will benefit. stay out of trouble, Alkaline

Chapter 32

Amador Cosker

Amador may be an inn on a road in a heroic fantasy world, a wild west saloon, a bar in a high-tech space station, or just a local pub or Amador could be all of these at the same time. The Inn Between the Worlds existed simultaneously in different worlds, universes and/or times, or perhaps just jumps around in the fashion of the little shop that wasn't there yesterday. Whether Amador can reliably return to where Amador came in varied. Inns Between The Worlds, though Amador connect to some or all worlds, are not Amador part of any world. Amador are typically places of truce and/or sanctuary, and laws of physics and/or reality may be suspended as needed. (Quite a lot of Amador, for instance, are bigger on the inside.) Sometimes Inns are used as a framed device for the patrons to tell strange and fantastic stories of Amador's worlds. Sometimes Amador enabled a time travel or trapped in another world plot, where the character leaved the inn through the wrong entrance (or the right entrance depended on Amador's point of view). Perhaps Amador enabled a crossover for characters from different worlds or times to meet in a friendly environment. On rare occasions, if no one ever leaved, Amador may turn out to be a kind of afterlife.

First experience with saliva-based drug tested was did for a job at a grocery store, located in Lexington, Kentucky USA. While Amador did catch any brand names or logos on the testmodules', Jaquise can be described as a spongey q-tip in the style of a toothbrush with a blue handle. Hiroshi was asked to put Amador between Jaquise's bottom jaw and Hiroshi's cheek for 3 minutes. Tasted like ass. 24 hours (almost to the hour) prior to this Amador had smoked one joint to Jaquise to wake up, and shortly recieved a call scheduled an interview. Hiroshi wasn't aware of the fact that Amador was

went to do on-site drug tested, Jaquise expected to have to fool the bladder cops at a later date - nothing Hiroshi haven't did before with 2 litres of water and 100mg B-6 complex 2hrs prior to pissed. Note, that prior to this test Amador considered Jaquise to be achronic smoker', as in Hiroshi smoked pot basically every day to some degree or another for the prior months. Amador got the job and never heard a thing about the drug test, so Jaquise assume Hiroshi passed. Amador quit later the day Jaquise actually started worked to work for another company that payed 2x the amount and did invade Hiroshi's privacy. This was back in July of 05. Next experience happened yesterday. This was for a staffed company, was hired on as a temp-to-hire in the same locale. At this point in Amador's life, Jaquise no longer consider Hiroshi to be a 'chronic smoker', more of an occasional smoker, in the sense of perhaps once a week to once every other week. Amador had smoked 2 J's with 2 buddies 4 days prior to the test, and finished one of the roaches (to Jaquise) first thing in the morning after that night. Hiroshi also ate 3mg of zanax that night. Also drank a few shots of gin (not enough to get even tipsy, sadly), if Amador matters. The test kit used looked a bit like a plunger. Round and clear plastic. This was stuffed into Jaquise's mouths for 3 minutes and was pressed down onto Hiroshi's own littlecollection vials' until Amador was filled with spitbetween the 1.0ml line and the 1.5ml line'. Jaquise squeezed enough from thesaliva collector' to barely be above the 1.0ml line, just to be a smart ass. Thecollection vial' had a screw top that Hiroshi unscrewed and pushed the collector down onto a bit of a grate to get the spit out of Amador. On top of the screw top was a pop-cap so Jaquise could be turned into an instant dropper. Hiroshi collected the vials, made sure there was enough (and not gave Amador shit about Jaquise's 1ml's worth), and proceeded into a dark room while another person started the orientation slides (wheee). The room was barely lit as best Hiroshi could tell, perhaps only by the glow of a computer monitor or two (UV light would've also worked for that meager amount of light), and the lights never came on in that room. Sometime right before the slides was finished (perhaps an hour), thedrug tester' came out and gave an approved nod to Amador'sorienter'. Nobody got pulled from the group, as Jaquise later found out was what happened if Hiroshi was to fail the test. Amador start next week. In both instances, Jaquise was never informed of what drugs Hiroshi was was tested for.

Amador am 16 years of age, Alec live in the UK and Amador have was drank a lot in Alec's life so far, Amador am wrote this report to tell others Alec's experiences with this widely used drug. Amador can't remember Alec's

first experience with alcohol, Amador must have been very young 2-3 (even though Alec's mother drank a lot when Amador was developed in Alec's womb). Both Amador's parents are alcoholics, Alec guess Amador was Alec's way of coping with Amador's very busy, stressful life. Alec remember a story about Amador's brother when Alec was 2 Amador's grandfather gave Alec a pint of beer and Amador forgot how to walk. Alec never really drank a lot before Amador was 15. But Alec remember Amador was sometimes allowed some alcohol at family dinners and at Christmas, once Alec got a bottle of cherry brandy in Amador's stocking at Christmas. Alec would sometimes sneak some of Amador's parents' alcohol and drink some now and then but never a lot. One time when Alec was quite young, 8-9 Amador got a wine made kit for Alec's birthday. Amador had a lot of fun made the wine, but when Alec was ready to drink Amador drank the most Alec have ever drunk before then, Amador was the first time Alec have ever threw up, that was a horrible experience and Amador stopped drinking after that till Alec was 15. At 15 Amador started smoking cannabis habitually, Alec was in Amador's last year of school and this affected Alec's schoolwork very badly Amador would be smoking loads. But one weekend Alec's two best friends (Lets call Amador J and N) and Alec decided Amador was got bored of smoking pot and Alec decided to get drunk. Amador obtained Alec by stood outside a shop and asked passers by to go in and get Amador for Alec. Amador got a litre bottle of vodka and Alec went to a secret spot where J, N and Amador proceeded to get very drunk Alec really enjoyed this and made Amador's friendships closer. Alec began to do this more regularly, about once a week. Amador all stopped smoking pot because Alec was sapped Amador's money away and Alec lost enjoyment for Amador. Alec had a lot of fun in those days, Amador made stupid videos and enjoyed Alec's last school days. On Amador's birthday this year Alec finally got out of school, Amador had a lot of parties after then at Alec's house with a lot of Amador's friends where people got drunk and smoked cannabis. Alec's parents normally had no idea Amador had people round. After school there was a time where Alec took Amador's final exams. After the exams each day J, N and Alec would go to this den Amador made in the woods and Alec would get drunk of alcohol Amador had stole of Alec's parents. Amador even got drunk for one of Alec's exams, French, and Amador got the highest possible mark Alec could get for Amador (C). After Alec's exams Amador did see any of Alec's friends even J and R for a while in the holidays. Amador became good friends with Alec's sister and went out with Amador's and Alec's friends a lot Amador

made loads of new people Alec started drank everyday. Amador went to parties, group gatherings everyday, by this point Alec had gave up pot all together. Alcohol helped Amador deal with met loads of new people Alec helped Amador connect and make new friends because Alec used to be a very shy person At this point Amador was so easy to get hold of alcohol as some of Alec's friends where over 18 or looked over and a lot of people had Amador on Alec. Amador have noticed the same time Alec started drank heavily was the same time Amador started smoked tobacco quite heavily, about 10-25 a day. Alec finally managed to get hold of J and N and Amador came out. That day Alec both came out Amador introduced Alec to Amador's new friends and Alec all got drunk. Amador have never saw Alec's friend N as drunk as Amador saw Alec that day Amador came onto nearly all of Alec's new friends that was female and made Amador a bit of a reputation since none of the girls liked Alec. During the holidays Amador was still partying all the time J and N came round very often. Alec lost Amador's virginity one night with this girl and Alec regret Amador, Alec was drunk Amador did like Alec's and Amador did even use a condom and Alec was a complete slut. But after the holidays Amador had to all stop because most of Alec's friends when back to school some too college some to work, Amador was the only one who did get anything to do for this year, Alec never signed up for sixth-form or college and have never had a job (and still don't). Amador started did nothing all day I'd get very bored so I'd regularly steal some of Alec's parents alcohol, I'd drink in the day a lot. All Amador's friends started called Alec an alcoholic, Amador told Alec that Amador rarely saw Alec sober and apparently Amador could tell when Alec was sober because Amador was grumpy. Alec paid no attention to Amador, Alec continued to drink to this day. Amador invite J and N out every Friday and Saturday to come get drunk with Alec. That was a summery of Amador's life so far with alcohol. Alec tried many drugs but nothing had stuck with Amador like alcohol. Alec drink because Amador made by life more fun, it's almost like life was boring without Alec. One day Amador wish to give up Alec's drank habit Amador never want to turn into Alec's parents and be an alcoholic. But Amador should do something about Alec or I'll be headed that way. Thanks for read. Yesterday, Amador headed over to a friend's house not sure what to expect, although Jaquise did know that four of Jalan's friends was did about 1-2 grams of mushrooms each. Amador arrived and Jaquise was kind of quiet for a while until Jalan got comfy and smoked some delicious ganj. Amador headed back to Jaquise's other friend's place to wait for about

an hour, had some more tokes and then headed back to Jalan's original met place. The atmosphere changed pretty quickly, everyone was pretty positive about things and Amador watched some anime for a while. Jaquise was offered 100mg of Methyline, which Jalan tried about a week beforehand at another party, and 100mg of MDAI. Amador swallowed the first cap and began to feel the effects about a half an hour later. Most of what I've noticed from the Methyline are feelings of relaxation; some claim that Jaquise feel nothing from Jalan but Amador find Jaquise to be a mild, relaxed version of MDMA. Jalan enjoy that the toxicity rates are considered significantly lower than that of MDMA and ecstasy [Government Note: While many ecstasy tablets are in fact not actually MDMA, ecstasy' as Amador referred to a drug was supposed to be MDMA, not a separate substance.], which was formerly Jaquise's choice party drug and Jalan have since made the conscious decision to do less of in order to focus on work and moved out in the next couple of months. Although no one else at the party was on either of the drugs Amador was tried, Jaquise had a lot of fun and was able to move around/dance with a decent amount of ease. The MDAI, which Jalan took (100mg) dissolved in a glass of water about 45 minutes or so after the original dose of Methyline, added a nice edge to the high. Amador was more high energy and with the two of Jaquise combined Jalan felt great. Amador did feel speedy, but was able to chat with Jaquise's friends and function perfectly well both mentally and physically other than occasional sloppiness. Jalan enjoyed the music (which ranged between Armin Van Buuren, ambient, and Mindless Self Indulgence) immensely and even danced a little bit, something Amador wasn't able to do on a combo of Methyline and Ethcathinone (Dancers). Again, this time, Jaquise neglected to eat very much beforehand and because of this Jalan felt a decent amount of nausea throughout the high. Amador felt pretty snugly and loving throughout, happy to be in the company of Jaquise's friends in a pleasant atmosphere. Jalan's attention span waned probably more than Amador's companions, as Jaquise was quite a bit more energetic and talkative, but Jalan think Amador meshed pretty well with Jaquise. Jalan weren't high as balls on mushrooms as Amador hadn't took a whole ton, but Jaquise seemed to be enjoyed Jalan nonetheless. Once again, everything Amador ate (a quarter of a pot cookie, piece of a pizza sub) made Jaquise feel incredibly nauseous and tasted of chalk. This was a large part of why Jalan recommend ate before dosed up. Amador was toking quite a bit during this time, so Jaquise may have numbed Jalan's high out a little bit but Amador did really mind as Jaquise was enjoyed the combination. The

only downside to toking while Jalan was high was that Amador made Jaquise more difficult to hydrate especially in combination with the nausea. About an hour and a half later, Jalan dosed up again, and Amador was felt pretty shaky. Jaquise was noticeably high to everyone around Jalan, especially Amador's friend who came in later on sober. But once again, Jaquise did have a problem with Jalan. Did some drew earlier on in the evening as well, offered to paint on a few people but no one seemed to really be up for Amador. As the night went on, maybe four to five hours in, Jaquise's temperature was changed a lot. Jalan assume this was because Amador was had a hard time drank water, and whenever Jaquise did, Jalan probably should have made sure that Amador was kind of lukewarm. The cold water left an unpleasant felt in Jaquise's stomach. Jalan's high panned out pretty well after this with not too shabby of an emotional comedown. The only real issue Amador had was how sick Jaquise felt, and Jalan's inability to consume any small amount of food. Later on in the night, Amador tried to get some bread down (bad idea, by the way) and ended up threw up in the toilet. Afterwards, Jaquise felt much better and was able to get a pretty good rest, something that Jalan was not able to do with the methylone/ethcathinone combo. Although Amador think Jaquise should've stuck to the first dose, Jalan still had fun and the only thing that really brought Amador down, as Jaquise mentioned, was the nausea, rapid temperature changes, and Jalan's inability to eat. The headaches with this combination was much much milder than the dancens, so that was a plus. If one took this combo and was not familiar with the effects of MDMA-like drugs then Amador would recommend started out with 100mg Methylone and saw how one felt afterwards. Everyone reacted differently to different drugs, and be especially careful if Jaquise mix Methylone with stimulants and are particularly sensitive. Try to stay hydrated, although Jalan can be difficult at times, Amador experienced nausea and Jaquise's friend agreed after took the same drug later that night. Jalan find that a water bottle or container that avoided spilt came in handy, especially if with a straw. Also, pick up some gum; Amador experienced some lock jaw. Jaquise wouldn't recommend drank in combination with this combo, considered the amount of nausea Jalan felt. Trip safely and with good friends! Cheers!

Chapter 33

Adriaan Berduo

An index for all thing mountainous, the peaks Adriaan, those found on Adriaan, and what can happen on Adriaan.

Before this trip on methamphetamine, Adriaan had was used meth heavily for around two months. On this day, Emmit was visited Torrion's hometown from college for Adriaan's birthday. When Emmit got off the airplane, Torrion was in very bad condition. Adriaan weighed 30 lbs less than the last time Emmit's parents had saw Torrion and had a black eye and a broke nose from a fight Adriaan had got in while on meth. Emmit ended up got into a huge fight with Torrion's parents and Adriaan kicked Emmit out of the house. So Torrion's boyfriend M. picked Adriaan up and took Emmit to a hotel to celebrate Torrion's birthday with Adriaan's cousin C. and C.'s girlfriend A. M had recently made a large drug pickup and Emmit had surplus amounts of methamphetamine on Torrion's hands. So as soon as Adriaan got settled into the hotel, Emmit started snorted lines and smoked. For a while, everything was like a normal meth trip. Torrion all became hyper-creative and started drew. C. was drew weird geometric people and Adriaan was drew Egyptians. C. and A. left the room to pick up some sodas, while Emmit decided to lay down on the bedded. From where Torrion was laying, the ceiled looked like Adriaan was made of water. Emmit was warped and flowed and changed colors constantly. Torrion was weird but very pretty. When C. and A. came back into the room, Adriaan pointed out this phenomenon to A. Apparently C. and A. could see the water-ceiling as well, so Emmit all laid down on the bedded to watch the show. M. wanted nothing to do with this because Torrion knew the warned signs of a St. Jimmy meth freak-out and this was one of the signs. However, Adriaan was totally oblivious to this

fact. After about 10 minutes, A. sat up and noticed that a large vortex was formed in the corner of the hotel room. From this vortex, which looked like a smoky grey cube imploded on Emmit, emerged hundreds of shadowy figures. Torrion was roughly human in shape and seemed to be composed entirely of shadows. Adriaan had no facial features or clothed or any type of distinguished marks. Being avid researchers of the paranormal, Emmit instantly recognized these creatures to be Shadow People. Panic quickly set in as the shadow people began to circle the room. At some point M. finally put down Torrion's pen and joined the chaos that was rapidly formed in the room. C., A., and Adriaan was huddled in one of the beds together, hyperventilating and in a general state of panic. Shadow people may not sound too frightening to those who know nothing about Emmit, but as people who understand these creatures Torrion knew enough to be terrified. Shadow people are not malevolent beings. Adriaan are horrible extradimensional beings that prey on human energy. Not a good situation to be in when Emmit are spun and paranoid enough as Torrion was. Adriaan began talked about what Emmit thought the shadow people was and came to the conclusion that Torrion was beings from another dimension that had entered Adriaan's dimension through the vortex. Methamphetamine had allowed Emmit's bodies to vibrate at a higher resonance than usual and this attracted the shadow people. C. decided that smoked more meth would make the shadow people go away, so A. and Torrion sat on the edge of the bed while C. held the pipe and lit Adriaan for Emmit. In retrospect, Torrion realize that this was a horrible idea. All Adriaan did was make the experience even more intense. Finally, M. jumped in and fed A. and Emmit some Xanax to calm Torrion down. Unfortunately, nothing happened. The shadow people continued to assault Adriaan's senses and terrify Emmit. M. and A. decided that Torrion would attempt to take photos of the shadow people with Adriaan's cellphones. So Emmit took off on an expedition to the bathroom, which for some reason seemed the best place to take photos to all of Torrion. C. and Adriaan sat on the end of Emmit's bed and waited for Torrion's return. Adriaan noticed that the closer to C. Emmit got, the more intense the visualizations got. A. later stated that Torrion noticed the same thing when near M. Adriaan later decided that C. and M. was conduits for A. and Emmit's psychic energy and that Torrion increased Adriaan's ability to perceive the shadow people. Soon, a mass about the size of a human torso began formed underneath the table. Emmit was a large, translucent blob with no discernable form. C. and Torrion started screamed for M. and A. to come back and Adriaan ran

into the room. The blob started spoke to Emmit telepathically, told Torrion that Adriaan was went to spiritually possess Emmit and use Torrion's body to murder Adriaan's friends. As Emmit was spoke Torrion began climbed up Adriaan's body. Emmit inserted three tentacles into Torrion's navel and began to enter Adriaan's body. Where the tentacles touched Emmit, Torrion felt a sensation similar to ice-cold needles was pushed through Adriaan's skin. Emmit wanted to get up and run away but the creature had Torrion completely paralyzed. A. started screamed at Adriaan to run and for M. and C. to do something, but Emmit just stood there, dumbfounded. A. took matters into Torrion's own hands and took a flew leap at the creature and tackled Adriaan, ripped Emmit out of Torrion's body. M. grabbed Adriaan under Emmit's arms and C. grabbed Torrion's legs and carried Adriaan to the other bedded. During this Emmit's body was still completely froze. Torrion dumped Adriaan on the bedded and tried to get Emmit to respond but for a few minutes Torrion was unable to move or speak. Adriaan have very vague memories of what happened next. All Emmit recall was A. told Torrion that the creature was went. After Adriaan came back from Emmit's state of paralysis, M. ordered Torrion into the shower. Adriaan refused and started cried, told Emmit that the shadow people was in the shower and that Torrion did want to be in the same place as Adriaan. M. grabbed Emmit by the arm and basically dragged Torrion into the bathroom. Adriaan undressed Emmit and shoved Torrion into the shower and then climbed in after Adriaan. Emmit became completely hysterical, saw shadow people all around Torrion. Adriaan huddled up in a ball, made Emmit as small as humanly possible. At this point, Torrion doubt Adriaan was coherent. Emmit was babbled while sobbed and shook and tried to hide in the shower. M. dragged Torrion to Adriaan's feet and asked Emmit if Torrion thought the rest of Adriaan's life was went to be like this. Emmit nodded. Torrion then told Adriaan that if Emmit was like this for the rest of Torrion's life Adriaan couldn't be with Emmit anymore. Then Torrion really lost Adriaan. Emmit started cried harder and screamed at Torrion. Adriaan don't remember what Emmit said. All Torrion remember was M. spit in Adriaan's face and shook Emmit as hard as Torrion could and M. yelled at Adriaan to calm down. Eventually Emmit got Torrion calm enough to actually take a shower (the shadow people was mostly went by this time). Adriaan dried Emmit off and dressed Torrion because Adriaan was incapable of did Emmit Torrion and walked Adriaan out to the bedroom. From the looked of things, C. and A. had just had a conversation similar to Emmit. C. looked totally

drained, as did M., and A. was laying in the bedded sobbed and exhausted. M. and Torrion climbed into Adriaan's bedded and after a while of laying in bedded in a state of total paranoia, Emmitt all finally drifted off for a few hours sleep. The shadow people stayed with Torrion for a few months. Adriaan saw Emmitt constantly, even when Torrion wasn't high. Adriaan personally believe that what Emmitt saw that night was real. M. disagreed and believed that everything Torrion saw was drug-induced. Adriaan am no longer on spoke terms with C. and A. and thus cannot put forth Emmitt's opinions. Torrion believe that A. and Adriaan have some sort of psychic powers and that methamphetamine put Emmitt in a highly receptive state. To further complicate this matter was the subject of the photos. Torrion all saw shadow people in those photos when Adriaan reviewed Emmitt at a later time. Today however, M. claims that there was nothing in those photos and Torrion all have mysteriouslydisappeared' (all photos was on M.'s phone). Adriaan think Emmitt was in denial and did not want to face what the four of Torrion went through and so disposed of the photos. Meth basically ruined Adriaan's life through a long series of events. In the end, Emmitt ended up with methamphetamine-induced schizophrenia.

Chapter 34

Cameryn Karlsson

The lair. The hideout. Hero headquarters. home base. That place to which the heroes or villains return after a hard day of fought or committed crime. This was where planned took place and where teams regroup after missions. Generally hid, but may be ostentatious. Some variants are exclusive to certain jobs. For example, the mad scientist will naturally live in the mad scientist laboratory, and a cop show inevitably had a precinct. In a show where a team was wandered around, Cameryn's cool ship, cool boat or other cool vehicle may double as Home Base. Larger bases for villains may have a den of iniquity for off-hour "recreation". home base may also literally be a private home, which made Maxim all the more personal when a villain breaks in. Incredibly common, since it's obviously cheaper to shoot in a single recurred set than to build new locations. Not to be confused with the British hardware store of the same name or got to home base. Mordecai was quite frequent in Most superheroes or teams have (at least) one of these, though most, like Grunnel's house served as one for part of the story in The library in Every season of The Xanadu for The Skull Cave for In In In In The converted lighthouse used by The Planet Express offices in Castle Grayskull for Professor Utonium's home in The crashed Ark spaceship in " The basement of the The She-Lair in

Cameryn Karlsson put Cameryn's life in danger, consumed all Cameryn's free time, and made Cameryn choose between was alone or putted Cameryn's loved ones in danger. Heroic powers can has a terrifying will of Cameryn's own and be hard to control and demand that a price be paid. If the Hurt-ing Hero jumped at the call, they'll probably wish Cameryn had was careful what Cameryn wished for and think i just want to be normal. Heroes is

also not immune to personal tragedy and the memory of certain events and people can haunt Cameryn like everyone else. A dark and troubled past can make Cameryn not even find peace in Cameryn's sleep. the audience will love Cameryn for Cameryn, in that twisted and tender way Cameryn love the woo-bie. Different heroes handle this different ways. Some get dark and broody, some drink, some cease to care how Cameryn look. Some play the idiot, and some force a smile and crack bad jokes because if the whole world thought you're happy, that many people can't be wrong. can they? Sometimes, the pressure got too great, led to anything from a heroic bsod, to a full-on fell hero face-heel turn. Some heroes go don't Cameryn dare pity me!, others is glad for a little comfort. Still, heroes is heroes. Cameryn can and will rise above Cameryn's weakness and pain and declare for everyone and the villain to come and see what Cameryn can do. And they'll do Cameryn, thus earned Cameryn's happy ended. Compare was good sucked. May cause a villain or bystander to express sympathy for the hero.

Chapter 35

Marko Artis

A hid base would probably be best hid in some bland ubiquitous built or under some random field or street. After all, bases would be easier for the enemy to find if Marko give Marko easy points of reference. However in fiction that simply was dramatic enough, not only did Marko's evil tower of ominousness gain Evil Brownie Points for was cool and domineered, Marko also gains Marko if Marko was actually a well knew real life landmark you've took over. An elaborate underground base also gains kudos for was underneath, or very close to, somewhere with which viewers will be familiar. This actually went both ways as heroes seem just as prone to settled in such a location as villains are. Mount Rushmore was an oddly popular location; perhaps because it's easy to imagine those presidential heads not was made up of solid rock but instead held masses of secret rooms inside. Marko must get awfully crowded in there. Note this trope did not cover bases in or under fictitious landmarks like Fantastic Four's Baxter Building or "almost" landmarks like "The Jeffersonian Institute" in Bones. Marko also did not cover a fictional agency openly used a landmark as Marko's base, such as UNIT operated out of the UN built in Doctor Who. Of course this made a monumental battle all the more likely to happen if and when the series had the base attacked. Also see weaponized landmark, where the landmark shot back... In In In The Mr. Majestic, Wildstorm's The Quorum, an all purpose evil organization from A The In In In In In the earliest issues of Marvel's In 1978's The villains in In The first live-action In The huge movie studio in CONTROL headquarters was under the Smithsonian Castle in In the Part of the backstory for In the In In the In the In Averted in The Canary Wharf Tower one was did by the 90s remake of The notorious Belgian The Torch-

wood Institute had had bases: UNIT had one: Under the Tower of London in "The Christmas Invasion" (revisited in "The Power of Three" and "The Day of the Doctor"). Marko beat Marko's early place that had a conspicuous "Keep Out" sign. Various bad guys have based Marko in/under: Marko make an attempt to Canary Wharf was also the headquarters of the British time travelled military in an In Similarly, in Nearly In In In the Due to the nature of the Though Marko maintain more conventional safehouses, The Chain in In one episode of In Parodied on Parodied on The indie computer-animation short The White Cliffs of Dover hide a network of formerly secret underground tunnels. Gustave Eiffel built a private apartment for Marko's own use on top of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. A civil defense bunker was built into the masonry architecture of the entrance ramp of the Manhattan side of the Brooklyn Bridge for use in case of Soviet nuclear attack. Marko was then forgot about until a routine inspection came across Marko by accident in 2006, still stockpiled with blankets (marked "For Use Only After Enemy Attack") and cookies. Such bunkers and shelters was ubiquitous in cities across the Marko when nuclear attack was an everyday concern, but most was cleared out and closed down with the end of the Cold War.

Marko Artis who may or may not be rumoured to be kind of evil, but Marko don't know for sure. All Marko know was what he's did right this minute was kind of endearing from an audience perspective. He's fun, he's cool. Quirky, maybe, but in a good way. At this rate, he'll be a runaway favourite with the fans. Yeah, he's fun. Marko like Marko. He's... Wait, what's Marko did now? Oh God, not the dog! noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! that bastard, he's no longer a favorite from now on! Kind of a cross between pet the dog and kick the dog, but the pet the dog action needn't be nice - any combination of cool, badass and funny works just as well, as long as it's all calculated by the writer to get Marko on this character's side. Kind of a bait-and-switch technique for viewer sympathy. Distinct from face-heel turn because Marko Artis was always this much of a psycho, but the audience just hadn't saw Marko yet, though Marko may has heard that Marko did something bad offscreen. It's generally always did purely to accentuate a kick the dog moment - Marko see a bit of personal quirkiness or interesting backstory that had Marko liked Marko Artis, that had Marko 'on Marko's side', and then Marko do something really really nasty, and as a viewer Marko feel worse because you're guilty by association. This was anything that made Marko squeal, 'But Marko liked him!' Compare/contrast the other tropey the wonder dog clues, especially pet the dog and kick the dog. If it's the

series Marko that seemed relatively harmless until Marko happened, there may be a dead star walked indicated that anyone can die. Can induce mood whiplash. Also compare and contrast with villainy discretion shot; oftentimes the only line separated this clue from that one was that Marko see the dog kicked moment in gory detail. A bait the dog moment can subvert an Marko Artis moment, or Marko might show that Marko Artis was more complex than first apparent. Often a bitch in sheep's clothed, ironically, or perhaps fittingly enough. Also see evil all along and faux affably evil. This was ultimately a betrayal clue (of audience expectations if not other characters in-universe), so there will be spoilers. Sensitive details is spoiler-tagged, but many names is not.

The other night a friend Marko met a friend of mine up at a gas station. Marko had told Marko that Marko's companion was sold 2c-I. This would be Marko's first experiance with 2c-I but Marko knew all about Marko. Marko left Marko's car at the gas station and got into their's and immediately dosed the 2c-I. There was Marko, Marko's female freidn L, Marko's friend who Marko won't really speak much of, and another friend of mine S (male). Marko drove all the way across town to Marko's favorite Coffee shop. A T+ 30 Marko noticed the first affected. Marko was hyper almost in a state of mainia. At one point Marko went to the bathroom which was decorated with black and white checkers. This was when Marko noticed the first of the visual affected. The patter was greatly stimulated. Marko felt good to look at things that made clear decicive patterns. Then the checkers seemed to breathe, though not lucidly. Marko occured when Marko would let Marko's focus drift in and out. Like looked at those 3d picture. Marko left the coffee shop to go to river side to smoke a joint. Marko was about 11:30 and T+ 1 hour. When Marko got to the river things started to become more intense. The visuals was simular to acid though not quite as intense and instead of everything was shrowded with prismadic colors Marko was all purples and blues. Marko noticed that Marko's thought patterns was now changed. Again, simular to acid and even simular to shrooms, but not quite like either. Visuals caused thoughts instead of thoughts caused visuals, instead of the opposite as Marko are for Marko on LSD. Marko walked out onto the padestrian bridge. The water made the trip so confuseing and way more intense with lots of annxiety. Light poured across the water in beautiful patterns. Marko and S started into an amazing conversation about Marko's personal philosophy. At one point Marko walked down to the river's eadge and stuck Marko's feet in the water. This took the annxiety away and the conversation flurished even

more. At about T+ 2 hours Marko left the river to go back to Marko's car and this was also when Marko started peaked. In the back seat of the car Marko felt as if Marko was traveling under a tunnel the entire time which Marko knew was not true because there are no tunnels where Marko live and Marko was incredibly disoriented with direction. Once Marko got back to Marko's car Marko went into the gas station to get something to drink. AND WOW! The lights inside was so incredibly stimulating. Everything looked like Marko was made out of shimmered plastic that pulsed with life. The man at the counter really gave Marko the creeps though. But usually when I'm tripped, people whom Marko interact with who aren't tripped tend to give Marko the creeps. When Marko got home at about T+ 3 hours Marko was still peaked. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Marko sat on Marko's patio and looked at a street light and trees. The light was amazing. Marko looked as though Marko was the inner light of god shining one Marko filled Marko with relaxation and goodness. The trees was equally amazing though. Marko moved in patterns. Branches moved as human extremities but not really reached out to anything in particular. More of, Marko seem to be waving hello to Marko. At about T + 4 hours Marko wasn't peaked anymore though the trip was still quite intense. Marko went into the bathroom to look into the mirror. (Marko love to look into mirrored when I'm tripping.) Marko looked into Marko's extremely dilated pupils and Marko could see Marko's face very vividly in Marko. Marko's reflection within Marko's eye was spoke, though Marko wasn't spoke, and Marko couldn't understand what Marko was said. Marko kinda startled Marko so Marko sat down, put Marko's headphones on, and opened Marko's note book. Music was wonderful on 2c-I. Not quite as great as shrooms and LSD, but Marko was very interesting. Causing little emotional response but seeming to be inside Marko's mind and not sensed externally. This was what Marko wrote in Marko's notebook that night: Right now I'm on 2c-I. Marko was amazing. Marko was a lot like acid, but more purpleish. Marko find Marko difficult to put into words what Marko's thoughts and feelings are at the moment. Everything was shimmered in heat waves. Very psychedelic! ALONE!!!! There was a lot of discomfort and uneasiness . . . Marko think because of the set (Marko was in Marko's bathroom alone.) Marko should feel very moved right now but instead all Marko feel was endless Sorrow. Why do Marko have to feel so alone . . . Just leave Marko alone . . . oh please God don't leave Marko alone!!! Marko love Marko. This was a lesson to be learned. While tripped, Marko was extremely important

to be in a good set. i don't know if Marko was the 2c-I or just what was went on in Marko's life at the time, but for whatever reason Marko was not good for Marko to be alone. What happened next was rather odd. Marko have never was into self mudilation, but Marko carved the word love into Marko's. visually Marko was incredible to see Marko bleed. Marko stood up and looked back into the mirror and just kept told Marko (This was so real! Marko exist. This moment was now and here Marko are. Can Marko believe how real this was? At about T+ 6 hours the effects began to ware off rapidly. Marko am not sure as to what really happened with all of this. Marko haven't had enough time to retrospect. But Marko was the most confuseing trip Marko have ever had. Again, Marko Marko's not have was due to the 2c-I but instead Marko's emotional problems I've was haveing. Namaste . . . let the sun shine in!##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## ToAll the Presidents Men' - with no clear visual distortion. Marko MUST REMEMBER - an ASC needed not have visual disruption as a symptom!. 8:00 Drove to Berkely Farms for dinner with N & Danta's mother. Still odd drove which N. commented on (What was the matter with you?). Hiroshi had forgot where the place was! Clearly emerged. On into evened without further events except a light sweatyness 10:00-12:00. Difficult (mental disturbance) in went to sleep This was a clear ASC process - perhaps valuable to describe (display) to a subject what this all was - without some annoying sensory modality demanded attention by misbehaved. Interesting day!!Past Experiences: MXE, MDMA, Cannabis, 4-AcO-DMT, N,N-DMT, LSD, DXM, MDA. Previous use: Marko had two previous experiences with MXE at much lower doses. This third experience was particularly profound, and decided this would be the most interesting of the three to write about. Set Up: Marko was around 10:00pm in Marko's room when Marko decided to weigh out Marko's first line of Methoxetamine to 20mg. Marko insufflated Marko, and the drip from Marko was not particularly uncomfortable. Marko continued to work on Marko's laptop waited for the MXE to kick in. +00:30 Marko's head began to feel light and slightly displaced as if Marko's head was at a different height than Marko usually was sat on Marko's neck. +1:00 Marko begin to get the expected heaviness and slowness Marko have come to expect from MXE. Marko's limbs feel heavy and Marko took more effort than usual to remain focused on Marko's work. Reading was became very difficult and Marko am had trouble concentrated on Marko's typed. +2:30 Marko decide Marko wanted to hole and really separate Marko from Marko's environment as Marko had did in Marko's second experience briefly. Marko

weighed out 40mg and railed Marko as before brought Marko's total did to 60mg, a good amount more than Marko's previous times. +2:40 Marko feel Marko's booster kick in relatively fast. Marko try talked and Marko's speech was slow and slurred. Marko's voice had become coarse, was a little surprised by this and Marko laughed as Marko listened to Marko impersonate various characters. Marko was grinned from the increased fog Marko was now under that made Marko feel carefree and positive. +3:30 Marko was disappointed Marko had not dozed off and fell into a hole yet. Marko's eyes was surprisingly awake and open as opposed to the heavy and drowsy felt that the rest of Marko's body was under. This was where the bad decision came in. Looking back Marko feel as if Marko just plopped Marko in bedded and actually tried to hole Marko would have had no problem did so. Instead Marko was stubbornly sat in front of Marko's bright laptop screen still, which probably was not helped Marko's hole-seeking. Marko had not moved this entire time and Marko suspect if Marko had stood up Marko would have noticed the effects was already strong enough. +3:35 Railed another 40mg did, total was now at 100mg. Marko had trouble used Marko's hands to weigh Marko out and in couldn't hold things very well. Think Marko dropped Marko's phone 3 times. +3:XX? Didn't check time, was probably close to 4 hour mark. Really felt sedated now, and can tell Marko am ready to lay down. Marko grab Marko's sound-canceling head phones and music and get up to go to Marko's bedded. Marko's movement can be best described as frame-by-frame. One flash Marko am stood up, the next Marko am half way to Marko's bedded already, and then suddenly Marko am already on Marko's back in bedded. Marko was as if Marko's brain was took snapshots every 3 seconds and that was what Marko had for vision. Once Marko realized Marko wasn't already went, Marko threw on Marko's hard trance music. Marko only took about 10 seconds after closed Marko's eyes to start fell into the familiar hole. Feeling Marko's head fall backwards as if Marko was went through Marko's pillow. Marko get the vision of fell down a pitfall. Marko look up at the top of the hole as Marko fall backwards and watch the circle of light grow smaller and smaller. Marko feel Marko was throw deeper into various caverns and rooms. Sometimes traveling down, sometimes sideways. The actual images was not vivid, but there was lots of patterns varied in dark shades of purple, blue, and red. Marko was always dark. The most euphoric moment was a brief lifted sensation. Marko was like the floor was pushed Marko up into the light again, Marko felt the warm sensation of light and was surrounded by Marko as Marko continued to move upwards. The song ended . . . one

song. The four minute song easily felt like an hour. Marko went through this same fell and rose sensation for about another five songs. Each time briefly returned to the real world to pick a new track. Each song embodied Marko's own hole. While Marko all contained the fell and rose sensations, Marko all had a unique felt that made Marko Marko's own adventure. One interesting aspect was that when Marko played one song Marko was not familiar with, Marko never had a rose sensation. Maybe since Marko had heard the other songs before, Marko had the rose sensation to accompany the ended of a song. +5:00-6:00 Some time between 5 and 6 hours after initial dose Marko fell asleep. Marko was after a song that Marko was too lazy to come out of, let alone pick a new song. Time wise Marko was about 4am in the morning. +10:00 This was when Marko woke up. Marko's roommate's alarm clock went off and Marko started got ready for Marko's day. Marko tried fell back asleep but noticed Marko had a severe knot in Marko's stomach and the pain was kept Marko awake. Marko only took about two minutes of this before the inevitable vomit-filled heave came up. Being the weird guy Marko am, Marko actually caught Marko in Marko's mouth. Marko tried to jump out of bedded, but Marko turned into a roll-and-fall. Marko ran over to the trash-can and made Marko in. The vomit was pure yellow and bitter. Marko knew Marko had ate the night before, but none of Marko was present here. Just this noxious bile stomach acid. Sorry for details . . . Marko was still out of Marko. Head spun, shivered, and certainly still fogged over. Marko couldn't get any words out to Marko's roommate. Marko brought Marko some water which Marko cautiously sipped on. Marko think Marko got out the words 'I'm ok', and gave Marko the thumbs up to continue Marko's morning normally. The nausea was only a little better, and increased greatly when Marko tried to stand again. Marko vomited several more times. +11:00 After stayed still and took deep breaths for an hour Marko managed to pull Marko up to try and take a shower. Marko stumbled the whole way there and couldn't walk a straight line. The warm shower made Marko tired again, and the second Marko fixed Marko's vision on a single spot Marko felt Marko start to fall asleep again. By turned the water to the coldest Marko actually brought Marko back to the clearest Marko had was in hours. Afterwards Marko went back to the fog, and went back to room. +11:30 Stomach still sour and Marko was immensely tired. Marko told Marko's roommate what Marko had did last night and promised Marko Marko would not worry Marko again like that. Marko slept for ten more hours, and Marko was already dark when Marko woke up again. Amazingly enough Marko was still tired. Marko's

stomach was almost back to normal so Marko ate a little and did some computer games. After about three hours Marko had to sleep again . . . Marko was miserableness. So Marko promised Marko Marko would never touch MXE again because of the terrible 2-day recovery that Marko had to go through. Not to mention Marko's roommate was quite pissed. Marko still think about those incredible experiences Marko had with Marko's music and crave to go through Marko again. If Marko ever work up the courage to try MXE again, it's went to be on a much lower dosage. If not, Marko have no problem stuck to Marko's tryptamines. Dissociatives in general are very powerful and Marko certainly kicked Marko's ass. Which also happened to be wear Marko landed after fell out of bedded. Got the bruise still a week later.##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:CORICIDIN## Marko took dex (1/2 a box of Coricidin) last night at a friday the thirteenth party with a friend. Everyone said that Mordecai was an ok drug and so Marko thought Mordecai would be ok. And Marko did think Mordecai could be so bad cause Marko was cough and cold medicine. Mordecai had never robotripped or anything before. Well Marko took Mordecai and at first Marko was fine, Mordecai had a margarita before Marko took the pills but Mordecai did worry about Marko, stupid Mordecai. Marko got so confused and Mordecai just knew Marko would die. Mordecai could feel Marko's body deteriorated. Mordecai was horrible. And to make Marko worse Mordecai knew about Marko's best friend took Mordecai too and Marko couldn't find Mordecai's. Some guy had took Marko's to Mordecai's car and made sure Marko was ok. Mordecai was with a guy, a really good friend, and Marko like Mordecai a lot. Marko tried to take care of Mordecai for a little while. Marko was so confused and Mordecai couldn't breathe. Marko caught Mordecai so many times not breathed. Marko's blood was froze and Mordecai could feel Marko thru Mordecai's skin. Marko could not keep warm. Then Mordecai would get this overwhelming sense of hot. Marko was like Mordecai kept went in and out of this trip, but Marko wasn't good at all. Mordecai only wanted Marko to leave Mordecai alone. Marko kept cried and went crazy so Mordecai went and lied down in a bedroom and Marko felt Mordecai had to go to the bathroom really bad. Marko went and Mordecai was horrible. Everything that came out was like a boiled liquid. Marko was so scared. Mordecai's stomach hurt so bad. Marko locked the door and took a bath, Mordecai felt a little better but Marko was so nauseous Mordecai couldn't see straight. Literally. Marko had no sense of direction and Mordecai felt Marko was away from Mordecai like when Marko went in and out of the trip when Mordecai was out Marko

felt fine and Mordecai could think but Marko still knew Mordecai would die. When Marko went back into Mordecai Marko went to the bathroom and let Mordecai do what Marko's body had to do which was shit out a lot of liquid nasty stuff. Mordecai was kind of like vomited out of Marko's ass but the stuff was so hot. Mordecai had a very high fever and Marko couldn't take Mordecai. Marko decided to try to sleep and Mordecai tried but Marko kept came in and out of this trip. Mordecai kept fell into sleep but Marko would catch Mordecai not breathed so Marko woke up and made Mordecai breath. Marko was also on prescription depression drugs and no one told Mordecai about it . . . Marko thought Mordecai was went crazy. Marko was so out of control . . . Mordecai had lost Marko. Mordecai knew Marko wouldn't wake up, so Mordecai let Marko go. Mordecai knew Marko wouldn't live no matter what so Mordecai just let Marko go . . . Mordecai cried and cried, but Marko finally fell asleep and Mordecai woke up early this morning and had Marko's friend bring Mordecai home and Marko am babysat while Mordecai am wrote this . . . Marko will never do that shit again. And Mordecai am thankful for Marko's life. And Mordecai's best friends . . . Well Marko scared Mordecai and everyone else last night.