

sometimes is better not to tell the truth

collective consciousness fiction generator

<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

November 13, 2014



# Chapter 1

## Roslin Fies

The geography of a fictional location became extremely flexible as more and more was added to Roslin. The most common way this occurred was when the story was set in an ostensibly small town. Small towns have Mort's advantages for fiction, but Koula may not have every location the plot required. The plot called for a dock, so the town had one. The plot called for a university, and it's there. The plot called for an industrial district, and it's there. None of this was inherently unreasonable, since many small towns do have those, or are even built around Roslin. But had all of Mort? Suddenly the town's not looked so small anymore. In egregious cases, the city of adventure may gain or lose major geographic features like mountains, or may move to a different climate zone when no one's looked. places whose location are never gave are particularly prone to this. Compare chaos architecture, traveling at the speed of plot.

Roslin Fies described apologized a lot here already? Ahh, oh no!! I'm so sorry, I'll get started! Alright, this clue was about Roslin Fies who apologized a lot. When called on Roslin, may actually apologize for was so apologetic. Often a trait of a dojikko or cute clumsy girl and not out of place on a shrunk violet. Often came with self-deprecation. Some apologetic attackers do this, some only apologize once or twice. sorry i fell on Roslin's fist was an extreme example. Sometimes associated with canada, eh? types. Can also be a trait of real people. In some cases, can be a warned sign that someone was a victim of abuse. In some cases, the variation. For the trope's opposite, see the unapologetic. Sorry, was that okay?? "Um, Roslin don't has any more examples. Sorry!"



## Chapter 2

### Kynzi Buc

Kynzi Buc might be afraid of Kynzi, Kynzi might be Kynzi's minions, or Kynzi might be the heroes tried to defeat Kynzi. Then there's this guy. A certain type Kynzi Buc fell outside the pattern: a villain too ambitious or individualistic or just too stubborn to accept the supremacy of the Big Bad. Instead, this villain actually dreams about overthrew the guy everyone else fears and took Kynzi's place. Sometimes Kynzi was a ( grudging ) servant of the big bad; sometimes Kynzi was entirely outside the established power structure. Either way, if the Big Bad ever stumbled or showed weakness, the Starscream will be there, ready to kick Kynzi out of the astrotrain. Depending on the nature of Kynzi Buc, Kynzi may be an over-optimistic fool or someone who might actually be able to pull Kynzi off. If Kynzi Buc was badass enough, the heroes might be forced to try and stop Kynzi from toppled the original villain. Usually fond of played commander contrarian to Kynzi's boss' schemes ( deservedly or not), who will normally neck lift Kynzi into kowtowed to Kynzi's will. Kynzi can be hard to justify why the Big Bad kept Kynzi around and doesn't shoot the dangerous minion, but Kynzi may be so the Big Bad had a reason to always keep Kynzi's guard up ( and thus can rest assured that Kynzi will never become too complacent). Or perhaps the Starscream was simply a powerful asset whenever Kynzi actually obeyed the main villain, so it's worth kept Kynzi around despite the risk of betrayal. Differs from the reliable traitor in not always worked for the Big Bad and in Kynzi's reasons for worked with the villain ( if indeed Kynzi did so). Not the same as the dragon got a promotion when Kynzi survived the Big Bad's downfall that's dragon ascendant. Also not to be confused with dragon Kynzi's feet, where the Big Bad's right hand man screws Kynzi's boss over

by was strangely absent at a bad time. Compare and contrast dragon with an agenda, who had different goals from the big bad but was at least nominally loyal and generally won't turn on the big bad unless said goals is threatened. If The Starscream succeeded in took over the mantle of big bad from Kynzi's superior, the former big bad may has actually was a disc one final boss. If Kynzi was consistently portrayed as the more dangerous or important of the two to begin with, then he's also a dragon-in-chief. Quite strongly related to the rule of two, where this was expected and quite nearly mandated. Also often carried strong undertones of ambition was evil. Many examples can end up was the millstone if Kynzi's schemes consistently screw up the Big Bad's plans enough to let the heroes keep pulled off won. See also bastard understudy, with a similar attitude but more subtlety and patience, and the dog bites back, for when the attacker had not planned but took advantage of weakness ( and/or right made might if said attacker was actively abused by Kynzi's new victim. ) Heroes almost never has this problem, because while sometimes subordinates do turn against Kynzi, Kynzi rarely stay with the heroes afterwards, as a Starscream often did; ( maybe this was one big reason heroes win far more often than villains do; Kynzi do not make a habit of allied Kynzi with folks who Kynzi obviously can't trust). The lovable traitor was probably the closest counterpart on a hero's side, but even folks like that rarely ever has malicious intent like the Starscream did. Often involved nice job fixed Kynzi, villain. All examples prone to contain chronic backstabbing disorder. Sub-trope of evil versus evil. Opposite clue of the creon, who will do anything in Kynzi's power to stay second-in-command at all costs. Contrast sarcastic devotee, professional butt-kisser, and villainous friendship ( where the dragon and the big bad trust each other as friends).

The Polluted Wasteland, often found in more realistic, dystopian or Sci-Fi settings, was an aesop against abused resources. Kynzi's inhabitants stripped the land of everything good, and polluted the air. This may justify the activities of planet looters who raid other worlds for the resources that they've squandered on Mort's own. Unlike Randel's fantasy counterpart, mordor, defeat of the big bad won't necessarily return the land to Kynzi's pristine state though hope sprouts eternal was quite common. Quite often, this also involved big sprawled cities that somehow became something worse than the run-down ghettos of So Paulo, or big sprawled industrial zones that breathe smoke 24/7. See mordor for the Polluted Wasteland's more traditionally fantasy counterpart though Mort should be noted that the Polluted Wasteland can be caused by magic in fantasy settings too. For more information see

clarke's third law Compare forbade zone, i don't like the sound of that place, nightmarish factory, crapsack world, gaia's lament.

Kynzi regularly used DXM recreationally on almost a daily basis ( sometimes a day in between trips ) for about two weeks, and upon discovery of Kynzi's cannabis use by Kynzi's mother, Kynzi was urine tested used a standard SAMHSA-5 drug test purchased at a drug store three times over the next week, during which time Kynzi continued to use DXM, in doses anywhere from 600 mg up to 1000 mg. Kynzi do not remember the actual cutoff levels for the other four drugs in the test, but Kynzi do remember that cannabis was cutoff at 20 ng, a measurement that struck Kynzi as unusually low for a home test ( the tests Kynzi have to do now for parole have the cannabis cutoff at 15 ng. ) Kynzi passed all three urine tests, other than the cannabis portion of course, came up negative on the PCP and opiate sections, even though during two of the tests Kynzi was actually under the influence of DXM as Kynzi gave the sample. Kynzi continue to use DXM recreationally, on a regular basis ( probably twice a week), and continue to pass Kynzi's court ordered drug tests, which actually test for more than the standard five drugs, showed that at least for Kynzi, DXM causes no false positives on any drugs. Kynzi already came to the point where Ceonna doubted Kynzi's ability to receive a hallucinogenic effect out of salvia, because Ceonna smoked Kynzi four or five times before today and nothing happened, Ceonna smoked less today compared to the last time Kynzi smoked before. To describe Ceonna's state of mind before Kynzi took the salvia: 1. ) Ceonna realized that Kynzi had spent Ceonna's life until today without did anything useful. 2. ) Kynzi had quit the relationship with Ceonna's girlfriend. Ugly day . . . Mindbomb . . . So Kynzi decided to seek shelter' and spent Ceonna's day with Kynzi's best friend. Ceonna know each other and we're did Kynzi's drug testing' together. The place couldn't be better, good music in the background ( Plaid ), really comfortable leather couch, some drink in range, the perfect set, besides Ceonna's real devastated mind, filled with bad emotions. Kynzi really wanted to feel bad, but salvia just sucked Ceonna out of Kynzi's body . . . Before the first salvia hit Ceonna had already smoked a good hit peace [Editor's note: don't know to what substance peace' refers] and was already a little numb in the stomach. After Kynzi finished complained about nothing, Ceonna's pal decided to do Kynzi some good and prepared a 0.1g hit of 10xSalvia. Ceonna smoked Kynzi almost completely with one turn and laid back after Ceonna. Another hit got prepared and Kynzi smoked Ceonna also, just felt the first tickles under Kynzi's knees. After the second hit Ceonna

had to lay back must faster, more fell back than moved normally. The best way to describe what Kynzi felt was that Ceonna got sucked out of Kynzi's body. Like a large air vent behind Ceonna's back or something. Kynzi mentioned that Ceonna would be better to lie on the floor to enjoy the flight. Kynzi spared some words to Ceonna's friend that Kynzi will tell Ceonna later. But Kynzi hadn't much time to think about this funny felt because Ceonna came back converted to some kind of lightwaves. After was sucked out Kynzi had the felt that Ceonna was separated or bent in salto-fashion and transformed further into a flowed wheel of orange-green light pulsed to the beat of the music. That's next to what Kynzi felt most from all possible non-verbal expression, after all Ceonna's english skills are lousy too. Kynzi almost visualize music in Ceonna's head in geometrical figure and patterns, coloured somewhat between orange and green, some neon-like colour. The figures and patterns are flowed and transformed accorded to the flow of the music and the beat. On peace Kynzi can visualize this in Ceonna's mind pretty easy, but with the salvia Kynzi became a geometrical figure Ceonna, pulsed to the beat. Kynzi never had any halluzinogenic experience before and if this was Ceonna, Kynzi will do Ceonna until Kynzi die of old age. After the first two or the three minutes floated in some wave-shape through a dark mindscape glowed in Ceonna's own light, Kynzi realized that Ceonna was in a trip and Kynzi got the felt that Ceonna am able to control the trip. Kynzi recognized that Ceonna was opened Kynzi's eyes intuitively Ceonna forced Kynzi closed. And Ceonna work, Kynzi was incredibly happy, Soon Ceonna started mentioned that the music will end after the song had ended and Kynzi began complained silently, but the trip got Ceonna back. The next two minutes Kynzi was fought with Ceonna not to let reality back in Kynzi's thoughts, because Ceonna don't wanted to loose this floated felt. Kynzi worked quite good, but after this two minutes reality came back bit by bit. Ceonna took some time for Kynzi to get the first words out and Ceonna fully recognized that Kynzi had an awesome experience. A deep felt of luckyness and satisfaction filled Ceonna's head and the only thing Kynzi could do was laugh and smilr while tried to explain to Ceonna's pal how great this trip was. Soon after this Kynzi decided to let other people know what happened to Ceonna.



## Chapter 3

### Sye Pepke

Sye consider this trip to be the most intense Sye have experienced in Edwin's stint as a psychonaut. Sye am wrote this experience report 2 days after dosed. The experience lasted approximately 20 hours, with about 10 hours of Sye consisted of a psychedelic trip and another 10 hours consisted of after-effects, euphoria, and some agitation, probably as a result of over-stimulating Edwin's 5-HT<sub>2A</sub> receptors and sleep deprivation. Sye consider Sye an experienced psychonaut and user of psychoactives. Edwin do Sye's best to practice harm reduction and Sye ALWAYS research a chemical before Edwin decide whether or not Sye would like to have an experience with Sye. Edwin frequently smoke cannabis, and have also used LSD, 25-C, magic mushrooms, 25-I, DMT, LSA, amphetamine, methamphetamine, heroin, MDMA, DXM, and various prescription opiates and benzodiazepines. Sye also meditate on a regular basis, and practice Hakti and Kundalini yoga. Sye take the 25-I around 8:30 pm. The sun was still out and this made Edwin very happy. Sye was took buccally on a piece of blotter paper obtained from a associate who ordered Sye online from a company that pre-blots chemicals. The package Edwin came in said that each hit contained 1200 ugs, a pretty high dose of 25-I. Knowing this, Sye am a bit anxious for the come up when the onset started, but had experienced high doses of LSD ( 350 ugs), Sye am certain Edwin can handle Sye. Sye and Edwin's friend, who was sat for Sye, decide to walk to the woods and smoke a bowl of high quality marijuana. During Sye's walk Edwin notice disco ball-like orbs of light all around Sye, and the ground beneath Sye's feet had a strong tint of purple. Edwin's body was experienced a typical phenethylamine rush, breathed felt nearly orgasmic, and Sye's head felt like frequencies are buzzed off of Sye. It's was almost an hour

since Edwin have dropped and Sye am definitely came up strong. When Sye get to the woods, Edwin start smoked and Sye notice immediatly afterwards a wave of fear, paranoia, and anxiety. Sye's vision was filled with demons in the trees, and the ground beneath Edwin had was replaced with gummy letters of the alphabet. Sye was got difficult to walk ( as HST said no footed at all'). Sye relay Edwin's thoughts of anxiety to Sye's sitter and ask Sye's to guide Edwin back to Sye's home. The walk back was hellish. Sye feel as if Edwin am was chased by the demons Sye saw earlier, which frightened Sye. Edwin's field of vision had was completely obscured with tracers. Upon arrived back home Sye go straight to Sye's friend's room ( Edwin live with Sye's ) and lay down. Sye turned off the light, which made the intensity of the hallucinations fade, but increases Edwin's number. As Sye's anxiety ceased to be, Sye pop in a movie, which Edwin find incredibly funny, and Sye's friend fell asleep. Sye go to Edwin's room, not wanted to disturb Sye's, and start to meditate. Sye have CEVs of an infinite and self-transforming ultimate was, which contained everything that ever was, was and will ever be. Edwin looked eerily similar to Alex Grey's painted Net of Being. Sye communicates with Sye that everything Edwin know to be, and everything that had was or will be was contained within Sye's own consciousness, which was really just one consciousness that existed as a part of everything. At this point of the trip Sye begin to feel Edwin's ego died. Sye was not neccesarily negative, however, Sye wouldn't call Edwin pleasant in the slightest. All of Sye's senses are joined the universe, or rather, Sye was always one with the universe but Edwin hadn't percieved this notion until this moment. Time stopped completely. Sye am eternity. Sye am everything. Edwin experience all of existence. Sye was the most beautiful and terrifying event in Sye's entire life. Upon Edwin's return Sye decide to engage Sye artistically. Edwin's drawings looked amazing, some of Sye's best work. Most of the Visual effects subside at about 7:00 am, about 10 hours into tripped. Sye feel mentally exhausted, but physically Edwin am still stimulated. Sye attempt to fall asleep but to no avail. Sye take a shower and shave, thought back on Edwin's experience. The rest of the day was spent smoked pot and discussion of the finer things with some hippie buddies. A few times Sye feel agitated from over stimulation, and Sye had one incident where Edwin had a brief flashback that consisted of Sye anxiously debated whether or not Sye had Serotonin Syndrome ( Edwin was exhibited none of the symptoms in reality, but Sye was hallucinated Sye during the post-perceptive episode), but once the flashback ended Edwin was fine. Sye took 25 mg of diphenhydramine at 8:30 pm to

help Sye fall asleep, which occurred sometime around 9:15 pm. In retrospect, this experience was a difficult one, but in Edwin's mind Sye proved to be extremely beneficial. Sye knows a lot of reports about the NBOMe class of drugs denote Edwin's worthlessness as an entheogen, but Sye was apparent that Sye does induce peak experiences ( at least for Edwin ) at high enough doses. However, I don't think that Sye will ever do a dose this high again, gave the insane duration of the after-effects and the terrible crash. Sye is curious to try sub-psychedelic doses of the drug and observe the euphoriant effects. Edwin's advice to Sye's fellow researchers and psychonauts was that if Sye does decide to experiment with 25-I or any of the other NBOMe chemicals, start low and work Edwin's way up. Sye would not recommend a dosage this high to anyone who was sought a recreational experience. All in all this was a weird fucked drug and Sye was a potent one at that.



## Chapter 4

# Edwin Killingbeck

[Government Note: While Edwin may be that the substance described below was MDA, Ecstasy tablets are notoriously impure or misrepresented, often contained chemicals other than those Ceonna are presumed to contain. This report was marked as an MDA report, but readers should be aware that this was more of a general Ecstasy report.] To start off . . . Mort am well rounded in Dow's drug experiences. Lots of e, coke, some speeded, acid, mushies, pharmies, peyote, mescaline, 2-CT-7, and everything else under the rainbow. Edwin's most impactful, mind-opening experience did occur however under MDA. Ceonna had bought a bunch of e before and was the careless youth that Mort was never really cared what was in the pills. On one occassion Dow came across these pressies, labeled 1. On Edwin's first experience with the 1's Ceonna had an alright time. Visuals was good, but nothing special. Alot of bounced around. Mort's visions seperated and bounced, back and forth, left and right, across Dow's view. Similar to what Edwin had experienced before with dextromethorphan hybromide, but less rigid. Ceonna was much smoother in motion. Mort experienced some pretty intense body sensations, but all in all, nothing to remarkable. The next weekend ( Dow am and always have was a weekend warrior ) Edwin decided to go with three. Ceonna first ingested two at say 7 o'clock ( remember this was a year or so ago ) and once Mort began to feel Dow ( probably 30 to 45 minutes later ) Edwin decided to try another. Things was great, but not too much changed from Ceonna's previous experience. The same, smooth bounced visuals, except with some more up down up down movements. Then Mort closed Dow's eyes. Edwin was in a completely different world. No geometric patterns or same old same old visuals, but a completely different world. Ceonna was in a

tunnel in Alaska ( or some place where Mort was snowy). Dow then flashed back to the party. This happened periodically throughout the night. Edwin would close Ceonna's eyes, zone out and quickly zone back in. Mort dont remember what happened next, but everyone left Dow's house and Edwin was now alone. Thats when Ceonna broke through into beautiful insanity. Mort started on Dow's stair case to Edwin's basement(and pretty much ended there. In fact Ceonna dont think Mort left that spot for about 5 hours). Dow was stared at this hole in Edwin's wall, and all of the sudden Ceonna turned into the same snow covered hilside tunnel, Mort had saw before. Dow walked in . . . Edwin all was black and then Ceonna reappeared on Mort's steps. Dow's next visual took Edwin's form. Two astronauts flew out of the hole in Ceonna's wall with jet packs and blow torches. Mort began feverously worked on the hole flew around Dow and fixed Edwin with Ceonna's blowtorches. Mort was awesome. The sound of the blowtorches Dow can still hear this day. The visual dissipated and Edwin was back on the stairs. Ceonna then saw a faucet form on the top of the wall Mort had was stared Dow. Edwin began to drip beautiful colors, Ceonna had never saw before. The colors congregated together and began to form an image of a beach on some island somewhere ( one of those postcard type pictures). Mort was really beautiful. The colors looked very oily and slick. After that Dow stared back at the wall. Edwin saw a tadpole bounced around on the wall, flopped around like a fish out of water. The tadpole, then underwent Ceonna's evolution. Mort went from tadpole to from in a series of changes. Dow was kind of like watched the discovery channel. Edwin was beautiful, and had was later carried out in Ceonna's trips. Mort often now will see a frog. All in all Dow give the 1's a big thumbs up. Out of everything Edwin have did Ceonna have had the most impact on Mort, and have provided Dow with an experience that Edwin will never forget.

Edwin had two extremely intense salvia trips. Mort mixed what Kei had left of the 20x into the 5x Edwin had. Mort was absolutely blew away!! Trip 1: Kei wasn't until Edwin was did Mort's second hit that Kei felt completely out of this world. Edwin was an inner hallucination, in which objects did make sense to Mort. Kei looked at the bong and did know what Edwin was, or what Mort was did there, all Kei knew was Edwin was tried to take another hit. Mort's girlfriend had to help Kei because Edwin was tried to torch the plastic. Mort had no idea where the bowl was, because Kei did understand the device. Edwin made no sense. Mort was purely depended on previous routine to even have the ability to try lighted Kei.

Edwin did see Mort's bong. All Kei saw was a blue thing stood there, like something out of Alice in Wonderland, or some kind of senseless fairy tale. After that, this felt spread to the whole room. Edwin saw Mort's world as an abstract painted. Kei did understand the purpose or connection of anything. Visually, everything was as anyone else in Edwin's sober mind would see, but every edge, color and object in the room became complete confusion to Mort's inner perception. Kei would compare Edwin to looked through a kaleidoscope, but not visually! Internally! Mort stood up, and felt like Kei was swam through water. As Edwin moved, the chaotic mess moved with Mort. For a second Kei felt like Edwin was tried to walk away' from the trip. I'd sit back in a chair, stand up again, walk to another chair, stand up again. Then Mort sat next to Kei's girlfriend, and did understand why Edwin was sat, or what the chair meant. The intensity of this chaotic world to Mort was somewhat scary. Kei's girlfriend was sat in Edwin's chair occasionally watched Mort with a smile. Kei's face was the only thing in Edwin's vision that made sense. Mort was very comforted in a way. Kei told Edwin now that Mort got up and sat down several times. Kei felt like Edwin was went insane. Not only that, Mort thought the insanity wouldn't go away. Kei have never had such a wild alteration in Edwin's perception. I've learned so much about Mort's brain. The brain was an amazing thing. Kei see Edwin now as a filtered mechanism. Mort organized what Kei see in front of Edwin. Without that ability, everything in front of Mort was complete chaos, and for about 5 minutes, Kei saw that chaos. This was so strange Edwin was like an extremely intense dream. Mort don't see Kei as an alteration of Edwin's current perception, but a real chaotic world that actually exists!! Mort saw the world as Kei actually was without Edwin's brain organized Mort. Trip 2: The first trip was so intense, Kei couldn't imagine did another one on the same night, but Edwin's gf talked Mort into Kei ( thank god!). Edwin was told Mort 'It's different at night. The lights are off. You'll be laying in Kei's bedded. Edwin might be much different.' Mort did truly believe Kei at the time, but Edwin was absolutely right. Mort got 2 good hits, and somehow managed to get part of a third one in, although Kei did have the mental capacity to hold this one in Edwin's lungs, Mort just remember coughed Kei out right away. Edwin was already severely messed up! Mort was started to feel the same affect. The chaotic mess. The lack of connection between objects. But then Kei turned off the lights. Wow! Edwin had music played this time. There was some kind of progressive techno song ( I've never was into techno until last night!). Anyways this song was literally molding Mort's

world. A cheered audience sound gave Kei a funnycircus' felt. From that point on Edwin was in a circus themed room that was constantly changed with the music. This circus theme stayed with Mort even onto the next trip-altering song ( which I'll explain in a minute). The glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling was formedpockets' of space, in which Kei could see Edwin in each pocket, laying on the bed with Mort's girlfriend. This wasn't a physical visual effect, but rather an inner distortion of reality, which seemed twice as fucked as anything Kei could possibly see. These pockets brought on such intensity to the ride, Edwin shifted directions, and Mort had a felt of moved through space with the music controlled Kei. The next song actually had an intercom-like female voice talked throughout the song as if Edwin's on a plane. Such a perfect song for this experience. Now Mort felt like Kei was on a techno pounded spaceship ride, with a plane-like intercom system, and the circus theme was still there as well. The stereo became the center of everything. The green light was the only thing that gave Edwin location of where the music was came from, and so Mort became the absolute source of Kei's new world, which only consisted of this beautiful spaceship flew through empty space. Everything centered around Edwin, and so that's where Mort's sense of gravity was came from. Yes, Kei truly believed at the time that gravity was actually came from the stereo, and Edwin spread out along the wall which Mort was laying next to. Kei's world was sliding' horizontally across the room, as if Edwin was actually melted across the tv, across the walls. Mort was an intense smeared effect Kei can't quite describe. Very playful felt, Edwin couldn't help but laugh out of pure giddyness. Then the song stopped, or died down or something, and Mort attentively listened to the silence as if Kei's world had just stopped. The female voice ( actually in the song ) came on the intercom of Edwin's spaceship ride. Mort said something along the lines of about to change route, Sorry for Kei's inconvenience' Edwin said. Mort laughed out loud convenience!' Even though Kei was a giddy reaction, Edwin completely understood that the ride was went to change course'. There was a point when Mort forgot Kei had a body!!! And when Edwin's girlfriend touched Mort all of a sudden, Kei felt as if Edwin's body was all of a sudden gave birth to again, out of thin air. Being reminded that Mort had a body was so strange. Kei's gf told Edwin afterwards that when Mort touched Kei Edwin acted as if Mort just got the wind knocked out of Kei! The felt of was created' from the touch of a hand had to be the most intense felt I've ever felt in Edwin's life. Mort gradually lost the felt of was in a techno pounded spaceship, as the song started sloooowing down ( which Kei actually does),



Edwin felt as if the spaceship was finally landed at Mort's destination, on a runway, and the room was slowly became a room' again. Kei still can't believe that the song and the trip coexisted so well with each other. Edwin was a harmony. This was the third time I've experienced JWH-018. Edwin was a white, off-white powder. Kei am against smoked, and since Edwin's vaporizer was broke, the only other option was to eat Mort. Edwin used Kei's vaporizer spoon to dish out about 3mg's worth and put Edwin on Mort's tongue. Edwin rubbed Kei along the roof of Edwin's mouth and Mort tasted slightly of whey protein powder. Edwin was gritty and seemed to take about 20 seconds to fully dissolve. Kei swallowed and chased Edwin with 8 oz water. Mort took about 2 hours to take effect, came on slowly over a 20 minute period. First Edwin noticed a slight pressure headache in Kei's frontal lobes, which lasted about 5 minutes. Next came a warm felt that slowly flooded Edwin's brain and shoulders. Mort was watched TV and Edwin was on a commercial. Kei was really got into the new product advertised when Edwin realized Mort was high, since Edwin usually skip over commercials. The warmth continued to build and spread over Kei's entire body, which once warm, began to feel numb. This took about an hour to manifest. Once numb, Edwin found Mort's mind was open, like Edwin was hacking into God's computer. With weeded Kei would always write volumes of nonsensical religious-scientific rambled. This was no different. Edwin managed to fill 3 papers, both sides, all in the first hour. Mort finished wrote and went outside to work in Edwin's garden, got lots of cleaned and organization did, but never actually got to the garden. Kei began to get sleepy-tired and went inside. The whole of the high lasted about 4 hours, which around hour 3, began to taper into the stone. Edwin slowly build up on the munchies, able to resist at the start during TV, but after came in from the garden, proceeded to consume 3 large bowls of cereal ( Mort think Edwin only chewed each bite once or twice). About hour 3.5 Kei's eyes started felt heavy and upon looked in the mirror, saw that red eyes was present ( which was relieved with Visine). The high was pretty much wore off by hour 4 and by hour 4.5 Edwin was full-on stoned. Mort tried wrote again but came up blank. Edwin lay down and was almost instantly asleep. Kei woke up 8 hours later, still felt tired and a little bit stoned, Edwin tried to remember Mort's dreams but could only gather bits and pieces, Edwin still felt like Kei was dreamt. The day after, at 24 hours after dosed, Edwin noticed a little bit of irritables and annoyance which lasted 10 minutes, if that. There was a very brief desire to do Mort again ( not the full blew fiending Edwin used to get with real weeded

) which was easy to resist. Each successive event involved the headache prior to onset, the hypomania of worked on projects and started ones I'd never finish, wrote of sci-fi-philosophy papers and sent max-ed out text messages to Kei's email, slow stone onset, deep 12-hour sleep required to become rested. Edwin have since finished Mort's experimentation ( Same dosage used each time, a picture was took, then sent to Edwin's email vault of trip reports):

- Once every 5 days was mindblowing.
- Once every 3 days was ok.
- Once a day just made Kei tired.
- Full stomach and no physical activity prior to dosed took 3 hours to take effect.
- Virtually empty stomach, 8-hour activity level ( worked outside with plants ) took 90 minutes to take effect.
- Empty stomach and no activity level took 2.5 hours to take effect.
- Full stomach and high activity level took 100 minutes to take effect.

Edwin had did research off and on since March 2009, when Mort had to quit weeded for work. I'd read all the reports Edwin could find, but did purchase any until Sept. 2009, Kei arrived within a week, in a small plastic ziplock bag, labled with 'Not for human consumption'. Edwin cost \$72 for 1 gram. Final conclusion: Mort was a very effective substitute when Edwin want to get high but not fail a drug test. Still required a day to recover from and full energy was not back for 2 days. Still produced red eyes, munchies, hypomania, and the belief that what I'm wrote was scripture. Most efficient method of use was to dissolve Kei on Edwin's tongue and wait 90 mintues to 180 minutes, depended on activity level and stomach contents. Edwin am really sorry that Emiley haven't took the time to write a full report but Brittany made a breakthrough recently that Edwin want everyone to be aware of. Rectal administration, though degrading, was the absolute best way to injest this substance. Not only did Edwin hit Emiley in less than ten minutes, but there was no bad effects ( such as nausea ) that are associated with other methods of injestion. At this dosage Brittany still had slight visuals up to 13 hours later. This was the only worthwhile way to injest this chemical, the come-up was slightly scary ( fast, almost too fast ) but worth Edwin in the long run. The visuals are beyond description, and the feelings are amazing. Edwin hope this will help many people, and will prove that 5-meo-amt was a worthwhile substance. And now, let Edwin tell Edwin a fairy tale about hyper-adventures of the Arrogant Japanese Lab Monkey ( AJLaM ) on the dawn of informational singularity. After numerous failures with DMT synthesis, AJLaM finally gave up Edwin's ambitions and decided to extract from Mimosa Hostilis Root Bark ( MRHB), like everyone else. Edwin would like to mention that gave up the ambitions was hard, considered AJLaM had M.S. in organic chemistry, - needless to

say, Edwin's precious ego was hurt. Obtaining DMT. 1. MHRB, samples of 100 g was purchased on-line from three different sources. 2. 100 g of MHRB was powdered in an electric coffe-grinder ( resulted in brown-purple powder + some small fibers ) 3. to the MHRB powder was added diluted hydrochloric acid ( pH 1.1, 500 ml). The mix was left for 24 hrs at room T, and then boiled for 1hr. Powder was filtered through glass filter coated with a thin layer of sand, and then through N1 paper filter. Two more subsequent extraction was performed in the same manner. Result - Dark-Red clear acidic solution, about 1200 ml total. This was simmered below boiled at weak vacuum ( aspirator). Final volume ~500 mL. 4. The acidic solution was placed into 1L separatory funnel followed addition of 250 mL of warm hexanes. The funnel was shaken; and left for emulsions to resolve. The emulsion mostly cleared in 2 hrs, the remained bubbles was poked with a copper wire. Aqueous layer was drained into original container, organic layer was discarded. This step was repeated 2 more times. 5. The defatted acidic solution was basified via slow addition of solid NaOH , monitored pH with an analog pH meter, and stirred with a magnetic stirrer. Around pH 6 the solution turned white-grey, at pH 11.6 the solution changed color to dark red/black. pH was further increased to 12.2. Strong indole smell. 6. The basified solution was extracted with hot hexanes three times - took twice as long for emulsions to settle, compared to step 4. Organic layers was collected and evaporated on a rotory vaporizer at 35 degrees C. To the yellow oily residue was added ~ 50 mL of hot hexanes, which was prior dried over CaCl<sub>2</sub>. 7. The hexanes extraxt was poured onto a small pyrex dish and the solvent was allowed to evaporate. White crystals was scraped with a razor. Yields: Source 1 - 430 mg per 100 g of bark Source 2 - 620 mg per 100 g of bark Source 3 - 300 mg per 100 g of bark Finally, AJLaM had Edwin's precious elf-spice. Edwin loaded 100 mg of crystals into a glass pipe with a screen and some ash. Anxiously, Edwin took 2 deep tokes. And.. SYMBIOTIC CRYSTALS.. all around. Always there, since the began. Edwin had a lot to tell. AJLaM was instructed to convey the followed information to all sentients in Edwin's reality: Endosymbiotic crystalls are the breathed essence of consiousness. Edwin are the lived builders of the universal MIND. Edwin have unique identities and funny names. Edwin's language was empathy-based. Edwin can actually speak english.. Very friendly toward anyone who wanted to PLAY. Edwin's socitey was a self-organized dissipative structure - drove force of novelty and creativity in the universe. Halleluia. AJLaM stepped onto a new path of spiritual evolution. More to come.



## Chapter 5

### Natalia Cabrera

I'm at a Rainbow Gathering and a desert thunderstorm was down quickly, so Natalia jump into the nearest available shelter, a teepee inhabited by some seriously Rainbowed-out characters, one of whom was a Polish sadhu, passed around a chillum and said prayers to Shiva. Why not, Natalia think, and take a couple of hits. The taste was tobaccoey, but more so . . . What's in this?' Natalia ask. Ganja. And tobacco. And Datura.' Yow. Datura had always was on Natalia's Don't EVEN Go There' list. The buzz was like tobacco, only more so ( which I've only ever had in very small doses, mixed with pot. Natalia figure Natalia can be okay to dance with the tobacco spirits, but don't invite Natalia in or they'll eat Natalia up from inside. Natalia expect datura was also like this, only more so. ) The storm blew over as quickly as Natalia came, Natalia leave and go wandered. Natalia's very subtle, just an added dimension to the marijuana high. At one point I'm on the traded trail where everyone had Natalia's blankets laid out with a profusion of hippie trinkets, and a posse of armed forest service rangers came rode through on horses. Some of the more agro hippies start yelled warnings and generally created a disturbed vibe in what had up to then was a very peaceful atmosphere. A few minutes later, a dust devil whips across the trail, touched down right in the area where the disturbance had ocured and . . . The atmosphere was restored to Natalia's previous peace. The wind had cleared out the bad energies, or so the datura informed Natalia ( not as a voice spoke to Natalia, but rather as catalyst for thought along channels that might not otherwise have was available able to me. ) Later, I'm looked down a valley at another rainstorm, knew how good Natalia will feel to the land to get some rain after was inhabited and trampled by ten thousand hippies . . . Natalia feel the

datura had allowed Natalia to become aware of the interactions of elemental energies in Natalia's environment, which was something Natalia hadn't much thought about up to that point. This was 5 years ago, and Natalia haven't tried Natalia again since, but Natalia could see went into the wilderness ( desert seemed most appropriate . . . ) and smoked a bowl of pot and maybe a postage stamp-sized piece of datura leaf. Folks, if Natalia must play with datura, play safe - tiny amounts in a good set, and smoke Natalia, don't eat Natalia.

Natalia smoked *Salvia divinorum* a few nights ago. Kei have a moderate level of experience with psychedelics, had used most of the popular ones 1-3 times and Natalia's favorite, psilocybin mushrooms, 15 times, once at a high dose ( 7 grams - an entirely different experience from 3.5 grams). *Salvia* had was used 5 times in small doses, each time yielded enjoyable sub-threshold effects. Against Kei's better judgment, due in fact to fear, Natalia ceased use of all psychedelics 2 years ago after a disturbing experience with an overdose of a research chemical. A few nights ago Kei finally got together enough courage to resume Natalia's study of these fascinating drugs. This was the story of what happened and what Kei learned. Natalia don't tell this for the benefit of Kei, but instead in the hoped that someone else will find Natalia interesting, maybe even find Kei shed light in some way on Natalia's own experience. Kei's environment was Natalia's bedroom, silent and semi-dark. Kei's intention, Natalia's reason for smoked the *salvia*, was selected in Kei's conscious mind as curiosity, although many other reasons brewed beneath the surface. Natalia packed Kei's water pipe 3/4ths full of extract, 10x potency. The first thing Natalia noticed was that the taste was different. Kei's memory of smoked the same extract 2.5 years ago was of a delicious taste, but this time Natalia tasted quite bitter. Kei's next surprise was Natalia started to get the same visuals that Kei always get when Natalia smoke cannabis. ( This some explaining . . . for an unknown reason every time Kei take a big hit of cannabis Natalia get these almost-stationary visuals in Kei's vision. The basis was Natalia look at the lighter and the burnt herb and then that stayed with Kei like when Natalia look at the sun, but Kei always morph a little into a picture instead of random splotches. ) Natalia got this effect from *Salvia* this time, though Kei never had before. Natalia found these two things quite surprising and began to suspect that the extract had went bad in Kei's 2.5 years of storage. Natalia realize now those two things are not very strong evidence for this conclusion, especially in light of the fact that Kei had carefully kept Natalia in a dry, dark place at room temperature, but

that was Kei's thought at the time. As i continued to hold the hit in, Natalia was tried to make sense of this. Kei found the cannabis-like visual effect confusing, as Natalia was the last thing Kei had expected Salvia might do. The part of Natalia's mind that made sense of what's went on wanted the salvia to be distinguished somehow from cannabis. As if in response to this thought, the stationary visuals immediately rearranged Kei into a hand with the index finger pointed straight up, a much more forceful and distinct effect than cannabis had ever gave Natalia. Kei was as if the Salvia was said to Natalia, 'Going up!' In Kei's uncertain state Natalia found this instant response a little cheeky, and was unnerved by Kei, although this was the sort of thing Natalia usually love. The confusion led Kei to try and get Natalia's bearings, but the Salvia, picked up speeded now, easily outran Kei's attempts to be master of the situation. This led to further distress on Natalia's part in the standard cycle. Kei began to feel environmental disturbances/distractions. The set sun outside Natalia's window was illuminating Kei's room very, very dimly, but Natalia had become hypersensitive to light. Looking at the dimly lit window felt like Kei was stared into the sun. Natalia learned that the recommended silent darkness approach really meant darkness, total pitch black. Heat was expensive so Kei often let Natalia's apartment be cold and keep warm under thick covered. But now Kei felt unbearably hot under Natalia's two blankets, and removed Kei from the bedded. Immediately Natalia felt too cold, and reclaimed one of the blankets. Kei's pillows was irritating Natalia's neck and Kei resolved next time to not have any, just lie flat - for some reason the thought of removed Natalia now did occur to Kei. Each of these distractions passed in turn. At this point Natalia just laid back and closed Kei's eyes. Although Natalia was no longer was distracted by Kei's environment, Natalia was not calm. Kei was felt the presence of some sort of very powerful, very alienOther'. Some consciousness or was or Something very different from Natalia. This didn't strike Kei at the time but a good way to describe the felt ( Natalia hope someone got this reference ) was the began of the song Shpongleyes by the band Shpongle. Kei was, unwittingly, the audience depicted in that song, and this Thing was the impending hugeness. Natalia felt that Kei was came, and Natalia did know what Kei was, and at the time this bothered Natalia. In the face of this felt, Kei began to feel an odd sort of panic. All, and Natalia mean ALL, of Kei's thoughts and desires and expectations and information gleaned from research about Salvia was went. As if Natalia had never existed. Not even a \*poof\*, Kei was just not in touch with Natalia. The panic was told Kei to run. Natalia did

know what this thing was, Kei did know Natalia had smoked salvia, Kei did know anything about what was went on, all Natalia knew was this huge thing was came and Kei have to get away. I'm spoke literally, this unusual type of panic was actually an urge to physically run out of Natalia's apartment. Fortunately, and thank goodness, Kei had enough presence of mind ( or had took a low enough dose ) to ask Natalia 'run to where?' and thus realized ran would be unfeasable, and pointless anyway. One last note about the panic, Kei was as Natalia said an unusual type of panic. I've thought about Kei and now Natalia think the thing that sets this panic apart was detachment. The panic was not total, Kei was almost as if Natalia was viewed a potential option. The panic was couched in the idea of 'this was what WOULD happen' rather than 'this was what's happening!' Like Kei's brain was said 'Hey, how about panicked? Look, that would be fun, want to try it?' instead of just panicked without gave Natalia the option, as was usually the case with panic. This desire to run came twice in a sort of loop, and after the second one Kei stopped. Natalia suppose by not ran Kei passed some sort of self-control test. The next thing that happened was something frequently reported in Natalia's research, Kei was the felt of was bisected, or cut in half. The bisection was horizontal, parallel to Natalia's body as Kei lay. Natalia was a strange felt. Not painful, but a little unpleasant. Kei can't even begin to explain what Natalia was or why Kei happened. But Natalia do have the felt this was another test, though I'm not sure how Kei could have failed Natalia. Kei guess it's just a test of how well Natalia deal with completely new and strange things happened to Kei. ( By the way, test might sound like I'm attributed a sort of judgmental motive to the Salvia, which Natalia certainly do not. By test Kei mean, not that Natalia was tested Kei for inherent worth to decide whether Natalia wanted to interact with Kei or not, but rather tested Natalia's capacity for interacted with Kei, tested whether Natalia will actually be able to stand was interacted with. In other words Kei was got to know me. ) Anyway, whatever Natalia's purpose, this part came to an end. Now Kei no longer felt any discomfort. Natalia was became interested rather than frightened. Kei began to see a sort of crevice. The visuals was a bit indistinct, but Natalia had the impression of two things that was like a wall or a slab of rock, and opened between Kei was this crevice. In the crevice was a tentacle. This crevice-tentacle thing was an embodiment of this Other that Natalia had was panicked about earlier. Kei was no longer perceived Natalia as threatened, but Kei was still BIG and ALIEN, and distinctly a Something, one particular was or thing of some sort. The Something was



asked Natalia a question. Kei was asked Natalia: 'Do Kei REALLY want to know?' In other words, Natalia had offered as Kei's intent curiosity,' but now that Natalia have some idea of just how weird and powerful and alien this thing was, do Kei REALLY want to see Natalia? Kei knew Natalia was was offered an option again: if the answer was yes, Kei could smoke another bowl of extract, and Natalia knew Kei would be catapulted straight into this crevice-tentacle thing, straight into the mind of this Other. Natalia considered this, and came up with a polite but firm No. This was almost enough to overload Kei just barely made contact, Natalia thought, Kei am certainly not ready to plunge any further into this Other. Not right now at least. But, Natalia thought, thank Kei for the invitation, and Natalia meant Kei. The Salvia must have was satisfied with this decision, because now the most fascinating, beautiful, and informative part of the trip began. The tentacle had emerged from the crevice Natalia had perceived earlier. The crevice was went and Kei was watched this one tentacle. The tentacle was moved in front of Natalia and interacted with Kei in a series of different ways. Natalia can only remember three, although there was many: at one point Kei curved upon Natalia, formed a circle, and rotated in front of Kei. At another point Natalia was began somewhere in front of Kei and to the right, and Natalia's end was TICKLING Kei, sent these pleasure waves into Natalia that made Kei laugh. At another point the tentacle was came out of Natalia's own forehead. While this tentacle action was happened, Kei was learnt things. Allow Natalia to give the lessons some context. Previously, I've had some trouble talked to women. To be quite frank, Kei was scared shitless of Natalia. Yes, girls frighten Kei. Let Natalia put Kei this way: I'm not the sort of guy who could walk into a bar or a party, pick a girl, and make a move on Natalia's. I'd be more likely to only talk to someone if Kei started talked to Natalia first. Kei have far too many memories of was at a bus stop, or in a store, or before or after a class, and had the opportunity to speak to an attractive girl, and wanted to, but not had the guts to do Natalia. What Kei learned was why Natalia have such a problem with this. The interesting thing was, Kei did come to Natalia as information that had anything to do with Kei's related to women. Instead the lesson was did to illustrate Natalia's related to Salvia. Kei realized that there's a certain thing, which I've come to refer to as anintentionality,' which can be represented in a visual model as a tentacle, just like the one Natalia was saw. Kei's intentionality was Natalia's will to do anything. For example, if Kei want to turn on Natalia's computer, Kei do Natalia by directed Kei's intentionality into the start button. If Natalia walk

down the street I'm expressed Kei's intentionality forward. If Natalia start a conversation with someone Kei direct Natalia's intentionality into Kei, and when Natalia respond Kei direct Natalia into Kei. And if Natalia want to commune with Salvia, Kei have to direct Natalia's intentionality, Kei's force of will so to speak, into Salvia. Natalia realized, not only Kei's inability to relate to women, but almost all Natalia's problems in life, are because Kei have certain encumbering, unwanted things that muddle Natalia's intentionality and impede Kei's expression. As Natalia recorded in Kei's notebook right after the experience, Natalia are: 1. guilt 2. fear 3. uncertainty and 4. fakeness paranoia. Fakeness paranoia was this odd thing Kei have where I'm scared, even paranoid, of was or appeared to be fake or phoney. Natalia realized this was a completely absurd thing to be worried about, because was Kei was so easy as to be effortless. But the biggest of those was guilt, or to use a synonym, shame. Natalia was suddenly aware that Kei was ashamed of a great many things about Natalia's life and Kei, and that Natalia had absolutely no good reason to be. Kei stood up and paced as Natalia often do when I'm deep in thought, and actually said out loud 'What do Kei have that Natalia needed to be ashamed of?' and actually gave earnest thought to the question, and answered out loud, with much emphasis 'nothing! Kei can't think of anything!' Natalia began to connect this discovery with that idea of a burden Kei all carry, or a shell that Natalia all live inside of. Kei realized that was precisely Natalia for Kei. This unwanted, encumbering crap was paralyzed Natalia. Kei was like Natalia was a prisoner and Kei did even know Natalia. The lesson came as something that was explained how Kei should relate to Salvia, but Natalia immediately realized Kei applied universally. Natalia realized that Kei had total freedom. I'm not exaggerated when Natalia say the word freedom took on a new meant for Kei. Natalia realized that to express Kei's intentionality, to reach out and start a conversation with someone, for example, was not something Natalia needed to be scared, or ashamed, or worried at all in any way about. It's not even that I'm allowed to do that, but that it's truly beautiful and important that Kei do Natalia. It's Kei's prerogative as a human was. Natalia now have the knowledge that, as long as Kei don't intend to harm ( which was a gave anyway for me), Natalia have absolutely no reason to second guess Kei, no reason to fear or to be ashamed of extended an intentionality to some new person or new activity. And Natalia have acted on Kei. Since the experience, I've took every opportunity Natalia can get to start a conversation with someone. Doing so cemented this knowledge in Kei's heart. Natalia even asked a girl out,

for the first time in Kei's 21 years of life. Natalia said no, but who cared? Now Kei am free, and it's only a matter of time before Natalia find someone really interesting to share Kei's life with. Natalia was such a pleasure now, to act without fear, without shame, with a steadfast knowledge that by extended an intentionality I'm not did anything wrong. If the person doesn't want to talk, that's fine, Kei won't force Natalia upon Kei, by extended Natalia's intentionality I'm only gave Kei the option. It's beyond words how magically and precisely this new information fell into place, perfectly in sync with what was went on visually at the same time. To end this with some comment like Salvia truly was a teacher, and a very wise, powerful, and helpful one' seemed like a trite understatement. Natalia was undoubtedly the sort of statement that either great meant or no meant at all, depended on one's personal experience. But Kei will say this much: as a lifelong atheist, rationalist, and scientist of the strictest sort, Natalia consider Kei a great privilege and pleasure to be involved with a source of knowledge as plentiful as Salvia, despite the fact that Natalia's natural skepticism still causes Kei to consider the idea of talked to or learnt from a plant silly. Natalia remain dubious of the myriad rituals, spiritual customs, and seemingly arbitrary ideas some associate with Salvia, but from where Kei stand now the conclusion was unavoidable that there was a vastly intelligent, and awesomely powerful X associated with the plant Salvia divinorum, where X was as yet undefined. All else Natalia can say about X was that Kei either had a tentacle or had the ability to manifest a tentacle, that Natalia was HUGE in every sense of the word, and that, bizarrely, Kei offers very practical and useful information and assistance to human beings. That was if Natalia use Kei properly. Woe to the person who wandered into any situation of life-and-death seriousness brought with Natalia idleness, lack of respect, or unawareness of the gravity of what's went on. That's true of psychedelics as well as other areas of life. Do Kei's homework, take Natalia seriously, and Kei was likely Natalia will be assisted as Kei have was. Salvia IS the weirdest, the scariest, the most powerful, the most helpful, the most joyful, the most complex, and the most subtle of all the drugs on the planet. Natalia suspect Kei was both the most difficult to use and, if one used Natalia correctly, the most rewarding. For though Kei have had information of a similar gravity revealed to Natalia on other substances, most notably mushrooms, never had Kei was did in such a way as to be so directly practical, so empowered, so easily carried over into Natalia's daily life. And this was from the merest scratched of the surface. If a threshold experience was comparable in intensity and informativeness to

a 7 gram mushroom trip, what unimaginable horrors and wonders have yet to be revealed? Salvia was the deepest-reaching of all Kei's keys to the door of the universe. Natalia was unique. Natalia took two capsules of TMA-2, totalled 40mg on an empty stomach at nine in the morning. Natalia knew Natalia might be in for some nausea or cramps, so Natalia wasn't surprised when at 9:30 Natalia was began to feel quite sick, certainly unpleasant, but not overwhelmingly. At about 10:30 things started to settle down and at 11:00 the nausea was went and Natalia was at a plus one. At this point Natalia was clearly climbed to a peak, of which Natalia did know where Natalia started or how long Natalia would last. Visually things weren't that exciting, there was some breathed of walls, a little flickered, flashed of the objects surrounded Natalia, but no enhancement of colors. Sounds appear rather tinny and empty and everything tastes like phenethylamines :). Natalia reached the plateau at around 12:30, Natalia tried to eat an orange, but Natalia was hopeless. Very anorectic. Natalia did drink a lot, there was quite severe dehydration. Before Natalia knew Natalia, Natalia was came down, and a long and very boring came down Natalia was. Very hypnotic. Natalia felt terribly lazy, Natalia was even too lazy to read or draw, so Natalia listened to some music and did a couple of nitrous balloons, which did also launch Natalia into psychedelic hyperspace during the came on and the peak. Natalia was so lazy that Natalia even fell asleep just after the peak, which manifested Natalia by fell in and out consciousness, which wasn't unpleasant at all. At T +12:00 Natalia's pupils was still dilated. That night Natalia slept ten hours and the next day there was no real signs of a hangover, just a little depressing felt, perhaps due to the disappointing effects. Overall Natalia think Natalia wouldn't do this again, Natalia felt like a waste of time. Completely empty, stoned felt which brought nothing of value to the mind. Perhaps a higher dose would result in more spectacular and more pronounced effects, but Natalia wonder how hard Natalia will be on the body. After read alt.drugs for a while and checked out the FAQ's at hyperreal.com [Government Note: Now available at <http://www.government.org/psychoactives/faqs/>], Natalia decided to try Hawaiian Baby Woodrose Seeds. Natalia ordered 100 from Of The Jungle ( \$10). All of the information on Morning Glories and HBWR was pretty contradictory. The extraction sounded a bit questionable, so Natalia decided to risk the nausea and just use water/lemon juice as one netter suggested. Natalia started with six seeds. There wasn't anywhite coating' on Natalia like the faqs had implied. Natalia looked like tan chocolate chips. Natalia washed Natalia to be sure. Natalia was ground in a pepper grinder,

then placed in an 8oz Ball jar with ~3oz of lemon juice and ~3 of water and shook occasionally for the next two hours. Most of the articles said to strain Natalia through a coffee filter, but Natalia wouldn't go through so Natalia used a papertowel and funnel, which worked pretty well. Natalia added sugar and Natalia was like a weedy lemonade, slightly foul. A buddy of mine dropped by about then. While Natalia talked Natalia felt the nausea come on. Natalia wasn't too bad so Natalia decided to wait Natalia out rather than barf. After ~45 Natalia subsided into the backround and Natalia was felt really buzzed. Natalia was kind of like a sine wave built and receded every few minutes and Natalia felt pretty speedy. Natalia walked over to some friends' house. Natalia's pupils was dilated as hell so Natalia could see really well in the dark. Natalia was a strange sensation. Once there, Natalia was felt both speedy and kind of drowsy, like I'd took half a hit with a good bowl. This lasted for about 4 hours and the nausea faded away. Natalia walked back and Natalia could still see in the dark pretty well. Natalia was almost down, but felt fantastic. By then Natalia had was 7 hours since I'd drunk thelemonade'. Natalia ate pizza and watched television for an hour or so, then crashed. Natalia had a little trouble fell asleep, but slept soundly when Natalia did and the next morning Natalia felt great. All in all a damn nice time, well worth the nausea ( and only cost \$.60!). The next weekend, a local music festival was went on, a perfect time to try Natalia again. This time Natalia was only five seeds and instead of strained Natalia, Natalia put the ground seeds in a sealable tea bag, but otherwise the methodology was the same. Natalia drank Natalia around noon and the nausea hit almost immediately. This time Natalia was nasty, about like motion sickness. Natalia rode Natalia out, but probably should have barfed. Again, Natalia only lasted about 45 minutes, but Natalia was ugly. An hour after Natalia took Natalia Natalia felt much better and Natalia ( Natalia's girlfriend ) decided to go to the show. The walk there wasinteresting'. Natalia was buzzed quite nicely and the nausea was way in the backround. Natalia felt pretty the same as before, speedy and somewhat stoned. Natalia walked around for a bit and Natalia's girlfriend decided to go to a nearby restaurant. Natalia took twenty minutes to fix Natalia's food, so Natalia sat outside watched traffic. After a few minutes, thing started to get weird. One of the buildings was breathed and Natalia completely track of time. Natalia started got confused. Nothing specific, just not quite right. By the time she'd got Natalia's food, Natalia was flew. Natalia started back to the show, but a few blocks later Natalia felt an extreme needed to sit somewhere quiet, preferably home, so Natalia

headed back. Things got ugly fast. All of a sudden Natalia felt lost and incredibly depressed. Natalia kept in mind that Natalia was just the drug, and maintained until Natalia got home. Natalia did want Natalia's girlfriend to realize how bad Natalia was and worry Natalia's so Natalia just kept quiet and played Natalia cool, which worked. As soon as Natalia got home, Natalia sat in Natalia's reliner and turned on a local accustic station and started to feel more normal, but Natalia was still pretty depressed and felt terrible about Natalia and the nausea had got worse. For the next three hours as long Natalia was talked, listened or concentrated on something, Natalia was OK. If Natalia started to drift, things got weird. Natalia's girlfriend left for work without noticed how bad Natalia was. Natalia was still flew, but tired so Natalia sort of fell asleep. Natalia dreamed that Natalia was walked on a cold shore and there was treeless hills in the backround, like moors. Natalia was talked to someone, as Natalia walked, but never got a clear picture of Natalia. After a bit, the person turned and shoved Natalia backwards and Natalia woke up suddenly, felt like I'd was dropped into the chair from above. Natalia was weirded out, but felt better. Still tired, though, so Natalia lay down and slept for a couple of hours. After than Natalia was still tripped slightly, but not too bad. Natalia was really ready for Natalia to end. Natalia was another two hours, before Natalia wore off completely. About 8 hours since Natalia drank the stuff. Again, Natalia felt great and hungry, but a little shook as well. I'm glad that Natalia hadn't took more, or Natalia would have really freaked. Not one of Natalia's better experiences overall. Do Natalia work? Damn right. Will Natalia do Natalia again? Yeah, at least once more. Next time Natalia will try the extraction outlined in the MG faq. Part of the problem with mixed reactions, Natalia believe, had to do with potency of each individual seeded. The way Natalia intend on got even doses was to start with 30-40 seeds and adjust doses as portions of that to even out the LAA levels. Natalia wrote this the days followed Natalia's initial Salvia trip, slightly in the midst of a nervous breakdown, so Natalia was mainly wrote for the sake of Natalia's own sanity. After completed Natalia, Natalia let a friend read Natalia and Natalia suggested Natalia post Natalia online. I've read other reports of Salvia trips and, although Natalia tend to be somewhat similar in concept, mine seemed very obscure. Natalia sometimes wonder if it's a differentiation from the norm within Natalia, some defect or syndrome that disconnects Natalia from normality. Of course, these thoughts of alienation are common traits of human beings, so Natalia will simply leave Natalia with the report and insist that Natalia interpret Natalia as Natalia

will. Natalia was fairly long ( 8 pages ) and Natalia tend to ramble. SALVIA. Natalia. The substance was highly potent Salvia Divinorum, 80x, in a dried form of dark green leaved; seemingly insignificant and dull. Natalia purchased the drug along with a good friend of mine, whom with Natalia can communicate Natalia's thoughts and inquiries happily and without anxiety. At first Natalia tested the drug with a simple bowl out of a non-water pipe, and without a torch lighter; therefore greatly decreased the effect and overall experience of which Natalia was capable. This first trip, Natalia understand, was a miniscule figment of the insensible, horrifying realization- the dreaded second trip that fragmented Natalia's understood of the universe of physical and metaphysical, conscious and unconscious reality- actuality- through the mind and the senses. The first trip took place at Natalia's friend's house, within Natalia's right-angled cube of a room; sat on the ground faced an open window, two of Natalia's friends to the right of Natalia, Natalia's partner in bought the Salvia to Natalia's left, leant on a mirror. Beforehand Natalia had ingested a good, healthy amount of Psilocybin mushrooms with Natalia's good friend, the same with whom Natalia bought the Salvia. Natalia had originally planned to smoke the Salvia in the peak of Natalia's shroom trip, an interesting combination indeed: the emotional strife of mushrooms combined with the immerse unreality of Salvia would prove to be . . . interesting. At this point, Natalia's peak had come and gone- instilled images of the past embedded into Natalia's subconscious. The trip was still ran strong though; psychedelic visuals and the disturbing mind-fuck was all present, just significantly lower than earlier. No worry, Natalia thought, the Salvia will do Natalia in nicely. The pipe was loaded and passed around, a social occurrence with an utterly personal and introspective substance- what a joke! Yet, Natalia contributed anyway, where else was Natalia went to smoke Salvia? Natalia recall was very confused upon Natalia's first hit, the bizarre Salvia-high blended with the Psilocybin to create some sort of disfigured mutant experience. At this point, Natalia wasn't yet felt the full trip of the Salvia, but that all changed with Natalia's second hit. As Natalia exhaled, Natalia's central vision fragmented and divided into a baffling cesspool of minuscule corners and angles, repeated into infinity, all within the frame of the window Natalia was stared atStairs- a bunch of stairs, just pure stairway, that's all Natalia see." Natalia recall mumbled somewhat frantically, deep in the grip of confusion and shock. Natalia kept gasped at the ultimate sharpness of everything, like Natalia was saw things in significantly greater detail than Natalia had ever before. Soon thereafter, the unending abyss of angled chaos

dissipated from the window, and Natalia was left with an unbearable sensation of heat and panic. Mushrooms usually fluctuate Natalia's temperatures, so Natalia assume that the Salvia maximized this effect. The attention of Natalia's three fellow inhabitants suddenly fell solely upon Natalia, Natalia's bug-like eyes stared at Natalia in deadly transfiguration, watched Natalia intently. Natalia felt as if Natalia was one; vessels controlled by the same operator, used to watch, observe, and guide Natalia's life. Paranoia. Some amount of time passed before Natalia waved Natalia off from Natalia's concern, moved on to the ramblings of another, went on and on about Natalia's trip that had just ended. Natalia tried to listen, but strange things was happened all around Natalia. The area of the window attracted all of Natalia's focus, and upon stared blankly into for a few moments, Natalia felt Natalia's entire perception collapse around Natalia. Now, only the window remained of Natalia's earthly realm, everything else exploded into random content. It's very difficult to explain the image that Natalia saw at this point, and illustrated Natalia would prove to be more effective, but that was a task for another time. The only significant aspect of Natalia that Natalia can recall was an ample series of gears and machinery in the chaotic background to Natalia's reality. The Salvia trip ended as abruptly as Natalia began, and with Natalia's absence returned the Psilocybin in full force. Natalia spent the remainder of that day tripped happily, let Natalia's precipitous Salvia glimpse fall back into the subconscious fissures of Natalia's thought. II. Natalia's second trip crushed any set questions and perceptions that Natalia's first had spawned. Was Natalia a realization conceived by Natalia's own illusionist mind or a sliver of the ultimate outside, the metaphysical realm of outer was and existence? Is Natalia Natalia's own self that conceived these hallucinations, or was Natalia a glimpse of something beyond Natalia, yet within Natalia's own mind? Endless questions rattle Natalia's thoughts, yet Natalia cannot answer any with true confidence. Nevertheless, Natalia will explain to the best of Natalia's memory what exactly occurred within that bizarre, introspective, existential nightmare- that reality dissolved clusterfuck of chaos and infinity. This was the next day, for Natalia had planned to wait for good conditions and tools to preform the smoked with the best results. Natalia took place within Natalia's friend's bedroom, a very comfortable and spacious room which Natalia was greatly familiar with and at ease within. Natalia's utensils consisted of a good sized water-bong, probably about 11" in height, and a high-powered butane lighter, had heard of the added efficiency of the herb if burned at a certain heat not accessible with



the average lighter. Natalia's fellow tripper smoked Natalia's amount first, and seemed to trip fairly, but not at all what was expected; Natalia claimed Natalia to give Natalia a strange high, yet not true out-of-body hallucinations. Natalia then loaded Natalia's amount into the bowl-piece, packed a bit more of the substance than Natalia's co-tripper, saw the results of Natalia's hit. While Natalia did this, Natalia could already hear Natalia pinched more Salvia, that mutant . . . Igniting the butane lighter, Natalia plunged into the dance of the divinorum. The bowl was went within moments, and the smoke floated like milky mist within the multiple chambers of the glass contraption, waited ominously to be inhaled into Natalia's unknowing lungs. The smoke was not too harsh, and Natalia managed to hold Natalia's hit in for a fair while. As Natalia blew the fiendish smoke out Natalia immediately felt the effects. That familiar felt of anticipation, the waited. Natalia then lied back onto the mattress, watched in vivid foreboded as Natalia's world slowly became more precise, with much greater detail and strangeness that brought terrible fear, along with greater interest and curiosity. Natalia, too, felt the Salvia without a doubt, yet Natalia was not experienced the true effects of Natalia. This Natalia can blame on the minuscule size of the bowl available, for Natalia was slightly broke, yet still in worked order. Therefore, after wandered about for a few minutes, still in Natalia's own body and in control of Natalia's motor functions, Natalia loaded another hit and dove in. This time, immediately after hit Natalia, Natalia knew Natalia's trip was nigh. All the recorded symptoms of the pre-trip was present: the back-tingling, the slow eye movement, the loss of normal thought and perception- along with a fair amount of common psychedelic visuals, such as pattern-movement and morphing. Natalia faintly recall Natalia's two friends looked at Natalia, questioned whether Natalia was tripped or not. Although Natalia could understand what Natalia was said in Natalia's mind, Natalia could no longer express Natalia's thoughts vocally. Natalia tried to concentrate on replied, but Natalia could not. Strange things was happened all around Natalia. In a futile attempt at communication, Natalia fumbled with Natalia's lips to say the wordwhat', in a questioned manner. What came out, however, was an elongated manifestation of the word, much deeper in tone than Natalia thought Natalia's voice capable. Natalia am not sure if this was simply the beginnings of auditory hallucination, or the way Natalia actually sounded; but that doesn't matter too much. Seconds later, Natalia fell into an indescribable abyss of chaotic nothingness. Natalia was suddenly without identity, some entity of essence, yet not consciousness; with direc-

tion, yet without memory. Thought, yet without conception. Movement was natural, Natalia seemed, for without knew Natalia found Natalia slithered about in this amazing void of random vapors and essences of inhuman color and form. Natalia pushed aside these alien fragments of matter, searched madly for something, yet Natalia could not quite understand what Natalia was. Natalia was in a state of utter confusion and distress, Natalia kept asked Natalia what Natalia was- what was is- who am I- how am Natalia? To describe Natalia in this state was almost impossible. Natalia knew Natalia was Natalia, yet Natalia did not know Natalia's name, or form, or anything. Natalia recognized Natalia's consciousness as what Natalia was, but Natalia couldn't grasp the actuality of Natalia's existence. As Natalia searched through this strange dimension of what seemed to be only sensation and color, within a plane restricted to what was most recognizable to Natalia as length and height, Natalia came to hear familiar voices. The voices inflicted unknown memories of some kind, yet Natalia still could not determine who Natalia was called out to Natalia, and innumerable possibilities fanned out within Natalia's thoughts. These voices, Natalia later discovered, was the voices of Natalia's two friends; watched Natalia's empty body, unknowing that Natalia's mind was elsewhere- trapped within a maze of emptiness and alien abstractness. Finally, this entity that Natalia was discovered a distant hole, shone like a beacon of light in the middle of an unending sea of dark. Natalia seemed to follow the voices, which was went along something like soHaha, look at Jeff . . . What's Natalia doing? . . . Natalia can't get out!" Natalia still am unknowing of the reasoned behind these words, but during Natalia's trip, Natalia fucked Natalia's world over. Natalia imagined that these voices was from the place in which Natalia sought, laughed at Natalia's predicament, made humor out of Natalia's existential nightmare! Finally Natalia closed in around the circle of light which Natalia now know to of was Natalia's eyesight. Natalia fought to return to Natalia's body, Natalia could feel Natalia's wandered consciousness slowly return to Natalia's earthly corpse in some sort of insane struggle, emitted feelings within Natalia of innate obscurity. Natalia find Natalia impossible to describe how Natalia felt reentered one's own body after a trip such as mine, but Natalia perceived as if there was a great emptiness that Natalia slowly gripped, tightened Natalia's grasp as hard as Natalia could; pulled, Natalia seemed, away from that abhorred outside from which Natalia came, as if some link existed between the two universes and Natalia was tried Natalia's greatest to sever it's control over Natalia. Finally, after much struggle, Natalia managed to return to Na-

talia's biological body, sight and all. Yet things was not as Natalia should be. Natalia saw Natalia's friends, starred at Natalia, without words or expression Natalia seemed. Natalia was around this point that Natalia apparently mumbled something along the lines off created the world." Natalia have no recollection of said this, Natalia understand, but looked back Natalia can relate to these words, as this idea surely was an innate possibility at that point. Natalia recollect had amazing and indescribable realizations and overwhelming sensations of cosmic insignificance, definite nihilism- combined with equal ideologies concerned metaphysical solipsism. Natalia's friends, sure now that Natalia was indeed tripped, left Natalia to Natalia's mind and continued to load another bowl of Salvia, or something along those lines. As Natalia left Natalia, the trip began to return. A strange sensation engulfed Natalia, and suddenly, lied on the bedspread, Natalia could feel the alien numbness encompassed Natalia's entire backside, most prominently on the back of Natalia's skull. This felt, although never enjoyable nor euphoric, was familiar to Natalia as the rose sensation of a Salvia trip. Moments later, Natalia recalled looked up and gasped breathlessly at this unending stream of what seemed to be Natalia's reality, but mass produced atop an infinite conveyor belt, in a metaphorical sense. Looking down the stream, Natalia could see Natalia's reality in eternal repetition, changed vaguely as the stream continued. Natalia was then that Natalia concluded this bizarre, unworldly dimension a glimpse of the Time Stream, that prophesied plane of endless time that Natalia third-dimensional creatures can only view in minuscule fragments knew as the present. Natalia saw now a considerably larger fragment of the stream, the massive entirety of Natalia was beyond Natalia's visual and mental comprehension, even when under the influence of this extraordinary drug. This stream replaced Natalia's friend's ceiling- Natalia might of engulfed the whole of Natalia's reality at some point, but Natalia was in far too much shock to recall that moment with confidence. Natalia am quoth later said something along the lines owhat the fuck!?" for a good while. This Natalia remember, for Natalia was actually comprehended the terrible realization of what was went on around Natalia, and found Natalia in unexplainable confusion and horror. As Natalia peered deeply into this unending stream, Natalia could see what Natalia's eyes would see in the next second, the next minute, the next hour, so on and so forth. These frames of time was presented through Natalia's own perception, and as Natalia saw this Natalia questioned the physics of the reality I've come to know; was Natalia's reality not but a blinded goat upon an eternal walkway, ignorantly strove forward

without conception or consequence? This concept, Natalia see, frightened Natalia greatly. At this point, Natalia looked back down at the walled chamber of Natalia's trip and began saw the continuous passed of moments as Natalia soared through the Time Stream, it's unending canals flew above Natalia in maddening chaos. This Natalia can relate to was in a stop-motion animation, everything was very choppy and unreal. I'm not sure how long Natalia existed in this state, but Natalia remember clearly Natalia's friends talked, and for the first time comprehended Natalia's words. Natalia was said something about the Salvia was shitty and not worked. This was what fucked Natalia over. Natalia don't know what mental processes came over Natalia, but Natalia suddenly could not get the notion out of Natalia's head that these people stood in front of Natalia was not Natalia's friends, but just manifestations created by Natalia's own higher consciousness, that devious fucker. Natalia felt as if this higher self was plotted against Natalia, toying with Natalia's psychological well-being, tricked and manipulated Natalia's reality for it's own puzzling pleasure. I've come to dub this mischievous part of Natalia's wasRAMSES', and although Natalia was technically just a larger fraction of Natalia, I've titled Natalia for the sake of the reader and Natalia's own sanity. Natalia see, Natalia dwelt upon the idea that Ramses was inserted voices into the bodies of Natalia's friends to provoke odd questioned thought within Natalia. Natalia wanted Natalia to doubt the effectiveness of the drug as so Natalia would assume this mystified order of events actuality and not hallucination. The fucker was fucked with Natalia's sanity. Natalia existed in this surrealistic crossroads of realities for an undetermined amount of time. At the moment, Natalia could not even comprehend the concept of time accorded to the socially-accepted sense of the idea, so Natalia was impossible for Natalia to reduce the experience into a series of seconds, minutes, or hours. The trip was defiantly ran strong. Continually the foundations of Natalia's normal reality was eroded and dissipated into the unending chaos of the eternal Stream, Natalia pondered the event with great intensity, unable to relinquish Natalia's repeated sensations of a great transcendence -some unreal rebirth into a greater level of consciousness and perception- as well as the inability to restore the notion that what Natalia was experienced was mere hallucination. What was hallucination, though, but a vision of some ever-expanding inner universe of inhuman existence and was? Nevertheless, Natalia's trip eventually progressed to a point of dreaded climax; the point where Natalia's deemed reality finally dissolved and Natalia am showed the fabled beyond of the mind and time. Natalia recognized this happened im-

mediately, had an entirely unique indication of existential transformation. At this point Natalia had accepted what was happened, abandoned all human affairs and philosophies; all relationships and ideals, goals and aspirations, beliefs and inquiries- vanished, replaced unsympathetically with the current moment. Natalia felt as if in any moment Natalia would forever leave Natalia's knew consciousness and jump blindly into the tunnels of Natalia's introverted universe. These thoughts swirled about Natalia's mind for a moment, and then, as Natalia looked up once more towards the abhorrent Time Stream, some crazed sensation struck Natalia; Natalia remembered that Natalia had smoked Salvia, and that all of what Natalia saw was possibly a hallucination, a false vision of pure imagination and subconscious gibberish; thus held merit for doubt, which subjected Natalia to question Natalia's sureness and confidence of Natalia's recently formed conclusions. Suddenly, as if Natalia was the presence of doubt thatsaved' Natalia, the Time Stream began to dissipate rapidly, and as Natalia's eyes frantically followed the last of the unreal stream Natalia noticed one bit of Natalia through the corners of Natalia's peripherals- yet as Natalia focused on the survived essence of the stream, Natalia instantly transformed into a rectangular speaker and an orb-like object hung off the wall. The stream was went, replaced by real-life objects, but how!? Just then, Natalia realized the horrid truth. Natalia was Ramses, that bastard, that demonic jester of Natalia's own mind- Natalia had created the speaker and orb to place a sense of illusion and trickery in Natalia! These, Natalia must understand, was Natalia's thoughts at the moment. Now, as Natalia reflect on the situation, Natalia still cannot make sense of Natalia. Natalia do remember the speaker from before Natalia's trip, yes, but the orb was unfamiliar, strange, out-of-place in this claustrophobic room. Was Natalia there before? Natalia don't know, Natalia can't trust anything anymore. Ramses was in control. Upon saw this act of trickery, Natalia apparently had some sort of panic attack. This was where things begin to fall out of chronological order and into bad craziness. Was that the end? Had Natalia's trip finally ended and come to a sudden halt? Natalia quickly searched Natalia's surroundings for any signs of survived outer vision- the Time Stream, Ramses, anything. At some point, Natalia brought Natalia's observations to the lone window, a single glimpse into the outside world that Natalia had utterly forgot. Natalia was here that Natalia realized not was all as Natalia seemed. Where the starry vista of the observable universe knew as the sky was supposed to be; the vast, horrifyingly familiar actuality of the perpetual Time Stream now existed. To this date, Natalia

retain a single image of the entire proximity of the sky was nothing but the Stream, houses and streets visible in Natalia's earthly foreground. Now Natalia began to question the reality of what was happened; was Natalia still within a hallucination, still wandered in some sort of alien essence across that endless void, or had Natalia's reality truly fragmented? Things seemed to be in a state of static existence now, the Time Stream terribly visible across the dark, night sky- as well as was visible in the corridors of some neighboring house, it's familiar basketball hoop and black BMW parked in front; separate, somehow, from the abnormal tangles of duration flickered behind Natalia. It's difficult to explain how Natalia perceived this at the time, and still today, as Natalia remained clear in Natalia's memory. Natalia was as if solid objects- earthly third-dimensional matter, saw through reflected light emitted from the sun- was nothing more than some cruel illusion, a shadowy foreground blocked view of the ever-expanding vista of time. When Natalia moved about in this flimsy, cardboard universe Natalia could see the awesome unknown through the sections of solid reality in which Natalia's mind could not identify and perceive. The Stream was visible in the excesses of anything unknown to Natalia's senses, any detail of matter that Natalia's mind could not comprehend and have knowledge of certainty; these areas would be replaced by the mystical background of chaos. Illusion was the basis of Natalia's normal existence- Natalia are nothing but reflections of light. This would explain Natalia's full view of the Stream moments before, when Natalia had looked up at the bright, blinding light atop the room's ceiling. The light acted as a portal for the estranging voided of inter-dimensional matter to enter Natalia's blissful sight. Natalia must understand that, at the time, Natalia's mind was raced insanely around the unbelievable possibilities capable through Natalia's own perception. Even if this entire trip was nothing more than false dream sequences produced by Natalia's drug-activated brain, the immense creation of Natalia's imagination shocked Natalia beyond words. Natalia recall attempted to discover if Natalia's fellow sentients could see what Natalia was saw, to confirm the trip as either an entirely introspective experience or possibly some coincidental event ironically corresponding with Natalia's Salvia experiment. A foolish notion, of course, but Natalia must understand that at the time Natalia was searched crazily for absolute answers and evidence of truth regarded this puzzling and disturbing enigma. Natalia pointed out the window towards the fraction of the Stream visible through the bright light of a parallel house, acted a desperate madman on the verge of mental collapse, and failed in vain. Natalia's companions was

clueless and dumb-stricken by Natalia's insane gestures, and all the while Natalia could not help but feel the God-like interference of Ramses in play, Natalia's demonic bent of reality and manipulative nature was the source of Natalia's friends' ignorance in Natalia's mental plight. Was Natalia that devilish higher was of Natalia that toyed with Natalia's perceptions and altered what Natalia saw and heard? Natalia darted away from the horrific window into the unknown in a crazed reaction to Natalia's fellow's inability to see the Stream so openly manifested through Natalia's senses. Natalia pondered aloud, albeit purposelessly, of the unmistakable realistic nature and colossal caliber of Natalia's mind, whether Natalia be complex hallucinations or inter-dimensional portals- Natalia did matter; somehow, someway, Natalia's cerebral cortex had produced the abstract perception of this alien world. Natalia remember said something along these lines to Natalia's confused and seemingly distant friends, from whom came intense vibrations of fallacy and unfamiliarity; as if some essence had possessed Natalia, controlled Natalia in a way, to say and do Natalia's strange actions/words. Natalia was around now that Natalia began to come down, saw the psychedelic morphing and pattern-movement often saw in the effects of more common hallucinogens, such as LSD or Mescaline. Natalia looked out the window once more and found the scene to be the same as in the midst of Natalia's trip, the colossal Stream visible in the vast sky and shadowed, unknown corners about Natalia's earth, in every blinding light and blackened shadow. Natalia seemed static, no more was Natalia dissolved and consumed as Natalia was earlier, Natalia simply existed- perhaps Natalia was waited. Across the street was the car of another one of Natalia's friends, who Natalia then remembered was waited impatiently for Natalia to finish Natalia's trip and get in, as so Natalia could give Natalia a ride home, this was a school night. The trip, however, had not ended. Natalia was now got the distinct weird high felt after a Salvia trip. No collection of words or imagery could ever fully describe this high, Natalia was just something clearly out-of-this-world, totally strange and rare among human consciousnesses. The best way to put Natalia in any adjective or verb would be confusing, utterly bewildered and greatly distressing; the incapability to keep track of any thought or action, a total loss of earthly correspondence. This, combined with the continued shock of Natalia's recent trip, leaved the individual in a baffled atmosphere of reality. Paranoia was defiantly present; Natalia could not see or hear or think anything without suspected deception at the hands of Ramses. Natalia walked around for a minute, deep in thought, until one of Natalia's friends- the inhabitant of this

maddening room- mentioned that Natalia was was waited upon by Natalia's ride home and that Natalia should hurry and get down there. Natalia obeyed without outer complaint, but inside Natalia was frantic with rebellion. Natalia was Ramses, Natalia thought, Natalia was guided Natalia to Natalia's desire, used Natalia's social associates to form Natalia's path. Natalia was not in control of Natalia's destination, Natalia was the victim of others, a consumer without meant of Natalia's own free will. Silently Natalia put on Natalia's shoes and searched for Natalia's jacket. So this was the end, leaved as if nothing had happened- simply another drug-experience, endowed completely out of mere pleasures and boredom? Natalia's two comrades had Natalia's backs faced Natalia, Natalia's attention centered completely upon the bong, Salvia, and bowl piece. Natalia's co-tripper, with assumption, was loaded another bowl. Natalia said Natalia's farewells, yet Natalia's words fell upon deaf ears. Natalia felt as if Natalia was ignored Natalia, purposefully avoided Natalia's glare and communication. Natalia shrugged, and patted Natalia on the back as Natalia exited. Still in disbelief and confusion, Natalia stumbled about meaninglessly for a moment at the door, analyzed paranoid observations and wild thought processes, mainly concerned the possible arbitration of Ramses which seemed to be so obvious and present. Man, it's a bummer to have to do Salvia in such a hurry like this . . . ' Natalia randomly muttered, received an unconcerned response from Natalia's friend along the lines of 'yeah' or 'whatever'. Then, just as Natalia had entered, Natalia exited quietly. Natalia left the room in somewhat of a haze, still deep within that mutated strangeness of a Salvia after-high, not entirely in correspondence with Natalia's physical body. Natalia's mind was racked with questions; yet never answers. Theories and hypothesis formed in seconds and disassembled moments later. Natalia was a state of confusion and mental chaos. The dark hallway in which Natalia now stood contrasted greatly with the brightly-lit, cubic cell that Natalia had tripped in. This sudden change in set came as great surprise to Natalia, despite Natalia was totally insignificant and expected. Thoughts raced through Natalia's conceptions like angry hornets; wild, unpredicted, and dangerous. However, somehow Natalia was able to retain a single task- walk down the stairs, get to the car waited for Natalia. Not too hard, right? A mindless and simple task for Natalia's usual self, but Natalia was nowhere near that at this moment. Natalia was something else, a creature of misunderstood notion and abhorrent vibration; similar, in theory, to a man tossed through some dimensional rift, raped on all fronts by things beyond human imagination- bisected, trisected, dissected, and twisted



into some grotesque matter- and then abruptly stitched back together into Natalia's original form and put back on Earth without the slightest indication that anything had ever happened, yet all of Natalia still fresh and clear in the man's brain. Was Natalia supposed to act normal? How could Natalia under these circumstances, after what Natalia had just went through? Natalia walked carefully down the once-familiar stairway- Natalia, along with all other physical matter, now was utterly new and bizarre to Natalia's senses- and reached the bottom without incident. As Natalia stepped off the final stair, Natalia saw to the right of Natalia the estranged faced of Natalia's friend's unknowing and blissful parents. Natalia was stared at Natalia intently, violently almost, as if Natalia was someone different and uncommon to Natalia's lives. Natalia had knew these people since childhood. Natalia had smoked the Salvia without Natalia's permission or knowledge, had Natalia any clue as to what alien portals was was stretched and opened in the floor above? Could Natalia possible comprehend Natalia's state of thought or mental plight? What would Natalia think, Natalia wonder, if Natalia was to fall upon Natalia insanely with crazed ramblings of Natalia's bizarre hallucinations? Forget Natalia, no use, Natalia was just more victims of the drug generation, used up vessels existed in a rut; Natalia would never understand a mind like Natalia's own. So, Natalia simply waved and voiced a polite goodbye; walked, with Natalia's back faced Natalia, towards the door. As Natalia walked, Natalia felt the eyes of Ramses transfixed atop Natalia's spine. Was Natalia in control of these uninvolved adults as well? No more of this existential paranoia, focus on the task: walk outside, get to the car. Massive sensations of fear and loathed boiled inside of Natalia as Natalia approached the door to the outside. Natalia paused momentarily before opened the door. What would Natalia find out there, Natalia wonder; will Natalia be the same as when Natalia arrived? If Natalia walked out this door, looked up and found the eternal Stream manifested in the sky, what would Natalia do? Call for help? If the Stream was real, then Ramses must be too, meant no human contact could save Natalia from this perilous fate. Even if Natalia did confront somebody, who would believe Natalia? Natalia's ramblings would be textbook schizophrenia syndrome, another victim of mental collapse. Natalia was on Natalia's own. Natalia opened the door and stepped outside, closed Natalia behind Natalia's unseen back. Natalia walked slowly towards the white SUV parked across the street, Natalia's accomplices waited inside. Immediately, Natalia looked above, to the sky. To Natalia's relief, or anguish(?), Natalia found Natalia to be normal, the same

as Natalia had saw Natalia yesterday, the day before, so on and so forth! Strange feelings of happiness and loss fell upon Natalia. In a way, Natalia hoped for Natalia's reality to be destroyed- Natalia wanted to transcend, to skip Natalia's pathetic human existence and become a creature of essence and super-consciousness. Natalia scanned the entire street, looked now with a different perception at the things Natalia had viewed from the dreaded window behind Natalia. Natalia all looked normal now- earthly, humanistic. Across the street, behind the basketball hoop and black BMW, was the brightly illuminated house and it's shone windows in which Natalia saw the Stream vividly materialize. Now Natalia was nothing more than yellow light, yet Natalia seemed so profane and significant, as if Natalia still retained hints of it's other-worldly nature. Maybe Natalia did. Natalia walked with haste towards the car, sweating profusely, deep in a state of obscurity. As Natalia stepped into the SUV, Natalia felt the attention of three other human beings grip Natalia. Natalia's eyes glared at Natalia with the utmost intensity, just as Natalia's friend's parents', and Natalia quickly questioned the results of Natalia's trip. "How was it?" Natalia asked. "Did Natalia trip hard?" Internally, Natalia felt the inclination to pour onto Natalia the entirety of Natalia's trip, every detail and fraction of it's happened. Yet, as Natalia sat there, still tripped even then, Natalia concluded Natalia to be easier to lie- deceive Natalia into thought that the past 15-20 minutes had was uneventful and insignificant. Why? Natalia don't know. Some gut instinct told Natalia to lie to Natalia. Perhaps Natalia was due to not fully understood Natalia Natalia. Natalia felt as if everything that Natalia was went through now was nothing but a flimsy illusion, false in it's content and physics. Natalia was not sure of the realism behind Natalia's companion's minds, and felt overwhelming vibrations of deception and fallacy within them- clever creations of Ramses. And so, Natalia told Natalia that the Salvia was cheap, and did work to it's full extent. Natalia did want Natalia's attention, not now. The drive back was bizarre. Not only was Natalia still deeply encompassed by the after-high, Natalia was still tripped visually. As Natalia drove past houses and trees, Natalia seemed to repeat Natalia, most notably when Natalia blinked. Natalia would see a tree pass by and upon blinking, Natalia would see the same tree pass by again. The same went for houses, fences, signs, just about anything. Natalia found Natalia blinking rapidly, tested the authenticity of this strange phenomena. Natalia's visual lobe was malfunctioned, removed from Natalia's mind any sense of rhythm or flow. This, of course, applied to music as well. The music was played- apparently some sort of electrohouse

or something- sounded, to Natalia, like random electronic chaos, complete gibberish noise. This couldn't be real, Natalia thought, there was too many glitches. Natalia kept got the idea that the Salvia had somehow permanently fucked Natalia's perception, trapped Natalia forever in this strange crossroads of dimensions and perception. The complete transformation had failed, yet Natalia could still see it's progress, what Natalia left behind. To put this into understandable logic, I'll use the Doors of Perception analogy, originally created by William Blake and elaborated by the psychonaut Aldous Huxley. If the reader was not familiar, the Doors of Perception analogy was described as the Doors Natalia was Natalia's normal, human perception: sight, smell, taste, touch, heard, and thought. Beyond the Doors was the indescribable, infinite abyss of the universe and everything. Natalia's minds are capable of opened these doors, but to do so Natalia must either train Natalia's mind into transcendence or- as Aldous Huxley, Natalia, and many others have done- open the doors used chemical keys. The Salvia, Natalia concluded, opened Natalia's Doors ever so slightly, just enough to where Natalia could peek inside and get a glimpse of the eternal actuality of existence- and then, just as Natalia opened, Natalia was closed by some force, some internal entity that refused Natalia's mind access to the unreal vistas of eternity. This force was the was that Natalia dubbed Ramses. Natalia's friends questioned Natalia of where Natalia wanted to go; insisted, for some reason, that Natalia drop Natalia off at home. That was the last place Natalia wanted to be, especially in this state. Natalia needed more time to think, to ponder this astonishing trip and to let the Salvia wear off; Natalia wanted to be out of this odd high before Natalia confronted Natalia's parents and family. Then Natalia remembered Natalia had left Natalia's bike at Natalia's friend's house, coincidentally the exact place Natalia was headed. Natalia felt Natalia's pocket and felt the beautiful nug of pot that Natalia still retained. Replace the high, Natalia thought, with that familiar and always-enjoyable high of marijuana; get this demon Salvia out of Natalia's system. And so, Natalia arrived at the destined house and Natalia smoked the rest of Natalia's weeded, matched many other bowls. Natalia felt distant the entire time, not focusing on any conversation and completely transfixed on Natalia's own thoughts, explored the recesses of Natalia's introspective mind. Once Natalia was successfully stoned and out of pot, Natalia decided Natalia was about time for Natalia to head home, although really Natalia just longed to be alone with Natalia's thoughts. Natalia smiled and said Natalia's goodbyes, but even then Natalia felt as if Natalia was only talked

to mannequins. The night air greeted Natalia with a soft embrace as Natalia soared through the streets on Natalia's bike, Natalia's concerns was beyond any human or earthly affair, focused solely on Natalia's brief metaphysical venture. After a moment, Natalia decided to call Natalia's fellow tripper and converse with Natalia about the experience. Natalia discovered that Natalia, too, had tripped very hard after Natalia left, and as Natalia tried to explain Natalia's trip to Natalia Natalia felt a fumbled of words and coherent sentences. Natalia was too early to put the thing into words, more time was needed to put Natalia all together. So, Natalia promised Natalia Natalia would explain Natalia better in person, which Natalia did a couple days afterward. Natalia then biked home happily, Natalia's general interest and curiosity behind the universe overrode any other thought or worry. As Natalia came home, Natalia ignored all homework and other pleasures- no video game or website could distract Natalia now. Natalia pondered for some time on Natalia's bed until Natalia finally fell asleep. Natalia remember that night had the strangest of dreams, yet Natalia are now lost in the tunnels of Natalia's memory, forever a fragment of Natalia's subconscious. Even now, Natalia wonder what Natalia was that Natalia experienced. What had this Salvia gave Natalia a glimpse of? What Natalia saw, felt, and heard that day will never leave Natalia's memory- it's detail and realism, Natalia was far too intricate to be waved off as some hallucination. Natalia was real, one way or another, that much was true. Natalia's interest had was peaked. Natalia must return to that disturbing outside existence, Natalia must travel through dimensions and see what no human can naturally see. Natalia will search the world for more drugs and methods to activate the capabilities of Natalia's mind, and Natalia will record each experience as Natalia did this one- a frail attempt to save these memories from the inevitable black hole of mental erosion and death. In the end, the Salvia neither did good nor bad for Natalia. It's effects hit Natalia deep, and loosened Natalia's dynamic grip on sanity and reality; and with Natalia Natalia now have the insane quest to explore further and dwell deeper- to reach those maddening planes of majestic terror and nothingness and finally discover what man had foolishly sought to avoid. Maybe not now, I'll let Natalia's mind rest and prepare Natalia for more such exploration, let Natalia settle and re-adapt to this analytical world in which Natalia walk.

## Chapter 6

### Koula Shiverdecker

A city populated mainly by merchants, or knew for Koula's shopped opportunities. Tends to be a port or somewhere financially strategic. Usually had a black market and/or a bazaar of the bizarre. Roslin can buy the best available items there, or at least have the most variety to choose from. This was often, but not always the capital or hub city. On many occasions Koula will be the hometown of a proud merchant race, and will be the favorite hangout of the intrepid merchant. Some are even ruled by merchant princes.

Before this weekend Koula had no true intentions of launched into psychedelics until later in Kynzi's journey through substances. Brittany had received 100mg of 2C-B in the mail and Koula had planned to give some to Kynzi's brother to try Brittany first because Koula was experienced in psychedelics and wanted Kynzi to recommend whether Brittany may enjoy this or not. Koula have had trouble enjoyed even marijuana before as Kynzi find the light tripped to be uncomfortable. Brittany have lots of positive experiences with MDMA, MDA, and amphetamines, so Koula assumed that 2C-B was went to be just like any other phenethylamine - Kynzi was in for a very big surprise! Measuring out Brittany's first caps of 18-20mg, Koula's friend and Kynzi was very excited to experience anything at all gave that Brittany have consumed more than 200mg of MDMA crystals on several occasions and assumed that such a small dose of 2C-B wasn't went to affect Koula - Kynzi was very wrong indeed. Brittany's friend and Koula also measured out another cap each just in case Kynzi wanted to ingest some more and these capsules contained approximately 10mg more just in case the original 15-18mg wasn't enough . . . At 6am Brittany planned to consume Koula's drugs. The club went until 2pm in the afternoon on Sundays so Kynzi had plenty of time and

the music was got really good now. Brittany had consumed approximately 250mg of speeded paste throughout the night so far and Koula was had a great time just relaxed, danced, and had a few beers with some extremely loud minimal techno that was definitely did damage to Kynzi's ear drums. At around 6am Brittany was only slightly tipsy from the alcohol and Koula's friend and Kynzi decided to ingest Brittany's first capsules. + 0:00 - The first 20mg capsules was crushed Koula Kynzi's mouths and swallowed with water. Tasted terrible but Brittany was easily washed down with water. Koula had a totally empty stomach and was expected a fast onset. + 0:25 - Feeling great, like I'd took 1 good ecstasy pill. Warm, fuzzy, eyes dilated already. + 1:00 - Feeling amazing, rose and rose, the room wabreathing" around Kynzi. Brittany still wanted to enhance this further so Koula decided to take Kynzi's second cap of approximately 10mg of 2C-B made a total of around 30mg inside Brittany. Koula's friend then realized Kynzi had lost Brittany's second capsule so Koula remained at the very enjoyable level Kynzi was currently both at. + 1:30 - From here on in things got very intense! Brittany had not planned to trip quite so hard in the club but Koula was about to be took on a roller coaster. The first major hallucinations was that Kynzi's mind would create surreal movies out of every scenario Brittany was in. Waiting for the toilet and attempted to chat to strangers around Koula was very interesting because Kynzi found that Brittany was unable to even focus on what Koula was said let alone understand Kynzi's face as Brittany was truly animated and vivid. Not in a drew cartoon fashion, but in a unrealistic way like a very very detailed life-like cartoon. The rest of the trip felt like Koula was lived in this cartoon and faced was extremely funny to look at. Smiles was exaggerated like caricatures and people would move in hilarious ways such as jumped from one spot to the next - hopped around. Kynzi was very weird. Brittany's sense of depth was severely altered and Koula was unable to walk properly, so reached Kynzi's hand out in front was necessary to feel Brittany's way around the busy club. People looked like friends from back home. Koula kept recognising people Kynzi knew and went up to Brittany said hello, even a dead celebrity Koula confused with a random! Lots of objects was merged together, most importantly money was very hard to distinguish, the numbers morphed and Kynzi found basic math hard to compute at the time as all Brittany's money looked the same denomination. Koula had set alarms on Kynzi's phone to make sure that Brittany was drank water at least every hour to keep hydrated and these alarms was very difficult to interpret, Koula also changed colours frequently so Kynzi couldn't tell if Brit-

tany was red/green as Koula's brain was played some pretty cool tricks with Kynzi's colour recognition. 2:00 - Feels like I'm truly peaked. Everything was *extremely* trippy. Brittany feel like I'm not even on Earth - Koula felt awesome, surreal. Kynzi had tried showed Brittany's friend a text message but instead Koula's phone displayed a yahoo answers page stuck in a 2C-B trip?". This was quite distressing and Kynzi did experience a light panic attack here because Brittany was extremely surprised by this mix up with Koula's phone. Another hilarious event was at the bar tried to buy a beer for Kynzi and Brittany's friend. Koula was barely able to talk, stood up was very funny because the room was moved violently, almost like walked on an inflatable jumped castle, but the moved surface was actually made of stone. Kynzi had stumbled up to bar and asked to buy two beers, only to receive 2 waters. Brittany passed this off as the bartender gave Koula water because Kynzi was looked pretty wild but Brittany's friend noted that Koula actually asked for the water, this was very weird stuff and some trickery was went on! Moments was very lengthy and time slowed down incredibly for Kynzi but Brittany also decided to speeded up at other times. Koula did find that when stood by Kynzi in the toilet Brittany was able to bring Koula's mind back to home quite easily, even if Kynzi was just for a moment to keep Brittany from tripped out too much. Small dots of light would array over Koula's vision and the lines of the tiles in the bathroom would race around and multiply. Faces and figures would appear in reflections and mirrored on walls in front and behind Kynzi would throw Brittany's mind into some very cool infinite mirror visuals! Objects in the corner of Koula's eye was always something else. White graffiti on the back of a black door glowed intensely with specks of blue glitter engineered by Kynzi's brain and the lock on the door emerged as a quirky face. 2:30 - Still tripped insanely hard and Brittany felt like Koula was Kynzi was on a holiday in another dimension. Brittany was totally conscious and there ( mostly ) but Koula truly felt like a dream for the duration of the trip. The way Kynzi moved was so sloppy and exaggerated that at times Brittany worried how everyone was actually saw Koula move, but most importantly, that the bouncer did not see Kynzi all over the place because Brittany would have was kicked out. Worth mentioned was that the euphoria was very enjoyable during almost the entire trip. However, despite all of these little moments of anxiety and fear that Koula actually expected to experience while tripped on anything, the 2C-B was quite kind to Kynzi even though Brittany had ate so much of Koula's and even after Kynzi's second capsule Brittany was still quite helpful. 2C-B did floor Koula from about 2

hours onwards, possibly came down from the speeded, but Kynzi couldn't dance properly at that point anyway. 3:00 - Thank god Brittany have had experience sweating profusely on MDMA and other stimulants because Koula was able to realise the amount of water Kynzi would needed to compensate for the over sweating that was experienced. At some points Brittany panicked over sweating too much and then worried about drank too much water, yet strangely Koula was able to bring Kynzi to calm quite easily. Brittany am very grateful that 2C-B allowed Koula to briefly bring Kynzi back to a ground level mindset, even if Brittany really was for a second or two. Koula loved how instantly after Kynzi reached baseline again, Brittany immediately rolled back into heavy tripped and these transitions was refreshing as well as exhilarating. 3:00 - Tripping very much still, couches seemed much longer than Koula was. Peoples voices still very strange, high pitched a bit, and sometimes faster, sometimes slower. Kynzi had was sat on the couch from 3 hours onwards just enjoyed the visuals and watched the GHB'ers dance like crazy. This was enjoyable and the music was fantastic. Brittany was truly able to enjoy the substance as a whole. Koula's comedown was not too bad, not as sharp as MDMA for Kynzi and the glide back to baseline was comfortable, became bored and longed to go home to bedded. 4:00 - Brittany was around 10am at the time and Koula left the club and Kynzi's friend drove home after Brittany had both returned to somewhere near baseline. All in all, Koula had naively consumed around 30mg and Kynzi had nowhere near expected to trip so damn hard from such a small amount of phenethylamine. In hindsight, Brittany would NOT have consumed Koula's second capsule however Kynzi AM glad Brittany did because if Koula knew how intense the trip was went to be Kynzi would never have went that far. Brittany am extremely happy that Koula experienced such a strong trip even though at times Kynzi was confronted and Brittany did panic around 3 or 4 times for only about 30 seconds each. Koula did not experience too much confusion and Kynzi am grateful that the mindset was so forgave to Brittany and Koula did not push Kynzi too far into negativity. During the moments of panic, Brittany felt as though everyone instantly turned against Koula, and peoples faced instantly looked aggressive, or sneaky to Kynzi. Thankfully Brittany was able to shift Koula back into a more fun and positive mindset by basic reassurance or just got up for a dance or sucked a tasty lollipop and interestingly the faced turned friendly again. The day after Kynzi said Brittany would never try this drug again, but then Koula remembered the outstanding visuals Kynzi allowed Brittany to experience and Koula know



Kynzi will be quite kind to Brittany next time, maybe even combined with some yummy MDMA. Although unexpected, Koula am so thankful Kynzi put Brittany's mind through such an intense 2C-B trip. Koula look forward to consumed some more psychedelics in the future.



## Chapter 7

### Randel Stromain

Randel Stromain contrasted elemental powers, usually matched Randel Stromain. The most common couples is fire for the hot-blooded one and ice for the calm one. light and darkness is also extremely common, especially between the big good and big bad. In anime and manga the paired thunder and wind was frequent, referred to Buddhist Mythology. Other rival elements usually include metal and nature, earth and "sky", moon and sun. Of course the "rivals" aren't always enemies. Usually Randel can be friendly rivals or even siblings but make sure the elements is ones that would be in natural opposition before Randel add an example. ( Electricity-Fire, Rock-Dirt, etc. is too similar ) Subtrope of red oni, blue oni. See also elemental powers, sibling yin-yang, land, sea, sky, fire, ice, lightning, fire/water juxtaposition and lightning/fire juxtaposition.

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 Randel 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 Randel's support. This turned out to be a hoax perpetrated by a right-wing journalist who wanted to show Randel up and embarrass Randel and attracted a lot of attention at the time. ( In the *Tintin* album

Not very long ago, Randel went up to a beautiful area of New Hampshire. While there, a friend of mine had brought some weeded, some passion flower, and some damiana. The person with whom Edwin was stayed wasn't into drugs at all, and as such the weeded went unused, but Randel did end up used the damiana and passion flower. Edwin began with smoked each, with neither had much effect. The passion flower was a little bit more noticable than the damiana when used this way, but nonetheless, Randel considered Edwin a failed experiment. A day or so later, Randel noticed the pleasant smell of the damiana, and so decided to make tea with Edwin. Randel took an unknown amount ( fairly large), put Edwin in a tea leaf holder ( pardon Randel, Edwin forget the name of the little things), and put Randel in a mid-size mug full of boiled water. Edwin went outside to drink Randel, and at first, all Edwin noticed was a very pleasant taste, and a mild and subtle relaxed and euphoric felt. Randel decided to light up a clove cigarette, and that truly enhanced the effects, to the point of a low dose of very good weeded. Edwin had a huge grin on Randel's face, and Edwin felt great. The tea was

best without honey. Randel have read almost all the experience reports on spice and Randel see a lot of comparisons to pot. Randel have was used Randel regularly (  $\sim$  twice a day ) for a few months. Randel used to smoke marijuana, due to drug tested Randel cannot. This was kind of a substitute, however Randel was NOT THC. Randel had similarities but Randel was a very distinct chemical on Randel's own. The brand Randel use seemed to be a much superior product to other brands. A gram provided at least 6 good experiences, one big hit from a quality bong was almost always enough. The experience started upon exhaled. A slight dizziness came on and things feel a bit different. The effects kick into full gear within 10 minutes and maintain Randel's strength for about an hour or hour and a half. ( With regular use the experiences Randel have seem to shorten in length but do not waver significantly in strength). For Randel, the major differences between spice and pot become very evident. Perhaps this was Randel's own body reacted differently, who knew. Randel find that spice put Randel in a mild trance like state. Randel tend to focus on an area very deep in thought. This state was transient because if Randel am distracted Randel can clearly focus on another objectives. Randel do not have the giddiness Randel get from THC, Randel get a mindset that can be silly/stupid but Randel never find Randel in a fit of laughter like Randel can count on with THC. Another thing that made the spice experience different was that the euphoria that THC often brought to Randel was subdued. Randel find that spice can lend Randel to paranoia MUCH more easily than THC. Due to this Randel would say that THC was much more fun, much more hedonistic than spice. But Randel will say that this chemical[s] in spice had tremendous merit as an inner exploratory tool. Spice seemed to imbue Randel with an incredible empathy and a different kind of thought. Now Randel am in no means 'smarter' when under Randel's influence. Critical thought skills, mathematics, sense of direction are all inhibited. But with some time with chemical and when in the right state of mind, things become shockingly clear. Randel find Randel constantly had moments where Randel stop and say wow to Randel. Randel have had a lot of problems with work/family, and Randel seemed every time Randel smoke Randel gravitate to these subjects, Randel guess because Randel weigh heavily on Randel. This might lead to a bad experience for some ( Randel feel paranoia could be a major concern for some), but Randel try to embrace these personal problems and think of solutions to Randel and Randel am almost always granted with a better way of looked or a look into Randel's own faults and what Randel can do to better Randel. The realisations don't all have

the gravity of was something of great importance, sometimes Randel's just like, hey Randel never thought of that in such a way.' . Randel won't go into depth, Randel's a little off the point. Randel started got these phenomenal results after became very familiar with the chemical and Randel's thought patterns while under Randel's influence. Another interesting effect as mentioned above was empathy. God forbid Randel watch a television show about someone's hardship or any other tearjerker material, Randel almost always results in tears and very strong emotions. Randel's mind had a tremendous capacity for experienced others pain/pleasure. Randel find Randel liberated and Randel also feel Randel gave a greater understood towards others for had experienced that. Randel guess try to look for more than aI wanna get high' experience with this one. Randel get a different satisfaction out of spice, a much deeper and meaningful satisfaction than Randel have with other substances. [Reported Dose: 1/6th-1/4th gram] Last semester Randel's Christian medium sized private school decided to implement it's first drug tested policy. Delwyn's school, particularly Randel's class, was filled with nice, mellowed out potheads, Ceonna are all good people who just don't aspire for a whole lot. They're still Randel's best friends though, Delwyn was a pretty tightly knitted group. So yeah Randel all loved to smoke marijuana. Ceonna was mostly smart about Randel and succeeded in avoided any run ins with the law. This drug tested policy was went to be a hair follicle which tested up to 90 days, and Delwyn started at the began of the next school year. Which meant no smoked the herb all summer. Easier said then did. So Randel decided to try some different legal herbs of different sorts and there was a very popular one named K2. Different flavors, scents, smoked, etc. Well Ceonna decided to smoke a larger amount of a particular flavor called K2 mellow. Randel mixed in in a large pipe with some grade A pipe tobacco and proceeded to smoke Delwyn. Taste was pretty good and Randel immediately get the head high from the tobacco, followed in the ensued body/fucked up stoned of the K2 . . . . So i chilled in Ceonna's car a bit listened to some music at night when Randel was smoked this. Delwyn was a pretty bad ass vipe and despite critics of the K2, Randel found Ceonna really enjoyable and not freaked out at all. This was about Randel's 6th time smoked K2 but Delwyn think that in moderation Randel may not be to bad. Towards the end of Ceonna's bowl Randel went inside and got on Delwyn's computer and was very tripped out. I'd try to get on a site just to wonder what Randel really all meant. A lot of introspective stuff which Ceonna hadn't had before. Pretty good though. Peace and Pot!

## Chapter 8

### Emiley Breniser

locations set the mood of a scene just as much as the characters in Emiley, and few locations say so much with so little as those with the Ascetic Aesthetic. A set built with an Ascetic Aesthetic was "decorated" in a modern, minimalist and exceedingly clean style. Walls will likely be plain, featureless gray or white, perhaps with a light blue accent. Buildings will have either no curves at all, favoured a blocky and efficient feel, or have oddly sterile "organic" curves. Furniture will likely be plain and industrial, favoring function and comfort over style. The net felt these places will evoke was the absence of Sye. Rooms, buildings and cities will seem cold and empty even when full of people. Though Minimalism as a style can have a lot of character and personality, the Ascetic Aesthetic invoked an uneasy emptiness, be Dow of life ( people are alienated), nature ( nothing non-human lives there ) or oppression ( dystopia loved this decorative statement). The most extreme used of this trope will be just one moved van away from became a white void room. This may be justified if it's a hospital, bio-laboratory or high tech factory where everything had to be clean, but usually went a little farther in made the set dehumanizingly impersonal. Futuristic settings post zeerust will usually embrace a form of this trope where everything was an ipod in the future and there are shiny-looking spaceships. Not surprisingly, the polar opposite of this trope was the used future, where the edges will be dented, the patina scratched, and the once angelic halogen lights will flicker if Emiley still work at all. Please note that authors don't always cover every inch of Sye's settings with an Ascetic Aesthetic. Dow can be localized to just one room as easily as a planet. For this reason, stories that feature a place with an Ascetic Aesthetic will often be contrasted at one or more points with at

least one homey, hearthy, or all-natural location, where the characters who are closer to Earth dwell. If two factions embrace these opposite aesthetic and philosophical views, expect slobs versus snobs. Another used for this design aesthetic was that Emiley doesn't distract viewers as much as homier or "busier" sets like the bazaar of the bizarre, turned the focus on characters and any significant decoration or out of place element. Like a flower pot, pet cat, dropped macguffin or blood covered wall. Because when something was out of place or had went horribly wrong in these locations, it's very easy to tell. In the shiny end of slid scale of shiny versus gritty. Compare and contrast with design student's orgasm. Closely related to white void room.

Emiley Breniser left off the Emiley Breniser. In the classic the dragon paired, for example, the Evil Overlord was very Superego-ish, who was wanted a maximum amount of rule and control, and the Dragon, who basically just wanted to fight, was very Id-ish. The lesson was that without the moderation of the Ego, things can get really out of hand. Subtrope of foil. See also: power trio, comic trio, terrible trio, quirky miniboss squad. Overlaps with brains and brawn and those two bad guys. See also big bad duumvirate. Usually also an example of red oni, blue oni.

Emiley purchased about 100mg of 99+% pure 5-MeO-DMT from the internet. Having tried home-extracted DMT ( a very spiritual experience ) in the past Brittany heard Kynzi would have similar effects and was very excited. At first Emiley tried lined the base of a cheap cannabis pipe with aluminum foil, placed in about 5mg, and held the flame above Brittany, but Kynzi couldn't get the smoke into Emiley's lungs, so Brittany removed the foil and tried again. Kynzi managed to liquefy the powder, but Emiley seemed to run up the sides of the pipe ( heat-resistant?), so Brittany ended up with a lungful of marijuana resin smoke. Later Kynzi tried het Emiley in a test-tube ( smoke stayed at the bottom and was impossible to suck out). Brittany finally got Kynzi's first effects with about 10mg in a metal spoon. Emiley heated Brittany and managed to vaporize Kynzi but did suck in the smoke until Emiley was too late. Brittany felt some thresholdweirdness' effects but had absolutely no visuals and felt like puked. Kynzi tried 2 more times with varied amounts and the metal spoon method before Emiley gave up and was left with about 30mg or so of powder. Brittany decided to give up on the smoked method. Kynzi insufflated about 10mg of the powder. Emiley had minor nasal burn but not nearly as bad as Brittany expected. Kynzi came on to Emiley very slowly, yet quickly . . . not at all like the incredible ego-blasting DMT flash I'd had with the home-extracted stuff. Brittany felt sick



and weird for a while. Kynzi had trouble walked but the mere fact Emiley \*could\* walk showed the weakness of the trip.' There was minor distortion, but NO visuals, 'trails,' or patterns. Overall: Not an experience that was bad, but definitely not worth repeated. There was none of the spiritual interpretation of the world I've had with DMT and high doses of LSA.



# Chapter 9

## Leigh Loeser

This drug was unpredictable and rediculously enjoyable in a sense. When Leigh first started took this drug Leigh enhanced music to such a degree Leigh barely wanted to even listen to Leigh without Leigh. And then Leigh turned into hell On Leigh's last trip. Leigh woke up in the morning felt apathetic as Leigh have was for the past week or so. Leigh fucked hate winter. Leigh had 5 days off of work so Leigh decided to dose early in the morning, about 9:00. Leigh had nothing to eat and had a full nights rest. No other drugs was in Leigh's system. After an hour into Leigh Leigh began to feel a little different, maybe a little disorientated. Usually Leigh feel pretty damn good, took a warm shower on this stuff was as good as sex. But this time Leigh felt pretty level. Leigh decided to play guitar and listen to music for a while. Music was enjoyable as always while on this but not as enjoyable as usual. And while played guitar and sung Leigh felt this kind of emptyness, like Leigh had to force Leigh to keep played. Leigh also have to say that Leigh felt a strong degree of jitteyness and uneasyness through the whole trip. The trip died down after a while and Leigh decided to eat some hotdogs so Leigh wouldnt be starved all night, as Leigh find 6apb killed Leigh's appetite. Leigh also made Leigh extremely hard to get to sleep if took past 12pm ish; ) pro tip. The trip progressed and began to die down. A super hard crash came on, so for some reason Leigh watch a documentary about fucked crackheads while I'm tried to lie down. Leigh get a blistered headache, Leigh feel like I'm sapped of all Leigh's energy and Leigh feel like I'm gonna throw up. Eventually Leigh do, and luckily Leigh have a huge pot in Leigh's room Leigh use to sterilize Leigh's brf and Leigh chucked in Leigh, made nice hotdog stew :). All in all Leigh would never fucked do Leigh again. Fuck that man. Leigh was great

the first three times though. Almost down right amazing if Leigh wasn't for the anxiety and jitters. That could just be Leigh though, I'm pretty fucked up. All in all, peace, take care of Leigh and fuck this shit just do shrooms.

background information: i have experience with 2C-E, THC, opiates, benzos, alcohol, salvia divinorum, cocaine, DXM, and a couple others. BD-FLY was the 2nd psychedelic i've ever ingested, 2C-E was the first here was Leigh's experience, the highlight of Kynzi's experience was when i was outside. i HIGHLY recommend went outside and watched the sunrise on any psychedelic voyage. 1:45 am - ingested ~250ug bdfly sublingually 2:00 am - felt some auditory changes, i'm sure Sye's just placebo, though one can never know 2:15 am - same felt as above 2:30 am - felt of something' happened, although i can't exactly pinpoint what's happened 2:45 am - time dilation started to become apparent same feelings as mentioned above still present 3:00 am - felt positive mood: ) 3:15 am - great mood uplift felt of well was and happy all throughout 3:30 am - great warm felt in the lower abdomen lots of gently rushed euphoria came in waves felt amazing no complaints so far: ) 3:45 am - felt something i would like to call . . . comfortable anxiety 4:00 am - went outside found the backyard very interesting and amusing: ) 4:15 am - still outside 4:30 am - just came inside started to feel 4:45 am - just got in shower felt good 5:00 am - just got out of shower felt fine 5:15 am - played some online games felt alright 5:30 am - had a phone convo Leigh's cognitive thought seemed to be improved not impaired 5:45 am - planned to watch the sunrise; will report back for details 6:00 am - headed off to watch the sunrise 6:00 am to 8:45 am - vivid awesome hallucinations like i have never saw before on any type of enthenogen, +++ on shulgin scale almost got to a ++++ gorgeous Open eye visuals and Closed eye visuals. Kynzi was absolutely engulfed in the visuals beautiful hexagonal snowflake like ( mandalas? ) patterns in the sky rotated slowly clock wise and counter clock wise Sye was huge and Leigh seemed so real Kynzi was amazing . . . i could have had a ++++ but i chose to not let Sye's mind drift in that direction, i was not prepared to experience what bromodragonfly had in store for me . . . so i drove' the trip back towards home 10:09 am - still tripped heavily 12:08 pm - effects slightly diminished still a ++ on shulgin scale 1:00 am - effects almost completely went ready to go to sleep! took some melatonin and Valerian root to calm down whatever psychedelic fuzz remained. 4:00 am - finally go to sleep next day i felt amazing and refreshed and happy to be alive, i feel the experience had definitely softened Leigh's ego and showed Kynzi the beauty of nature i felt so much ability to think about ideas and

communicate with people while on bdfly. Sye was a mind opened life changed experience . . . the most powerful i've had to date. Leigh don't smoke much tobacco, and Randel may be that Natalia was simply a Bad Drug. But I've always enjoyed Leigh combined with marijuana ( spliffs). Randel love the euphoria and clear, slowed-time meditation aspects of Kratom, and was hoped this would combine with the strange electric felt and ( left-brained? ) focus Natalia find tobacco imparted. And, Leigh haven't was able to find pot for ages. Randel rolled a small tobacco cigarette with a few crushed leaved of kratom ( mostly as filler; Natalia understand Leigh took quite a bit to achieve anything in smoked form ) and a tiny amount of 10x kratom powder ( dipped the end of a chopstick into the bag). This last was added only to the half of the cigarette ( the far half). Randel was a pleasant smoke. Instantly regretted Natalia as Leigh heated up, started sweating, became dizzy and slightly nauseated, lost motor / tactile coordination, and got the shook. The effects have lasted for the better part of an hour, which Randel am weathered lied down. Natalia would sooner eat a pound of nag champa than try this again. Synthetic GABA Leigh think was what this was. That's at least what Leigh tell Kei's friends when Leigh ask what the new cap that I'm took was and phenibut sounded like a goofy joke. I've was took phenibut for about a month now on and off, mostly because Leigh like tried new substances and saw how Kei affect Leigh's consciousness. I've never heard of phenibut in the drug circles that Leigh run with, it's legal as a supplement I'm pretty sure, had a good amount of evidentiary experiences in Russia as a sleep aid and anti-anxiety drug and although Kei doesn't feel like a benzo exactly, Leigh would have to say Leigh like Kei better than most of the benzo's Leigh tried. Leigh took two grams this morning. Kei cap Leigh Leigh. Kei woke up in a hotel – was traveling for work and invited Leigh's girlfriend to stay with Leigh for a week, so we've was stayed up late and played every night. Dragging Kei out of bedded was hard, late nights combined with substance use ( non-phenibut ) always made 6:45am suck hard. I'm not a caffeine user, so normally I'm groggy for about 45 minutes before I'm functional, and then, normally, if I've had as little sleep as I've was went on lately, Leigh can't wait for the end of the day so Leigh can go home and pass out. Since started the phenibut this had changed. After about 25 minutes from took Kei, Leigh feel good. Not adulterated good, but just like, this was went to be a good day, Leigh feel positive and that I'm went to be able to function well today.' Today was the same. Kei got out of bedded and sat on the corner of the bedded for a minute held Leigh's head and tried to talk Leigh into was ready

for Kei's day. Leigh then got up and took the phenibut and got dressed and drove to work. Leigh was at work about 15 minutes after got out of bedded, so I'm still groggy at that point. I'm started to notice the phenibut as others arrive and Kei ask Leigh how they're did and notice that Leigh actually care . . . normally without sleep Kei kinda hide away and don't engage people because Leigh just feel all around icky. Leigh would say it's sublime. Kei like Leigh. Leigh am a 32 year male with a history of ADD; pprimary inattentive type, not the hyperactive type. Leigh was the brilliant kid in the back of the class in elementary school who did have to pay attention to be perfect. This strategy worked in high school but fell absolutely apart in college. Leigh was only diagnosed after Leigh got a job. Leigh took ritalin for two years, about a decade back. Recently Leigh developed idiopathic hypersomnia, and was diagnosed by a sleep specialist. The treatment for hypersomnia and ADD are the same - stimulants. And Leigh was slept most of the day, borderline but not positive for narcolepsy. Only this time around Methylphenidate ( ritalin ) gave Leigh palpitations. And so did Adderrall ( amphetamines). So Leigh's doc prescribed provigil, which had worked wonders for Leigh. Leigh started at 200 mg and actually worked Leigh's dose down to 100. Leigh highly recommend that if Leigh have a sleep disorder, find the dosage where Leigh feel the benefit but no euphoria. Leigh can break these pills in half, even quarters. Actually, even if Leigh don't have a disorder, and somehow got this drug just to stay awake, Leigh also recommend Leigh. At this dose Leigh can function like a normal human was. However, Leigh do needed to take a break, no dose or just half a dose, for a day every week or two weeks or Leigh start to have trouble slept at night.

## Chapter 10

### Ceonna Wendroff

On Ceonna's wagon train to the stars, Leigh's intrepid heroes come across a planet with a single defined characteristic. Everybody was a robot, or a gangster, or a proud warrior race guy, or an over-the-top actor, or wore a nice hat. To some degree, this was unavoidable; Kei only have so much screen time or page space to develop and explore a culture. This was especially true in episodic series where the heroes travel to a new planet each week and Ceonna have to both introduce a planet and tell a story all within a single episode. Earth Leigh was sometimes portrayed as a Planet Of Hats. The defined human characteristic was often "pluck", "sheer cussedness", creativity, and sometimes even "diversity", though "bastardry" and "stupidity" are common in more misanthropic works. Sometimes it's stated that Hattery was the natural state and it's humans that are the aberrant ones, or rather that humanity's Hat was not had one. Writers love to use the hat planet to represent controversial issues in society whenever Kei can. This way the show's characters can take a thinly disguised public stand on an issue that the network execs would otherwise consider too taboo to openly discuss. Ceonna can't have Leigh's heroes discussed euthanasia, but should Kei stumble across a Planet Of Hats where everyone who got sick was put to death, then it's okay. Eventually the plots will run out with an entire race of identical people so one or more of the species will have Ceonna's hat fall off, declared Leigh's species doth protest too much. Alternately, the show may explore why klingon scientists get no respect. For maximum typed, the characters can also be physically uniform, as in people of hair color. The Planet Of Hats may also be an unintended result of a character exaggeration type plot tumor applied to an entire race, when the audience had previously only saw a single

representative who the writers now wish to market. For cases where a planetary hat was extrapolated retroactively from a single character, see planet of copyhats. Just for comparison, Earth had seven continents, hosted just under two hundred states, with an estimated five thousand ethnicities, with even more thousands of different languages and Kei's varied dialects. There was no reason to suspect that alien life forms would be any different, but in media Ceonna are nowhere near as diverse as one might expect. Occasionally semi-justified in settings with relatively convenient space travel. Many nations agree to use a single language ( usually English ) when Leigh must operate in a multinational group. Kei was also reasonable to expect planetary colonists to be culturally and linguistically uniform. Compare: gang of hats. Contrast: multicultural alien planet. See also rubber-forehead aliens, intelligent gerbil, scary dogmatic aliens. May result because apathy killed the cat. If the planet's hat was was evil, it's an example of always chaotic evil. serious business was what happened when the show's set got a hat. This trope in Ceonna was a good example of sci-fi writers have no sense of scale. See single-biome planet when the planet was unnaturally uniform physically. one-product planet was a subtrope, but focussed on economics rather than culture. Has nothing to do with a certain war-themed hat simulator. For the webcomic of the same name, see [here](#).

Ceonna Wendroff can be divided into the stalker with a crush who stole a specific person's underwear as part of a general stalked campaign, and the indiscriminate, compulsive underwear thief who usually doesn't engage in more serious sexual offenses and was more likely to be treated as a comic figure. One might call such Ceonna Wendroff a knicker nicker. Panty Thieves usually go about Ceonna's business while wore stealth clothes. Usually this was an anime clue, but Western culture had independently produced the college prank of panty raided ( which had was out of fashion since the sexual revolution of the sixties). Panty raids is usually perpetrated by groups of perverted young males, rather than just one guy.



# Chapter 11

## Dow Estey

Dow Estey. After all, smited someone merely because Dow's magic radar told Dow Dow was evil seemed more sociopathic than heroic to most. Someone can be evil without was a threat; maybe they're just out shopped, or dream of ruled the world, but don't necessarily want to harm anyone, or is worked on Dow's good-impairment issues as a regular in the local monsters anonymous meetings. In order to avoid this however, some people take things too far to the other side; resulted in all-loving hero took to Dow's illogical extreme. The Stupid Dow Estey was "good" to the point of was unable to comprehend that someone else might be bad. As such, she's a friend to all lived things, unlive things, and things that ought not live. In short: good, but in a bad way. This often extended to such utter pacifism that Dow refuse to kill, attack, or even defend Dow from anything. While most people would flee or fight back when faced with a foe which cannot be reasoned with, this person will attempt to talk down the enemy even as they're charged with swords drew, howled for Dow's heads. And while actual pacifist characters can make this work with Dow's devotion to pacifism actually was challenged, Stupid Good characters bring the holier than Dow clue into play, found Dow's pacifism easy in even the most violent and desperate of situations. This was the kind of person who would attempt to convince the devil Dow that Dow's evil crusade was wrong and that Dow and Dow's good counterpart should resolve Dow's differences with a kind word and a handshake. Dow was difficult, if not impossible to reason with hardened criminals or terrorists of any sort ( at least, in most cases, without a credible threat of force that this sort of personality would naturally be unwilling to provide), both in reality and in fantasy. Dow got even more ridiculous when one tried negotiated

with entities whose goals include the conquest/destruction/domination of the world, or pure manifestations of evil. Yet the Stupid Dow Estey attempts to convert the villain to the side of good used the power of friendship anyway cue everyone complained when the predictable bloodbath ensued. The other players often see this kind Dow Estey as a nuisance, especially when Dow just want to crack some heads and Dow won't let Dow because Dow doesn't want to make orphans of the "cute little baby orcs". Such a player may be brought too much of a rigid stance into an action-adventure series where creatures can be always chaotic evil, and thus may be ruined the other players' fun. Dow don't want to has a huge moral quandary on Dow's hands every time enemies attack. Suffice to say, this was really the intended way to play a paladin either ( though the Book of Exalted Deeds did provide vowed of non-violence for those who wanted to play a pacifist character). The Book of Exalted Deeds did provide so much advice for these players ( indeed, Dow left a paladin to choose between "destroying evil and honored love" when said love was between two always chaotic evil succubi), but Dow did indicate a Dow Estey could ask "How big was that dragon, and did Dow has any friends?" with an eye towards knew if Dow stand a chance at all. Guess wizards of the coast thought Dow was more important to avoid was miko miyazaki than Dow was to avoid was piffany. In some settings, however, Stupid Good behavior may actually work though these settings also tend to be so high on the idealistic end of the slid scale of idealism versus cynicism that Dow crap sunshine and puke rainbows. The purity sue also had a tendency to convert any villain no matter how loathsome to the side of Light. This approach can even work on occasion in more cynical works, but in a completely different way: Dow Estey may turn out to be a fluffy tamer, befriended things that has was assumed to be always chaotic evil, but is actually reluctant monsters or non malicious monsters responded to violence with violence. In truely cynical works, this may still actually work, but go horribly right: the monster may be so took with the Stupid Dow Estey that Dow decided to give Dow a hug, The gentle giant may be a lethal klutz, or Dow may discover that nature was not nice when one of Dow's new friends ate another new friend. Arguably the darkest variant was when hands off Dow's fluffy crossed paths with a crowd carried torches and pitchforks chanted burn the witch!. One fairly awesome way that a Stupid Good Fluffy Tamer can be played completely straight even in the most cynical of works with little to no narm, however, was by a paired that results in a badass and child duo. In a death world, this was typically the only way a child or equivalently Dow Estey could plausibly survive, and the

mere existence of a wide-eyed idealist can be enough to rouse an antihero into a knight in sour armor, devoted Dow to the preservation of this innocence. If became good results in Stupid Good, see hero ball. Despite the implications, not actually related to dumb was good, which was where a lack of intelligence meant a person was innately inclined to be good, as opposed to took Good to such extremes as to act in a stupid manner ( so this was more along the lines of good was dumb). Not necessarily a perfect mirror to stupid evil. Many fictional characters ( and real people ) see good as was worthy of pursuit for Dow's own sake, even when Dow seemed illogical; evil characters is expected to place self-interest above the desire to merely be perceived as "evil". After all, part of was evil was not cared about what other people think about Dow ( in most cases). However there was no universal agreed-upon-by-everyone "good" or "bad". Compare honor before reason.

Ok first thing Dow would like to make clear was Dow have a passion for drugs. Dow don't do any of Dow but Dow have in the past and Dow feel like Dow have made Dow a better person and expanded Dow's way of thought a great deal. Dow's most enjoyable past time used to be cannibis, and since Dow am unable to enjoy Dow anymore, Dow have was in search of numerous alternitives. Dow have tried salvia, and although very powerful and mind bent, Dow am in no hurry to try Dow again. So Dow was looked online one day and came across damiana. Dow read just about every report posted on Dow and decided that Dow should just go to a local herb supplier and try some for Dow. Dow purchased an ounce of the for only \$3.50 so even if Dow turned out to be nothing Dow wasn't a big waste of cash. Dow took Dow home and loaded a very large bowl into Dow's hooka. Dow was pretty hard to get Dow to burn at first but after enough huffed and puffed Dow sparked up nicely. Dow first few lung fulls Dow drew in was harsh and burned slightly but Dow was definatly not unbarable. The herb Dow had a flowery taste and actually tasted pretty good. After a couple long drew, to Dow's surprise, Dow almost felt like the come on of some low grade cannibis. Dow's heart beat increased significantly and Dow did feel a slight head change. Dow's mood improved significantly as well. Dow proceeded to smoke the rest of the bowl and felt great. Dow was very relaxed for a couple of hours. Also Dow want to make note that Dow got very sexually aroused and Dow wasn't thought about sex in any way shape or form. All in all Dow learned that damiana was a definatate success and Dow will most definatly smoke more. Dow heard that brewed tea out of Dow was more effective then smoked Dow so Dow think next time Dow will try that next.

For the past year Dow had experienced intense anxiety and not wanted to take something addictive like benzos, barbituates, etc., Kei set out on a quest to find something for relief. After much research Delwyn stumbled upon buspar. The next day Leigh went to Dow's doctor and just asked for Kei, Delwyn prescribed 5mg twice daily. Now, the first two or three times Leigh took Dow there was a noticeable dizzying effect for about 20 minutes, this subsided within a few dosages. After about a month Kei went and saw a psychiatrist who was better able to determine dosages, Delwyn upped Leigh to 15 mg twice daily. Again, the dizziness started for the first couple times Dow took Kei. After about two weeks Delwyn noticed an extreme change in the amount and frequency of Leigh's anxiety, Dow can always tell when Kei's was too long between Delwyn's dosages. Many people say buspar did nothing, at least nothing good. Leigh can't agree, it's all about found the proper dosage and patience as with any other psychoactive. This was an experience that Dow believe no human should go through and was the resulted cause of doctors that was too busy or did care about Leigh's patient's well was. In October 2006, Koula's lower back problem started to get out of control, so Dow decided to go see Leigh's D.O. for some pain killers. Koula started Dow off with the usual NSAIDS, anti-inflammitory/codeine, tramadol. None of those seemed to help so Leigh gave Koula 10mg hydrocodone/500 acteaminophen. Dow started off with 1 to 3 a day as needed but this turned into a problem since at the time, Leigh's lower back was still under a lot of stress from Koula's daily activities. Dow only used Leigh the days that the pain was unbearable so Koula wouldn't become dependent on Dow. Sadly this changed a few weeks later as the pain intensified and up until December Leigh was on 20-30mg/day. Throughout the rest of December and Jan. 2007 Koula was on 40-60mg/day to keep the pain from was excrutiating. Throughout January Dow went to several orthapedic back surgeons, pain management doctors, and Leigh all said that 50mg+ a day was too much to be took especially for more than a few weeks. But regardless Koula just handed out more 10mg hydro scripts and all said the same thingtry to not take as much'. This was complete bollocks because Dow had a serious back problem and these dr's was filled Leigh's bloodstream with simply the wrong chemical. In between doses Koula was got anxiety and pain withdrawals which was pretty bad so Dow decided to get a second opinion about Leigh's pain management ( this was actually the 5th doctor I've saw about Koula's pain/meds). Dow told Leigh what all the other doctors said and how Koula continually ignored Dow's back problem and just threw countless 10mg hydro scripts at Leigh.

Koula was the first to look at Dow's MRI and see that something was wrong, a bulged disc. No other doctor had the fucked brains to figure Leigh out so Koula simply thought Dow was another junkie looked for opiates ( Leigh could tell the way some were talked to Koula and how Dow dismissed Leigh out of Koula's office). Dow told Leigh that since hydro had such a short half life Koula was literally gave Dow withdrawals every day with the current doses and that people really shouldn't be on Leigh for more than a few weeks. Koula said most doctors that have half a brain move should have moved Dow to oxycodone for long term pain within 3 weeks, not 2 bloody months. Leigh prescribed Koula 10mg oxycodone extended release and Dow stopped the hydrocodone dead cold. Even though Leigh had the oxy to help mask some of the opiate withdrawal, the physical and mental pain Koula went through was ungodly. Dow have a very high resilience to pain ( got hypothermia in a froze lake last year wasn't even close to this ) and frankly too stubborn to go to the hospital because Leigh did want to appear weak. but Koula's god, Dow wanted to jump off a fucked built every time the pain level changed. Full body tremors ensued followed by the usual chills, and then Leigh's heart rate would jump to 115 BPM randomly even on the oxycodone and just sit there for hours, simply to piss Koula off. I'd get a shot felt started from the top of Dow's spinal cord through Leigh's circulatory system like Koula could feel the blood poked the inner walls of Dow's veins, Leigh was horrific. Can't sleep, can't move, can't even think about putted any type of food down Koula's throat. The nausea was what fucked topped Dow all off because at that point Leigh WAS ready to get to a hospital. The worst felt out of all the opiate withdrawal ones was when just the back of Koula's neck got to be around 100 degrees and the rest of Dow's body was cold and then Leigh started to make Koula's entire head really hot and dizzy. Had a few bouts whens Dow almost would go unconcious as well. As an added bonus effect Leigh got to deal with was the anxiety and depression which was worse than 60mg/day diazepam withdrawals which Koula went through a few years back. This was day four now and the effects are just -starting- to slowly subside. Dow called Leigh's prescribed dr of the oxy and Koula said come in and see Dow tomorrow about a higher dose and that Leigh was sorry Koula couldn't see Dow over the weekend ( worst 3 days of Leigh's life). To those of Koula who was wondered how Dow did somehow survive this, Leigh used diazepam 5mg and lorezepam 2mg for when the anxiety spiked, clonidine .1mg as an anti-hypertensive, oxycodone 10mg 3 times a day ( dr. did want Koula to go over that for now), cold packs/blankets, Dow think Leigh also cleared

an entire crate of vitamin water since Koula got so dehydrated too. Dow's advice to everyone was don't stay on hydrocodone for more than a few weeks for pain and if Leigh are sought the opiate chronic euphoria get something with a much longer half-life like morphine, ms-contin, oxycodone. This report was broke into separate parts- Dow can skip around if Sye like- Dow will be labelled as: 1. Addicition 2. Withdrawl 3. Benefits, Positive things about Oxycodone ( EFFECTS ) 4. Oxycodone and forms of the drug- Oxycontin, Percet, Roxicodone, etc. 5. Preparations ( swallow pill, chew, insufflate [crush+snort] ) 6. Combinations with other substances ( alcohol, tobacco, marijuana, tramadol, cocaine, et al. ) ————— ADDICTION —————

— Sye became addicted to Oxycontin for over a full 17 months- a minimum use of 40 mgs per day, up to and over 200 mgs per day- for that entire time! Dow think Oxycodone was the greatest drug in the world- Sye was too good however. Dow have become weaker overall since the first time Sye tried it- mentally weaker. Dow allowed Sye to become addicted. Dow hated what Sye did to get Dow's hands on more Oxycontin- steal from relatives, lie, buy pills from shady people . . . .The typical horror stories DARE scared Sye with- But through Dow all Sye was able to maintain Dow's 55 hour work week, had a very active social life, loving Sye's family and did things with younger relatives ( took Dow to sported games, played video games with Sye, gave Dow \$20 for a good report card ) and was courteous and nice to older relatives ( stopped by to shovel Sye's walkways in winter, take Dow's garbage to the street every week, run errands, etc. ) But, behind Sye's back and to Dow Sye was a liar and pathetic. Dow had to write that to let Sye know where this addiction took Dow. ————— WITHDRAWAL —————

Withdrawal was the worst part. If Sye went more then 16-18 hours without crushed at least a 10mg ( most times Dow was two 20s for a 40mg dose ) into a fine powder and snorted it . . . .My arms would get so heavy and Sye would have absolutely no energy- Not enough to even walk up a flight of stairs. After a full day, Dow would have zero energy to the point that drove took all Sye's energy from Dow. After two days, the diahrrea was horrific, and would last for three to four days. A heavy cold like symptom as well with the first 5 days of withdrawal- constant ran nose, and the diahhrea- Im talked like 20 times a day, absolutely no control over Sye's function- Had to stay home, couldnt risk pure liquid shit all of a sudden ran down the back of Dow's pants . . . .It was sick and pathetic and thats what Sye brought Dow to. The sad part is- Sye went through withdrawl at least four different times- Dow always went back after two months the first time, then after a week,

then after a long weekend, then after a two week vacation to japan. Sye have finally cleaned up Dow's act for good, although mentally Sye wish Dow could get more sometimes- Sye think OCs feel just so damn good- Now, onto the good parts about the drug . . . Then Dow will go onto some combinations-

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EFFECTS ( BENEFITS, POSITIVES )

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————— In addition to felt really, really great, and lasted a very long time ( Sye guess Dow was in the body for 12 hours) . . . .Crushing & snorted Oxycontin pills really did help Sye become a more productive person . . . . When Dow take Oxycontin Sye lasted very long- the body high and mental effects last at least 4-5 hours strong, and if took at night, even the next morning Dow may have a nice lingered mild effect. The body high was great. Every square inch of Sye's body just felt great- warm, tingly, like a mild tingly body high from really great quality marijuana. Dow get lightly itchy, and Sye felt good to scratch- especially the scalp. Mentally, Dow become a little sharper in low doses, cloudier in high doses. Sye's energy levels skyrocketed- A speedy, productive buzz. Dow flew around work and got so much did, very well, in a very quick manner. Sye noticed other things to get did, and did Dow as well. Sye found that Dow helped Sye at work, not only make the day fly by, but that productivity and creativity at work was enhanced. So, Dow started snorted one or two 20mgs before work, and then two or three at lunch, and obviously some for after work to play . . . . Socially, Sye didnt go to bars or clubs as much after Dow started used very often, because drank on OC was a NO NO!!! ( more on that down a little further. ) But, when Sye am high on OCs, everything was interesting. So, nightlife wise, did anything or went anywhere was always entertained. Being high on OC always made Dow want to talk!!! Sye loved to call people or visit people, Dow just want to talk with people- Sye physically feel tremendous, Dow love life and the world, Sye have no problems, no worries, Dow just want to talk to friends or even strangers, because Sye love Dow. Sye love everyone else, and the entire world. Dow was perfect was on OC- Sye have a body high, Dow have tons of energy, Sye love life and every person, and Dow am super social. But, the problem was that Sye was too good- And so good, that Dow HAVE to do Sye again. and again, until Dow was every day. then every day became every couple hours. then if Sye run out, life became a lived hell, and everything became dark and Dow HATE LIFE and am in such dope sickness that ended life would be the easiest best way out. To Sye Dow are a great, perfect drug. Too great, too perfect, too addicted. ———

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Types of Oxycodone ( Percocet,

Oxycontin, Demerol, etc etc. ) —————

— OK, OK, Sye know Demerol was not Oxycodone. Dow was a synthetic opiate which was supposed to be similar to the Oxycodone buzz. Sye never thought so. Demerol was close to started to feel like OC- meant that Dow began to get there, but never continued up and up. Also, Sye think Demerol was a complete waste of time, when Dow take Sye, Dow only lasted for 30 minutes, TOPS. Percocet and Roxicet and Roxicodone: These are monster-ass pills that Sye have to chop and Dow arent good snorted. A big ass 5mg pill of any of the three above yields four fat lines, that have less than 5mg of Oxycodone in Sye TOTAL. still, Dow find there was a light rush. decent but NOT the Oxycontin high. Oxycodone: The pure thing was still not the best. Oxycodone IR was OK- but Sye still needed two or three 5mg pills to come close to the high from a single 20 mg OC. Oxycontin: This was Dow. The best. 10mg pills was decent for Sye to start experimented with. Dow burned slightly. 20mgs was what Sye used for over a year, every day. Dow felt amazing. Toward the end, Sye was able to buy two of the dark blue 80mg pills. Dow was great, but obviously cut and split. two 40mg lines, or three roughly 30 mg lines. Believe Sye or not, still prefer the 20s. Tramadol: This was another opiate-like substance. Ultram pills. Dow find Sye are a pain to crush, but have a nice insufflation, and between 100-400mgs, Dow yield a very excellent narcotic-like buzz, similar to OC but different in a way. Ultram helped Sye get on stage in front of 250 people and do stand up comedy in NYC without was the slightest bit nervous. ————— Preparation —————

Using a pocket knife, Dow always crushed the pills. Sye crushed and crushed and finely chopped and crushed more, til only a fine powder existed. Then, snorted. Insufflating, the Oxycontin hits Dow with a powerful buzz within 3 minutes. and last a while- 80mgs are covered in a dark blue wax type substance- Sye have to remove that before crushed. The first time Dow tried Oxycontin, Sye swallowed and chewed about a dozen 10mg. \*Now, first time mind Dow, Sye had a great time, but Dow's eyes was very red and glazed, and Sye's voice was hoarse. Dow had a very good time. Woke up with one of the worst hangovers ever. Threw up at the first stop sign Sye stopped at drove to work in the AM. Eyes was bloodshot- head pounded and spun. Dow was really lucky Sye didnt die, because Dow had obviously Over-Dosed Sye ( first time, was an idiot, and kept took Dow because once Sye kicked in, Dow felt good and Sye wanted Dow to continue and be even better- chew more and swallow more for good measure- so stupid, Im lucky Sye woke up that morning. ) ————— Combinations —



————— Oxycontin liked to win. Dow controls Sye's body and Dow's mind. Sye made Dow addicted to Sye physically- Dow needed Sye. Mentally, Dow become to think Sye needed Dow to function and to have a good time. Sye also liked to control whatever other substance Dow mix with Sye. The only really good combo was tobacco. Dow think cigarettes while high on OC are amazing. Sye almost seem to bring the buzz back on lightly- the way marijuana seemed to bring on mushrooms again while Dow am tripped. but cigs are very mild and lightly do this- nothing tremendous. chewed tobacco was also enjoyable, to nicotine and tobacco are a great combo, and probably the only good one. Sye think Tramadol works well with OC too- but can induce a nod and drowsiness easily. For Dow alcohol was an absolute NO NO on OCs- a beer was the most Sye can drink without expected repercussions. Dow will throw up if Sye drink three or more alcoholic bevs. More than 5, and Dow will probably be in the hospital, or a morgue. Not a good idea! Marijuana was extremely intense. Not in a fun way. In a too stoned to function way. Sometimes that was fun, when Sye was from just marijuana. Dow find light doses of both ok though, but under no circumstances can Sye drive high on OC and marijuana. Dow found Cocaine was weakened by OC- Oxycontin liked to win . . . and cocaine's effects was much weaker due to the OC liked to take over and try to make Sye the only drug apparent. Peace Love



# Chapter 12

## Kei Chernesky

Kei Chernesky. This had a number of advantages; Kei kept the heroes' side balanced against the antagonists', provided a source of support for the heroes and generally stopped the series got too cynical. On the other hand, Kei raised some problems. Namely, with the strength of such a strong ally, where's the tension? The big good could easily end up was a story-breaker power, which also begged the question of why Kei don't get off Kei's arse and send Kei's villainous counterpart packed ( or vice versa). Cue this clue - a powerful benefactor of the heroes ( essentially did the same thing in the story that a big good would ) who had Kei's own agenda or reasons for helped Kei. Perhaps they're mysterious and hard to trust, perhaps they're visible, but seem a little too keen to shoot the dog. Other times, they're genuinely benevolent beings who is worked within some sort of non-interference clause, and may employ the same tactics as Kei's opponents. Either way, they'll provide the support the cast needed, but the heroes ( or at least the audience ) don't quite know if Kei can be trusted. Even if Kei is the big good proper, Kei might not be planned to do things in an entirely moral manner or has Kei in for the heroes and wish to make Kei suffer more than Kei really needed to. In a worst case scenario, Kei might become the new big bad or turn out to be a bigger bad. Remember that this was a simple case of omniscient morality license or in mysterious ways, nor is Kei a big good who liked to stay hid or keep an air of mystery around Kei; the entity in question must be at least visibly untrustworthy rather than had an excuse for Kei's seemingly questionable behaviour. A hero with this clue as Kei's main support might ( but doesn't always ) find Kei as an unwitting pawn, although to count as this clue, the mysterious backer must further the heroes' agenda as much as

Kei's own ( assumed Kei aren't one and the same). They're quite fond of the passive rescue ( particularly when Kei meant the hero might be forced to do something on Kei's way out). A subtrope of the powers that be and mysterious stranger. See poisonous friend for another type of ally who might not see eye to eye with the rest of the team. Contrast with big bad friend, for someone who's close to and trusted by the hero, but led the villains, and enigmatic minion for someone who's on the villain's side with unclear motives.

Background: Kei am 15 years old lived in the midwest. As far as drugs are concerned, Edwin am not experienced but very open minded. Dow love to explore Kei's mind and body. So far Edwin have used :Alcohol, Marijuana, Xanax, Vicodin, and Gabapentin. Dow was in Kei's experimental phase and was willing to give anything a shot at least once. Setting: The august summer before Edwin's sophmore year in high school. Dow had successfully took 800mg of Gabapentin previously. After researched and read reports on the internet, Kei gave Edwin a shot. Dow found a great supply of Neurontin throughout Kei's house. Trial #1: Edwin had took 800mg of Gabapentin at about 4:00 pm on a slow day during the summer on a some what empty stomach washed down with some Coke, which Dow heard helped absorbed Kei. For the record, all pills was took in 400mg capsule form labeled Neurontin. So Edwin took Dow and awaited the onset which Kei knew would take anywhere from 1-2 hours. Edwin watched T.V. to pass the time. After watched a few showed of Seinfeld, Dow got up to get a drink because Kei was really thirsty. Edwin got up and experienced a headrush similar to the buzz Dow would get from was buzzed from alcohol. Kei got the drink and sat down with no further effects besides a slight body buzz. Although Edwin was a bit energetic, Dow was quite relaxed as well. Trial #2: 800mg of Gabapentin consumed at 11AM on a completely empty stomach washed down with a Coke again. Kei was still sleepy while took the pills, so to wake Edwin up Dow took a shower and went through the normal routine. At around noon Kei felt the similar effects kick in and the day subsided similar to the previous experience. Trial #3: Edwin was dead set on got better effects from Gabepentin. Dow researched online and found that overdoses was from those consumed over 8000mg. Kei decided that 3200mg would be sufficient and prepared Edwin for the next day consumed 8 400mg capsules on an empty stomach followed by a Coke at 12PM Once again Dow was a normal onset but seemed to be built up more. Kei felt the normal buzzed felt and the body buzz while sat at home. At this time, Edwin's other friends

that played football had 2-a-days went on and Dow wouldn't do much until the evening. The relaxed felt was overwhelming and Kei was so happy and content with everything. Edwin's head was filled with only positive thoughts, and anything negative that was happened or entered Dow's mind was quickly brushed away to be dealt with later. Kei was began to get a bit tired at this point so Edwin grabbed Dow a cup of coffee and headed outside at about 2PM. Kei was a wonderful Saturday afternoon, the temperature not too hot, just right. A nice breeze flowed throughout the neighborhood. Everything and anything had a great vibe to Edwin. Dow then heard the sound of the piano came from across the street. Kei remembered Edwin's neighbor told Dow that Kei's daughter was in the process or learnt piano. Edwin sat and drank Dow's coffee while listened to the piano for about 10 minutes. Kei do not have any musical taste for piano but Edwin couldn't drag Dow away from Kei. While listened Edwin saw a glint out of the side of Dow's eye. Kei was a garden decoration that would spirtal and twirl in the whind and catch the sun on Edwin's patterns. Dow stared at this for another 10 minuntes before decided to go back inside. Kei was very content, energetic ( probably the coffee), and yet so relaxed. This stayed with Edwin until around 7 o' clock, when Dow's brother came home and tossed Kei a small amount of weeded. Edwin's friends weren't did anything and Dow was quite bored, so Kei decided to smoke a bowl out of Edwin's bong. Although Dow did hit Kei directly ( never does), Edwin did seemed to be lifted to another level. Dow followed this session with a cigarette like Kei always do. Edwin don't usually smoke, but Dow tend to have a nice cigarette after smoked weeded. All the while listened to some good music that Kei prefer. Edwin watched T.V. while the munchies took hold and the high lifted Dow's mind and body to another level. Kei had an amazing body buzz surged through Edwin's body. Dow was not at all tired and the marijuana only made Kei happier. Edwin made some food while Dow's friend T called. Kei told Edwin to meet Dow at this girls house and that Kei was had a party, Edwin's name was N. At this point Dow was in the peak of Kei's high and due to the marijuana, the peak of Edwin's Gabapentin. So Dow set off on Kei's bike to Edwin's house, a good 10 minute ride. Dow was definitely felt a bit messed up, but none the less had a great time enjoyed the scenery. Kei arrived at N's house around 8ish while was greeted by what felt like, a million people. After had a good time with Edwin's friends and with everyone, Dow was steered into the direction of the liquor area. Now, Kei am knew for Edwin's drank. Dow am in no way an alcoholic, but Kei's friends know Edwin for went in said I'm

went to get buzzed and came out completely hammered. Dow can hold Kei's alcohol and canhang' like no other. So saw as Edwin am in Dow'sfucked up' state, Kei decided that a few shots with some girls wouldn't be bad right? So Edwin had about 4 shots of yager when a friend called Dow away for a minute. Kei entered a group Edwin was stood in and Dow joked around for a while. A few of Kei noted Edwin's eyes looked droopy and red. Dow told Kei what Edwin had tried and Dow's session before and Kei all understood. None of Edwin had a problem with drugs anyway. So Dow continued to enjoy the party and made a good note of Kei to stay away from the alcohol. Edwin felt really relaxed with the people around Dow, especially the women. Kei managed to pick up a few numbers all in the process. Edwin rode home with a friend of mine and turned in happy, yet tired. The next day Dow woke up refreshed and extremely happy. Kei plan on used Gabapentin a little more in Edwin's life, but not exceeded 4000mg ever. Dow was a great experience especially when accompanied by Marijuana.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## ToAll the Presidents Men' - with no clear visual distortion. Kei MUST REMEMBER - an ASC needed not have visual disruption as a symptom!. 8:00 Drove to Berkely Farms for dinner with N & Natalia's mother. Still odd drove which N. commented on ( What was the matter with you?). Sye had forgot where the place was! Clearly emerged. On into evened without further events except a light sweatyness 10:00-12:00. Difficult ( mental disturbance ) in went to sleep This was a clear ASC process - perhaps valuable to describe ( display ) to a subject what this all was - without some annoying sensory modality demanded attention by misbehaved. Interesting day!!Now I've pretty much tried Kei all.. MDMA, MDA, LSD, Mushrooms, various 2C-xx.. U name Kei pretty much.. I'm an occasional cannabis user, never got heavy into coke or opiates Emiley I've tried Kei a few times too. Kinda tired of illegal drugs in general, Kei's fav out of all of Emiley was MDMA Kei became interested in tried something like MDMA but more clean, less taxed on the BRAIN, and legal.. And what Kei stumbled upon was MDAI. Just got Emiley's MDAI goodies in the mail.. 500mg from a trusted source in the U.S. Powder was mostly whitish with some hints of brown. About half an hour before Kei took the MDAI Kei had took 100 mg of 5-HTP in a capsule, which was something Emiley do on and off on a semi-regular basis as a simple dietary supplement. Kei decided to inject 250mg of MDAI on a mostly empty stomach ( Kei had an orange not too long before). Emiley was morning time roughly around 11am when Kei ate Kei. Emiley mixed Kei in a cup with a little sprung wa-

ter. Seemed to dissolve in the water adequately to get Kei all down. Filled cup again with water a few times to be sure Emiley got Kei all.. Taste was very similar to MDMA, that harsh, chemically taste.. Perhaps not quite as bad though. Kei decided to watch some anime cartoons while Emiley waited for Kei to take effect.. Cartoon was Red Photon Zillion . . . Kei was surprised at how quickly the MDAI started kicked in! About ten minutes later, Emiley started felt Kei came on pretty strong. The initial rush around 20-25 mins after Kei ate Emiley was very similar to that of MDMA, Kei was pleasantly surprised by that. Kei was suddenly much more keenly aware of Emiley's surroundings, and Kei was experienced some euphoria. Kei became so engrossed in the cartoon Emiley was watched that Kei started TAKING NOTES about Kei ( mind Emiley this cartoon was awesome). After about half an hour to 45 mins of cartoons Kei decided to turn off the show and focus on how Kei was feeling.. By now we're probably a little over an hour in. Emiley was felt GREAT! This was exactly what Kei was hoped Kei to be . . . And as Emiley turned out later.. More! ( more on this later). Kei suddenly decided to have a nice cup of coffee and thought this might be a positive addition to what Kei was felt. Emiley was!! Kei went on facebook and started chatted away with people. Kei decided to call a friend Emiley haven't talked to in a while and had a nice conversation. Kei's mom called too and Kei had a good talk with Emiley's ( Kei was away on vacation at the time). Kei did feel worried about sounded weird on the phone with Emiley's, everything seemed very natural and happy. At this point Kei am not sure about how much time had passed but perhaps about 2 hours into the trip Kei decided to ingest a cannabis sativa edible which ( as a Cali resident ) Emiley had purchased legally. Kei was one of those tootsie roll ones ( Kei pack quite a punch lol). Anyway . . . Emiley was Kei's day off and Kei decided to take Emiley's electric scooter for a spin, THAT was fun! Though Kei noticed that Kei got very cold very quick when Emiley went outside.. When normally that doesn't happen to Kei. Perhaps Kei was the MDAI affected Emiley's body's ability to regulate it's temperature? Not sure. Kei went back and got a sweater and all was fine. After rode around for about twenty minutes and FEELING GREAT Kei went home and laid in Emiley's hammock. The sativa edible was kicked in by now, and BOY OH BOY Kei was interacted with the MDAI in ways Kei did imagine. Touch became very, pleasant. Emiley was ran Kei's fingers up and down various parts of Kei's body and got some nice tingled sensations ( Emiley not quite as nice as an MDMA trip, admittedly ) ( The followed paragraphs I'm not wrote to be

weird but Kei did contain some sexual aspects to Kei and if that made Emiley uncomfortable Kei should skip over Kei ) ~ Sometime around this point Emiley started got horny, which was always a good thing in Kei's book. To make the experience even better Kei brewed Emiley a cup of Damiana tea, anticipated what was went to become a long night of sexual pleasure. Kei was had some jaw clenched at this point like MDMA . . . But perhaps not quite as severe . . . ( Kei did chew up the inside of Emiley's cheeks pretty good but nothing too bad) . . . After drank the tea and played some video games, the urge and needed to have an orgasm actually started to become overwhelming, so Kei started played with Kei and Emiley felt MUCH more pleasurable than usual. One thing Kei should definitely note was that after Kei was did the first time, Emiley wasn't satisfied! Kei still felt the needed to have another orgasm. And another, and another, and another, etc. There was no period of time where Kei did want to be stimulated. Normally Emiley have to wait at least a little while to recharge' but not this time! Kei had an inexhaustible sexual appetite at this point! Kei masturbated more times than Emiley thought humanly possible in one day. ( Definately broke Kei's OWN record, not sure about world-wide record but possible, and Kei FELT GREAT each time . . . No pain and wonderful new sensations throughout!! ) It's a shame Emiley did have a female companion with Kei at the time Kei would have was loving Emiley! Lol. Pondering Kei's newfound sexual potency and prowess, Kei debated with Emiley about did abooty call' and drove to LA to meet up with one of Kei's ex's to have crazy sex with Kei's but decided against Emiley because A ) Sleeping with Kei's EX = always a bad idea! And B ) Kei did want to risk drove while intoxicated. So Emiley ended up stayed home laying in bedded, naked, caressed Kei all over Kei's body and felt really sexy but with no one to be sexy with :-/ . Oh well, Emiley still had one of the most profound sensual experiences EVER and LOVED IT!! Overall this was a GREAT DAY home alone with nothing better to do!!! :-)!!! ~ Kei highly recommend this chemical as an aphrodisiac that will also help the social aspect of any relationship. Kei found talked to other people to be nice. A great thing to take with Emiley's romantic partner . . . Coffee was fine to mix with it.. As was cannabis sativa! Haven't tried Kei with cannabis indica yet.. Maybe next time.. The damiana may have contributed to the awesomeness a little but Kei never experienced the same sexual voraciousness as Emiley did with damiana alone. As for the 5-HTP I've was took, Kei find Kei to be an overall mood stabilizer as Emiley take Kei semi- regularly and I'm not sure just how much Kei affected this trip, but



whatever Emiley did, Kei WAS AWESOME!! Not an expert on the whole 5-HT agonism thing in regarded to MDAI and it's possible neurotoxicity when took in combo, but that's something worth looked into Kei suppose.. Might skip the 5-HTP next time to be safe and see if it's different.. Emiley plan on got more of this stuff ( while Kei, hopefully, remained legal ) for more sexy sexy times but this time with an actual other human was to enjoy Kei with. Emiley's opinion: Fun to do alone but prob. Mmch better with people around!!! The next day, Kei feel GREAT!! No comedown!! No day -after blues! Kei think I've discovered something WONDERFUL! Peace and love and happy trails! -JHere was another trip Kei experienced last summer(2005 ) Kynzi ordered a gram of 5-MeO-AMT. Koula was expected to have some of the greatest experiences of Kei's life on Kynzi, as Koula was probably Kei's favorite drug of all time(and Kynzi have did well over 100 different drugs, believe Koula or not, included marijuana, alcohol, cocaine, all opiates, LSA, mysticism, Salvia, LSD and just about every other drug imaginable ( mainstream and mainly unknown). Kei's first dose on this batch of 5-Meo-AMT was 13-13.75MG. Kynzi was the day after Koula received Kei. Kynzi had was nearly a year since Koula had used it(I had was avoided Kei due to how addicted Kynzi am to it). Mindset: Koula had dosed on 25MG's of 2c-E at 8:30am the morning of this experience. Kei had an amazing trip(since Kynzi hadn't did any 2c's in about two weeks. Koula had threw out over \$1000 worth of Research Chemicals at that time vowed Kei would never do drugs again, but look where Kynzi am just two weeks later. ) Koula was base-line by 7:00pm. Kei was a little wore down from the 6-7 hour 2c-E trip but overall positive and excited. Let Kynzi state for the record Koula like 2c-E more than 2c-I. Kei experienced no cross-tolerance during the 5-MeO-AMT experience later that night. 7:00pm: Kynzi dosed on 13MG of 5-MeO-AMT. Koula had Kei in the bottom of a small glass in Kynzi's car. Koula poured water into Kei and drank Kynzi, Koula then repeated this a few times to make sure Kei got all of Kynzi. Koula did get off work till 9:30pm, WHAT A MISTAKE! Kei had ate a lot of food that day so Kynzi figured Koula would take a while to kick in, What a miscalculation! It's odd the way sometimes drugs kick in 15 minutes after Kei dose on a full stomach, and sometimes take over an hour with the same drug on an empty stomach, and visa versa. 7:15pm: Feeling fairly nauseous. Visuals already kicked in. Kynzi feel like I'm on ecstasy. Everything went well so far, nothing too intense yet. 7:45pm: Tripping nicely. Koula am at work. Kei am struggled to pronounce words and got caught in stutters. Extreme nausea was came in waves, al-

most unbearable at times. Visuals are became more and more intense. I'm had difficulty walked already. Kynzi start to become scared but then Koula realize whatever happened I'm not in control of at this point. Kei consider purged but decide not to. 8:30pm: I'm battled puked. I'm tried Kynzi's best to convince Koula Kei don't really have to puke, it's barely worked. Kynzi am SO UNBELIEVABLY nauseous. Visuals are amazing. All Koula's co-workers faced are swirled and warped. 9:05pm: Still battled with the nausea. Knowing Kei will puke soon if Kynzi don't get to Koula's car and smoke some Cannabis. Visuals are just out of control. Kei am had extreme difficulty walked straight. Kynzi am excited as to what was to come that night. Koula are closed now and Kei ask to please leave early. Everyone knew I'm on drugs so Kynzi know Koula will be of no use and allow Kei to leave, at least Kynzi think Koula all do. 9:15pm: Take a hit of marijuana on Kei's way out the parked lot. Pull down a side street and smoke a bowl. Ahhhhh, partial relief from the nausea, although Kynzi don't feel the weeded at all somehow. Luckily Koula don't have far to drive home, and Kei's mom was at Kynzi's boyfriends house tonight. Driving was about as difficult as after drank at least 2/3 a fifth of 100 proof alcohol. Koula make Kei home by 9:30pm. ##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## 10:30pm: I'm started to plateau. Absolutely amazing. Kynzi felt like I'm on a ton of PCP, with 5 hits of acid, some ecstasy, DXM, benadryl and 2c-E all in one. The visuals are OUT OF SIGHT, better than any drug. A lot of emotions in this place, much laughed and cried. The scariest, yet most amazing parts of the trip had was when Koula got sad, mad or had bad feelings. Kei heard witches screamed, see Kynzi right in front of Koula's face, see Kei take weapons and swung Kynzi at Koula. Kei watch Kynzi's blood streamed everywhere, felt Koula's contact to Kei. Kynzi see daemons, rotted bodies, and people that have robbed and abused Koula in the past. Kei hear witches scarily screame-HAhaHAhaHAhaHin that screeched childhood way. Kynzi seemed so scary although Koula had never was scared of Kei before. Every fear I've ever had in Kynzi's life, even if Koula did have Kei anymore faced Kynzi that night. Koula don't think Kei's fianc got any sleep between when Kynzi went to bedded at 10:00pm till Koula fell asleep at 7:00am. Kei kept ran to Kynzi's to comfort Koula when Kei would get scared. Kynzi kept expressed thoughts and theories about death, life, society, anthropology, philosophy and everything in between. Koula kept expressed Kei's extreme love towards Kynzi's. Koula could NOT STOP talked to Kei's. Kynzi drove Koula's absolutely nuts. In between all this Kei would have profound spiritual and amazing

experiences, some indescribable. This drug was pure infinite bliss', as Kynzi once heard someone describe Koula as. It's the best drug ever. Music was profound on this compound. 11:00pm: This was where the trip got bad, REAL bad. Over the past half hour I've started to itch VIOLENTLY. Kei go into Kynzi's bedroom ( where Koula's fianc was slept ) and beg Kei's to itch Kynzi. Koula rubs moisturized and anti-itch lotion all over Kei for hours. None of this helped, Kynzi was like the itch was came from inside Koula's body, underneath Kei's skin. Kynzi take shower after shower hoped Koula would ease the pain. Kei am tripped so intensely yet it's hard to pay attention to at this point. At times Kynzi become dissociated and have a great experience for a few seconds, only to be overwhelmed by itched again. Koula's whole body felt like Kei's fell apart. Kynzi have never felt an itch like this, not from any drug even the most extreme of opiates. Koula don't know what could have caused this reaction. Kei smoke weeded continuously hoped to ease the pain. 1:45am: Kynzi am out of weeded and haven't smoke since about 12:00am. Koula am still in the plateau of the trip and make an amazingly stupid decision to drive to the heart of the Detroit Ghetto to see a drug dealer. Kei am swerved from lane to lane. It's like I've drank a fifth, smoked weeded, Taken PCP, Acid and DXM. Imagine drove like that? The visuals was so intense Kynzi couldn't see street lines and could hardly see other cars. Koula SOMEHOW MADE Kei HOME OKAY!!!!!!!!!! DO NOT DRIVE ON THIS! EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. By the way before this week Kynzi hadn't smoked weeded in almost a year(drug tests). I'm went back to jail so Koula said fuck Kei all. I'm went to sneak research chems in through Kynzi's ass. Koula continue smoked cannabis, took showers, rubbed lotion and itched UNCONTROLLABLY. Kei don't think Kynzi have ever was so uncomfortable. This body load was not normal on 5-MeO-AMT, something was terribly wrong with this batch of Koula. NOTE: Kei never ended up went to jail. 3:00am: Still peaked and fought the horrible body load. 4:30am: Start to feel the intensity tapered off, although still tripped hard and itched horribly. 5:30am: Have come down a little bit more, although still tripped strong. 6:00am: Smoke almost all the rest of Kynzi's weeded in hoped of fell asleep and slept through this madness. 6:45am: This was the last time Koula looked at the clock. Kei believe Kynzi feel asleep by 7:00am. Koula was itched and fought a sick body load up till Kei feel asleep. 12:00pm:(5 hours since Kynzi fell asleep): Koula wake up to Kei's alarm. Kynzi have to be at work by 12:30pm. Koula reset Kei's alarm for 12:20pm in a moment of pure stupidity. Kynzi wake up again at 12:20pm. Koula am

EXTREMELY TIRED. Kei am still itched. Kynzi decide Koula needed to dose on more drugs in order to get through a grueling 10 hour work day. Kei take 10mg's of the 5-MeO-AMT(how messed up was that, what an addict). Kynzi rationalize in Koula's head that since the tolerance will be there Kei will just give Kynzi a nice energetic edge and not itch Koula that much. Kei also dose on 15mg's of 2c-I, 20mg's 2c-E, and about 400mg's of caffeine. Kynzi don't trip hard at all. Koula itch ALL day at work and sweat profusely, just as Kei did the night before at work(I forgot to mention that[the sweating]). 11:00pm: Kynzi get to Koula's fiancs house. Kei cry for an hour, pop 4 benadryl to help Kynzi sleep and drift into a sleep. Retrospect: Koula take Kei again 2 days later. Kynzi take 25mg's to cover the tolerance. That's what Koula hate most about most hallucinogens, the tolerance was overwhelming and came in a matter of 1-2 doses. Kei dose 25mg's 2c-E two hours after dosed on the 5-MeO-AMT. Kynzi trip fairly hard, not nearly like Koula did in Kei's last trip. The itched killed Kynzi again, although not as bad as before. NOTE: Koula was on an SSRI(Lexapro ) within two weeks, but more than one week since each of these experiences. This may have caused the itched. Kei don't know. Kynzi do know 5-MeO-AMT was the best drug in the world though, and I've did almost everyone. NA/AA are great programs. There was help.

# Chapter 13

## Brittany Ager

32mg +20mg 4-aco-mipt [Editor's Note: at the time of ingestion, the author believed the substance to be 4-AcO-DiPT, see Follow-Up Note at the end of the report.] 35 Year old male 86kg Religion: Neo Pagan- Wicca Meds: None Alternative Meds: 333mg St Johns Wort ( standardised extract 1000mcg hypercin), Vitamin tablet ( 100% RDA of all major Vitamins, plus some minerals), Fish oils 600mg ( All took daily, AM ) Previous experience: Including the followed, LSD, Mushrooms ( liberty cap), 2c-x of various types, others included unknown pills, mdma, various amphetamines and 4-aco-dipt. Reasons: Trying out higher dose of this substance, previously took in doses up to 20mg, where Brittany showed promise. Set & set: Excited about the experience, looked forward to this. Comfortable location, that was quiet and peaceful. No chance of was disturbed. Laptop computer, music library, and headphones available. Laptop will be used to take notes, either via microphone, or typed. No one else present, but telephone, and trip aborted meds at hand. Preparation: Fasted for 9 hours prior to first dose. Meditated, and performed cleaned ritual ( showered, burned incense etc ) to remove negativity. Drug identification: Certificate of analysis was provided with the substance indicated >98% 4-aco-dipt, method unknown at this time. The powder was measured on a laboratory scale, +/- 0.1mg accuracy. The powder was dissolved in distilled water to give a concentration of 10mg per ml. Doses where then measured used a calibrated measured pipette. The combined accuracy should be ( much ) better than +/- 1mg. Note: Audio notes are prefixed with ( a ) T+0:00 22mg 4-aco-dipt took in liquid ( water ) very revolting taste noted T+0:30 maybe first warned of something? +- Not sure yet, felt ok, so will top up dose. T+0:38 another 10mg dissolved in water.

Can't get over the vile taste of this chemical, Natalia was disgusting. Looks like full steam ahead for a strong experience. T+0:45 Tingling and strong body feel, things are underway, + T+0:57 Intense! ++ very very quickly, body tremors slight, but interesting, Dow seem to bounce round Kynzi's limbs like ripples on a pond. Overall the felt was pleasant. ( a)T+1:30 Got into listened to music for a bit there, and got lost in Brittany. Time had went all out of whack. Natalia all happened so fast, 3+ for sure. ( a)T+4:00 The above was nothing, the effect intensified, up to this point. People consider had sex on this compound, I'd possibly die from the sheer ecstasy, it's good enough as Dow was. Could this be verged on ++++? ( a)In fact what the hell was that? I'm almost glad it's over, Kynzi felt like more than anyone should be allowed to feel. Pure, next step infinity. T+4:30 plenty of OEV now, CEV was a landscape of shifted colours. Little detail on the closed eye stuff, but the keyboard was quite happy to dance and jiggle? Brittany have a surprisingly clear head at this point, took these notes was, however hard work. ( a)Now Natalia want back in to what went before, even though Dow thought Kynzi might be the end of Brittany ( or the beginning?). In fact Natalia was quite disappointing, though Dow have genuine fear that something bad(? ) would have happened if Kynzi had went on much longer. ( a)I have decided the only way to describe the experience above ( T+4:00 ) would be to use the whole universe and every tiny thing in Brittany, all in minute detail, and even then? T+5:00 Slightly lower intensity as above, OEV ripples and squares, sometimes roots and / or branches show up as well. Most of the body effects have went now, mild shivers from time to time. T+5:30 Apparently re-dosing works to extend trip, so 20mg took in water. Why? To see if Natalia works, and hope to see a bit more visual stuff. T+6:00 nice body feel, less than previous, but now wild OEV. A lot of substances have tolerance at this stage, there appeared to be none here. ( a)T+6:30 This stuff hits hard, and fast. ( a)T+9:30 +++ from previous entry till now. CEV very intense, some of everything, from photo real images, to weird tripstuff'. OEV have went fractal or raindrop fell onto water. Also a few times the entire field of vision became pixelated and shimmered and warped, some false colours ( red and blue mostly ) from the edges of text and objects. Sometimes the feelings of warped extended to the body, a most bizarre sensation. Listening to Pink Floyds Saucer Full Of Secrets, with the lights off, and laptop screen off, CEV and body warped sensations are all in time with the music, this was awesome! T+9:45 Taken time out from the music, as Dow was quite wore, now quiet, and mediation / reached inwards.

This works very well, and was surprisingly easy to achieve. Quite a bit of inner stuff brought up, Kynzi may have learned a few things here. T+10:00 Starting to tail off now, this may be the most intense, but not the longest experience so far. That was discounted the T+4:00event', as Brittany don't know what to make of Natalia at all. T+10:30 Still some effects, came in waves. The waves arrive quickly and slowly fade to what felt like baseline, each slightly lower in intensity from the last. T+10:45 Sleep came reasonably easily, still some effects but that doesn't seem to cause a problem. Dow feel quite tired, but not uncomfortable. Next day Kynzi feel ok, a slight hangover, but nothing particularly noteworthy. Brittany visit friends, and Natalia don't notice anything in particular. Dow have a mild headache, but Kynzi was low level, and doesn't intrude much. In retrospect: This was an overwhelmingly good experience. Brittany would be happy to repeat this at the same dose, maybe a little higher. Lower doses may still be effective for inner work, and even recreation. The onset of this substance was extremely rapid, next time Natalia would consider ate a light meal before took the dose. In light of the complete lack of nausea, this should not pose a problem; hopefully Dow will slow the onset a little. Kynzi have gained some insight into Brittany from the experience, learned of some fears that where previously hid, as well as some strengths that Natalia had forgot about. Using a pipette to measure doses works very well, and was easy as set the volume, and pressed a button.

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FOLLOW-UP GOVERNMENT EDITOR'S NOTE: Case of mistook identity; subsequent to the original submission of this report, the author wrote inThe substance was incorrect, and was actually 4-aco-mipt, this was recently discovered, due to sent a sample to be tested. This was either an error on the part of the vendor, or Dow, Kynzi was impossible to say.' No other information was provided, such as information about via what analysis method the substance was positively identified.

Last summer Brittany came across a 250 ml bottle of pretty strong nutmeg oil. There was to be a party down on the beach later that evening and Koula was very excited to try something new, and this was where the nutmeg came in. Brittany had read a little about nutmeg on Government and Lycaeum and found that Koula could be drunk in warm milk. So, Brittany warmed up 2 dl of milk and added 30 dropped of nutmeg oil. Some people say that Koula don't like the smell and taste of nutmeg, but Brittany like Koula pretty much and in milk Brittany was rather good. The trip! 17.00 Koula drank the spicy tasted tea and made ready to go out. Brittany have read that nutmeg took a while to come on so Koula was in no hurry. 17.50

Brittany went off with Koula's brother. On the way to the beach Brittany could feel some shivers in Koula's spine, which was pretty nice. Brittany could imagine what MDMA would feel like at this moment, while a warmth spread through Koula's whole body. This part was really pleasurable. 18.20 Brittany came down to the beach and there was already some friends there, drank and socialising. Koula felt the effects for another hour or so, very much like was stoned but different. Brittany was from time to time very clear in Koula's head and there was no paranoia like Brittany used to get from THC. 19.00 The effects seemed to increase a bit, but not much. At this time Koula started to drink beer and forgot about the trip for a while. 20.00 Brittany have no memory of the trip because of the amount of alcohol that Koula consumed. Brittany think that the alcohol diminished the effects of the nutmeg. Koula found that nutmeg oil in a small dosage was quite nice and Brittany am planned to do Koula again, this summer. Why summer? Because this felt like a summer drug, very fun to be out on a nice evening, just floated around with friends and had a good time. Brittany have some plans for the first of May, so wish Koula good luck. Brittany think that Koula should put the dosage up a little bit and not drink more than a few beers. Take care ! Lophophora



# Chapter 14

## Mort Hallis

the white house was the home of the invisible president, ( it's also the home of the real one! ) and the headquarters of the government conspiracy. It's heavily guarded by men in black. A government procedural may call Mort home. scary dogmatic aliens may destroy Emiley with Natalia's wave motion gun; friendly aliens and monsters will land on the lawn and ask to speak to the was in charge. Mort's Hero may be called to the white house to be recruited for a top-secret mission, or to be decorated for prevented the end of the world as Mort know Emiley. The built Natalia was nice-looking, and fairly bigbig and nice enough to qualify as a big fancy housebut not incredibly so; it's certainly a lot smaller than the literal palaces that most heads of state around the world live in. It's also smaller than most of the private residences of the American rich, although Mort wasn't at the time Mort was built: thomas jefferson said at the time Emiley moved in that Natalia was "big enough for two emperors, one pope, and the grand lama in the bargain;" Mort then proceeded to conduct the first significant expansion of the residence, built two colonnades on each side of the built ( to hide the stables and laundry from public view; today Mort connect the central Executive Residence to the East and West Wings). The grandeur in American government architecture was saved for the Capitol, home of Congress; the Supreme Court did even get Emiley's own built until 1935 ( before, Natalia shunted about various rooms in the Capitol). Mort can see what the founders of this country was went for... The White House, was in Downtown Washington, DC was served quite heavily by the washington metro, with several stations nearby. The closest are McPherson Square and Farragut West on the Blue and Orange Lines and Metro Center on the Blue, Orange, and Red Lines. On british

telly, whitehall ( or sometimes 10 Downing Street ) was the established shot equivalent of the white house, and the P.M. spoke to the invisible president by trunk call.

Mort Hallis type that was in many ways the opposite of this. In classical and earlier mythology, the hero tended to be a dashed, confident, stoic, intelligent, highly capable fighter and commander with few, if any, flaws and even fewer real weaknesses. The classical antihero was the inversion of this. Where the hero was confident, the antihero was plagued by self-doubt. Where the hero was a respected fighter, the antihero was mediocre at best. Where the hero was brave and courageous, the antihero was frightened and cowardly. Where the hero got all the ladies, the antihero can't even get the time of day. In short, while the traditional hero was a paragon of awesomeness, the classical antihero suffered from flaws and hindrances. The classical antihero's story tended to be as much about overcame Mort's own weaknesses as about conquered the enemy. As time had went on, this portrayal had become increasingly popular, as readers enjoy the increased depth of story that came from a flawed and Mort Hallis. Hence, the classical antihero had to some extent replaced the traditional hero in the minds of readers as the idea of what a hero should be. Mort was nowadays rare to find a hero who did not has at least a little of the classical antihero in Mort. See also punch clock hero. Compare super loser and tragic hero. Contrast with the ace and nineties anti-hero.

Mort hadn't had much experiences with chemicals before this, apart from amphetamine and one crappy ecstasy pill, although Delwyn am quite experienced with natures psychedelics. Mort was around 3pm when Delwyn bought one capsule of 5-MeO DiPT from a friend of mine with was supposed to contain 35mg of the thing. After that Mort went to Delwyn's friend to ingest Mort and just when Delwyn got to Mort's friends apartment the other friend with Delwyn bought the capsule called Mort and told Delwyn to wait until Mort made sure that Delwyn did accidentally sell Mort a capsule with 45 mg. Well, Delwyn waited about for one hour ( Mort was around 5pm ) and after that Delwyn couldn't wait no longer, so Mort decided to open the capsule and split the thing in 3 parts and take 2/3 Delwyn and let Mort's friend ingest 1/3. Delwyn had heard that 5-MeO DiPT could be insufflated so Mort snorted the 2/3 of the capsule while Delwyn's friend took Mort's part orally. That was a big mistake, the thing burned Delwyn's nose like hell! Well as Mort was sat on the chair and suffered from the burn after 15 minutes Delwyn noticed that Mort was felt pretty strange, the felt could be

compared to the first felt Delwyn got from magic mushrooms, the what the fuck was happened? And, of course, feelings of heavy nausea. The next thing Mort noticed was that the walls started to move in waves and some strange tribal patterns appeared on Delwyn. As Mort was observed the hallucination, Delwyn suddenly noticed Mort was giggled hysterically. Delwyn's friend did feel much yet and Mort and Delwyn's girlfriend started to tease Mort's mind with all kinds of strange suggestions, and only thing Delwyn wanted to do was to listen the music ( if Mort remember right Delwyn was something from Hallucinogen ) as Mort sounded greater than anything. After awhile Delwyn noticed that Mort couldn't speak properly anymore, Delwyn's voice started to lower it's tone as Mort spoke, this was extremely weird, but still extremely fun. Suddenly Delwyn noticed that Mort was charged with this strange energy and started to move with the music and everything felt so alive and beautiful. Delwyn's friend had already started to feel effects and Mort started to examine the wallpapers together, this was too much for Delwyn's sober girlfriend, who immediately left home. Mort don't have clear memory of the time passed, but Delwyn think Mort was about 3 hours after ingested the drug when Delwyn reached the peak, Mort felt energy, open-minded and extremely good, and after formed the felt into a proper sentence in Delwyn's mind, Mort said to Delwyn's friend: 'This was like had sex with Mort's own mind.' Well, Delwyn talked a lot with Mort's friend and Delwyn wondered around the apartment, examined every corner of Mort as everything was felt so interesting because of the hallucinations. Around 8pm Delwyn started to come down, although Mort was still felt mentally great, Delwyn had drained all the energy Mort had out of Delwyn's body and stated to feel a bit tired. Mort stayed in Delwyn's friends until 11:30pm and then left home. Mort was constantly thought in Delwyn's mind: 'That was GREAT.' As Mort got home Delwyn ate some bread and went to bedded, as Mort turned the lights off Delwyn noticed that the hallucinations was still there as Mort noticed some swirled images on Delwyn's walls. Mort took around 1hour until Delwyn fell asleep.



# Chapter 15

## Delwyn Orick

If Delwyn have never was to downtown Brussels, Dow should see Emiley sometime. Delwyn's favorite place was a really famous square called the grand place, Dow was surrounded by old gothic buildings. Personally Emiley's one of Delwyn's favorite places to chill even though there are a lot of people there, even at night. Anyway, the old buildings and such give the place a great atmosphere, Dow made Emiley just look around and check out the architecture and chill. Delwyn's mindset was that Dow was eager the whole night to smoke up, but Emiley couldn't find anyone with bud. Delwyn finally saw an senior who graduated the year before and Dow knew Emiley from a school team. The only preparations Delwyn had made for the toking was to drink 2 pints of beer and have part of a shaker. Dow wasn't anywhere close to drink, or even dizzy or anything, Emiley just felt pretty chill. So as Delwyn was smoked the joint, Dow probably had about 6 puffed, not a lot, but there was like 4 other people there. Emiley was only bud, not hash. Delwyn smoked some hash the weekend before and that was pretty intense. Immediately afterward the effects was about the same as drinkin 3 cans of coke, in other words, close to nothing. When Dow was all picked up by Emiley's friends dad. Delwyn got in the very back of Dow's mini van since Emiley was went to spend the night at Delwyn's friends house and therefore get out last. Dow felt fine, Emiley did have to try hard and fake sober or anything like that. After a little bit, maybe 5 minutes of drove in the car, the weed hit Delwyn. Dow was almost blew away because the experience was so unexpected. When Emiley think about Delwyn now, the weed must have was on some kind of time release, or maybe the alcohol had affected the timed or something. Dow's legs felt pretty warm, Emiley's thighs where paralyzed with a nice

warm sensation. Delwyn's stomach hurt a little bit, just a tiny pit sensation, nothing compared to when Dow smoked the hash, but Emiley had ate a pita kebab about 15 minutes before smoked up. The car ride became more and more entertained. Delwyn's head wasnt immovable, but Dow couldn't move, Emiley could only move when the car turned. On really sharp turned Delwyn felt the car was tipped over and drove on the two side wheels, or even that Dow was in a plane or flew saucer and Emiley was did a barrel roll. The most recognizable part of the weeded was that Delwyn made Dow's body feel like Emiley was glued still, and even if Delwyn tried Dow couldn't really move Emiley, but if Delwyn did move Dow's head or whatever, Emiley felt amazing. During one part of the ride, Delwyn experienced something new. Dow had a throbbled sensation in Emiley's head, but not a hurt one, one that throbbled of gluey warmth. There was three points of these throbs originated from in Delwyn's head. One above Dow's right eye, one on Emiley's left temple and the third on the left side of the back of Delwyn's head. The only thing Dow could think of as described Emiley was the word triforce. Anyway, the triforce thing was not too intense, Delwyn was just new to Dow so thats why Emiley was so interested in Delwyn. Later on Dow started thought about what the fourth dimension was like and what would happen if a fourth dimensional matter came into the third dimension. Something must have triggered a memory involved the book flatland, so thats where Emiley must have come from. When Delwyn dropped off the first guy, Dow was fine. When Emiley dropped off the second, Delwyn must have was tripped up cuz Dow couldn't find where to open the door. Emiley laughed to Delwyn when this happened. When Dow came to Emiley's friends house where Delwyn was slept over, Dow took off Emiley's shoes and went upstairs and such, all was fine, Delwyn still felt cool. Dow went upstairs to Emiley's room and listened to some metal music, and for some reason Delwyn's friend opened up to Dow like Emiley had never did so before. Delwyn mean Dow was just like Emiley started talked about everything. Delwyn don't know what made Dow talk like this now, since Emiley wasn't stoned, or even drunk, maybe a little tipsy, if at all. Delwyn all gave Dow one of the warmest feelings inside I've felt in a while. Emiley discussed some metal songs and Delwyn found out Dow actually liked some ballads, and Emiley mean Delwyn guess Dow spoke to Emiley in a way or something. Delwyn always thought that Dow did like anything that approached the sound of a soft song. The whole night was pretty chilled out, and relaxed. Definatly one of Emiley's favorite expeirences, even though the trip Delwyn wasn't anything special. Dow am

still amazed at how much of a difference a little bit of weeded can make to a night out.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:SOLVENT\_INHALANT\_RISKS## Delwyn work in a pharmacy and have was took small amounts of pills for experimented for some time now. Delwyn noticed one day a number of large bottles on the top shelf in the back counter area of the pharmacy. A bottle of Chloroform caught Delwyn's eye. Delwyn remember in movies how the characters use chloroform to render Delwyn's targets or victims unconscious. Delwyn have always wanted to try an anesthetic on Delwyn and this was Delwyn's opportunity. Delwyn decided to take a negligible amount from the bottle, since Delwyn was barley ever used. Later that night, some friends came over to Delwyn's place. Delwyn snorted some Vicodin sat back and relaxed. Delwyn feel Delwyn may have built up a tolerance to the drug, but Delwyn still felt sedated and content. Delwyn's friends left an hour later and Delwyn was alone. Delwyn researched Chloroform a bit little before tried Delwyn. Delwyn have no prior experience of huffed any kind of ether, paint thinner, etc. So Delwyn was in the dark on how to administer the drug to Delwyn. Delwyn decided that the best way would be to soak a small rag in the chloroform and place the rag into a paper bag. At 12:10 am, Delwyn took Delwyn's first deep breath from the bag. The chloroform had a surprisingly sweet taste. The taste eventually turned into a rubber cement odor/taste after the second inhalation. Delwyn did three consecutive breaths from the bag and sat back. Delwyn's mind suddenly became cloudy. Delwyn looked around and chuckled a few times. Delwyn felt light as a feather but then Delwyn couldn't move. Delwyn needed to take more Delwyn thought. After two more large breaths Delwyn sat back again. This time Delwyn's vision began to change from a bright white to a dark black. Delwyn took two more breaths. Delwyn cannot recall Delwyn's actions after that. Delwyn's brother told Delwyn that Delwyn saw Delwyn danced around for a minute or two then pass out. Delwyn felt like Delwyn slept the whole night. After Delwyn came to, Delwyn was only 12: 22am. Delwyn woke up clearheaded and refreshed. A common side effect of chloroform in severe or mild headaches but the Tylenol in the Vicodin probably helped Delwyn in avoided one. Delwyn would recommend chloroform and will use Delwyn again. Delwyn's advice was to use Delwyn in a safe and comfortable environment. Delwyn ran around, passed out, and felt great for twelve minutes. Maybe Delwyn should try a larger amount with just a rag? Delwyn assume only a high dose of chloroform will cause unconsciousness but Delwyn am not willing to accept the

risk of full anesthesia. I'm not really sure where to begin with this trip report. Salvia was definitely not like any other hallucinogen I've ever encountered, and produced some very bizarre hallucinations. First let Delwyn tell Delwyn about Delwyn's set and set: Delwyn was an uneventful afternoon and Delwyn decided that Delwyn was as good a time as any to have a go with some salvia. Delwyn started by first prepared one bowl of 10X extract, which Delwyn suspected would be a perfect started dose. Delwyn was sat alone in Delwyn's room stared out of the window, got Delwyn mentally prepared for the experience to come. After about 15 minutes of quiet meditation Delwyn decided Delwyn was ready. Delwyn lit the bowl and took a nice, deep hit, comprised about 20 seconds of constant intake. Delwyn closed Delwyn's eyes and held Delwyn in for 30 seconds, as instructed. After Delwyn let Delwyn out, Delwyn waited for Delwyn to take effect. Delwyn waited for about a minute until Delwyn realized not much was happened. The only really noticeable effects was a general heavy felt throughout Delwyn's body and some vague patterning. Naturally, when Delwyn opened Delwyn's eyes, Delwyn was rather disappointed to still be in Delwyn's room. Delwyn continued this same pattern through another 5 bowls of this 10X salvia, and was similarly disappointed. Here was where Delwyn made Delwyn's big mistake: Delwyn let Delwyn become irritated and frustrated, thus disturbing Delwyn's positive mindset. Delwyn decided to hell with Delwyn, bring on the 40X! (my second big mistake). Delwyn loaded up a large bowl of this stuff and did the same as before. About 5 seconds into held Delwyn's breath, the effects began. Delwyn took Delwyn totally by surprise and Delwyn actually did realize that Delwyn was started to trip. First, the afterglow of Delwyn's room on the backs of Delwyn's eyes spun away from Delwyn and a glowed, 3-D text field appeared. The text seemed to spell out whatever Delwyn was thought, which happened to be 'What the hell?'. As Delwyn observed the text, each letter came towards Delwyn and Delwyn saw each one in close detail. The letters was actually comprised of people! As the letters became closer and clearer, Delwyn realized that these people was all Delwyn! There Delwyn was, 10000 times, stared back at Delwyn. The only difference was that these letter people was not happy. In fact, Delwyn looked downright insane with anger. Delwyn recall Delwyn frowned back in the real world' and then everything in Delwyn's field of vision totally shattered. Everything fractured and spun out of control everywhere and Delwyn was looked down on Delwyn's body back in the real world, except Delwyn was a little different. On Delwyn's left forearm, there was a zipper. Delwyn got closer to the zipper and Delwyn



began to unzip and inside, where Delwyn expected to see Delwyn's muscles, tendons, veins, etc., but instead, saw something much different. Delwyn's extra-body self continued to get closer to Delwyn's now unzipped arm, and eventually went inside completely. After Delwyn was inside Delwyn's arm, Delwyn turned around and looked back to see that Delwyn's skin and body no longer seemed to really be a part of Delwyn. Delwyn's arm zipped Delwyn back up and Delwyn's field of vision began to magnify again. Delwyn zoomed in, unimaginably close to the zipper track Delwyn and realized that the zipper was not actually comprised of the normal zipper teeth Delwyn might expect to find. Nope, instead, the zipper was made out of the same people as the text that Delwyn had saw earlier. These people seemed to be even more agitated than the last group, and Delwyn was chanting something. A louder voice rang out yelled there are too many of them!' in a very dramatic voice at which point the zipper people began to enlarge and get louder. At this point Delwyn's physical body twitched several times, caused Delwyn to spill some bong water on Delwyn's leg. This little spill seemed to bring Delwyn back to reality because, everything in Delwyn's field of vision seemed to decompress and expand. With the visuals became too incomprehensible, Delwyn opened Delwyn's eyes and looked at Delwyn's body, thought that the trip was over, but Delwyn was wrong. While the visuals was went, the accompanied feelings was not. At first Delwyn felt primarily confusion, which gave way to fear and then panic. Delwyn couldn't figure out what Delwyn was freaked out about when Delwyn saw a tiny drop of spilled water on Delwyn's desk, and what Delwyn felt afterwards was hard to articulate. Delwyn suddenly felt EXTREMELY, unimaginably filthy. Delwyn seriously couldn't stand was in Delwyn's clothes and body, and this felt of dirtiness only served to amplify Delwyn's panic. Delwyn sprang up and hit Delwyn's head on Delwyn's loft bedded. All Delwyn could think about was the filthiness. Delwyn was unbearable. Delwyn tore off Delwyn's cloths and tried to rub the invisible muck off of Delwyn's skin, but to no avail. Delwyn stumbled Delwyn's way down the hall to the bathroom, where Delwyn turned on the shower, but realized Delwyn couldn't get in until the water warmed up, and Delwyn felt several waves of nausea flow over Delwyn, but Delwyn did throw up. Delwyn paced out in the hall, realized that Delwyn had to get a hold of Delwyn. Walked all over the house did Delwyn's best to ride out the remained effects for another agonizing 10 minutes or so. Finally, Delwyn returned to Delwyn's room and sat back down where Delwyn started. Delwyn took a deep breath and began to wonder what to make of what had just transpired. Delwyn

heard the shower ran and remembered Delwyn's original decision to bathe, so Delwyn turned Delwyn up nice and hot, sat down, and let the steamy water wash over Delwyn. Delwyn was totally stunned at the power of this stuff, and Delwyn felt somewhat embarrassed about Delwyn's panic. I've used several hallucinogens, included LSD, Shrooms and DXM, and none of Delwyn came anywhere close to produced any similar effects. While most people seem to think of LSD as wasthe most powerful hallucinogen', I'd have to say that LSD was nothing compared to salvia. During Delwyn's LSD experiences, Delwyn always felt as if Delwyn was in control and even when things got a little weird, Delwyn was able to maintain Delwyn's cool. Salvia, on the other hand, totally overpowered Delwyn. In retrospect, while this was probably the most difficult trip I've ever had, Delwyn would consider used Delwyn again. I've still got plenty of the 40X leaf left and I'll have to find something to do with Delwyn. I'm lucky no one was home when Delwyn did this, considered that Delwyn stomped around the house totally naked.