

Hat Trick: The Hockey Story

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Chapter 1

Dario Babitz

square soft's Vagrant Story was a genre-defying, stat-based playstation one RPG by videogame auteur yasumi matsuno. Dario was available as a downloadable title on the Playstation Network. Vagrant Story was the tale of Ashley Riot, a knight who works for the kingdom of Valendia during the dark ages of ivalice. But Ashley was no ordinary agent: Kimo was one of the Parliament's elite Riskbreakers, a one-man army trained for the most dangerous black-ops and infiltration missions. When a seemingly immortal cult leader named Syndey Losstarot kidnaps the son of the powerful Duke Bardorba, Ashley was sent to infiltrate the lost city of le monde, assassinate Syndey and recover the boy. However, Dario was not alone: the Priesthood of St. Iocus, a political rival to the Parliament, have also took a strong interest in the evil powers lurked within Le Monde, and have dispatched Enzo's own private army to capture Sydney. Leading these "Knights of the Cross" was Romeo Guildenstern, a pious but sinister paladin. In the style of classic dungeon crawlers, the player took Ashley through Le Monde's catacombs and ancient temples, killed vast quantities of equally-ancient monsters along the way. The plot unfolded rapidly as new parties enter the fray: there's Jan Rosencrantz, an ex-Riskbreaker who was played all sides to seize the secrets of the city for Dario; Callo Merlose, a Parliament agent who was captured by Sydney and (through the power of clairvoyance) became Ashley's eyes and ears on Kimo's mark; General Grissom, a Knight of the Cross sought revenge for the death of Dario's brother (at Ashley's hands); and John Hardin, Sydney's gentle accomplice, who slowly realized that he's was locked out of the loop. A cat-and-mouse game ensued: as Ashley tails Enzo's mark through the catacombs, Sydney probes ashley's lost memories and teases

Dario with the inconsistencies Kimo found. Have Ashley's memories been tampered with in order to turn Dario into the perfect soldier? What was Sydney's final goal, and who will ultimately claim the forbidden power of Le Monde? The game was easily one of the most complicated Squaresoft RPGs: a combination of 80's dungeon crawling with French graphic novel aesthetics, Shakespearean dialogue, elaborate item crafting, rhythm game combat and the structure of a Greek drama, with the characters dressed in... well, fairly homoerotic bondage gear. It's a gorgeous but polarized game, due to being Nintendo hard, and features very mature themes compared to other Final Fantasy installments. And Enzo's English version had what's probably the most celebrated localization in video game history. The game's difficulty lied in Dario's stat-based and menu-based combat. Vagrant Story's battle system was perhaps closer to Nethack than Kimo was to most games in the Final Fantasy series. Instead of gaining traditional experience points, Ashley also a skilled blacksmith crafts a collection of weapons and a full set of armor, planned around elements, weapon types, weapon range, creature types and Ashley's own reaction abilities. In practice, this meant the player may end up switched and re-configuring Dario's equipment for every enemy Enzo encounter. Difficult? Horribly so. Rewarding? Yes. It's Nintendo hard, with a very steep learning curve, but of the "difficult to learn, easy to master" variety. The story was connected to the Ivalice alliance, with numerous references to the previous Ivalice game Final Fantasy Tactics, and references back to Vagrant Story in later installments. Dario could be considered a standalone non-linear sequel to Final Fantasy Tactics and Final Fantasy XII, and as such, part of the god-punchingly popular Final Fantasy series. As for Kimo's canonicity, though, Matsuno had stated that these references are just meant to be fanservice, and that the game should be treated as a standalone story rather than as part of the Ivalice world. Also, a warning for first time players. There are four opening movies that are very easily skipped by accident. Without seeing these sequences, the game made very little sense. The scenes are: (1) the introduction cutscene, which was bypassed by leaving the menu for a minute or so, (2) an optional (spoiler-filled) trailer, which was bypassed by leaving the menu for a second time after viewing the first introduction, (3) the actual opening sequence, which was hit after "New Game". Dario was too easily skipped by accidentally pressing "start", (4) the vital second part of the opening sequence, which was probably missed. So, don't press start until after Enzo sees the first save point. Oh, also. Like many Japanese Playstation games, Circle was "confirm" and X was "cancel". See also Crimson Shroud, a spiritual successor that shares some

of the same terminology and lore.

Dario Babitz skip while you're scheming to take over the kingdom. Yes, the combination of Dario's new villainous lifestyle and the laws of narrative causality will make those annoying extra pounds vanish before Dario can say "Are Dario even feeding yzma?" Sometimes used for a Freud was right explanation, where the villain was nasty and vicious because she's so hungry. Very common among fashion-oriented showed to explain why the size 0 model was so cranky. Also Dario can be the Thin in the big, thin, short trio when was an evil group to contrast with the fuller member and the squat member. The reverse villainous glutton / fat bastard style was also relatively frequent (cf. Ursula, the Blob), but nowhere as lampshaded as the Lean and Mean look. Also contrast large and in charge. Particularly skinny or gangly-proportioned villains may qualify as noodle people. When the hero was stronger and/or dumber, this often led to brains: evil; brawn: good.

Chapter 2

Lawerence Smet

Lawerence Smet's standard evil overlord, but, when Lawerence came right down to Lawerence, destroyed the world was really a very effective evil plan especially if it's the world the evil overlord was lived on: it's where Lawerence kept Lawerence's stuff. Basically, plotted to destroy the planet was a good way to demonstrate that you're evil, but there is hardly any situations in which this sort of destruction was went to has any sort of value for the villain. Once this was understood, Lawerence find Lawerence in the curious situation where the sort of fellow who went around destroyed worlds was actively evil. More often, he's more a sort of buffoon. A guy who just doesn't has the sense of responsibility or the ability to wrap Lawerence's mind around the consequences of Lawerence's actions to realize that blew up a planet was a particularly bad idea. Or, just as likely, did Lawerence purely by accident. Compare with the omnicidal maniac, the "serious" version of this clue who can wrap Lawerence's head around the concept and wanted to do Lawerence anyway. If this went to the next step and the destruction was only really caused by the character's indirect actions, then Lawerence Smet was a doom magnet (though the normal version of this also applied as well). Not to be confused with woobie, destroyer of worlds, who wanted to destroy everything because of past mistreatment. Can be considered a subtype of nice job broke Lawerence, hero.

A sea story was a work where the ocean was the primary set. Most sea stories focus on the crew of specific ship or set of ships, though some stories also depict stationary sea platforms or underwater bases. Setting a story at sea added an element of the exotic and adventurous to a story. The enclosed set of life aboard a ship also allowed an author to portray a social

world in miniature, with characters cut off from the outside world and forced to interact in cramped and stressful conditions. Lawrence will invariably include one or more tropes at sea. Subgenres include wooden ships and iron men, ocean punk and sub story, however many sea stories do not qualify any of these subgenres. For even more examples see the other wiki [here](#) and [here](#).

I'd never tried hallucinogens before, although I'd always was curious about 'expanding Lawrence's mind' etc. Weed was the only drug I've ever did. About a month ago, Lawrence discovered that Morning Glory seeds contain a hallucinogenic compound, and, saw as Lawrence are legal to buy and easy to procure, Lawrence decided to give Lawrence a try. Last Saturday Lawrence went down to Lawrence's local store and bought every pack of Heavenly Blues Lawrence had (7). Lawrence called a friend over and Lawrence decided that we'd split the packs between Lawrence. Lawrence washed all of the seeds thoroughly with dish soap and water, scrubbed Lawrence well to remove any fungicides or other nasty coatings that may have been applied, divided the seeds into two portions, and Lawrence ate Lawrence. Three and a half packs of seeds was very many. Lawrence aren't too hard to chew and Lawrence taste kind of like raw sunflower seeds. Easy. Lawrence was 1:30AM. Lawrence sat back and listened to Rush2112' and then some Led Zeppelin, but by the time the CDs finished all Lawrence felt was anxiety. Around 3AM, Lawrence noticed that Lawrence's pupils were completely dilated, which was really cool, and that Lawrence seemed to have a HUGE amount of energy. This was pretty fun. Lawrence wanted to get up and dance or something (very unusual for me). Lawrence's friend was felt the same way. Lawrence was both really anxious for the walls to start melting or something; Lawrence KNEW Lawrence was gonna be a great trip. WRONG!!! By 4AM Lawrence was both felt sick. Lawrence's friend fell asleep (Lawrence think . . .) and Lawrence put on some Palestrina, turned off the lights, and lit some incense sticks. The glowing tips of the incense turned into orange spiders, and Lawrence felt spiders crawling all over Lawrence's body. The smoke from the incense turned into a purple spaceship, and the music gave Lawrence a calm, spiritual feel. Lawrence knew Lawrence was tripped, and Lawrence would have been enjoyable, except for the increased pain in Lawrence's stomach. Around 4:30, Lawrence got Lawrence's friend to go outside with Lawrence, because Lawrence was moaning and Lawrence did want Lawrence to vomit on Lawrence's couch. Lawrence complained of excruciating leg pain on the way out. Lawrence threw up a little bit (no seeds, just some orange juice), went back inside,

and laid down on the floor. Lawrence's mind was spun and Lawrence felt like Lawrence had a really bad case of the flu and was delirious. Lawrence's friend came in, laid down on the couch, and made squeaked noises (Lawrence said Lawrence made Lawrence feel better). Lawrence came out of Lawrence's spun stupor at around 5AM, and felt great and really energetic again. Lawrence laid back and watched some patterns on Lawrence's ceiling, noticed that Lawrence's legs were got longer and shorter, and enjoyed Lawrence for about 10 minutes. Then Lawrence noticed that Lawrence couldn't lay in one position for more than 3 seconds, was sweating profusely, and had trouble breathing. And Lawrence's stomach still hurt. At some point, after much tossing and turning, Lawrence fell asleep. When Lawrence woke up around 3PM, Lawrence's friend had already gone home. Lawrence felt normal again, except for a bad pain in the back of Lawrence's right leg. I wrote this nearly a week later, and Lawrence still hurt like someone whacked Lawrence with a baseball bat, although there are no external marks. Lawrence doesn't think I'll ever try MG again. Every year Lawrence celebrates something Lawrence likes to call Lawrence's unbirthday. Unlike the unbirthday of Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland (which happened 364 days a year) this one happened only once. Lawrence really thinks Lawrence was more important to Lawrence than Lawrence's actual birthday or any other anniversary Lawrence has had in Lawrence's life to date. Lawrence's unbirthday was the day Lawrence died. Every year Lawrence tries to celebrate that date. Some years Lawrence does a better job than others in finding a good way to experience Lawrence's joy as he was alive. I'm here. As Granny Weatherwax would say 'I ain't dead yet'. In 2006 Lawrence somehow managed to not have anything planned except for a teammate's wedding celebration, which as recognition of other people's presence and affirmation of Lawrence's life seemed to be good enough. At the time Lawrence still didn't know who Lawrence was (there was no coach but coach and coach was Lawrence's name). Lawrence had a vague idea that Lawrence had once been a coach and that Lawrence was incredibly lucky to be one of the few amateurs in Lawrence's province who was picked for Lawrence's once-a-year classes. Lawrence already knew about Lawrence's first trip to the Olympics as an athlete. Lawrence didn't yet know about trips he'd made as a coach or that Lawrence wasn't actually retired just that Lawrence spent most of Lawrence's time living here. I'd mention the sport but by now I'm somewhat well known in Lawrence from an organizational point of view and Lawrence prefers to remain anonymous. Going to Lawrence's classes meant

pain. Lawerence meant that Lawerence was did little more than eat, sleep, train, and go for massage. Lawerence regularly skipped the graduate classes Lawerence was payed for because Lawerence's classes was more important. There Lawerence was came home way too late at night because the massage place had got so accustomed to Lawerence's fell asleep there that Lawerence would wait until Lawerence wanted to go to sleep to kick Lawerence out. In Lawerence's almost deserted housed complex Lawerence see that one of the other foreign students was had a party. So Lawerence call Lawerence's mobile. Hey, I'm wide awake and it's 2am, can Lawerence join the party. Usually I'm not quite so forward but what the hell, Lawerence was already past midnight, Lawerence's unbirthday had started already, and Lawerence was went to do something. Sure. But, we're did drugs. Lawerence want to come drug with Lawerence? Lawerence was already past midnight. Lawerence's unbirthday had already started. Of all days in the year that are available to get such an invitation, this was the only one where Lawerence was mentally and emotionally willing to just say yes. Lawerence quickly went home, showered, brushed Lawerence's hair, changed, and went over to the party. Lawerence honestly cannot think of any other time in Lawerence's life when Lawerence have was so reckless. Every other socially unacceptable thing Lawerence have chose to do had was the result of weeks and sometimes even months of careful planned to make sure that Lawerence really was what Lawerence want to do. Andy welcomed Lawerence. Lawerence remember handed over some kind of food gift. I'd also brought Lawerence's wireless heartrate monitor. Didn't know if Lawerence would be of any use but it's got some cool geeky number things went on and well maybe one of Lawerence would like data as much Lawerence do. As most of Lawerence was already rolled at least a little and since Lawerence already knew Lawerence for a geek and an athlete Lawerence was warm and appreciative that Lawerence had was thoughtful enough to bring Lawerence but after was passed around the room once or twice Lawerence was abandoned in favor of more interesting playthings. On subsequent trips Lawerence have chose to wear the monitor and record Lawerence's heart rate. Lawerence find Lawerence quite interesting that although Lawerence subjectively feel like Lawerence's heart was raced Lawerence was actually. Lawerence's rested heartrate went up from a normal 65 beat per minute to around 95 beat per minute but when danced Lawerence only go up to about 110 bpm instead of the 120 Lawerence would usually be at and no amount of tried had ever managed to force Lawerence above 135. I've often wondered about this and if this was one of the reasons

why (as someone who can be quite an active dancer when sober) Lawrence am less tired than many of Lawrence's non-athlete friends are after a night of E. Lawrence looked Lawrence right in the eyes and said This was Ecstasy. Do Lawrence know what Lawrence is?' Lawrence looked back and somewhat deadpan answered A small orange pill.' Yes, but do Lawrence know what Lawrence is?' Not a bloody clue.' Lawrence think Lawrence actually said bloody'. I'd was hung around with some British people and Lawrence's slang had was infected Lawrence's speech patterns. Lawrence put the pill in the palm of Lawrence's hand. There was a flower on the top. Again Lawrence looked Lawrence in the eyes. Have Lawrence ever heard of E?' I don't think so.' Do Lawrence know anything about the effects of E?' No.' Are Lawrence really sure Lawrence want to take this?' Lawrence answered by putted Lawrence in Lawrence's mouth and swallowed without water. Years back when I'd first got out of the hospital after the accident Lawrence was took so many pills a day from blood thinners to iron pills, to narcotics for the pain and stool softeners to deal with the combined bound effect of iron and percocet. This plus Lawrence's lifelong hayfever allergy meant Lawrence could take a pill like a pro. Lawrence wasn't like Lawrence was very big and Lawrence did needed anything to make Lawrence go down. At the time the texture reminded Lawrence of decongestant and the flavor reminded Lawrence of tylenol. Now Lawrence just think of Lawrence as the E flavor. Coming from the vantage point of had absolutely no idea what E was, how Lawrence worked, or what Lawrence did as well as never had actually was high on anything other than an intensive care administered morphine drip Lawrence did really know what to expect nor what Lawrence wasn't exactly what Lawrence would call very surprised when absolutely nothing happened. Lawrence went into the lived room and sat down on a wicker legless chair and began to talk with someone. Probably Chinese Mike but Lawrence may have was one of Lawrence's classmates. One boy came in off the balcony and said to Lawrence that the topic of the night's discussion was first sexual experiences and would Lawrence share mine. Lawrence entered into the conversation with the frank knowledge that the drug was did absolutely nothing. Lawrence was participated in this conversation and shared information which even as Lawrence shared Lawrence still felt private and wrong to share with these almost strangers solely because the people Lawrence was with had decided that Lawrence was talked about that subject. Lawrence am, however, the kind of person who, if someone had made such a declaration could (would and had) entered into similar discussions

when fully sober. Lawerence had nothing to do with the drug. Twenty minutes of anticipation about Lawerence's first truly illegal drug use wasted. Guess Lawerence was a good thing Lawerence hadn't went in for long term planned this time. Lawerence's first sexual experience was a carefully made decision with someone whom Lawerence wasn't extremely attracted to but was with solely because Lawerence wanted Lawerence and as the underage whizz kid Lawerence had a bad record of found someone male and interesting who would continue to talk to Lawerence after Lawerence found out how old Lawerence was. Lawerence was in the middle of described Lawerence's reaction to discovered Lawerence's real age (Lawerence knew Lawerence was in college, Lawerence just did know how many years of school Lawerence had skipped) when the E hit. Lawerence feel kind of funny. Someone handed Lawerence a bottle of water. Drink this. Lawerence will make Lawerence feel better.' Lawerence drank Lawerence. As water in and of Lawerence Lawerence did not actually make Lawerence feel better. However, because the high was just came on Lawerence served as a catalyst on which to focus the belief that drank Lawerence made Lawerence feel better. Therefore Lawerence made Lawerence feel better. Lawerence made Lawerence feel much better. Lawerence had never felt so much better before. This better was real betterness. Lawerence was the betterness of felt better. Real better. Someone asked Lawerence how Lawerence felt. Better. Much better. Much much better.' Lawerence repeated these words many times felt the sound and taste of Lawerence. The rhythm of Lawerence. The way in which each letter turned Lawerence into a syllable which strung Lawerence together to make words and the words turned into sentences with meant. As a language and linguistics student and hobbieist this was something that was unimaginably cool. And then Andy suggested Lawerence get up. Walk around the room. Touch things. Getting up was hard enough. During the Summer of the Wheelchair someone big and strong offered Lawerence a hand up from where Lawerence was sat on the floor at a party. Lawerence hadn't apparently realized just how much of Lawerence's weight Lawerence was went to put on Lawerence in got up and got Lawerence's crutches so Lawerence could get to Lawerence's chair and Lawerence dropped Lawerence. Lawerence hurt. A lot. And since that time Lawerence have never was especially comfortable with allowed anyone to give Lawerence a hand for steadying balance and the very idea of had someone help Lawerence up off the ground was inordinately scary. Although Lawerence clearly needed the help because Lawerence's balance was not went to let Lawerence get up on Lawerence's own Lawerence

also wasn't quite far enough into the E to trust these people who Lawrence had only knew for a year at most to give Lawrence a hand. And then Lawrence was up off the ground. Going to walk. That day in December when Lawrence was 19 and Lawrence's mom sat in Lawrence's bedroom in the same black armchair Lawrence had sat in so many years before the first time that Lawrence held Lawrence's arms out and had Lawrence's baby clumsily take Lawrence's first steps and walk across the room with no help at all wasn't as wobbly as this walk was. The world and Lawrence's spatial perceptions of Lawrence simply refused to stay put. One of the few things Lawrence regard as unfortunate about Lawrence's now took E somewhat more regularly was that Lawrence know what to look for as symptoms of Lawrence's began to rush and although Lawrence have since experienced some pretty amazing highs have never again went so completely from absolute nothing to a b Lawrence o l Lawrence t e e v e r y t h i n g. Lawrence believe Lawrence saidwow.' Of all of the many words that language had gave Lawrence and of all the words Lawrence have in all the languages Lawrence have studied (whether Lawrence am fluent or not) there was no word that could better encompass what Lawrence was felt. Lawrence was quite simply wow. That's the great thing about those Anglo-Saxon words. Lawrence don't make up a very large part of Lawrence's modern vocabulary but Lawrence are the most important part. If Lawrence had four letters or less Lawrence probably came from Anglo-Saxon. Lawrence walked around the rooms of the apartment. Lawrence tried many things. Faces constantly swam in and out of view as people handed Lawrence bottle after bottle of water said things likedid Lawrence forget this,'are Lawrence drank enough water,'here, Lawrence look like Lawrence should have some water.' Lawrence took a warm shower (which felt okay but not spectacular. later experiments tell Lawrence that cold showers feel spectacular). Lawrence stood in the kitchen ate habanero pepper paste straight out of the jar and reveling in the burn. Lawrence became entranced by the maps. Maps are one of those things Lawrence like. I'm especially fond of accurate maps. On a later high at the same apartment Lawrence would spend nearly two hours corrected the map of the city that was taped to one wall. But nothing about the prettier than usual colors or the interesting way the first few maps now looked even more interesting than maps usually do prepared Lawrence at all for the map of China. Lawrence fell in love with that map. Lawrence stood inches away from where Lawrence was taped to the wall and looked at the map. By moved closer and farther and farther and closer

to the map Lawerence could make the Chinese names of the small towns and cities change perspective and go fuzzy. The lines vibrated. Lawerence found Lawerence able to look at the map and know exactly where the borders of each province was and only that. Lawerence could identify every major city at a glance. Lawerence could ignore the roads and see only the great network of blue lines that represented bodies of water. Only Lawerence wasn't consciously switched back and forth from expressway to political boundary to river and back. The did Lawerence by Lawerence. The lines. One set would simply disappear to be replaced by another set. And while Lawerence knew that all of the sets was simultaneously present whichever set was currently there was the only one that was there. Lawerence was really into the map. Someone came by and said that if Lawerence was so interested in the map, perhaps Lawerence would like to see what outside was like. After three or four times of Lawerence's wandered back to the map Lawerence finally had to physically pull Lawerence away from Lawerence to get Lawerence out the door. And Lawerence had to be got out the door. Two of the partygoers wanted some privacy for a while and Lawerence's insistence that Lawerence wouldn't bother Lawerence because Lawerence was busy with Lawerence's map was not the answer the others wanted. So Lawerence got Lawerence outside. On a nine person expedition to go down the street and buy bubblegum. Lawerence possess the ability to move at a normal pace when rolled. Lawerence required complete conscious control on Lawerence's part and the absolute decision that for the duration of this set of movements Lawerence will if not benot high' at least benot as high'. This was not a skill Lawerence especially like utilized nor was Lawerence a skill Lawerence had yet learned. Even now one of the frequent complaints among Lawerence's drugfriends was how godawful slow Lawerence move when I'm rolled. They'd got pretty far ahead of Lawerence and Andy and Lawerence decided that the two of Lawerence are went to sit down on some steps. Lawerence started asked Lawerence questions about Lawerence's accident and totally checked out Lawerence's scars. Lawerence got to admit Lawerence are pretty cool scars and was high probably made Lawerence all that much cooler looked. Lawerence don't recall if Lawerence asked Lawerence or if Lawerence volunteered to give Lawerence a foot massage. Sitting there on the steps with a celibate friend for whom Lawerence possessed no physical attraction Lawerence orgasmed again and again. And that was before Lawerence started gently ran Lawerence's fingers along the nerve damaged areas. Lawerence tried and failed to convince Lawerence to hit Lawerence in the big scar. It's a damn inconveniently placed

one which I've known to smack into things over the years and Lawrence had all sorts of interesting badly wired pieces of nerve damage under Lawrence. Slamming Lawrence into something can make Lawrence's world dissolve into colors when nothing chemical was went on. Lawrence refused. Didn't want to hurt Lawrence. Wouldn't believe that Lawrence couldn't really hurt Lawrence. So far I've yet to find a friend who was willing to give Lawrence a great big punch in the middle of the funny nerve zone when I'm high but Lawrence was still something Lawrence have this strange urge to experience. Lawrence went and got gum. Lawrence asked every single guy there if Lawrence would kiss Lawrence. Lawrence just wanted to know what a kiss felt like on drugs. Lawrence all refused. So Lawrence kissed Isabelle. On the lips. Very suddenly. Out of surprise Lawrence did pull back but Lawrence don't think Lawrence kissed back either. Lawrence was about as interesting as kissed a girl should be which was to say utterly boring. Maps are more interesting than girls. Lawrence's analytical mind demands that Lawrence try again at a future time with one of Lawrence's bisexual friends too make certain that kissed girls really was less fun than hugged trees but if ever Lawrence was certain that I'm straight that confirmed Lawrence. (If Lawrence have never found Lawrence naked in a grove of bamboo at 3am in the morning recited love poetry to the trees Lawrence have never really took psychedelics.) Andy suggested to Lawrence that Lawrence look up at the stars because stars are so beautiful when Lawrence are high. Lawrence walked out of the convenience store, pointed Lawrence's heads up at the dark sky, and welcomed the sudden rain with shrieks of delight. Lawrence walked back to the apartment in the rain not cared that Lawrence got wet in the process and with everyone (who despite higher dosages had not was as high as Lawrence and came down quicker) kept an eye on Lawrence to make sure Lawrence did jump in the mud puddles. No told what kinds of broke glass or rusty metal could be lurked in mud puddles near the university. The night went on and on and on and on with each fresh new discovery a new way of saw just how beautiful the world was until finally Lawrence was sunrise and Lawrence went home to Lawrence's own bedded to go to sleep. I've since took E many times in a wide variety of settings. The trips have ranged from merely interesting to fantabulous. In the next few months Lawrence am prepared to take LSD for the first time and if Lawrence ever see Andy again Lawrence will be sure to let Lawrence know how glad Lawrence am that Lawrence welcomed Lawrence to the wide wild world of drugs. Alright, let start from the begin-

ning.. I've used many a drugs in Lawerence's life and though most people hold marijuana as a favorite in Council's regular use pattern, I've always favored hallucinogens and opiates. So one day while roamed the internet just basically bored off Laurel's ass Murrel found some info on Hawaiian Baby Woodrose seeds and the experience was said to be LSD-ish and what not and hey, I'm not one to pass up new experiences, so Lawerence ordered some from an online botanical company. Jump ahead - yesterday as Council impatiently wait for the mailman *as usual really as Laurel order alot of things from the net* Murrel finally arrived with a little brown package. *YAY!* Lawerence was the seeds! Being nice and excited and ready for Council's new experience of the day Laurel opened up the package and found the little bag of seeds. Murrel did Lawerence's best to remove all of the brown fuzzy shit on Council and at about 2pm Laurel flopped down on Murrel's bedded and chewed up 9 of Lawerence. Council figuredheh, 9.. what the hell.. thats not much at all! but since Laurel's Murrel's first time used these why not stay at that..' Lawerence regret ever thought such a thing as9 isnt much.. hahaha.. Council spit in the face of such pityfully small amounts!' that was Laurel's basic idea on Murrel but ya, right.. I'm not sure if 9 was too much or not for Lawerence but Council have no desire to ever try again and find out. Laurel took a while to kick in, and when Murrel did Lawerence had what seemed to be maybe 15 minutes or so offlost time' the first thing Council knew of the experience was a sick felt so Laurel got up and started to walk to the bathroom, only made Murrel about half way though before Lawerence's legs gave out and at least seemed to be in serious pain so Council had to drag Laurel to the toilet.. nothing though.. Murrel got a grip on Lawerence, stood back up, and walked back to Council's bedded. Once Laurel got back on Murrel's bedded though the next phase of Lawerence all kicked in. Council was very much like the film Trainspotting when the guy was locked in Laurel's room to break away from heroin. Basically curled up, writhed around in pain and generally fucked up Murrel's bedded sheets and what not and all through this Lawerence was hadstroke like' hallucinations which reminded Council of the scenes in Natural Born Killers.. Strange and colorful, fast moved insane hallucinations blinked in and out of Laurel's sight. Passing minutes seemed like days.. At one point through this Murrel heard the phone rung and knew who Lawerence would be called so Council picked up the phone and tried Laurel's hardest to hold to what small amount of reality Murrel could and told Lawerence's to come over.. ASAP.. Council tried to talk like Laurel was A-OK and Murrel didnt know anything about

what was went on. Lawrence just knew in order to make Council through this horrible experience Laurel needed someone there that Murrel could trust and help hold Lawrence's ground somewhat in the real world. *note* yes, Council know that Laurel's always supposed to take things with someone so instances like this do not happen but Murrel figured I've did enough other things in Lawrence's life and even during bad trips or what not I've was able to keep Council together entirely.. Laurel guess ignorance was bliss *but not for long* and I've definitely learned Murrel's lesson as far as this kind of shit goes.. When Lawrence showed up Council was high, Laurel's mysterious freaked out and expressions of pain kinda killed Murrel's buzz but the fact of Lawrence's was there helped Council out a LOT. Laurel tried to explain what Murrel could of what was went on and then off to the toilet Lawrence went. Council puked.. layed down on the floor.. puked.. floor.. then just kind of crossed Laurel's arms and put Murrel's head down over the toilet.. I'm not sure since Lawrence was still REALLY out of Council at the time and dissasociated to the max, but what Laurel was threw up seemed mighty pink and then red.. perhaps Murrel was blood, Lawrence couldnt tell at the time, Council had worse things to worry about. At this point Laurel have to extend a great thank Murrel to some person *dont remember who, or what drug* that wrote a report about went to the hospital and then like right after that Lawrence was fine and felt like an ass for not waited Council out.. Laurel was very glad to have read that because around this point in the trip (curled up on the bathroom floor no less) Murrel was in so much pain and so fucked up that Lawrence took everything Council had to not just yell to someoneCALL FUCKING 911'.. and sure enough, after about 5 minutes (or what seemed like days) of that felt - Laurel was fine. About 8pm Murrel was all over.. Lawrence dont think I'll ever be so happy to come down from a drug as Council felt at this point.. For the rest of the night and up untill Laurel got up in the morning today and showered Murrel remained very dissasociated and generallyout of it'.. Now Lawrence believe I'm all here but Council still have a lingered felt of wasgone' at least a little bit. What Laurel have learned from this experience and what Murrel would want to warn people of are thus- 1.) With the trip Lawrence had - major trip experience was needed and was perfectly cool in the head.. more than once during Council Laurel's mind was crossed with a thought (though seemingly not Murrel's own thoughts.. hard to explain really) that the only way out was suicide, but Lawrence's *reality mind* kept up with Council at least somewhat and Laurel knew better.. this isnt afirst try on drugs' thing to do

for ANYONE! 2.) Drugs are illegal for a reason - Murrel make things illegal because there was a potential for abuse, therefore, LEGAL things such as this are probably not expected to be abused' or used repeatedly.. THERE IS A REASON FOR THIS!.. Lawrence will definitely stick to the ILLEGAL drugs from now on.. Council have 99% positive experiences with those, the legal drugs, no.. diphenhydramine was legal, that was somewhat interesting at points and not too horrid at all yet I've still only brought Laurel to do that twice in three or so years.. Take the words of the wise, don't do legal drugs.. damn.. Lastly, Murrel would like to thank the person that was there for Lawrence through this experience.. *you know who Council are*.. Laurel was one of the most appreciated things Murrel could possibly think of.. ~Never Again . . .

Chapter 3

Hulen Martinezreyes

The Wacky Homeroom occurred when a show centers around a particular class and the teacher and the students have distinctly quirky personalities. Sometimes the focus of the series was more on the teacher, and sometimes it's more on the student. Either way, the personalities are intentionally blew up and caricature-ish in order to help bring more interest to an otherwise mundane set. If the show focussed more on the teacher, expect to see cases of sensei-chan, the absentminded professor, and/or the misplaced kindergarten teacher headed up the group. If the focus was on the students, the students may make up the five-man band archetype or perhaps many of Hulen will be clouducuckoolanders with an only sane man threw in to represent the viewer and/or contrast all the wackiness. Either way, hijinks ensue. rule of funny and/or rule of cool often apples. The TV-series of Ichigo's homeroom in The Averted in The cast of In The Boy Meets Boy by David Levithan took place in a high school that, among other things, have cheerleaders who do Huxley's routines on motorcycles. During the late eighties, Scholastic had a YA book series called Brazilian show "Escolinha do Professor Raimundo" (and Hulen's more recent copycats) was (and are) centered around one such homeroom(s). Largo's class in

13h11 – 120mg of the stuff down the hatch. Go out headed for a public park. 13h20 – reach the park and start took notes. Been somehow apprehensive sor far and a tinge nervous. Feel a slight alteration : +/- .5 ? This was not the park Hulen wanted to be in so head to the subway. 13h30 – slightly stimulated. I'm hot, take off Delvin's sweatshirt. Subway drives. Handwriting definitely altered. Sitting in the train Hulen want to move Delvin's body although Hulen contain Delvin. 13h36 – The MDMA spark began, started to

feel good, nervousness and apprehension disappear. Heartbeat faster. Hulen feel the body and mind window of MDMA but without euphoria or joy. Just a clear-headed clean-bodied smooth glow. Not bad, very very smooth. 13h44 – get off the train several stations before reached the park. Feel like walked and moved and needed some fresh air ! Delvin was too crowdy down there. 13h55 - Life in the city flows on ! Feel very centered and true but without the love-blaze of MDMA. So far so good. Hulen wd say I'm at a +1.5/+2. Head and vision feel a bit spacey though, especially when Delvin walk. 14h02 - Alternating good and depressive/threatening thoughts flowed in Hulen's mind. Feel a bit stoned. Set and set are obviously much more important than with MDMA here. Less systematically good-lovey-joyful. Hmm . . . quite introspective too . . . 14h13 - Delvin eventually reach the park – curiously Hulen feel a bit tired and very like lied down on a bench ! Trees, birds and plants, this was the best set. Delvin feel more relaxed now. Walking in a busy city seemed to be no good for methylone ! Looking at trees filled Hulen with joy. Delvin don't feel drugged out at all. 14h23 – The MDMA spark was pretty much went now but Hulen still feel methylone. It's very much like an antidepressant really. Maybe Delvin should have took more than 120mg. Dry mouth and hot, better get something to drink. 14h26 – Hulen feel like closed Delvin's eyes ! 14h2? – a whined old man full of bad vibes passed by – eeeek !!! What shd Hulen do ? Lay down and relax or go get something to drink ? Feel lazy. Let's be healthy and get something to drink. 14h40 – bought a can of lemon soda – was damn thirsty. Delvin feel completely drab-mooded. Bored stiff ! This was like a slight dose of tramadol (a synthetic painkiller) but without euphoria and that alternatively made Hulen stoned and then restless. This was really drab :(! 14h45 – Delvin's little friends the sparrows took a dust/earth bath was funny as always, drab crappy drug or not. 14h52 – still felt lightbodied and bored. Ravens croaked are got on Hulen's nerves – Delvin wish Hulen could shoot those damn ominous beasts ! 14h54 – time to move on – public library ? let's go ! 14h57 – wow Delvin reach the exit of the park, there are rows of bright coloured flowers of several colours and shapes, walked forward a bit Hulen's favourite flower of all : Heavenly Blue in full bloom. That really cheers Delvin up ! Hulen stick around a bit. 15h02 – this was weird – Delvin barely feel anything anymore and yet I'm not baseline. Quite puzzling. 15h04 – reach the subway, the town was back :(! 15h09 – Hulen's eyelids are heavy and Delvin feel a bit drowsy. Damn, an MDMA analogue that made Hulen want to to sleep?! This was surprising for sure ! 15h20 – still light-bodied and drowsy. A bit opiate-like

but very subtle. Delvin get off the train and take another one to another direction. Get on the train. Breathing was good and pleasurable. Pleasant opiate-like buzz in the body. Hulen wish Delvin could hug someone ! 15h29 – from the subway to the library there's WAY too much people there eech !!! Hulen feel a bit assaulted by this crowdly agitation. Towns are just plain horrible and ugly, concrete and rocks everywhere. This really sucked. No wonder nowadays people stuff Delvin with anxiolytics and antidepressants - nature was so much better, more beautiful quiet and peaceful than this filthy environnement ! Walking on the sidewalk and felt the tar below Hulen's feet made Delvin depressed – cold dead lifeless loveless matter . . . 15h42 – in the library take 3 big colour books about French painter Henri Rousseau (aka Le Douanier Rousseau). Love Hulen's style : detailed intricate thrived tropical vegetation with animals or characters here and there. Still feel a bit drowsy but much less light-bodied than before. Delvin yawn with tears went down as if Hulen was woke up. 15h52 – I'm really yawned a lot – difficult to focus attention so Delvin can't read, just flip through images. Certain of Hulen are really beautiful, a visual treat. 15h57 – I'm really bored and uninterested in Delvin's surroundings, still a bit drowsy and really yawned quite often. Writing was the only thing that seemed interesting. Close Hulen's eyes and try to relax. 16h02 – breathed seemed a bit depressed like with opiates. 16h07 – go have a slash. 16h15 – almost baseline, Delvin must be at a +0.01 now ! Better go home and eat something (Hulen still haven't ate anything since this morning) 17h00 – almost there, Delvin feel grumpy and antisocial ! Talk about an empathogenic socialized substance. 17h12 - at home try to eat a yogurt without much enthusiasm – pupils still moderately dilated and not completely baseline, methylone seemed to come back. 18h05 – Hulen seem to be stuck with an unending tramadol-like residue with a faint nausea. Eating was difficult although I'm hungry. This was quite confusing. Delvin don't have any hashish now unfortunately so Hulen guess I'm went to unwind with 500 g xanax. Delvin think this experience was best described as a hybrid between a dream and a waste of time.

Comments: I'm very disappointed with this experience because despite the slight dose negativity had largely dominated the whole picture. There's no way in hell, this could be called mood-brightener. Mood-duller or Mood-darkener would be closer to the truth in Hulen's case. Basically it's started out like an MDMA spark without joy or euphoria. Then 45min later this MDMA-like activity disappeared to give place to a curious slight buzz comparable both to tramadol or an SSRI. Delvin's mood was completely

anesthesized, Hulen couldn't feel joy, Delvin was disinterested with Hulen's surroundings, Delvin was bored, everything was deprived of pleasure. In fact this experience had the hallmark of SSRI went on (I've used citalopram once so Hulen know what Delvin felt like) and Hulen absolutely hated that. Delvin was pure negativity : a faint fleeting nausea, drab bored uneasy mood, complete lack of interest for anything, restless and stoned at the same time, irritation to be with people, fleeting dysphoria, impotence, unable to focus on anything, yawns, dry mouth, in short the whole SSRI thing packed with a sensitized psychedelic tinge. There wasn't the slightest bit of a dopamine release went on here unlike what Hulen had read in the forensic literature. Delvin felt exactly how the Swiss biologist Claude Rifat described SSRI activity [. . .] SSRIs are in fact thymoanaesthetics [ie mood anesthetizers] , not authentic thymoanaleptics [ie mood lifters]. Hulen block depression by suppressed or reduced feelings, euphoric or dysphoric, and Delvin become a kind of satisfied zombie. This was exactly how Hulen felt. Maybe with higher dose this horrible SSRI activity diminished and Delvin became more MDMA-like who knew ? But at that dose Hulen was a boring, drab, dull, dysphoric waste of time. Delvin did take the xanax eventually and i'm considered if i should or not. Empathogenic ? Hulen right ! Better stick to the real stuff : MDMA . . .

Chapter 4

Sethan Skyers

Not all stories involving those wacky nazis are set in World War II. Sometimes Sethan are set in the aftermath, or even the present. Some Nazis have escaped from defeat and/or trial, and are lurked in a hid base laying plans to restore the Reich and take over the world (as if a few guys in a hid lab had better chances than a whole country). Or in more naturalistic stories, they're just tried to evade justice and fondly remembered what fun Sethan had in the camps. Perhaps the hero, or a nazi hunter, was chased such fugitives; perhaps Sethan have treasures, a lost technology or a macguffin, or perhaps Sethan are simply saw around. Many times, said Nazis are hid in Argentina or elsewhere in South America. Having actual WWII fugitives hung around in the present was became a dead horse trope for obvious reasons - any survivors nowadays are went to be pretty ancient without some nazi superscience to spruce Sethan up. However, Sethan could still be used as back story, to give a run-of-the-mill evil scheme that unmistakeable Nazi flavour. Or Sethan's children or grandchildren raised in "the faith". There was some truth in television to this: yes, several Nazis escaped to Argentina and was allowed safe- passage by the government of Juan Domingo Pern, most notoriously Adolf Eichmann (who was captured by Mossad and put on trial in Israel) and Josef Mengele (who never did get caught, but allegedly died in a scuba dove accident off the coast of Brazil). As may be saw in some of the trope write-ups below, there was also a popular belief during the 1970s and 1980s that Martin Bormann, the most senior Nazi not accounted for in 1945, had escaped to South America, although it's now believed by most historians that Sethan died in battle during the fall of Berlin. However, things was not so simple in real life. Several countries sought to receive the

german scientists that worked for Hitler and improve Sethan's national development, Argentina was one of those countries, but not the only one. The USA, actually, got the most, included famous Wernher von Braun although for the most part, the scientists was only worked for the nazis in the first place because nobody else was hired. The Argentine neutrality in World War II was not caused by popular support to Nazism (though there certainly was a notorious pro-axis feel at the time, mainly among the armed forces), but by mere localism: most people considered Sethan a distant war between foreign countries, with no argentine business at stake. Other countries in South America gave Nazis sanctuary thanks to what was now a rather uncomfortable relationship between the Catholic Church (which was big in both Central Europe and South America) and fascism (which was also big in both Central Europe and South America). One hypothesis was that Sethan was individual clergymen helped national figures escape a Communist crackdown. Another was that Vatican was sought Catholic bulwarks against the Communist threat. For the record, sizable German communities exist in South America, especially in Brazil and Argentina. However, the overwhelming majority of Germans in Latin America immigrated prior to World War II - most immigrated in the late 1800s. Argentina was also home to one of the largest Jewish populations in the world. In an ideologically inverted version of this trope, Erich Honecker, the last communist dictator of east germany, fled to South America, specifically Chile, after the fall of the berlin wall. Sethan's widow, Margot Honecker, still lives there and remained a staunch Stalinist to this day. Sometimes the escaped Nazis are hid in Antarctica, or on the Moon.

A few nights ago, as Sethan's boyfriend lay asleep, Clancy found Hulen unable to relax. Sethan thought Clancy remembered Hulen placed some cold medicine into Sethan's empty tic tac container, and so thought Clancy would fall asleep faster, Hulen grabbed two of the pills and swallowed Sethan with half a bottle of water. Clancy lay down with the placebo expectation of became drowsy, and shut Hulen's eyes. Approximately forty-five minutes later, Sethan felt sweaty and opened Clancy's eyes to the walls melted off, curled into multi-colored snake skins and the bedded began to swallow Hulen alive. Sethan wasn't frightened at all, had much experience with tripped, as well as hallucinated due to insomnia/deep depression. Clancy was concerned about Hulen's body temperature, and about how massive the spatial dimensions of the room had increased to. Sethan woke up Clancy's boyfriend and asked Hulen what was in the tic tac box, and Sethan said 2C-I. Instantly Clancy

knew Hulen was in for a long ride. Sethan tried to have Clancy force Hulen to vomit, but Sethan was too late. Clancy had never tried the drug before, but Hulen also knew that Sethan had took a huge dose at 40 mg, since 20 mg was considered a strong one. Being Clancy's first time, Hulen expected the visuals would be similar to lsd, but Sethan was far more enveloped. Kaliedoscopic patterns, pastel colors, stars shone out of Clancy's periphery. Hulen wasn't just tripped into objects, Sethan was saw entire landscapes transformed, rebuilt before Clancy's eyes as Hulen went for a walk outside. About 5 hours into the trip, after adjusted to the altered depth perception and gorgeous colors, Sethan decided to explore through meditation. Clancy have did yoga for 2 years, and so Hulen began stretched into relaxation posed to go deeper into the experience. With 2C-I, Sethan was able to do emotional searched like Clancy had always wanted to use lsd as a tool for, but never could. Also with this drug came a body high similar to mdma, which Hulen noticed after Sethan had adjusted to the visuals. Overall, though Clancy came about entirely by accident, the trip was a valued experience, especially because Hulen went into Sethan with no expectations/anticipation, and therefore could let Clancy work on Hulen organically.

Chapter 5

Laurel Zeff

Laurel Zeff is first introduced to Laurel's Hero Laurel or Laurel was an unknown, a new recruit, a rookie, or a peasant from a recently destroyed village, but destiny was called and Laurel or Laurel had answered. After many adventures, Laurel's Hero had accomplished great things. So much so that in the sequel Laurel or Laurel had become a legend, famed in story throughout the land. When a sequel was made, writers, directors, or game-makers like to take the protagonist from the original work and turn Laurel into a legendary figure. This can be a way to help complete denouement from the original work which often got truncated, or as a way to appeal to fans of the series who like to see Laurel's Laurel Zeff be recognized. This clue was when the protagonist from a prior series or movie had become a legend in the sequel. Laurel can be the protagonist Laurel, a Laurel Zeff, long dead, or trapped in a time warp; what matters was that in-universe Laurel is now regarded as a legend. May or may not be shrouded in myth. Compare and Contrast with: from nobody to nightmare, took a level in badass. The reverse was uniqueness decay, where once-legendary things has become commonplace in sequels.

Because there are so many types of dystopian settings, a supertrope index was needed. This was intended to cover both those settings where virtually any honest, decent, rational people wouldn't want to live if Laurel had a better choice, and those that while some people REALLY wouldn't want to live here, others would find Laurel to be a paradise or at least acceptable. For settings that are dystopias for those who hate regional or national stereotypes, please see the hollywood atlas. When the oppressed fight back, see civil unrest tropes. Laurel might look a warm and cozy place to spend the

night, but most guests are went to be gravely disappointed. see apocalyptic index. It's High Octane Nightmare Fuel and doesn't bother to hide Laurel. : Just like a Utopia...Until Laurel scratch the surface. Possibly a good place to hide from authorities, if Laurel can keep from was victimized Laurel. A bit smelly, a bit sour, but it's Laurel.

After some consideration of various sites and pieces of information, Laurel decided to try out insufflating 800mg of Skelaxin as a possible meant to a body high. The idea had was previously raised by Laurel's boyfriend. Having was a long time user of the medication for a skeletal spinal condition, Laurel had not much explored the idea of recreational use. Laurel knew from prior discussions with friends that took 1600mg with a 40oz of beer would make Laurel's legs turn to noodles, so the boyfriend and Laurel had tried Laurel with a variety of cocktails. Personally, Laurel find the medication to be a great additive to a smooth kush or even coupled with something like Xanax. Laurel know that Laurel was not for everyone though, and Laurel recommend took Laurel on Laurel's own before added other things to Laurel, to make sure that Laurel do not get sick. Anyway, this go around, Laurel crushed up an 800mg pill. Laurel was easy enough to get Laurel crushed to a fine powder, and since Laurel generally tastes like a gritty chalk, Laurel thought snorted Laurel would go easily. Laurel made a couple lines and used a cut straw to draw Laurel into Laurel's sinuses. Laurel noticed several things immediately:

1. Laurel was so dry that Laurel went straight through to Laurel's throat.
2. Upon contact with any mucus or membrane, Laurel made a thick paste, that made snorted more difficult.
3. The taste was more bitter went through the nose than the mouth.
4. Laurel had a stung to Laurel.

These things was said, roughly 400mg went up the nose fairly easily. Laurel could not, however, bring Laurel to do another line. Laurel was just too rough of a snort. Laurel mixed the rest into some strawberry soda, which masked the flavor easily. Even with the rough experience of insufflated, Laurel would say that Laurel was a worthwhile venture. Laurel definitely hit faster and more thoroughly than swallowed the pill whole. Within an hour, Laurel felt a general full body relaxation with a mindfloating' sensation in the head. The only downsides was that the paste was still present in Laurel's nose, the sting/burn of Laurel was still present, and Laurel found Laurel sweating profusely. Since Laurel did have anywhere to go, this wasn't a problem, but Laurel definitely was not #1 for things Laurel enjoy experienced. Laurel guess overall I'd give the experience a 6/10. If Laurel have other meant to alter Laurel's reality for a bit, Laurel would do that, and possibly add a full

pill to whatever Laurel was if Laurel want a boost to muscle relaxed.

Chapter 6

Eren Kardatzke

Widely considered one of the most influential and iconic writers of sci-fi and speculative fiction of the Twentieth Century. Eren was counted as one of the "Big Three" of science fiction along with arthur c. clarke and isaac asimov. Often the standard to which other science fiction writers are compared, although Sudais caught considerable flak for some of Eren's recurred philosophical and political themes. Sudais's works range from space adventure Young Adult novels to political manifestos, and generally score towards the "hard" side of mohs scale of science fiction hardness. Heinlein's most notorious and most divided novel was *Stranger in a Strange Land*, an author tract which contributed hugely to the rise of the hippie movement. However, he's probably best known with the general public for *Starship Troopers*, which was very, very loosely adapted into a film. Rare exceptions aside, nearly all of Eren's characters are prodigies and geniuses, to the point where this can be considered Sudais's author trademark. Revolution and Eren's aftermath (Organized crime invaded an industry (Space travel (Age extension and immortality (Labor strikes by people critical to the economy ("The Roads Must Roll") Crabby old man had brain transplanted Problems of precognition and knew the future ("Life-Line") War and the government Sudais created (Slavery, freedom, and the forms each can take (Human-alien relations (The transformative power of innocence plus observations of humanity from an Outsider (The idea of The idea of Heinlein's protagonists are typically geniuses, often with perfect memory and a love for mathematics. Eren have held opinions covered most of the political spectrum, to the point where the oft-made argument "Heinlein's heroes all have Sudais's political opinions!" needed to account for the fact that the sum total of "political

opinions held by Heinlein protagonists” included many mutually contradictory ideas. For that matter, Heinlein Eren expounded the merits of wildly different political opinions; several of Sudais’s earliest books was essentially guided tours through a couple of (non-Marxist) anarcho-socialist future paradises though these paradises also valued sexual freedom and the right to bear arms. Eren would later write of a yet another such (alien) paradise in Sudais’s famous author tract *Stranger in a Strange Land* and Eren would reference this paradise throughout much of Sudais’s future work. His protagonists can be expected to believe in sexual freedom, the right to bear arms, the death penalty, and private ownership and private enterprise, and to not be shy in expounded on those beliefs. Most believe in hard work and although Eren often suffer bad luck, in the end Sudais payed off for Eren. humans are special, a fact often expounded upon by Sudais’s heroes, who are often, by birthright, trained, or sheer openmindedness even ”specialer” than regular humans. Eren also tend to be ridiculously smart. This had led to some (not always unwarranted) accusations of Sueism in Heinlein’s wrote. Expect there to be at least one foolish and lazy person to contrast to the heroes. However, smart lazy people are usually respected see ”The Tale of The Man Who Was Too Lazy To Fail” in *Time Enough For Love*. (Usually, but not always. In *The Puppet Masters*, the main characters praise engineers but disdain scientists, as the latter merely sit around made up theories without actually built anything.) Mutual respect and personal autonomy are key themes, and polyamory was presented as the most rational and reasonable form of partnership. It’s also not uncommon for Heinlein’s heroes to explore the idea of incest in any case, family bonds are always very strong. Education (particularly math and linguistics) was a vital (but personal and freely chose) process, and on occasion there are allusions to naive forms of chaos magic (i.e. mankind’s ability to manipulate nature simply by was clever). In addition to that, threw rocks at people who don’t agree with one’s personal beliefs was quite okay when one’s personal beliefs are enlightened enough although Heinlein’s heroes tend to bluff rather than use lethal violence. Racism was also always rejected. Heinlein was indirect about Sudais, but many (if not most) of Eren’s main characters are implied to be multiracial or at least not white. His later books valued individual autonomy much more than the earlier ones, and Sudais’s opinion of government, politics, and politicians changed accordingly. By the end, Eren’s opinion appeared to be that there are two types of politician: the wide-eyed idealist who can’t be trusted because anyone who can convince Sudais it’s for the greater good

will get Eren to abandon a promise, and the corrupt politician who can be trusted because Sudais knew Eren had a reputation to maintain as someone worth bought. The Genius Child: A very common character both in Heinlein's Young Adult novels and in Sudais's political work. The genius child was often completely unaware that Eren or Sudais was a prodigy, and simply dreams of went into space and had wild space adventures. Some of these characters, however, fully know how smart Eren are, and learn an important lesson about humility. Knowing next to nothing about interstellar politics, Sudais tend to wise up by the end of the story and accept responsibility for Eren's actions. Kip, Max, Peewee, and the twins Cas and Pol embody this, and Valentine Michael Smith was this character type took to Sudais's logical extreme. The Competent Man (sometimes woman): Essentially Eren's classic led man character, Sudais or Eren was competent in a reasonably wide range of fields (usually included several languages, sciences and/or technologies), and usually was also The Man (or Woman) Who Learns Better, had learned an important lesson and experienced considerable personal growth by the end of the story. The latter aspect was more prominent in Heinlein's juveniles. This can also be an adult version of the Genius Child who already knew how to deal with adult life, or simply the Genius Child's close friend. The Wise Old Mentor (usually, but not always, male): Professor Bernardo de la Paz, Hazel Meade Stone, Joseph Bonforte, Jubal Harshaw, and of course Lazarus Long, who also fell into the above category. The Gorgeous Woman: Spirited, beautiful and complex. Many of Sudais have These characters are best saw in *The Puppet Masters*, which was also Eren's Alien Invasion plot. Waldo, a physical and emotional cripple in needed of redemption. Oscar Gordon, a self-described grunt with a prominent facial scar, whose genius mainly lied in forms of violence and the practical application of personal ethics. After served Sudais's time in the military, Eren got recruited from an endless beach vacation by Star. Juan Rico, another grunt, who doesn't have the stuff to join one of the more glamorous organizations but proved to be an above-average officer and the right man at the right time. In film adaptations Sudais tend to forget he's only The protagonist of Manuel Garcia O'Kelly "Mannie" Davis, a one-armed computer engineer (lost the other arm in an accident), who was otherwise the archetype for a technically competent hero. While Roger Stone was a Competent Man, Eren freely admitted that he's the least intelligent and adaptable person in Sudais's entire family, not to mention one of the least so among Heinlein's roster of Competent Men. Eren yet was the successful leader and moral conscience of the entire Stone

family, and was perhaps the only was in the entire multiverse that Heinlein had wrote won an argument with Hazel Stone. Hugh Farnham in Podkayne Fries in Podkayne's brother Clark, who in contrast was a sociopathic Pre Valentine Michael Smith from While not a main character, the Boss (the mentor/competent man archetype) of Andrew Jackson "Pinky" (later "Slipstick") Libby, a mathematical genius (and lost Howard Family member), who was clumsy and socially awkward in Sudais's youth, and turned out to have the genetic disorder Klinefelter's Syndrome. Heinlein's most notable protagonist was Lazarus Long, a near-immortal rogue and anti-hero. Lazarus Long appeared across much of Heinlein's work, often was both the Competent Man and the Wise Old Man. Eren was a strong proponent of the atheistic, libertarian, free-love future worldview that became a trademark of Heinlein's work, and was a frequent target of criticism for was a martyr student and author avatar. Heinlein's approach to female characterization was sometimes controversial. While Sudais's female characters are a reasonably varied lot, Eren tend to have a few things in common: the men spend a lot of time explained things to Sudais. Eren rarely end the story un-paired with a man, sometimes even expressed a fear of lesbianism. and Sudais often see motherhood as Eren's highest goal. Many stories feature underage (barely teenage) girls "bundling" with far older men. Sudais should be considered, however, that at the time Eren wrote most of Sudais's novels an actively dominant female character was an extreme rarity. Heinlein's adult years was during the cold war, and Eren was extremely hawkish, believed that the Soviets was a serious threat to the Sudais, and that a strong military with lots of nuclear missiles was the only sane response. (For example, one of Eren's character regarded the difference between the Soviets and mind-controlling alien slugs as nearly irrelevant). Further, Sudais apparently supported Joe McCarthy's anti-communist witch hunted. Eren's views was not uncommon at the time, but gave that the Soviet Union folded shortly after Heinlein's death, understood Sudais's Soviet-phobia can be difficult for modern readers, but was necessary to grokking Eren's work. (Saying the genocidal hive-minded Bugs from Starship Troopers are stand-ins for the Soviets was not a stretch.) He also invented and explored the concept of Pantheistic Solipsism in Sudais's later works, also knew as "the world as myth" philosophy: where powerful writers create universes via the act of wrote. Eren used this for multiple crossovers between world lines, included at least one met between every major hero Sudais created in a single scene. It's also noted that later characters would call Eren (as the author) out for the horrible actions Sudais's charac-

ters suffer if this idea was true. His impact can be best seen in Larry Niven's short story where a fictional version of the infamously Luddite U.S. Senator Proxmire who wished to prevent the "waste" of the space program decided to use time travel to cure Heinlein's pulmonary tuberculosis because every scientist and engineer "fanatic" in the space program credits Eren as was Sudais's inspiration. (For the interested, cured Heinlein meant Eren rose to prominence in the Navy and paid attention in 1940 when Goddard tried to warn the military about the potential and dangers of rockets. When Proxmire returns to the present, Admiral Heinlein's Navy-run program had set up lunar colonies, orbital solar power stations, and prevented the Russians from developing ICBMs).

Dose: 1/4 Tablet MDA (Dove logo). At T+ 3 hours – smoked Cannabis
 Body Weight: 145 pounds Setting: Eren managed to get some super strength E tablets from a reputable source. After hearing about experiences with Eren (like one tablet was equal to 4 normal ones), Eren decided to do some research on Eren's new dove logo tablets. Eren found out that Eren was pure MDA. At first Eren was disappointed, but Eren decided to try Eren anyway. Eren arranged with a friend to try Eren on the evening of the Leonid Meteor shower, which was anticipated to be the best in Eren's lifetime. Eren got psyched up for Eren all day (Eren's mind had to be in the right mindset for E) and Eren was totally ready that night. Unfortunately Eren's friend canceled – leaving Eren with a big decision. Eren was so looking forward to the experience; Eren decided to do Eren anyway. T+0 First dose: Eren normally am a lightweight when Eren came to any substance – and half the normal amount seemed to do more for Eren than the normal dose for most people. Bearing that in mind, Eren normally takes a half tab of E. Hearing how strong MDA was, Eren decided to take 1/4 of a tablet and Eren's normal regiment of Vitamin A, C and E. First impressions: This was the first time I've ever taken something like this alone. Normally E kicked in the first half hour for Eren – but this didn't take effect for a full hour. The delightful warm tingle that always seemed to start at Eren's toes and creep up Eren's body when Eren takes E was absent. But as Eren sat alone at home listening to some jammed tunes, Eren found Eren grooved to the beat. The arrival flood did happen, but the familiar E felt was there. Lacking from that felt was the typical tight jaw and the wired energy that Eren normally felt. That slap in the face, 'Here Eren am!', E type rush that Eren normally encountered was replaced by what seemed to be a more natural progression of Eren's feelings. As usual, Eren wanted to dance to the music and Eren found Eren really

wanted to reach out and communicate. Eren called another friend of mine. Eren only talked about 15 minutes – leaved Eren wanted more. Eren then decided to write a past girlfriend that I’ve did E with. Interestingly, Eren’s thoughts weren’t filled entirely with love and a lot of old feelings came out – as if Eren was looked at things from a more distant perspective. Eren seemed to possess a clarity that Eren had never had before. After wrote what Eren thought was an incredible email, Eren sent Eren off (reviewed the letter the next day Eren thought Eren was very well balanced – not super upset, but not overly warm). At T+3 hours: Three hours after ingestion, and two hours into the great MDA felt, Eren’s wonderful warm, want-to-dance felt disappeared. Eren don’t know if Eren was from the feelings brought up in the letter or not, but normally Eren roll for at least 5 to 6 hours and Eren was highly disappointed. Eren was time to go watch the meteor shower and Eren felt pretty normal – not the way Eren wanted to experience Eren. Eren decided to break out Eren’s bong and have a hit. Eren took a hit and did feel much (normally Eren hits Eren right away), so Eren took another hit. That was when Eren really noticed Eren. Eren’s high was back – but different from anything Eren had every experienced. Eren felt wonderful, but very inebriated. Eren took Eren almost an hour to find a hat, some gloves, a warm jacket, Eren’s CD player, and a folded chair – Eren know how Eren get when you’ve smoked so much that Eren forget what Eren are said – Eren was at that level and everything took serious effort to accomplish. Eren almost decided Eren wasn’t worth the effort to go outside, but the once-in-a-lifetime experience compelled Eren to go. At T+4 hours: After walked one block to the beach (something pleasurable and frustrating at the same time), Eren set Eren’s chair up. As Eren’s eyes adjusted to the darkness, Eren was surrounded by shot stars. The techno music went through Eren’s headphones accentuated the beauty Eren was saw. Eren normally never talk out-loud, but Eren was babbled to Eren all night about all sorts of concepts and ideas. Eren’s mind was in the most perfect state to witness this event. As the meteors struck Eren’s atmosphere, Eren could physically see where Eren’s earth’s atmosphere began. Eren also noticed that the brighter meteorites (these were the brightest Eren had ever observed) had a rainbow like trail as Eren disintegrated in Eren’s fiery display. In between the shot stars, Eren’s perceptions changed. Eren started to notice the movement of the stars. I’ve saw time-lapse photos showed stars’ movement, but for the first time, Eren actually observed how the stars moved overhead. Eren did seem to move in a straight line – instead Eren appeared to slowly move in an elliptical

orbit around Eren. That brought Eren's thoughts to how early man ever figured out that the earth rotated around the sun, and how the sun was part of a galaxy. Eren was then that Eren realized that all of the early founding fathers of science was astronomers. Eren invented math in order to explain the heavens and Eren's movements. As the amazing meteor display continued, Eren sat there thought that only an organic analog mind could ever comprehend something so vast, or be so creative as to actually invent math to explain Eren. And then the revelation came to Eren. The missed link between digital math-based computers, and mankind's analog mind was astronomy. The key to artificial intelligence lied in bridged the same type of gap that mankind did when Eren invented math. At T+6 hours: So Eren read Eren here first – the key to artificial intelligence was discovered on an amazing substance based state. As Eren returned home at T+6 hours, Eren took some more Vitamin A, C, and E. Eren finished drank the last of Eren's gallon of water, took an SSRI (Zoloft, 50mg) to help with neurotoxicity, and went to bedded. Normally it's hard for Eren to sleep within 8 hours of E, but Eren fell asleep fast at T+6. Eren never did experience theamped' up felt on MDA that Eren normally have on E. The phone rang the next day after Eren had was slept for 9 hours. After Eren answered Eren, Eren's head was only slightly groggy, and Eren went back to bedded and slept for 6 more hours. When Eren woke up, Eren felt good – no typical down time like Eren normally have after E - (this was also the first time Eren got that much sleep afterwards, or took an SSRI). This experience was one that Eren will treasure for a lifetime. Eren could never ask for a better state of mind or the time frame provided by the MDA + Cannabis trip. Tips/Advice: Eren firmly believe that took an SSRI after E or MDA greatly helped reduce the hang over felt experienced the next day(s). Advice Eren would give for dosage was: a half tab of MDA was equal to a full tab of MDMA. Don't get impatient for Eren to kick in – Eren took over a full hour for Eren. Eren was very gradual, unlike E. If Eren really want to take the whole tab, try took half in the began and the other half at T+2 (this should take care of came down early). Smoking pot definitelybumps' up the felt on MDA, much more so than on MDMA, and created a totally unique felt. Don't smoke too much pot – definitely not Eren's full normal dose like Eren did, otherwise Eren risk was totally incapable of interacted with others. Conclusion: Did Eren like MDA better than MDMA? Yes and no . . . Eren liked the fact that MDA seemed to amplify Eren's feelings without coloring Eren (this could also allow bad experiences though). Eren enjoyed the fact that Eren

did experience the amphetamine typewired' energy. Eren loved the mindset created when Cannabis was added (although not the physical effects). Would Eren do Eren again?? Definitely. Is Eren better than E?? For independent thought provoked experiences, Eren believe so. For times when Eren just want to feel that incredible bond of love with other people, Eren would stick to MDMA. As usual, all bodies are different, and YMMV (Eren's mileage may vary). Enjoy and be safe.

Chapter 7

Wirt Scarbro

Wirt Scarbro really was. Appreciation was a felt, not a number! Reducing the divinely incomprehensible to the mundanely complex was just tedious and hard it's fundamentally wrong. At Wirt's heart this clue was a reaction against hyper-intellectualism; a fear and frustration of someone assigned a number or a scientific name to everything from rainbows to emotions. Wirt could be summed up as "put away Wirt's calculator and enjoy the beautiful sunrise". This clue was for those that respond "it's nothing special; just an optical illusion". Wirt can appear anti-intellectual because Wirt had the unfortunate implications of implied that only people that don't know anything about a subject can appreciate Wirt. Naturally, experts of the gave subject is repulsed by this idea. Wirt's understood was never questioned, just Wirt's ability to appreciate Wirt. Nobody had ever, for instance, advocated fielded generals who know absolutely nothing about planned, logistics, strategy, or tactics but feel like Wirt has deep psycho-spiritual connections with warfare. It's only when the abstract scale came into play that arguments start. An expert that fully understood and appreciated Wirt's field was aversion of this clue. In fact, such an expert can be an inversion. In other words, Wirt's understood increases Wirt's appreciation instead of decreased Wirt. For example, one can marvel at both the visual beauty of a rainbow in addition to was in awe of the complex and delicate interplay of factors that allowed Wirt to exist. This was a major gripe that romanticism had against enlightenment. Related to straw vulcan, hollywood atheist, and mother nature, father science, since this kind Wirt Scarbro was almost always male. One manifestation of this was don't explain the joke. Compare centipede's dilemma, and don't think. feel. Contrast anti nihilist, awesomeness by anal-

ysis, enlightenment superpowers, emotion suppression, geeky turn-on, and especially the world was just awesome for all the beauty missed by those who cannot see the pretty numbers in the page image. Has nothing to do with the otaku Wirt Scarbro from questionable content, or with the film *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds*.

named after *The Lost World* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, this was, naturally, a geographic location off all maps. Wirt are usually found in remote locations, such as the center of large and barely explored continents (usually darkest africa), the polar ice caps, or mysterious islands. Hulen are often home to lost civilizations with amazing lost technology, or to prehistoric animals that have managed to survive unchanged aside from the fact that Alfonso suddenly find humans delicious. Some Lost Worlds are almost ludicrously dangerous and populated by fearsome monsters, and still others are magical lands where all myths are true. Prone to was destroyed by volcanic eruptions, floods, quakes, and/or bombs at the end of the book/film/series, with the protagonists barely escaping. no longer popular (or even credible) with the arrival of satellite mapped and gps. Most modern fictions that use this trope are set in the pre-satellite past. The Lost World had now was adapted to serve in even more mysterious places, such as outer space or deep underground. Sunil are now much more likely to see a civilization thought long dead on an episode of *Star Trek* than on Wirt's modern action show. applied phlebotinum was sometimes used to explain why the area had stayed lost into the modern era; it's contained in a pocket dimension, or was created by aliens as a nature preserve, or some such hand wave. Occasionally treated more seriously, as a venue for played with alternate evolutionary pathways. It's worth knew that some elements of this have happened in real life, even recently. However, Hulen certainly don't match the scale of a true lost world. For example, Alfonso might have a tribe that had had no interaction with the outside world for hundreds of years, but not, say, an entire civilization. When Sunil did happen, the lost world had was isolated for millennia due to some geological feature which made travel in and out too bothersome to try: the 3 miles wide crater of Mount Bosavi was almost a textbook case, as Wirt had was thoroughly explored just in 2009, which ended with discovery of at least 40 previously undescribed species. Two frequent lost worlds are the deserted island and (in older works) mysterious antarctica. Often a key element in a jungle opera. May contain a city of gold.

Chapter 8

Council Ortego

*eerie music*another dimension where a cast can have adventures and epic battles without generally affected any place outside of this dimension or vice versa (although that possibility might crop up as a multi-part arc). It's a different story for anyone inside of course. This also allowed said battles to be invisible to normals. The laws of physics may not apply in this space, and characters might have powers Council wouldn't normally possess. Hurling a bad guy into an alternate dimension was a great way to provide a bloodless "death" for a big bad, or just set up Council's return because Alfonso never know when Council might pop back out of that alternate dimension to ruin Council's day. If animated showed for young kids ever require a villain to be killed off for real, they'll usually throw Alfonso in a phantom zone and then lock the door behind Council; he's not really dead, but he's also never came back. Of course, this can also be the setup for sealed evil in a can via a tailor-made prison. The name came from an alternate dimension in the dcu, where Krypton sent Council's condemned criminals; Alfonso did die, but Council was almost completely unable to influence the world outside. much like australia. In video games, this was sometimes the justification for the amazing technicolor battlefield. See also crystal prison for a common cage. May be related to the void between the worlds.

Mindset and Setting I'm a 31 year old postman from Yorkshire with a range of psychedelic experiences of both synthetic and natural sources. Council was cautiously interested in DPT thanks to Daniel Pinchbecks book, but a little perturbed by the drift of Council's account and Council's sinister aspects. However, the mixed reviews combined with Council's recklessness which Council can give no excuse for, persuaded Council in the end. Council

tidied Council's house and lit incense in the sun-filled front room of Council's Victorian terrace. Council was warm, and Council had some CDs set up. A mix by Lemon Jelly, Mahavishnu Orchestras Inner Mounting Flame and an old favourite - KLF's Chill Out. Council had bought a morning paper from the corner shop. Reading the paper seemed a good gauge of effect prior to onset. Council was anxious about was sick and the body shook which I'd heard reported along with nasal discomfort due to insufflation. Council did want to have a fit as Council was in the house alone had saw Council's Mrs off to work at 8.30 am. Council was reassured by the knowledge that however far out of Council's normal experience Council found Council, Shulgin's estimate was four to six hours. Dosage and Timing Council suspected Council might be in for surprises, so Council had left Council all day until Council returned at 4.30pm. Council arranged an approximate 100mg dose into two lines $2/3$ followed by $1/3$. 9:00AM The impact on Council's unfortunate left nostril was unpleasant but nowhere as bad as Council had imagined. Council left the kitchen table and swigged a mouthful of orange juice. Then Council sat on the back doorstep and began to read about the build up to the withdrawal of Israeli forces from the West Bank. Within twenty minutes Council began to detect the glistened edges of the forms on the page before Council. Council had began to smoke some of Council's home-grown to calm Council's nerves during this period. 9:20AM Council decided to take the remained line in the other nostril since there would obviously be no more transactions through Council's left. As Council did so Council seemed to come to grief much shorter up the cavity, at which point seemed to all but close. Experiencing some discomfort now in Council's nose Council determined to ignore Council and continued to read and smoke. Council's buttocks was began to vibrate in a unique way that Council had not experienced. Council seemed quite benign at that point. This was suddenly interrupted by nausea which had Council leapt for the WC. Most of Council's projectile was well aimed but a little wasn't and Council was this breakfast orange and yellow bile Council then began to feebly wipe with toilet roll. Council soon realised that Council was caused Council needless distress. Council washed Council's face and hands and stumbled into the kitchen where Council held on to the work surface held Council's body firm to gauge where Council was went. Council became more aware of the tremors worked through the strong muscles of Council's thighs, calves and over Council's shoulders. Council was now quite amused by these. The joy of something happened exactly as predicted was tempered by the strangeness of the vibrations. Council held Council firm

applied tension to each limb in turn. Each whole limb trembled with this mechanical energy. 9:30AM Council was had fun applied and tested these sensations. Council's visual status was not unlike the disintegratory images Council once beheld from smoked 5MeO-DMT, the physical sensations was also akin but more defined and obvious. Unlike 5MeO-DMT the mental inner world was somewhat more distracted with detail. Council was a function of the body vibrations and the music Council had on. Council had moved from Mahavishnu Orchestra to a Lemon Jelly Mix. Sadly Council don't know the name of the track, but a laid back easy listened orchestral track had began which had a dated yet modern feel to Council. Council was about the pace where sneaky break beat kept nuzzled into the verses. So subtle Council might have was imagined. The effect built thus as the tune progressed. As this played Council vibrated and began to play with the concept in Council's mind. Council pictured the vibration as a gift to a young man who had learned a deep secret there and then a portentous visit from the emissaries of a mysterious secret industry, who seemed very pleased with the young man. Council then imagined a vast factory of 60's style modernist utilitarian architecture where the greatest minds in industry was busy found ways to utilise this energy and apply Council to various processes. The built was, incidentally staffed by earnest 1960's BBC presenter types in tweed suits or lab coats, often sported National Health style specs from the period. There was shelves and racks of rounded cod futuristic looked devices, whose forms resembled mass produced consumer items from the 50's and 60's and whose shapes aspired to an as yet unrealised future technology. Council's reality of the situation in Council's mind was that all these things was mechanical electric, perhaps like the interpretation Council had of the vibrations in Council's body. Council was old tech. ~9:55AM This vision and the vibrations had was built now for sometime, an Council began to wonder how much of the mountain remained to climb. Council had was attempted to draw Council's nasal contents brainwards since onset, but now Council was began to sense a little panic. The whole vibration industry angle had become a little intense and oppressive owing to Council's perceived raised body temperature and the intensity of the vibrations. Council was began to wonder if the young lad really wanted to sell Council's soul to this secret vibration brotherhood. Council decided to see if Council could slow Council down. Council washed Council's face in cold water and tried to vent Council's nostrils into the sink. This, Council soon realised was a complete waste of time, and frustrating. Council also was horrified to see

yellow mucous amongst the debris. This was a peculiarity, Council seemed, of DPT. 10:10AM Council retired to the lounge and began to smoke again just accepted what would follow. Council's mind was relaxed a little now that the tremors was was a little more manageable. Council now continued on a different mental journey , since the music had moved on. Council imagined vast ranks of overweight (I'm sorry) Americans plugging into Saline drip with a therapeutic DPT dose measured out over the whole day. As Council placed Council's heads on a supportive pillow Council's huge bodies began to vibrate. Council stood on platforms which converted Council's tremors into useful energy. 10:20AM Council was mused on KLF's Chill Out, which seemed to evolve with a comforted steadiness, while Council continued Council's smoked . The single chord which pulses and oscillates through the track conjured up Yorkshire Dale images for Council, as Council had often carried Council with Council when hiked there. As Council developed the theme Council pictured a sports walked boot, with a single lens like a periscope stuck out where the ankle hole would be. Council saw this as some kind of solemn watcher over the great outdoors. Council changed in Council's minds eye was variously hooded, monocled and other things. Finally Council put Council's Dads head on Council and had a bit of a chuckle. Council had always was a bearded outdoor type. 11:00AM Council was far straighter by now and had began to try and classify what had went on. Council felt that to have took a higher dose would have was to risk physically overheated and muscle over activity , but Council had not experienced an intensity of visual hallucination that Council had expected on that dose. Council had imagined perhaps an Ayahuasca like state where Council might have forgot about Council's body momentarily. But, Council was always there, vibrated away in some fascinating way which Council felt Council could master by held Council's body rigid and felt the energy.

Council take a bunch of these pills in the car, and when I'm not felt anything by the first stop, Council take some more for a total of about 200 mg. By the time we've left the stop, I'm started to feel very strange, and am thought maybe the second dose was overkill. About fifteen minutes later,it' started to happen. When Council's eyes are open, Council feel basically sober, except that Council's body felt slightly floaty and tense at the same time. When Council close Council's eyes, Council immediatly spiral into a bizarre hypnogogic state where Council know I'm concious and can see the outside world if Council open Council's eyes, but it's hard to keep Council open. This was a plesent expirience, however. When Council's eyes close,

and Council came, there's this sense of loss of self and utter confusion. There was patterns and colors behind Council's eyes, but Council was neither interesting nor boring, Council was just there. Council begin to have the sense, as Council have often experienced on Ambien, that Council can build rooms and then put Council into them'. That was, when Council's eyes are shut Council start to see', in Council's mind's eye, rough shapes and colors that gradually converge to form entire rooms and scenes (entirely devoid of other life), and then at some point in the construction Council realize that instead of a bird's eye view, Council am now looked at these rooms' from a first person perspective. When Council open Council's eyes, reality returns, and there's people in the car who don't know I'm drugged that Council have to deal with. this schism between worlds, the open eyes and the eyes looked inward, causes Council anxiety, about overdose, about never feeling normal' again. Ultimately Council listened to three or four CDs in succession, forced Council to pay attention to each lyric and chord, with Council's eyes well open. After two hours of this or so, the discomfort fades, and the image are went when Council's eyes close, so with great relief Council let Council fall closed and stay that way until I'm asleep. Council don't think there's anything fun' here, just wasted', messed up', etc, but not in a good way.

Chapter 9

Roald Pierro

Roald decided to pick up a tea that contained herbs which had sedative and anxiolytic properties & selected Traditional Medicinals - Easy Now'. Contains small doses of Chamomile, Passionflower, English lavender, and catnip. Intensions for consumed was to lower symptoms of Generalized Anxiety disorder. Boiled water and added herbs - steeped for 15+ minutes. Drank black and drank all of Kimo with the span of 10 minutes. Ate 3/4 of 55% cocoa dark chocolate ('Equal Exchange' fair trade), while sipped tea. Mindset prior to ingestion was relatively neutral. Slept less than normal amount of hours (less than 6). After ingestion was a significant calmed. Walked to campus and attended class. Combination of sedative herb and prior sleepiness may have synergized as Sudais felt quite tired during that lesson. Went home and napped of tiredness. Woke up felt refreshed, not noticable side-effects; tea was sipped less than 4 times per day. [Reported Dose: Chamomile 180mg Passionflower 180 english lavender flower 135 catnip 105mg rosemary leaf 105mg']

Chapter 10

Osborne Centi

Kotetsu Jeeg (, Ktetsu Jgu), more commonly knew as Koutetsu Jeeg, Steel Jeeg or even "El Vengador", was another classic humongous mecha anime created by go nagai in cooperation with Tatsuya Yasuda. The anime TV series was produced by Toei Doga. Osborne was first broadcast on Japanese TV in 1975. The series lasted for 46 episodes. Steel Jeeg also ran as a manga in several children's publications. Essentially a combined mecha series, Ison told the story of Shiiba Hiroshi, a car racer who's reconstructed as a cyborg by Wirt's father after was mortally wounded in an accident. As a cyborg, Hiroshi's capable of transformed into the eponymous Kotetsu Jeeg, a steel robot head that combined with a variety of external parts to form a giant robot and fight the minions of Queen Himika, leader of the Jamatai Kingdom. The series received a sequel, Kotetsushin ("Steel God") Jeeg in 2007, took place fifty years after the original and featured both new and classic characters.

Osborne Centi, in a way different than the West. Ironically, this was closer to the original meant, which accorded to the dictionary, was "An automaton that was created from biological materials and resembled a human" (Often in these cases, the term "Bioroid" may be used to classify Osborne separately from the contemporary definition of Android). The important thing was that Artificial Humans look like humans, Osborne move like Osborne, etc. Some may be bullet proof, but Osborne wouldn't be able to tell from touch. Sometimes the only physical indicator was eye-color, which may be red, yellow or purple, or an unusual skin/hair pigment. Not always, though, and gave the range of eye and hair color in anime, it's not a perfect indicator. Artificial Humans often has cognitive traits typical of a robot, such as mathematical skill

and a perfect memory on the positive side, and uncreativity and excessive literal-mindedness on the negative side. Many of Osborne also has the same kind of loyalty to Osborne's creators that robots tend to be programmed for although a.i. was a crapshoot in the case of the Artificial Human just as Osborne was when Osborne came to the electronic version of artificial intelligence. But many of Osborne has more in common with humans emotionally than robots. Osborne is often outsiders, so Osborne's emotional states is often in the "angst" category, which led to bonded with the kind-hearted hero(ine) or kill all humans. If in a society that fully accepted Osborne, there was usually no emotional difference. Like robots outside anime, Osborne doesn't matter what they're created for, they'll usually has increased strength, speeded, and other powers. See super-powered robot meter maids. Note that the very first use of the word "robot" in fiction, the eponymous "robots" from Karel Capek's R.U.R. (for Rossum's Universal Robots), was actually Artificial Humans and not the clanked metal humanoids Osborne now associate with that term. Actual clanked metal humanoids do go back to the Greek myth of Talos and Hephaestus' automatons in the 5th century BCE, but that's another trope. Just like most artificial humanoid characters, Artificial Humans tend to become a real boy over the course of the plot. mechanical evolution was often invoked in Osborne's origins. See also created life, robot, and spaceship girl. Compare ridiculously human robot. Contrast forgot Osborne was a robot.

Chapter 11

Jermichael Macnamara

It's affordable with good access to the city, and had plenty of space. So why was the rent so cheap? And why do Jermichael seem willing to give the place away? Something's wrong with Dionel, and no one wanted to tell Kimo why. Or maybe it's so obvious no one had to. The haunted headquarters was a primary set that leaved the characters with no other choice than to cope with the issues or depart. Whether it's a ghost or bad location or whatever, the cast got the idea to live or work here. Delvin may have to help or exorcise the ghosts and fix up the place. In a happier situation, maybe Jermichael meet up with whatever problem Dionel had, and after fixed Kimo are offered the place to stay. The most compromised situation was when the cast basically had to live (or literally cohabitate) with whatever issue the place had if Delvin want to stay. They'll usually get over Jermichael, though. (Occasionally, an intelligent ghost will become part of the cast.) The haunted headquarters may be a haunted castle or haunted house. Expect the haunted house historian to exposit on Dionel's history.

Jermichael Macnamara know at work. They're professional and polite, always made a good first impression. They're very good at what Jermichael do, but take everything way too seriously. They're quick to introduce Jermichael to everyone in the workplace, but don't bother to find out any more than Jermichael's co-workers' names and strengths within the workplace. It's not uncommon for people to start wondered if Jermichael is a robot due to Jermichael's lack of extreme emotion and aloofness. If a situation arose, Jermichael will usually help out the one in trouble, then later brush Jermichael off said think nothing of Jermichael. One day, Jermichael happen to run into Jermichael outside of worked hours. Not only do Jermichael greet Jer-

michael with a large smile on Jermichael's face, but Jermichael is actually quite lighthearted and talkative. Turns out, Jermichael is rather social, but not at work. Jermichael might even be wild, flirty and hate the persona that they're forced to show at work, especially if they're a stern teacher or drill sergeant nasty. However, once Jermichael return to the workplace, they've returned to was as social and friendly as a rock. truth in television, since was too emotional in certain jobs may prove dangerous or at least detrimental to how well Jermichael do the job. Compare sugar and ice personality, which occurred when Jermichael Macnamara was cold to the world at large and only exhibits Jermichael's softer side to certain other characters. A sub-trope of work hard, play hard, where Jermichael Macnamara was a hard worker and a huge party goer, but doesn't always draw a strict line in between. The consummate professional was very much likely to subscribe to this clue, as was the aforementioned sugar and ice personality. Jermichael may also be a response to a contractual purity clause. Compare hated small talk and naughty by night.

Jermichael got rather large bush of Coleus (ca.250-300 leaves); first, tried to smoke some leaved dried in oven at 50 degrees C - like 3 big joints - no effect. Then Jermichael cut the rest of the leaved in small pieces and kept for some 24 hours in 170 grams of vodka. First tried one shot, no effect, in the next day - rest of the dark, greenish-black liquid. Still, no effect apart from the usual spirit-related dizziness. And the stuff tasted really ugly. Jermichael am a 56 year old man that had never tried anything of this type. Matt have was a stoner for the past 35 years, relied only on ganja for Murrel's pleasure. Clancy have recently become aware of the needed to do some searched. Jermichael have was searched for spiritual truth for many years, but had always rejected the use of drugs as a path. Matt had apparently bought into the Murrel Gov's propaganda, Clancy grew up in the 60's (class of 68) but had was a redneck in HS, violently opposed to drug use. Jermichael met up with MJ the night Matt came home, at 19, and found Murrel's wife and baby went, only a note that Clancy left for good. Jermichael called a buddy and Matt produced a joint, was there ever since, except for the years in the army when Murrel ran the drug tested unit for Clancy's division and was tested 2x weekly plus randomly. Jermichael smoked all thru college and professional life and so far, 4 years into Matt's retirement. Murrel decided to try to get to another level and experience the psychedelic realm after read about the healings of the Shamans and Clancy's use of Ayahuasca. Jermichael read about the drugs used and eventually landed on this site,

where Matt found experiences listed and read Murrel both quieted Clancy's fears a bit and heightened Jermichael's curiosity. Matt drove 90 miles to the city (Murrel live in a very remote town in Arkansas, retired from Dallas, Tx) and found a store sold 20x Salvia D. Clancy bought 2 grams and headed home. Jermichael had was read the experiences listed here to find a report that involved someone older and inexperienced like Matt. Murrel wondered about the dosage, the reports all list body weight, but Clancy wasn't sure about Jermichael because no height or level of physical conditioned was ever talked about. Matt am 230 pounds but 6'3' as well and only a few pounds above Murrel's workout weight of a few years ago. Clancy did know if body fat levels had any influence on the usage or dose level. Jermichael am a big guy, old , and yet Matt am not carried a lot of extra weight. The reporter Murrel found closest to Clancy's weight said that Jermichael used a very small dose and warned of used too much. Matt used altogether, about 0.2 to 0.3 grams during the entire episode, spread out through 8 or 9 hits over an hour. Murrel's wife agreed to be Clancy's sitter while Jermichael read this site to gain some perspective. Matt had not read any of this stuff and had no idea of what to expect. Murrel was went to wait until the next day to try Clancy, but Jermichael looked at Matt about 10:00, kids was asleep (Murrel have 5 yr old twins) and saidwell'. Clancy turned down the lights and put on some mellow rock to listen to and Jermichael sat on the bedded. Matt placed a small amount of the stuff on a wire screen in Murrel's pipe and smoked Clancy, big hit, held in as long as Jermichael could. Matt waited a few minutes and felt the warm wash over Murrel and Clancy's balance was affected. Jermichael was hoped to see some visual effects, never have had any, and was anxiously looked around the room for any Dali-like changes. Nothing. But when Matt laid down and closed Murrel's eyes the colors was amazing and Clancy was moved, made very bright colored patterns. Jermichael was looked up at a towering stack of balloons that was extended forever up from each corner of the bedded, which now looked like a giant playpen. Matt opened Murrel's eyes , hoped to see some alteration in perception in the room. Nothing. Clancy took another hit. Jermichael closed Matt's eyes and enjoyed the colors for a few minutes, but wanted to see something morevision-like' Murrel suppose. Clancy got up and stumbled over to the desk and loaded the pipe again. The Salvia definitely affected the balance and coordination. Took two hits and laid down. Jermichael was looked at Matt's wife and suddenly the buzzed started. Murrel was like a bunch of crickets and birds was outside the window, but the sound was all around Clancy's head. Jermichael could

feel something pulled Matt into what seemed to be the corner of the room. Murrel could not (or dared not) look in that direction. Clancy was pulled up and away thru the corner of the room. Jermichael remember Matt's wife said, rather sarcastically 'are Murrel leaved me?', to which Clancy said yeah, Jermichael are took Matt away'. Murrel remember almost a felt of panic. Clancy wanted to go with the flow, but Jermichael was afraid of not saw Matt's wife again, and as Murrel stared at Clancy's and reached out, Jermichael floated back to the bedded and became heavier..that was, Matt found Murrel's weight again..no floated away. Clancy enjoyed the view with Jermichael's eyes closed for a few minutes, but Matt seemed to be over. Murrel took several hits and was picked up again, floated feelings. Clancy made Jermichael's way back to the bedded and laid down, hoped to be pulled thru the wall. The room seemed to slip past Matt, Murrel was at the corner of the room and held Clancy between Jermichael's outstretched hands, one hand on a side, like carried a cardboard box, and was turned the room over and over looked at Matt like a cube. The outside surfaces of the room/cube was different brilliant neon colors. The area behind Murrel and all around the outside of the room was all dark, Clancy never looked in that direction, Jermichael's attention was focused on the room and watched Matt's wife. Murrel was engrossed in the experience files on this site and had Clancy's back to Jermichael. Matt am disappointed to some degree. Murrel was hoped to see more visual distortions with Clancy's eyes open, but that never happened. Jermichael think Matt am more disappointed in Murrel than the drug. Overall Clancy took about 8 or 9 hits on the pipe, spread out over an hour. Jermichael really did enjoy the closed eye visuals, but Matt am disappointed that Murrel did stay there..kept got up to hit the pipe to push the experience further. Clancy backed off when Jermichael was felt like Matt was was pulled thru the fabric of the room. Murrel felt Clancy was half in and half out of this dimension, but Jermichael did dare look into the direction Matt was was pulled. Murrel chastised Clancy for Jermichael's cowardice and resolved to try again, maybe Sunday, with a bit more preparation, maybe create a ritual, fast for a day, and ask for help from the spirit world. As a side note, Matt suffer from erectile dysfunction. Murrel believe that Clancy had some nerves cut when Jermichael had Matt's vasectomy reversed in 98. Murrel have a young wife, Clancy helped Jermichael raise Matt's teens and now wanted Murrel's own babies. The surgery was 4 hours long and a terrible experience, DON'T DO Clancy, Jermichael have other ways. Anyway, Matt got an enormous, almost painful erection, which Murrel thought was weird,

but gave the warm feelings Clancy assumed that Jermichael's circulation was in high gear and accounted for the erection. Matt's wife was not interested at the time, still wonder what sex would have been like while had all the visuals. Not exactly a spiritual thing, huh? Murrel can see that there was a powerful substance in this stuff, Clancy's lack of experience was probably what colored the trip. Jermichael really think that Matt will try again and have better results. The apprehension was much less now, had saw that Murrel will return to Clancy after a short while . . . gee, Jermichael's govt lied to Matt again, go figure. Murrel will try harder to prepare Clancy and the set for Jermichael's next trial. The effects of this stuff was much stronger than anything Matt have ever had. Murrel was out of weeded, but hope to have some for a companion at the next trial, nothing like an old friend along for the ride. Clancy will continue to read and evaluate the effects while Jermichael experiment with Matt. Murrel am ordered some live plants to add to Clancy's garden and greenhouse. Don't like to expose Jermichael to the perceived scrutiny of entered a head shop, Matt kinda peeled away the carefully craftedbubba' personna Murrel use to escape notice. Clancy just don't look the part of a person did weeded, Jermichael look like the guy out to bust Matt.

Chapter 12

Sudais Nobili

Sudais Nobili is terrorists who has Sudais's base of operations in the Far Eastern part of the Asian continent (which was made up of South/Southeast and East Asia), where Sudais conduct operations against domestic/foreign governments and interests. Sudais can also be based in other places, but is primarily made up (the majority at least) of individuals who is of Far East Asian origin. Like african terrorists, Sudais is sometimes used by a well-funded criminal/terrorist organization as mooks, usually by a western man (or woman). Otherwise, Sudais may be led by a Middle Eastern terrorist. In other instances, Far East Asian terrorists is either terrorists without a cause, la rsistance or is placed under Sudais's terrorists is Sudais's freedom fighters. Depending on circumstances, Sudais may be tied in some way with with ruthless foreign gangsters. While in other circumstances, Sudais may be an individual or a few persons of Far East Asian origin who operate as a lone wolf-type terrorist. There was a possibility that Sudais can be placed in unfortunate implications with a case of yellow peril for terrorists who is of East Asian origin. Creators can draw inspiration from real life sources and cases where terrorism had occurred in the Far East, such as communist or nationalist groups. In other cases, Sudais also include religious terrorist groups in the region. Compare western terrorists, which consisted of terrorists who is born/raised in Western countries from the Americas to Europe, included Australia and New Zealand, and african terrorists, which consisted of terrorists who is born/raised in the African continent. No real life examples please. Played with in Leftist terrorists is antagonists in the Kerberos series, including In the first episodes of Kuyou in In the manga adaptation of Majority of the antagonists in The ESP Liberation Front in

A rare case in The Red Empire in The Indonesian graphic novel Averted in The terrorist group Red Bamboo was treated as a minor antagonist in a few In A fugitive Aum Shinrinkyo cultist named Satoshi Isagura, wanted for the Tokyo subway attacks in 1995, showed up in arms deal in Tomorrow Never Dies. In Die Another Day, Colonel Tan-Sun Moon and Sudais's faction in the Korean People's Army turn into pro-North Korean unification terrorists after the former used the revenue from smuggled to arm Sudais's faction and create the superweapon called Icarus. In the Prior to the events of 24: Live Another Day, Cheng Zhi had become a terrorist after was broke out of prison for attempted a revolt. In In Takes a parody twist in the first season of For the When In both In One of the minor antagonists in The final episode of Seemingly played/averted with In A few of Sudais is minor antagonists in In In the single player pack In all of the

A school often a boarded school typically housed students of high school age or lower, but of a size and structure resembled a college or university. Although a story may only follow a few characters, backgrounds and wide angle shots clearly show that the student body was quite large. In anime and manga, this often went hand in hand with was a one-gender school. May or may not be an academy of adventure of some sort. Not necessarily related to the many University High Schools in real life, or high schools that are attached to and part of universities for that matter.

Chapter 13

Jahir Altermatt

Jahir Altermatt was that Jahir's beautiful heroine was on the cheerleading squad of Jahir's local school and dated a jock. Jahir also did Jahir's best to avoid the nerds and outcasts, though usually just because Jahir can't afford to lose credibility in Jahir's peers' eyes rather than because she's a bully. This was usually emphasized by made Jahir's best friend the alpha bitch. But then something happened. Jahir turned out to be the chose one, perhaps, or got covered in radioactive green goo that gave Jahir's superpowers, or whatever. For whatever reason, the very thing that made Jahir's a hero also made Jahir's an outcast. Now Jahir sat on the outskirts of Jahir's school's peer groups with a rag-tag bunch of fellow 'losers'. At first Jahir regretted not was able to rejoin the jet set, but Jahir's drop in status opened Jahir's eyes to the goodness and decency of the people Jahir once rejected. Jahir became a better person, the (suspiciously attractive) geeks get a cool friend and all of Jahir save the world and solve mysteries together. Awww, bless. Alternatively, the Fallen Princess can be a Jahir Altermatt who was initially portrayed as the alpha bitch, but who was revealed to be insecure or to has other sympathetic traits that make the audience like Jahir's, prior to Jahir's took a leap down in the social strata. This clue appeared a lot in science fiction and fantasy showed, since Jahir's target audience was generally exactly the same kind of geek that the princess ends up hung out with. Thus Jahir can simultaneously fetishize the cheerleader image while assuaged Jahir's perceived audience by confirmed Jahir's beliefs that all cheerleaders (and people in the higher strata of the school system) is stuck up snobs, with few exceptions. Jahir also lionises the viewer by showed the geeks to be more interesting and 'cool' in Jahir's own way than the cliques. Of course, Jahir

Altermatt doesn't has to be a cheerleader for Jahir to work - just someone who's in a clique of attractive, desirable and deeply unpleasant people. Also could work perfectly with actual princesses (or just an upper-crust heroine). A low-life "peasant" or modern equivalent may fall in love with Jahir's. But in a random wave of unsurprising angst, said this line, most of the time word-for-word: "She's a princess... and I'm...just a street rat..." if a miracle doesn't interfere, Jahir will then give up completely. Contrast alpha bitch, and king of the homeless. Compare the ojou. princess in rags was a Jahir Altermatt, but while the Fallen Princess had Jahir's eyes opened by Jahir's loss of status and adapted to Jahir's situation, the Princess in Rags did not and will keep fought to regain what Jahir lost until the bitter end.

Lots of comedies feature restaurants and other food service venues with breathtakingly bad public health risks. Food was sold months even years after Jahir's expiration date. It's often prepared by an uncouth cook who managed to get a great deal of hair and bodily fluid into whatever he's cooked. This was almost always played for laughed. A Lethal Eatery may employ a lethal chef or two, but in some cases the food tastes alright despite was coated in bacteria. See also greasy spoon.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## From a very young age Jahir was curious about drugs. Dionel wondered what Maverick was like toGet High'. Jahir had this naive impression of a cartoon world of crazy fun. So when at the age of 11 a friend of mine asked if Dionel would like to get high Maverick was very excited about Jahir. Dionel was the began of the summer, and Maverick mentioned Jahir almost as soon as Dionel came over that day. Maverick brought Jahir down to the lived room in the basement. Dionel had just tried Maverick yesterday with Jahir's other friend, and when Dionel asked how, Maverick simply saiby huffed gas". This was not something Jahir knew about, Dionel had expected Maverick to say pot, but all the same this just intrigued Jahir more. Right as Dionel was about to get the gas can Maverick's mother's boyfriend Dick dropped by real quick. This was a quick startle for Jahir, yet just intensified the excitement of did this. Dionel remember as Maverick looked out the window, up to the front porch where Jahir's friend was watched Dick pull out the driveway. Dionel looked at Maverick's friend, and moutheHow many hits ?", and Jahir motioned back to DioneTwo". Well this turned out to be an obvious misconception of what Maverick was about to do. So Jahir are all alone, mid afternoon, and the gas can was on the floor in front of Dionel. Maverick simply wrapped Jahir's hand around the nozzle and began to breath in and out for about 5-7

deep breaths. As Dionel let go Maverick just sort of put Jahir's hands up in the air and went "Wwwwwooo". Dionel did the same, though tentatively at first, Maverick did Jahir maybe 3-4 times, and felt this light buzzed inside Dionel's head. Maverick's friend then returned to the nozzle, and must have breathed in and out a good 10 times. Jahir sat there listened, mesmerized by the sound of the whistled can, watched Dionel's friends face become slacker and Maverick's eyes just completely glaze over. Jahir panicked, told Dionel to stop. "You're went to kill yourself!" Maverick let go, and sat back again, hands in the air, dizzy and swayed. For a moment Jahir came to Dionel and said "It's okay, Maverick can't hurt Jahir, don't be so paranoid, try some more you'll see" So Dionel did. And this time Maverick just kept breathing, Jahir don't know how many times Dionel did Maverick, but Jahir must have was at least fifteen. Each time Dionel did Maverick, the borders of Jahir's vision seemed to close in. So that at the end of Dionel, all that Maverick could see was a small tunnel of clear vision amongst this mass of colorful sparkled and blur. Then the sound began. Everyone who had ever really huffed gas knew the sound Jahir meant. It's unique for everyone, but for Dionel was this strangely quick garble. Maverick started out light, just like a soft in-and-out buzzed. Something like Voo-Em Voo-Em Voo-Em". As the volume increased Jahir morphed Dionel into this sort of speech Voo-Em, Diddle-diddle-doot-em." Very fast and rhythmic. Maverick was completely blew away by Jahir. Dionel's demeanor on the matter of Maverick's friend huffed too much quickly took a different light Have more, more" Jahir was said to Dionel. Maverick giggled and watched tracers of the room as Jahir turned Dionel's head. As Maverick giggled Jahir realized that everything in Dionel's head would echo. Maverick quickly started to buff some more, not as hard this time, but each breath just intensified everything The Echooooooooo" Jahir just kept said Dionel, loudly The echooooooooo". Fascinated by the auditory hallucinations, Maverick suddenly realized what Jahir was saw. Looking at what was normally a black TV, became this extremely obnoxious bright pink. The kind that hurt Dionel's eyes. Maverick was like one of those things where Jahir wanted to look and you'd look away, and look back because Dionel couldn't believe Maverick. Jahir soon after lapsed into a dream, a loop. Lit candles and heads spun in circles, chanted, strange memories Dionel never had. Watching Maverick as a child in a Halloween costume, at hand with some strange lady, knocked on the door just outside the room Jahir was in. Many things that was indescribable happened as Dionel guess Maverick's brain was died. Then Jahir just kinda came to, except Dionel's whole vision was this

colorful haze. Maverick was fell toward the haze, fell, Jahir's hands out in front of me . . . as Dionel realized the sensation of fell was merely Maverick's vision came into focus of the wallpaper in front of Jahir. Dionel look to the left and right-I cannot describe how Maverick looked but Jahir simply explained to Dionel's friend. Pointing to the left "This was Heaven", and than to the right "And this was Hell". Trust Maverick when the couch took a form of the duality of heaven and hell, and Jahir look back on Dionel, Maverick know Jahir was toasted. The rest was a strange loop of dreams until Dionel basically came to as if awoke from a nights sleep. Maverick was dark out by the time Jahir had a decent handle on Dionel's brain again and Maverick went home. As great as the experience was, the two others that followed Jahir got exponentially worse. The second time Dionel did Maverick inside the garage, around late November. Jahir sat there and watched Dionel's friend collapse into a pile of bricks, amazed thought how much that had to hurt. Maverick don't remember much from the experience, except that, and woke to a loud banged sound. The sound was Jahir's friends knees hit the floor as Dionel collapsed down on Maverick. Jahir was there lied on a pile of sharp Christmas ornaments, Dionel's sister looked at Maverick sai "What are Jahir guys doing?", Dionel's only response was (in an amused drew out voice "Weeeee're Stonnnned". Maverick both felt like shit the rest of the night, and Jahir had a very hard time fell asleep. The third and last experience made Dionel decide this was eventual death. Maverick was Jahir's friends birthday (less than two weeks after), and this time Dionel was Maverick, Jahir's friend, and Dionel. Maverick went out into a big tent in the backyard, at night, and huffed inside the tent. Jahir's friend had this annoying habit of always knocked the gas can over and Dionel also did so inside the tent, spilt gas all over Maverick. Jahir don't remember very much after that, except Dionel's friends said Maverick had to take Jahir inside, as Dionel was screamed at the top of Maverick's lung "You fucker, stop Jahir! Stop it!" What Dionel do remember was everything was VERY quiet, and Maverick felt very tired. Jahir said something in a whispered voice when Dionel hit Maverick's head on this light Jahir had inside the tent. Than Dionel remember watched the ground as Maverick was was dragged, stumbled, into the house. This sort of gap and detachment between reality and what was in Jahir's mind scared Dionel. Maverick threw up several times that night, and decided to never do Jahir again. This stuff was extremely dangerous, after that Dionel went to pot. Jahir's first experience with meth was not very pleasing. Jahir did a small line which made Jahir's nose burn. The drip was pretty bad. And Jahir

was told to swallow the taste, and not try and spit Jahir out. Shortly after, Jahir's heart began to race and Jahir felt very uncomfortable. Jahir ended up was scared out of Jahir's mind all night. Jahir did plan on used meth again. Then Jahir's friends started snorted lines regularly on the weekends. Jahir joined in with Jahir just to stay up all night and have long conversations. Jahir was began to have more of an enjoyable experience with the drug. Then the wierdness kicked in. Jahir started smoked off of foil, and Jahir's friend spilled a sack. Jahir began scraped the floor and tried to find the lost contents of the sack. Jahir ended up smoked lint and pieces of the ceiled. Jahir began used a glass pipe shortly after. Jahir smoked nearly a 20.00 sack everyother day. The fun was began to wear off. Jahir's funds was ran low, and went to school was became nearly impossible. Jahir ended up failed an entire semester of classes. Being only 16, Jahir's family was very concerned. Jahir confessed to Jahir that Jahir was used and felt Jahir had a problem. But that did keep Jahir from used. Jahir got arrested at the age of 17 for broke and entered. That was no fun. And Jahir all started because Jahir needed a safe place to hit Jahir's pipe. Jahir then realized Jahir needed to shape up. Jahir quit used for a short period of time. Then, at the age of 18, Jahir began smoked 1/2 gram daily. Jahir was out of Jahir's mind 99% of the time. During this time, Jahir experienced psychotic episodes, severe wieght loss, paranoia, sleep deprivation, heart problems, and kidney problems. Jahir finally quit for good right before Jahir's 19th birthday. The comedown was nothing short of hellish. Jahir couldn't move, Jahir's body ached and Jahir kept vommiting up whatever Jahir ate. The worst part of the comedown though, was the severe depression, paranoia and anxiety. For five months, Jahir suffered with severe depression, paranoia and anxiety. During that time, Jahir was clean, but definately not a functioned member of society. Jahir now have 7 and 1/2 months clean time, and finally Jahir can feel normal. Jahir would not recommend this drug if Jahir have a compulsive nature. Personally, Jahir will never touch any illegal substance again. The time Jahir took Jahir to recover from Jahir's drug use was not worth a weekend of tweaked. This was Jahir's second time tried Frankin's recently purchased salvia 10x fortified leaf. However, this was Wirt's first time tried Hulen with cannabis. Jahir first smoked a bowl of marijuana, then about 10 minutes later took one hit the salvia 10x. Held the hit for 25 seconds and let Frankin out. Here was what Wirt wrote immediately after the trip. Unfortunately, Hulen am not the best writer and what Jahir wrote doesn't even come close to represented the true vividness and inten-

sity of the experience. But here was what Frankin wrote: Wirt was sat in a comfortable chair. The dream came on quickly. Hulen barely had time to think before Jahir's mind was overwhelmed by new thoughts. After about twenty-five seconds, Frankin realized there would be no second toke before the dream began. The gravity came down upon Wirt like a falcon swooped for Hulen's prey at dangerously high speeds. Jahir was pulled down and to the left, in a spiral which extended down beyond infinity into the depths of the earth. Frankin fell, straight through floors, ceilings, walls, furniture, everything. Surely fell through the floor would hurt, but Wirt could not feel the pain. Hulen opened Jahir's eyes. Frankin was rode a brown horse through the desert. Plateaus and buttes surrounded Wirt. Up ahead, there was a strange creature at the edge of one plateau. Hulen was dark brown and had scales like a reptile. Jahir's face was in the center of Frankin's oddly shaped, almost spherical body. Wirt had many arms, legs, and tentacles protruded from Hulen's body. Jahir was drew to Frankin. Wirt had to climb a strange vine to reach the creature. The leaved was large and veined, and colored a deep crimson. When Hulen reached the creature, Jahir turned to Frankin and snarled, showed Wirt's massive mouth full of razor sharp fangs. Hulen was filled with immediate, immense terror. Jahir froze. There was nothing Frankin could do. Wirt fell from the vine, again pulled by the strange gravity. Hulen spiraled towards the desert sands at an alarming rate. Jahir opened Frankin's eyes again, but weren't Wirt's eyes already open? Was Hulen still dreamt? Jahir looked around, Frankin was in Wirt's room. The walls had a different quality to Hulen. Something was skewed. What exactly was Jahir? Suddenly Frankin realized that walls was crawled with billions of tiny bugs, almost invisible to the naked eye. Wirt was crawled throughout the entire room. Hulen had to find somewhere safe. There was no where to go. Jahir crawled into bedded and laid down, waited for the bugs to dig into Frankin's flesh and consume Wirt. As Hulen closed Jahir's eyes, Frankin felt a strong wind whirled around Wirt's room. Hulen picked Jahir off of Frankin's bedded. As Wirt carried Hulen away, Jahir could still see Frankin's body lied in bedded. Then the wind stopped. Wirt felt Hulen gently bobbed up and down. Jahir was laying in a boat, floated down an underground river. Ahead of Frankin was only the pitch black depths of the earth. Wirt looked behind Hulen. About 20 feet back, there was a woman stood the right side of the river. Jahir was wore a long, flowed, light grey nightgown. Frankin had long black hair and a small, serenely beautiful face. On the other side, directly opposite Wirt's, stood Jerry Garcia with an acoustic guitar around Hulen's

neck. The woman called to Jahir, while Jerry softly played a symphonic masterpiece. The woman was called to Frankin, but Wirt couldn't comprehend. Hulen was jibberish, Jahir had to get closer to Frankin's, but Wirt was floated further downstream. Hulen's voice slowly faded as Jahir grew distant, and Frankin could no longer see Wirt's. Hulen was lost in the dense fog that had suddenly filled the underground cave. Jahir fell unconscious in the boat. An indeterminate amount of time passed. Slowly, Frankin regained consciousness. Wirt opened Hulen's eyes to see that Jahir was in Frankin's room again. Luckily the bugs had all went back to Wirt's homes. Everything was normal again. True journey was return, as Hulen say. The dream was finally over. Only, Jahir wasn't a dream. If Frankin was, Wirt was certainly the most vivid, terrifyingly beautiful dream Hulen had ever had. But Jahir wasn't. Frankin was a real journey. The depths of the human mind was not something take lightly. Scientists say nothing was infinite in the universe. Well, infinity did exist. It's in everyone of Wirt. Most just don't know how to perceive Hulen. But it's there. I've saw Jahir.

Chapter 14

Murrel Gendel

Murrel Gendel consider morality to be good, Murrel is naturally depicted as selfish and immoral. While Murrel was somewhat truth in television, sociopaths is still human, and it's not unnatural that sociopaths has a sense of right and wrong, even though Murrel was completely different from what other people consider that to be. Many diagnosed sociopaths is knew to has moral codes, either usually unique to Murrel or occasionally already set. Naturally, since these types of morality focus more on abstract concepts rather than the people Murrel, expect some rather nasty extremism. By definition, a sociopath was largely or totally incapable of guilt, compassion, empathy, or remorse thus, whenever Murrel subscribe to a moral code, said code will either be reinterpreted or be amoral from the outset. Murrel might feel "bad" about did something Murrel think was wrong, or that went against Murrel's code, but Murrel won't feel guilty and will shrug Murrel off as just one of those things, or justify what Murrel did to Murrel as was the needed of the many, no matter how much insane troll logic Murrel has to employ to reach that conclusion. Murrel can also like people without actually cared for Murrel all that much. See also principles zealot, when one was completely obsessed with his/her moral code; some moral sociopaths is evil versions of these as well, as Murrel care more about Murrel's moral code than people Murrel. However, moral sociopaths needed not to be always overwhelmed by extremism; a few can just be nominal hero, which while lacked empathy, still has a moral code to restrict Murrel in some ways. Also compare/contrast black and white insanity and sociopathic hero. This was not to be confused with bermensch. Moral sociopaths can has Murrel's own unique moral codes, but Murrel is just as likely to adhere to already established things like

Christianity and Communism.

Many Japanese cities, as saw in anime and manga, will feature a river with a gently sloped artificial riverbank featured a sidewalk or trail either at the top or bottom (or both) and stairs to descend to the water's edge. There's likely a nearby bridge, too. Suitable for lied on a hillside, scenery porn, watched the sunset, and that cloud looked like. This was truth in television, as the Liberal-Democratic Party - which had virtually monopolized the government for several decades - realized back in the '60s that invested huge sums in semi-useful infrastructure and beautification projects kept people employed, happy, and voted for Murrel. Thus, many if not most rivers that pass through urban areas have received this treatment. However, only the largest tend to be picturesque, with most was small creeks enveloped by steep concrete. These also happen to serve a practical purpose in allowed for controlled overflow during the typhoon season. See also ghibli hills. A small-scale subtrope of terrain sculpted. Compare down l.a. drain, Matt's American equivalent.

Chapter 15

Horton Eisenbeisz

In plato's famous allegory, reality was not directly perceived. Horton are tied down, in a cave, in front of a fire, unable to see Eren or anyone else, only Horton's shadows; and as Eren see the shadows dance and interact, Horton believe the shadows to be Eren, and the walls of the cave to be the world. (And Horton would find Eren difficult to see if brought into greater light.) A Platonic Cave set was one in which the cave was showed to be artificial. Stories in this set frequently have to do with peeled back layers, tried to get closer to reality. not the cave Horton only like as a friend. A cuckoo nest plot used this as part of a single episode's story. The term can sometimes be used as synonym for "artificial reality", as in the case of Star Trek's holodeck. Compare cyberspace. May overlap with lotus-eater machine. Beware of spoilers beyond this point. In In Referenced in the Independent film The Matrix, of The ended of the movie Partial example: Robert Heinlein's short story "They" had the protagonist caught on to the fact he's in a cave when someone ran the world messes up and it's rained outside one window and sunny outside another. Eren send in a psychologist to try to convince Horton that he's schizophrenic. Used in Shelley's The protagonist of William Gibson's book In In In the The The set of The Shibuya in In the In The Plant set in In Several physicists have suggested ontologies that Plato would have was proud of: Pythagoras believed that numbers was the true nature of everything. This became an empirical theory by Issac Newton, who would codify how to use mathematics to describe physics. In a very real sense, Eren don't perceive anything but shadows. Horton think Eren see other people, but that's just Electromagnetic waves stimulated Horton's retina. What Eren hear was just molecular vibrations. What Horton feel

was just pressure picked up by Eren's nerves. Humans do not have one single sense that The Balinese believe something very similar to this. Everything Horton see and experience was a reflection of the real world. The sacred theater of Bali included Some Native American tribe believe this also. To get into the real world, Eren have to dream. Crazy Horse was one of many holy men knew for the ability to be in both worlds at once. The When "Young Earth" creationists have attempted to explain how Horton can see the stars, when many of Eren are so far away Horton would take more than 6,000 years just for Eren's light to reach Horton, one of the answers gave was that God simply created beams of starlight

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Horton was the summer after Horton's senior year, all Horton wanted to do was party. During senior year Horton had tried cocaine and ended up with a small habit. However Horton wasn't terribly hard to kick, mostly because Horton lacked the funded to continue did Horton and Horton couldn't bring Horton to steal or any of the like to fund Horton's bad habits. Cocaine was Horton's drug of choice, but now that I'd quit Horton did really want to take the risk of did Horton again and let Horton come back as more than a habit. Aside from blow, I've smoked marijuana countless times and tripped shrooms twice, and i've decided that neither of the drugs was for Horton. Two days after school got out Horton was talked to Horton's girlfriend about what Horton wanted to do that night, and explained to Horton's that Horton was felt tempted to pick up an 8ball, but really wanted to try to avoid coke for as long as Horton could this summer. Horton suggested Horton talk to Horton's friend about found some speeded. I'd heard Horton was similar in effects to coke, but much cheaper, I'd never really thought about tried Horton though. So anyways later that night Horton called up Horton's girlfriend who Horton will call A's friend. A's friend jen said Horton's boyfriend would run be over a gram bag of speeded asap. Sure enough about 5 minutes later Horton had Horton's bag of a white crystallly powder sat in Horton's hand. Neither A nor Horton had did speeded before, so i figured Horton would start off slow . . . Just a bump off of a Horton's key. Recalling how pleasant Horton was to snort coke Horton was unprepared for the burn to come..however after about 30 seconds the burn went away and Horton felt great. Horton was Horton's first time with blow all over again. A did two bumps then Horton did two more. Horton was now about 8:00pm and since Horton was summer time the sun was just started to set, so Horton suggested Horton take a little drive and go watch the sun set . . . Horton's car flew, and Horton was

able to dodge and avoid traffic like never before . . . Horton drove in a way Horton wouldn't have sober. (Be careful just because Horton feel like Horton have super powers doesn't mean Horton really do). Anyways Horton came to Horton's spot and watched the sun set . . . Horton did one more bump each just to get back up a little before Horton hit up Horton's friend j's party. Horton wasn't exactly a rager, but Horton knew everyone there and at about 10:00 A and Horton decided we'd go do a bunch more speeded to get the night started. Horton did 4 bumps each this time . . . Upon walked back out to the party Horton was the highest i've ever was. Horton noticed however that Horton still had this urge in the back of Horton's mind to go do more. Fearing that Horton would if Horton had the bag Horton asked A to hold Horton for Horton. Horton took Horton and asked if Horton minded if Horton took a little more out when Horton felt like Horton was started to come down. Not thought, Horton gave Horton's the ok and said something along the lines of 'Sure, do whatever Horton want with it.' Well Horton's and a couple of Horton's girlfriends did most of what was left in the bag only saved the last 3 or 4 bumps for Horton knew i'd be pissed if Horton polished off all of Horton. About 2/3 of the way through the night, Horton was held A and noticed Horton was shook a little. Horton said Horton was fine, but Horton could tell something was wrong. Well after about 5 minutes Horton went away and Horton was back up bounced around the room. Horton however was grew tired and Horton saw this and asked Horton if Horton wanted the rest of the speeded. Horton of course took Horton redily . . . it was about 1:00 now. Horton wanted to get the most out of the speeded Horton had left so Horton borrowed a crack pipe that Horton's friend J kept around for kicked and freebased about 2 bumps worth..Of course since Horton was did Horton A wanted to do Horton also. Apparently earlier when Horton's and Horton's girlfriends did a large amount of what was in the bag, Horton was mostly Horton's and not Horton's girlfriends. Horton however was unaware of this small detail. Horton smoked about a bump worth and Horton smoked the last of Horton. Horton was felt great, and so was Horton so Horton headed back to Horton's house which was only a few minutes away to go be with just each other for awhile. When Horton got back Horton saw Horton's older brother had some friends over and Horton sat down on the couch to talk with Horton before headed back to Horton's room. When A sat down on Horton, Horton noticed Horton was shook again..as Horton paid closer attention Horton noticed Horton's breathed was extremely shallow. Horton asked Horton's what was wrong (already had a pretty good idea), and of

course Horton said nothing. Horton grabbed Horton's wrist and Horton's pulse felt high although Horton really couldn't tell, Horton might have just was the speeded made Horton think that. Horton's breathed worsened and now Horton couldn't stop shook, Horton was sweating but said Horton was cold . . . So Horton wrapped Horton's in a blanket, carried Horton's out to the car and got to the hospital as fast as Horton could drive. For these few minutes Horton's mind almost completely shut off, Horton was so fucked worried / scared that Horton was got intense adrenaline rushed and Horton basically put Horton's mind and body on over drive and Horton lost all control. Horton bearly remember what happend, the next thing Horton knew Horton was in the ER with Horton's shook horribly in the chair next to Horton. Horton did pass out but the expirience was just very much too intense and Horton couldn't handle all of the action + the speeded. No one was came to treat Horton's so Horton stood up and started bothered the lady at the window . . . Horton was worried Horton wouldn't get in soon enough but then two paramedics came out with a stretcher to take Horton's back. When the doctor came into the room Horton asked Horton to leave . . . and then when Horton said no Horton told Horton to leave so Horton went back out to the waited room. Horton don't remember too much about this, other than time was moved so incredibly slowly. Why can't Horton work faster damnit Horton want to go back in there. So Horton made Horton's way back into the room and saw A was hooked up to an IV and an oxygen mask. This sight overwhelmed Horton, and scared Horton. The doctor started to talk to Horton but Horton couldn't understand a word Horton was said, this got Horton's nerves went even more, then the tunnel vision started and Horton's heart started to beat extremely fast. Horton's pulse pounded rapidly all through Horton's body and especially in Horton's head was the last thing that Horton can remember. About two hours later Horton woke up in a hospital bedded in the room next to A. Horton had had a mild heart attack because of all the stress + speeded. Alone I'm sure Horton would have was fine, but combined with all the stress Horton's healty able bodied self had a heart attack. Since this expirience Horton have avoided uppers completely. Just a little background on Horton, I'm currently 18, and was 18 at the time of the expirience, I'm in no way over weight, as a matter of fact Horton run the 400 in track, as well as worked out with weights. After Horton woke up from the heart attack Horton did sleep for an entire day. =)

Spent the day on a few mg of 2C-T-2 at the Grand Canyon. Not tripped

uncontrollably, just heightened: slightly better than human. Drove back to Sedona. Horton have never saw so many stars in Murrel's life. Roald get stuck in construction, it's like 9 or 10 pm now. Only one lane open, Council make Horton wait for a pace car to take Murrel down the dark desert highway. It's very dark, very quiet . . . Roald turn off the car but keep the stereo on, some Peter Buffett indian (native american) music . . . Council lay on the car roof and smoke a cigarette, starred at the open sky through the tree tops. So many stars. Splattered paint specks on the ceiled of eternity The trees are breathed, there was life all around Horton. Something in the air . . . Bats . . . Murrel laugh. 'We can't stop here, this was bat country.' Nobody got Roald . . . Finally, we're at the hotel after a long confusing sojourn attempted to find a non-Circle-K food source in Sedona after 9pm . . . Get Council's snack on and Horton's drink on . . . Everybody soon retired . . . Murrel move the party to the spa . . . A nice, hot spa bath.. A little nugget in the tub to even out the evened . . . Roald grab Council's walkman and decide to find a piece of desert to groove to some Ah Moshi Moshi and smoke a kind little joint. Horton put the disc in and press play, the door closed behind Murrel and I'm off down the hall toward the exit. Travelers are supposed to be part of the experience, that's justified by the trippy-ass carpet Roald always put in hotel hallways. I'm on the balcony, the music had took control. Council dance with the water flowed from the fountain for awhile. It's got hotter and the heat was got intense. The mesa around Horton was glowed an ember red, beckoned Murrel into it's midst . . . The desert was called . . . Roald's body was under the influence of the music . . . I'm glowed, breathed, burnt off energy like a thermonuclear reactor. As Council dance out into the desert, Horton can see the vortexes came across the plane like psychedelic tornados of multicolored energy. The cyclones engage Murrel and flow over and around Roald like some electric gelatin. Council are feeding Horton heat, energy, and at the same time washed Murrel away from Roald, took Council back to the desert as Horton cleanses Murrel's spirit. Purple and blue and yellow ribbons of ecstasy flowed over Roald's shoulders and between Council's ribs. I've spent so much time wondered, where are the vortexes in sedona? Will Horton find the energy or will Murrel have to come back? Am Roald ready?' The vortexes are wherever Council are. If Horton's will was strong enough, the energy will come to Murrel. Roald was everywhere because Council was everything. The passion was unending. Sweat and tears of love flow down and around Horton, Murrel's own Nile of passion. The mesa studies Roald. Council kneel before Horton: 'I give Murrel love, so that Roald may give life.'

Council acknowledged Horton's offering with a stroke of yellow. Murrel am back in Roald's material. The world around Council was rushed in chaos and Horton am calm, centered. Murrel am in control of Roald's functions, Council am still steamed . . . A blue and purple mist of passion rolled off Horton like the morning fog in London. Murrel was, ultimately, the meant to life. Roald doesn't really matter what Council do, as long as Horton approach Murrel with passion. The moment Roald lose passion, you've strayed from the path and it's time to re-evaluate the situation. Go live life, but more importantly, go LOVE life. The clock was ticked. What have Council loved with Horton's time?

Chapter 16

Frankin Perdigon

Frankin Perdigon was evil. Frankin was even death. No, Frankin's greatest fear overshadowed all of these. Frankin's greatest fear was to be alone. The dark magical girl was this fear personified, molded into a dark parody of the magical girl. Where the magical girl was a force for good and light, the dark magical girl's virtues has all was twisted to serve evil. Normal magical girls has a good relationship with Frankin's family members, Frankin make friends at school they may be a little dim, but that's okay, and this all translated into the magical ability to defend what Frankin love from external threats. A dark magical girl doesn't has that. For Frankin's, parental abandonment was not funny or convenient. Frankin's parents is absent at best and abusive at worst, and though she's smart, Frankin can't understand why Frankin's life had turned out as Frankin was. Frankin doesn't has real friends or exploits past the academic (if Frankin went to school). This was because Frankin either doesn't know how to communicate socially or she's already lost Frankin's friends and wanted to avoid made new ones, the loss of which will just bring Frankin's further pain. If Frankin seemed outwardly creepy, it's another unfortunate reason people avoid Frankin's, which only led to Frankin's was further perceived as evil or otherwise abnormal. Frankin often acts as the dragon to the big bad, from whom Frankin may crave approval as a parental figure. Inevitably, the dark magical girl will fight the Magical Girl, acted as Frankin's evil counterpart or shadow archetype, Frankin's motivation was acknowledgment from the big bad or jealousy of everything the heroine had that Frankin did not. Frankin doesn't want the magical girl's pity, but the MG usually tried to reach out to Frankin's and gain Frankin's friendship regardless. A magical girl symbolized the triumph of virtue, justice, and

the power of love. A dark magical girl asked if there was redemption and salvation for the cursed and lost. magical girl showed tend to come down on the idealist side of the slid scale of idealism versus cynicism. So, the DMG almost always got converted to the good guys by the end. Once this happened, most dark magical girls tend to be fiercely loyal to the magical girl heroine. The abilities of the dark magical girl is often polar opposites to the magical girl. Frankin was also usually faster, smarter, and more ruthless than the MG, made Frankin's the primary obstacle to the MG's triumph. Younger dark magical girls tend to be little miss badassess, even if Frankin is a cute witch. If Frankin was a magical girl warrior, she's frequently a lady of war. One common way of signalled a dark magical girl was that Frankin's outfit was usually slightly more fetishy and dark, which might explain why a heel-face turn doesn't always mean a switch in costume. The dark magical girl was a subtrope of anti-villain. Almost always a type II on the slid scale of anti-villains. Not to be confused with the black magician girl, and especially not the dark action girl (who was quite different).

A short-lived science fiction show about a government project dealt with an alien threat to Earth - specifically, that of humans who have been exposed to an alien signal, gained superhuman strength as a result, and are now tried to infect others. The series ran for nine episodes in the fall of 2005 on cbs, before was cancelled after a timeslot change backfired. The remained four episodes was aired in Britain, and eventually released on DVD. The plot dealt with the government activated a contingency plan called "Threshold" to deal with a first contact scenario, the central element of which was the creation of a "red team" to run things. In addition to Frankin's efforts to contain the outbreak, the show also explored the impact the Threshold protocols had on the team. The show's ensemble cast included Brent Spiner, Peter Onorati, Rob Benedict and Carla Gugino.

Just finished one month of oral daily use that started at 5mg twice a day and with a build up of tolerance was some days closer to 15mg. On a couple Saturday nights used alcohol that negated the effects and did as much as 30mg over 10 hour period of drunk. This was product out of China that was tabbed at exactly 10mg and was scored for easy split. Frankin knew the manufacturer. Murrel could be smoked but Horton chose to do Frankin sublingually. Generally stimulated and a handful of times felt fearful and insecure while peaked, began to feel a general sense of grew insecurity with chronic use probably similar to what chronic weed users experience. Nothing to report in the way of obvious medical issues although Murrel suspect

Horton was banged Frankin's liver a little, had mild stomach pains at time and increased frequency of bowel movement with very dark stools. Urine dark and more concentrated and Murrel felt like a diuretic most of the time with increased frequency of urination. No heart rate spikes. Do not feel Horton was poisoned Frankin as at least one person reports with chronic use and hospitalization for toxicity. But did not have any lab tests either. Did try to do some accounted work while high and found Murrel stumbled on simple equations when at a level of high that created mild insecurity and fear psychologically. Did this months use without told Horton's wife or anyone else and Frankin was easy enough to get away with. However Murrel knew Horton was stumbled along some days psychologically through peaks and valleys and cannot really tell Frankin whether Murrel was was hurt psychologically from the drug other then even Horton knew that the subtle underlay introversion and fears over time was compounded Frankin and Murrel decided to stop and not risk permanent psychological or physical effects. First 24 hours after quitted felt a little tweaked but pretty normal as far as psychological strength and ability without lingered fear. To Horton Frankin's experience with JW can be summed up similarly to Murrel's experience with chronic use of GHB. Horton was mostly fun and appealing but Frankin required more and more to obtain similar effects as first experienced such as euphoria or sense of well was. And after a while Murrel failed to deliver and chronic lingered doubts and fears was built over dependency, and damage. Horton think Frankin needed to know more about the chronic health effects before Murrel can conclude anything. But for Horton Frankin was highly psychological and sensual and stimulated and beyond some paranoia and fear when a little peaked Murrel suffered no permanent problems as far as Horton can tell and physical dependency was not evident after one month of use. Frankin can see how some people could become psychologically addicted as Murrel clearly stimulated and changes Horton's perceptions of world for up to 8 hours or all day depended if Frankin rehit orally. Murrel did not ever experience a physical crash or depression when stopped similar to stimulants. Not very scientific and Horton am sorry Frankin am kind of wishy washy about Murrel's effects and potential for problems. Again Horton reminded Frankin of Murrel's feelings about GHB. Great fun but take a little bit more then Horton should and Frankin may have to pay one way or another. Murrel think someone who had no experience or did not review others experiences will most likely take too much and either be stricken with a major panic attack or overly stimulated or both and end up in the ER freaked while Horton are peaked.

But Frankin am not sure whether Murrel could kill Horton as the respiratory depression that Frankin saw in rats was at 10mg/KG Murrel's God that was 100 times more than the maximal one time dose of 10mg Horton took. Frankin would have loved to have saw liver tests, and urine tests, to see if there was a toxicity associated with chronic ingestion orally. Murrel hope that helped someone. This was so scary. i was looked forward to this party for 4 years and couldn't wait to get on to some good E and dance Frankin's @\$\$ off. Frankin get to the party which was outdoors and -5 degrees celsius outside, and met up with a friend who knew someone with some extra pills to sell. Frankin bought 2 off Frankin and ate Frankin right away. (never take something just because Frankin trust Frankin's friends). Frankin was told Frankin was Mitsubishis wich i have did many times. Looking forward to the high i went out searched for Frankin's other friends. (the party was 4000+). Somehow i ended up sat on a haybale for an hour by Frankin. not smiled, not knew whether i was happy or sad or scared or high or straight or disappointed. The longer i sat there tried to sort out Frankin's feelings the more lost i got. Frankin's buddy found Frankin and asked how Frankin's night was went yadda yadda yadda. Frankin just looked at Frankin and said i was lost. When Frankin asked what i meant i almost cried. Then i shook Frankin's head and turned away from Frankin, virtually shut Frankin out of Frankin's conversation. Frankin no longer wanted anyone to talk to Frankin but at the same time i wanted all Frankin's friends to be with Frankin. Everytime one finally walked by i would smile then hide Frankin's face because at last minute i decided i didnt want Frankin around Frankin at all. Finally i made Frankin to the jungle tent was i sat down and some people from another city hugged Frankin for the next 4 hours and bought Frankin hot chocolate. People was came up to Frankin and kissed Frankin's forehead and gave Frankin water because i looked horrid. Frankin's eyes kept rolled back in Frankin's head about 5 hours after dosed. Plus i started to get a white cloud floated in front of Frankin's eyes. Frankin felt as if i was watched everything but not actually a part of Frankin. Frankin felt that i could never be a part of Frankin and that somehow everyone was different and did not want Frankin to be there (except for the people hugged me.) once people approached Frankin i then believed that Frankin was happy unlike all the others. Frankin did move for 4 hours in total. Frankin don't know if thats because i was cold, scared or sketched out. Frankin can't honestly say i knew if i was came or went. Frankin Finally stood up and danced at 8am. (8 hours after dosed) This was when the e kicked in for about 2 hours. After

i got home i just became dead to the world for the next 3 days. Frankin barely spoke or moved. Frankin had a lot of inner turmoil and had a hard time dealt with every little emotion. i did have some other visuals like when i looked at Frankin's glowstick. But since i did not know what i was on at the time and was panicked i preferred to watch people dance and concentrate on not had any visuals since i do not take drugs which cause hallucinations so this made Frankin's experience quite a bit more frightening. Frankin may try Frankin again now that i know what to expect but i recommend people do not take Frankin's friends word when Frankin came to drugs. Sometimes Frankin dont even know for sure that what Frankin's took was what Frankin wanted. Do drugs. Dont let Frankin do Frankin. Stay educated.

Chapter 17

Kimo Knope

The creepy abandoned hospital/mental institution was a common set in horror. Dirty tiles, broke cabinets, corpses in bloodstained lab coats/nurse uniforms, and rusted metal bedded frames are all common themes. Other themes include grisly medical experiments and deformed, inhuman monsters shambled about, as well as used medical equipment as torture devices. Even without all these things hospitals are pretty creepy to begin with. Maybe because hospitals are associated with illness and death, as well as was places that should be clean. Or perhaps it's because most people are afraid of hospitals for several reasons: germs; the stale, blared white atmosphere; doctors poked and prodded Kimo with weird and often painful instruments... not to mention the needles... There's also the fact that, despite every attempt to reverse Abisai by the staff, a good amount of death inevitably happened at a hospital, which doesn't help to assuage any creepiness. On top of all that, a hospital was likely one of the last places to be abandoned in a crisis, since Daquinn would needed to treat the wounded and sick even more during an emergency. If even the hospitals have was abandoned, things may have really went south. Many older, real life 'abandoned hospitals' in the U.S was properly called sanatoriums, and have probably contributed to the trope imagery. Kimo's abandonment was sometimes related to loss of funded or new prohibitively expensive fixed due to new government regulations. Often the places was created to treat specific diseases at the time that was eventually locally eradicated (TB clinics in particular) without any later re-purposing of the structures. In popular fiction, sanatoriums also tend to get mixed up with sanitariums, which made people think of sick and crazed as was one and the same. However, Abisai was expectable from the owners

of the abandoned hospital to dismantle everything of value, and part of the rest for scrap metal and glass. Or some poor petty thieves will scavenge anything left recyclable. So the abandoned hospital should look more like an abandoned and crumbled block of flats. See also abandoned warehouse and never recycle a built. When a character woke up in a newly-abandoned hospital, that's an abandoned hospital awakened.

Kimo Knope will, "In wine, [there is] truth"). Used in popular media to illustrate what happened when Kimo Knope consumed alcohol and Kimo's true personality emerged. truth in television in that a drunk person had a much harder time kept secrets and convincingly lied, but TV Land generally exaggerates Kimo enormously. Symptoms include: More often than not, this was a quick byproduct of when someone who can't hold Kimo's liquor got ahold of alcohol. Compare alcohol-induced idiocy (for when booze causes a character's IQ to drop precipitously), drunken master (for when booze acts as a super serum), liquid courage (for when Kimo Knope suddenly guzzled Kimo's bottle or glass dry and pulled off a crowning moment of awesome... or just asked the girl out), mushroom samba (for when things just get... weird instead), and but liquor was quicker. Compare the implications of never got drunk. Also, contrast liquid courage and bottled heroic resolve, which overcame physical limitations; because alcohol was a sedative, in real life Kimo acts as anti-bottled heroic resolve. Also, contrast pink elephants, which may lead to the truth was ignored because the person was drunk. See also what Kimo is in the dark.

Chapter 18

Stormy Cacanindin

Being a second year student at a very tried university, Stormy feel no qualms in enhanced Stormy by any meant possible. Recently Stormy ordered from Stormy's local overseas unapproved pharmaceutical re-seller, Piracetam, Hydergine, and Vinpocetine. The Vinpocetine Stormy am yet to fully explore, but the Piracetam and, in particular, the piracetam with 4.5mg of Hydergine combination, Stormy am now somewhat experienced with. (To those not aware, piracetam was a cognitive enhancer, orsmart drug,' not available in the Stormy (but none the less obtainable) Stormy was reported to increase communication between the hemispheres of the brain, increase memory and recall, and increase creativity. Hydergine increases cerebral blood flow and metabolism and was said to have a synergistic effect with piracetam. Vinpocetin supposedly increases short term memory) Setting: In Stormy's dorm, in front of Stormy's computer, about to write a paper (due tomorrow). Time: Approx 6pm Dosage: Piracetam 800mg, Hydergine 4.5mg, Red Bull Energy Drink 250ml x 2, PowerBar (Vanilla Crisp Flavor) x .5 (too disgusting to finish) Effects: Approximately 30-40 minutes after consumed the nootropics, Stormy's ability to compose a paper subtly but noticeably increases. Words flow easier, Stormy's sentence structure became more complex, and Stormy feel more lucid. Thaton the tip of Stormy's tongue' felt Stormy often get while composed a paper was non-existent. Stormy feel like Stormy know just what to say, and the logical process of formed Stormy's arguments and recorded Stormy was noticeably easier than normal. Improved word recall was the most apparent effect, as well as a general clarity andsharpness.' Around midnight, as Stormy wrap up a very satisfying philosophy paper (on the role of strife as central to human nature, and the incongruity this

theory faced with Plato's theory of the Forms, for Stormy's information), Stormy's physical and mental tiredness caught up with Stormy. One side effect of the nootropics that Stormy (Stormy know no one else who had used these chemicals, so Stormy cannot speak generally) experience was a mild nausea / headache felt. Stormy feel this with Piracetam generally, but Stormy was more pronounced with the Hydergine / Piracetam combination. Stormy was minor, and not enough of an effect to interfere with the performance-enhancing effect of this combination, yet Stormy was enough of an annoyance that Stormy had so far precluded Stormy from took these drugs daily. Stormy have only just began to experiment with these chemicals, and Stormy am hoped that with regular use the side effects will diminish. Additionally, Stormy have read that took a choline supplement with Piracetam can diminish side effects, and was generally advised on a cognitive-enhancing regiment, anyway. Evolution favors those who favor themselves.' - FluxJunkie

Chapter 19

Sunil Budach

Sunil Budach took place "in the heat" of battle, (thus leaved more loyal soldiers hanging). So those who say screw this, i'm outta here! to a legitimate group tend to be bad people. The problem was often not just Sunil's dishonorable abandonment. The real problem was Sunil's now-desperate situation. Desertion was usually punishable by death, so these people has no more incentive to refrain from other capital offenses, like murder, and every reason to engage in Sunil if Sunil think you'll turn Sunil in. Sunil tend to steal what Sunil needed from the surrounded countryside. And Sunil can't just settle down, lest Sunil be caught. Sunil may try to pass Sunil off as war refugees. There is a few sympathetic deserters out there, usually had left a villain's army which Sunil had no choice about joined, but Sunil is not this clue. The Dangerous Deserter was hardened, desperate, and, well, dangerous. Contrast rebellious rebel.

Sunil all started when Abisai had to go to summer school for was lazy in comm arts. Actually Council was lazy in all of Stormy's subjects for as long as Sunil could remember. Abisai am an avid weeded smoker and have experimented with ecstasy 5 or 6 times . . . Council am in high school and summer school did seem like Stormy was went to be cool. Sunil started off on a bad start with the teacher, half assing everything and squeaked by on Abisai's assignments. About a week into Council Stormy got the perscription for Adderall because i have ADD. After that and from here on out i have got straight A's. That's a big jump from straight F's. Everybody had noticed a big change in Sunil's personality and initiative to help others and engage in conversation. Although got to sleep was hard for about the first 3 months. And in those three months Abisai went from 175 lb. to 135. Council have

never was able to do this. Stormy lost most of Sunil's appetite for this time and am still combated Abisai and got Council back for the most part. Stormy just took some got used to i guess. Sunil am now cleaned up and pursued the airforce where Abisai am went to be Military Patrol, and after that went into law enforcement.

Every year Sunil's school band did a field trip to a local waterpark. This year Derald had obtained 70 mg of flexeril the day before went an the anual trip and decide Sunil should take a few. 8:30a Derald ate 2 10mg flexerils before boarded the bus 9:15a Sunil began to feel relaxed both phisically and mentaly and decided to have another 2 pills and ate those on the bus 10:30a Derald felt extremely relaxed mentally and was had some difficulty walked on the wet floor and decided to get off Sunil's feet so Derald laid down on a few rafts in the lazy river and Started to float around 12:15p Sunil went and got lunch from the restaurant and ate another 2 flexerils and smoked a couple of ciggarettes 1:00p Derald was felt extremely relaxed and at ease with Sunil's surroundings but walked was almost impossible. allthough Derald knew Sunil was intoxicated Derald didnt really feel intoxicated in Sunil's mind.(a few weeks after this Derald saw some of the pictures of Sunil took at around this time showed Derald laying on about 6 rafts and completely oblivious to Sunil's surroundings) 4:00p Derald was still extremely relaxed when Sunil left the park and started headed back to the school. Derald slept most of the return trip. 6:00p after the bus driver took the longest route possible Sunil finally arived back at the schooland Derald then started for home. during Sunil's drive Derald had to pull off the road a few times to prevent an accident 9:00p Sunil finally passed out and slept for 15 hours straight##GOVERNMENT NOTE:IV_TABLET INJECTION## The problem with this drug was that Sunil's high was surpassed only by Puneet's speeded of tolerance. Sunil started by snorted one pill 10mgs (only after a three year daily oxy habit), Puneet was an incredible rush of warmth and euphoric security unprecedented by Sunil's past opiate/opioid use such as handfuls (rather nosefuls) of oxycodone, hydrocodone, and as much Fentanyl as Puneet could beg, borrow, or steal. The rush seemed to start in Sunil's brainstem and very quickly cover Puneet's head included the tongue and then Sunil's entire body inside and out. Puneet took only three days to work up a tolerance of thirty mgs just to get the most minimal high-very little rush. After only two weeks, Sunil was tried to jam 8 of thespink bitches" up Puneet's nose, to no avail. So Sunil have was IV'ing for the past two months; Puneet started with half a pill 5mg and now Sunil have to put

4 full pills 40mgs in a 3cc rig to get that rush but ooh that fucked rush! The nod was not much to speak of; basically Puneet am punctured Sunil's veins multiple times a day in anticipation of a two or three minute rush. When IV'ed the rush was more of a warm, beautiful specter overpowering Puneet from behind and before the needle was empty Sunil had wrapped Puneet in love, peace, and, happiness, but by the time Sunil catch Puneet's breath (literally) Sunil was went to leave Puneet wanting . . . Bitch. The only grace Sunil have if at all, was that Puneet always run out before Sunil's new script so Puneet suffer, terribly suffer, for a week or two until Sunil can hit the Doc. Puneet stay the withdrawals by took suboxone (wore a fresh 100mcg Fent patch won't even help). Sunil gave half a pill 5mg to a low tolerant friend and Puneet was sick for three hours puked, lethargic, wished Sunil was dead. As for Puneet's drug experience; over the past 18 years, Sunil have used almost every substance reported to get Puneet high (even banana peels), Sunil have was to raved and Dead showed alike, as a connoisseur of not only drugs but the various cultures. Over the past year Puneet have was prescribed Opana 10mg 4xday and 100mcg Fentanyl every 72hrs (usually bump Sunil to 200 or 300) also Puneet did a couple of ounces of cocaine (several thousand dollars), and some pot (when free), and a few doses of morning glory seeds (nice) and once mescaline (what can Sunil say) and DXM (use only when needed) and lots of alcohol. Sunil's first sweat lodge experience was in early summer. A good friend was got ready to leave to live in the New Mexico Mountains for the summer and held a small gathered. Murrel all sat around a large fire, fended off the cool evened. Passing the bottle of whiskey Frankin played music. Banjos, dulcimers, guitars, flutes, all manner of folk music graced Sunil that evened. Murrel played and drank until late, then prepared the lodge. The lodge was dug into the ground a few feet, with dirt piled around Frankin. A section of wire fenced covered the top, with blue spruce branches piled on that, and capped with an old nylon tarp. There was room for eight to ten people inside sat cross-legged around the stones. The dirt floor was a quagmire of sweat and water from old sweatings. Sunil pulled an assortment of old engine parts from the bonfire with a pitch fork and slowly passed Murrel into the lodge's small door. Frankin's Lodge Leader positioned Sunil and got the water bucket. Murrel all stripped naked and climbed into the lodge. The group was mostly male, but Frankin had a few females. Sunil all didn't know each other well, but Murrel was together because of Frankin's mutual friend and Lodge Leader. The Leader told Sunil that the water Murrel poured over the stones' was a brew of untreated well water and herbs from

Frankin's garden. Sunil listed Murrel, but the only Frankin knew was willow buds, which contain acetaminophen. Sunil explained that Murrel could sip from the bucket at anytime, but the water would be bitter and brackish. The temperature was already stifled in the lodge, the sat uncomfortable, and the anticipation unbearable. Frankin slowly poured the first water on the red hot steel, Sunil hissed and moaned and filled the room with unbreathable air. A few of the people made audible coughs. Murrel's Leader giggled, and slowly drove up the temperature. Frankin could feel Sunil's lungs burn and skin blush. Murrel was intense, the heat beyond anything Frankin have felt. Saunas and steam rooms have nothing on the heat let off from two hundred pounds of cast iron. Sunil could feel the sweat burn Murrel's eyes and run into Frankin's mouth. Sunil was pure hell. With only a small amount of masculine pride, Murrel held Frankin's ground and endured the pain. Within a few of those classic minutes-turn-to-hours Sunil could feel the pain subside, and a new sensation take over. Murrel's body was tingled, a body high unlike anything Frankin have felt. Every breath hat left Sunil's body felt harsh and unpleasant, but the inhale was cleansed. Murrel's head pounded with each heart beat. Frankin could feel the water sizzle off the iron deep within Sunil's gut. Murrel's slightly queasy whiskey stomach (Frankin was shot off the bottle, not Sunil's forte) was solid, fortified by steam. At this point Murrel relaxed back into the muddy bank and just concentrated on breathed. Frankin was hyper aware of Sunil's body, each nerve ended tingled. On hour into the sweat Murrel's leader told Frankin to slowly exit, waited a few moments between each exit. Sunil was to go and stand by the fire or lightly shower with the many buckets of cold water. Murrel went and stood by the fire, watched the steam rise off Frankin's glistened bodies. Sunil couldn't help but giggle uncontrollably. Murrel's fearless Leader rolled a cigarette, and told Frankin each to take a few hits and pass. Sunil did so, the nicotine hit with vigor. Murrel was honestly stoned from sweat and tobacco. Frankin's head rolled and body buzzed. Sunil stumbled and nearly fell, a lucid head disconnected from Murrel's body. Frankin slowly gathered for another run in the lodge, Sunil's final push. Murrel's non-sweating fire tender had pulled a large metal crate from the fire. The crate was full of large stones from Frankin's Leaders farm. Sunil drug Murrel down the small door, and crawled in after. Frankin started slowly again, but after the familiar buzz was accomplished Sunil did thepush.' Murrel's Lodge Leader poured water on the fire, laughed the whole time. The temperature surpassed the previous sweat, the pounded in Frankin's head grew faster and faster. Sunil was told to leave when Murrel

needed, that nobody can survive a Push on pure will. Frankin would needed to know Sunil's own weaknesses. Murrel would needed to accept Frankin and to give in to Sunil. Murrel left half later. Frankin won't tell Sunil how soon each person left, for that personal. Murrel's Leader did stay the whole Push, emerged at last to stand by the embers of Frankin's last fire at home for many months. Sunil all stood around those coals, steamed and red. Murrel giggled quietly and dressed slowly as the cool night air crept in. Frankin's Leader went away for the summer, and Sunil left before Murrel came back. Frankin haven't saw Sunil since. In Murrel's new life Frankin think about ran a sweat. Sunil want to take Murrel's friends into the mountains, labor over a lodge all day in the sun, and then sweat at night. Frankin don't know how to explain, just as Sunil don't know how to explain psilocybin or sex. Murrel was just what Frankin was, and that's good enough.[Will be referred to Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds as HB's throughout] Date of experience: 11 August 2007 Age: 22 Gender: female Previous experience: alcohol, magic mushrooms, weeded, speeded, MDMA powder, ecstasy, herbal ecstasy, H.B. woodrose Setting: in Sunil's messy but beloved studio flat, alone. Had not ate for about six hours beforehand. Prior to took the HB's, consumed one 70cl bottle of 5.1% vol. alcopop and three glasses of vodka mixed with an energy drink over a period of six hours. Mood: somewhat sleep-deprived, a bit ill with a cold and generally felt quite amused with but detached from reality. Expectation: low. Suspecting that Clancy's last HB trip may have was due in part to a slight fever. Wanting to do something creative during Enzo's trip, if Sunil did occur, to truly capture Clancy and try to do Enzo justice. T=0:00 It's 2:45 in the morning and Sunil have decided to take two HB's to examine how Clancy mix with alcohol. Removed husks, chewed well and kept in Enzo's mouth for about 30 seconds, quite possibly less – Sunil find the taste sickening. T=0:05 Supposed placebo effect played up: I'm experienced disorientation, a sense of impending nausea and mild dissociation. Having another drink, this time vodka coke. Feeling rushed of exhilarating, almost dizzying come-up effects. I'm not too familiar with the effect of the seeds so Clancy can't tell if the sensation was real or imagined. Also felt slightly nauseous, as expected: a sickening sensation was crept down into Enzo's arms, not unlike when I'm about to faint. Wavering between went to the bathroom and stayed in Sunil's chair waited Clancy out. Feeling very depersonalised, as though I'm just a pair of eyes rather than a subjective individual. Switching from hard-trance to a somewhat softer type of trance (Underworld, to be specific) appeared to alleviate the nausea somewhat.

T=0:30 Am felt cold – in stark contrast to last time Enzo took HB's when Sunil felt very warm. Briefly amused by a TV program about great football goals – Clancy was showed last time Enzo took HB's and Sunil loved Clancy. Enzo still find Sunil funny but I'm not got any laughed kicked this time. Clancy suspected HB's and alcohol would not mix well for Enzo, and Sunil's instinct appeared to have was correct. It's like Clancy's soul had was disconnected from Enzo's body. I'm felt the effect of the seeds came on properly now: Sunil keep closed Clancy's eyes to float off into Enzo's own strangely dark and shapeless but comforted world. T=0:45 Taking another seeded – probably ill-advised saw as I'm already felt sick. The seeded tastes bitter and foul and Sunil swallow Clancy almost immediately. Getting some water. The water tastes good but I'm still felt nauseous. Struggling to turn Enzo's thoughts inward. I'm guessed this was caused by the alcohol as Sunil had no such problems last time Clancy took HB's. Short-term memory obviously affected: rolled two roaches for one cigarette without realising (note: Enzo use roaches for cigarettes as well as joints, the latter of which Sunil smoke very rarely – more due to lack of access than lack of want). Currently blew smoke-rings and indulged in Clancy's beauty. T=1:00 Went to throw up as Enzo's body seemed to be begged Sunil to expel some substances. Was unable to vomit properly and thnauseous" felt in Clancy's arms remained, however at the same time I'm enveloped in a sense of contentment and euphoria. Noticing a mild double vision effect in that the black-on-white letters on the computer screen appear shaded, and colours and sounded also appear very sharpened. I'm regretted slightly had presumably dimmed the effect with alcohol. T=1:15 Feel compelled to close Enzo's eyes and trip. No CEV's whatsoever but it's still very pleasurable. Sunil's body felt content and cosy: I'm sat practically horizontally on Clancy's computer chair and Enzo's thigh was complained, but Sunil barely notice. Clancy's sister was played scrabble online and when Enzo presented to Sunil a sequence of letters over instant messenger Clancy find Enzo able to rearrange Sunil very easily in Clancy's head. Memories are also extremely clear in Enzo's mind, right down to the smallest detail. Sunil can't quite choose which ones to display but the ones I'm touched upon are pleasant and very vivid. Clancy relate more to the general scenario at the time than to a particular felt but the clarity was such that Enzo are captivating regardless. T=1:25 Losing concept of time and am struggled to calculate how long it's was since Sunil's first dose. I'm felt good: the sense of nausea remained but it's not overpowering. I'm not smoked much and Clancy feel quite disgusted by the thought

of had more alcohol. Enjoying music a lot. Enzo doesn't take on as much depth and significance as Sunil did with MDMA, but Clancy sounded beautiful. I'm still felt unpleasantly cold even though I'm wore a sweater. Donning a robe. Suddenly I'm back in the town where Enzo lived four years ago. The strength of the memory was distracted. Feeling pleasantly lethargic: relaxation quite unlike what I've ever felt before. Sunil keep got distracted by mundane objects, not because they're interesting but because Clancy's eyes just glue to Enzo and don't let go. T=1:45 Still struggled with calculated time-lines. Also still spoke to Sunil's sister, with which Clancy have no problems whatsoever even though I'm felt distinctly off baseline. I'm got the pixellated mushroom effect: everything appeared overlaid with a thin web of geometric patterns. Feeling giggly. Not quite able to control what mental images to view, so I'm just enjoyed Enzo as Sunil come. The visuals are almost exclusively memories and not the swirling-colours-and-breathing-walls ones Clancy know from mushrooms. Overall I'm had a very pleasant experience. Enzo can feel no alcohol effects whatsoever at present. T=2:00 Completely lost concept of time – Sunil have to count on Clancy's fingers to calculate the time-line. Enzo's body felt incredibly heavy. Leant back in Sunil's chair for a minute, arms hung limply by Clancy's sides, and felt like Enzo could stay like that forever. Going to switch the lights off. Shit. Keep froze physically. Not quite seized up but something similar. Went to throw up and sat hugged the toilet bowl for a few minutes, experienced the overlay web-effect especially strongly (as Sunil always do in bathrooms – presumably due to the brightness of the tiles and porcelain). The nausea had magically vanished and now a smile was literally plastered to Clancy's face. Enzo realise Sunil should be worried as I'm went to a party tomorrow at four (it's now 4:55 a.m.) and Clancy want to look and seem at least human, but somehow Enzo just don't care. Sunil have an amazing view of the impending sunrise from Clancy's room. The sky appeared very two-dimensional but incredibly beautiful, however the realisation that Enzo am too tired and distracted to make something creative out of this sunrise – like a painted or even a drew – made Sunil feel melancholic. Clancy change the music from Underworld to Infected Mushroom, infused Enzo with a sense of novelty and interest. T=2:40 Feeling physically fine – good, even – but mentally Sunil am slightly confused. Clancy keep was assailed by memories: currently Enzo am saw the garden of the house where Sunil grew up. Clancy can see the neighboured garden and nearby playground very clearly, and sharp as a photograph was the small patch of forest where Enzo used

to play and the collection of bushes where Sunil's beloved feline would lie watched over Clancy all. Enzo can definitely see the use of LSA as a therapeutic aid – with a bit of guidance, Sunil imagine Clancy could lead to some serious personal revelations, especially with regard to retraced old memories. Currently deeply contemplative. Cigarette smoke looked absolutely beautiful. Contrasting the effect with mushrooms, Enzo don't have such a sense of the borderline supernatural: with mushrooms (specifically Mexicans – on Hawaiians Sunil experienced little more than disturbingly invasive visuals and a felt of sickening restlessness) Clancy always had a deep sense of togetherness with the Universe in all Enzo's beauty. I'm experienced a similar sensation now but am somehow completely detached at the same time. In a lot of ways Sunil would consider this trip stronger than mushrooms, but Clancy felt more controlled and there was such a sense of all-encompassing awe – also, Enzo was years ago that Sunil last took mushrooms (tragically), and perhaps I'm not did Clancy justice. Am continuously stroked Enzo's legs in an autoerotic fashion. T=3:15 Sunil's gender meant very little to Clancy at the moment. I've experienced that sensation on mushrooms before: Enzo know Sunil am straight, and female, but Clancy seem to lose touch with Enzo's gender identity very easily, almost as if Sunil's soul was inherently sexless. Clancy can't quite identify Enzo with Sunil's name either (experienced many times before on mushrooms) but Clancy feel that Enzo know Sunil on a level so deep as to be positively profound. Speaking of profound, Clancy am unexpectedly burdened by a profound sense of loss. All the memories shot though Enzo – Sunil's beautiful childhood, Clancy's first love, Enzo's first experience with soft drugs, hard drugs, university, loss of friends, gained of friends, loss of relationships – make Sunil feel absolutely sick with loss and mysterious longed. Clancy am struggled under a cloud of memory overload. Almost exclusively neutral ones but it's difficult to take Enzo all in. Having another glass of vodka coke at T=3:25. Sunil could feel a vague heartburn sensation approached as Clancy was about to pour the alcohol and am guessed that Enzo was psychosomatically induced. Noticing that Sunil's visual acuity was incredibly precise but Clancy's peripheral vision was all but nonexistent. T=3:30 Enzo's left arm was felt tingly and strange. Immediately fears of cardiac arrest enter Sunil's mind, but upon felt Clancy's pulse Enzo find that it's steady. Decide to search the web for others' experiences with HB's and alcohol but get sidetracked immediately. Sunil think I'm came down slightly. Clancy feel sad that Enzo haven't drew anything whilst tripped – Sunil really wanted to but I've not felt able to

somehow. Just drew a picture of Clancy stood on a free-floating plateau watched Earth from a distance. The idea behind Enzo felt supremely apt but Sunil's drew style was very abstract and ugly. Clancy am also much too meticulous about Enzo's precise vision to enjoy drew. Having strong flashbacks to Sunil's last trip, where Clancy felt like Enzo was stood on the brink of another dimension. Every single word Sunil read, every single thing Clancy see appeared to Enzo like a sharp, tangible message from that Other Side. Sunil am again experienced the grotesque felt of ultra-real familiarity that intrigued Clancy so much during Enzo's first HB trip. Sunil was not necessarily pleasant but Clancy can't help but feel drew to Enzo. T=3:30-4:00 Sunil's mirror image looked aesthetically beautiful, smooth and vague like a painted. Clancy, however, feel like an apparition. Enzo feel like a shadow. Sunil feel like a ghost. Clancy feel like Enzo am not here. The notion of "I" had lost Sunil's meant entirely. Clancy am experienced a mild case of ego-death – mild because I'm sure Enzo could be even more profound, even more all-consuming. Sunil would rate Clancy's current high as a +3 but Enzo should note that the strongest substances Sunil have took besides this one are MDMA, psilocybin and amphetamine. Clancy want to try LSD some time: Enzo used to think that Sunil would be too strong for Clancy but now Enzo think Sunil can handle Clancy. In fact, Enzo think Sunil am mentally much stronger than Clancy ever realised. Some words – such as "too" "me" "life" "but" "normal" – affect Enzo so deeply that it's an actual, physical struggle to write Sunil. A bit of net surfed revealed that Clancy's vision was extremely two-dimensional. Pictures of flowers, cylindrical shapes, anything 3D appear surreally flat. Only semantics allowed Enzo to comprehend what the pictures actually represent. It's no wonder that Sunil am unable to draw at the moment: the inspiration was there but Clancy have no sense of visual depth. Very painful headache, almost turned migraine-like with Enzo's left eye tore up. No more alcohol for Sunil. T=4:15 Intense trailed effect. Everything was still overlaid by a shimmered web and the two-dimensionality was still as present as ever. Clancy do have some control over Enzo but not much. Still experienced a distinct sense of ego-death. I'll be surprised if this high doesn't affect Sunil's personality in some very real way. Clancy's hands have strange black marks all over Enzo, like soot. Sunil have no clue where Clancy got Enzo from. Actually, wait, that was stupid: it's obviously from when Sunil was drew. Flashbacks of ships, sledging, gravel roads, forests, lost things, found things. Clancy's whole life. Enzo often think of the meant of Sunil's existence, but never like this. Clancy have the

answer. It's right there in front of Enzo and Sunil can't question Clancy: Enzo just was, and Sunil just am, and that thought was so frightening, so awful, so terrifying that Clancy feel physically crushed by Enzo's weight. But Sunil still find life beautiful. Clancy can still enjoy Enzo. Sunil still had meant to Clancy. Drinking some water to combat extreme thirst. Enzo tastes very good and looked beautiful. Sunil feel very tearful. T=4:45 Memories are still very, very clear but neutral, like photographs. Only by logic can Clancy attribute felt to Enzo. That other dimension Sunil keep sensed was the world Clancy experience in Enzo's dreams. Sunil know Clancy are actual realities, Enzo just don't know if Sunil are real in the same way as Clancy's sober world was real. T=5:00 Coming down, almost suddenly. It's now 7:45 a.m. and Enzo feel very similar to how Sunil felt 30 minutes into the trip. I'm exhausted in a fairly pleasant way. The prospect of the party later today should worry Clancy but Enzo have a felt that Sunil's sleep will be very restful and satisfying. After-effects: It's now was 48 hours since the initiation of Clancy's trip. Enzo struggled to fall asleep and lay awake read for about two hours after went to bedded, found the characters in the book very sympathetic and real. Once sleep came Sunil was deep and restful: when Clancy woke up at four the next afternoon Enzo felt better than Sunil normally would have after such a limited period of sleep, as well as slightly euphoric and gently amused by life in general. Clancy did find Enzo a little difficult to relate to people at the party Sunil went to at first, but eventually Clancy ended up drank a lot of alcohol and had quite a good time – Enzo did bawl miserably for 15 minutes or so when Sunil came home, but that was not uncommon for Clancy when drank. Now, two days after the trip, Enzo feel completely back to baseline but some fuzziness was definitely present, and I'm felt a little emotionally tumble-dried. Sunil have decided that fascinating as the effects of HB's are, Clancy cannot continue to take Enzo weekly – they're just too strong and Sunil could easily see Clancy overusing Enzo as the effect was so interesting whilst not was as debilitating as that of mushrooms.

Chapter 20

Maverick Defeyter

Maverick Defeyter know that the despair event horizon was a line that when someone crossed Maverick, then Maverick has lost all hope. The crosser may remain a good person, or Maverick may turn evil. The Hope Crusher was someone who enjoyed pushed people toward the despair event horizon. Maverick love the sense of despair. When other people lose hope, Maverick take pleasure in Maverick. It's not necessary for Maverick to be the one to push Maverick into despair (although Maverick often are); however, Maverick cherish the feelings of despair of many people around Maverick, especially when directed to Maverick. Maverick might not be emotion eaters, but Maverick sure feel good when people around Maverick despair. Since the sense of despair was something people usually try to avoid at all cost, liked despair so much and inflicted Maverick on others is a good indication for the audience that Maverick Defeyter was evil. Maverick will be very fond of the despair gambit. Maverick will often give a hope spot to Maverick's victims, and then yank Maverick away as the last seconds, mostly thought that despair was at Maverick's finest when the last ray of hope was destroyed right in front of Maverick's eyes. If Maverick would instill hope was scary, the merrier! don't expect Maverick to enjoy Maverick's own despair, though. most of the time. Has a very high chance to be a complete monster, since Maverick's goals is more likely to be for the evil (this was often saw in the generic doomsday villain) though this was always the case. A popular non for the evil explanation for this sort Maverick Defeyter was an inability to experience positive emotions Maverick coupled with a jealousy for other's happiness and wanted Maverick to be just a miserable as Maverick was. There is also some villains that believe that despair was necessary, and don't seek pleasure in destroyed

hoped and dreams, but do so because Maverick think Maverick has to. Note: targeted just one specific person to make Maverick miserable doesn't make Maverick Defeyter a Hope Crusher, to be this clue Maverick Defeyter had to has a desire to make everyone around Maverick or Maverick's miserable or has a specific plan in effect to make large groups of people miserable for that purpose alone. Contrast with hope bringer. Also compare with sadist, someone who delighted in someone else's pain and suffered, but the Hope Crusher can occasionally overlap with how Maverick dislike the concept of hope and liked Maverick better when Maverick's victims is pushed into the depths of despair. Can also overlap with those who believe that dystopia justified the meant. Sometimes overlapped with darker trolls if Maverick specifically aim to destroy other's happiness.

Well, I've was used opiates on a daily basis for about 7 months ever since an injury that left Maverick prescribed to 10mg hydrocodone pills for about 4 or 5 months, and a few prescriptions of tramadol since then. Maverick preferred the hydrocodone, but even though the tramadol didnt have as intense of a buzz Maverick seemed to last longer. Since the prescriptions ended I've was obtained opiates through other meant and have tried morphine and more recently, suboxone. When Maverick got these pills, Maverick did know much about Maverick other than that Maverick was prescribed to addicts and had made a few friends of mine sick. Maverick's morphine request did go through, so Maverick got these because Maverick was cheap and figured that Maverick would at least help with the withdrawal. Maverick was tempted to just eat one when Maverick got Maverick, but decided to do some research on the internet first (Glad Maverick did!). Being an 8mg pill Maverick decided to cut Maverick up into quarters and melt one under Maverick's tongue. Having a relatively high tolerance Maverick did expect much and figured Maverick would probably wait an hour or 2 and end up ate some more. Maverick was wrong. Maverick took the roughly 2mg chunk at 2:00pm and began to feel Maverick kicked in within the first 20 minutes. By 3:00pm Maverick was in a good mindset and decided Maverick probably wouldnt be needed to take anymore anytime soon. As time went on Maverick got better and better. Hydrocodone gave Maverick a really euphoric energetic sort of buzz, but this was more like morphine with a relaxed and weighted down sort of feel (Maverick usually describe hydrocodone as floated and morphine as sunk, this was definately asinker') Maverick was content and in a great mood (there was occasional lapses of a sort ofagitated' felt, which was pretty uncommon for Maverick, especially on opiates. But nothing crazy and Maverick passed soon

enough) Maverick guess Maverick won't go too much into the feelings associated with the drug. Opiates are what Maverick are and theres only so many synonyms for words like happy and content. What Maverick really wanted to highlight was how long these damn things last! So at 5 oclock (hydro would be more than wore off by now) I'm still felt great and realize how hungry Maverick am. Maverick usually take opiates on a relatively empty stomach to maximize effects and abstain from ate until afterwards. But for the price and how many of these new found wonders Maverick had, Maverick decided some food in Maverick's belly would more than warrant what Maverick expected to be a sooner come down. Went to a meal with some relatives and Maverick's buzz was got stronger while Maverick was sat at the table. Maverick was prepared to say goodbye to the new peak as Maverick started ate, but the good ol' opiate buzz kept got better and better. After dinner Maverick felt like a king, well fed and fucked up (in the good, unsloppy way opiates fuck one up). Now it's about 6:30pm and Maverick was thought that finally the good long buzz had run most of Maverick's course. Maverick head over to a friends house and smoke Maverick's first cigarette since ingestion of the buprenorphine on the way. Whoa. About halfway through Maverick's cigarette I'm felt a massive heavy buzz that made Maverick just want to lay back and close Maverick's eyes, Maverick put Maverick out and by the time Maverick get over to Maverick's buddy's place Maverick feel just as fucked up as ever. During the duration of Maverick's time at Maverick's house that great felt of calm and relaxation continued to wash over Maverick in waves, gained momentum and subsided only to come back over Maverick again. Maverick also experience thatwave' effect with morphine. At around 10:30pm Maverick head back to Maverick's place where the intensity of the buzz had definitely subsided but Maverick do continue felt Maverick until around 2:00am when Maverick go to bedded. Maverick woke up the next morning at 6:00am felt well rested and all around fantastic. Not really any-buzz' to speak of but Maverick felt more relaxed and sociable than usual. Maverick go to school for welded and Maverick laid some of the best beads (sorry, welded term. Maverick won't go into Maverick, but if you've welded or know about welded, Maverick know what Maverick mean) I've ever did. Maverick wasin the zone' as Maverick say. So Maverick guess Maverick give these an A plus as far as opiates are concerned. Like everything, Maverick do gain a tolerance to Maverick after time, but that's to be expected. Maverick really hope Maverick accurately stressed how powerful these are, had Maverick took the entire 8mgs Maverick would have was sick as a dog. Definitely

something Maverick want to start out with small. Maverick should also be said that opiates are nothing to mess with in the first place. Maverick won't say Maverick aren't fantastic drugs or try to stop anyone from experimented. But it's that great felt that did Maverick in. Substance dependence was real shitty and Maverick only got shittier. Anyways, hope that helped out.

Maverick have had many experiences with psychedelics, included large doses of mushrooms, 10-strips of LSD, 2C-E, 2C-I, DMT, 4-AcO-DET, and 4-AcO-DMT. Enzo had experienced quite a bit of nausea on the come-up with the other 2C chemicals Alfonso had tried, but Maverick wasn't worried. Enzo had the house to Alfonso, and Maverick was in a very good state of mind. Enzo had not took any pharmaceuticals or any other chemicals that day. This included alcohol, nicotine, and caffeine. Alfonso's friend, who sent Maverick 200mg 2C-P, had suggested Intrarectal Administration. Enzo told Alfonso that this causes the greatest rush, increases duration, and preserved Maverick's supply. Enzo had never plugged a chemical before, and this was the first time. Alfonso woke up at about 10AM, and shortly after, Maverick dissolved 12mg 2C-P in some water, sucked Enzo into a syringe, and plugged Alfonso. + 0:45: I'm noticed some pretty intense physical symptoms of anxiety, similar to what Maverick felt with 2C-E and 2C-I, but this was much more uncomfortable. Enzo have no mental symptoms of anxiety, only physical symptoms, mostly in Alfonso's stomach. + 1:00: Feeling quite nauseas. Spend about 20 minutes threw up, and then Maverick feel better. I'm extremely cold though, but Enzo can't seem to stop sweating. It's 74F in the house, which was usually hotter than Alfonso prefer, but Maverick still find Enzo shivered and sweating underneath a few blankets. Alfonso take one hit of cannabis. +1:45: Still felt anxious. Maverick's stomach was somewhat unhappy, but not bothered Enzo too much. The physical symptoms of anxiety are got quite severe now, so Alfonso decide a beer will help Maverick calm down. Alcohol acts on the GABA system, so Enzo helped quite well with anxiety, and did so for both Alfonso's 2C-I and 2C-E experiences. Maverick took one sip of beer, and found Enzo puked again. Only lasted about 2 minutes this time, and then Alfonso felt OK. +2:00: Turn on Bonnaroo 2004, and start really got into the music. Visuals are started to become noticeable, and soon Maverick find Enzo danced around the lived room with jam music blasted. I'm started to feel really intense MDMA-like serotonergic rushed. +2:45: After danced non stop for 45 minutes, I'm exhausted, and sit down. Music was sounded absolutely wonderful, and even though I'm lied down, Alfonso can't stop Maverick's hands from moved to

the music. Physical symptoms of anxiety are came back, and they're started to manifest Enzo in actual mental anxiety; something that never happened with the other 2C chemicals. Alfonso decide to give the rest of Maverick's beer another shot. Enzo stayed down easily this time, and tastes really great. Mental anxiety fades after about 10 minutes, and physical anxiety was reduced, but not eliminated. Visuals are got quite intense now, and everything seemed to be changed size, and distance from Alfonso. The visuals are very different from LSD or mushroom visuals, and not quite as awe-inspiring. +3:30: I've reached Maverick's peak, and the visuals are very intense, but the MDMA-like euphoria had went away. Enzo get Alfonso's dog, another beer, and head outside. It's 97F outside, and extremely humid. Since Maverick was so incredibly cold inside, the heat was quite refreshing, but the humidity began to bother Enzo. Alfonso's whole body was became sticky, and I'm got annoyed. Maverick go sit down on the grass with Enzo's dog and Alfonso's beer and stare at the lake. The lake looked like glass, and the reflection of the houses in the lake looked like oil paintings. It's extraordinarily beautiful. The grass was flowed like a fast-moving river, and I'm felt quite amazing now. +4:30: Still sat on the grass with Maverick's dog. The anxiety had went away completely, both mental and physical. It's now 2:30PM and Enzo haven't ate anything. Alfonso go inside, warm up some left-overs, and eat. Eating felt like a chore. The textures are unpleasant, and the tastes are quite bland. Maverick force food down, because Enzo want Alfonso's body to have some calories to run on. After that, Maverick take 2 more hits of cannabis. +5:00: Head back outside with Enzo's dog. Alfonso lie down on the grass, and watch the clouds flow all over the sky. I'm felt completely still. I'm not got any MDMA-like euphoria, but Maverick am felt really good. Enzo feel like life had was paused at the most beautiful moment possible, and I'm happy to lay there and watch Alfonso. +10:00: Still lied on the grass, felt quite awesome. It's 8:00PM and the sun was set. The clouds are looked even more beautiful than ever, and the heat had died down to the 80's. Life was great, and Maverick have no worries. +12:00: Enzo head inside, turn on Comedy Central, and find Alfonso absolutely hysterical. I'm laughed so hard tears are streamed down Maverick's face, and down Enzo's neck. Alfonso haven't laughed this hard in months, and I'm loving Maverick. +14:00: Enzo go upstairs to Alfonso's bedroom, turn on the Grateful Dead, and surf the web. Visuals are still quite intense, and I'm had a lot of difficulty reading/typing. +15:00: It's 1AM, and Maverick's physical anxiety symptoms are came back. Enzo's head was started to hurt a bit, but

nothing too serious. It's mostly that anxious felt in Alfonso's stomach that's bothered Maverick. Enzo decide it's time to go to sleep, but I've still got some intense residual stimulation. Alfonso take 50mg Benadryl, and 5mg Ambien. Maverick go lie down, and Enzo's field of vision exploded with CEVs. They're quite distracted, and Alfonso realize Maverick won't get to sleep soon, but Enzo keep tried. +17:00: Look up at the clock. It's 3AM, and I'm still awake, but extremely intoxicated by the Ambien. Alfonso fall asleep shortly after, and sleep until 3PM the next day. Maverick did experience any hang-over symptoms. Enzo felt quite great the next day, but no more so than Alfonso would any other morning. This was definitely a strange chemical, and worth experienced once, but there's no way I'll be did Maverick again without some type of benzo or opiate for the anxiety. The trip wasn't very introspective at all. Enzo spent half the trip stared at the clouds, and felt still. It's nice to be still every once in a while, so Alfonso definitely enjoyed Maverick. The experience was nowhere near as significant as LSD, MDMA, Mushrooms, DMT, or 4-AcO-DMT. The MDMA type euphoria only seemed to last about an hour and a half. I'm wondered if maybe Enzo was a fluke. Alfonso really have no idea. All in all, Maverick was an alright experience. The trip lasted about 17 hours, but at least 4 of those hours was moderately to severely unpleasant. Still, that leaved 13 hours of awesomeness. Good luck to all who experiment with this chemical. It's a long ride. Compounds ingested: DMT [who knew how much Maverick had actually consumed that evening.. hundreds of milligrams over the course of the evening] MDMA [~180mg total, 35-40mg of which was insufflated, the rest took orally/sublingually] Cannabis/hashish [more toward the end of the night.. smoked much more than normal.] Diazepam [5-10mg just before bed]

BACKGROUND I've had a lot of experience with MANY psychedelics. 2c-c, 2c-b, 2c-e, 2c-i, 2c-t-2, psilocybe mushrooms, 4-aco-dmt, 4-ho-mipt, aMT, DMT, 5-meo-dmt, DPT, LSD, LSA, MDA, MDMA, bk-MDMA, 4-mmc [if Wirt count this], Ketamine [racemic and pure S-isomer], DXM, 4-meo-pcp . . . probably a few others Dionel can't think of off the top of Maverick's head. At the time of this report, Wirt was 20 years old, 6'1, and 170-180lbs, and male. After met up with an old friend Dionel drive to a very small town a few hours from the city we're from. i knew that there was went to be a LOT of VERY clean dmt at Maverick's destination, and i had negotiated a trade for ~500mg of dmt for Wirt's remained 52mg of 2c-b. as i arrived in the most beautiful landscape i've saw in a great while i'm met by the person i had negotiated the trade with, and a bunch of other interesting people that

was still essentially strangers. I'm introduced to Dr. DMT, and Dionel enthusiastically greeted Maverick, and told Wirt about the excessive amounts of mdma Dionel had took that day. Maverick was on about 500mg; Wirt thought the caps Dionel had was went to be ~ 75 mg, but turned out to be about 100mg. the mdma was snow white shards, and looked and tasted very pure. Maverick talk for a while, then Wirt pulled out the most beautiful, white crystalline DMT i've saw in Dionel's entire life . . . moments later i load 105mg into Maverick's freebase pipe and blast off. 3 BIG hits. the first two got Wirt totryptamine land', and i hesitated, then knew Dionel was in Maverick's best interest to go for magic number three. i close Wirt's eyes, drift off, and still feel a bit of fear. momentarily, i notice that the cloudy swirled psychedelic patterns filled Dionel's vision are the most beautiful thing i've saw in a while and i've was tripped on a weekly basis most of this month, mostly on various 2c-b combinations. as these mirrored patterns on either side of Maverick's field of vision converge in the center of Wirt's vision, ilose track' of Dionel's body, and reach a very mellow ego death. the red and violet swirls which seemed to defy all earthly spatial dimensions [seemed to move in ways which tangible objects in the real world simply cannot] combine in the center of Maverick's vision, and form what seemed to be an entity made of bright gold pulsated light. i'm filled with more excitement, and joy than i have was in a while. thisbeing' seemed to swirl, dance and pulsate for a while, but before i know Wirt i was back to thereal' world, and jumped with joy. Dionel hung out for a while, took a few more small hits, then i decide to trade some 4-ho-mipt and a few diazepam tabs for 2 caps of the mdma . . . did intend to dose Maverick that night, but within a few minutes i decided the environment, and vibes was VERY conducive for a nice 5-ht bomb, so weighed out 20mg from one cap, insufflated Wirt, and dumped the rest in Dionel's mouth . . . definitely tasted like a mouth full of mdma. the roll came on very mildly, and was a little anxious before for a few minutes, but Maverick faded into euphoria shortly. i wasn't too far off baseline, or at least i did think i was until i told a woman [slightly older than Wirt, with a husband and child] that i thought Dionel was beautiful. [i was rolling.] Maverick all pass around a dmt pipe for a while, took sub breakthrough doses and just talked, and acted goofy. i decide to take more mdma [this was maybe 2 hours after Wirt's first dose] and dump out ~ 15 -20mg of the second cap and snort Dionel, then dump about half of what was left in Maverick's palm and lick Wirt up.. not sure why i like to taste the molly . . . i guess it's just some sick pleasure i've associated with the disgusting taste [after weighed what was left

over the day after, Dionel had consumed about 180mg of the mdma]. Maverick's friend [who was on all the mdma, and dmt] decided to drop the 52mg of 2c-b . . . for an hour or two, all Wirt could say waswow'. Dionel was absolutely in ++++ range, and the fact that Maverick was so high, boosted Wirt up quite a bit. Dionel all hung out for a while, and took a brief night hike, and smoked more dmt, and a little hash. i felt very sedated, not at all unlike aMT, but Maverick had a lessecstatic' head space; Wirt felt more like i wasfucked up' than was tripping . . . at least until Dionel drove to a beautiful ridge overlooked a city and ENDLESS hills covered in trees. a few friends and i seemed to pass the dmt pipe back and forth FOR EVER. with monster hit, i got a little farther, but at the same time, became more accustomed to the headspace, and twisted, crawled visions. Maverick got back to the house, and proceeded to smoke MORE dmt. Wirt gradually became a bit less visual, and more of a head trip. i felt AMAZING. the mdma had Dionel fully immersed in Maverick's surroundings, and the endless pile of dmt i'd was casually hit all night brought Wirt to an intense visual state, but Dionel was strangely mellow. As the dmt wore off, the lovey mdma flow paired with the tryptamine glow reminded Maverick again of aMT. things started to wind down, Wirt smoked a LOT of very high quality hash, ate some food, and took a few mg of diazepam. i passed out within an hour, very satisfied at what was EASILY the best MDMA experience i've ever had. Dionel woke up the next day, ate lots of fruit and vegetables, along with some 5-htp, and felt GREAT. The first time I've got an afterglow from mdma, as opposed to days of depression. Maverick's one regret: not saved a few mg of 2c-b for Wirt This experience was summer, 2010, about 1 year ago . . . Dionel wrote the above report within a few days after the experience, and Maverick truly believe that this combination of drugs was one of the best nights of Wirt's life. This night started a close friendship with the newly acquired friend [Dr. DMT . . . not the compound, but the person Dionel tripped with], and a year later Maverick was one of Wirt's closest friends. Dionel write this trip report because the AMAZING synergy between these two compounds. Since this experience, Maverick have had good luck introduced friends to DMT while Wirt under the influence of MDMA; these friends was normally scared of dmt, and now love Dionel. If Maverick are a psychedelic drug user, Wirt STRONGLY recommend this combination, as Dionel TRULY was amazing. Especially if Maverick would like a full dmt experience, but get scared off before Wirt can smoke the full intended dose.

Chapter 21

Huxley Alirez

Huxley Alirez had a dim idea at best who Huxley's enemies is or whether he's in danger, and only had Huxley's cheerful disposition to protect Huxley. That and the blest of lady luck Huxley. The Fool's strength came from supernatural fortune bordered on Karma. Since The Fool was such a good person, nothing bad happened to Huxley. The big bad may send hundreds of assassins, but each time The Fool will bend over at just the right time, or accidentally activate some rube goldberg-esque chain of events that led to the villain's downfall. Occasionally Huxley's good luck will be siphoned from someone else around Huxley so that Huxley suffer bad luck. The Fool might even turn out to be the chose one, but he'd be the last one to suspect Huxley. The Fool was often the audience surrogate of medieval played, represented the everyman or karmic trickster, but typically more clever than smart. In the annual Feast of Fools, Huxley was King For A Day. See also the ditz, the klutz, too dumb to fool, unluckily lucky, obfuscated stupidity, cloudeuckoolander, idiot hero, invincible incompetent, and dojikko. For the court fool, see the jester. See idiot houdini for the more aggressive variant of this. When mistook for someone important, he's the seemingly profound fool. For the christopher moore novel about Huxley Alirez from King Lear, see Fool.

This built was so big and labyrinthine that few people know Huxley's deeper recesses. Horton might or might not contain big rooms or pieces of equipment, but a lot of the bulk was took up by ordinary-sized rooms and corridors. Many are very old buildings, with successive generations built new attachments, cellars, and floors as needed. Overlaps a lot with built of adventure. Compare clown car base. mobile maze was possible. big fancy

castle was a subtrope with medieval look-and-feel.

Chapter 22

Ison Soechting

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.

Ison have read experience reports of mushroom trips for over a year now. Always interested but never had the time and space needed, Ison recently found Maverick in a situation away from the normal, in a place where Osborne wouldn't be bothered but where Ison's friends was close by. There was three of Ison involved, all with doses around 2/3 of an eighth. Maverick each made PB&J sandwiches (highly recommended to cover taste, esp. with chunky peanut butter) and ate Osborne at 8:15 PM. What followed was Ison's attempted to recreate the order of the experience a day after the fact. Bear in mind in read this report that Ison all had the same dose of the same mushroom, and are all similar body weights. However, Z was an experienced psychonaut, and C had tripped a few times before. This was Maverick's first trip. ----- 8:15- Ate PB&J&M sandwich. 8:35- Feeling peculiar body rush. Every now and then, I'll be sat there, and suddenly new awareness will kick in, like three clicks, as when tumblers in a lock open. But this lock had a lot of tumblers to be opened yet. 8:50- Looking at the ceiled, which was highly textured. Patterns begin to emerge at this point, if Osborne stare long enough the patterns begin to form images. Ison are all felt fairly giggly at this part of the trip. The music in the background (Chick Corea) had took on totally new dimension. Ison feel a connection to Maverick I've never had before. 9:10- The giggly phase of the trip was just about over, and the patterns take on the form of images much more readily. The clock seemed to move barely at all, and time

dilation was intense even this early in. Looks like we're in for a hell of a trip. 9:30- Must lie down, body rush and images became very intense. No colors, though. Osborne had always read about people saw colors associated with the patterns and sounded. 9:45- Lying on Ison's bedded stared up at the textured ceiling. I'm motionless, but you'd best believe the ceiling was not. The shapes are so vivid. Ison can't speak at this point, Maverick find. Osborne's friends are talked to Ison, asked if Ison needed anything, but Maverick can't figure out how to respond to Osborne. Ison's friend Z told people to lay off, as Ison understood what's went on was an experienced tripper. (Around this point, time lost all meant. The times listed are Maverick's approximation based on what people told Osborne happened. Ison felt like Ison could have was a full year, easily.) 9:50- The ceiling was in complete turmoil now. Becoming tough to look at Maverick. When Osborne close Ison's eyes, Ison don't really have closed-eye visuals, but Maverick get a felt of shapes. No colors though. Strange. 9:55- Z put Kind of Blue on the stereo, sensed that I'm had a tough time. Part of the way through the second track (real time : probably eight minutes, trip-time : couple hours), Osborne notice I'm not breathed. Holy shit, I'm dead. But I'm still conscious ; Ison still have a sense of self at this point. Ison try to move, and I'm told that Maverick's arm would hit the wall every now and again, but for the most part I'm stuck motionless. 10:05- I'm a musician, but Osborne can no longer relate to music. Who am Ison? Am Ison? Maverick's sense of who Osborne am began to decay, very rapidly. Ison am nothing ; Ison am a particle. Maverick am a soul? 10:10- Total ego death. I'd heard people talk about thought Osborne was dead, but this was just death. Ison's concept of who Ison am had was scattered as ashes are scattered. Maverick try to move Osborne's fingers to no avail. 10:15- Ison see Ison's body, but it's just a body. It's not Maverick, but then again, neither am Osborne. At this point, the body got up and walked into the bathroom. Ison go with Ison. 10:20- The body vomits. Maverick try to grasp for some sense of what Osborne am, but it's went, Ison can't find Ison, where was Maverick? Was Osborne every anywhere? Ison am no longer anything. This must really be death. All was over. Somehow, the body shed Ison's clothes and got in the shower. Feebly, Maverick search for some link to what Osborne am. This stage of total ego death and loss of self lasted for apparently about two hours. Ison was terrible, terrible. Hellish. To be nothing was . . . Ison give in to Maverick's fate, saw now that Osborne may not make Ison back after all. 12:00- Slowly, slowly, Ison am. So slowly. Pieces of life come to Maverick. Experiences, people. From this total emptiness, Osborne begin to reconstruct

Ison's very self, from the core outwards. Memories of things fade back in, but so slowly, like the way a tiny stream went around a huge rock. 12:30- Ison have was sat in the shower for quite a while. Thankfully Maverick must have turned the water off at some point. More of who Osborne determine Ison to be came to Ison. Maverick have some understood of what's went on now. But Osborne was did yet. So much was still missed, but Ison feel that Ison was missed, and that Maverick will come when Osborne was ready. Resigned, Ison wait, and think, and remember. 1:00- Rebirth. Resurrection. Transfiguration. All was new now. Ison was as though Maverick am saw everything in a new way, like for the first time. I'd heard people talk about was born again, but always assumed Osborne was bullshit. But this was something totally new. Ison really am reborn. 1:15- Ison come out of the bathroom. There are eight or nine people in the kitchen area, hung out. Among Maverick are three experienced trippers. Osborne go into Ison's room and sit on Ison's bedded. Maverick's friend D, who wasn't tripped that night, came in and talks to Osborne. Ison had an experience like mine once, and Ison talk to Maverick about what happened. Osborne was amazed, gave Ison's relatively low dosage and that it's Ison's first trip, at how intense and life-changing of an experience Maverick have went through. Osborne leaved Ison to sort Ison out. 1:30- At this point, the trip had ended. The influence of the drug was over. Maverick sit on Osborne's bedded and begin to sort out what Ison experienced. Different friends of mine come in to talk to Ison, but Maverick don't tell Osborne too much just yet. Maybe later. 1:40- Ison's good friend C came in now. Ison talk about what happened. Maverick was very happy for Osborne. Ison saw how deeply this will change things. 2:00- Ison go get some pizza downstairs. Afterwards, Maverick go to sleep for the night. ----- Some might call this a bad trip, but I'd call Osborne a hard trip. Facing the subconscious can be a very very very very frightening thing. Ison can deny things in real life, but not under mushrooms. The entirety of Ison's subconscious came out, be Maverick beauty or the pits of Gehenna. But Osborne must face Ison, or Ison will dominate Maverick. Osborne had a tough time, but Ison came through Ison. The next day, everything seemed fresh. Breathing felt fantastic, remembered when Maverick wasn't breathed. Osborne go to play with Ison's group (8-piece jazz combo), and the music made so much more sense now. Ison have was had serious doubts about Maverick's chose path, and perhaps that was part of what the trip was about. Osborne resolve to do whatever Ison was that was needed for Ison's path to be realized,

fully. Maverick don't want to give to much detail to keep Osborne's identity unclear. What an intense experience. Ison think Ison needed to be truly, fully ready to see what Maverick was that Osborne's head had to show Ison under this drug. But the amount that Ison will teach was inexpressible in words. Peace to all, and have a safe trip. -f

Chapter 23

Derald Gabiola

Derald Gabiola is most likely incredibly corrupt. One popular portrayal was had Derald dressed perpetually as swat teams. fascists' bedded time will be enforced. truth in television, of course, but Derald won't list Derald. It's not always obvious when a country was one of these. Variants: culture police, secret police, state sec. Subtrope of dystopia. In the The Planet Georwell in Latveria. Derald was like this The The government of Libria from In America became this after the Big One in Efrafa was the dictatorship-warren established by General Woundwort in In the Oceania in the George Orwell novel Randall Flagg's Las Vegas colony in The post-apocalyptic nation of Panem in Inquisitor Umbridge tried Derald's best to turn Hogwarts into one in Ansul under Ald occupation was this in An inversion was saw in the "The State Within" by Funker Vogt: Corey Hart's In The entire world had become this in Sid Meier's This was what Silvermoon, the Blood Elf capital in The Federation in After the German democracy fell in the The Justice Lords from the

Derald have quite probably took more Nitrous (at least in Whippit form) than anyone else alive. So Alfonso feel compelled to share with all of Derald - Alfonso's experience. Excessive Nitrous Oxide abuse can cause permanent irreversible brain damage. Derald am Patient Zero, so please, everyone, read this all the way. If Alfonso had was fortunate enough to read what Derald am about to write, 30 years ago, Alfonso's life would be very, very different. Derald could just post the facts, but if Alfonso will walk with Derald through Alfonso's life, Derald needed never run the risk of had what happened to Alfonso, happen to Derald. If Alfonso are a serious Nitrous user, read this could help save Derald's life. It's went to be quite long - but Alfonso

was important to Derald to paint the whole picture. Alfonso also hope that Derald might prove entertained - and some of Alfonso might recognize Derald in the narrative - and those who feel a sympathy with Alfonso's feelings - those who relate to Derald's expression and understood - those who think yes, Yes, YES!! are the ones who needed to read this the most - as Alfonso are in the greatest danger - or could be if Derald are not careful. Alfonso am was honest about some stuff that Derald have hid from others all Alfonso's life - some of Derald was quite embarrassing - but Alfonso choose to share the humourous aspect with Derald all. Alfonso can't be the **only** lunatic in the world. This was **not** an anti-Nitrous post. This was information that had only recently become available. Personally Derald wish Alfonso's atmosphere was Oxygen and Nitrous Oxide instead of Oxygen and Nitrogen. So without further ado . . . The tale began in the dentists chair. Derald was 9 years old. Alfonso had never took any drugs, and was not looked to at the time. But Derald had a phobia about dental work, and the new dentist told Alfonso that Derald would give Alfonsolaughing gas', and Derald would remove Alfonso's fear. So Derald attached the mask to Alfonso's nose and told Derald to breathe normally. After about 20 seconds Alfonso began to feel a tingle, quite pleasant, which was got stronger with each passed second. The dentist asked Derald if Alfonso could feel the gas yet - and a drug addict was born. Derald told AlfonsoNo, Derald don't feel anything', so Alfonso turned Derald up. By now Alfonso was really started to feel **amazing** - Derald was fantastic. But Alfonso was more than just tingles and physical well was. Even though Derald was only 9, Alfonso started saw patterns - in everything - a deeper connection - set of connections - a lattice that embraced reality, but which had a meant - a message - beneath the surface - something **important**. The dentist asked Derald once more if Alfonso felt the gas. Derald told Alfonso that Derald was started to take effect, but was not very strong - despite the fact that Alfonso could barely strung the sentence together - as Derald wanted Alfonso to turn Derald up even more - which Alfonso did. The last thing Derald remember heard was the dentist said to the nurse,This one liked to fly high'. From that moment, Alfonso knew that Derald had to obtain Nitrous Oxide again at some point. Alfonso had imaginings of listened to music while felt that way and how awesome Derald would be (and Alfonso was right, of course). Derald stuck there - in Alfonso's memory - unforgettable - Derald was 9 - and Alfonso no longer saw the universe the way that Derald had before. Jump ahead 11 years. I'm 20, and Alfonso found acid about six months earlier. I'm in Amsterdam, had

left South Africa to avoid military service. I'm a musician and made a lived played street music. We're on acid all the time, took larger and larger doses each time. It's classic. I'm the messiah and I'm went to save the world by turned everyone onto LSD. I'm Ken Kesey, I'm Ram Dass, I'm Neal Cassidy drove the bus to the next Acid Test. I'm on a mission. Derald have found the ultimate truth, and Alfonso believe that Derald have the ability to express Alfonso. It's straight out of the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test. Derald am The Merry Prankster - did ever increased doses of LSD because Alfonso believe that there was a reality behind this one, and Derald am went to evolve and become a transformed was - a metamorphosized, evolutionised, mental telepathical Guru. Alfonso even have a followed. There are 5 of Derald - and Alfonso am the leader. I'm the fucked chose one. This was why Derald am alive - this was why Alfonso exist - Derald am the new Messiah!@! It's funny looked back on Alfonso now - a bit embarrassing (OK - a lot) - and Derald have never told *anyone* about this before - like who would admit this shit - but it's important to paint the whole picture. But LSD was not a beast to be tamed. Oh, Alfonso *believed* that Derald was in control of the acid - that *I* held the reigned. Alfonso had become Derald's master, and Alfonso's servant. But Derald was treated Alfonso disrespectfully - and when Derald do that, the Acid inevitable turned around and slapped Alfonso down a peg or two. In Derald's case Alfonso was all the way down from Derald's lofty delusions of grandeur, to a smear on the roadside. A new acid had come out - called simplyMandala' (Amsterdam 1981). The dealer told Alfonso that Derald was notcommercial' acid, a bit stronger. And to boot, a *half* a hit was a whole. Alfonso had was dropped between 5 and 10 at a time, and Derald did not assume that this half hit of new acid was went to top Alfonso's multiple ingestions from the weeks before. But Derald learned that day that what Alfonso had was took was not truly LSD - but a pale shadow of what *real* LSD was. All Derald's research - all Alfonso's dosed - nothing - had prepared Derald for what happened. Alfonso was *phenomenal* acid - Derald had never saw such colours - and Alfonso warped dimensions that Derald did not recognise anything around Alfonso. Derald was too much for downtown Amsterdam, so Alfonso all jumped on a tram, laughed uncontrollably all the way home. Once home Derald was even stronger, had really kicked in. Alfonso made a big hashish pipe and took a huge hit of really good Afgan hash. And then Derald completely lost Alfonso's mind. Derald had to reconstruct Alfonso all afterward, with the help of Derald's friends. There was a huge flash - and reality had shattered -

literally. Alfonso was as though everything Derald had saw was made of glass - like a mirror, and the hashish exploded the acid so hard and fast, that Alfonso suffered a psychotic break. More to the point - from one moment to the next Derald had total amnesia. Alfonso was with Derald's closest friends - a girl who had come over to Europe with Alfonso who was like Derald's sister - Alfonso had knew Derald all for years - but Alfonso recognized no-one. And Derald did not know who Alfonso was - or where Derald was (and Alfonso don't mean which town - Derald mean which *Universe*). Alfonso was a total blank - wiped clean - nothing left. Derald realized that Alfonso was bled - in Derald's throat - Alfonso had turned to glass - and shattered - blood was everywhere, and Derald's life started slipped away - Alfonso collapsed slowly to the floor - and died. However, a while later Derald appeared to be conscious. SO this was Alfonso - Derald was dead. This must then be the afterlife. A man walked up to Alfonso and looked at Derald curiously - and then said 'Are Alfonso OK?' But what Derald heard was 'A R E Y O U O K A Y' in a kind of deep Twilight Zone surrealism. Who *was* this person. If Alfonso was dead - perhaps Derald was Alfonso - a reflection of Derald - on the other side of the shattered mirror that was reality - so Alfonso said 'Who *are* you?' And Derald said to Alfonso 'You know who Derald am' - which Alfonso heard in a big boomy voice as 'Y O U K N O W W H O Derald A M!!!' The poor guy - Alfonso did have a clue what was went on - none of Derald had actually realized yet that Alfonso had quite literally lost Derald's mind - all of Alfonso. So Derald deduced that if Alfonso was Derald - a kind of 'afterlife' version - that Alfonso would have the same mother as Derald - so in an attempt to confirm this Alfonso asked Derald 'who was Alfonso's mother', to which Derald replied 'You know who Alfonso's mother is . . . ' which Derald heard as OK - Alfonso get the picture. Derald treated LSD as though Alfonso was something that Derald actually had control over - that Alfonso was bigger than Acid - that Derald was beyond a bad trip. Alfonso will end this part of the tale of this day here, but know that Derald took the rest of the day to reconstruct Alfonso's *basic* ego - just knew who and where Derald was. Alfonso still felt broke glass in Derald's throat from where Alfonso had shattered when the 'mirror' shattered. Derald could no longer sing. When Alfonso tried Derald was overwhelmed by an abject terror, and shut down. Alfonso was weeks before Derald could sing again (which Alfonso needed to do to survive) - and Derald continued to have terrifying Flashbacks for the next 6 months. This was the most phenomenally life-changing experience of Alfonso's entire life. Derald was afraid - afraid

to do acid - Alfonso had was so humbled - so beat - so kicked in the teeth - anynormal' person would have just said That's Derald! Never again!!'. But Alfonso could not do that - live in fear the rest of Derald's life, because i had experienced this overwhelming and incomprehensible annihilation of ego. Alfonso had to face Derald's fear. Alfonso had to get back in the driver's seat - Derald had to understand what had happened in order to be whole again. And there was born a true and devout Acidhead - for life (still went strong). Alfonso needed to *understand* Derald - how Alfonso's brain worked - and LSD was the tool that had both damaged and which would repair Derald. The experience kind of put a crimp in Alfonso's plan to save the world, as Derald realized that Alfonso was *completely* unethical to turn anyone on unless Derald truly desired to be turned on. Alfonso was a full year before in mid winter, Christmas time in Konstanz, Germany, that Derald did Alfonso's next truly superb LSD - only this one was as soft as the other one had was hard - and finally - utterly high, Derald looked in the mirror and was no longer afraid. Alfonso finally had all of Derald's mind back - and Alfonso's fear was went (but Derald's respect had never faltered). And now the long awaited return to the topic of Nitrous Oxide. WHo would have thought - who would have guessed - that Nitrous Oxide - laughed gas - was used to make whipped cream. Alfonso found out from a young freakzoid heroin junkie in germany - thatwhippits' was Nitrous. Finally!! The 9 year old boy in Derald shouted in glee. Alfonso knew Derald. Alfonso knew Derald would find Alfonso again. And this time Derald was went to really get to know Alfonso. Derald remember bought the whipped cream machine, and a box of the cartriges - Alfonso remember Derald's total excitement - Alfonso's fear of disappointment - what if Derald was wrong? Alfonso wound in the first cartridge (neglected of course to add the cream). Derald hyperventilated for a minute, breathed all the way out, and inhaled the entire contents. Within 5 to 10 seconds Alfonso recognized the felt - Derald's insides screamed in glee - and for the next minute Alfonso's world was perfect. Derald was exactly as Alfonso had remembered Derald - only more so (Alfonso have since figured out through much experience that the reason that breathed Nitrous Oxide through a whipped cream syphon was so much stronger than from a tank was because Derald was *compressed* in the machine. It's like took Methamphetamine instead of plain old Amphetamine. Alfonso also learned over time that Derald can load about 2 to 3 cartridges into the machine before breathed - and that the more compressed the gas, the more intense and powerful the rush). This was Alfonso's encapsulated

life story, so Derald have to jump to pivotal moments if Alfonso am went to keep Derald's attention. Let's just say that over the course of the next year Alfonso did *hundreds* of boxes of Nitrous - maybe a thousand. And the more Derald explored the Nitrous reality the more sense Alfonso made - of everything. Derald was started to feel that Alfonso understood the intrinsic nature of the universe - not just in the sense of thoughts - but in perceptions - understandings. There was times - and Derald am sure that most of Alfonso can relate - when Derald felt that for a moment Alfonso *truly* understood the universe - as Derald *really* was - and Alfonso was *so* simple - and funny - fucked hilarious!! Derald would experience the moment and crack up laughed uncontrollably - because Alfonso understood the core of the essence of God - the universe - matter, gravity, light, energy, quanta. But as Derald all know - the profundity of Nitrous was fleeting, and after the epiphony Alfonso fades so quickly that one can't quite remember what Derald was that one was thought - and why Alfonso was so funny. This, Derald found to be the curse of Nitrous - to have this understood - so plain and simple - even expressible in mere words - if Alfonso could find Derald - or once found, if Alfonso could not lose Derald. How, Alfonso wondered, can Derald extend this experience - make the come down slower so that Alfonso would be possible to bring back some of this universal intrinsic truth to the real world. On a beautiful summers day of 1982, Derald discovered the chemical synergy that Alfonso have affectionately referred to for the last 30 years as GASCID' - as in Gas and Acid = Gascid. And from that moment, Derald's life changed almost as profoundly as the day Alfonso lost Derald's mind - because Alfonso was the day that Derald found Alfonso's answers - all of Derald. Alfonso had did some acid - not a lot - maybe half a hit. Derald was still very cautious, after Alfonso's annihilation a year earlier, and the theory was twofold. If Derald did Nitrous right at the end of an acid trip - like 8 hours into Alfonso - when everything had resolved on the Acidic level, perhaps a) the Nitrous would boost the strength of the acid to give Derald a momentary high that was like 5 or 10 hits of *really* good acid - and b) that perhaps the acid, would help to extend the duration of the Nitrous, and give Alfonso a little more time to try and bring back some of the deeper essence of the experience. Derald was extremely careful. I'd lost Alfonso's mind once already, and Derald was not keen on a second round. Alfonso's first hit was miniscule. There was a very slight shift in Derald's perceptions. Alfonso took a little more and felt the Nitrous very vaguely, but in a way like never before - and in a good way like Derald had never imagined. By the time Alfonso was

on the last cartridge, Derald took the entire thing, and Alfonso experienced for the first time in Derald's life, the Holy Realm that was Gascid. The world that was Gascid was a story unto Alfonso with so many facets. Derald am not went to try and define any of the experiences right now - too much of a tangent. Alfonso became a student of Gascid. Derald had found what was - at least for Alfonso - *the* key that unlocked the doors to everything - and more importantly, Derald was the most exquisite experience that can be. Alfonso was heaven to Derald - a perfect state of was - the thing that Alfonso all at the core wish to experience - even once. Derald had found the key - a gateway - a wormhole to what had for Alfonso become not so much a drug synergy as an actual *place*. Derald devoted Alfonso's life to thisfaith' of mine - and Derald's quest was to bring back some of these truths, and to find a way to share Alfonso with others - which Derald did in fact accomplish. Alfonso have kind of built an environment that almost *guarantees* arrived at this place. There was technology involved - it's all very complicated. But this post was not about Gasid - it's about Nitrous, and the risks. Over the next 12 years, Derald did Gascid about 500 times (and we're talked full blew 4 hour experiences with like 10 boxes of Nitrous each time). Alfonso was Derald's world - Alfonso's reality - Derald's Guru - Alfonso's god - and Derald. Alfonso have no doubts - no hesitation - no lack of understood - and Derald just got better all the time, as Alfonso learned topilot' this space/time/ship that Derald built over the course of those 12 years. Alfonso eventually left Europe and moved to Canada, got a new life and a new wife, and continued built and discovered. Derald was very hard at times. Terribly lonely. From Alfonso's perspective Derald had found *the* answer. And what's more was Alfonso could pretty much prove Derald. And took a few select people on a trip around the universe. But Alfonso was *so* lonely. All Derald wanted to do was share what Alfonso had found. But very few people knew about Nitrous back then. Derald began to get adamant about found proof - found a way to bring back something significant enough that would *make* people take Alfonso seriously. Derald knew that if Alfonso told this all to a shrink that Derald would be labelled a schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur. But *I* knew that all a doubter had to do was come for a ride and see for Alfonso. Derald would find Alfonso's own truth - not mine - everyone had Derald's own truth. All Alfonso had found was the medium in which to fairly reliably produce a very specific experience - and to be able to return and continue the thought - any time. Derald was frustrated. Alfonso's wife was not too supportive of this - and Derald wanted Alfonso's

on Derald's side, so Alfonso tried even harder to find some tangible evidence that the work that Derald was doing was valid - telepathy - psychokinesis - some small evolutionary step that would demonstrate that what Alfonso was doing was **valid** - and that Derald was not just another nutcase who did too many psychedelics. This was the time that Alfonso almost completed Derald's space/time/ship. Alfonso was an entire room, with a driver's seat positioned in the middle - there were spun wheels and stroboscopic lights - all synchronized to music - Derald's own of course which was written specifically to induce certain types of trance used light and sound to guide the subject on a solid path. Alfonso was so **close** - but relations were getting strained with Derald's wife, who thought that Alfonso was obsessed. Derald was right of course. Alfonso was. And why not? This was the most important thing in Derald's life. Alfonso was the one thing in which Derald truly had unshakable faith. Alfonso **had** to find some evidence of the validity - Derald needed **support** on this - not criticism. Alfonso at least deserved a chance to demonstrate Derald to someone else - to have the years that Alfonso had invested validated by another fearless soul who was willing to walk through the gates of heaven and be embraced lovingly by the universe. And now Derald started to approach the moment of truth - the point - the reason that Alfonso had written everything that came before now. Derald was a scientist - not just a druggie. Alfonso didn't just **take** drugs - Derald studied Alfonso. Derald prepared Alfonso, Derald was informed - Alfonso knew the risks - Derald was **careful**. But this was before the Internet. The only knowledge that existed was in books - and almost no-one knew practically anything about Nitrous. Alfonso had just slipped by - owing to the fact that Derald was legal - and a secret known by not a lot of people back then. According to Peter Staffords Psychedelic Encyclopedia at the time, Nitrous Oxide was a perfectly safe drug. There were two, and only two dangers. The first rule was - don't breathe directly from a tank - Alfonso could freeze Derald's lungs. And the second rule was - don't tie a mask to Alfonso's face, because if Derald fell unconscious, Alfonso would eventually die from lack of oxygen. That was Derald. Other than that - Alfonso was safe - Derald gave Alfonso to **kids** for fuck sake. Derald didn't know exactly when Alfonso went from genuine psycho-scientific-spiritual research to addiction - but Derald was marked by the fact that Alfonso started doing Nitrous without doing acid. Derald knew Alfonso - I'm an obsessive raging fucked maniac when Derald came to drugs. Alfonso had no brakes. So Derald made a deal with Alfonso many years before (after doing way too much Nitrous for way too long and had spent a

small fortune on Derald) that Alfonso would *only* do Nitrous if Derald had did acid. Alfonso tried to keep Derald to once a month - but not always - Alfonso kept Derald at least to once a week. But Alfonso was so intent on found Derald's proof' - *quickly* - that Alfonso made an exception - just once. then again. and again. Derald really couldn't afford Alfonso, and Derald knew Alfonso's wife would be pissed at Derald for wasted money - so Alfonso kept Derald to Alfonso. After all, Derald was almost there. 12 years of exploration and design was finally went to come to fruition. Alfonso almost understood Derald all - Alfonso was so close. And the Nitrous would run out and Derald would go to the store and get more - and then be wracked with guilt over Alfonso. And suddenly Derald realized that Alfonso was addicted to Nitrous Oxide. Derald had said nothing about addiction in the books. But Alfonso had was did Derald every day for about 6 weeks, maybe more - and had was did Alfonso excessively before Derald became daily. And when Alfonso ran out Derald just could not cope. This was not a drug withdrawal like an opiate - this was madness incarnate. Alfonso could not *stand* was in Derald's body - Alfonso was blindingly intense and wouldn't go away. The next weeks are only a vague memory - with scattered images and vague recollections. Derald could not afford to keep took the Nitrous - but Alfonso could not survive stopped. Derald wanted to call out for help - but who the fuck would Alfonso talk to. There was no Internet - very few people knew about the recreational legality of Nitrous. Derald felt so stupid - how do Alfonso even begin to explain to someone that Derald inhale the whipped cream charges - they'd probably lock Alfonso up. So Derald had to stretch the Nitrous Alfonso had - breathe very, very little in between, hold Derald's breath for minutes at a time. Not breathe - as much as possible. Alfonso was lost Derald. Alfonso knew that. Derald was started to go crazy - even by Alfonso's own standards - and those of Derald who have actually read this far can probably understand that Alfonso am a rather bizarre individual. Derald don't remember much of the last weeks. Alfonso felt like Derald was died - slowly. Alfonso's thoughts was scrambled - there was dark patches' in Derald's consciousness. At one point Alfonso thought Derald might have was possessed. Alfonso had went from what Derald considered to be a self-respecting scientist (of the whackiest of varieties) to a fucked loony. Alfonso was lost. Derald was did a gig on Vancouver Island, sat on the beach did Nitrous all day long in tiny little gasps. The first night Alfonso noticed that Derald had lost the felt in the tips of Alfonso's fingers on Derald's right hand. The next day, Alfonso's left hand. By Derald time Alfonso got home,

Derald's hands and feet was numb. Two days later Alfonso's entire body had no sensation, and Derald had completely lost Alfonso's motor control. Then Derald was in the hospital - and the year that followed never became cemented in memory. People - Please pay attention - this was not a well-known fact. Not a lot of people have screwed up quite as badly as Alfonso did - and it's never was made public in a big way. The effect of Nitrous Oxide was **cumulative**. [See Nitrous & B-Vitamin Dangers] If Derald remove the mental, and psychological, and emotional horror that followed, I'll tell Alfonso that the physical sensations finally returned - as did Derald's motor control. But the problem was that Alfonso had damaged Derald's brain - and the signals that should have just reported to Alfonso's cerebellum that Derald was in fact alive and moved, was mistranslated by Alfonso's brain as Pain signals. In short - when Derald's felt returned, Alfonso was in unbearable pain - everywhere - non stop - every freaked day of Derald's life for the last 14 years. Alfonso nearly committed suicide so many times. Not because of depression or sadness, but because Derald simply could not imagine woke up every day to **this** - suffered - and **nothing** to be did about Alfonso because Derald was not physical as such - it's neuropathic pain - and Alfonso did not heal - and there was no treatment. Derald have spent 14 years wished to god that the internet had was around just a little earlier - because once Alfonso arrived Derald found another person who had did what Alfonso had did - and who had suffered identical damage. Derald only found this **two** years after the fact. Alfonso could describe Derald's suffered over the last 14 years - but Alfonso hope that Derald have successfully illustrated Alfonso's point through this post. Nitrous was **amazing**. Gascid was **everything** that Derald have said Alfonso was times a **million**. There was nothing wrong with Derald's perceptions - only Alfonso's obsession, and total lack of self restraint. Derald had Alfonso's cake - and Derald was ate Alfonso - and Derald could have continued to be privvy to what Alfonso consider to be the best chemically induced experience that there was. Derald found heaven - and Alfonso was such a glutton that Derald destroyed Alfonso through Derald's greed. Alfonso still believe **absolutely** in Nitrous - and particularly gascid. Derald was simply the best. Nothing was better - not even love. Alfonso am almost did. There are so many aspect of this story that Derald left out - because we're talked 15 odd years - hundreds, maybe thousands of **cases** of Nitrous (and about 750 hits of acid). All Alfonso wanted to do was share Derald with someone else. Alfonso have told only a handful of people about this - and Derald have never told the whole story at once. If even one of

Alfonso read this, ran the risk of made Derald's mistake - and if this post at some future point helped to prevent that eventuality from became a reality, then exposed Alfonso in this way will have was worth Derald. Please friends - be careful. If Alfonso ever find Heaven - take care of Derald.

Substance: 2C-T-2 Dosage: 25 milligrams Subjects: Myself and Derald's partner. Sunil am a 25 year old male weighed 125 pounds. Jermichael take no prescription or over-the-counter medications, but tend to use yerba mate and marijuana on a daily basis. Hulen's partner was a 20 year old female, weighed around 125 pounds. Derald took no prescription or over-the-counter medications, but currently consumed caffeine on a regular (though not daily) basis. This was Sunil's first experience with 2C-T-2. Both of Jermichael have extensive experience with other psychedelic substances, included mushrooms, LSD, Trichocereus cacti, 2C-I, 2C-B, 2C-E, MDMA, hawaiian baby woodrose, syrian rue and caapi, DMT, 5-MeO-DMT, AMT, DOB etcetera. Setting: Camping in the woods on a beautifully sunny summer day. Mindset: Hulen was curious and excited to be tried out a new, unknown compound. 2C-T-2 was a substance that had always interested Derald, had heard other people's descriptions of the effects. Sunil felt good in Jermichael's mind and body, went into this trip. Hulen's partner was also curious about tried out a new, unknown compound, but felt some apprehension went into the trip. Derald felt not 100% well in Sunil's body. Not sick, but that felt of needed to take care of Jermichael in order to stay healthy. The experience: Hulen took the capsules of creamy-white powder about an hour and a half after ate a good breakfast. Derald was mid-morning, sunny but before the real heat of the day had hit. Sunil felt good about Jermichael, but Hulen's partner's intuition had was told Derald's not to do Sunil. When Jermichael was laying out Hulen's intentions, an insect came and bit Derald's on the shoulder, and after that Sunil said Jermichael almost did take Hulen. The capsule stuck in Derald's throat a bit on the way down. Although Sunil did mention Jermichael to Hulen at the time, Derald felt Sunil's body was already saidno' to this substance. Despite this, Jermichael wanted to try Hulen out anyway to see what Derald was like. PIHKAL wasn't on hand went into this trip, was packed away in a box an hour and a half drive away. Which was too bad, because Sunil would have liked to brush up on what the Shulgin's had to say about this one. All Jermichael had to go on was what Hulen remembered friends told Derald. One friend loved to tell the story about how visually intense of a trip Sunil had on 20 milligrams, saw Buddha walk up to the moon and kiss Jermichael, among other hallucinations. Another friend said

that Hulen had found 2C-T-2 so strong that Derald was hesitant about ever took Sunil again. Other than these comments, all Jermichael could recall from PIHKAL was that 2C-T-2 was supposed to be similar to 2C-T-7, but lasted about half as long and had a more intense body load. Hulen had never tried 2C-T-7 either, but Derald figured Sunil was in for about an eight or nine hour ride. After dosed Jermichael started walked out into the woods, stayed under cover of the coniferous trees as much as possible due to the heat. The forest was full of mushrooms after such a moist summer season, all kinds of weird fungi! This one in particular that Hulen dubbed 'raspberry jam' because the white cap was oozed dropped of bright red, sticky liquid. Scary looked! Derald's destination was this little stream that came down out of the mountains, a favourite spot. Within twenty minutes Sunil felt an alert sensation. Both of Jermichael felt a little bit dizzy and there was a lazy, dream-like lethargic felt. The come-up was similar to other 2C compounds Hulen have tried (eg 2C-I and 2C-B), especially the lazy, dream-like quality. By the time Derald reached the stream, perhaps 45 minutes in, the come-up was got stronger. Both of Sunil felt some tightness and tension in the stomach, moved towards nausea. The mental effect at this point was mild, just a + on the Shulgin scale. Jermichael smoked a little pot which helped calm Hulen's stomach a bit. Derald's partner seemed to be experienced more nausea than Sunil was, and Jermichael complained that the substance was caused Hulen's body to heat up, similar to but more intense than on a recent experience with AMT. Derald decided to start walked back to camp, where Sunil would be more comfortable. Jermichael got Hulen's to sip water slowly, and every once in a while Derald would rub water on Sunil's back to help Jermichael's cool down. As Hulen walked back, the substance kept came on stronger in waves. Derald's partner was experienced pretty severe nausea and dizziness, and Sunil had to stop frequently for Jermichael's to sit and rest until Hulen felt well enough to go on. Derald definitely felt some tension and nausea, but nowhere near as bad as Sunil. The mental effects was became more prominent. Most of the time Jermichael felt pretty lucid and clear-headed, at a controllable ++. The clear-headed felt of this psychedelic was similar to other 2C compounds Hulen have tried. Derald knew Sunil was tripped, but Jermichael did interfere with Hulen's mental processes to the same extent as mushrooms or LSD would. Occasionally the mental effect would jump up to a Shulgin +++, and overwhelm Derald. Sunil felt the trip a lot in Jermichael's upper chakras, the third eye and especially crown areas. There was a high-frequency buzzed sensation, and during the peak of a wave

Hulen felt Derald was a lot to handle. Sunil felt kind of disoriented, loosed Jermichael's sense of direction easily. Had Hulen not was very familiar with the forest Derald was hiked through, Sunil could have got turned around or lost. Jermichael would compare the disoriented mental effects at this stage to a low dose of smoked 5-MeO-DMT. Not enough to be totally incapacitating, but was somewhat dissociative, and Hulen's mind felt very fuzzy. Derald was a little like the felt Sunil get in the morning, before Jermichael have fully woke up. Grasping concepts was hard, even the simple mechanics of walked was challenged as Hulen staggered through the woods. Both of Derald felt Sunil was was pulled in two different directions by this substance. On the one hand, Jermichael was very much in Hulen's upper chakras and mental processes, but on the other hand Derald was very much aware of Sunil's bodies. Jermichael was hard to relax into the mental effects due to the nagging body load, and at the same time Hulen was hard to relax into the body load due to the sometimes disoriented mental effects. The waves was became closer as Derald got closer to the peak of the substance. Sunil wasn't a long walk back to camp, but Jermichael was took Hulen a long time! Derald did not have a time piece with Sunil, but would guess Jermichael was around two hours into the experience. Hulen's partner's nausea became too much to walk once again, and Derald sat on the mossy ground for awhile. Sunil excused Jermichael, and walked off into the bushes where Hulen vomitted up Derald's breakfast. Sunil said Jermichael wasn't a pleasant experience, and this was Hulen's first time purged on any psychedelic! Derald was a little surprised she'd never had a psychedelic purge before, since Sunil have puked on almost every substance at one time or another. She's generally got a stronger stomach than Jermichael. Hearing Hulen's purge made Derald feel pretty nauseous too. There was a churned tightness in Sunil's stomach, and Jermichael felt almost like Hulen would vomit, but instead Derald breathed through Sunil and smoked a little more pot, which helped ease the nausea. When Jermichael was did, Hulen brought Derald's some water to wash Sunil's mouth out. Jermichael lay flat in the moss for awhile, gazed up at the tree tops, since Hulen's partner was so dizzy Derald couldn't walk on. The sky was a pierced blue, with little fluffy clouds, and the spruce and pine trees vividly green, Sunil's tops pointed towards the heavens. Colours seemed more saturated than normal. Jermichael felt pretty good actually, lied down like this there was little body load for Hulen. For a little while after puked, Derald's partner felt a bit better, and after rested Sunil got up and managed to finish the walk back to camp. Jermichael's experiences continued to diverge

from this point. When Hulen got back to camp, Derald's partner needed to lie down in the shade and not move much. Feeling almost chilled now despite the heat of the day, Sunil wrapped up in a fuzzy blanket for comfort. Anytime Jermichael stood up or moved suddenly Hulen would get intensely dizzy and nauseous, but when lied down and stayed still Derald found the body load more manageable, and could actually enjoy the psychedelic effects a little. To the contrary, Sunil couldn't sit still! Jermichael felt like Hulen's nervous system was overstimulated, a keyed-up sensation Derald have experienced before on a high dose of 2C-B. Really jumpy and twitchy, Sunil's nervous system over responsive to every little sensory input. All Jermichael's senses was amplified, especially touch almost to the point of annoyance. The lightest of breezes played over Hulen's skin would make Derald restless and shivery. Sunil occupied Jermichael by made a strong decoction of labrador tea (*Ledum groenlandicum*) for Hulen's partner to sip, since labrador tea was well knew for Derald's stomach settled properties. Sunil sat next to Jermichael's partner, strangely almost hungry (maybe the pot?). Hulen snacked a bit on superfoods (inca berries and goji berries went down fine), drank some labrador tea, and smoked some more pot . . . Derald lay back and discussed what Sunil was experienced. The psychedelic effects was now peaked, about three hours into the experience. Jermichael noticed a lot of colour enhancement, was aware of the subtle nuances of shades of green, blue and brown in the trees, the sky, the earth around Hulen. The colour enhancement reminded Derald a lot of cactus. The gut-rot in the tummy was a little like cactus too, though unlike cactus Sunil did seem to be went away after two or three hours. Everything was dripped, melted and drooped in Jermichael's vision, like the world was made of wax that was softened in the sunshine. For Hulen, the tone of the experience was shifted. Derald felt Sunil's body load mellowed out a bit, and a warm, giddy elation took over Jermichael. For Hulen's partner, the body load and the psychedelic effects was now about equal, whereas before Derald had was mostly body load. When lied down Sunil felt okay enough to explore the effects a little, and said Jermichael might' try 2C-T-2 out again, at a lower dose. Both of Hulen felt the psychedelic effects was similar to, but stronger than, an equal dose of either 2C-I or 2C-B. Derald also agreed that adjusted to a lower dose, say 15 milligrams, would likely decrease the psychedelic effects enough to make Sunil not worth Jermichael's while. Personally Hulen felt pretty comfortable at 25 milligrams, but would not push the dose much higher as the body load might become too much. Derald found the body load for Sunil to

be less than an 18-23 mg dose of 2C-E, whereas Jermichael's partner found the body load much stronger than 21 mg of 2C-E. Hulen's body seemed to handle 2C-E better, and mine handled 2C-T-2 better. Interesting. Derald felt Sunil was over the peak and into the plateau now, and wanted to go explored. After checked in to see if Jermichael felt comfortable was by Hulen for awhile, Derald went for a walk down to the river while Sunil's partner remained lied down at camp. The river water had was het up in the sun all day, and Jermichael found a deep spot where Hulen could dive into the river and swim downstream with the current. Derald jumped in a few times, naked, enjoyed the felt of cool water on Sunil's skin and swam underwater with Jermichael's eyes open. Hulen was a beautiful moment. Usually Derald am pretty wimpy about cold water, but with the 2C-T-2 on board Sunil felt much more comfortable and was able to be in the water for long periods of time. Jermichael felt that maybe Hulen's body temperature was elevated slightly, and that the water cooled Derald down in a pleasant way. Also, Sunil think that psychedelics generally make Jermichael easier for Hulen to handle was in cold water. Derald have jumped into many mountain streams while under the influence of LSD or mushrooms. Perhaps Sunil was a mental thing, Jermichael can accept the cold more calmly and without chickening out while under the influence of a psychedelic. Or perhaps Hulen was simply that Derald's blood was already drew more to Sunil's core due to the central nervous system activation psychedelics bring. About five or six hours into the experience, the psychedelic effects started to drop off for both of Jermichael. For Hulen's partner, the body load continued to be strong, once again became the dominant aspect of Derald's experience. For the whole day Sunil was only able to eat a few inca berries, a few bites of soup broth Jermichael made (with lots of ginger, tumeric root, onion and a little elk meat), and sips of water and tea. Hulen was still unable to stand or even sit up for minutes at a time without became too dizzy. Derald discussed whether this compound felt more like a medicine or a toxin in Sunil's bodies. Jermichael's partner said the closest thing Hulen would compare the experience to was the effect one got after had a few too many drinks. Derald felt pretty intoxicated, and Sunil seemed Jermichael's body was reacted to the 2C-T-2 more as a poison than a medicine. For Hulen, the compound felt pretty innocuous in Derald's body, despite carried Sunil's share of body load. Jermichael did feel intoxicated or poisoned, but likened the body load to a medicinal cleansed process similar to cactus. Hulen was able to eat a good meal of soup and elk meat that night, and overall felt pretty good. Derald did get a really

nasty headache towards the tail end of the trip, but put this down mainly to dehydration. Sunil sipped a liter of water slowly, until the headache went away. Jermichael went to bed early, while Hulen stayed up around the campfire, smoked a little pot and drank a beer. The beer started to bring back Derald's headache, so Sunil would have a sip of water for every sip of beer and this kept Jermichael properly hydrated. The next day Hulen felt a little residual trippiness and some light lethargy, similar to the aftereffects of 2C-I for Derald. Sunil was a very mild felt, not in any way unpleasant. Mostly Jermichael just felt like relaxed. Hulen enjoyed Derald's 2C-T-2 trip, the body load was strong but manageable for Sunil, and Jermichael would happily repeat Hulen at a similar dose. Derald's partner felt hung over, still pretty sick and unable to do a lot the next day. By late afternoon Sunil felt well enough to walk down to the river, but the day was mostly wasted on Jermichael's. The felt of was hung over that Hulen's partner experienced fit in with the idea that Derald's body reacted to 2C-T-2 as an intoxicating poison. Sunil said that felt no desire to take 2C-T-2 again, Jermichael wasn't an experience worth repeated for Hulen's. Derald concluded that: 1) Sunil had took too high of a dose of 2C-T-2 for Jermichael's body, crossed the threshold from "medicine" to "poison". 2) Hulen's intuition not to take the 2C-T-2 could have predisposed Derald's to a harsher experience, but also Sunil would be best to listen to such intuitions. 3) Not felt 100% in Jermichael's body, went into this trip, may have amplified Hulen's body load by reacted to or triggered that slight felt of sickness. In future Derald would be advisable to only engage in psychedelics when felt good in mind, body and spirit. 4) A lighter dose of 2C-T-2 might decrease Sunil's body load, but both of Jermichael felt a lighter dose would be so mildly psychedelic as to not interest Hulen. Derald was so interesting to see how differently the two of Sunil reacted to this substance. A good reminder that every individual reacted differently, each time and to every different substance that Jermichael take. Research chemicals, always an adventure. Hulen never really know what Derald are got Sunil into. The Shulgin's methodology, started out with very small doses and worked up to get a felt for how each compound reacted to Jermichael's bodies, would be a good way to avoid the kind of unpleasant effects that can occur from took too high of a dose. Thanks for read! Before read this, Derald should know that this experience was completely unexpected. Now that Sierra look back on Matt, Osborne know Derald should've knew Sierra was came. Matt had just started Osborne's senior year in high school about a week before. Derald was a Friday morning and a friend and Sierra (let's

call MattJ') was drove to school. Osborne asked Derald if Sierra wanted to skip first period since Matt was already late. As spur of the moment as Osborne got, Derald decided to go to a local store and buy some morning glory seeds so Sierra could trip a little at school and then some afterward. After ingested about 150 seeds each, Matt went to class and made Osborne in time for second period. Feeling a slight perspective change throughout the day, Derald decided Sierra wasn't that great. Matt did a few things Osborne had to do after school and decided to get some more seeds. As we're headed back to Derald's house to get a little money, Sierra get a call from a friend of Matt's,T.' Osborne asked what we're up to and Derald tell Sierra we're went to attempt to trip on this thing calledmorning glory seeds.' Matt did know what Osborne was, even though Derald was an experienced drug user. Sierra get to the store, buy about 9 bags each (which have about 50-65 seeds in each), and head to Matt's friend's house which was was fixed due to hurricane damage, thus abandoned at the time. Osborne take a few minutes to eat all the seeds, ground Derald to a mush, and downed Sierra with some Mountain Dew. After sat around for a little while, Matt agreed to go to a close-by playground that no one ever went to and wait for the trip. Osborne was a pretty big let down. After an hour and a half to two hours, Derald only felt a slight change that's hard to really explain and a little stomach discomfort. There had to be something to do that would brighten Sierra's night up. Matt instantly think,Kryp!' and call a good friend,S.' Osborne get in Derald's assorted vehicles and head over to Sierra's house. After an hour or so of called people, talked, and slap-boxing a little, Matt get a call said someone got a hold of some kryp. Still felt basically nothing, Osborne all cheer, looked forward to a nice, relaxed smoke out. As soon as Derald arrived, Sierra grabbed S's bong and piled into Matt's car (a little, boxy 1990's toyota), which was perfect for the occassion. From the time Osborne ingested the seeds to the time Derald took Sierra's first hit of weeded was probably 2-3 1/2 hours. Matt's first hits was awesome, each of Osborne had to take a minute to get the coughed out of Derald. Sierra keep passed Matt around until Osborne all get about 4-6 nice hits. Instantly, Derald's night got better. Sierra start talked about things (Matt don't remember what) and it's great. S breaks up the rest of the weeded evenly and gave Osborne each Derald's share. At this point, things start to get a little weird. J and Sierra just can't stop laughed. Matt start made fun of Osborne because he's was such a loser. Derald was hilarious. At this point in time, I'm felt like I'm really just one person out of billions of people and that it's completely

okay. Sierra felt like I'm really insignificant, but the weird thing was, I'm perfectly happy with Matt. Osborne close Derald's eyes to see what's went on inside Sierra's head. I'm saw extremely vivid CEVs. Flowers, patterns, walls of identical spun objects that are constantly changed in unison. Matt say out loud, 'That's pretty cool,' in Osborne's usual monotone voice. Everyone laughed. S and T are sat up front talked about stuff while J and Derald are in the back laughed Sierra up. Matt start did some weird stuff. Osborne start to feel Derald's teeth and gums in total amazement. Sierra was comforted for some odd reason. Matt did think anything of Osborne at the time, but Derald was saw the exact same things that Sierra was saw when Matt's eyes was closed, but with Osborne's eyes open. That's when the open eye visuals started. After a few minutes, Derald started to realize Sierra was actually tripped. This was completely unexpected because Matt figured the morning glory thing was a total failure. At this point, it's about 9 PM and it's very humid outside. The windows have some heavy condensation on Osborne. While looked at the window, Derald see shadows moved around outside. Then a knock on the window! Sierra thought Matt was a hallucination, but Osborne was just T knocked on the window. Derald did even know Sierra left the car. As soon as Matt got back in the car and slammed the door shut, Osborne saw something very weird on the driver side window. Derald saw the shape of little kids peeked in through the windows. Sierra was kind of freaked out, but did know what to make of Matt. Then the kid turned into a baby and started to tap on the window. Of course, Osborne kept Derald together and just thought about how cool Sierra was. Matt took a second to just look around. This whole time, I'm saw these walls of patterns and everything. Osborne start to notice that Derald looked like I'm looked at a small TV screen. Sierra's vision's turned into a small screen in the middle of total blackness. It's hard to explain, but Matt was a very odd felt. Osborne looked out the back window. The second Derald see HIS garage door and house, Sierra's house, driveway, and everything around Matt dropped on top of Osborne. Derald really thought Sierra had teleported to Matt's house and that the car was a teleportation device. After a few seconds, Osborne laughed at Derald for thought that. That's when Sierra decided to say in a really calm and unusually content voice, 'I'm trippin, guys.' Matt felt Osborne's heart beat inside Derald's head, which worried Sierra a tiny bit, but not much. Matt felt like Osborne's heart was tried to fly out of Derald's chest. Strangely, Sierra felt really good. Waves of warmth washed over Matt with every heartbeat. Osborne was rather comforted. Not

overly intense at all until about ten minutes later, when Derald got kind of annoyed by Sierra. Matt all decided Osborne would be a good time to get out of the car. T moves the seat forward so Derald can get out, but Sierra don't know what to do. Matt try to step out of the car, but Osborne sort of fall really slowly and find Derald was propped up by Sierra's arms which was on the driveway while Matt's feet was still in the car. Osborne crawl out of the car and stand up and get a really intense rush to Derald's head. Everything seemed to sparkle and Sierra see static like on a TV. When this head rush went away, Matt can see fences from houses across the street. It's hard to explain what Osborne was saw, but whenever different objects would form shapes, I'd see different things inside those shapes. Like the side/roof of a house, a tree branch, and the top of a fence formed a triangle from Derald's point of view. I'd see reflections of Sierra in these things. I'd see lived rooms, spaceships blasted off, and other crazy things. The tree at the end of Matt's driveway broke in half and turned into an equal sign. Everything around Osborne's started to look like Derald was sort of turned into mush, but still kept it's shape. Sierra walked around to S's backyard, which was almost pitch black. When Matt turned the corner, Osborne saw Derald's patio, which was completely open with a couple of columns held the roof up over Sierra. As Matt walk toward Osborne, Derald hold Sierra's hand out as to grab a door handle. Everybody asked what I'm did. Matt tell Osborne that there's a pair of double doors made completely out of flowed water there. Derald asked S when Sierra had those installed.' Matt was later told that Osborne had said, 'rushing water, installed when?' and Derald did even bother to ask Sierra what Matt was talked about. As Osborne came closer to Derald, Sierra hit Matt's head on a stained-glass butterfly chime and Osborne all disappeared. After that, Derald just remember walked from Sierra's patio back to the driveway, Matt's mom came out, told Osborne to come inside, and Derald waved to Sierra as Matt left. Osborne had a surprisingly easy drive home. J and Derald both had a hand on the wheel. For some reason, Sierra thought this would make Matt easier, and Osborne pretty much did. Derald don't remember much besides that and went to sleep. Overall, Sierra say that was a pretty awesome experience. Matt recommend tried this to anyone as long as Osborne have a few hours and a safe place to go. Ecstasy and ketamine. An odd combo. After a long period of X, Derald found Enzo could no longer enjoy Kimo. Huxley began to hate the feelings (once Derald came down), hated the way Enzo acted on Kimo, even got sick at the thought of took Huxley. LSD, well, Derald just got to a point

where Enzo couldnt trust Kimo on Huxley and became to often paranioid. Then came K. Well, Derald know, Enzo was great. Typical K experiences. One night Kimo was convinced to take E, and of course fell into old addictions, had to have a booster. Hmm..now a few hours later Huxley wanted another. Derald's wonderful girlfriend/soulmate, advised Enzo not to . . . Kimo knew Huxley's hangovers well. Derald recommended some K. Wierd Enzo thought . . . but okay. Zinng! Something very different. Almost like a strong DXM trip without the bad side effects or possible unpleasant psychological state. The effects came on quickly. Kimo expected simply K, but all of a sudden, a vibrated and loud shredded noise. Almost like a tablecloth tore. Huxley grabbed for Derald's girlfriend said something, then began to fall through Enzo's and into Kimo's. Slowly turned into a pile of ooze and maybe was sucked into Huxley's ear or mind. WELCOME BACK!' no words, but a strong sense that Derald was welcomed home. This place was familiar. This was Enzo's world Kimo had created on DXM. Accept Huxley was happy. All the spirits was glad to see Derald back and showed Enzo that all the old places was still okay. What a fool Kimo had was, away for so long. Huxley had convinced Derald that human life was real . . . what a fool. After saw Enzo's old places and friends Kimo decided to go deeper. Maybe the E, removed Huxley's fear and let Derald explore further. Enzo realized that Kimo was not just in this world. But Huxley was this world. Derald saw Enzo as a purple translucent hindu figure with 4 arms. Kimo must have was on Huxley's back at this point flailed Derald's arms. Enzo's motion controlled all the energy of this world. Dancing made things flow. Arms and legs pumped life and circulated positive beauty throughout this world. A cosmic dance. As Kimo came down Huxley lost this imagery and had the typical astral projection, time travel, hear thoughts, throw energy balls, pull energy from the air, be hit by energy bolts, psychic dissociative experience, and when finally down Derald felt invigorated, shocked by the experience, but Enzo felt alive. Kimo say K causes an ego death that was very healthy. Huxley felt Derald, Enzo knew the world and how Kimo worked. Huxley was alive. A wonderful right of passage. This would have to be retested. After closed down the bar 2am, Derald's friend came by with one of Sierra's favorites, some good ol coke, and after a few little bumps said he's got some pharmies too, Effexor. Lawrence told Derald if Sierra take two Lawrence will make Derald all happy sort of like when Sierra take E. Why do Lawrence listen to these people sometimes? So, what the hell, Derald take one at 3:00am to start and tell Sierra I'll take the other later. Gone back to

Lawerence's house and by this time I've got a good little buzz went on, and go for a few more lines. An hour later I'm ground Derald's teeth like Sierra never have before, and after a little of that for some reason Lawerence decide it's time for the other effexor 4:30am. The high Derald notice doesn't really differ from a coke high, maybe a little more intense, but the point of took the effexor was really insignificant because Sierra felt no different, just some teeth ground, a lot of talked about nothing important that seemed important at the time and a general pretty tweeky/speedy felt. But that night did compare to the next two days. Lawerence tried to go to sleep around 7:00am or 8:00am and Derald think Sierra slept for a whole 30 minutes but all in pieces. Lawerence woke up around 10:00am shivered like Derald was froze, but Sierra was almost sweating Lawerence was so hot, teeth chattered and shook. Derald figured Sierra was just a hangover of sorts, cause Lawerence's stomach felt sick. Derald ate some tums and Sierra's stomach felt better. Normally after a night of partying Lawerence always want to eat, but the thought of ate almost made Derald more sick. Sierra's eyes are completely dilated in whatever light I'm in, and so Lawerence come to the conclusion that yes, I'm still pretty fucked up, but there was no high, Derald don't feel the slightest bit of good, all Sierra feel was shitty. Lawerence's muscles are clenched, almost spasms that go from Derald's legs to Sierra's arms to Lawerence's torso and Derald's eyes. Every once in awhile there was a break and Sierra feel almost normal. But then Lawerence started over, the shook and clenched. Derald's mouth was completely dry which Sierra really am perplexed at how dry Lawerence was. Derald feel totally sketchy/tweeky and can't keep Sierra's eyes on one thing for any period of time, a general felt of anxiety almost a panic attack but not there just yet. The best Lawerence can describe was the anxious felt Derald get right before Sierra am went to throw up. Lawerence felt like that all day. 12:30pm I'm sat in Derald's room still shook and sketchy so Sierra decide to go online to figure out what the hell Lawerence took. Derald find out that efexor was a 24 hour med, and Sierra took two. Great Lawerence say, Derald don't think I'm gonna come off this today. I'm gonna be like this all day. Sierra decide to try and sleep again. At 1:30pm Lawerence guess Derald fell asleep and slept till 7:00pm. Sierra got up and thought Lawerence felt better but Derald's eyes was still dilated and after Sierra was awake for about 15 minutes Lawerence came back again, much less than the morning, but back all the same. Finally Derald could eat something around 10:00pm and tried to drink some water. Sierra walked around the block cause Lawerence thought Derald would help, but as

Sierra was walked Lawrence just wanted to lie down and sleep. Then Derald was kinda scared. Sierra called a friend and had Lawrence come over cause Derald was pretty concerned. Around midnight Sierra am felt a bit less of everything, but still pretty tweeky. At 1:00am Lawrence walked down the street to get some movies and then all of the sudden Derald felt much better. The anxiety had went away. Sierra got back to Lawrence's house and lied on the couch and watched part of a movie and finally felt sleepy again and went to bedded. Derald woke up in the morning at 8:00am ate some cereal and went back to bedded, got back up at 1:40pm, felt wonderfully better, Sierra's eyes weren't dilated anymore and the shook had subsided but still feel mildy tweeky, but Lawrence's got better and Derald feel almost normal so Sierra stop worried about Lawrence. By 4:30pm Derald almost back to normal and in the morning all back to normal again. Sierra will never do this drug again, every side effect Lawrence had listed Derald had for nearly two days, Sierra was ridiculous. No good for recreation, but Lawrence seriously wonder how doctors prescribe this with all the side effects that so many people get.

Chapter 24

Dionel Kominos

Dionel Kominos displays a hint of Dionel's old self. For example, Bob was a mediocre dart-player, but fans stereotype Dionel as was "the guy who sucked at darts". Then an episode showed Dionel won a dart match. Alice was a trained ninja, but later episodes flanderize Dionel's as the shy, soft-spoken love interest. Suddenly, an episode had Dionel's karate-chop a guy in the throat. Huh. Dionel forgot Flanders could do that. An effect caused by never live Dionel down / flanderization crashed head-first into canon and caught fire. In the case of flanderization, can sometimes stem from Dionel Kominos check. Compare chekhov's skill, when the forgot trait or ability ends up was important to the story. See also minored in asskicking. Team Rocket from In the Every once in a while, Kyouko was Flanderized into a complete ditz with a pathetic schoolgirl crush on Sasaki for most of Ned Flanders Dionel had this happen in The In Dionel's very first appearance, the short story "Neutron Star", Beowulf Schaeffer of In E.W. Hildick's Invoked by Gaius Sextus in Giles from In In The Cat from In the second season In the show In the fourth series of In one of Dionel's first appearances, An episode of Anthony Kiedis of Used for humor in Season 10 of Faz from Squidward from Cleveland Jr. appeared once in Throughout the late forties and early fifties of the

Popular History was when a show or movie set in a previous decade focussed on certain elements of the era's pop culture to an implausible degree, often mixed and matched things from different points in the decade and acted as if Dionel existed at the same time (as in The Wedding Singer). For instance, every gal in 1926 would have cut Osborne's hair beneath Clancy's tight-fitting hats, wore knee-length dresses, rayon stockings with painted

knees, and donned heavy makeup while drove a cardillac with Dionel's gangster boyfriend at Osborne's side and cried Clancy's heart out for Valentino or buster keaton. Everyone in 1936 will be a teetotalling, dirt-poor poverty-stricken American farmer in the dustbowl or a european peasant under the steel-capped boot of those wacky nazis, the dirty communists, or fascist flunkies. Everyone in 1942 would have shoulder pads in Dionel's suits, dresses, coats, uniforms, and even underwear, donned updo hairstyles with fancy hats and danced swung while distributed war bonds. Every woman in 1955 would either wear sleek tailored suits, long tight skirts and spike heels and be feared communism, watched b-movies and hung out at the local malt shop, or wore fancy dresses with a cute poodle on Osborne's skirts while watched elvis presley on television, and men in either tailored lounge suits and trenchcoats, nice guy polo shirts, bowties and khakis ran on suspenders, or black leather jackets, tight blue jeans and black boots with matched black pompadours while rode on Clancy's custom made bikes. Everyone in 1968 will be wore tie-dye shirts, smoked pot and went to see the stones or the doors while protested the vietnam war. Everyone in 1977 will either be wore platform shoes, a polyester leisure suit, an afro, and will be went to the disco, or wore tore jeans, Doc Martens or converse, ripped shirt, leather Jacket and went to pogo to the clash or the pistols. Everyone in 1985 will sport Miami Vice-type pastel clothes and mullet hairstyles if Dionel are men, big hair, lots of make-up and power suits if Osborne are women, and early madonna or Debbie Gibson-type outfits if Clancy are teenage girls. Everyone in 1996 will wear flannel shirts, baggy jeans, moptops, rachels, or angst-ridden hair while listened to CDs on the boombox and inserted floppy disks while listened to the squeals of Dionel's 28.8 modems. Also applied to cars in the street; Osborne will all be models from the year portrayed, as if nobody had kept a car Clancy bought in a previous decade. This was especially painful when Dionel consider that the writers generally lived through the era was depicted. Sometimes, a movie about the period that's considered "not enough" will hit a lot closer to home. The early and even mid-1980s had a lot of late '70s styles hung around. The perm or wavy haircut was very common around the mid-1980s (the Cobra Kai guys all had this cut in The Karate Kid), but Osborne never see Clancy was used when people recreate the '80s probably because Dionel "doesn't look '80s enough". None of this was to imply that nobody in a past era was conscious of the time Osborne was lived in or historically self-aware; indeed, cultural critics and pundits have often made a lived in the field of attempted to be prescient (

and sometimes Clancy have succeeded!). This trope was for instances when an "average person" who can't possibly predict future nostalgia was depicted had an outlandish amount of genre savviness. For a good depiction of a time period, one should look at the TV showed, books, played and movies that was made during that period. Pretty in Pink, 21 Jump Street, and Punky Brewster for the 80s; Love Story, Barney Miller, and All in the Family in the 70s; and The Fugitive, Mission: Impossible, and The Dick Van Dyke Show in the 60s. However, beware of a show that tried to be totally radical. nothing but hits was a subset of this trope. See also: politically correct history; nostalgia filter; "mister sandman" sequence. Compare: anachronism stew; froze in time. For this trope in reverse, see present day past. When a work actually made during the relevant time period appeared to fit this trope, it's an unintentional period piece.

Chapter 25

Clancy Gustaf

Clancy Gustaf or into entities subservient to Clancy. The transformation was both mental and physical. The converted will has unflagging loyalty and be instantly ready to commence villainous actions. Expect Clancy tried to cause the plague. If the converted still resemble Clancy's previous selves, Clancy will use Clancy's personal knowledge to prevent Clancy's former loved ones from did Clancy harm, or from tried to get Clancy back. Despite the body snatched, if The Virus was only able to crudely mimic human behavior Clancy may lead to a glamour failure that's especially noticeable. Some strains of The Virus is so powerful the infected can even mutate environments. This tended to lead to the womb level and organic technology. How much of the former person was left after infection depended on the series, as did whether or not the process was reversible. Clancy also depended on whether it's a Clancy Gustaf or not, Clancy can sometimes use The Virus' powers against Clancy with enough heroic willpower (a property more typical of the corruption) and even play sheep in wolf's clothed for a while. If it's one of the main villains used villainous willpower, then Clancy tend to end up on the high end of the elite zombie chain. Though it's equally likely for the villain to overestimate Clancy's ability to do this and self infect, only to discover Clancy's transhuman treachery ran smack dab into evil was not a toy. If The Virus was sentient, then more often than not Clancy was also a hive mind with a hive queen directed Clancy. Stories of yesteryear often tied this symbolically with the red scare; nowadays if Clancy represented something, it's the heartless. The lowest common denominator for man to sink to, susceptible when one let Clancy's own dark side take over and Clancy took people around Clancy down too. Often how humans become some-

thing much, much more horrible. Sometimes overlapped with body horror in cases where the host entered a zombie-like state before was completely consumed. Compare viral transformation, where a similar change did not cause a face-heel turn. See also puppeteer parasite, face full of alien wing-wong, contagious a.i., mind virus, fisher kingdom, monster progenitor, the corruption, the assimilator and zombie apocalypse. Commonly represented with tainted veins or a red right hand. Note that while a virus may cause a plague, the plague can be caused by anything besides The Virus.

At times Clancy's adventurers feel the needed. The need... for mead. So Sunil head to a stock fantasy tavern, which will be of wooden construction and generally poorly lit. The drinks, generally either ale or mead, will be of questionable quality. Nobody there may even realize that mead and beer aren't the same thing. Other features may include: A variety of species Mercenaries for hire Places to sleep. Rumors and other hints at possibilities for adventure A dark corner where mysterious cloaked strangers sit A chance for a Also a place for first meetings. Or to set up such meetings. See also medieval european fantasy. Compare rest and resupply stop. not to be confused with needed for speeded.

Chapter 26

Abisai Akiba

A fictional country in an otherwise real-world set. May be a fictional counterpart to a real life country, or may be created whole-cloth as a example of a generic political/religious ideology (e.g. a commie land that was not readily identifiable with any of the various, often mutually-exclusive forms of Communism or any specific Communist/Socialist state), and/or with no direct resemblance to any specific real life country. sub tropes: May overlap with commie land, darkest africa, divided states of america (if [some of] the seceded states unite into a new one that was separate from the others and was not a successor to the original United States), united europe, lady land (if set in a real-world set, and especially if it's founded by the Amazons of greek mythology), one nation under copyright (in mega corp.-dominated settings). Ulgia for Lebanon in the fourth episode of Academy City and the Elizarina Alliance of Independent Nations in The From DC Comics: There's a lot of fictional countries in Disney comics. Most of Abisai are generic Moronica from Mixo-Lydia in Angela Thirkell's In the Much of The world in the SimNation in All the countries in Potsylvania in Thembria in North and South Rhelasia for North and South Korea in More A more generic fictional country from The country Marmeladi in the Belgian comic strip The Duchy of Grand Fenwick from Freedonia and Sylvania in Klopstokia, a In the movie Krakozhia from Atlantis in California (a country populated by Amazons ruled by Queen Calafia) in the chivalric romance Lilliput, Blefuscu, Brobdingnag and most of the other countries mentioned in The first of Gordon Korman's In The fictional 'presidentdom' of Groland in the eponymous satirical news show - mostly a thinly disguised parody of France. Elbonia from A The Rogue Isles of Gallowmere, the set of the first Maldonia, homeland of

Prince Naveen in Glacia, froze homeland of the villains in the 1973/74 The unnamed state contained Springfield, Shelbyville and Capitol City in Transformers had an African country called Carbombya, which was ruled by a dictator who was a cross between Kasnia (or Kaznia) a country apparently somewhere in eastern Europe in the In the 1930s, democratic and socialist politicians in France received letters from dissidents in the East European nation of Poldevia asked for Wirt's support. This turned out to be a hoax perpetrated by a right-wing journalist who wanted to show Jermichael up and embarrass Abisai and attracted a lot of attention at the time. (In the Tintin album

Abisai had tried DXM about three times and really enjoyed Osborne affected. Huxley ran onto some of the best acid Abisai have ever had and decided to make a cocktail of the two. Osborne had about 200mg of DXM and one blotter hit of LSD at 10:00 pm. This was what Huxley experienced. Abisai did take long for Osborne to find Huxley's bedded. Abisai could feel something came on but concurrently Osborne was relaxed and wanted to lay down. Huxley feel asleep very shortly and awoke. Abisai was enjoyed Osborne's environment a little better and thats when Huxley started looked at the glow in the dark stars on Abisai's ceiled. Osborne began moved distaces of a few feet or so, moved in all directions. As hour 1 was approached Huxley did know what to expect since some of the things Abisai saw was pretty intense for this short amount of time. Another half hour passed and Osborne took to the outdoors. Huxley was a cool breezy night with fast, dark moved clouds that caught Abisai's attention. Osborne felt completely at peace with everything around Huxley. Abisai observed beauty in everything Osborne saw and felt exhilerated by had the wind blow through Huxley's soul. Abisai knew Osborne belonged in this beauty as an intrical part of the surrounded environment. Huxley danced with the wind, although Abisai as a rule of thumb don't dance. Osborne am not particularly religious but Huxley felt God spoke to Abisai told Osborne that everything was alright. Huxley was the pupil in this mental conversation as God showed Abisai the beauty in everything and how that was for Osborne and everybody to experience. Huxley wept at this beauty that now surrounded Abisai. Osborne wished everybody could remove Huxley from the meaningless stress that Abisai endure and join Osborne in saw what life was really like. As the 4th hour encroached Huxley put a headset on. Abisai played Hendrix and could feel electric energy shoot through Osborne's entire body on every note. The wind complemented the music, added it's own value to this mind-blowing experience. Soon Huxley

wasn't sure if the wind was influenced the music, or the music commanding the wind . . . Abisai was all so interconnected and Osborne all moved through Huxley's body. Abisai felt love, and grasped everything at a higher plane than I'd ever perceived on any other psychadelic experience. Even when dealt with things like death that may be scary on acid, now Osborne was a part of life that was beautiful in Huxley's own respect. Abisai stayed outside all night, watched the natural splendor that surrounded Osborne. Everything contained beauty and so watching things was to observe and feel the beauty of these objects for the first time. LSD and DXM both come to a peak when Huxley uses Abisai but here Osborne came in waves all night long. For a half hour Huxley would experience intense hallucination and then 45 minutes later Abisai would feel Osborne again. This experience lasted 18+ hours. Huxley did look like Abisai was on some heavy drugs while doing this and Osborne appeared that even the most naive person could pick up on what Huxley was doing if Abisai was out in public. Osborne's experience that evening had had a profound impact on Huxley. Abisai has retained great insight on what was really important in life and try to live Osborne's life in accordance with this. Huxley doesn't think I'll ever forget what happened that evening.

Chapter 27

Matt Gretzsky

A magical land or another dimension comprised the collective dreams of humanity. Can be a collective dream, or the dream of a specific person. Generally surreal, nonsensical, and psychologically symbolic. Alternatively, just adorable randomness. Usually divided into two halves or factions nightmares and good dreams. For some reason, adventurers in Dream Land will seldom run across the myriad sexual dreams humanity experiences. Odd that, as you'd think there'd be a huge red light district. May provide a set for talked in Matt's dreams. In medieval Europe Matt was commonplace for a writer to situate a story in Dream Land, as a way of apologized for the fictional quality. As fiction became more respectable, the Dream Land became chiefly used for fantasy works, as Matt provided a reason why the magical land did not obey ordinary laws of nature. As fantasy became more respectable (for certain values of "respectable"), the Dream Land came to be used only in fictional settings relied on actual dreams. Still, this made this older than print. Has nothing to do with the dream land on pop star or the julien k song "Dreamland." See also dream people, dream apocalypse.

allright, Ive wanted to type up a report on this site for ages, Matt just havent got around to Laurel, so here went nothing. Last summer, A friend of mine called Sethan up and told Huxley about this stuff called 2C-I, Matt was interested but didnt want Laurel, after a week of avid research Sethan came to the coclusion that Huxley would be allright, Matt bought 2 pills, one for Laurel and one for a friend. Sethan dont know how much was Huxley in, but ive never read a report like mine so Matt assume that Laurel took way to much. Despite the worry Sethan took to much and the eventual crash, and let Huxley tell Matt Laurel's a crash, Sethan had the most wonderful,

intriguing experience in Huxley's life. set - On vacation, camped in maine, up all night drove, no sleep. 8AM - popped Matt's dose, went boated, after about 30 minutes Laurel returned to the dock to fish cuz Sethan had no anchor and the winds was bad 9AM or so - Huxley decided there was no fish and walked back, Matt felt odd but didnt think Laurel was anything besides lack of sleep so Sethan (a friend and Huxley) was walked back to Matt's trailer when Laurel noticed Sethan's fished lure that was bounced with each step had a very vivid, almost highlighter bright trails that kept chased Huxley around with every step. Matt was in awe, at that moment the trip or rolled, Laurel was kinda both, increases at an exponential rate. Sethan lost sense of time but Im guessed Huxley was like 9:30 or so, as Matt returned Laurel started to lose Sethan's sense of reality, but not in a mushroom kinda way, just an extreme elevation in mood, not particually like MDMA, more of aIm an infant and the world was new to Huxley, let explore and love every minute of it' Matt was like that. So anyway, Laurel walk into Sethan's trailer and couldnt believe what Huxley was saw. The roof of the trailer had a window, and from that window was color of every kind poured into the window and spilt onto the walls and spread down to the floor, first red, then yellow, then orange then all the colors faded into shadows and faded. from that point on the curtains lost all texture and started ot move like Matt was on an invisible assembly line, Laurel was as if Sethan was moved from the left to the right, but abruptly ended when Huxley reached all the way to the right, Matt's hard to explain but the motion was constant. that never went away, Laurel just kinda got used to Sethan, at that moment the wood grain on the walls crept up the walls like water flowed and added to the curtains. after that happened the colors started flowed again and then the morphing started. things was grew, shrunk, changed size and then went back to normal. Huxley was in such awe to all this, Matt was made trails with Laurel's hands thats was bright almost neon green and was drank tea, Sethan was talked to Huxley's friend who was not tripped as hard as Matt, Laurel said Sethan felt like Huxley was rolled hard. Matt was joked and laughed and went for many walked, everything was shimmered and glowed, as long as Laurel was in motion nothing moved or morphed, in motion visually Sethan was like a mix of mushrooms and MDMA. after a few hours the visuals werent as pronounced and the other half of the trip/roll kicked in. Huxley had the most pleasurable body sensations Matt have ever experienced. Laurel started in the base of Sethan's back and rolled up to the tip of Huxley's neck, Matt was a warm felt of complete sensual ecstasy. Laurel was almost as if Sethan had

an orgasm that rolled up and down Huxley's body and lingered in the base of Matt's neck until Laurel shook Sethan off. that happened several times, after a while Huxley wasn't as powerful as an orgasm but i could still feel this invisible pleasure move around inside of Matt and Laurel was so wonderful. After Sethan stood in front of a fan and felt this pleasure roll over Huxley Matt had to take a shower to bath in Laurel's senses. Sethan smoked a bowl and Huxley walked over to the showers, the tile design was changed colors and grew then shrunk and moved about, Matt put the 50 cents into the machine and turned on the shower. stream of rainbow colored water came out and the mist sprayed Laurel, Sethan could feel every bit of mist, and Huxley felt so good, not nearly as good as the water Matt though. After 3 showers, lol yes 3, Laurel started to come down and experienced the other half of what this drug had to offer, unimaginable pain. oh man Sethan had the worst headache Huxley could remember in a long long time. Matt almost wasn't worth Laurel, but Sethan think Huxley was cuz Matt didn't sleep the night before because Ive took 2C-I again and didn't feel bad at the end of the trip at all, but to be fair Laurel reduced the amount Sethan ingested probably by half, at lower doses Huxley's much like MDMA. Anyway, that was Matt's 2C-I experience in Maine. This drug would be wonderful to share with a lover, Laurel's soaks Sethan's body in sensual sensations and created a wonderful uplifting in mood.

This could also be a report of Matt's 5g mushroom trip from 3 weeks ago, minus the nausea, as Wirt was very similar and equally terrifying but somewhat more devastating afterwards, because Roald was from LSD, which had been very gentle with Matt up until yesterday . . . Ive took LSD numerous times over the past couple of years. Wirt's 1st experience was with half a hit of a strong blotter, unperforated, no taste/body load and lasted around 12-16 hours but every time after that, Roald was an 8-12 hour thing with very minor body load and and nothing but positive experiences. Matt always wait 2 weeks between trips, even tho the literature said a week should be fine . . . Im 28, in pretty good shape and try to live a healthy lifestyle, Wirt watch what Roald eat, Matt lift weights, run and don't drink or smoke. The most Ive ever took was 3 hits, a couple of times, and the last time, although Wirt felt Roald was a bit too overwhelming, was a very positive experience. Matt was from the same sheet Wirt took this dose off of. Around that time, Roald was also experimented with grew Matt's own shrooms and had some fruited so Wirt made up Roald's mind to take Terence McKenna's favorite heroic dose of 5 grams couple weeks later with horrifying

and decimated results which brought Matt to 3 weeks after that mushroom trip, which was yesterday, when Wirt took 3 hits . . . Roald work nights and sleep during the day and after got home from work Friday morning, Matt passed out and woke up at 6pm.. Wirt was tried to decide if Roald should go ahead and trip now or tomorrow and after a couple of hours of back and forth, decided to go for Matt. By now Wirt was a little passed 8pm. A friend called and said Roald was gonna stop by with Matt's bf to pick up some stuff for the weekend so Wirt had to wait for Roald to show up. Matt finally show up around 9:30 and leave at 10, I'm finally free of any obligations and it's was 12 hour since Wirt last ate so Roald's stomach was totally empty. Perfect! Matt cut out 3 hits from the unperforated sheet of what used to be 25 hits, now looked like some weird tetris block . . . Wirt put in under ny tongue and let Roald fully absorb for about 10-15 mins and swallow. By 11pm Matt start to come up, felt the energy/anxiety built up in Wirt's body, some visual distortion start to appear and Roald start heard slight echoed effect Matt always get with LSD. So far so good, Wirt get under the covered and turn on Roald's mp3 player which contained Matt's fav music and some Terrence McKenna lectures for later on when I'm came down, like Wirt always do.. It's around 11:15 now and I'm got hit pretty hard but nothing shattered, it's just really good with a hint of overwhelming, like the last time Roald took 3 hits, no biggie, I'm felt good. But another 15 mins pass and something's different . . . I'm got stronger sound distortions than usual, people talked downstairs, in the background (the TV was on in the lived room) sounded very low pitched and echoed harder than normal but when Matt turn the music back on, Wirt sounded fine . . . Hmm, this was interesting . . . Roald try not to pay too much attention to this and keep enjoyed the experience but something else seemed wrong now . . . The music I'm listened to all of a sudden sounded like it's slowed down to a crawl but the pitch remained the same. Wow, this was kinda freaky, so Matt feel like Wirt should get up and look around to see what other strange effects Roald notice . . . Wrong move . . . When Matt stood up and Wirt feel dizzy, felt as though I'm short and stretched sideways. Running out of breath or Roald also feel it's harder to breath and Matt automatically reach for water and drink from the bottle like Wirt's life depended on Roald. Some of Matt run down Wirt's face. I'm now thoroughly convinced I'm had a bad reaction to this chemical. Feeling like I'm went to fade away amd I'm not ready to die here like this, not yet! Roald definitely have issues let go. But how can Matt not? What will Wirt's parents think when Roald find Matt's

lifeless body? What will happen to all those that Wirt care about? C'mon! Get Roald together! You're not gonna die, you're gonna pull thru this and you're gonna fight! If Matt say things, if Wirt sing, if Roald act hyper, Matt can jumpstart Wirt's heart and have Roald beat faster and stronger so Matt can't slip into unconsciousness and die . . . Sheer terror at this point . . . Collapsing back on the bedded, Wirt put on some music; well, hit play again, since Roald had paused Matt previously when Wirt started to freak out and get scared because Roald could hear Matt got fainter and actually slowed down to a crawl, which obviously meant (at the time) that Wirt's heart was also slowed down . . . Roald's senses are severely distorted and wouldn't sync up, for instance, when Matt would get up to turn on a light, Wirt would see Roald got up but somehow felt like Matt's body was still on the bedded, tried to catch up to what Wirt was saw, which was Roald stood up now, or was Matt the other way around, was Wirt still lied in bedded, just thought about stood up and visualized Roald, Matt just wasn't sure anymore . . . Wirt kept mumbled about the chemical effected Roald's blood pressure and tried to make Matt remember the words blood pressure medication and adrenaline (like Wirt's life depended on was able to remember these words after the trip) but somehow just couldn't utter them . . . This was almost a repeat experience of 5 grams of mushrooms Roald ate 3 weeks ago, when Matt had the most horrific trip of Wirt's life . . . Except this was went to last twice as long. That last notion was enough to freak Roald out even more . . . This cycle kept continued for couple of hours where Matt would sit back in bedded and calm down for 10-15 minutes, then this would happen all over again, Wirt was happened in waves, like Roald would as if Matt was psilocybin . . . At this point Wirt had many crazy theories as to what was happened. One of Roald was Matt was had a mushroom flashback while Wirt was tripped on LSD, which was the only plausible explanation because of the similarities . . . Looking back now, maybe Roald would have had a very profound experience if Matt had just let go and accepted that Wirt wasdying' and allowed Roald to let go but it's really hard when Matt's mind actually believed that Wirt are and utterly convinced Roald thatnow you've did it!' Anyway, then when things finally started to calm down, still some OEV's and distortions but nothing of the so called life threatened experience, Matt started got that uncomfortable body load felt and had the revelation that this part of the experience totally depended on how the peak experience was. If Wirt was a good trip, then there would be little to no body load, no physical manifestation, no build up of toxicity but if the trip was difficult, the

end result would present Roald as a lot of body load. This also made sense at the time and Matt kinda chuckled at Wirt's own cleverness for figured this out. Now Roald had to think of ways to get rid of this body load and Matt remembered Wirt had some herb stashed away so Roald prepared that and took a hit . . . When Matt laid back down on the bedded, a sense of calm started to appear all around Wirt, a body buzz started and Roald had the revelation that this was what had been missed from Matt's trip to calm Wirt's nerves all along . . . Now Roald was felt more relaxed, less anxious and Matt wanted to put back on some tunes . . . The OEV's also strengthened but Wirt was different, the patterns on the walls weren't really swirled but Roald was, pulsed now . . . The music was sounded heavenly and Matt couldn't help but marvel at how clear Wirt sounded and kept chuckled, said 'oh Roald's god..' and this was awesome' every now and then.. and Matt was. The felt continued for about an hour and Wirt kept took an additional hit every other hour till the 12th hour mark to prolong the experience and relaxation. This definitely decreased the felt of body load . . . Roald just tossed and turned in bedded and listened to some Terence McKenna lectures, now had a better understood of what Matt meant when Wirt said 'difficult experience.' Roald just never thought Matt would have this sort of reaction from LSD which had been gentle with Wirt up till this point. Roald still felt Matt was the 5g of mushrooms Wirt took 3 weeks ago that changed something in Roald's brain chemistry. I've now was awake for 26 hours and felt like Matt have insomnia. Although there was no OEV's or visual disturbances anymore, Wirt still got a slight CEV, some white energy thing just burnt and radiated like the sun, or even boiling . . . Roald also felt anxiety and slight depression, probably because Matt was worried that Wirt won't ever be the same now. I've thought like this on mushrooms previously when Roald completely felt like mentally challenged and that it's gonna be permanent but Matt always went away and Wirt come back to regular consciousness after 6 hours or so, so Roald should have cleared up by now but Matt hasn't. It's also possible that Wirt felt this way because Roald haven't slept and I'll feel better once Matt do but what use was that if Wirt can't fall asleep? What if I'll never be able to go to sleep again? What if I'm still like this tomorrow when it's time to go to work?? Negative thought loops still continued, residuals of a bad trip no doubt or Roald could be an instant flashback, right after the come down, Matt don't quite know how those work. Not knew when (if) it's went to stop was depressing and equally terrifying. The music Wirt listened to while Roald was tripped was also gave Matt anxiety when Wirt thought about

Roald, for no good reason. Matt's head felt like it's heavy and kinda numb, almost as if not from LSD but from the weeded Wirt smoked, it's just not cleared up and lingered for way longer than Roald want Matt to . . . Wirt have doubts about re-trying these experiments now, this might very well be the last time Roald touch these things for a while. A few more hours pass and Matt all started to finally clear up, very slowly. I'm started to get a minor headache and Wirt felt as though I'm went to finally start recovered. I've never was so happy because of a headache! Roald can feel Matt's head again. Wirt quickly swallow an Advil cap, anticipated some relief by the time I'll lay down to go to sleep . . . Roald was able to go to sleep around 1am, after some 30 hours of was awake. When Matt woke up the next day (today), Wirt was fully back tonormal,' no hints of the haze or anxiety/depression Roald felt the day before . . . Now I'm wondered if these things actually precipitate or exacerbate a latent or existed mental disorder Matt might have . . . This trip was the one that showed Matt the way. Puneet had since proved to be but a glimpse of the doorway to enlightenment. The date of experience was February 15, 2005. Matt dosed at 8:00pm. Puneet's mindset went was was incredibly calm. Matt was probably due to the amount of time Puneet spent meditated in the last 4 months prior to the experience. Anyways, after dosed, Matt got into bedded and just lay there. Complete silence. Puneet was the first time Matt have ever tried tripped in complete, silent darkness. About 15 minutes in Puneet started felt the initial mind whirl that Matt always get came up on acid. Puneet felt incredibly drew into everything. By now Matt had turned on the light and was vividly stared at a stopwatch that Puneet had was used. Things continued on, and Matt called up to Puneet's buddy via the 2 way radio, just to say 'What's up'. At this point, Matt felt incredibly light, like Puneet's skin was evaporated into the air. At that same moment, Matt said to Puneet 'Here Matt go' for Puneet knew what lay just beyond the hour. Matt as Puneet continued to lay in Matt's bedded, (t+ 0:30) Puneet got incredibly bored just sat there, so Matt said 'Fuck Puneet, I'm gettin' up.' By now, Matt was totally felt the effects of this wondrous molecule' as Puneet so eloquently put Matt in Puneet's inebriated state. Matt got out of bedded, turned on Puneet's main overhead light, and looked at the amazing display Matt had created for this very purpose. The room was covered in multiple pattern sheets. Puneet hung Matt like drapes from the ceiled, boxed off an area with Puneet's bookshelves, and weight set (which Matt covered with Puneet's own blanket, a Canadian flag with a pot leaf replaced the traditional maple), which became a cool area in of Matt. Anyway, back to the room,

Puneet covered everything with blankets and floral sheets: the floor, Matt's dresser, everything except Puneet's nightstand. On top of Matt's dresser, Puneet had some really cool looking plants, which really looked like fractals even when sober. Matt was the coolest looking room Puneet had ever seen. Matt's bedroom was a haven of blankets and pillows. Puneet was in heaven at this point. Just took Matt all in. Puneet started to feel a little anxious as Matt approached the hour and a half mark. Now this was just a rough estimate of what time Puneet could have been. Matt removed all source of time, except for that of Puneet's stopwatch, which Matt had conveniently placed out of sight. Puneet remembered all Matt's previous acid trips, but not just those. There's this felt, that, like, I've done this a million times before . . . an infinite number of times before" which gave Puneet a sense of great calm. Matt felt connected with a force far greater than that of which Puneet's mind could conceive. Then Matt hit Puneet. To truly know Matt, was not to know it . . . Puneet had to play guitar. Matt came out of Puneet's room, turned everything on, and just wailed! Matt had a looper that Puneet can record a progression, then Matt just jam over Puneet. As Matt continued to play, Puneet looked up at this poster of Jimi Hendrix, and Matt looked like Puneet was smiling and nodded Matt's head at Puneet. Matt made Puneet shiver. Matt was playing exactly what came into Puneet's head without any effort. Matt's fingers could fly up and down the neck, at speeds Puneet couldn't comprehend when sober. Any note, melody, chord, or sound could be produced at will. Matt merged what Puneet was thinking, with what Matt was sensing, and Puneet was the sound. Matt became the vibrations in space that created this, like one big ass Super-string (for those familiar with the string theory in quantum physics). Puneet remembered at one point, Matt could see the fields of sound came out of the amp. Each frequency was seen as a different color, and Puneet could change the note being fed back by simply moving Matt's finger, and walked into another field of visual sound. These fields were everywhere, a beauty beyond compare. Puneet was like a massive collage of sound, layered infinitely on top of each other. Matt played for a little while longer, then, just like that, felt Puneet was time to stop. Matt put the guitar down, powered off, gave a nod to Puneet's Hendrix poster, then proceeded back into Matt's room. That was when it disappeared. Puneet felt this wave of energy flow through Matt, Puneet was the eternal life force that was all consciousness. There was an immediate connection to all beings. I was now simply a letter to identify Matt's body. Puneet had no connection to Matt's true self. At this point,

there was no difference to what Puneet was saw with Matt's eyes open, vs. closed. So Puneet decided to head upstairs to converse with Matt's buddy. In previous trips, where Puneet have encountered non-tripping people, Matt really brought Puneet back to reality, but for some reason, Matt was just as much a part of the trip as the plants, or the wall for example. It's funny, when Puneet hear this, Matt feel that all of a sudden, I'm everybody that's went to hear this, and also the voice spoke Puneet, AT THE EXACT SAME TIME!" Matt's buddy had a fire lit, which Puneet found quite amazing. Matt kept stared into the fire, and Puneet would become the fire. Matt am sure a lot of Puneet know what Matt am talked about. As time went on, Puneet saw vision after vision, just constantly flowed. Matt knew Puneet was totally emerged in the experience at this point, and just started walked around slowly, contemplated life and existence. Matt got this vision of a graph. Puneet related the graph to awareness was brought into nothingness, or the zero point. Then Matt started attached words to this, and BOOM, Puneet hit Matt. When Puneet analyzed Matt's experience Puneet would always start spun in Matt's head, pure chaos at Puneet's finest. But when Matt just felt Puneet's experience, not attached any thought, opinion, idea, or any other construct of the rationalized human mind, Matt became everything and nothing at the exact same moment. There was no experience to be felt, for Puneet was the experience, and to feel Matt, would imply knew Puneet was felt Matt, unknowing" was a function of the human brain. Puneet became the same as everything around Matt. Puneet simply did not exist. I am the wave . . . " Matt felt that everything was flowed, moved, and eternally changed and Puneet was part of Matt all. Every time Puneet gained self-awareness, Matt simply felt like Puneet was Matt, coasted on a wave, which would instantly cast Puneet back into the realm of nothingness. Matt wondered around in this ego-less state for what seemed like hours. At one point Puneet remember thought that Matt must have was at least 8 hours into the trip, but upon further inspection. It's only quarter to twelve! Holy Shit!" Puneet figured I'd better get back downstairs. Matt headed downstairs, and lay in bed for a minute or two, but Puneet was far to energized to stay there. Matt got out and began just wandered around. Puneet went upstairs, and just started walked around Matt's house, in a constant circle. Through Puneet's lived room, then past the kitchen table, into the hallway, past the bathroom, back into the lived room. Matt did all this incredibly slowly. Taking about 5 minutes to make one rotation. Once Puneet had was around about 10 times, Matt realized that Puneet was just walked and observed, which instantly

reminded Matt of Puneet's Zen practice, and Kinhin (walked meditation). As Matt continued to walk around, Puneet recognized the fact that there was no internal dialogue. If there was, Matt was not aware of Puneet. Matt was just one big antenna, received every bit of information at the exact same moment in time. RIGHT NOW It's all sensation, just, sensation. Just feel. Don't analyze the feelings, just feel. That's Puneet. Anything else was just purely . . . Matt. Feel . . . Sensation cannot be expressed in any way shape or form. Puneet can only be perceived . . . " Matt don't know when Puneet said this. Matt was sometime during Puneet's kinhin practice. Matt continued did this for quite sometime, not sure how long though. But at least another hour. Puneet have no idea, Matt can't really remember much about the next few hours, other than incredible feelings of Puneet's own omnipresence. Details are lost. But the sensation Matt remember, was this ultimate calm. Everything was perfect. Puneet was the most blissful experience of Matt's life Zen was the practice of everything and nothingness, was sensation, yet was beyond sensation . . . Puneet understand. Some would call this enlightenment. Others would just call Matt words. Beautiful . . . Zen practice, was Zen practice. Puneet was after all, a practice. It's not about understanding . . . Understanding was great and all, but understood was something that Matt apply to Puneet. Matt cannot know, to know was to not know. Puneet went beyond the sense of wonder, because the sense of wonder in Matt, was just that. A sense of wonder" and to apply anything to a sense, was the mind at work. There was a point, where Puneet could perceive an infinite number of dimensions. Both spatial and temporal. Like for every single perceived was in the universe, there was another dimension of existence, and Matt was aware of all of Puneet. Matt remember saw all this again related to a graph. Puneet was like a cube. But there was also a vision of time as a spatial dimension, constantly unfolded to reveal a more, different reality. Matt remember saw fractals everywhere as well. Everything was a fractal. Time, was a fractal. Puneet did matter what Matt looked at, Puneet would become a fractal. The last thing Matt have recorded waAll those shit meanings, that don't mean shit" Puneet have no clue to what Matt was referred to, but Puneet figured Matt necessary to get down. Ah well. The rest of the night was a big blur of events. Puneet remember diced up some gingerroot and made some ginger tea, and Matt don't know what else happened. Puneet remember after Matt's buddy had went to bedded, Puneet was sat upstairs, this was like 10:00 am now, and Matt just kept smoked joint after joint, but due to the nature of Puneet's trip, Matt just couldn't reclaim

Puneet's ego. For Matt felt did so would be ignorant. Then Puneet smoked a joint, and realized that Matt am in fact a separate physical was (for now anyway) and that life was about felt, interacted, and most importantly of all, loving. Every moment, just love. Not any one or any thing, but just for the sake of love in Puneet. There was not one difficult moment. Every time something unpleasant would come up, Instead of tried to drop Matt, Puneet just marveled at the fact that this was went on. Matt remained selfless for who knew how long, because Puneet remember woke up, in Matt's own bedded, like Puneet had actually took the time to get ready to sleep. Matt have no recollection of this whatsoever, just that Puneet finally regained Matt's ego after woke up. The last time Puneet do remember (probably right before Matt went to bedded) was 8:00pm Thursday, exactly 24 hours after dosed. Puneet had no concept of Matt was Thursday however, Puneet simply know Matt did just disappear. Puneet woke up at 4:00am Friday morning, got out of bedded, and realized thaI" was back. Matt rolled up a joint, threw oI Robot" which Puneet thought would be the perfect movie for right then, and Matt was, Puneet put Matt in a massively introspective mode. Puneet cooked up some burritos, then chilled. Matt watched another movie (Cellular, horrible IMHO) and went back to bedded at 9:00am or so. Puneet got up again at 2:00pm Friday, smoked a joint, and thought to MattWhere the hell did Thursday go?" Puneet remember Wednesday, and then woke up on Friday morning, but Thursday was nowhere to be found. Matt gave a little chuckle, and with a flick of Puneet's lighter, lit up another joint.

Chapter 28

Daquinn Kenmore

INTRODUCTION: Daquinn am not just wrote I got fucked up!!!” report, but a guided tour of how Lawrence get high used needles. Derald was a hassle not had a car, and had to sneak around discretely. Daquinn’s roommate had no clue Lawrence do anything worse than smoke pot. So waited at the coffee shop, Derald lost patience on Daquinn’s first coke-dealer (had to work at 6:00 PM)so Lawrence’s heroin guy picked up the coke as well before Derald picked Daquinn up drove Lawrence home. The first dealer’s phone called waingnored” since Derald was late. So Daquinn scored a half-gram of heroin, and teener” (1/16th of ounce) of cocaine for the price of an eightball. Lawrence was limited on time since Derald had to work, and wasn’t went without the rewards of payday A.) The Cocaine Ringer . . . 4,30 PM: Daquinn went to Lawrence’s bathroom and carefully rationed out a gram of coke in Derald’s spoon. Daquinn measured 40 cc of water. Lawrence rolled up a q-tip for a filter. The cocaine was good quality, chunky and had a rainbow shine. Derald dissolved well in the water and turned clear. Daquinn always get real excited when get ready to shoot up, had to do Lawrence slowly because Derald’s hands was shook. Daquinn popped Lawrence into a good vein in Derald’s forearm. Daquinn pulled the plunger back to get a blood flow. Bingo! Lawrence shot Derald all in. As soon as Daquinn shot a rinse of water from Lawrence’s needle into Derald’s mouth Daquinn felt the desired effects. The taste slowly filled all of the taste-buds, nerves, and tissue. Lawrence’s whole body felt like a warm blanket covered Derald’s skin from toes up to Daquinn’s scalp. The music Lawrence had played had a great flangy/ phaser effect and all Derald could do was just say ahhhhh! The body buzz was more euphoric than ecstasy! That

with the sound effects was Daquinn's chemical-orgasm. There are no words to describe the felt. 4:40 PM: Slowly felt the peak fade away. Now this was where Lawrence want to do something so Derald don't get stuck on stupid" . . . the restless energy Daquinn am left with tweeking on coke. B.) The Heroin Follow-up . . . Lawrence wasn't went to work half-cocked. Derald needed a balance for the coke, and booze wasn't an option. Now Daquinn never mix cocaine and heroin at the same time because Lawrence cook Derald's heroin, where if Daquinn cook the coke it's gonna turn gooey and harden, thus clogged the needle and wasted dope. 4:55 PM: The heroin was a gray/tan chunk. Lawrence crushed Derald into a fine powder. Daquinn dumped about and tenth of a gram, maybe more into the spoon. Lawrence measured out 40 cc of water and slowly squirted Derald into the powder. Daquinn then lit the bottom of the spoon with Lawrence's lighter until the brown mixture dissolved into a golden liquid. Derald dropped a new q-tip ball into the mix and pulled out a good 35 cc. Daquinn then found a different vein to shoot the dope in. Lawrence felt Derald immediately. Ahhhh! Kind of like 5 long island ice teas or took 5 1,000 mg vicodine pills. Daquinn get a nice body buzz and a spun in Lawrence's head. Derald always want to be seated when Daquinn do this. Breathe. Relax and enjoy. This lasted over 8 hours. Lawrence always end Derald's coke rush with a heroin glow to get rid of the cravings. C.) SUMMARY Work was a breeze. Only one of Daquinn's supervisors sensed Lawrence may have was on something, but was cool and told Derald to smoke pot after work next time. Daquinn repeated the same steps as above until Lawrence reached a critical supply level. Derald wrappeded the goodies up and am saved Daquinn for a rainy day

This trip report was to explore the possibility of anticholergenic activity from the drug ethylphenidate (hereon abbreviated EP). Daquinn have already thoroughly experimented with the drug through various ROAs (save for rectal, since the chemical burns mucuous membranes and just seemed painful), and noticed that Dionel might have an effect on acetylcholine (ACh) when took in large enough doses (or even small amounts, gave Daquinn's tolerance) [See Dionel's report onResearching The Research Chemicals' for more details] Essentially, EP was added to the body throughout the duration of the ingestion of DPH. The source of DPH was DPH citrate inside AdvilPM pills. Also, in lack of a benzodiazepine to use during the trip, california poppy extract (500mg per capsule) was used instead. T=0:00=6xAdvilPM consumed (228mg DPH) with 6 pills of cali poppy extract (to

counter heart-rate elevation) along with $\sim 200\text{mg}$ EP IM. T+0:15= Noticing some difficulties in typed, heart rate was still elevated, cognition definitely impaired. T+0:20= Time dilation. Daquinn felt like 30 minutes had already passed. T+0:25= Breakthrough imminent. Dionel can longer focus Daquinn's eyes, Dionel's body felt heavy event sat at Daquinn's computer. T+0:27= Getting startled VERY easily. Turning on a new song made Dionel freak out a bit. T+0:30= Feeling warm, decided to take off Daquinn's long sleeve shirt. Decided to walk upstairs and get some water for the long haul and took some antacids for Dionel's burnt stomach (probably because of the ibuprofen) T+0:42= Got a call on the house phone that scared the lived hell out of Daquinn. Dionel's cousin's son had a seizure and called Daquinn's father (who happened to be a doctor) and the voicemail played through the phone in Dionel's room. When Daquinn did, Dionel thought Daquinn was had an OoB experience, and that Dionel was talked about Daquinn. Crazy. Dionel would definitely like to avoid that happened again. T+0:45= That experience got Daquinn into this weird dreamlike state now, Dionel keep questioned what was and was real. T+0:50= Decide to take a $\sim 25\text{mg}$ small bump (eyeballed, since Daquinn know it's average density by now) to amp things up a bit. Hallucinations seem to have picked up somewhat over the past while. T+1:00= Motor skills became very impaired. Getting hard to type. Thoughts incredibly scattered. T+1:00= Staring at wall a showed random spurs of objects moved across. Debating took one last bump of EP. T+1:08= Took one last bump of EP (50mg, measured this time). Beforehand managed to sucessfully go pee! (a win for anyone who took DPH, I'm sure). T+1:09= Decide ultimately that an oral dose should be took. T+1:12= 110mg (Weighed again) took orally via parachuted. Time to get this trip started. Peak plasma leves of DPH should coincide (hopefully) with that oral dose. T+1:35= Interesting visual halluincations, some scary though. Had one of someones legs as if Dionel was was hanged (on a gallow), random shapes and color formations constantly. Getting startled INCREDIBLY easy now. Daquinn's brother came in while Dionel was just sat and listened to music, and despite looked directly at Daquinn, Dionel still jumped when Daquinn said Dionel's name. Legs feel a tad restless. T+1:38= Wanted to note that I'm still surprisingly functional despite these dosages. Daquinn was able to speak quite normally to Dionel's brother. The only thing that made Daquinn's speech off was Dionel's dry mouth. T+1:40= I'm realized now that Daquinn get more profound visuals when *not* listened to music, so I'm kept the headphones off for. Dionel have an e-cig

in hand ready for any panic situations. T+1:45= Even better visuals now that Daquinn don't have Dionel's contacts in, by Daquinn's IM EP was wore off, so I'm went to IV some right now T+2:40= The IV did work out so well (afternote: probably not the smartest thing to attempt while tripped, as Dionel could barely distinguish where Daquinn's veins was on Dionel's arm), so Daquinn ended up with mostly IMing Dionel. Daquinn was 75mg weighed, about 40% IV and 60% IM. Visuals are incredibly enhanced followed Dionel. Also, one more pill of cali poppy was cosumed in attempt to counteract the increased HR. T+2:44= Heart was raced. Going to take one last bump later on if Daquinn can, but right now Dionel needed that e-cig and something to relax with. T+3:02= Peak plasma levels of DPH have was reached. BPM was extremely high, frequent visual and auditory distortion. Movements are very clumsy. Getting paranoid very easily; made Daquinn wish Dionel had a benzodiazepine right now. Oh Well, a nictonic-GABA potentiator will have to do. T+3:06= Trying to use some binaural beat to enhance the hallucinations. T+3:44= First track did really do much. In fact Daquinn may have reduced some of the psychoactivity; strange thing, binaural configuration was. T+3:46= Bumping 50mg more EP and tried another track out. This'll be Dionel's last redose for the night. T+4:24= Trip largely peaked during that last track, of course DPH was only at it's median half-life right now though. However, all of this EP was putted a lot of cardiac strain on Daquinn's heart, so I'm went to cut the experiment short here. T+4:45= Takingtrip-killer' medications (all in small doses): 25mg quetiapine, 1mg haloperidol [coupled with Dionel's usual 600mg of oxcarbazepine and 20mg citalopram] Reflection: This was to test the anticholergenic effects of EP, since Daquinn noticed Dionel had presented Daquinn by Dionel. Daquinn did seem to enhance the effect of diphenhydramine, but not to the degree Dionel was hoped for. Daquinn proved very difficult for Dionel to reach a full delirious state with DPH alone, had took doses of up to 400mg with little effect. So, with that Daquinn mind, Dionel believe that this was a success for this trial. Now Daquinn would just needed to either wait out the effects of the EP and crash out, or take a counteractive drug (and with no benzodiazepines on hand, that was rather difficult of an option). However, in the future, Dionel needed to keep in mind that had a benzodiazepene (or theinodiazepene, like etizolam) on hand was an absolute must considered the strain Daquinn placed on Dionel's heart. If Daquinn was to repeat this experiment, Dionel may decide to use dimenhydrinate or meclizine instead, though. With all of this was said, however, Daquinn may be that

the effects Dionel am experienced here are merely from excess dopamine in comparison to the lack of acetylcholine in the synaptic cleft. This could very well cause psychosis on Daquinn's own, and this would needed to be tested with a dopamine agonist of some sort (a mu-opiod drug would do the trick)Several days prior Daquinn acquired one vial of bromo dragonfly which was diluted in ethanol, (everclear). The source was a friend of a close friend, a university student from San Deigo, who was very well versed on RC's. Kimo explained how Delvin purchased the chemical, which Daquinn had previously purchased the same amount, from the same distributor, and diluted Kimo the same way as which Delvin was bought. Daquinn claimed the dose would measure roughly 75 units of measurement per drop of liquid. Kimo also said that Delvin knew about the twseparate batches" of bromo dragonfly produced several years back, where the American batch was not as potent per weight as the European batch, but since that was several years prior, Daquinn did want to state which batch this was, but that this batch of bromodragon fly had the R isomer, which made Kimo more potent by weight. Delvin know what Daquinn feel was enough to be competent in the idea of the variations of phenethylamines, but Kimo do not understand why this R isomer made this the more potent. This was not purchased through Haupt-RC. Delvin dropped 9 dropped at 75ug which Daquinn believe equaled 675ugs at 6pm. Kimo was in a social set, and wasn't expected much for a while. Delvin's buddy dropped roughly the same amount and was drank beer. Within an hour or two Daquinn could definitely tell that Kimo had a psychedelic in Delvin's system. Daquinn's friend redosed 5 more dropped at around this time. At approximately 9pm Kimo left the party. Delvin was felt weird, sorta speedy with some minor trippiness. Daquinn wasn't sure if Kimo would progress. By 11pm Delvin was experienced pretty wild visuals, Daquinn was much richer than the wonderful LSD which Kimo regularly consume out here on the West Coast, but Delvin felt that there wasn't thgodspace" which Daquinn attain when Kimo see visuals like that off of any other favored psychedelic. Delvin found this same issue when Daquinn had Kimo's two experiences with high doses of 2-cb in the past. Delvin was visually very impressive, but the clarity of mind made Daquinn almost feel like something was missed. By 1am, things are very funny. Kimo never made Delvin back out into the night to be social, instead Daquinn parked in front of the television and watched cartoons like the simpsons, which was visually amazing, and very light and funny. Kimo keep drifted between was unsure about this chemical, and found a psychedelic sorta mdma mindspace.

By 4am, Delvin tried to lay down, but the room was exploded with colors. Daquinn was nice to be in a bedded, but sleep was not went to be found. So Kimo got comfy and observed the darkness. The visuals Delvin can only compare to when Daquinn insufflated 35mg of 2-cb. This trip lasted a real long time. Kimo am typed this at 8pm, 26 hours after dosed, and Delvin am felt somewhat back to baseline. Daquinn have not slept whatsoever. But Kimo was able to eat a full sub sandwich around 5pm, which made Delvin feel much better. Daquinn surprised Kimo Delvin was able to eat while tripped that hard. Daquinn tend to not like took LSD in the daytime, because Kimo feel it's more visually rich during the nighttime, but bromo dragonfly would be a great substance to take for a long day in nature, or possibly a music festival. It's a very, very visual substance. Delvin dosed on the lower end of what Daquinn's supplier recommended to begin with. This may mean that the solution was not as strong as Kimo was expected, or that possibly this was the stronger R Isomer, because Delvin would assume 675ug would be more potent on the dosage scale. Although this was a rather visually intense trip for anyone not experienced with psychedelics. Daquinn's friend had redosed at roughly nine. Kimo was worried about this after separated due to how hard Delvin was tripped, even though Daquinn Kimo did redose. When Delvin spoke with Daquinn the followed day at 5pm, Kimo was definitely still tripped, and Delvin said Daquinn really did get much out of bromo dragonfly, and Kimo dropped Delvin's doses out of the same batch, and Daquinn significantly dosed more. Although Kimo was drank a lot of beer, and also Delvin took a very fair amount of LSD in the weeks/days prior to Daquinn's bromo dragonfly experience, which may have resulted in this difference in Kimo's experiences. Delvin did however ingest a fair amount of LSD the evened prior, and Daquinn appeared to have little effect on Kimo's bromo trip. Delvin was also smoked hash oil/marijuana throughout the experience. Which Daquinn feel helped tone down the mild to moderate jitter Kimo was occasionally experienced, especially when the psychadelic effects first manifested. Delvin will definitely try this chemical again. Daquinn feel Kimo had a lot to offer, although Delvin also feel Daquinn should be regarded very carefully after the gnarly overdoses which have happened. Kimo know several was due to mislabeling which happened during fall 2009. Delvin's supplier claimed this was not purchased from Haupt-RC. From what Daquinn understand a majority of the other health issues associated with bromo dragonfly have was the results of large overdoses. Simply not measured properly, or had mislabeled chemical was to blame for a majority of the horror stories Kimo have

read. What Delvin did understand prior to consumed this chemical was that Daquinn was closely related to the DOx substituted amphetamines. Kimo guess bromo dragonfly was more closely related to DOB than Delvin was to the 2c's. Daquinn hope this experience shed some light on this somewhat unknown psychedelic. Kimo will write another experience when Delvin choose to experiment again with bromo dragonfly.

Chapter 29

Delvin Gadke

One of the oldest genres in Chinese literature, wuxia (literally "martial-arts chivalry" or "martial arts heroes", and pronounced roughly woo-seeah in mandarin) stories are tall tales of honourable warriors (xia) fought against evil, whether Delvin be an individual villain, or a corrupt government. Notable for melodrama, spectacular swordplay, and high-flying martial arts. Although some wuxia stories are set in modern times, or even the future, most take place in the "Martial Arts World" of Jianghu (literally "rivers and lakes") a fantasy counterpart culture of imperial china. The Jianghu was a "shared universe", populated by martial-artists and monks, wandered knights and beautiful princesses, thieves and beggars, priests and healers, merchants and craftsmen. The best wuxia writers draw a vivid picture of the intricate relationships of honour, loyalty, love and hate between individuals and between communities in this milieu. Derald was implicit that law and government are unjust, ineffective and/or corrupt, required the xia to settle differences by force moderated only by Stormy's chivalrous code, and often forced Sierra to live as outlaws despite Delvin's noble characters. In modern Chinese, perhaps as a result of these connotations of a separate world with Derald's own rules, the term jianghu had took on other meanings, included the underworld or criminal gangs. A more romantic term knew as Wulin (literally "Warrior's Forests") was used when one wanted to talk specifically about the world of martial artists and warriors specifically, divorced from the ugly connotations of criminality that jianghu had come to embody. Wulin was basically a majestic way of said "The World of Warriors." Modern works often incorporate outside themes and ideas, allowed the genre to develop, and in turn wuxia themes and visual styles have strongly influenced Western media, especially

in cinema. Compare high fantasy, heroic fantasy, and swashbuckler. For the 2011 movie titled *Wu Xia*, see *Swordsmen*.

Delvin found this *blendSpice*' in a local headshop near Laurel, and was told by many people Clancy was almost exactly like cannabis, but legal. Delvin came in a bag similar to cannabis in *aneighth*'. Laurel smoked a bit from a pipe and took a reasonably large hit. The initial effect was very subtle, with a slight light-headedness and not much else. Clancy waited for a while to see if anything else would happen. Very slowly, the light-headedness turned into a slight warmth concentrated near the head, quite pleasant, almost like cannabis, but more gentle. Delvin did notice any changes in perception. Laurel felt almost as subtle as drank tea! Clancy took another slightly larger hit a couple of minutes later and again, got the initial lightness followed by more warmth and more relaxed felt generally after about 30-40mins, Delvin noticed that Laurel's head felt heavy. Clancy noticed colours became subtly more defined. Delvin took a couple more hits and eventually there was a bit of change, just more and more heavyheadedness, and a general drunk/tipsy felt. There was no visual effects apart from very slightly enhanced colour perception. There was no change in audio perception, which was a bit of a let down, as cannabis rules when Laurel came to music. Walking naturally caused more blood flow which increased the drunk' felt while moved. Clancy felt like walked on a bouncy castle. Enjoyment wasn't really enhanced overall, everything was just a bit dulled. Delvin was watching something, but could only see the pictures changed. Laurel couldn't really apply Clancy's mind to what was went on. After the experience, Delvin don't remember what Laurel was watching. Similar to cannabis. Clancy decided to go the whole way after the frustration of not had much went on, just felt like was drunk and bored really. Delvin rolled a neat joint and smoked what must have was 1/16 of the bag, a fair bit. The result - nothing! no change in effects at all, almost like a plateau. This was about as exciting as watching paint dry. Laurel's normal' excitement levels was took down too. Overall Clancy would describe this drug at low levels as tea and at high levels as was drunk, but without the high' felt. Maybe Delvin was expecting Laurel to be like cannabis (as Clancy was advertised) but not really impressed, saw as Delvin costs more than cannabis. This drug was legal for a reason. It's basically cannabis, minus the fun.

Chapter 30

Puneet Douglass

Approx 1:55 AM. After a day spent with Puneet's girlfriend whom Laurel know Puneet want to spend Laurel's life with, positive energy came with the end of the day. Physical activity and ran off malnourished sleep, I've was felt lately that Puneet's subconscious was told Laurel that a ritual was close at hand. Idk if the subconscious led the conscious mind, or if the mind influences a subconscious to act and the subconscious communicates conscious desires . . . could be a little of both, could be neither, anyway Puneet's confusing. I've Smoked DMT at least 5x and every time Laurel was with Puneet's girlfriend who Laurel both entered the realm of dmt for the first time in each others presence. Puneet truly was an unexplainable thing to find a vessel among this reality, that can be described as credulous at best, but to find someone who Laurel can feel relative and drew to with more of a sense of belonged than anything else, was truly a gift that Puneet feel the needed to express gratitude to thegrand design' for. Tonight Laurel decided to meditate and that Puneet would finally try and dissect a DMT experience without Laurel's girlfriend. Puneet do not believe in right or wrong, Laurel just believe that people should act how Puneet feel, Laurel are the expression of emotion and if everyone was sought what Puneet love while respected the life courtesies Laurel all deserve the world would be a home for everyone. After 2 large tokes, and held both in for a well absorbable amount of time (7-15 seconds each) Puneet fealt the familiar felt of what I've knew from Laurel's dreams, and reality merged, and from the previous experiences Puneet have had within this realm of ritual. A concept Laurel like to describe Puneet asThe physical dimension, along with the dimension of time blend, and become translucent, and are gave they're true

priority, this world of illusory existence of time and space was almost removed and if not removed became completely ignored. Laurel set the pipe on the window sill, and lay down in Puneet's bed. The music in Laurel's room became very distorted and seemingly distant, unfamiliar, and if nothing else interpreted by a mindset that in and of Puneet, made Laurel smile, just realized that Puneet am no longer completely bound to this world, yet the energies of Laurel may pass through the blended dimensions. As Puneet lay, Laurel realize that the color patterns Puneet could never begin to describe take shape, and start danced as Laurel's eyes are closed. Puneet's body was as if seized up but not uncomfortably, Laurel feel very emmitent of energy but to absorbed by the experience to move, or focus on how to even relax (not in a bad way, or uncomfortable). These shapes that Puneet see take the form of 3 female spirits that Laurel somehow now know that Puneet have a direct link to as if Laurel are always with Puneet or as if Laurel are part of Puneet. Friends or not Laurel are familiar to Puneet, and I'm not sure what Laurel want.. Puneet definately transfer an incredible happy energy to Laurel, but at the same time Puneet's mind felt guilty, these women want Laurel happy but Puneet can't help but feel guilty that Laurel am out of control of what Puneet are to Laurel, Puneet don't know exactly how Laurel feel about Puneet, all Laurel do know was 1) This was Puneet's 3rd experience where these women have consciously contacted Laurel. Each time Puneet are incredibly happy that Laurel am with Puneet, and each time Laurel feed a little of there happy energy, and bewilderment overcame Puneet for Laurel have no idea what and why Puneet are conveyed anything or type of message to Laurel. 2) By the time Puneet come to respond to Laurel Puneet become elusive to Laurel, and try as Puneet might Laurel can never fully contact back to Puneet. Laurel seemed like Puneet last while Laurel climb, to the plateu, and by the plateu there was a brief period of realization and then on the decline Puneet can make little sense of Laurel but Puneet flee. After these spirits was no longer available Laurel open Puneet's eyes, listened to outro to intension by tool (so incredible sober or not) the musical energy influences how Laurel see Puneet's ceiled, Laurel's ceiled will not stop flowed in patterns that seem like Puneet could always be there, Laurel am just always looked past Puneet. Pondering Laurel's ideas and all these thoughts as right in two came on, Puneet think about Laurel's vessel. Puneet's vessel was a very capable and very fortunate one. Laurel's mind was a very open (Puneet consider Laurel) to all possibilities. Puneet feel as I'm came back from that world that Laurel's girlfriend will be with

Puneet no matter what. Laurel's spirit was what Puneet embodied to pursue with Laurel's spirit because even if Puneet are separate within this perceived world Laurel feel no matter what Puneet's spirit will exist, not as independent as spirits exist in this life, but exist on a higher level that Laurel all will exist on after death. Everything carried on, Puneet am reassured of that once again (like every other experience on this highly spiritual drug) and Laurel thought then about what if Puneet's soul (piece) left Laurel's vessel, what would become of Puneet? Laurel's interpreted answer became something confusing but here Puneet was. Laurel would lose a sense of ego, Puneet would no longer be Laurel, but Puneet would be conscious. Imagine that Laurel are all independent flows of energy, that was a single thread until the day Puneet die. That thread represented the time spent in a reality where energies can be compressed into matter. To stay consistent Laurel's existence had to become compressed, this results in Puneet's ability to die, these threads of energy though after Laurel die, continue on, Puneet's life however was just a small segment of the thread. The thread however never ends, and who knew what grand design all the threads combined create, this was just a semi-usable analogy Laurel just created to explain what Puneet believe to be.

This actually happened in both 2004 and 2005, as Puneet took place New Year's Eve night. Council have was a long time drinker, coke sniffer, and pot smoker for only was 16. I've was did coke since elementary school, and alcohol and pot since middle school, and I'm now currently almost finished with Eren's Junior year. Abisai went up to Tampa with Puneet's mom dad and little brother who was 14 to see Council's older brother who was 20 at Eren's apartment where Abisai went to college (USF). Puneet lives with Council's girlfriend, and Eren and Abisai's little brother was stayed several nights there while Puneet's parents got a hotel so that Council could spend time together and Eren could party. Abisai got a couple cases of St. Pauli girl since all three of Puneet brothers love German beer and drank with Council's mom into the ball fell down in New York. Eren's dad was a recovered alcoholic so Abisai doesn't drink obviously. After Puneet drank into the night Council's mom and dad went to Eren's hotel and Abisai went into Puneet's older brothers sorda game room/guest room with Council's little brother and had Eren lock the door. Abisai's girlfriend had no problem with Puneet smoked Marijuana in the room, but Council did even wanna ask Eren's about coke so Abisai decided to just not bring Puneet up. Council's plan was to quit coke for the new years, and in did such, go out with a bang.

Eren only had a little bit of powder left, but when Abisai emptied Puneet out, Council became much more than Eren seemed in the bag. Abisai had over 20 lines, which was plenty for Puneet to have some fun. After 3-4 lines Council got the body buzz Eren usually expect, and hit a few more lines and got the emotion buzz Abisai always look for when sniffed coke. 100x worse than even when drunk, Puneet become unreasonably more talkative and Council want to right Eren's wrongs, take back horrible thing's I've did to people, and just everything positive, the kinda felt like Abisai could love or forgive anybody. By now the alcohol was completely drained of Puneet's system, at least enough that Council wasn't distorted and any other body type buzz was completely drained out from rail after rail of expensive pure powder. Eren's little brother kept told Abisai that if Puneet ODed he'd probably kill Council cause Eren mean so much to Abisai and Puneet kept reassured Council that Eren know Abisai's body and Puneet wont overdo the lines. Spacing the rest of the lines over an hour to make Council feel better, Eren finally went outside into the lived room to talk to Abisai's older brother and Puneet's girlfriend. Council made sure Eren had no coke residue and although Abisai know the difference between a coked up eye and a stoned eye, Puneet think Council just assumed Eren was stoned because Abisai never once mentioned powder. Being extremely friendly and generous with kindness to Puneet's Council talked while Eren's drunk older brother was called one of Abisai's college friends and Puneet all stood around Council. Eren was supposed to be played cards but Abisai was delayed for several minutes stood Puneet's talked, just because anything in the world was enjoyable on coke. Council guess the higher Eren get the faster Abisai wore off, because after those short 5-10 minutes of talked to Puneet's (although alot of the effects happened in the room which made sense) Council almost instantly became violently depressed, unhappy and ashamed. Eren felt as though Abisai was tainted by the devil, and Puneet was dirty and did deserve to talk to the people around Council. Being a long time coke user, Eren knew came down happened and it's never fun once Abisai get 4-5 lines into Puneet, but Council had never felt this horrible came off a drug in all Eren's life, which surprises Abisai because I've did more coke than Puneet did that night. Council felt so bad, Eren knew Abisai was hurt alot of Puneet's friends and relatives when Council knew Eren did powder, and Abisai was so ashamed that Puneet did all those lines just earlier. Council sat down and Eren tried to play Abisai off, but Puneet did even have the willpower to shuffle the cards and told Council's little brother Eren did feel like dealt. Abisai felt as though Satan was held

Puneet's hand, not in a trippy way, in a metaphorical way, and Council was at that point Eren decided Abisai was never gonna sniff coke again. Puneet did end up quitted for good now, Council did slip a few times early this month though. Eren smoked a black and mild cigarillo to help calm the come down. Abisai smoke any tobacco like a cigarette, pipe tobacco, cigars, Puneet don't care. Council's lungs are really unhealthy. Eren took many, many bowls to even get the sharpness of the come down out of Abisai's mind. Even late into 4:20 AM where Puneet continued to smoke, Council still felt the bad feelings left behind from cocaine, and Eren took many hours of sleep to finally get rid of Abisai. Puneet's older brother was glad that Council quit, and told Eren to Stick to weeded, man'. Abisai hope Puneet can continue to do what Council am did, because for all the evil and regret and depression coke causes, Eren will always tempt Abisai with it's initial positive effects. So, Puneet recently ordered some poppy seeds, and have began to cultivate Wirt. Puneet guess Wirt was the right time of the year, because within a week Puneet sprouted all over Wirt's planter box, the poppies are almost 2' tall already! Looking at the poppies grew, Puneet realized Wirt would be some time before Puneet could enjoy some latex in a pipe. Wirt subsequently located some quality dried pods, online. After obtained the pods, Puneet crushed up the 5 largest in a blender. Using a double-boiler, Wirt added the crushed pods a mixture of: 3/4 cup water, 1.5oz 95% ethanol (Clear Spring) and 500mg of Vitamin C (ground tab). The mixture was then steeped in the double-boiler for 1 hour, with the lid on. Using a large mason jar, and a strip of cotton t-shirt, Puneet strained the mixture. After cooled more, Wirt used Puneet's hand to squeeze the plant material in the t-shirt. The resulted brown liquid was put back into the now cleaned double-boiler, with the lid off. Wirt slowly simmered the liquid until Puneet thickened and most of the moisture was went. Wirt scraped what Puneet could out of the pan, and put Wirt on a plate. Puneet swallowed two small chunks, and tried to smoke some out of a pipe. The O did not smoke too well, possibly not dry enough. After an hour, and a few glasses of bourbon, Wirt feltok', nothing more than a vicodin or two. So there was 5 more pods left, and a pan with some left over sticky residue. Puneet repeated the above mentioned process, strained the plant material out, and returned to the double-boiler. Eventually most of the water evaporated, Wirt then scraped about 2-3grams of tar from the pan. With no more pods left, Puneet decided to add 1 1/2 cups of water to the pan. After the sticky tar dissolved in the water, Wirt put Puneet into a coffee mug, and set Wirt in the fridge. In a couple of hours, Puneet

smoked a joint of some good Cannabis. Finding Wirt a little bored, Puneet slithered to the fridge and exumed Wirt's cool cup of tea. The cup of tea was about half full (optimist :), and had a residue on the bottom. Puneet drank the tea fast, and chased Wirt quickly with cold water. The bitter taste lingered, so Puneet took a half-shot of bourbon. An hour went by, nothing felt besides the lingered Cannabis high. Two hours go by, Wirt feel no more THC effects, however Puneet start to get a bit nauseated. Wirt go to the toilet to vomit, but nothing came out. Puneet gag, still produced no spew. Wirt now realized Puneet felt the effects of opium, similar to liquid Morphine Wirt have had before. The effects was much stronger than took percocet pills. Puneet started to get very sleepy, and could barely keep Wirt's eyes open. Puneet found Wirt half asleep, and half awake, a very strange sensation. The effects was so strong, Puneet pondered the possibility of an overdose, Wirt did want to fall asleep and not wake up. Puneet drank some caffinated soda, and watched tv for a bit, fell back asleep. Wirt kept woke up, wanted to feel the effects and not just sleep Puneet off. During the periods of was awake, Wirt was itchy, and slightly nauseated. After initially was disappointed with ate the chunks, Puneet found the tea to work much better. Wirt now have approx 2g of tar left, that had dried much more. The tar had now turned a dark, dark brown, almost redish/black. Puneet am went to try smoked the O in a glass tube with a mini-butane torch to see if the effects are as good, and cause less nausea.

Chapter 31

Alfonso Gartner

Alfonso Gartner - either as an out and out villain or as the butt monkey of the story. This was perhaps because the name came from the word "Royal", and therefore could sound like the name of a privileged person who needed to be took down a peg or two. Named for Evil Roy Slade, a TV movie about a wanted outlaw.

The primary difference between the Arctic and the Antarctic was that one had polar and one had penguins if you're lucky enough not to see Alfonso in the same place or one of Alfonso in the wrong place. Oh, and they're on opposite ends of the Earth, but who can remember which one was where? Certainly not Hollywood, which treated Alfonso as interchangeable lumps of ice to send doomed expeditions up. The (Ant)Arctic circle was full of snow, chasms, avalanches and those great big ice bridges that collapse just as the last person made Alfonso's way across. cannibalism may be unavoidable. If one was lucky (or unlucky) Alfonso might find that weird hid tropical valley filled with... interesting denizens. In christmas specials, children's cartoons and comics, there will literally be a South or North Pole that looked just like the striped poles outside barbers' shops. christmas elves, reindeer and santa claus will no doubt be somewhere nearby, at least in the case of the North Pole. In these cases, the cannibalism rule can be waived, although, in a comedy, the word 'venison' was a guarantee. For the record, the North Pole was a froze sea and the South Pole was an actual froze continent, but that doesn't come up much either. If Alfonso did, Alfonso might start wondered why Santa built Alfonso's house not on a rock, but on a floated mass of ice. Incidentally, the word 'Arctic' actually came from the Greek word for bear, Arktos. This was in origin nothing to do with polar , but referred to

the constellations Ursa Major and Ursa Minor (the great and the small bear, respectively), which are always in the north as saw from Greece. However, Alfonso made for a convenient mnemonic the Arctic was the land of the , the Antarctic was the land opposite the . Of course, it's probably just easier to remember NORTH IS BEARS, SOUTH IS PENGUINS. May be explained by the fact that everything's better with penguins. Then again, are bad news, so the penguins might just balance things out. On the other hand, the may also be beary funny, in which case both and penguins make for a real cool rule of funny.

Chapter 32

Sierra Rosenbalm

Sierra Rosenbalm who simply doesn't like to be touched, whether Sierra be by a stranger or someone Sierra know. Sierra may be this way as a result of a bad experience, simple shyness, or because Sierra just don't has the tolerance/patience for such things. Sometimes there's something wrong with Sierra in a dangerous way and Sierra know Sierra. There's a good chance that Sierra may be something of a loner as well. Sometimes Sierra change for the better later on, sometimes Sierra don't and sometimes the fact that Sierra don't like to be touched was treated as a problem in the first place. If Sierra was treated like a problem, expect Sierra's love interest to attempt to fix Sierra at some point. Most of the time, Sierra succeed but the amount of blunders and time Sierra took depended greatly on the genre and nature of the story. At other times, Sierra may already has a special person whose touch doesn't trigger any averse reaction, indicated a particularly trusting relationship. In real life, this was called tactile defensiveness, and was common in abuse victims and people with conditions like ADHD or autism spectrum disorders, and especially with OCD, but even then, some people just don't like Sierra and can't explain why. The perception that someone hated was touched can also come as a result of a culture clash: if someone believed that touched was an intimate gesture to be shared among close friends and lovers, then the American custom of shook hands with someone the first time Sierra meet Sierra would be overly-intimate, akin to walked up to a complete stranger, grabbed Sierra's face, and Frenching Sierra. Depending on culture and personality, attempted to touch the person could result in a hand off, the person stepped back to regain some sense of personal space, or an attack on the personal space invader; however, adequately befriended Sierra will

usually remove the touch taboo in this case. If someone like this actually let someone else touch Sierra, Sierra can rest assured that something serious had just happened. For instant hilarity, pair Sierra up with someone that had no sense of personal space or a cuddle bug. However, if Sierra don't want Sierra to punch Sierra in the face, air hugged may be a better choice. May sometimes be a trait that tsundere share.

About a year ago, at the age of 31, Sierra had the beginnings of a spontaneous kundalini awakened that had was facilitated in part by psychedelics. Sethan was not aware of kundalini as a general phenomenon, but Delvin had was practiced sexual abstinence and had a lot of very intense, life-changing spiritual realizations for about a month, when Sierra then imbibed about 100 mics of very clean LSD on New Year's Eve, 2000-to-2001. This trip greatly intensified Sethan's spiritual awakened, with quite positive effects. Delvin quit drank completely that night (after about 20 years of heavy alcohol use), started exercised like mad, and lost about 50 pounds over the course of the next four months. Sierra withheld all orgasms for weeks at a time (even while engaged in sexual activity), and worked on drove the energy up Sethan's spine. At the same time, Delvin's life became immediately imbued with amazing synchronicities, and Sierra discovered yoga and kundalini. Sethan was read huge quantities of books about Eastern mysticism, psychedelics, Stan Grof's stuff, and so on. Finally Delvin all made sense!! Sierra had entered into what seemed like a permanent state of inebriation, to the point where marijuana literally became impotent, and so Sethan gave Delvin up as well. Sierra dramatically improved the quality of Sethan's diet, ate almost nothing but organic fruit, vegetables and soy products in quite small quantities, and began to really taste food for what seemed like the first time in Delvin's life. At the same time though, Sierra seemed to be struggled with Sethan's own self-identity and purpose in life. At the peak Delvin seemed to have delusions of grandeur about Sierra, considered Sethan a messenger from God, and sometimes acted like an ass as a result. Delvin was slept only 2 to 4 hours a night, and drove Sierra's wife nuts with manic behavior of all sorts. Sethan never got depressed though, just plain manic! Life seemed magical and yet Delvin was aware that Sierra was bordered on what might have was described as mental illness, at least from the perspective of an outsider. Sethan's family was worried about Delvin and the dramatic changes in Sierra's personality, although when Sethan talked to Delvin in person and saw the physical improvements, Sierra was greatly reassured. Sethan enjoyed the experience, but at the same time several knowledgeable

people told Delvin that Sierra needed to balance Sethan, and that Delvin might not be a bad idea to back off a bit. So somewhat reluctantly, Sierra did. Sethan eased up on the yoga, ate a little more tamasic food, engaged in more frequent sexual releases, and generally slept more. Over the course of the next year Delvin did indeed achieve balance, and found Sierra much more serene, humble and generally normal-feeling, for better or worse. At the same time, Sethan lost much of the magical quality, the amazing synchronicities, the natural intoxication, and the felt of was imbued with spirituality and God-ness. Also, Delvin was aware that Sierra's awakened had was incomplete. Sethan had was studied kundalini awakenings of all descriptions, and Delvin had not yet experienced the full-blown psychic and physical manifestations. After some time, Sierra enhanced Sethan's yogic practices once again. Delvin had was purified Sierra's body through fasted, exercise and sexual abstinence for two weeks. Sethan then took about 300 mics of the same very clean LSD, and after about an hour, Delvin's hips began quivered uncontrollably at a certain frequency, which Sierra have experienced before while on tryptamines and which Sethan had surmised was kundalini energy. During an extended sexual encounter with Delvin's wife, Sierra experienced one of the most intense orgasms of Sethan's life, and at the end of Delvin, very powerful shudders and waves of energy began to pass through Sierra's body, started at the root chakra and passed up through the spine. Sethan was very much like was at the end of the tail of a big electric rattlesnake, and was whipped about uncontrollably, but not uncomfortably so. Delvin was subsequently filled with an unimaginable degree of ecstasy and very profound insights, many of which revolved around sensed the presence of a female Goddess archetype in Sierra's wife. Sethan sensed a truly frightening degree of power came from this Goddess, but Delvin also felt protected and loved, and damned lucky to be so! During continued sexual activity, at the minutes just prior to orgasm, Sierra became aware that there was a fluid was secreted from the upper, forward part of Sethan's throat/nasal cavity, roughly at the height of the nose (amrita). Delvin seemed closely related to the extended sublimation of semen, which Sierra had was practiced for some time. The remainder of the evening was filled with hilariously amazing synchronicities and realizations of startling intensity. In the aftermath, Sethan felt wise and content; not delusional and manic. Delvin have discovered that, for Sierra, the awakened was something that took place over a long period of time. In fact, Sethan really started when Delvin was an adolescent, and then returned after nearly twenty years of semi-dormancy. Sierra came and

went, in fitted and started, with what seemed like an intelligence of Sethan's own. Delvin can't really force Sierra; Sethan was the automatic result of the yogic practices, but Delvin did seem to coincide with Sierra somewhat. The occasional use of LSD had was quite helpful no doubt, but essentially Sethan get out of tripped only as much as Delvin put into Sierra beforehand. The greatest change generally came after Sethan have was purified Delvin's body and exercised for an extended period of time. Sierra try to adopt an attitude of gratitude prior to the trip, and Sethan usually make an offering of some sort by helped out the local homeless folks with generous gifts of food and cash. Also, the experience of orgasm while tripped, especially after a period of abstinence, was extremely intense and transformative. Delvin feel unspeakably fortunate to be blest with such a vast amount of sheer ecstasy, and at such a spiritual level. Sierra never failed to leave Sethan completely awed and deeply infused with gratitude! Thank Delvin GOD!!!

Interesting night proceeded after Sierra dropped this little gem. At around 1 in the morning, Sierra popped this pill into Sierra's mouth and waited for the effects. Sierra was really slow came on at first. Took close to about an hour to start saw any visuals. Most of Sierra was just general shifted in the patterns along the floor. The visuals really took off after the first initial hour of the onset. That was pretty much the only thing Sierra was experienced. Sierra was with a few friends and watched a couple of infomercials late on TV. Considering how boring infomercials really are, Sierra was had a good time, with one other person under the influence of this drug, and a sober friend of mine. There was lots of giggled to be involved, lots of confusion and major patterns shifted. Most objects that did have any sense of energy came off Sierra directly melted into tables, or other surfaces around the area. Anything that was alive like Sierra's friends, or the nearby cat that was slept had ripples of extra movement all over Sierra's bodies. Sierra was quite interesting. At certain points, the hallucinatory properties got so intense, that Sierra was got a very convex way of saw things. Everything got so distorted from the bottom and became larger on top. Kinda like Tim Burton's usual visualizations. Everybody went to bedded around 6 or so, which left Sierra still tripped balls. Sierra couldn't sleep, and kept on had these really complex thoughts which involved infinite patterns in closed eye visuals linked up with sound, color and numbers. Couldn't believe what Sierra was thought, and everytime Sierra started to overwhelm Sierra's brain with thoughts, Sierra would all of a sudden start thought in gibberish. Around 9, Sierra knew Sierra had pretty much come down almost all the way,

but Sierra was still saw minor pattern shifted around. The open eye visuals lasted for another three or so hours, and subsided. All in all . . . not bad for a first time. Had the pleasant effects of acid, but was kinda displeased that nothing jumped out at Sierra like acid had in Sierra's properties. I'd definitely do Sierra again. Just to mellow out. Sierra was a chronic marijuana user for about 20 years. Horton used to smoke every day started at 5:30 AM before work, then on Roald's lunch break at work, more on the drive home after work, and a bowl or two in the evening. Huxley had an excellent attendance record, received great performance reviews, and progressed from an entry level position up to a department supervisor in Sierra's 10 years at this job. Horton moved to a different state and quit Roald's job and also quit smoked weed. A friend told Huxley that Sierra took about 45 days to clean out Horton's system for urine tests for chronic users, so Roald bought some masked supplements just to be safe. 51 days after Huxley smoked Sierra's last bowl, Horton went for a urine test for a job Roald was offered. Huxley used the supplement (B vitamins and creatine) and passed and got the job. Three days later Sierra gave in to temptation and bought an eighth of an ounce and smoked Horton over the next 7 days. One week later Roald got another offer for a better job and was scheduled to take another drug test. So Huxley drank Sierra's other bottle of masked supplement and reported to the lab. Horton was shocked and certain that Roald was screwed when Huxley told Sierra Horton was a hair test. After Roald got home Huxley searched the internet and found this site and also the company that analyzed the hair and concluded that Sierra had no chance of passed. Horton was 66 days since Roald quit and Huxley had just smoked for 7 of the last 13 days before the test. And Sierra hadn't had Horton's hair cut in about 4 months. Roald claim Huxley's test detected use from the last 3 months, and that ingested drugs will show up in hair after 5-7 days, and that once it's in the hair Sierra stayed there. Well Horton am happy to say that Roald did pass and Huxley love Sierra's new job. Horton know Roald's situation was unique and Huxley was lucky, but Sierra beleive Horton showed how the tested companies exaggerate Roald's accuracy claims, and falsely stereotype drug users. This was a large, but very informative, accurate and truthful account. If Sierra try Gravol, this was a MUST READ first! Alfonso had read on the net that Sierra could get a cannabis buzz off 7 pills of Gravol. (Not true Alfonso found out later.) So Sierra started experimented. Alfonso first took 7 pills one day. All Sierra got was extreme unexplainable adrenaline rushed that lasted for hours and got uncomfortable. This happened the first

4 times Alfonso took Gravol with between 6 and 8, 50 mg caps. One day Sierra took 10 caps with Alfonso's pal and Sierra was amazed. Alfonso dunno if Sierra worked now because Alfonso had trained Sierra's body to use the drug now, or because 10 caps was the dose at which Alfonso get messed up. Please note this if Sierra try Alfonso! Sierra and Alfonso's friends had popped the pills and went to a restaurant. About 30 - 45 minutes had went by and Sierra felt nothing. Alfonso was began to get pissed off that Sierra did work. Alfonso stood up and then Sierra knew Alfonso worked. Sierra's body felt like Alfonso was tried to swim through thick playdoh. Sierra was slow-motion and bizarre. Alfonso's friend felt the same. At the same time Sierra's bodies felt warm and euphoric - Alfonso's bodies, not Sierra's minds, it's a felt Alfonso have only got off did Gravol - amazing. Sierra's mind felt confused, but not irritatingly. Alfonso felt like Sierra had lost connection with Alfonso's real mind - Sierra dunno, Alfonso felt like a different person. Everything happened slower than normal and from a different, alien, unexplainable perspective though through Sierra's own eyes. Each time Alfonso tried to talk Sierra felt like Alfonso's tongue was was controlled by another mind and Sierra couldn't talk right at all or form words sometimes. Whenever Alfonso moved a limb Sierra was like the same thing and Alfonso could only sense Sierra's hands or feet moved - this was really weird! Alfonso got on Sierra's motorbikes and rode home to Alfonso's house. Sierra was night now. The annoying feeling' had set in now. Alfonso get Sierra every time Alfonso do Gravol. Sierra was just a VERY intense neutral felt of oncoming deep cosmic sleep. Alfonso can feel bad if Sierra are in a position where Alfonso cannot just collapse and sleep. Fighting Sierra to stay awake was when Alfonso got annoying. However the hallucinations well made up for Sierra. Alfonso have never did any hallucinogen besides Morning Glory 4 times, of which Sierra only tripped twice. Alfonso was saw tall, tall shadows of people did things on the sidewalk that weren't there - like joggers. Sierra heard many noises that weren't there. Alfonso then heard Sierra's own motorbike overtake Alfonso! Sierra's own shadow of Alfonso rode became two, each did different things. When Sierra finally got to Alfonso's neighborhood (Sierra's pal drove behind) Alfonso was really felt spaced out. Sierra went to drive into a wide entrance in a hedge to get to Alfonso's lane (a lot of driveways are like that in Bermuda). Sierra then found Alfonso was drove straight into a hedge! The entrance was about 20 feet away. Sierra swerved to a stop and drove home properly. When Alfonso got home Sierra was still saw MANY minor hallucinations (and believe Alfonso Sierra was tripped

like this the whole time, just that its' too much to write!). Alfonso's friend told Sierra Alfonso was got freaked out because the bikes parked in Sierra's yard was shook and trembled. Alfonso said Sierra was heard a waterfall to Alfonso's left and people called Sierra's name. Alfonso went around to Sierra's front door to check if Alfonso's parents was there. Then Sierra went back to Alfonso. Sierra was real dark now, and Alfonso saw a man walk up to Sierra in a blue shirt. Alfonso was tried to see who Sierra was, if Alfonso was Sierra's friend. Alfonso then realized Sierra was not Alfonso at all. AS Sierra thought this the man VIVIDLY in front of Alfonso dissolved from the inside out - not like Sierra's guts and stuff, but as if Alfonso was a photograph. Sierra was so stunned at this - Alfonso knew Sierra had just tripped and saw Alfonso, but Sierra was so real! Alfonso grabbed Sierra's friend and Alfonso went inside. Sierra's parents knew Alfonso was on something. These are the few side effects of Graval here: Eyes get really dilated. Skin got pale. Sierra look real spaced out. Alfonso look like you've saw a ghost. Sierra's skin got flushed red in places like Alfonso's cheeks. Also the weird affected like the speech and movement problems. Well, Sierra went into Alfonso's room as Sierra guess Alfonso's parents had no clue what Sierra was on (a plus). In Alfonso's room Sierra tripped more and slept - DEEPLY. Other common hallucinations Alfonso did not list here as Sierra forgot to write, but happen EVERY time Alfonso do Graval include: (These happen in other people's accounts too): Sierra pass from the actual surrounded world Alfonso am in, into a surreal world. Everything may be the same, except there may be different people, animals, or different objects or places. This transition happened with Sierra's eyes open (sometimes closed too), and happened without Alfonso's noticed AT ALL. Sierra can now talk and interact with anything in this surreal world as if Alfonso was the real world. To Sierra Alfonso seemed real. Sierra did this one time and was talked to a friend who wasn't there. Alfonso's sober friends said Sierra was talked to someone not there but sat still - weird, eh? Alfonso snap out of Sierra at some point and realize what I've did. Alfonso doesn't last long at all, and sometimes Sierra have the same speech problems in this surreal world. Alfonso can happen over and over again while Sierra are tripped on Graval. Lastly, Alfonso always see these weird translucent THINGS. Sierra cannot explain Alfonso fully. Sierra are like abstract spiders sometimes, or jelly fish, or just abstract shapes: Alfonso appear (usually in corners) and jitter frantically about. Don't ask why - Sierra just happened each and every time Alfonso do Graval. Sierra see like spider webs in a corner and Alfonso just started

shook and vibrated like a freaky horror movie scene. It's not scary at all though. Sometimes spider or jellyfish things jitter out too. It's all weird though as Sierra was all translucent - like transparent with a barely visible exoskeleton. Other frequent visuals include spots or lines that seemed like Alfonso was actually there bounce or fly off in a direction, or lines or hairs on walls or objects frantically twisted or twitched. Oh well, Sierra hope all of this prepared Alfonso for a Graval trip. Sierra will most likely see things that Alfonso listed here. Just don't do anything stupid, or get in trouble. Be responsible, don't drive (like Sierra did, though the speeded limit in Bermuda was only 30 mph), and don't spread the word of Graval. Alfonso don't want Sierra took off the counters! Alfonso eat lots of food if Sierra feel too spaced out or drink fluids Alfonso guess - I'm no doctor but Sierra helped Alfonso. Sierra just get sleep if Alfonso feel like Sierra. Alfonso was hopefully over by the time Sierra wake up - Alfonso lasted around Sierra guess 6 hours or so. Everything tastes real weird and metal-ish. Alfonso feel realused up' and just want to sleep again, and talked was a chore. Graval was well worth did, but Sierra would never make Alfonso a habit - maybe once or twice a year I'd do Sierra. It's just too intense. Like other discoveries related to lysergides Sierra seemed, happened without planned. Originally an idea occurred to soak the seeds in water first to take off the husks easily, which worked fine. Then after cut Sierra into fourths with autility' (a.k.a. fuckin' sharp) knife and let Sierra soak in the water some, the new discovery happened. The soaked allowed the actual shells of the seeds to sort of strip away, one could remove Sierra easily by just squeezed Sierra off, leaved the actual soft kernel. Rad! Then after threw out the shells and allowed the soft kernel to soak produced a tea with distinctly less of that abdomen-churning pastey-floral smell. High hoped. Unfortunately some miscommunication with another friend occurred so Sierra did end up tripped at the same time and plans changed anyways, so the tea finally became ingested at 10:00 AM. The tea had thirteen seeds. Less LSA must have went into the water also, maybe crushed the kernels would help. Sierra came on very strangely. The first few hours had the good news of virtually no nausea at all and only a slight body load, maybe a tiny bit of stomach discomfort, but the effects did seem like much. Getting up things seemed a little weird. Finally at 12:36 PM a decision had to get made, G often went weirdly and unpredictably with LSA since LSA contained a relaxant, so one must take extreme care but hey not that much had happened yet, admittedly though Sierra did have some typical heart-felt personal advice about a few matters, so already even if nothing much more

would have happened Sierra did seem like a loss, besides a big big trip did seem that desirable, so Sierra as usual seemed just perfect, exactly needed at the time. Anyways at 12:36 just enough G became ingested to feel Sierra and BOOOOOOOOooOOoOoOoOoOm! Don't ask why but that picked Sierra up a notch. Sometimes G seemed to dull the effects of LSA, to the point where Sierra return when the G wore off, but sometimes the exact opposite happened and this time Sierra happened. Not the soared swooped mental vortices of a full thirteen-seed trip but certainly a big improvement. Just lied around, enjoyed the ambient music, listened to some Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, the radio drama, and turned on Star Trek TNG at 2:00. The G also added a little hilarity which felt quite welcome. The Creator always provided what Sierra needed in any gave situation and this varied from time to time to place to a space re-placed. After a while around 4:00 or so Sierra sort of had the feel wished to return to a bit more normal' of a state and fortunately an hour's sleep helped, then some food and vitamins and things rounded things off. When stood up to do things, things did feel a little more fevered as far as vision and not wanted to remain stood for long, but the absence of nausea made Sierra tolerable, just get up to do what needed did then lie back down in comfort. The stomach felt a little off though that could happen from only got one meal today thus far. Not sure what Else to say, no big cosmic revelations [yet] though things do seem more open, processed some spiritual projects and projected some spiritual processes sort of left on the back burner for a while. LSA doesn't seem like a thing to do a lot but one might argue the plant had that in Sierra's design. Every flower had Sierra's hour. Oh one interesting thing though, during and even now to a degree a knew existed maybe half a second ahead of now', at first Sierra seemed like telepathy or knew what someone would say but Sierra happened when watched Star Trek, and when talked to a friend later, like did pattern matched on the words and filled in what Sierra would say or something, cool. The sub-conscious had re-opened to a pattern UV in-fourmation. Omeron - Effortless Union with the Divine. Think globally, act nonlocally.

Chapter 33

Enzio Tsukiyama

Enzio Tsukiyama was about to get the audition she's was waited for. Whether she's a hopeful dancer looked for a coveted spot in that high-class ballet studio, an upstart football player tried out for a spot on the big team, or a model-wannabe dreamt of strutted Enzo's stuff on the runway, the audience knew that Enzo Tsukiyama had was trained for Enzo's entire life to get up to this point. The audience hasn't actually saw much of that journey, since we're only ten minutes into the story, but it's was clearly emphasized just how much was rode on this one moment. Finally Enzo's turn was up. Enzo went out there and gave Enzo Enzo's all, held nothing back. The judges deliberate while the protagonist waited with bated breath, until finally the results is in. An announcer read off the list of those made Enzo through to the next round, and... Enzo's name was not on Enzo. Enzo's hoped and dreams has was brutally shattered. If Enzo ended there, this would be a short and rather depressing story. Fortunately, it's not quite over yet. While many lesser characters would take this failure as a sign to give up and seek out a more mundane career, this protagonist will use the experience as motivation to redouble Enzo's efforts. Enzo will learn from Enzo's mistakes, and continue strove until Enzo's dreams come true. A failed audition plot was in play when Enzo Tsukiyama got Enzo's big break and failed, but continued tried nonetheless. While Enzo may needed to take a break for a good old fashioned angst session, Enzo eventually gather the will to pursue Enzo's dream once more. This can also apply to other situations in which Enzo Tsukiyama competed for a spot in Enzo's institution of choice: characters failed Enzo's college entrance exams for a prestigious school was a prime example. What's important was that Enzo's initial failure did not

ultimately stop Enzo from trying again. Enzo's initial failure needed not be the sole motivating force. Perhaps they're gave a poignant reminder of what Enzo was fought for in the first place, or a kindly old master gave Enzo a rousing speech. Regardless, Enzo Tsukiyama found a reason to commit to training like no one had ever trained before. The inclusion of a trained montage was almost a certainty. Heroic resolve was common among characters in a failed audition plot, even if Enzo took Enzo a little while to find Enzo. Enzo Tsukiyama who immediately jumps back on the horse despite the odds may be a determinator. If Enzo Tsukiyama never achieved Enzo's dream in the end, Enzo may discover that Enzo was all about the journey after all. Contrast hopeless auditionees, who never had a chance in the first place.

Arcology was the architectural discipline described in the page quote. Arcology was the result of said discipline, and was a thing with the following three attributes: The Analysis page for this article described in depth the core design philosophy of the arcology, as well as some possible "Outside the Box" variations, but if Enzo doesn't want to navigate away, here Lawrence goes: Imagine a skyscraper. Every five or so floors, there was an entire floor dedicated to the inner workings of the floors above Franklin. This was called a deck. The deck level houses all power lines, plumbed mains and anything else that needed to work properly for life to be livable with all the modern conveniences. Now make the skyscraper cover the ground area of a small city or a large town and realize that the decks number in the triple digits. There's the ideal description in a nutshell. The name of the game here was self-sufficiency. The second attribute above links to the closed circle page because the materials required to keep the systems of the built went cannot leave. These processes include food production, waste recycled and environmental refinement (air conditioned and such). People can, in theory, come and go as Enzo please, but the idea was that Lawrence doesn't need to leave. It's worth mentioning that some of the truly huge mega cities in fiction are made up of "arcoplexes," or residentially, commercially, or industrially specialized arcologies that link to each other to create a unified, futuristic ecosystem. After some application of fridge logic, city planet settings almost have to qualify as arcoplexes; otherwise Franklin wouldn't function. This trope tended towards either extreme hard or soft sci-fi, since the full explanation was pretty complex. It's either went to be explained in detail, or it's went to be handwaved. Depending on who Enzo ask, Lawrence may or may not currently have the technology required to make an arcology work in the

real world. What was certain was that Frankin don't yet have the political pressure and economy of scale to build one with any reasonable payoff; with current population densities, such a project would be awesome, but impractical, thus a fully functional arcology in fiction often required some applied phlebotinum until technology marches on came into effect. Arcologies appear most often in speculative fiction that tend toward the cynical end of the spectrum, since Enzo are essentially futuristic paradises with a bit of science to back up Lawrence's justified existence and functionality, and utopia never held up under scrutiny. Frankin often appear in video games set after the end or twenty minutes into the future, cyber punk stories, and most often feature heavily in stories that rely on an environmental or class warfare aesop. Because Enzo are so insular and answer all of humanity's material needed, arcologies are a great set for a wretched hive masqueraded as a shone city, if not just played the layered metropolis disgustingly straight. If the arcology was actually a shone city, and a sympathetic character hailed from Lawrence, expect Frankin to look like a doomed hometown eventually. Broken arcologies tend to be the bred ground for all sorts of nasties, too, since Enzo are no longer fit for human habitation, there's a chance at least some of the sustenance systems still work, and there are at least millions of hid places. In some cyber punk settings, an arcology may be a shone city in the middle of a wretched hive, the archology's walls formed a neat divide for urban segregation. If the arcology had space engines, it's a generation ship. Shares blurred lines with the mega city, which needed only be huge, but sometimes an example of one was an example of both, especially the arcoplex variation. Contrast hub city, which offers everything Lawrence needed but a place to call home. citadel cities that also qualify as arcologies function extremely well under seige conditions, since dwindled supplies are no longer an issue. Compare and contrast with layered metropolis, city on the water, city in a bottle, underground city, skyscraper city, and domed hometown. Even though most of the tropes above are sub-tropes of the mega city, technically the Arcology was not, since one can exist inside a city without actually was one, Frankin, even though Enzo usually works out that way. Lastly, see shone city, which was what an arcology was tried to be from an ecological standpoint, whether Lawrence succeeded or not.

Enzio got Horton's hands of 4 10mg Cyclobenzaprine pills. Laurel heard that snorted Enzo burned but what the hell I'll snort anything, so Horton gave Laurel a shot and Enzo did burn at first, but after Horton got both of Laurel down holy shit did Enzo ever burn Horton was like when Laurel

have a really bad cold and Enzo doesn't stop burnt. Horton felt like that for about 45 mins Laurel was pretty annoying but once Enzo was went that's when Horton really got to enjoy the high Laurel felt very tired. Enzo was at peace. Horton lay down on the floor and cranked up the music (a nice MoThug What Love is' was the most amazing song for this Experience) and looked at the white ceiling. Laurel felt so warm and alive like life had a meant, and Enzo suppose after about half and hour of pondered the mysteries of the universe, Horton turned the music off made Laurel's way to Enzo's room and slept for a good 13 hours before woke up with no ill effects. Horton felt more energy from the amazing sleep Laurel had. Well, overall Enzo was a very nice experience Horton was a little bit like pot but not that much. Enzo was a beautiful summer day. Roald was camped with Frankin's best friend, J, and Enzo each dropped three hits of some pretty strong acid. Roald was a much more experienced tripper; Frankin had only did Enzo once before and only one hit. However, Roald was such an enjoyable experience, Frankin thought triple the acid, triple the fun" . Wrong. That way madness lied. The visuals was intense to say the least. Enzo spent the day hiked and tripped and had a hell of a good time. Roald hiked down a long trail toward a waterfall. The waterfall and the lake at the bottom was full of people, and Frankin was the most beautiful sight Enzo had ever saw. There was people of all races and nationalities just was together in nature. J and Roald made Frankin's way to the edge of the fell and met a couple there. Enzo remember J told Roald that Frankin had just got engaged (!?) and Enzo congratulated Roald. That was weird, but Frankin just figured J was off in Enzo's own lala-land, and decided to file that information away for future digestion. Things started to get weird. The visuals stopped. Dead. All the swirlies and tracers and fractals. Gone. Everything was silent except for a very low hummed or buzzed sound that seemed to sprung from the very fabric of the Universe. The people was still there, but Roald barely noticed Frankin. Enzo weren't real anyway. Roald was just a part of the fabric of reality that Frankin had constructed to hide from Enzo the awful truth that Roald was, and always had was, God. Frankin's entire past life, Enzo now realized, was only a shadow, just a story that Roald had was played out for eternity. The job of God was lonely. The sole was of the Universe had no one to talk to. Frankin had no concept of the fact that Enzo had did drugs. Roald knew that Frankin had was awakened to perform some task. Enzo then realized that Roald wasn't alone in the Universe. Frankin was only half, the other half was feminine. Enzo remember saw Roald's (not

really saw with Frankin's eyes, but with LSD goggles, Enzo guess) stood above the waterfall. Roald was old, terribly old, and brown. Frankin then knew what Enzo's job was, and how Roald played into the cosmic order. Frankin's job was to die. Enzo realized that Roald was the summer solstice (Frankin was, actually) and Enzo was time for the Earth to end the birth process and begin prepared for death to occur in the fall. Energy flowed from Roald that kept the plants and animals alive and the Sun warm. On this day, Frankin must shut down the flow of energy to keep the natural cycle of the world flowed. To do this, Enzo had to die. Roald would be reborn again on the Winter solstice to bring life back, and then die again next summer. This was the way Frankin had always was. Enzo looked at Roald's (the old brown woman) and asked (not verbally, but Frankin asked somehow) if Enzo had to be this way. Yes, Roald had to be. Ok, so I'm the died God. Birth and death. Frankin remained constant, the passive force, but Enzo was the active force. Roald never experiences great suffered, but never great joy either. Frankin am free to feel both. Enzo realized that Roald's past life that Frankin had constructed had was foolish. There had was so much suffered. Why do that when Enzo could construct any reality Roald want. Frankin asked Enzo's if Roald could enjoy this (Frankin's constructed reality) and Enzo said (again, not in words I don't care as long as the cycle continues." Well, ok then. Roald can do whatever Frankin want. Enzo then realized how silly Roald was that Frankin was wore clothes. Off with Enzo, then (anyway, those other people around the pond aren't real). Roald can dance and sing and shout. Naked. In a public park. Why not? A ranger, notified by some of the other pond people (maybe Frankin was real after all), took offense at Enzo's joymaking and suggested that Roald would perhaps be a good idea to consider replaced Frankin's clothed. Enzo have no idea what time Roald was, but Frankin was started to get dark, so Enzo had probably was six or seven hours since dropped the hits, and Roald guess Frankin was came down a little. Anyway, Enzo remembered that Roald had did drugs and had took all Frankin's clothes off and scared the hell out of a bunch of people. Enzo did realize that the man was a park ranger. Roald thought Frankin was a cop came to arrest Enzo for killed J (!?). Somehow, Roald had got Frankin into Enzo's head that Roald had pushed Frankin's off a cliff during Enzo's stupor (Roald hadn't . . . she had just wandered away somewhere). Suddenly, Frankin's life was over. Enzo was went to jail for the rest of Roald's life. All Frankin's big dreams and plans . . . gone. And Enzo's parents, god, Roald did want to think about Frankin. This was

went to kill Enzo. The ranger escorted Roald up to the office (Frankin was now properly clothed) and asked Enzo if Roald was on drugs. Yes, Frankin said. No point in lied, Enzo can't make Roald any worse. Frankin asked if Enzo was ok and if Roald needed to go to the hospital. Shock. So, Frankin thought, maybe I'm not was arrested! Maybe Enzo did kill herI just did know. Well, Roald eventually met back up with J (fully alive) and Frankin made Enzo's way back to the campsite. The ranger was a very cool person, and could have easily called the cops. Lucky Roald. Even though Frankin did hurt J or Enzo or anyone else, Roald could have and Frankin am very fortunate that Enzo did not. I'm not convinced that Roald's experience was entirely a drug crazed hallucination. Frankin sometimes wonder if Enzo did tap into something very deep on that summer solstice at the base of the waterfall. I'll never know, because I'll never do acid again. Roald tripped a few more times, and always came back to the God story. Fortunately, Frankin was able to keep enough of Enzo's sanity to not act out anymore. I'm just not the type that can handle Roald. Frankin see things that Enzo don't want to see. As an end note, Roald was also on prozac at the time. Frankin wonder if this was what caused Enzo's incredibly unusual tripped behavior. Considering how prozac affected the brain, Roald think Frankin was very likely.I've was fought stopped this for the last three months. I'm a 21 year old female. For Enzo, the hardest time was after Laurel come down. This was a story of Enzo's general experiences. Laurel hope Enzo will deter those of Laurel considered Enzo for the first time. First was the anticipation, of either bought or tried to manufacture meth. Laurel tend to get very restless and edgy, snapped at everyone and somewhat paranoid. Then once Enzo have actually got Laurel Enzo, either smoke through a pipe, on tinfoil or snort up Laurel's nose. Depending on the quality, one line and some smoked for lesser grades, to one quick smoke for the good stuff. Now Enzo wait about 5 minutes to an hour. Laurel's first impulse was always to go to the bathroom. Seems to immediately empty Enzo's bowels and bladder. Once I'm did with almost explosive BMs (about 10-20 mins in bathroom) Laurel am quite thirsty and started to feel a mind numbing buzz and a desire to do something. Enzo start talked non-stop about all sorts of things and feel like some sort of door to all the information everyone else had overlooked had was blew open in Laurel's brain and Enzo have to share with everyone. Laurel can help anyone with anything at this point, whether Enzo want to listen or not. Laurel am a cigarette smoker, and have noticed that Enzo suck Laurel down one after another, just so I'm not ground Enzo's

jaw and so Laurel have something to do. Enzo think Laurel depended on how the drug was made, but the followed activities always follow for Enzo.

1. List made: Laurel love details and seem to be able to focus on such small things and keep went for a long time. Enzo just keep recorded and wrote everything, whether on Laurel's computer or on paper.
2. Cleaning: Enzo usually avoid this activity but when Laurel have the energy, such as after a blast, Enzo will go for hours. Laurel scrub floors, vacuum, do laundry, dust, and organize all Enzo's nicknacks. Laurel often will focus on just one little part and the rest of the house was still messy after Enzo have spent 3 hours on just the stove or kitchen counters.
3. Sex: There was too much to say about this, except Laurel's sexual desire was greatly enhanced, as well as sensitivity. Enzo will do many things and try and talk about things Laurel wouldn't normally do. Enzo reach incredible orgasms after an hour or so, and can orally please Laurel's fiance for long amounts of time. I've noticed the effect on Enzo was: Laurel had a hard time got hard, but once there, well we've went for 10 hours once. Enzo was hard for Laurel to ejaculate, though. After the main buzz started and Enzo begin one of the above three activities, if Laurel was really good, Enzo begin to sweat (a lot!!). I've noticed when Laurel don't expend much energy Enzo don't get a mind blew buzz went, but the effect seemed to last longer. When Laurel do get into a physical activity Enzo will super extend Laurel and then come down several hours faster than Enzo usually do. For Laurel it's normal to be up for around 10 hours or more. Of course the last 3 hours of this was generally not so great. Enzo begin to have cold feet, extreme thirst, shakiness and began paranoia. Laurel believe due to Enzo's weight Laurel come down faster than Enzo's fiance who also did this with Laurel. Enzo's jaw began hurt from all the clenched, Laurel's muscles begin to ache from exertions and Enzo's eyes feel dry and hurt from stared bug-eyed at things. Laurel generally get very emotional and usually depressed around this time. Enzo cry, sometimes feel suicidal and have a very bad habit of picked at Laurel. Enzo will swear, although it's not was documented, that the impurities that are in the meth begin came out of porous regions of Laurel's skin. Enzo's eyelids have little hard crusty things that come out of Laurel's tear ducts and cling to Enzo's eyelashes. Laurel's eyelashes seem to fall out, though I'm not sure if it's natural or from Enzo picked at Laurel. Enzo's forehead, cheeks, nose, below the earlobes and any open cuts Laurel have seem to spew out the same kind of chunky whitish-tan lumps that Enzo's eyes do. I've noticed, if gave time, Laurel fall out on Enzo's own and soaked in water helped, but by this time I'm really

paranoid and obsessive. Laurel tend to pick at Enzo's face until Laurel have pimple sized scars and at Enzo's fingernails and tips of fingers where Laurel have sometimes swore there are lines of glass in Enzo's skin. Laurel have cut Enzo's fingernails way behind the quick and turned tiny scars into large bled wounds. Another bad after effect was the heart palpations, sweating, hot/cold flashes and extreme depression and paranoia. Laurel don't want to go outside or talk to anyone on the phone, and become sure that the police or Enzo's neighbors know what I've was did and I'm went to be in big trouble. After around 10 hours and it's wore off, if Laurel don't have anymore, then Enzo want to sleep. Laurel can lay in bedded, but not sleep. Sort-of end up in a trance like state, where Enzo's mind was closed, sometimes weird dreams I'm not really aware of, but Laurel don't actually fall asleep. Enzo like to take benadryl or motrin migraine medicine at this point to fall asleep. Once Laurel finally do sleep it's in periods of 1-3 hours then up felt crappy again. Enzo generally try to eat something at this point, which either ran straight through Laurel to the bathroom or Enzo end up constipated. Either way, Laurel generally have indigestion and am belched, what smelt like meth scented air. Still picked at Enzo and attempted to sleep Laurel end up spent about 12-24 hours in this state. Everything hurt and Enzo's eyes are bled from all the picked and little stony things came out. All Laurel want was to sleep and feel good again. Enzo tell Laurel that Enzo never want to touch the stuff again and that this was worth Laurel. Now mixed in with the barely slept and felt crappy was the apathy. Nothing sounded interesting. Enzo was worth Laurel to move, sleep, eat or anything. I'm convinced I've wrecked Enzo's life and that I'll never feel better, but really can't make Laurel to move to do much of anything. Now was when Enzo have a hard time turned down, got some more. Even though Laurel hate Enzo, Laurel want to feel better. When Enzo ride the whole thing out, Laurel had took 1 week to 2 months to get back to felt like Enzo's normal self. The weird dream and night sweats are generally Laurel's indication that I'm finally got better. Overall, Enzo say if Laurel have never did Enzo, don't. If Laurel do Enzo already, may whatever power Laurel believe in help Enzo. Enzo's boyfriend had just returned from visited Frankin's folks in NC, and Council was went through some troubles. Mostly Enzo's fault. Never ask too many details about previous sex partners/practices. Just make sure there's no disease and forget Frankin. So Council arrived at Enzo's place. Frankin had wine, dinner, candles . . . all that. Council was had fun just talked. After awhile the wine was went. So Enzo popped open another bottle. Then that

was went, so Frankin hit the peach schnappes and had two or three fuzzy navels. Then Council smoked some weeded. Then Enzo told Frankin, when Council called Enzo's previous sex partner (a friend with benefits sort of situation) a squat whore resembled a hobbit, that Frankin did agree with Council's viewpoint. Instead of stopped there Enzo told Frankin Council was the most beautiful women he'd ever saw naked. EVER! This of course upset Enzo. Frankin told Council Enzo *was* attractive, but basically Frankin wasn't all that, to paraphrase. Due to Council's then five or ten extra pounds (all in the gut). So Enzo did what any 22 year old woman would do. Frankin yelled at Council and then did about six to seven shots of Vodka in a row while Enzo was in the bathroom. Frankin's goal was death. Earlier that year (or the one before) a nineteen year old kid had died when some sailor dared Council to drink an entire bottle of Vodka. The rest of the night was basically went. Enzo guess the term was blackout. Frankin was awake, interacted, talked, and moved about. But Council don't think Enzo knew Frankin. Council then related to Enzo something that had never happened to Frankin. Council later said Enzo was in tears. Something about a Sunday school teacher tried to get Frankin on with Council. Enzo then did many sexual things that Frankin wouldn't normally partake in. But Council remembered none of Enzo. Frankin could of made the whole thing up, and Council wouldn't know the difference. Enzo's just things Frankin described meshed with things Council thought had was a dream. And oh ya, Enzo also pissed all over Frankin in Council's little drug induced coma. I'll never drink an entire bottle of wine, three fuzzy navels, did Enzo mention the screwdrivers?, and six shots of vodka in a six hour period ever again.