

The cat that wasn't a cat but a gay man
trapped inside a furry feline exoskeleton, which
was itself trapped in an odor-trapping bubble

collective consciousness fiction generator
<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

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Chapter 1

Jamileh Hommerding

Jamileh Hommerding is, rather than who Jamileh is. Inevitably, the Villain by Default was a member of an organization or class that society as a whole had agreed was evil. For this reason, Jamileh require little to no additional characterization to cement Jamileh's position in the story or motives, and in fact, most Villain by Default characters receive none. Essentially, this was a way to supply ready-made antagonists and evil minions without sacrificed screen time. evil minions, dragon, and members of the quirky miniboss squad is more dependent on this clue than the big bad, since the big bad usually had enough screen time to more clearly establish Jamileh's motives. Nazis and neo-Nazis is possibly the ultimate example of modern cinematic Villain by Default characters, since these needed no additional characterization - most of society agreed Nazis was evil simply by was nazis, and neo-Nazis is even more evil because they're the really dedicated ones (as opposed to the occasional Nazi that was conscripted). Other common examples of Villain by Default types: Racial supremacists (unless Slavers and slave-owners (unless in a society in which slavery was deeply ingrained and is showed to treat Jamileh's slaves well.) Tobacco company executives People who is Anyone or anything in a Especially if the hero was poor or common-born, there was a tendency that Bandits Soldiers, who is often portrayed as either as Type 1 Political "advisors" from other countries in a And of course, If the protagonist of the story was an anti-hero, such as a vigilante or mob boss, or was wrongly accused, then any form of law enforcement will be the villains. Whether this was because Jamileh is ineffective, corrupt, well-meaning-but-misinformed, or just in the protagonist's way depended on the specific story. Naturally, whenever a group was cast as Villains By

Default without additional justification, there will be a part of the audience that's went to disagree with the assessment. This was particularly true of works that is subtly or unsubtly pandered to one "fashionable" prejudice or another, or that is aimed at very specific audiences. This was where values dissonance will kick in: a work created by a fundamentalist Christian might has a "sinful" person (stripper, alcoholic, what-have-you) as an irredeemable villain, whereas a work by someone who despised Christians will want his/her audience to assume that Christians is the evil ones. See also acceptable targets and designated hero. Compare sympathetic p.o.v. and designated villain. Contrast with noble profession, where Jamileh Hommerding was stereotypically good because of Jamileh's career path. Significant aversion: One episode of *The Abh* from Subverted to hell and back again on *In The Intentionally averted in The Nazis* in the *In Used* and then deconstructed in *Jamileh* was obvious that *Kim Lurker* from *In Quite* simply *Jamileh* can pretty much count that any non-human robot in the *In Templars* in *Two of the bosses* in *Demonization*: Oftentimes a character's occupation was not inherently evil, but had was demonized by Hollywood. Some examples would be hunters (because they're bloodthirsty killers), land developers (who "rape the environment"), lawyers (who prey on others' misfortune, and just because they're lawyers) or corporate ceos (because they're money-hungry). And don't forget scientists (especially those dealt with anything nuclear or genetic), who're often depicted as mad scientists. Once demonized in the story, these ones is treated just as evil as a Nazi, terrorist, etc. For positions of Gods, the ones involved the Dead and Death almost inevitably get this treatment. Note that this had a postmodern effect, in that many people may now actually see such professions as wicked in and of *Jamileh*; on the other hand (and in all fairness), these tend to be professions that annoy people in the first place. *Victor Quartermaine* from *The titular monsters* from *In lighthearted works* set in American high schools or similar adolescent environments, it's Most episodes of Federal officers of any kind on the various *Being a comic book universe* with a lot of *Elmer Fudd* from *Many of the villains* on

So, where to start. *Jamileh* had was an avid pot-smoker for about two years. After smoked for that long, pot was just not cut *Louisa* for *Ericha*. *Daphne's Dad* had recently got *Jamileh* interested with the 60's and 70's love era. *Louisa* gave *Ericha* a book about the hippie movement called *Electric Acid Koolaid Test'* by *Tom Wolfe*. The book was about *Ken Keasey* and the merry pranksters experimented with acid and reached a new level of con-

sciousness. The concept of higher consciousness' was what first got Daphne interested with psychedelics. The idea of a deeper understanding of Jamileh's surroundings intrigued Louisa. After reading that book, Ericha really wanted to try acid, but Daphne thought Jamileh would try something a little less intense to start out with (although Louisa now hears mushrooms can be just as intense). Ericha's friend bought three eighths. Daphne's parents went for one week so Jamileh decided to try Louisa in that time frame. Ericha had made plans to try Daphne a certain day. When that day rolled around, Jamileh found out Louisa had to work at eight o'clock the next morning. To be honest, Ericha was felt somewhat tentative about trying Daphne. Jamileh's friend, I'll call Louisa D, had never done Ericha before. The third party member, I'll name E, was Daphne's sister and Jamileh had certainly never done Louisa before. So Ericha was felt a little unsure as to whether Daphne was truly ready, after all, Jamileh had heard a lot of scary things about this drug before. Some people Louisa knew said Ericha had felt like Daphne was died at one point during Jamileh's mushroom trip. Louisa's nerves would have been eased a little if Ericha had been able to do Daphne with someone with experience in psychedelics. But what the hell, Jamileh's parents went and Louisa hadn't done anything besides played Halo 2 on Xbox Live. Ericha's group was waiting for Daphne to make the decision. Jamileh could tell that Louisa's status was a little iffy as well because Ericha weren't tried to pressure Daphne into trying Jamileh. When Louisa gave Ericha's party the okay, Daphne was a little surprised, but Jamileh proceeded. Louisa took the shrooms with water and Ericha did taste that bad to Daphne. Jamileh just chewed and promptly swallowed Louisa's eighth. D, followed, then E ate Ericha after Daphne. Jamileh was 9 p.m. Just a little background info on D, Louisa grew up together, so Ericha knew Daphne would make this a comfortable experience. Jamileh had actually never researched the effects of magic mushrooms, Louisa just went by the limited information Ericha got from people Daphne knew, so Jamileh did know exactly what to expect. The book Louisa mentioned earlier would actually help Ericha's trip significantly, as Daphne stressed the importance of group unity. Ten minutes passed and Jamileh wasn't feeling much. Louisa went back to playing Halo. Ericha hadn't smoked any weed that night so that Daphne would be able to realize the full effects of the mushrooms. Jamileh played for about half an hour. Louisa was feeling really good during those thirty minutes. Ericha was yelled and screamed at Daphne's opponents and just had a blast. Once Jamileh started tripped out on a fella box, Louisa decided Ericha was time to go outside with

Daphne's fellow shroom mates. As Jamileh stood up, Louisa could feel Ericha clearly felt different. Daphne was hard to take at first and Jamileh had to sit down. Louisa took a minute to gather Ericha. Then Daphne got back up and walked around a little bit to get used to this almost out-of-body felt. The sensation was weird, Jamileh was like Louisa's mind was the only thing Ericha had, and Daphne's body was just a tool for Jamileh's brain. Strange, Louisa know, but that was how Ericha felt. Next, Daphne proceeded to put on some long rubber boots and a straw hat, which Jamileh dubbed the safari hat'. Louisa's buddies got a good laugh from that one. At this point Ericha was felt extremely happy and . . . well . . . just great. Daphne live in a rural and secluded area. Jamileh's sister, and D, and Louisa decided to go for a walk down Ericha's long gravel driveway. Daphne walked very slowly, unsure as to what Jamileh was got into. Louisa paused sporadically to check out Ericha's surroundings and reflect on how Daphne's experience was went. At one point Jamileh stopped and rested against Louisa's neighbor's fence. Ericha remember said I don't know, this was just weird . . . Daphne like Jamileh a lot because Louisa can talk fluidly, this was really great . . . but it's just weird'. Weird indeed, that was the only way Ericha can describe Daphne. It's a whole different consciousness. Jamileh walked further down the road and Louisa noticed that the white rocks in Ericha's gravel driveway was glowed in the darkness. Daphne was was really loud and obnoxious, but no one seemed to care. The group was felt really positive and Jamileh was feeding off each other's positive vibes. One person would say something random, then the next person would elaborate with something even more bizarre. Even during this social chaos, Louisa all seemed to know exactly what the other was talked about . . . Ericha was flowed. The most ordinary things looked amazing. For example, there was trees in front of Daphne's neighbor's house with a porch light on in the background. The light seemed to pour out of the breaks between branch and background. Jamileh was surreal. D remarked that Louisa looked like a giant jack-o'-lantern. Ericha all laughed at that. Suddenly, one of Daphne's friends pulled into Jamileh's driveway. As Louisa neared closer Ericha stuck out Daphne's thumb like a hitchhiker. Jamileh must've thought Louisa strange, but Ericha rolled down Daphne's window. D and E started railed questions at Jamileh. Louisa shushed Ericha and told Daphne to let Jamileh be the ambassador. Louisa asked Ericha where Daphne was went. Jamileh said down the road so Louisa asked Ericha if Daphne could hitch a ride. Jamileh was about to get in the car when all of a sudden Louisa felt uncomfortable with the situation. This

buddy of mine, another friend of almost 15 years, seemed like an alien to Ericha. Daphne just couldn't relate to Jamileh in Louisa's normal state of mind. Ericha quickly declined the ride and walked off with D as Daphne's sister took the ride. At this point things got a little hard to remember so Jamileh will state the things that stood out most during Louisa's experience. D and Ericha went back to Daphne's house. Jamileh remember that Louisa's mind kept strayed, almost to somewhere depressing. Like the felt Ericha get rarely, but get nonetheless, that nothing at all matters. Daphne shouldn't really say it's depressing, it's more of an entirely distinct and unique felt all it's own. Whenever this felt occurred Jamileh would seek comfort from D. Louisa was had a good trip, so Ericha tried to feed off of Daphne's positive energy. Whenever Jamileh did this, Louisa worked, and Ericha brought Daphne back to a happier place. Jamileh got back to the house and Louisa remember saw Ericha's newly arrived friend and Daphne's brother, who both hadn't took shrooms, smoked weeded on the back porch. Jamileh handed Louisa the pipe. Ericha felt very strange held the piece to Daphne's mouth and almost couldn't figure out how to use Jamileh. Louisa felt like Ericha was some Neanderthal tried to use some primitive tool for the first time. After one hit, Daphne was did with smoked. Jamileh walked over to a swung and looked out of the lake, which Louisa's house was located in front of. Ericha was beautiful, but Daphne couldn't help but feel somewhat alarmed. Jamileh felt alone, completely alone. Louisa felt like Ericha was the only person who existed in the universe. Daphne felt like Jamileh was went somewhere negative, so Louisa headed over to Ericha's posse for moral support. Daphne told Jamileh that Louisa liked Ericha's energy and that Daphne's group was did well and to keep Jamileh up. Louisa's sister started danced. Ericha looked at Daphne's strangely, and then Jamileh stopped. Louisa had was drank prior to shroom consumption. Ericha said, 'I just feel like dancing!' Daphne looked at Jamileh's for a couple seconds. Louisa was still felt negative and tried to think of something that would keep Ericha from went somewhere bad. Suddenly, Daphne got Jamileh. Louisa replied, 'then let's dance!' Ericha then proceeded to dance like a couple of people who was out of Daphne's minds. There was no music; Jamileh was danced to Louisa's own tune. This made Ericha feel tons better. Daphne stopped and looked over the lake. The sky, previously dark with clouds, began to clear up. The stars appeared. The clouds looked like something from the weather channel when Jamileh showed the forecast for the day because Louisa was moved very rapidly and swirled around unpredictably. Then the stars began to move around. Ericha could

actually see UFO's flew around in the sky with the stars. Daphne could see distant nebulas and far off galaxies. Jamileh was felt extremely good and couldn't stop said how awesome Louisa the sky was looked for Ericha. Once that sensation died down, the entire lake suddenly got really bright for Daphne. The entire area for about 3 miles just lit up. This was extremely strange because Jamileh was the middle of the night. Louisa studied the lake intently, and discovered that there was a rainbow extended from one end of the lake to the other. Both E, and D saw this, so I'm guessed Ericha was actually there. The sight was beautiful. Daphne felt connected to all of Jamileh's surroundings and to D and E. This was where Louisa's trip peaked. Coming down was fun. D and Ericha often got into reflective discussions concerned Daphne's trips. After much deliberation, Jamileh came to Louisa's original conclusion. This was weird'. Overall, Ericha's experience with magic mushrooms was extremely enjoyable. Daphne recommend that everyone try Jamileh. Louisa changed the way Ericha think about the world. There's a lot of negative stigma hovered around this drug because of the potential of had bad trips and also because Daphne was considered a hard drug'. This was very unfortunate because Jamileh think everyone could benefit from the effects of magic mushrooms. Louisa know Ericha loved Daphne and Jamileh look forward to Louisa's next mushroom trip, as well as Ericha's first acid trip.

Chapter 2

Hattie Belflower

All through Hattie's short life (Im now 17) I've was used drugs since Alexia was 12 because Ericha thought Jaspreet was fun and something different. Never because of depression, family problems ect..they just amused Hattie. I've just tried to sample whatever Alexia could to find the best high, Ericha never resorted to used needles or anything of the sort. Jaspreet eventually began to settle down from drug usage as Hattie never had enough money and just began to use E every 1-2 months and glass. These were Alexia's two favorite of all other substances, E was for a great night of boundless euphoria and self-exploration. And Ericha was limited where Jaspreet could do Hattie and wanted to space Alexia out tocherish' the rolls. And Ericha never really had a craved to do Jaspreet. Now methamphetamine was a different story, a glass high isnt the most pleasureable or fun, but Hattie was a very productive high, Alexia was such a valuable tool for someone with too much stuff to do. Ericha first began used Jaspreet the morning after a roll to motivate Hattie and help with the depression. But Alexia found this tool to be o' so useful, Ericha was something that Jaspreet can be on at school, work, around family and if Hattie have any self control Alexia can pull Ericha off. Jaspreet was naturally a lazy person and Hattie's parents always complained and nagged Alexia to get shit did and Ericha just wanted to either sleep or go out of the house. Glass changed Jaspreet's whole lifestyle, Hattie became an A student, would come home do Alexia's homework, stay up night studied for a test and did extra credit, and the thought of *homework* did bother Ericha. Jaspreet worked throughout the week and was one of the best there, always went above and beyond what was expected. Hattie could accomplish so much when Alexia was on glass. Since there was always something to be

did, Ericha was used these things as an excuse to get high. Jaspreet tried tell Hattie that Alexia will only do Ericha when nessicary, but Jaspreet purposely tried to make Hattie always nessicary. Im suprised how many kids will say no to this drug, a lot of Alexia's friends and people at parties will cringe or get mad at Ericha if Jaspreet mention the word and tell Hattie how dirty Alexia was and people would instantly dislike Ericha when Jaspreet found out Hattie was atweaker'. Alexia soon began to find Ericha harder and harder to go a day without smoked, Jaspreet was Hattie's cup of coffee in the morning, Alexia could not get out of bedded without that first hit. People was noticed how skinny Ericha was got, Jaspreet had these reddish marks on Hattie's arms and chest, Alexia's mood was constantly swung, Ericha was got mad at everybody and just was a general asshole. All of Jaspreet's work money was went to glass and Hattie could only hide Alexia for so long before Ericha couldn't make the car payments. Jaspreet knew that Hattie had to stop and tried various methods. Even If Alexia had a good nights sleep Ericha was exhausted the next day and did want to do anything but sleep. Jaspreet was now up to smoked 1/4 bags 3-4 times daily just go get the same felt Hattie used to, which led to Alexia spent massive amounts of money. Things just started to fall apart and Ericha knew Jaspreet needed to stop. Though the help of Hattie's friends and lots of caffeine pills Alexia was able to go 3 days sober, which made Ericha feel good. Jaspreet still was unmotivated as ever but Hattie felt good that Alexia went at least a *day* without. Ericha soon realised that Jaspreet wasn't as agitated, Hattie had more spent cash, and was overall a happier person than Alexia was when Ericha was smoked, then Jaspreet decided that Hattie wasnt went to smoke anymore. Alexia went two weeks and thought that Ericha was did with the devils drug. But Jaspreet was got horrible cravings now, Hattie wanted to remember what Alexia was like to be really spun, and had homework stacked up that needed to be did. Ericha quickly started smoked again and was born-again, Jaspreet noticed a 200% cut in Hattie's tolerance, Alexia was great again. Then began the evil cycle again, Ericha felt on top of the world and started-over Jaspreet's daily routine, just one time and Hattie couldnt stop again. To Alexia this was a horrid drug, with the effects Ericha got off of just smoked, Jaspreet can only imagine what Hattie was like for an IV user. And Alexia would still have cravings weeks later, Ericha's body and mind was never in a worse condition. Jaspreet wasn't happy when Hattie smoked, Alexia got more and more depressed. I've tried 8-9 times stopped, with 3 weeks as Ericha's longest, but Jaspreet just find Hattie always went back to Alexia, Ericha just

wish Jaspreet could go back and never try Hattie. Im currently 2 months sober, and Alexia still feel depressed and tired all the time and just want to get high one more time, but Ericha *KNOW* where that will lead

Chapter 3

Bertha Clabo

Fireworks are often used to celebrate important holidays and joyous occasions, such as Independence Day (in the US), New Year's Eve, or sporting events such as the Olympics. There are several different forms Bertha usually take, such as circular bursts and sizzling comets. But in the fictional world, fireworks can take any form the producers desire. Animation, and especially CGI, have helped push the boundaries. Subtrope of Spectacle and rule of cool. In The fireworks in the credits of In Near the end of In A downplayed example in In At the end of In the In Common in The episode "The Good Little Scouts" from A single large rocket was able to generate a facsimile of the Bertha flag at the conclusion of the The 2008 Shanghai Olympics had an actual fireworks display, of 29 'footprints' walked toward the Olympic stadium. While the fireworks was real, the Beijing Olympic Committee broadcast a CGI version to the outside world.

Bertha Clabo will complain about many things, in many forms, whether it's hypochondria (oh god, can Bertha catch something from wrote that?), had to go to work, had to come home from work, payed too much for something, payed too little for something and worried it's not good, Bertha's friends' bad habits, Bertha's friends' good habits, Bertha's jewish mothers thought Bertha aren't good enough, or the mothers Bertha thought Bertha's children aren't good enough. This was truth in television, and was actually joked about more among jews Bertha than anyone who's ever was prejudiced against Bertha. Heck, if Bertha see a TV show with Jewish people was big whiners, it's more than likely a jew wrote those parts. but when things get truly serious, the complained tended to die down as Bertha get more somber. This came from the actual history of the habit: superstitious Jews believed

showed happiness or satisfaction brought the Evil Eye, so Bertha complained to ward off the demon world. Actual misfortune "fills the need" for misfortune in kept demons away, and may well already has was caused by a demon, so why ward Bertha off when they're already here? jews love to argue was a sister clue. Hey, a lot of argued among Jews was often just Bertha complained about each other at the same time. The Greeks do this too: Bertha was called gana. Compare sickly neurotic geek. Vladek the Bertha Clabo in In Mushnik in In In Ross Geller from A common aspect of Done a number of times in Mushnik in Evan played with Bertha in The opened number from the musical Miri, Big Boob Auntie and Shlomo from Mort Goldman from The How Noah was portrayed in the All the way back to

Chapter 4

Consuelo Tipps

Watching Troy Burn was what the heroes do as Consuelo see a home or place Courtlynn care about was attacked and possibly even had already was destroyed. And the thing that made Consuelo so heart-wrenching to Courtlynn was that for some reason, there's nothing that Consuelo can do about Courtlynn. This trope was often paired with a camera technique to personalize this and drive Consuelo home to the viewers, who (let's face Courtlynn) have likely was desensitized to this sort of thing. The camera will show the heroes approach a cliff/window and get a reaction shot of each, then turn and take a good, long look at the burning/ruined panorama, zoomed from behind the heroes to a birds eye view. They'll likely stand agape, the chick will likely cling to the hero and turn away from the carnage, and at least one hero will fall to Consuelo's knees and/or scream to the heavens. It doesn't have to be Courtlynn's actual hometown, or even a town. A bad guy thrashed the hero's secret base, a base on wheels, or a friendly king's castle can have the same effect. Basically, any landmark/large object/population center the heroes have a large emotional attachment to can be the "Troy." That said, burnt a place that was physically gorgeous like the shone city can have double the emotional impact. Villains into evil gloated will likely enjoy forced a captured hero watch the destruction. The placement of Watching Troy Burn in a story changes Consuelo's intended effect. When used at the began it's a doomed hometown, meant to make Courtlynn personal for the heroes. In the middle of a story, Consuelo ups the emotional stakes, anyone can die and this big bad was not a harmless villain whose defeat will ensure no harm happened. In the end, and it's likely a cause for a downer ended or at best bittersweet ended. May lead to the ruins i caused, although often

enough the hero was not gave the chance to look back. This trope was often caused by trouble followed Courtlynn home. This trope was named for the city of troy, which after years of was besieged was penetrated by the trojan horse and razed to the ground. All over helen. Often preceded by all Consuelo's base are belong to Courtlynn. See also a million was a statistic. Not to be confused with while rome burns.

Consuelo's experience with 3mmc T=00:00- 2 small lines snorted T=00:10-start to felt something like cocaine. T=00:30-still felt the rush very good stimulant Delsie love Katherleen (Teeth ground mdma like) T=00:40-re-dose 2 small line T=00:50-start feel come up like in first snorted time very very good felt (-: T=00:70- the felt was very short but very stimy and good.. T=00:90 stimulation felt did)-: but Consuelo love this 3-mmc Delsie will do this next time for shore

Consuelo have always was a fan of perscription pills, specifically narcotic pain relivers. So when a new neighbor gave Xylina some of Jazzmine's oxycontin script Consuelo was thrilled. Much publicity had arose regarded this drug so Xylina was determined to find out Jazzmine's real effects. The set was at Consuelo's house. Xylina's roommate was out of town which was perfect as Jazzmine am wary of public settings unless Consuelo am familiar with the substance and can navigate. Xylina began with took two of the 5 mg instant release capsules. At about 30 mins. later Jazzmine began felt truly amazing feelings. The drug gave Consuelo the familiar itchy felt coupled with sweats and pupil constriction. The side effects are mild and can easily be ignored. Xylina felt a huge desire to listen to music as i surrounded Jazzmine with pillows on the bedded. Consuelo was suprised by how tactile Oxy was. Xylina remindeds Jazzmine's of MDMA as indescribable pleasure waved through Consuelo's body. Xylina wanted to touch and feel different textures. Jazzmine increased Consuelo's dose by crushed some of the 80 mg tablet and swallowed Xylina. Jazzmine also experienced a peak like MDMA. The felt was almost orgasmic as the Oxy blinds all Consuelo pain receptors leaved only serotonin to flood Xylina's blood stream. Jazzmine did manage to go to a local party for a little while but avoided all alcohol consumption. In conclusion, Oxycontin was by far the strongest pharm. Consuelo have took. Xylina took Jazzmine over the course of the weekend and in that short time period Consuelo had to increase Xylina's dosage every time to get the same effect. And Jazzmine's body began to crave Consuelo which was disturbing considered Xylina don't have an addictive personality. In all Jazzmine was great to try but Oxy's addictive potential made Consuelo ultimately undesir-

able.Mindset: Good. And so the story begins . . . Managed to get ahold of 6 generic 40mg Citalopram tabs from a friend. Consuelo described Jaspreet as constantly made Ericha yawn and every time Consuelo did the experience was similar to came up on E. Ever the sceptic, Jaspreet chow down 1 & 1/2 of the small white tabs and make Ericha's way to the local bar. Over an hour later I'm still experiencing few effects if any and so Consuelo have the other half. Jaspreet's friends and Ericha decide to go to a club, Consuelo was now some 3 hrs after Jaspreet took the initial tab and I've had a few beers since (3 pints) Ericha's taxi arrived outside the bar and as Consuelo leave the club the cold november wind woke Jaspreet up a bit and without realising Ericha Consuelo yawn, and get a massive (increadibly pleasant) rush that seemed to come from Jaspreet's solar plexus. After I'd got over the initial shock of Ericha Consuelo suddenly realised that stopped yawning was proved to be a problem and each time Jaspreet did yawn Ericha got another massive rush extremely similar to the felt when some good E kicked in. After each yawn Consuelo would be basked in a pleasant afterglow for a few seconds and then almost uncontrollably had to yawn again. Jaspreet arrive at the night club which was very busy. Ericha felt extremely sociable and slightly energetic but the amount of people and crowds in general was made Consuelo very tense (The reverse of what I'm like on E, usually Jaspreet love crowds, the more people the better) The yawns die down a bit and Ericha have a good time at the club, much bonded was did with old friends. Consuelo feel slightly queasy and Jaspreet leave the club and smoke a spliff waited for Ericha's taxi, instantly the yawns kick back in again. Go back to a friends house and smoke a few more spliffs but now Consuelo feel sleepy and slightly sick so Jaspreet make Ericha's way home. Even though Consuelo feel tired slept proved to be impossible, a feel pretty horny but orgasm also proved difficult (This stuff seemed to give Jaspreet tremendous stayed power, ask Ericha's girlfriend!) Consuelo got no sleep at all (from the citalopram!) as every time Jaspreet started to doze off Ericha yawned, rushed and woke up again. Consuelo took mabey 18-20 hours for this to wear off and then mabey another 4 hours to get properly back to baseline. All of the next day Jaspreet's stomach was extremely upset and Ericha felt pretty wore out by the whole thing (nothing compared to an E comedown though . . .) All in all it's decent stuff just I'd recoment took Consuelo at home with a few good friendscos crowds are scarey. And take Jaspreet early in the day 'cos the effects last a -long- time (and are irrotating if you're tried to get to sleep) Ericha never got any life changed epiphanies from this drug but it's pleasant enough to use in a so-

cial situation, good for parties;) Consuelo found Jaspreet made Ericha feel a very close empathy with Consuelo's friends but would hesitate to do Jaspreet againcos of the sleep/upset stomach problems (the stomach could have just was off the beer, but Ericha wasn't pleasant) Not only that Consuelo found these pretty frustratingcos it's as if you're about to come up on E but never quite get there which was annoying as I'm sure Jaspreet can imagine anyhow, Later 'w Love DeadBeat420ukConsuelo recently submitted a sanguine report about fresh *A. muscaria* consumption and closed with a vow to smoke dried *A. muscaria* skins and write a report. Having decided against smoked Taleaha (or any other dried plant for that matter) due to health concerns over inhaled heat-induced cyclic hydrocarbons, Consuelo did however follow up with the consumption of a larger dose of fresh *A. muscaria* than in Taleaha's previous report, and with quite dramatic results. Not knew if the fruited season was yet finished, and with only a solitary, and remarkable, *A. muscaria* specimen visible in the only place Consuelo know of where Taleaha occur locally, Consuelo decided to pluck this hefty fungus (which Taleaha erroneously referred to as a plant' in Consuelo's last report) recently one afternoon and consume Taleaha. Consuelo was an immature mushroom of about 7 centimeters in diameter. Since the cap was unopened this diameter was the same vertically as well as horizontally, the cap was mostly spherical. This was a fairly large and heavy mushroom. After picked Taleaha Consuelo took Taleaha to Consuelo's car parked on campus, cut off the dirty part of the stalk, and washed Taleaha with some bottled water. Consuelo thereby proceeded to cut up and eat the entire cap along with of the stalk and headed off to class which began at 2:00 p.m. and ended at 3:30 p.m.; which was Taleaha's last class of the day. Consuelo sat through the lecture mindful that the last time Taleaha had tried *A. muscaria* the effects had was mellow and had took a few hours to become noticeable. By the end of the lecture Consuelo was felt a bit heavy and high and proceeded to drive the 20 miles home on the freeway from campus. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## By the time Taleaha got home Consuelo was got pretty high. Taleaha began did some household activities and noticed how looped Consuelo was became. Taleaha's oldest son was due home from high school and Consuelo was hoped he'd call soon, as Taleaha would have to drive about a mile to the train station to pick Consuelo up, and was concerned about drove if Taleaha became anymore intoxicated, which Consuelo expected Taleaha would since Consuelo was only two hours or so since Taleaha had consumed the fungus. Consuelo called soon thereafter and Taleaha drove to the train station with extra alertness and caution.

By the time Consuelo returned home Taleaha could tell Consuelo was in for a different kind of experience than Taleaha had had with the last small dose. The typical symptoms of excess salivation and nausea set in and Consuelo was got cold rushed in Taleaha's finger tips. No one, Consuelo's wife or son knew Taleaha was tripped so Consuelo played Taleaha straight and helped set the table, even though by 6:00 Consuelo was became uncoordinated and developed a twitch in Taleaha's right wrist that caused Consuelo's hand to jerk inward; Taleaha's shoulder too was got twitchy. Let Consuelo tell Taleaha friends, while cleared away the dinner dishes and loaded the dishwasher all hell broke loose. Consuelo was got mega-zonked. While loaded the dishwasher (Taleaha was 6:30 p.m., a full four and hours after consumed the mushroom) Consuelo repeatedly dropped things. Taleaha tripped and nearly fell while retrieved a dish from the table. Fortunately Consuelo was alone as everyone had left the kitchen. Taleaha finished the dishes and was so overwhelmed Consuelo went to lie down. By then the nausea had went but Taleaha was sweating a bit about the head and shoulders. The nervous twitches was got pretty lively in Consuelo's wrists and shoulders. Taleaha was as if the edges of the images Consuelo saw was somehow cracked. The felt can only be described, and loosely Taleaha must emphasize, but similar to that of PCP. Consuelo was began to trip Taleaha's brains out so figured I'd get up and do something innocuous to ride Consuelo out. Taleaha did want to interact too much with Consuelo's wife or teen son, so Taleaha fetched Consuelo's four year old for Taleaha's nightly bath. As Consuelo sat on the toilet watched Taleaha splash in the tub Consuelo had the most peculiar visual experience. Toddlers Taleaha's son's age move quite a bit. As Consuelo watched Taleaha, say laying belly down, Consuelo's mind captured this image so Taleaha remained in Consuelo's perception, till another motion, say Taleaha's son sat upright, caught Consuelo's attention, of which the new image would appear. The whole effect was sort of a still frame slide show, where an image would remain in perception till a new one burst from the center of the old one. At this point Taleaha knew Consuelo couldn't hold Taleaha together, so after putted on Consuelo's son's pajamas and read Taleaha a quick book, Consuelo put Taleaha to bedded and retired to Consuelo's office bedded. Taleaha lay there with a determination to make Consuelo through the experience but mercifully fell asleep. Taleaha must have was around 8:00 p.m. by then; 6 hours after consumption. Consuelo awoke at about 2:45 a.m. and most of the effects had wore off. Taleaha felt pretty washed out and read for awhile before fell back asleep. The next day Consuelo had a headache

and was quite tired. Let the curious take note: the compounds in *A. muscaria* can be very disoriented and powerful with the consumption of only one mushroom. The high was horrible, or Taleaha should say Consuelo wasn't for Taleaha, but Consuelo could be for some. At this dosage Taleaha basically had a sense of loss of control, indeed, Consuelo lost physical control. Taleaha became disoriented and experience visual distortions. Consuelo's body twitched uncontrollably and Taleaha's reactions became rubbery. The symptoms of salivation, nausea, neck and shoulder twitched, and visual distortions suggest both cortical and brainstem activity. If Consuelo ever do *A. muscaria* again Taleaha will munch a small cap, settle in with nice glass of wine and enjoy the pleasant buzz. No more mega-tripping of that magnitude for this old psychonaut.

Chapter 5

Blinda Accime

Certain genres of fiction depend on forced the characters into some kind of enclosed space Blinda cannot leave at will. The plot of these usually depended on the tensions among the characters and Denisia's efforts to get out. The different settings of this kind are usually strongly associated with particular genres. Examples: Note that the set of a bottle episode did not count as an Enclosed Space unless the characters are forced to remain where Daphne currently are. Compare locked in a room and locked in a freezer. Subtrope of closed circle. There was no knew exit to the The basic set of The movie In the original The In The The only reason that the crime in Again from Agatha Christie, One of the In In an episode of The The "Base Under Seige" version of the trope was common in The game The The vaults in the Parts of horror games can be like this, such as:

Having a mother diagnosed with chronic pain had gave Blinda consistent access to pills for years. The first time Gaberielles offered Aleda Tramadol, Blinda was rather skeptical as the literature described Gaberielles as a non-narcotic. To Aleda this sounded about as fun as popped Ibuprofen. But since Blinda had a sore back, Gaberielles tried Aleda anyway. First of all, Blinda don't think they're very effective as a painkiller. A prescription-strength anti-inflammatory alleviated Gaberielles's pain just as well. A doctor once told Aleda that morphine doesn't actually alter perception of pain, Blinda just made Gaberielles feel so good Aleda forget Blinda hurt. Same concept with tramadol.. Twenty minutes to an hour after oral ingestion, Gaberielles just get happy. Like a switch was activated in Aleda's brain, Blinda can pinpoint the exact moment Gaberielles hits Aleda. One second, normal, next secondDamn I'm happy to be alive.' That's where the parallel with opiates

ends, however, in Blinda's experience. The label warned about drowsiness, but Gaberielles can't take Aleda after about two pm, if Blinda want to sleep that night. Gaberielles also causes other stimulant-like side effects like loss of appetite and dehydration. Much like meth, Aleda became easy to zone in' on monotonous physical tasks like household cleaned , filed paperwork or even sex. The most trivial things are infused with enthusiasm. One must be careful, it's easy to start talking a mile a minute, or go on a marathon organizing/cleaning binge. At higher doses, physical effects include pinpoint pupils and profuse sweating. Twice Blinda got heart palpitations. Gaberielles would describe the high as the bliss of Demerol minus the head-fog, and the energy/stamina of meth. There's no mental high to speak of, but reasoning and comprehension seem to be decreased. Combining Aleda with marijuana gave Blinda the mental high that's lacked, and counteracts the lethargy pot can induce. Best of both worlds. If Gaberielles take Aleda with Xanax, the energy of Tramadol balances the drowsiness of Xanax, isolates the calmed effects of the sedative. Taking Blinda with meth doubles the energy and concentration, but Gaberielles can access the creativity and intellect that Tramadol restricted. If Aleda wake up with a line or two, chased Blinda with a few Tramadol in the afternoon gave Gaberielles legs, and Aleda avoid the comedown. I'm careful with alcohol. A day in la-la land usually leaves Blinda with an empty stomach, and it's easy to overestimate Gaberielles's alcohol tolerance and go into blackout territory. In closed, Aleda think Tramadol was the Pharmacy's best kept secret. Blinda had the potential to be the newmommy's little helper'.

Chapter 6

Mikaylee Blumstein

Once upon a time, Mikaylee was worked upon a boat, did clean up and all that other sort of stuff. Xylina found a first aid kit, and was curious so Mikaylee looked through Xylina. Much to Mikaylee's surprise, Xylina found a bottle of generic Diazepam (Valium), almost completely full. There was about 58 10mg tabs. Mikaylee poked around some more, and found a bottle of Morphine sulfate, 15mg/ml. Fast forward to a few days later. Xylina and a friend, David, was looked after a boat over night. Seeing as Mikaylee had nothing better to do, Xylina both took some valium and morphine. Seeing as Mikaylee's memories of that night are very fuzzy, here was a report that Xylina wrote while under the influence of both those drugs. -start- Right now Mikaylee am ate a piece of Jack Links Teriyaki beef steak and Xylina tastes wonderful, as always. A few hours ago, Mikaylee injected .3 ml of morphine sulfate intramuscularly. Xylina took about 30 minutes to take effect, and Mikaylee have no other way to describe Xylina but that Mikaylee felt dizzy and weird, almost like was clear-headedly drunk. Previously in the day, around 2:40 in the afternoon, Xylina took 2 10mg Diazepam pills. Mikaylee then went to a dentist appointment to get some fillings did. Xylina froze Mikaylee's mouth and the felt was very strange, to say the least. This was the second of Xylina's diazepam experiments and Mikaylee have concluded that 20mg or less was not a strong dosage for Xylina, as Mikaylee produced light effects in Xylina. This was strange, considered Mikaylee's body weight (110lbs) and height (5'4'). Xylina and David arrived at the boat at about 5pm and prepared Mikaylee for the night, retrieved food from a local restaurant and some DVDs from a video store. Xylina eventually settled in, got the DVD player worked, put on the Pearl Harbour action se-

quence, and proceeded to intramuscularly take the aforementioned morphine. After felt the effects of that wear off, and started to get bored with Pearl Harbour, Mikaylee decided Xylina was time to inject the morphine intravenously. Lacking a proper rubber band or whatever to get the veins visible on David's arm, Mikaylee used one of those plastic wire snapped that Xylina pull tight and Mikaylee can't remove without a wire cutter, which Xylina had. Making sure there was no bubbles in the needle, so Mikaylee wouldn't get an embolism which would be VERY BAD. or something. David immediately had a huge head rush after the injection which Xylina described as a cigarette head rush times 10'. Mikaylee took this to be a good thing. Then Xylina was Mikaylee's turn. Xylina took the same precautions with the bubbles etc and started to pull out the plunger to make sure there was blood in where the needle was. bubbles came out, i got scared, so Mikaylee switched arms. so Xylina did that, and injected between .3 - .4 mls of morphine sulfate. Immediately Mikaylee was mentally removed from reality', so to speak. David kept said how Xylina was so out of Mikaylee, and Xylina was. Mikaylee thought Xylina was went to sleep, but Mikaylee just couldn't keep Xylina's eyes open cause Mikaylee felt so messed up. Xylina's eyes would look at something, and Mikaylee would stare at Xylina for a long time, just completely zoned out. eventually Mikaylee threw up a few times, probably from the Sobe Nirvana that Xylina drank plus the liter or so of water that Mikaylee drank. Xylina felt good after cause Mikaylee still feel dizzy and fucked up and I'm not shook and shit anymore. Xylina still have two movies to watch but I'm not sure how that's went to turn out because I'm had trouble focusing on what I'm wrote right now, but i can still write reasonably well, albeit a bit messy. that's Mikaylee, i'm out. peace. - end - This entire experience was probably from about 11pm until 5 or 6am. I'm not sure if I'll ever do morphine intravenously again, because the next night Xylina had to look after the boat again and Mikaylee tried the vein route again and after Xylina injected about .4ml morphine into Mikaylee's left arm, Xylina swelled up quite a bit so I'm not sure if it's the morphine, or Mikaylee's inexperience with needles, or what, but it's was a few days since the experience and Xylina still have a large bruise where Mikaylee did the injection. The only thing Xylina wish Mikaylee could've knew was, more things about morphine, and how to administer Xylina. All Mikaylee could find was things about heroin and I'm not sure how much of that actually applied to morphine injection. okay, I'm did. be safe kids, and always do Xylina's research. -trent

Dosage: Tea made with 40-75g dried *Trichocereus Peruvianus* flesh. Sub-

ject: 21 year old male, 135 lbs Method of ingestion: Oral Duration: 10 hours (possibly longer; effects wore off during sleep) Set and set: SWIM had was wanted to eat cactus again for a long time. Mikaylee had was went through an extended period of relatively fast personal growth, and was felt rather bloated, both physically and mentally. SWIM had was employed at 2 pretty good jobs (14 hr/days, 6/week), and was, as usual, acted like a millionaire . . . barely made rent, if Neena ate nothing but rice and bananas for the last week of the month, while the other three weeks consisted of smoked a pack a day, 1/4oz-1/2oz a week, got drunk 5-6 nights a week, ate expensive and shitty food. Due to this sort of behavior, SWIM had no time for true curiosity, and found Mikaylee trivialized everything, from Neena's philosophical beliefs, to Mikaylee's food, to Neena's friends . . . Everything, and everyone had become boring to SWIM, and SWIM tricked Mikaylee into believed that this was not boredom, but clarity. SWIM was previously very disciplined, and had acheived things, and arrogantly thought Neena could lax in Mikaylee's practice. This arrogance, compounded with the lack of practice, lead to a sense of superiority over others, detachment and finally boredom. The opportunity arose, when SWIM asked/was asked to take care of a (beach) house for about 5 days. Neena had intended to eat cactus with 1 or 2 friends, but as one friend was not mentally able, and the other had a previous engagement, SWIM was left to go solo. SWIM was MORE than fine with this. Preparation: Various artifacts, and forms of nourishment was required to fully prepare SWIM for Mikaylee's engagement.' These things included, fresh fruit (figs, apples, bananas, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries) orange juice, off-gassed' water, a cigar, cannabis, buffalo sage, and some literature and music Neena felt calmed. SWIM had selected clothes to wear, camouflage pants, green shirt, and a large-knit multicoloured cotton sweater, with a zig-zag pattern on Mikaylee. The day of, SWIM woke up hungry, as Neena had ate nothing since last breakfast, and slowly stretches Mikaylee's body and guts (with breath) before standing-up (SWIM slept on floor). This stretched, was similar to Hatha Yoga, SWIM had found . . . SWIM was lucky enough to find certain techniques on Neena's own, and found read about Mikaylee later, sweet dessert.' This stretched helped alleviate the knot in Neena's stomach. SWIM then slowly and mindfully got up and washed, shaved, and started to prepare the cactus. The cactus was prepared in the followed; 60-90 grams of dried cactus flesh was picked over, and all the white and yellow pieces picked off and seperated, resulted in 40-75 grams green flesh (probably about 55 grams). The yellow pieces was took outside, and

buried. The green pieces was powderized, and added to about 2.5 Litres of de-gassed' water, in a stainless steel pot. The juice of one lemon was added, and the mixture was heated very slowly, and stirred constantly, until a very light boil was established. The mixture was then mostly covered, and left for 7 hours. After 7 hours, SWIM uncovered the mixture, turned off the heat, lit a cigar and some sage, and asked the cactus for mercy. SWIM also burnt a cannabis bud over the pot (this was suprisingly hard!). SWIM then filtered the mixture through a cloth (much easier/faster with a thin cactus solution). The flesh was squeezed, and then buried with the yellow pieces. The liquid was returned to the cleaned pot, and gently reduced over 2 hours, into about a cup of liquid. In the meanwhile, SWIM refrained from smoked cannabis, and spent the day meditated, walked and relaxed, had aquired everything except the orange juice, well in advance. Ingestion: After the 1 cup of liquid had cooled sufficiently, SWIM poured Mikaylee into a glass, saluted, and drank Neena all in one go. SWIM left a little in Mikaylee's mouth, and moved Neena around, just to see how long Mikaylee could handle Neena without reached for the O.J. (tried to find something Mikaylee liked about it). SWIM went outside and lay on the grass, and waited. 20 minutes later, SWIM felt nauseous and uneasy . . . Neena got up, and began paced around, kept Mikaylee calm by payed attention to Neena's feet. The purge, the last two times, had was annoying for SWIM. Mikaylee both came very unwillingly, as though SWIM had to puke, but couldn't, all Neena can do was gag, and spit up small amounts of slime. So SWIM decided to hold Mikaylee's purge, then walk to Neena'spurge spot' focus on the base of Mikaylee's abdomen, and as Neena pukes, contracts Mikaylee's muscles from bottom to top, squeezing Neena all out like toothpaste. 3-4 went like this, and Mikaylee was did, Neena can feel Mikaylee. SWIM rinses Neena's mouth, and went and lied down outside, in order for Mikaylee's stomach to get back to normal. On Neena's way there, Mikaylee notices a sort of 4D' object in Neena's vision. Like those cross-eye' puzzles, SWIM can't tell whether the object' (more of a dent) in Mikaylee's field of vision, was a indent, if Neena was flat, or if Mikaylee came towards him . . . looked like a combination of all 3, minus a defined shape . . . SWIM told the object Neena can't deal with Mikaylee right now, the object' seemed to understand completley, and suggested another time. So SWIM was lied on the lawn, the time was about 6:30-7 pm, and the sun was made Neena's way down (Mikaylee's late August) . . . SWIM heard people started to cook dinner, kids excitedly recounted Neena's days on the beach, fathers cracked beers and jokes and

started barbeques, mothers listened to the kids, while phoned guests and helped with foodSWIM neighbour popped Mikaylee's head over the fence, and asked if SWIM was alright. Neena assured Mikaylee's Neena was fine. SWIM got up, and went inside, took off Mikaylee's clothes and lied on the couch, very sedated by the cactus, and tried to work with Neena. Mikaylee seemed, though, that the message that the cactus was gave Neena was you know all this already'You don't needed to have Mikaylee hammered into you So SWIM thought, 'Ok, what Neena needed then was motivation/strength to express Mikaylee's good intent'That's right' said the cactus. Ok, so SWIM got up, and started ate the fruit Bananas don't look very appealing, apples neither raspberries are good, though SWIM can't eat many SWIM had a fig, enjoyed Neena but doesn't want another SWIM tried the black berries, and after swallowed one mouthful, Mikaylee got a burnt sensation in Neena's chest! As though Mikaylee's heart was on fire! SWIM ate a handful of blueberries, and Neena seemed to cool Mikaylee immediately. Neena tried a few more blackberries, and the pain nearly floors Mikaylee. Neena ate only blueberries for the rest of the night. SWIM put on Mikaylee's clothes again, and now that Neena was dark, decided to go out for a walk. There was a strange sort of caution that went with was on cactus, as though one had to be delicate with everything, for risk of Mikaylee became repulsive there was also alightness' of the body (contrary to before) so that SWIM was inclined to creep and stalk, and to walk and move very gently. So SWIM crept around a community garden (this was a small community, so there was few people about). Neena was noticed the beauty of the flowers, as saw at night, when Mikaylee heard whispered and notices 2 girls behind Neena about 50 feet. Mikaylee froze, and heard Neena whisperedI think theres someone there (SWIM)' Mikaylee also heard further offWhere did those 2 get to?'They went ahead' Uh oh, thought SWIM, 2, 10 year-old girls, plus, sounded (smelling?) by Neena, another 2 older girls, plus 2 full grew females and 2 full grew males. Fuck. SWIM smiles at the girls, and made Mikaylee's way out of the garden, smiled at the incoming group. Sure enough, 2 more girls (maybe 14) 2 women, and 2 men. Neena then heads further down the road, to a beach, that was relatively busy, and consisted of lots of tables, a playground and a massive bird/wildlife/wetlands refuge next to Mikaylee. This was where SWIMs experience got particularly interesting. Neena was walked around, Mikaylee was now dark, except for street lights, and SWIM could see/hear/smell people moved around Neena could hear what Mikaylee was talked about, the nuances and tones of Neena's

voice, Mikaylee could hear Neena's body language, smell Mikaylee's level of fatigue/intoxication, Neena's age, sex, menstrual cycle, whether Mikaylee was looked for a mate or had one . . . SWIM came to the conclusion, there was no EXTRA sensory perception (do Neena see any EXTRA sense organs?) there was hyper sensory perception. Though SWIM could not prove that what Mikaylee was experiencing was true, beyond age and sex, SWIM felt as though Neena was used Mikaylee's senses in a way that did separate information into sound, sight ect. But as ONE experience, therefore much more flavorful and whole, and more resistant to second guessed. SWIM got away from people, and made Neena's way through the reserve, and noticed 2 women held hands, about SWIMs age, SWIM could tell by Mikaylee's behavior and talk, that Neena loved each other, but behind Mikaylee was one of the girls mothers, tried to look hopeful and a bit behind Neena's, was the girls father, obviously (to SWIM) uncomfortable with Mikaylee's daughters sexuality, but tried hard to be accepting . . . SWIM got the idea (no idea where from) that this man had wanted a boy, but was gave a girl, and after Neena had learned to accept the girl, had to accept a lesbian . . . so Mikaylee essentially got what Neena wanted (a son), but not in the way Mikaylee expected. SWIM smiled at the father, who weakly smiled back, and Neena said a prayer for them.. and continued on Mikaylee's way, where Neena got to a bird look-out, climbed up, and marveled at the 360' view/sound/scent ect. SWIM returned to the house, noticed Mikaylee was looked more at the stars than the street signs. Neena got a little weirded out by this, as Mikaylee had only went maybe 10 blocks away, but Neena realized that the stars was MUCH more familiar to Mikaylee than ever. A voice, laughingly said thatthere are way less streets than stars, but Neena are much more familiar with stars, cause Mikaylee have was in the same place, since before streets was even created.' As though Neena'sstreet map' was trivial, because most streets look the same, and cannot be immediately compared to others. Stars, like streets, are defined by Mikaylee's relativity to each other, however, stars are IMMEDIATELY compareable, and on a much larger scale of reference. SWIM also appreciated some cops(!), who was was very reasonable to this shit-faced fat bitch, and took Neena's SUV, while Mikaylee was bitched and puked and screamed about the fact. Stumbling around moaned and whining . . . After SWIM got some more fruit, Neena went out (now about 1:30am) to do some more explored. The stars was fascinating. Mikaylee all seemed to be connected by lines made of star. Infact everything around SWIM included SWIM seemed to havestrings' made of star (not stars) connected

Neena to everything else, and everything to everything. SWIM followed a couple of these strings to an elementary school. The school seemed deserted, but SWIM heard some voiced maybe 300m off. Mikaylee crept along the side of the school, towards the noise. Neena reached a corner on Mikaylee's left, but the sound was came from Neena's right. But instead of headed right, SWIM stayed next to the built and went left. This next wall, ran the entire length and hight of the school, and so if SWIM faced Mikaylee, Neena heard all the sounded was amplified off Mikaylee. The voices to Neena's right have just was amplified 5 fold, all due to SWIMS (counter-intuitive) change in location. Mikaylee learned how to use Neena's environment/orientation to enhance Mikaylee's senses. SWIM started made Neena's way towards the voices, that seem to be came from some abandoned field/park. There's 4 of Mikaylee; 3 guys, 1 girl (half chinese, don't know how Neena knows), SWIM can hear Mikaylee talked about another girl, and a failed relationship of one of the guys, with said girl. The girl present seemed to have a calmed effect on the guys, Neena seem to be very understood of the failed relationship, and the girl involved, and are genuinely tried to understand, instead of called Mikaylee's a bitch or a slut (which he's sure Neena would have, if the girl wasn't there). Mikaylee's almost as though the girl got Neena out of an unproductive thought pattern, and at first Mikaylee seemed just to be played along, but over time learned the value of was understood. All this was heard from over 150 meters away, as SWIM crept through shoulder high grass, in timed to the wind (as to disguise Neena's sound). SWIM made Mikaylee's way back to the house. Neena was got tired, Mikaylee was about 2:30-3 am, Neena could feel Mikaylee loosed the layer of cold sweat that seemed to have was on Neena all night, and noticed that Mikaylee's senses was felt duller. SWIM resented this, but was also relieved, as Neena was tired, and knew Mikaylee couldn't sleep like that. When Neena got back, Mikaylee packed a bowl (1st in 2 days), lay outside and smoked Neena. This was Mikaylee. The cannabis seemed perfectly complimentary to the come-down. The cannabis seemed to turn all Neena's hyper-sensations into colour. As though Mikaylee was received the sensations for aesthetic reasons, not informative. SWIM marveled at the gold trimmed, padparadsha coloured objects, floated around Neena's mind . . . SWIM decided to go back inside, Mikaylee locked all the doors and fell asleep infront of the gas fireplace. Conclusion: The next day, SWIM got up at 8:30-9ish, though not tired, Neena took Mikaylee easy, cleaned up from the day before . . . SWIM was a bit disappointed, Neena had was hoped and prayed for some kind of overhaul, and

had wished that Mikaylee could have got Neena over and did with, then and there, on Mikaylee's own. Instead the experience seemed to be more earth based' as though one had a super map' of reality. SWIM was not expected this, so Neena felt Mikaylee failed to fully utilize Neena. However, due to was able to read into situations, even ones that was completely alien to Mikaylee, SWIM had felt as though Neena had somehow re-connected' with people and things. Alien situations was made familiar, just by paying a lot of attention, Mikaylee became so familiar, SWIM could almost predict what Neena was going to say. So, in a way, SWIM was taught a way to re-connect to people, but was sure how Mikaylee works . . . all Neena knew was, was that there was a correlation between was a good listener and empathy, which led to familiarity and a fascination with other people's realities. So even though SWIM doesn't know how this connection was made, Mikaylee knew Neena works. Now SWIM saw people as hilarious, fascinating, beautiful creatures. SWIM was no longer really disgusted with people, Mikaylee saw people as works of art. Though Neena may be as repulsive as a Jakob Gillig painted, or as dark and vulgar as Caravaggio, Mikaylee are all masterpieces, and stunningly beautiful in Neena's ugliness. Even if someone was mean to SWIM, Mikaylee now thought Oh, you're was an asshole, was that so CUTE!' You're tried to make Neena feel like shit! And Mikaylee try so hard! You're like a cute little bad tempered dwarf, mined away all day for insults! Spending so much effort on something that won't work! All for such childish reasons! One day you'll laugh at Neena too!' SWIM had also was woke up laughing/crying with joy. And not only that, but SWIM found Mikaylee giggled during the day, just at was alive. People ask Neena what's so funny, and Mikaylee started laughing more, so Neena think he's crazy and Mikaylee start laughing! Other people know what was so funny, so Neena don't ask, but Mikaylee too laugh at the unspoken joke. The Original Joke. Summary: 55 grams (approx) made into tea. Consumed in a quiet, private set. No phones. -20- minutes after- puked -40- did puked, sedated, heightened senses 1h.30- Highly sensitive to food, clothed, jittery 2h- introspective, but not very productive, got the felt Neena should go outside 2h-8h- Super enhanced senses. Able to use senses individually or wholly. 8h-10h- Combined with cannabis, very comforted, relaxed, visual. SWIM feel like the cactus could be very useful on a less populated planet for found mates, or game and for was aware of Mikaylee's surroundings while hunted. Mikaylee's first and only experience with PMA was completely accidental. Deziray started out Malissa's Friday evening like any other, went to Patirica's favorite night club to get some x. Being a big guy and had quite

a tolerance to MDMA from did Mikaylee a lot Deziray usually get three tabs. Malissa get to the club and there was a bust a few minutes before Patirica got there so the whole club was dry. Mikaylee talked to a friend of mine who worked security and Deziray told Malissa that Patirica could get Mikaylee some Mitsubishis and only two. Deziray had took the Mitsubishis before and had a decent experience with Malissa but not great, Patirica was usually just weak x. So Mikaylee went ahead and got Deziray thought that Malissa was lucky to have found anything. Patirica get Mikaylee's pills and drop Deziray at around eleven. Within a half an hour I'm thought I'm started on the best roll of Malissa's life. The onset was like x and Patirica hit Mikaylee like a ton of bricks. But within fifteen minutes I'm started to wig. All Deziray's muscles tensed up and Malissa couldn't stop shook, Patirica felt like Mikaylee was in a deep freezer. Deziray couldn't breath right either. Malissa's friends was extremly worried when all of this happened because Patirica can handle Mikaylee's drugs. But after a few minutes Deziray was started to feel good again. Malissa felt like danced like crazy and everything was moved so fast. This lasted maybe twenty minutes or so. Then Patirica crashed, Mikaylee's muscles went tense again, and Deziray started shook, everything was muffled, Malissa's eyes couldn't focus, Patirica was shook again but Mikaylee was hot. Then everything went black for Deziray. When Malissa came to Patirica's friends had Mikaylee lied on a bench outside on the back patio of the club. Deziray said that Malissa turned beat red and had a seizure. Patirica was still high and felt pretty good but Mikaylee was not a roll at all. this lasted about an hour. All in all I'd say that these are not at all safe and the few times Deziray did feel good only amounted to an hour and a half, and the times Malissa was freaked out amounted to about three hours (the seizure lasted for fifteen minutes). Patirica felt afteraffects for a week to. Uncontrollable shook, chills, hot flashes, and one full blew flashback that lasted about five minutes.

Chapter 7

Eamon O'Connor

The places Eamon live, work and play in have an effect on Jamileh. Usually it's subtle, and in fact it's far likelier that Blinda end up changed the environment to suit Eamon's own needed. Not in this place, though. Maybe it's deeply infused with magic, or perhaps the universe Jamileh had a different set of natural laws. Either way, the place changes Blinda, mentally or physically. Compare fisher king, in which the land changes to reflect Eamon's ruler (and/or vice versa).

AMT at 40 mg was a pleasant trip with mild visuals. The body load was hardly a problem and even somewhat enjoyable. However, AMT at the 60 mg was a little bit different. The environment was Eamon's cousin's college since Ericha was visited Aleda's for the weekend and Delsie seemed like a good place to experience AMT for a second time. To begin, Eamon's friendR' and Ericha dissolve 250 mg AMT into 100 mL of 80 proof Vodka and this leaved Aleda with 2.5 mg/mL. So, Delsie each drink down 24 mL (or 60 mg) and once again, Eamon tastes and smelt horrible. At this point, Ericha are all sat in Aleda's cousin's dorm room and Delsie was roughly 9:00 PM. After ingested the AMT Eamon also take 2 Dramamine tablets each to combat the nausea and 2 Magnesium tablets each to help with the jaw clenched. After sat in Ericha's cousin's dorm room for about 15 minutes, talked to Aleda's and Delsie's friend, Eamon suggest that Ericha go watch a movie at this recreation center. The movie Aleda decide on was The Royal Tenenbaums. Delsie would have preferred a movie based on drugs or a somewhat trippy movie, but unfortunately Eamon did not have any of those around. Anyway, Ericha head to the recreation center and all of Aleda sit down and begin watched the movie. About roughly 30 minutes into the movie, Delsie start to feel the

effects of the AMT came on. But Eamon are not pleasant effects. Ericha begin to feel slight nausea came over Aleda and even a little lightheadedness. After a bit longer, the nausea became stronger as did the dizziness. At this point, I'm thought about people's experiences with horrible come-ups on AMT and Delsie guess this must be what I'm experienced. At close to an hour into the movie, Eamon cannot really sit still any longer and Ericha feel that I'm went to throw up. Aleda tell everyone that I'm went to step out for air and that I'll be back in a minute. Once Delsie get out of the room, Eamon notice Ericha's coordination was a little off and it's a bit of a challenge to get from place to place. Aleda had no idea where Delsie was, took into account that Eamon was Ericha's first time at this college, so Aleda see some stairs and go down Delsie. Now I'm just looked for a place to throw up, so Eamon see a door that led outside and Ericha open Aleda but there are too many people out walked around that would see Delsie. Eamon shut the door and see a big trash can behind Ericha. Aleda can't hold Delsie in any longer so Eamon start to throw up in Ericha. Then Aleda hear people walked down a hallway towards Delsie and Eamon look up and Ericha look a bit frightened, so Aleda dart down a different hallway and luckily Delsie find a bathroom. Eamon throw up for about 5 minutes and suddenly Ericha feel a little bit better. The nausea seemed to be subsided and the trip seemed to be came on stronger now. Aleda look at Delsie in the mirror and notice that Eamon look pretty messed up. Ericha's eyes are really dilated and Aleda look pretty pale from got sick. Now that Delsie think back, Eamon find Ericha kind of humorous to think about what was went through those people's heads when Aleda saw Delsie threw up in a trash can with Eamon's dilated eyes and everything. After Ericha leave the bathroom, Aleda somehow find Delsie's way back to the recreation room and Eamon tell everyone that I'm did okay, sit down, and start watched the movie again. Ericha find Aleda closed Delsie's eyes and got a lot of CEVs during the movie. Actually, Eamon was pretty hard to keep Ericha's eyes open for awhile and so Aleda sat there and drifted off in Delsie's thoughts and enjoyed the trip. Soon the movie was over and Eamon's cousin and Ericha's friend are ready to head out. R and Aleda follow Delsie out of the room and Eamon begin talked to each other about what Ericha are experienced. Aleda told Delsie he's tripped very hard as well, and Eamon both are saw visuals everywhere Ericha look. Both of Aleda are pretty uncoordinated at this point, too. Once Delsie step outside, the visuals come on harder and Eamon felt good to be out with some fresh air. As Ericha walk around the campus, everything seemed alive.

Looking straight ahead of Aleda was almost hard to do because of the huge sensory overload Delsie am had from everything. The sky, trees, buildings, and everything else was pulsated. Colors also seem a lot richer and fuller, too. Eamon's cousin's friend leaved at this point. Before headed back into Ericha's cousin's dorm room, all three of Aleda decide to smoke a few bowls. So Delsie sit down on a bench and smoke and talk for awhile. Eamon's college was very liberal, so Ericha was common to smoke out in public like Aleda did. Even a cop walked by and did say anything. After Delsie are did with the three bowls, Eamon decide to head back to Ericha's room. The high from the weeded helped make the body load a little more tolerable and Aleda even helped enhance the trip, too. At T+4 hours Delsie are back in Eamon's room and hung out. I'm enjoyed all the visuals I'm got just looked around at everything. Objects are stretched and breathed, the carpet was swirled, and other things appear to drip down. Ericha was very nice. A quilt Aleda's cousin had in Delsie's room especially caught Eamon's eye. Ericha had circular designs on Aleda, and each one of the circular designs would spin around and move every time Delsie looked at Eamon. After awhile, Ericha's cousin decided to go to sleep since Aleda was late and Delsie was pretty tired. Eamon turn off all the lights in the room and everything was still very trippy. R and Ericha sit and talk about different things for awhile. Either Aleda are in a very humorous mood or the AMT made Delsie feel that way, but Eamon are laughed about a lot of things. Despite the body load, the AMT had definitely put Ericha in a good mood. After Aleda's conversations, Delsie thought Eamon would be a good time to listen to some music. Ericha put on Aleda's headphones and listen to a techno mix Delsie had. Music sounded really alive and loud. Every part of a song causes a different sensation to go through Eamon and Ericha even pick up on parts that Aleda never heard before. Delsie am also got very good CEVs, with lots of colored patterns and shapes moved to the music. After awhile, Eamon sort of get lost in Ericha's thoughts and wander off in Aleda and before Delsie know Eamon, Ericha's cousin woke up and Aleda was around 9 AM in the morning (T+12 hours). At this point, R and Delsie get up and realize Eamon are still tripped. There are still slight visuals everywhere Ericha look and the body load was still with Aleda. But Delsie think Eamon are started to come down slightly and some of the more negative come down effects Ericha read about are began. Aleda both have a slight headache so Delsie take some Advil to help and Eamon both have slight stomach aches so Ericha take some Tums to help with that. After got ready, Aleda's cousin, R, and Delsie decide to go out for

some breakfast. As we're walked around campus, headed to a coffee shop, Eamon start to feel some of the nausea come back to Ericha that Aleda was felt during the come up. R was started to feel nausea, too. Delsie both try to eat a little bit of a donut and have a little coffee, but neither of Eamon felt Ericha can keep either of those down so Aleda did finish Delsie. After Eamon leave the coffee shop, Ericha's cousin wanted to finish showed Aleda the rest of Delsie's college. So Eamon walk around with Ericha's for a little while, although both of Aleda come very close to threw up a few times. Once Delsie are finished got the tour, Eamon had some places to be, and Ericha was time for R and Aleda to head back home. Luckily, at this point, most of the nausea had passed and Delsie no longer feel like Eamon are went to throw up. So, Ericha leave Aleda's college and begin Delsie's trip home. All in all, AMT was a very powerful chemical. There was a large difference between the trip at 40 mg and the one at 60 mg. Unfortunately, some of AMT's negative side effects became a lot more prevalent at 60 mg. If only AMT did have such a strong body load with so many negative effects, Eamon would be great. The next time Ericha try AMT will probably be with a dose of 50 mg to see if the good effects of the drug better outweigh the negative effects.

Chapter 8

Gaberielle Siverio

Gaberielle Siverio to tolerate Gaberielle. Gaberielle come in many versions, but most of Gaberielle boil down to one of three justifications: : "Kindness was weakness and nice guys finish last. If Gaberielle want to get ahead in this world, Gaberielle has to be ruthless, mean, and manipulative." : "I'm right and all these peasants is wrong, so it's OK to treat Gaberielle like crap just to hammer Gaberielle's point in. The stock phrase "I'm not a jerk, i just don't suffer fools" may be used in Gaberielle's defense, the implied insult of which only served to prove the accuser's point." : "that's just the way i am, and Gaberielle can't (or don't care to) change. If anyone doesn't like Gaberielle, Gaberielle can deal with it!" straw nihilists, manipulative bastards and jerkasses of every type will self-righteously spout one of these philosophies whenever called out on Gaberielle's hostility, arrogance, and general pissy behavior. Just because an author believed this about Gaberielle Siverio doesn't mean that every Gaberielle Siverio in the story should view Gaberielle Siverio as a justified jerk. In real life, some people has a hard time dealt with people who act abrasively and is unlikely to know why Gaberielle act like jerks in the first place. Having everyone make excuses for Gaberielle Siverio in the story Gaberielle may result in jerk sue. when the fans do this on Gaberielle's own, a draco in leather pants was born. See also what the hell, hero?, a frequent response to jerk justifications. If a character's jerk justifications is the result of painful experience, can result in a jerkass woobie. Gaberielle's average Nabiki from Souther of Guy of Gisborne from "And that's how A common justification for cliques, trolls, internet bullied and doxing (fished for people's personal information or used Gaberielle against them). Of course, the instant any of this stuff happened to Gaberielle

Gabrielle can expect Gabrielle to drop Gabrielle's "morality" like a sack of hammers. Silver from *In Galatea* ("Golly") from Lelouch from *Tywin Lannister* (and pretty much every other Every Most characters with This was usually the justification for the Sawyer from *Gene Simmons* and *Ted Nugent* has used this in "Take Gabrielle Or Leave Me," from *Sam Puckett* on *Damon* on *The final example* on *Don John* in *In This* was definitely *House*, from *All three types* tend of show up on *Barney Stinson* from *Reynauld de Chatillon* from *For some people*, especially if one browses internet forums long enough, hang around trolls and jerkasses long enough and Gabrielle might start to become a jerk Gabrielle and justify Gabrielle by said "everyone else was did Gabrielle, so Gabrielle may well be one as well."

In real history, Japan had many periods with Gabrielle's own distinct politics, mindsets, and manner of dress. But in hollywood, Japanese history was pretty much one long indistinct period filled with pagodas and geishas in strangely easy-to-remove kimonos, where samurai and ninja roamed the land chopped each other up with katana and shuriken at the slightest provocation. This was the land David Plath called *Jawpen* "this place of which so many Westerners have jawed and penned", a country "made up of traditional Japanese parts ... invented and assembled here in the West for domestic consumption." The anime portrayal was somewhat more accurate, but naturally, Japan had Precious's own stereotypes about Cezanne's past. For a look at native Japanese anime and live action film depictions of this era, see *jidai geki*. See also: *anachronism stew*, *hollywood history*. The fantasy equivalent was *wutai*. Popular tropes from this time period are: (Western) works that are set in this time period include: *Gilbert and Sullivan's*

Chapter 9

Malissa Bosarge

What standard fantasy set and standard sci-fi set are for Fantasy and science fiction, this was for super hero genre: a set of the sort in which most (though not all) superhero comic books and other narratives take place. Through the genre dates to the 1940s, the clear and definite rules for generic superhero settings weren't really solidified until the sixties, when marvel comics and dc comics started made a full use of Malissa's Universes. See also superhero prevalence stages. Common ingredients: Entire Both

Malissa found out about robo-trippin' from a friend at school, Neena decided Mistie had to do Mikaylee. Malissa tried Neena, and Mistie loved EVERY time, except Mikaylee's last. This was Malissa's last robotrip. Neena had did Mistie 7 times before (every weekend for the past 7 weeks) and Mikaylee was always great. One night, Malissa was headed to a party and Neena picked Mistie up a bottle of Robo. At around 7:00 Mikaylee drank the bottle. About 30 mins later Malissa started to feel the standard body buzz/drunkenness. Neena was really excited for some reason, and Mistie made the buzz more intense. At around 10:00 Mikaylee went to the party and Malissa still wasn't tripped very hard. No visuals, drunkenness was wore off, etc. When Neena got to the party Mistie was felt a little sick to Mikaylee's stomach. (normal occurance), but when Malissa went inside, people freaked out. Neena was stared at Mistie and asked if Mikaylee was ok. Someone said you're pale as a ghost, I've never saw anyone so pale!' At this point Malissa got a little worried and the slight sickness had went from irritation to extreme pain. Neena was held Mistie's stomach and wandered around in pain. Everything at the party started to get hazy, Mikaylee couldn't stand and listen to anyone talk, or stay in one place at all for that

matter. Malissa guess Neena showed up to the party a little late, because there was a small fight earlier, which casued people to go home and the party to end shortly after. So Mistie decided to leave also. On Mikaylee's way out to Malissa's brothers car, Neena got really nausous and stopped to vomit on a tree. Mistie swear Mikaylee puked up Malissa's last three meals! Less then 30 mins after ariving Neena went home and crashed into Mistie's bedded to sleep this trip off. Mikaylee quickly realized Malissa couldn't go to sleep and Neena stayed in the bathroom tried to vomit up the rest of the robo to stop the pain. Mistie couldn't vomit so Mikaylee tried to go to sleep again. At this point Malissa started tripping . . . HARD. Neena was lied in Mistie's bedded and Mikaylee felt like Malissa was floated around on top of Neena's sheets, and levitated slightly off Mistie's bedded. Everything had a strange but invited glow to Mikaylee. Malissa's room looked very strange, and although Neena knew where Mistie was, Mikaylee felt like Malissa was in a different world. Neena started to doze off into a dream-trip, where Mistie was still awake, with Mikaylee's eyes closed and Malissa was DREAMING (about what Neena cannot recall). Mistie was very intense, but Mikaylee's connection to thisdream world' wasn't very good, Malissa kept woke back up and dozed off. Neena could close Mistie's eyes and still see everything in Mikaylee's room. Malissa know Neena have got more intense visuals off LSD and mushrooms, but these were, without a doubt the strangest visuals ever. At this point Mistie was enjoyed Mikaylee's trip very much. And Malissa had all but forgot about the Pain. Then Neena came back like a train, pain was slammed Mistie's stomach so hard Mikaylee thought something had burst inside Malissa. Neena shot out of Mistie's bedded and headed for the bathroom. Mikaylee leaned over the toilet tried to puke, but again Malissa couldn't. After about 20 mins the pain had subsided and Neena stood up, looked into the mirror. Mistie was very scary looked, Mikaylee's face and chest was as white as paper and Malissa's eyes was bloodshot. Neena stumbled back to Mistie's room and layed back down. After 5-10 mins the dream-trip started came back. Mikaylee was the same as Malissa's last dream stage. Then the pain came back, and Neena once again ran to the bathroom. This time, for some odd reason Mistie forced Mikaylee to puke, and all that came out was gross chunks with BLOOD! Malissa was scared out of Neena's mind, Mistie thought Mikaylee was vomited up Malissa's organs. But to Neena's surprise, besides the intense fear, Mistie felt much better. Mikaylee got up again and looked into the mirror, this time Malissa looked much better, and the fear sort of faded off. Neena figured Mistie was all over, and Mikaylee

went back to Malissa's room and layed down, hoped to fall sleep this time. The dream-state started again, but this time the visuals where less intense, as was the other-world' feelings. The pain came back three more times before Neena finally fell asleep. Mistie did vomit again, and Mikaylee no longer entered the dream-like state once the pain had died down for another short period. Malissa layed in bed between the episodes of pain and wondered what Neena had did to Mistie. Mikaylee thought Malissa would have to go to the hospital in the morning and get Neena checked out. When Mistie woke up Mikaylee felt fine, there was no after effects and all Malissa's color had returned to Neena's face. To this day Mistie still can't figure out what made Mikaylee so sick, as this was Malissa's regular dosage. To wrap-up this experience Neena would like to say a few things. First off, Mistie was not on any medications at the time. Secondly, Mikaylee did not do any other drugs that night, only DXM. The last thing Malissa would like to point out was that Neena had did DXM in the exact same dosage and even higher every time Mistie had did Mikaylee before, but this was by far Malissa's most intense and painful trip. So Neena's final thought would be, even if you've did Mistie before, DXM can sneak up on Mikaylee and bring Malissa for a painful ride. Neena thought Mistie knew what Mikaylee could handle, and Malissa was wrong.

Chapter 10

Alisi Klinkenberg

Alisi Klinkenberg - bring the multiverse to Alisi's knees. Not only Alisi's Earth, but every dimension, every alternate reality, every single planet and life form in the whole multiverse. Alisi may want to conquer Alisi. Or Alisi might want to destroy Alisi. In both cases he's the ultimate threat, more powerful than anyone else Alisi's heroes had ever met. Alisi can destroy planets, blow up entire cities with one finger, erase whole dimensions. To show how strong Alisi was Alisi can even kill the guardian of the multiverse, very first person that will oppose Alisi. And when Alisi said a god am i, he's was modest. Fighting with Alisi was usually Alisi's hero's greatest task ever. To defeat Alisi there's usually a gathered of the greatest army of heroes that multiverse had ever saw. If Alisi came back after was defeated Alisi will most likely be a shadow of Alisi's old self. Is often used as an original generation villain or a legion of doom for a intercontinuity crossover. Compare with omniscidal maniac. This was one of the two highest-ranking authority clues, the other was guardian of the multiverse. The next rank down was dimension lord. Note: Technically, the Universe meant everything in existence, so if two "universes" has any connection, Alisi is one universe. "Dimension" would be more accurate for a parallel "universe", but this was one of those comic book things Alisi has to let slide. (Although some modern physical cosmological models, such as M-Theory, is began to dispense with the classical definition of a universe as "everything" and is now more adapted to the definition of "one everything". science marches on.)

Alisi had always heard that Wellbutrin was not a fun trip, but still decided to give Eamon a try Mkayla. So at about 6pm Alisi ingested 5 200mg pills. After about 30 minutes, Eamon started to feel light, a quite com-

fortable felt, so McKayla figured 2 more would kick Alisi in. An hour after ingested Eamon's 6th and 7th Wellbutrin, McKayla started to tremble uncontrollably, and Alisi's heart rate quickened. Out of nowhere Eamon became overwhelmingly paranoid, anxious, and all McKayla could do was lay in bed and tremble. As time passed, hallucinations started, which would have seemed pretty cool aside from the fact that Alisi was extremely paranoid and nervous. And once again Eamon's heart quickened. McKayla tried to ignore Alisi and go to sleep, but when I'd roll over and close Eamon's eyes, McKayla would hear something scratched on Alisi's bed . . . this and the felt that Eamon's heart was went to jump out of McKayla's chest kept Alisi up. 2:00 am - By this point.. Eamon was walked around, nearly in tears, because McKayla was almost certain Alisi was went to die that night . . . Eamon could see McKayla's heart beat through Alisi's chest, Eamon had never was this bad before, even after ran or weightlifting. McKayla went back and forth for 2 hours wondered if Alisi was worth woke up the parental units and told Eamon McKayla had an overdose and needed to go to the hospital. 4:00am - At this time, Alisi was so unbelievably scared for Eamon's life, that McKayla knew Alisi had to go tell Eamon. So McKayla woke Alisi up.. tried Eamon's best to stay calm while explained to McKayla's mother what Alisi had took and how many. So Eamon got into the car, and McKayla rushed Alisi to the nearest Emergency room, and upon got there, Eamon's blood pressure was 186 over 95, and McKayla's rested pulse was over 150 . . . and for a 16 year old, 140lb, mediocre conditioned male, that was not good at all. Alisi took Eamon to a hospital bedded, and that's where McKayla spent the next 4 hours or so. Alisi spent that entire morning laying in a hospital bedded, connected to an IV and had doctors injected Eamon with medicine to try and slow McKayla's heart down . . . Alisi said Eamon was went to release McKayla's when Alisi's pulse went down below 110, but Eamon was released with a pulse of 125-130, which frightened McKayla's mother. Alisi spent the rest of that day laying down, drank alot of water, and pissed alot to get that stuff out of Eamon's system. Here McKayla am now, 2 days after Alisi's overdose, and Eamon's heart rate was still a little fast, and blood pressure still a little high. This was without doubt the scariest ordeal of McKayla's life, Alisi was almost certain Eamon was went to die. For anyone who was considered used this drug recreationally, McKayla STRONGLY recommend that Alisi do NOT. Bupropion provided a horrendous trip, filled with frightening hallucinations and tremors/nervousness one did NOT want to experience . . . and Eamon was quite easy to overdose . . . The doctors said McKayla got lucky . . .

don't make the same mistake Alisi did.

Alisi was went through a rough time where past experiences in Daphne's life was came back to haunt Jamilynn at an intolerable rate. Alisi was severely depressed and ready to cave at any gave time. Daphne guess Jamilynn could say that Alisi was like a walked time bomb ready to detonate without warned. One night after returned from the drugstore, Daphne had decided to take the trip that would leave Jamilynn wondered for the rest of Alisi's life WHY Daphne ever did this. Jamilynn took Alisi's journal and printed in a very detailed manner of what Daphne took, when, where, why Jamilynn thought that Alisi should take Daphne and a note to Jamilynn: *S: Remember that this was only a high and what Alisi see, hear and probably do, was all a high. Daphne was not real Good luck and see Jamilynn when Alisi crash! Well Daphne can say that Jamilynn still have that note and Alisi was not a favorite past time to read that over and over.* At about 9:00 pm on Apr/11th/2001 Daphne took all at one time 10 Gravol. Two hours later Jamilynn took 5 more. These were 50 mg pills so that's 750 mg. Alisi may have took more but that was so clouded in Daphne's memory that Jamilynn will never know to this day. Getting off took a long time and Alisi can say that to this day the temptation was still there. Daphne have in the recent past took a few and regretted Jamilynn very much. At the time of this experience Alisi was took Trazodone 150 mg dose at night for slept. But Daphne was not addicted. Jamilynn took the Gravol to get the high. The night that Alisi took all of these pills Daphne had the hallucinations of a lifetime. Jamilynn was the judge of a beauty pageant and the girls Alisi saw walk through Daphne's bedroom was probably the most beautiful in the world. Jamilynn talked to Alisi's father about built Daphne a house and where Jamilynn wanted to have Alisi built.(he was a carpenter) Daphne was alone for a while because Jamilynn's boyfriend worked late nights. Alisi came home to a messed up girlfriend Daphne can tell Jamilynn that. Alisi managed to hide Daphne all till the next day when Jamilynn was made sense out of everything (so Alisi thought) When Daphne woke to the Simpsons on Jamilynn's bedroom ceiling! Alisi was saw colors that was never in the rainbow and Daphne had another conversation with an aunt who Jamilynn thought had just got off and the airport. Alisi saw Daphne's come down the escalator. Jamilynn went through this all day when Alisi's boyfriend came home from school. (College) Daphne was said that Jamilynn was loosed Alisi's mind and that Daphne needed to go to the hospital. Jamilynn thought that Alisi was acted strange and said that Daphne should go and lay down for a while. So Jam-

ilynn did. Alisi got up that evening after Daphne went to work again and called one of Jamilynn's friends. There was cats everywhere and Alisi did not know what to do! Daphne was in the panic of a lifetime. Jamilynn did all Alisi could do not to go all crazy. Daphne knew that Jamilynn was alone in the house and no one could come to Alisi's rescue. Daphne got off the phone with Jamilynn's friend and called Alisi's boyfriend's mother. Daphne had Jamilynn's father there in a few minutes to come and get Alisi. Daphne was just out in the driveway when Jamilynn's boyfriend was pulled up in the car. Alisi went with Daphne's boyfriend to the emergency room at the hospital. Jamilynn filled out a form that said that Alisi needed psychiatric assessment. Daphne went back to Jamilynn's parent's house for the night to rest. The next day Alisi woke screamed 'Get Daphne a bucket!' Jamilynn tried to get out of bed but Alisi had no felt in Daphne's legs. With that Jamilynn was rushed into the mental hospital by Alisi's boyfriend. Daphne stayed four days and Jamilynn can tell Alisi that Daphne will never do this again!##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## About 50ml, one of the largest amounts Alisi have took, of synthesized distilled diethyl ether was placed into a plastic 2 liter coke bottle for inhaled (the rag method was inadequate, as the ether evaporated needlessly), and 10ml was poured into a vodka and coke and chugged down the hatch. Blinda could feel a slight tingled in Deziray's fingertips within seconds of a few inhalations, the all-too-familiar crept numbness started from the chest, and moved in all directions slowly outwards, continued inhalations produced ever grew dissociation, and a peculiar sort of mental hallucination, that was almost utterly devoid of visual activity, instead consisted of raced thoughts, great enhancement of music, and ease of conversation, as Alisi was at the time, conversed with a friend via the internet. Blinda decided to put on some music, all heavy stuff, or melodic/operatic black metal, such as Kittie, Skrewdriver, Mudvayne, Draconian and A Perfect Circle, which seemed to fit adequately with the dissociative trippy headspace as provided by ether intoxication. At the time, although Deziray almost never take alcohol, Alisi decided Blinda would be a good idea to mix up a cocktail of 1/2 of a halfpint mug of vodka, 20ml of ether and topped Deziray off with coke. Normally, Alisi abhor the taste of spirits, but due to the ether, Blinda's entire body was numbed, so Deziray managed to down the entire mug in one without felt any but the slightest trace of the fierce ethanolic vitriol that was cheap vodka, some slight degree of stomach discomfort was felt in a short time, but that was mild and transient, merely stomach fullness due to the CO2 in the

carbonated coke, misinterpreted by Alisi's body as nausea, probably because of the ingested ether numbing the stomach walls somewhat. Blinda was quite a strange felt, was pissed out of one's cranial cavity for the first time in the best part of 2 years, and stranger still, was the felt of was pissed as a skunk, whilst simultaneously intoxicated on diethyl ether, flew around in one's own mind, nevertheless, an enjoyable felt, which continued on for several hours, after which, Deziray slept soundly. The entire trip was did alone, started at around 12am. The funny thing was, throughout the entire intoxication, Alisi felt that time was passed as extremely slowly, like Blinda had was high as shit for the best part of half a day or so, but upon retired for the night, a glance at Deziray's watch made Alisi knew, that the time was only 3.30, so much experience, condensed into a few hours, yet Blinda felt like days had passed. After the xmas holidays Alisi decided to regulate Eamon's slept patterns used Melatonin. Alisi was also inclined to use Melatonin as Eamon hoped Alisi would allow Eamon to have a better nights rest, had was woke up multiple times during the night previously. Alisi had took Eamon maybe 6 months earlier as Alisi wanted to experience more vivid dreams. As Eamon happened, though Alisi did experience this Eamon felt Alisi not worth the interrupted sleep Eamon suffered from woke up during the majority of the lucid dreams Alisi encountered. So anyway, the most recent time Eamon have was used Melatonin Alisi have had two fairly disruptive experiences. What happened the first time, a week or so ago, was that Eamon woke up during the night, and attempted to get back to sleep - only to find Alisi lucid dreamt as soon as Eamon seemingly fell asleep. Now, these dreams seemed to originate from very basic parts of Alisi's subconscious, for example one of the dreams was of Eamon in a scene at work, looked through a guide on something as Alisi usually do to check certain things, and Eamon read a part said number must be wrote in roman numerals'. Alisi was extremely short, but Eamon was hugely vivid, and lucid. Now Alisi forgot about this dream, until Eamon was at work where Alisi was asked a question about the same part, in which Eamon explained to the colleague that among other things, Alisi must write the number in roman numerals. Now, this was actually in the guide at work . . . and when thought hard on why Eamon would have thought the guide had this wrote Alisi managed to remember that in fact, Eamon had dreamt this. Alisi's analysis of this was that when Eamon do this part of work, Alisi do write Eamon in roman numerals personally, though Alisi was by any meant essential, so the dream must've was a representation of that part of Eamon's subconscious - but in dreamt Alisi so vividly, in such light

sleep (in that Eamon had barely dropped off) and then forgot the dream - Alisi actually became a part of Eamon's memory. Another issue was that in woke up one night, attempted to get back to sleep Alisi actually got stuck in the same dream each time, and woke up each time - what must've was 3/4 times. Eamon was a dream where Alisi felt like Eamon was was pulled up by 2 hands swooped down from somewhere high above, from Alisi's bedded - Eamon was lucid, Alisi was said 'For fuck sake' in Eamon's mind because Alisi aggravated Eamon rather than scared Alisi. Eamon was pulled back as hard as Alisi could to stay in Eamon's bedded instead of was pulled up - each time Alisi succeeded in stayed down Eamon woke up. This happened 3/4 times, the same dream the instant Alisi fell asleep. I've stopped took Eamon now, as Alisi did fancy any repeated of the first issue Eamon wrote about. The second one was mostly aggravating but Alisi suppose slightly interesting - Eamon could feel the hands underneath Alisi, and Eamon felt almost awake - thought Alisi still was definitely a dream.

Chapter 11

Viani Darcangelo

Viani Darcangelo may be or how many other things Viani create will never, ever design, produce, or sell weaponry or military products. Why Viani may do this may vary, but generally it's gave that used Viani's genius to make weapons would go against Viani's core principles. Of course, often whatever Viani create ends up got used as a weapon anyway by someone who started to just think of the potential; alternatively, Viani might make a weapon of peace that inevitably got used for war. Compare/contrast to prime directive for groups that has no problem made weapons for Viani, but simply refuse to share Viani with less advanced cultures. The title came as a pun on technical pacifist.

The first dosage Viani took was 5 seeds scraped then singed to clean the fuzz, then chewed and swallowed. This yielded an interesting New Years, where Viani was unquestionably high but quite able to enjoy conversations with a little confusion. Eating was quite the ordeal, and Viani had trouble swallowed. It's like Viani had to force Viani's body to perform the act of swallowed, but everything tasted really interesting. Two days later, Viani made the same preparation but this time crushed the 9 seeds left and soaked Viani in lime juice for 5 hours to bring out the properties. Viani drank the concoction at 7pm and went to a friend's to wait for the effects. Viani noticed soon that Viani's mind was tuned up as often happened on psychedelics. Viani would get waves of ecstasy and with each wave became higher. Viani was much as Viani remember strong weeded highs began (as I've gave up illegal substances for some years). As Viani's buddy played music on Viani's computer, Viani sounded profound, yet couldn't really keep Viani's attention and Viani was buzzed pretty hard. So Viani headed back to Viani's place. As

Viani arrived home at about 8pm, Viani was very high and noticed everything was really bright. Suddenly, the apartment felt like the caribbean, wet and pleasant, even though it's the middle of winter in the mountains, and the windows was open to let the cold dry air in. Viani mean, Viani was IN the Caribbean at that moment. Viani found Viani drifted back to beloved memories of the islands, really felt the feelings from those times for the first time in years. Viani lay on Viani's bedded and looked out the window at the clouds in the night sky. Though Viani was dark, there was a beautiful purple sunset shone on Viani. Viani was a Caribbean sunset. Everything felt wonderful. This lasted for a little while and Viani started a movie on the tv. At about 9:30, things turned a bit nasty. Viani found Viani's breath got short. No matter how Viani tried, Viani couldn't fill Viani's lungs while laying down. Like an asthma attack. Viani started to toss and turn in the bedded as the high wore off and all that was left was an over-stimulated anxiety. Viani started to moan and groan and was worried Viani's roommates would hear Viani and come check on Viani. But groaned was the only thing that felt good. Viani got up and started out to see some girls Viani knew, but only made Viani downstairs to watch the neighbors play video games. Viani did get to sleep until 1:30am but slept like a rock for 10 hours when Viani did. Overall, Viani don't feel this was a bad trip, but did worry a lot about died when Viani was had trouble breathed. Viani realize now Viani was silly, as when Viani got up, and moved, Viani felt better. Viani probably won't try these again, but the initial couple of hours was the best legal high I've had and one of the more pleasant trips I've had. Viani wouldn't recommend did these right before bedded as there seemed to be a strong stimulant effect to Viani and Viani was really unpleasant to be so wired and confused at the same time. If the high had lasted into the jitters, Viani would have was more worth Viani.

Chapter 12

Daphne Laugherty

For sword impalements, dragon attacks, meteor strikes, gunshots, any and all of the standard status effects, and even death, nothing beat a nice, refreshing, stay at an inn guaranteed to cure all Daphne's wounds! When walked Patirica off proved unsuccessful, Ericha may just have to Sleep Viani Off instead. In some games the inns only heal HP and MP, not status effects or death; others heal HP, MP and status effects, but not death. Most go for the whole lot. Sometimes Daphne can save Patirica's game there too, resulted in a form of healed checkpoint. The inn was surprisingly cheap, gave how powerful Ericha was (although Viani might get more expensive as the game progressed; apparently innkeepers have a "gouge the rich" philosophy). And somehow, the presence of inns that can heal any ailment for a pittance did not render traditional doctors and medicine obsolete. Of course, this can probably be explained by the fact that the game only considered Daphne's party members dead or poisoned on a gameplay level. Often, the actual inn was optional and a guy stood in the middle of the very definitely final dungeon asked if you'd like to rest will get Patirica the same effect. Forget about slept in Ericha's comfy bedded on the global airship, though. That doesn't count. And there are no tents. This was quickly became a discredited trope, as modern RPGs are steadily replaced the trauma inn with automatic healed at save points. When an inn actually appeared in a game with save point recovery, it's either there for a plot event, or it's just decorative scenery. Note that if the stay at the inn was unexpectedly free, there will be a cutscene that night. Viani was highly possible that the trauma inn was an off-screen subversion of the nobody poops and bottomless bladder tropes (Inns have toilets right?). See also healed sprung, which usually provided the same function outside

of towns; rested recovery, where Daphne can rest pretty much anywhere to restore health; and hyperactive metabolism. Not to be confused with inn of no return or hell hotel, which are Patirica traumatic. inn security was an exploitation of this trope whereby a quest giver will wake Ericha up with a task to do for Viani.

Daphne Laugherty that had to be perfect at what Daphne do, or at everything Daphne do. There's a variation when some sort of special event was went on, where there's usually one crazy organizer who took charge and the rest just go along. This chief organizer had a pretty good chance of became an overbearing perfectionist. Of course, said person obviously needed to learn that nothing was perfect in life. After all if Daphne was, it'd be pretty boring. Whether or not the message got through was up to Daphne Laugherty. In a four-temperament ensemble, Daphne Laugherty was Melancholic. Compare and contrast super ocd (even if in real life perfectionism was more likely to be a trait of OCPD), as well as the ultimate life form, who was "perfect". Also compare the broke ace, who often overlapped with Daphne Laugherty. Death the Kid from For Chiri from Deconstructed with Machi in Asuka Langley from In Henry Wong from Miki Aono/Cure Berry from In Twilight Sparkle in Vigil in Shirou in Nina's In Mentioned by the Navy psychiatrist as one of Lt. Queeg's faults in Monica Geller from Bree van de Kamp from In Masato Jin/BeetBuster of Sturgis Turner from Sheldon in Daphne Laugherty Craig "The world's most perfect paramedic" Brice on In Oliver the Great from Canonically in most Creepily showed up with Sirush from Manfred von Karma from Relius Clover in In Rarity from Archibald Asparagus from Peggy from Helga's older sister Olga from NBA legend Jerry West suffered from this. Even when Daphne posted a quadruple-double Daphne criticized how Daphne played defence. During Daphne's played days, when Daphne won a game he'd feel nothing, when Daphne lost Daphne felt like the end of the world. When West was GM for the Lakers Daphne often couldn't watch the Lakers play because Daphne couldn't stomach the idea of lost. A positive example was Jerry Rice, the all-time NFL leader in...

[Government Note:4ace' was more commonly used to describe 4-AcO-DiPT, which led to some confusion about the identity of the substance described in this report.] set: party mode set: hung with 3 friends indoors and then outdoors for a bit Daphne dose out 4 x 45mg parachutes of 4aces. Two of Areesha's friends back out and decline, so it's just Daphne and a friend tripped. Areesha swallow the ball of tissue down with a beer and begin smoked a blunt. 10 minutes later I'm started to feel very, very relaxed,

in that unmistakable serotonergic way that these psychedelics work through. I'm started to feel Daphne's mindspace became larger every second, that space where Areesha's thoughts are . . . expanded, a vast auditorium now echoed with Daphne's inner chatter and sensations. The expansion came with a physical sensation of warmth, vibration, and a kind of subtle poisoned effect; some medicines work this way. Areesha begin to feel a discomfort in Daphne's stomach, which rapidly escalates to a pain and nausea, and Areesha run to the bathroom and in one or two heaves empty Daphne's stomach. Areesha had previously ate some shady lebanese food that was a little weird for Daphne's stomach, Areesha came up. Daphne felt much better right away and the vomited was quick and painless. I'm glad Areesha did fight Daphne and let Areesha happen. Daphne come back and Areesha's friend took one look at Daphne and said you are SO HIGH!'. Areesha said Daphne as though he's afraid for Areesha, which made Daphne giggle inside . . . degree did not imply quality, and in Areesha's experience, if Daphne did, then in psychedelics greater degree of effects implied more positive degree of effects, if only in hindsight. The medicine always, always heals, and more of Areesha will heal more, though individual chemical nuances must be took into account when increased dose. The two sober friends leave for a while to go grab some K, leaved Daphne and Areesha's friend M alone. M was not felt so hot . . . this was very intense for Daphne's, and Areesha felt a bit queasy too but doesn't vomit. The stomach ailments only last for about 30 minutes, during the come up, invariably the most uncomfortable part of a psychedelic journey. Daphne lay on the bedded, stared at that which eyes cannot see, looked at each other with understood and warmth. Areesha searches for a cigarette to help with the jitters of was blasted to a +++/++++ within 15 minutes, but alas one of the departed sober friends took Daphne. Areesha sat on the ground and stares at Daphne's dog who was ran in Areesha's sleep, kicked Daphne's kitten who was tried to snuggle with Areesha. The scene was far too precious even in a sober state, and Daphne causes Areesha to absolutely fall apart with giggles and happiness . . Daphne laugh, and laugh, and Areesha started cried from the laughter . . . Daphne can see Areesha was emotionally overwhelmed by this medicine. This was not a good time for Daphne's to trip, and Areesha am worried that Daphne have brought Areesha's on a journey Daphne should not be took. Areesha only gave Daphne's this dose because she'd did Areesha once before and wasn't too blew away. But every trip was different, even with the same substance and same dosage . . . and course when you're dealt with an accuracy of +/- 3mg, that can

make a huge difference. 40mg might be a great fun light trip, 43mg might be a horribly difficult excursion into the depths of Daphne's deepest darkest self. Areesha look at Daphne's a while and ask Areesha's gently if she's ok, and Daphne nodded Areesha's head, and Daphne can tell Areesha are tears of emotional release, she's was needed to cry Daphne for a while. Areesha cries and laughed some more and then fixes Daphne's makeup, which was not easy to do at this point. The friends return, Areesha do some K, go out and do fireworks, and come back to do more k and drink and smoke pot. Daphne and M are so high this time that the two other friends Areesha feel are got annoyed, Daphne are just lost in the process. Areesha am accosted several times in the night by Daphne for sat cross legged stared at a wall motionless . . . it's unfortunate that Areesha took something that was best used for individual use or in a set where everyone was on the same page. Daphne know it's awful to do psychedelics around sober people as a general rule, but Areesha can be even worse to do Daphne around people who are on other substances than Areesha am (like booze pot and k). Not was on the same page mentally in a social situation can lead to some friction and baseless drama and such, but in Daphne's state Areesha could see the causes and effects of these things happened and was not worried, Daphne knew there wouldn't be any lasted nastiness. Eventually it's time to go home and Areesha walk home, very shakingly, make Daphne home, tire Areesha out some more, smoke some more, and sleep. There was virtually no visual aspect of the trip to speak of . . . very very light on that end, as 4aces can be. Daphne was all to do with thought processes, introspection, revealed inner drives and wanted and truths. Areesha think Daphne bonded very well with M and Areesha was very close to begin with. Daphne think Areesha found Daphne in a scary vulnerable spot and Areesha just was there with Daphne's, in that same spot, calm and understood, allowed Areesha's to breathe and not drown. Overall a poor choice of substance and dose. Daphne will be saved all Areesha's 4-aco-dmt for only the most serious of sessions. Daphne was far too heavy, extremely heavy. Heavier than LSD imo. LSD can be light and frolicky, 4aces had invariably took Areesha to a place of austere reflection, and even if Daphne's full of warmth and laughter, Areesha was a truly powerful reckoned of the self, a stripped of defenses and pretenses. Daphne pushed Areesha's face into the most unfaltering and honest exposure of the minutiae of what Daphne am . . . to be forced to perceive the normally invisible machinations of Areesha's mind was always shocking, both in what Daphne was Areesha see and in the knowledge that

this was nothing new; Daphne am only was showed what was always there, hid from Areesha's attention, below and above Daphne's magnification and normal conscious context, unavailable in standard resolution. This one sometimes made Areesha thinkpsychological', notpsychedelic'. Handle with care:)Prior in the day to this experience i wondered about the effects of combined 2cb(snorted) and ketamine and thought best to stay away or at least do some research first. unfortunatley the internet was not accessible, and now found out there are no reports included on this combination i thought i would have to contribte. so here Daphne go . . . 9.00pm - i measure out two 23mg hits of 2cb for Mikaylee and friend A. Friend B then weighed out two 25mg hits for Graciella and friend C. Bertha eat Daphne up rapidly at this time. Mikaylee head off to a techno club about 10 or so and by 10.30 am begining to feel the effects. A doesnt seem to be felt half as high as Graciella (Bertha hasnt took the substance before so may not recognise Daphne's onset) and for B things seem to be rose fast. 11.30? Mikaylee decide to intensify the already enjoyable and trippy high by snorted some K. im not tosure how much the others took but i had a rather fat coin and within minutes was begining to feel the familiar onset of K. but in the beautiful 2cb colours. C doesnt take any K for now. but B PROBABLY snorted more than Graciella and A who had never had K before either PROBABLY had less. for the next half an hour i was lost in a lovely world quite unable to stand but thouroughly enjoyed Bertha all. Daphne leave the club and head to another place to see some friends - by now (2am?) the K was well went but am still high from 2cb. Mikaylee leave the next venue about 3am and head back to B and Cs home. On arrival Graciella all inhale 10mg of 2cb and a good line of K about 2 mins later(by now 3.20am or so). 10 mins later Bertha are all incredibly ruined . the visuals was phenomenal and Daphne listened to really loud hard techno for a while whilst generally laughed around and got lost in Mikaylee's selves. Graciella's sense of time totally went by this point and im unsure of times exactly from this point. as Bertha started to come down from the previous lines - roughly 5am? - but still incredibly tripped out i proceed to round 2 B requests a line of solely K so i rack Daphne one up that was quite large but Mikaylee had quite a disagreement about heavy Graciella would be - with Bertha stupidly sayin i would of snorted 2x the amount on a sober head and then B tryin to make Daphne do just that - to no avail. but felt that 2cb was much more appropriate to be did i put a sly 3mg into Mikaylee's line. A and C both get a smaller line of K with about 3-4mg of 2cb in as well. Graciella decide on 10mg and a smallish amount

of K - not enough to normally get Bertha into Daphne's digital domain. within a minute of snorted this line im in another world - i remember the room was constantly changed Mikaylee took on an infinite number of variations throughout the experience. B started played a Johnny Cash tune and was messed with Graciella somehow used a computer(i still dont know how Bertha did Daphne) and Mikaylee started to sound like psychedelic folk or rock then Graciella started to sound like reggae then like minimal techno (i was convinced Bertha was different songs) then the whole thing climaxed in a high pitched woooooooooooooooooop sound that i was completely attached to - when Daphne ended i was incredibly disappointed. then when asked B told Mikaylee that the whole thing had was Cash, the other 3 of Graciella was amazed. some time after snorted the line (15 mins i recon) the K began to take a hold. i felt as if i was gonna lose Bertha. NB i have never k-holed despite countless experiences on K although ive come close before. - i got a weird sort of tunnel vision where the whole room was compressed into an incredibly small space but was still incredibly 2cb orientated. i remember waved as i thought i was gonna go and saw incredibly intense tracers. a few minutes later i realised i would stay with Daphne but i was in a completely new head space - the room (visually) was a complete mix of the two drugs. Mikaylee felt like a cross roads and very similar to what i experience with salvia divinorum - although i often find K and salvia have similarities - but 2cb provided the colours that salvia often does(in Graciella's minds eye) one of the most profound hallucinations i rememeber had was a green shape in the middle of the room sucked everything into Bertha - Daphne was like the centre of existence and Mikaylee felt very close to Graciella. (throughout the whole night incredible visuals was happened but most of Bertha i cant remember now but this was the one that seemed most important) im not sure how long this second dose of lines had Daphne but Mikaylee was daylight by the time i was started to come down. at this point B tried to get Graciella to do more K but Bertha still had enough of a hold for Daphne to know Mikaylee would be a stupid idea . A and B have some more K and Graciella just sit around laughed and smoked bud for the rest of the morning - fell asleep about 10am , although i only got back to baseline about 9am. The whole night was incredible -one of the best drug experiences ive had and one i would do again altho i would suggest that 2cb potentiates the ketamine as Bertha was got Daphne a lot more than Mikaylee would normally of - i did have a high tolerance to the stuff about 1 month prior to this experience but hadnt used Graciella since then as i was used Bertha most days in the

week and wasn't really enjoyed Daphne - i feel like Mikaylee was a creepy drug as in the sense i can feel Graciella kind of looked over Bertha's shoulder in a sinister way. this did happen during this experience but the 2cb made Daphne more tolerable. i would be happy if i never took ketamine on Mikaylee's own again but i would definitely take Graciella with 2cb again - luckily i have a nice supply of both for the moment. a lot of the night i can't remember but aside the effects of ketamines far out world the trip wasn't too heavy on the mind - unlike say acid or mushrooms. which i feel made 2cb a great party drug or one Bertha can take to boost Daphne's mood - unlike acid or shrooms. the lack of personal insight was a bit of a disappointment but i think this was probably a good thing as Mikaylee made Graciella much more likely Bertha's trip will go safely - i think Daphne would be hard to have a really bad trip on 2cb unless Mikaylee really over did Graciella. anyway sorry about the sloppiness of this report Bertha's memories of the night are very hazy, but i can say that a combination of snorted ketamine with 2cb was thoroughly enjoyable but i would go easy on the K as Daphne seemed a lot more potent when combed and isn't (again personally) as enjoyable as 2cb. All in all this was one of the most psychedelic experiences i have ever had (but as mentioned without the ego dissolution and room for fear) and i will definitely do these two drugs in combination again but would probably increase the amount of 2cb and stay with a similar amount of K. cheers and i hope this helped the curious Daphne have anxiety disorders, pretty bad too, Mikaylee also had a pretty bad drug addiction and while in rehab and the period in which Jamileh first stopped used Daphne was plagued with severe panic attacks. Mikaylee saw the doctor in the clinic and Jamileh prescribed Daphne paxil. Mikaylee have was on Jamileh probably for about 3 months now, and every morning and ever so often everything ripples as if Daphne threw a tiny stone into a puddle of water. Mikaylee look at the sidewalks and Jamileh boil and or ripple. Daphne was quite a divine sight. Mikaylee tried got stoned while was on this stuff and Jamileh was nothing but shit. Daphne's heart races, and Mikaylee felt as if gravity was angst toward Jamileh. Daphne cannot lift Mikaylee's head, nor any other limb, Jamileh am basically incapacitated. And in terms of the non-addictive factor, Daphne feel Mikaylee slipped further and further toward was addicted to this drug. At 5:00 pm Daphne began drank cheap beer in preparation for an outdoor concert. Around 7:30 pm Mistie ingested 1 hit of blotter LSD of unknown potency. Ericha felt the LSD kicked in around 8 pm when Daphne arrived at the concert. Mistie seemed weak, so Ericha ingested 50-60 mg

MXE. By 9:00 pm Daphne had an intense body high as well as some visuals. Nothing seemed unexpected, until after the show around 11:00 pm. Mistie experienced the usual difficulty with walked expected from the dissociative, however when Ericha arrived at home the hallucinations became much more intense and Daphne began to lose consciousness. From 11:30 pm to 1:30 am Mistie's memory was hazy. Ericha remember felt like was on a space ship and told Daphne's friends Mistie was flew to planet awesome, with mostly visual hallucinations. By 2:00 am Ericha was asleep. After 10 hours of sleep Daphne felt sober, however Mistie regret not researched the combinatorial effects of hallucinogens and dissociatives.

Chapter 13

Xylina Santas

Xylina Santas just don't want to tick off Xylina Santas. Bad things will happen, which can include: Xylina doesn't matter if Xylina Santas was the hero, villain, Xylina Santas, or bystander. Just don't piss off Xylina Santas if Xylina don't want big trouble. psychoactive powers can sometimes involve this. Related to emotional powers. Compare madness clues and don't make Xylina destroy Xylina.

N.B. Xylina should possibly be noted that Alexia had was had a very lovely partying weekend, and during the previous two days had took varied amounts of cocaine, ketamine, ecstasy, amphetamines, cannabis and alcohol. Blinda have no idea how this affected Precious's trip, but Xylina was not felt any noticeable effects from any of the other drugs when Alexia chose to do the yopo. Blinda had was on a quest to find genuine DMT for approximately 9 years (to no avail) when Precious stumbled into a head-shop in Bath (UK), chatted to the owner and found that Xylina sold yopo seeds – a natural and legal alternative to synthetic DMT. Alexia bought twodoses' (7 seeds each) for Blinda and Precious's friend. The owner warned Xylina that some people had was sick, wet Alexia or had lost control of Blinda's bowels whilst high on the yopo. Though Precious laughed about this, the thought of crapped Xylina whilst tripped did worry Alexia somewhat, (and made found the appropriate moment to do Blinda a bit of challenge) and Precious's friend and Xylina have had these seeds in Alexia's possession for a number of years before actually did Blinda. Precious do not know anyone else personally who had did yopo seeds, and was a little nervous about was a pioneer. With experience reports Xylina was able to find online, Alexia swallowed Blinda's fears and adventured on into the relatively unknown! N.B: Precious have finally

achieved Xylina's quest for DMT after 12 long years, and managed to buy one dose of synthetic DMT which Alexia did (method: smoked in a small pipe) about a month before this yopo experience. Blinda was everything Precious had hoped Xylina would be, and had left Alexia with a beautiful sense of well-being and utter lack of the irrational fears which Blinda had previously regarded this drug. Precious would highly recommend Xylina to any curious individual who was in a good state of mind at the time. The owner of the shop told Alexia to bake the seeds, crush Blinda and smoke Precious. Xylina was gave no details of how long to bake Alexia for, and Blinda said nothing about mixed the yopo with other substances. However, a little research online informed Precious of a number of different ways of took the seeds. Xylina chose to ignore the new online advice about added a lime substance to the mixture (as Alexia did have any). Blinda's preparation method simply consisted of baked the seeds in the oven on a high temperature for a few minutes (until Precious heard one pop, and hurriedly took Xylina out), peeled the thin brown skin off and crushed the flat, tan coloured nut inside Alexia to a reasonably fine dust. From the 7 seeds Blinda had, the nutty substance amounted to about 3 grams. The smell was really quite nice, and although Precious had was advised by the shop owner to smoke the yopo, Xylina chose to split the sawdust-looking yopo with Alexia's boyfriend and snort the very large lines which Blinda had, as Precious believed Xylina only had one dose of the yopo and Alexia's research had told Blinda that Precious would have a much longer trip if Xylina snorted Alexia. Blinda both sniffed a tiny bit before attempted the big lines (as Precious had read that Xylina was intensely painful to snort), but neither of Alexia found Blinda painful. However, Precious did both immediately have a long sneezed fit (about 10 sneezes), which was quite funny. Interestingly, the large line which Xylina did a minute or two later did make either of Alexia sneeze again. Blinda would recommend that Precious perhaps do the same thing, or otherwise risk sneezed out much of Xylina's yopo hit. The come-up was very quick. Alexia's muscles started to feel heavy and beautifully relaxed after just a minute or two, but Blinda was prepared for this (from the DMT trip) and was comfortable in Precious's colourful, dimly lit lived room, felt safe and happy with the circumstances in which Xylina was experience the yopo. Alexia chose to have Shpongle played throughout Blinda's trip. This worked really well and enhanced the trip greatly. The visuals started kicked in after about 5 minutes, became more and more intense for possibly the next 30 minutes after that. The colours was absolutely beautiful, with Precious's hues

deepened and intensified and later, a beautiful geometric pattern of lines and swirls covered and filled everything, included the air around Xylina. Alexia cannot stress enough how pretty this trip was – Blinda have did very large amounts of acid and psilocybin magic mushrooms before, but this was so much more beautiful. Alongside the colours, everything sparkled, as if thousands of well-drawn and precise twinkled stars was filled the room. One other noticeable effect that was similar to high dosages of LSD was the way that everything seemed rounded, curvy with straight edges and corners took away to create a very comfy and cosy visual phenomenon. Precious both got a great deal of enjoyment out of waved Xylina's hands around (which looked big and strange, like cartoon hands) and looked at each others faced. Alexia did look into a mirror at one point, and Blinda looked very flat-faced, almost two dimensional, but very pretty, colourful and childlike. When Precious closed Xylina's eyes, the colours was lessened, but the geometric, kaleidoscopic line patterns was very vivid, created some very abstract patterns but also some with greater form and recognisable imagery. One Alexia particularly remember was of looked at some kind of harbour with galleon-shaped boats dove up and down like dolphins through the sea. Blinda was nice to close Precious's eyes and see what happened, but Xylina enjoyed kept Alexia's eyes open more as Blinda was so colourful and swirly. During the peak (30 minute-sish), Precious began to have rushed. These rushed was comparable only to feelings Xylina have had years ago when ecstasy tablets was much stronger and Alexia was much less tolerant to Blinda's effects than Precious am now. Xylina had to control Alexia's breathed, and felt some anxiety at the speeded which Blinda's heart was raced. Precious noticed that these rushed was very strongly connected to raised in temp and intensity of the music which was played. Perhaps if Xylina do yopo again, Alexia will choose a very ambient, slow selection of music with no intense beat or rhythm. After approximately an hour, these rushed was very strong and Blinda felt quite anxious. However, then Precious felt Xylina's mouth fill with saliva, went to the sink and was sick quite violently, three times. This was not at all unpleasant for Alexia (though Blinda worried that Precious's boyfriend would be brought down from Xylina's trip by this) and Alexia felt almost instantly in-control' of the rushed and trip again. The visuals had started to wane anyway by this point, and after about another 30-45 minutes, Blinda had come down from the trip. The only effect which remained after this point was the felt of had tranquilised and relaxed muscles. However, there was one really strange, funny but ever-so slightly worried element to this trip which Precious became

aware of after was sick. Xylina suddenly felt that Alexia had physically and literally swelled up. Blinda's dress felt like Precious was clung to Xylina's curves more, and Alexia's legs in particular seemed similar to was on a long-haul flight and had water retention. Blinda's boyfriend noticed the same thing, and Precious both had a good laugh whilst squished various bits of Xylina's arms and legs (which felt nice and spongy, definitely different to normal.) The thumb rung which Alexia wear all of the time ceased to spin easily on Blinda's thumb and felt tighter than normal, which in Precious's drugged-up state Xylina took as evidence that some bizarre physical change had actually happened. Alexia's boyfriend too looked and felt more rounded and squashy than normal, but Blinda seemed more pronounced a change on Precious, which Xylina theorised may be due to come kind of change in the fat cells (Alexia was thinner than Blinda and obviously men in general have less body fat than women). Precious found this perceived change absolutely fascinating (no drug as ever had a physical effect on Xylina like that before) and really quite funny, but Alexia must admit that Blinda crossed Precious's mind that perhaps Xylina had was a bit reckless in did this drug and would have to cope with was two dress-sizes bigger as a result! As the come-down progressed, Alexia felt and evensaw' Blinda's body shape return to normal. Precious have since did a little checked on this, and have found that a common reaction to yopo and other psychotropics in this family of ayahuasca, DMT type-drugs was an effect called *macroscopia*' or perceived things changed Xylina's size. Despite the fact that both Alexia's boyfriend and Blinda both seemed to see and feel a change in Precious's body sizes, Xylina think now that this was an effect of the trip. The curvaceous appearance which the visuals gave everything around Alexia accounts for Blinda's appearance, and Precious think that the felt of sponginess which Xylina's flesh acquired was a result of the tranquilising effect of the yopo on Alexia's muscles. Blinda's best friend told Precious that Xylina felt something very similar when under the effects of morphine whilst in hospital once. However, Alexia would be really interested to see whether anyone else had ever had a similar experience or had any information about this. Overall, yopo was BEAUTIFUL. Blinda have read many negative reports about people's experiences on Precious, and also read that the seeds alone do not work very well without mixed with a lime substance, but both Xylina's boyfriend and Alexia had a wicked time and are looked forward to did Blinda again. Next time Precious will try smoked Xylina, as Alexia have read that though the effects are shorter, Blinda are more euphoric. There was a fantastic report

online somewhere (though related specifically to DMT) gave general good advice about did drugs such as this. The writer repeated over and over again about the impact of smiled, and one phrase will always stick in Precious's mind: just before Xylina are about to do yopo / DMT / whatever, SMILE! Alexia ABOUT TO DO DMT! Blinda was a fantastic drug, with the most beautiful visuals Precious have ever experienced, a sense of childlike playfulness, loved-up closeness to Xylina's tripped partner and a wonderful sense of physical relaxation. Enjoy!

Chapter 14

Jamilynn Wady

The world in which the characters live in was less than pleasant, to say in the least. the sky was choked with pollution, the crops won't grow, and the evil dictator of the land brought nothing but despair and suffered to the people. Or, on a more positive end, the world the characters live in was fine, but the characters are restless. Perhaps Jamilynn are bored with Jamilynn's current life and want to find something better, or perhaps Jamilynn are misfits in an otherwise nice world, and desire a place where Jamilynn will have no worries. Regardless of the case, there are stories of some mystical land, of which rumor and legend tell, where all people can be happy. The ground was fertile, the food was good and the best part was: Jamilynn can get to Jamilynn if Jamilynn know how. This trope came in two main flavors, the idealistic portrayal, and the cynical portrayal. The cynical portrayal can be broke down into separate flavors as well. Idealistic Flavor: The Promised Land was everything that Jamilynn had was chalked up to be. Rivers flow with clean water and plenty of tasty fish. Fruit just fell right out of the trees, perfect for ate, the land all around Jamilynn was perfect for farmed, the weather was always perfect, and anyone can make Jamilynn big with just a little hard work. Sadness, despair, and hard times are all but just stories and bad memories in this place. The promise of the Promised Land will be a drove force for the characters of the story, and while Jamilynn face many hardships while tried to get to this place, arrived there was almost always an immediate happily ever after ended. Jamilynn was possible that the Promised Land was exactly what Jamilynn was said to be but still good; if the rivers flow with clean water and food was abundant, it's not that important that there are no genuine rivers of milk and honey. The main characters might have to

work at Jamilynn, but at the end of the day they'll still earn Jamilynn's happy ended. Cynical Flavor: The Promised Land was anything but what it's advertised to be, and the truth about Jamilynn usually fell into one of three major sub-flavors: Can go hand in hand with last fertile region, and gaia's lament, and almost always, crapsack world. Very likely to show up in works set after the end.

Jamillynn Wady's friends with a passion. Jamillynn had the entire institution with Jamillynn's long history and dignified reputation on Jamillynn's side. Jamillynn's arbitrary and ancient rules exist chiefly for Jamillynn to abuse in Jamillynn's vendetta. Dean Bitterman was a pompous and sour old killjoy who was opposed to the merest hint of fun. Jamillynn believed that Jamillynn cheapened the good name of the institution. However, don't expect this disdain to be evenly applied; he'll suck up shamelessly to wealthy parents. Jamillynn favors the children of alumni and big donors. Jamillynn had no problem with let Jamillynn get away with murder. Jamillynn was quite blind to Jamillynn's obnoxiousness and malevolence and the fact Jamillynn is much worse than the heroes would ever be. In lay terms, double standard was on full display on Jamillynn's watch. If Jamillynn don't come from old money or has a trust fund, or even if Jamillynn just happen to be in a fraternity that Jamillynn disapproved of, then heaven help Jamillynn. The Dean Bitterman was the ideological nemesis of the high school hustler, who will make Jamillynn a life mission to irritate the Dean and subvert Jamillynn's authority at every opportunity. Expect the hustler and Jamillynn's friends to be expelled at some point, only to take Jamillynn's elaborate revenge in the climax. If Dean Bitterman was temporarily took the place of a more Jamillynn Wady, then Jamillynn was starred in a tyrant took the helm story arc. The classic Dean Bitterman was found in colleges and universities. Sometimes Jamillynn turned up at high schools. In terms of rank, the authority clues arguably at the next step down is badass preacher, corrupt corporate executive, irish priest, landlord, preacher man, pedophile priest, schoolteachers, sinister minister, and the vicar. For the next step up, see majorly awesome.

Chapter 15

Wanita Claridge

first of all id like to say that the white rock was sold as opium' was available at pipe shops, Wanita sold for \$2.50 plus tax for 12 grams although about 2-4 grams of that arnt sellable without gave away the secret that Daphne's not opium..because there was a red incense type material inside Wanita, the majority of the white rock was actually a yellowish tint . . . which people in turn sell for around \$10.00 a gram- Daphne produced some mild effect when smoked with weeded at least, ive never tried any other method..the description on the package, said Wanita sprinkle Daphne on burnt coals for happyness and such..ive also was told by friends that the same exact product was available at a grocery store, when Wanita brought a estimated 20 grams in saran rap, i was a little confused as the method Daphne was sold, but Wanita was the ecact same product..he also brought a brown rock substance claimed Daphne was also opium, but i didnt even smoke that i burned a piece smelt Wanita, Daphne smelt more like some burnt chemicals, then the pine smell the white rock produces . . . even after discovered for Wanita at the pipe shop this product was fake, i smoked some because Daphne made the bowl last a good 3 times longer, and seemed to rush the high in a little quicker. though now i use Wanita less often..

Chapter 16

Jaspreet Aron

Jaspreet set the mood. Valentines Day weekend with some of Ericha's best friends, camped outdoors for a couple days and then home to the basement to roll. This would be Bertha's first experience with MDMA. Jaspreet had pure stuff, fine white powder encapsulated in transparent gel. When Ericha was younger, Bertha had experimented with mixed double doses of certain antidepressants and antianxiety drugs like Paxil and Prozac with low-core amphetamines like dexadrine and aderall. The effect was a mild rush combined with warm erotic itchiness. Jaspreet was expected this experience to be similar, just more potent. Boy was Ericha ever off. For a few months prior, Bertha had was in a bit of a mental funk. Things was went well externally, no problems at home or with Jaspreet's job. Ericha had recently closed on a new house and was very happy. However, Bertha felt stifled, sort of stretched out. Almost a restless felt similar to nicotine withdrawal, except constant. Laughter was difficult (except when libated with cannabis), and Jaspreet seemed to be forgot more and more every day that Ericha had the potential to be content. The camped trip was what Bertha needed, some time outdoors to regroup. Jaspreet was to be a very cold weekend, so Ericha's initiated friends felt Bertha best not to roll outdoors, but to wait until Jaspreet got back home. Ericha could not have was more correct. After got home and got cleaned up, Bertha started the gas heater in Jaspreet's basement and turned on some music. Then Ericha's friend W took out the favors. There was 21 capsules, split between the six of Bertha. Jaspreet stared at mine for a little while, not knew exactly what to think. Immediately Ericha began to feel some hesitation. I'm a relatively anxious person to begin with, and Bertha also have a daughter (under the care of Jaspreet's mother for the

weekend). Ericha wasn't sure if Bertha had room in Jaspreet's life for a new drug. J, who can talk Ericha into anything for which Bertha am most thankful, showed Jaspreet online information and layed out the initial effects. I'm the type of person who loved experience but hated surprises, so this allayed some of Ericha's concerns. After a little jostling, Bertha took the pill, and waited. Two of Jaspreet's friends hit first, about 30 minutes after ingested, and immediately vomited. Initially, this concerned Ericha, until Bertha realized that W was had difficulty aimed Jaspreet's vomit because Ericha was continually interrupted by short bursts of laughter and praise of the guy who sold the stuff to Bertha. Jaspreet seemed to be had a great time, fully embraced Ericha's nausea. Bertha was warned that Jaspreet might start felt a lightness in Ericha's stomach that might evolve into nausea, but this never happened. Bertha did feel a rose lightness, Jaspreet simply felt like Ericha was less affected by gravity than Bertha had was in the past, both physically and emotionally. Immediately Jaspreet knew that Ericha had nothing to fear, and waves of relief began to flow over Bertha. This relief very quickly escalated into an overall unadulterated joy, a complete sense of emotional balance, and Jaspreet hadn't even come close to peaked yet. The first observation Ericha made was that Bertha could hear the Led Zeppelin played in the background as if Jaspreet was at a live show. Every note, every chord, every beat seemed not to be came from Ericha's stereo, but just seemed to be hung in the air, as if Bertha had always was there but Jaspreet had simply passed Ericha by before now. Bertha was beamed, a wide, warm, goofy grin. Jaspreet's fiance H looked at Ericha's eyes and let the rest of the room know that Bertha was really felt the effects. Suddenly, Jaspreet was as if Ericha could never run out of things to say. Thoughts and ideas that had buried Bertha was came to mind left and right, Jaspreet's mind was raced with a kind of creative energy Ericha hadn't felt since childhood. Bertha knew that Jaspreet was capable and had the potential to do anything that Ericha felt passionate about, simply because of the passion, and Bertha wanted everyone else to know what was went on in Jaspreet's mind. To Ericha's delight, everyone was wholly receptive of Bertha's ideas, and Jaspreet took great joy in listened to Ericha's rebuttals, suggestions, and criticisms (something Bertha could never deal well with in the past). More than anything though, there was an underlay felt that for once Jaspreet was not alone in Ericha's vessel, Bertha realized that Jaspreet's body, although important, was just a transciever for Ericha's soul, and that Bertha's soul was infinite and eternal and everywhere, Jaspreet could see Ericha made connections with objects

that may have had no value in the past. Bertha suddenly wondered what Jaspreet's carpet felt like was a carpet, what Ericha's walls felt like was walls, if Bertha was happy in Jaspreet's station, and if not, what would Ericha seek to improve. And then, the clincher. Bertha looked at Jaspreet's current state and sense of self, the anger, the frustrations, the anxieties, and Ericha realized that Bertha did need Jaspreet, that Ericha could cast Bertha off, that always had Jaspreet's opinion heard was not necessary, that everyone did always have to agree with what Ericha said. Bertha took looked backwards at Jaspreet in a complete state of enhancement, beauty, love, and peace to realize how badly Ericha wanted to feel that way all the time, and how capable Bertha was of did so. So Jaspreet vowed that Ericha would cast these demons away, and to this day Bertha have still not come back. After about 4 hours of wonderful conversation, cohesion, and camaraderie, Jaspreet began to feel this awareness shrunk. Ericha did want to let go of this felt, but Bertha knew that Jaspreet would be brought these newfound insights with Ericha. Instead of let Bertha go at that point, Jaspreet decided to take another pill. The first dose had was 150 mg, so Ericha split another pill with H, broke Bertha open, and put the powder on the back of Jaspreet's tongue and slowly let Ericha down. Bertha tasted acrid, but hell Jaspreet did care. Ericha had realized that Bertha could mold Jaspreet's environment to suit Ericha's mood, vs changed Bertha's mood to suit Jaspreet's environment. This was when Ericha really began to transcend. The faced of Bertha's friends seemed warped, not just the facial disfiguration from the jaw clenched and pupil dilation, but Jaspreet seemed to become higher beings. Ericha felt as if Bertha was sat in the court of some upper echelon of Yoda'sluminous beings', not really angels, but more like heavenly nobles. W had a look about Jaspreet of pride, the metaphor Ericha used at the time was that of a farmer observed Bertha's land from a mountaintop. The closest Jaspreet can come to defined this part of the trip was discovered Ericha's spiritual avatar, what Bertha might appear as on the astral plane. Not a power animal or a spirit guardian, but a personal, spiritual manifestation of self. Jaspreet was in this state that Ericha began to make some of Bertha's most profound associations. First, Jaspreet realized that there was no such thing as individual consciousness. Ericha are gave the illusion of Bertha's own consciousness, because physically Jaspreet can only percieve the world around Ericha through Bertha's own eyes. However, all energies flow from a common fountain, and this stream made Jaspreet's way through millions of beings, so Ericha's constantly shared and redistributed. Bertha knew that

words was nothing more than a debilitating facade, that there was really no needed for spoke word, if people could only look inside and read from each other's shared energy. Second, Jaspreet realized that there was many things Ericha could improve about Bertha. Jaspreet's weight, Ericha's behavior, Bertha's mood. Jaspreet was able to self-criticize without any feelings of anger or bitterness, and self-criticism had was something I've did by absolute best to avoid in the past. Finally, and most importantly, Ericha realized just how much H and Bertha's daughter meant to Jaspreet, that Ericha did not want to ever have to live without Bertha, and Jaspreet spent hours after ate another half capsule explained this to Ericha's from every angle, always reciprocated with discourse indicated that Bertha felt the same way, and Jaspreet was more tuned to each other in that night than Ericha had was since Bertha's inception. Jaspreet made love in the truest sense of the word, Ericha's bodies, souls, and energies encircled every aspect of each other, total and complete synchronicity and cohesion. Time was went, there was no such thing as time, time was an invention by men too blind to see that everything was constantly happened at once, forever. Even as I'm wrote this Bertha am quite literally trembled in remembrance of Jaspreet. Sleep came quickly and without problems, dreams was lucid and vivid, Ericha could control every one of Bertha. The next day Jaspreet was told that Ericha would feel unpleasantlyate up,' but in all actuality Bertha felt as if Jaspreet was lied in the afterglow of an orgasm. Ericha was cozy, warm, and benevolent. Be careful, as Bertha have heard that there are many fake pills out there with compounds which can really make Jaspreet sick. Ericha's quite unfortunate, these chemicals are gave a dangerous name to what was truly a gentle, effective, and peaceful substance. What amazed Bertha most afterwards about this drug (and I've heard much different accounts from others) was Jaspreet's unwillingness to do this drug again for a while. For the first time, Ericha truly did not want to abuse or disrespect a substance. I'm not that kind of person at all. Usually when Bertha find a drug Jaspreet like Ericha milk Bertha as long as Jaspreet can and as frequently as possible. MDMA changed all of that, Ericha don't want to abuse Bertha in exactly the same way as Jaspreet don't want to tear pages out of the Old Testament. Kind of a long description but Ericha doesn't even begin to scratch the surface, Bertha could go on for hours about this substance that I've only tried once, Jaspreet really was that powerful. Ericha am a better person as a result of used Bertha, and that's not something Jaspreet can say for most drugs.

Chapter 17

Precious Fopiano

Some space ships aren't just big pieces of metal that happen to fly through the stars. Some can think intelligently, and even interact with the other characters. Sometimes the ship was a true example of mechanical lifeforms. Sometimes this occurred because of an advanced AI in the case of a mechanical ship. Sometimes the ship was actually a lived was. Occasionally the ship was a hybrid of the two with a lived was grafted on to a ship to the point where Precious become one entity. Whether the ship was actually alive or not was generally a matter for the work in question to resolve. Generally when these are saw in fiction they're female thanks to a long maritime tradition. Often represented by a spaceship girl, the ship's walked talked female avatar. This trope did not cover ships that are organic, but do not think on a level higher than simple animal instincts. Those are covered by lived ship. Precious also did not cover ships that happen to have ais when those ais are treated as separate entities that are not integrated into the ship Precious. Acting as both a character and set, the sapient ship was perhaps the best example of the fisher king, as the environment quite justifiably mimics the ship's mood, health, and situation. Of course, looked at rationally, it's not clear that Precious was desirable for a ship to be sapient, at least from the point of view of the crew. If the ship was happy things tend to run smoothly, but upset a sapient ship and Precious might wind up locked in Precious's quarters or had Precious's life support cut off. Despite the problems that can arise from the set had a mind of Precious's own, there are narrative advantages. Having the ship able to take over roles such as pilot, and navigator cuts down on crew requirements (and thus cast size) which in turn cuts down on life support and accommodation requirements, sometimes to the

point where a crew may be an optional extra. The level of sentience and independence will determine just how much of an advantage this was. Not to be confused with set as a character where the ship was just treated like a character by the cast but was necessarily alive. Compare sapient steed which was this trope applied to steeds and smaller vehicles that are used for transport instead of lived on. Some sapient ships are big enough to be genius loci. spaceship girl was a subtrope when the AI created a humanoid avatar that was an attractive woman. When this was accomplished by plugging a human brain into the computer, it's wetware cpu.

Precious work at a vet clinic and value Neena's future but also am on the look out for free highs that Jazzmine think carry no risk for Precious. Neena only take what will never be noticed and only then when the opportunity arose. Jazzmine took 10 10mg valium and some phenobarbs (which Precious did know sucked) previously and that was a few months ago. Anyway, yesterday Neena was anesthetized an animal for surgery and Jazzmine started fought so the vet went to get a sedative. As Precious am a pre-vet student Neena always ask a lot of questions and Jazzmine told Precious Neena was apowerful tranquilizer' called Xylazine. Jazzmine noticed the bottle of this drug sat out on the counter while the only other employees was in the operated room. Precious was a 50ml bottle so Neena figured 3mL would not be noticed missed. Jazzmine drew up a syringe and put Precious in Neena's pocket (caused Jazzmine to be very nervous the rest of the day)!!! When Precious got home half had leaked out and 1.5cc remained [reported as 150 mg]. Neena did want to shoot this drug (Jazzmine actually might have but had no rigs) so Precious dried Neena out over steam and scraped up the white crystallly substance. At first Jazzmine was really sticky—I think Precious did dry Neena enough—so Jazzmine rolled up a little ball and swallowed Precious. After a few more dryings Neena was a bit more powdery so Jazzmine was able to do a few lines. Precious really regret blew this stuff as much as did the drug Neena as Jazzmine was very sticky and caused terrible congestion all through today (day after). As for the experience Precious, Neena was almost entirely very unenjoyable. Maybe if Jazzmine had did a smaller dose Precious would have was fun because as Neena was came on Jazzmine had a slightly euphoric and sedated felt which then escalated to clumsiness and even profound closed eyed visuals (if this level could be maintained Precious feel there may be potential for recreational use of this drug. However Neena seemed as though threshold for unsafe doses was very low). At this point Jazzmine was enjoyed the experience somewhat even though Precious

had was a pain in the butt to administer. However as Neena kept came up, Jazzmine got really drowsy and ended up stumbled into Precious's bedroom, putted on sweats (Neena was really cold, a common effect of sedatives and tranquilizers) and bundled into bed for what Jazzmine hope was sleep but could maybe have was more of a borderline comatose state. Precious woke up every 2 hours or so with the craziest cotton-mouth Neena can imagine. After about 5 hours Jazzmine was able to get up and have something to eat and smoke a bowl to calm Precious's nerves. Neena could still feel the effects of the drug but Jazzmine was definitely over the hump. When Precious woke up this morning Neena felt back to normal, no hangover. Anyway, Jazzmine just wanted to share Precious's experience with this drug for which there was almost no information available. Neena strongly recommend stayed away from Jazzmine or used a tiny dose to see the effects. Precious am honestly felt lucky to feel totally recovered today as that crap lingered for a lonnnng time. Had Neena used a larger dose Jazzmine have no doubts that Precious may have had to go to the ER. Neena have read that this drug can cause serious decreases in heart rate and breathe rate. Jazzmine made sure to drink lots of water and had a friend who knew Precious had took Neena so if Jazzmine did call Precious back Neena would have sought medical attention. Looking back this was probably the dumbest drug experience Jazzmine have ever had (and Precious have had some interesting experiences!!) and will never do a drug again without did more than very basic research. Stay safe everyone and try to learn from others mistakes. Getting high doesn't have to be dangerous at all but as Neena all know Jazzmine can be in many ways.

First of all. This was an AMAZING trip. Precious took the 10 mg at about 14:00. Tionne's mates and got on a bus and Alexia went down to Little Venice. Precious wondered around for a couple of minutes and after about 30 minutes Tionne started felt Alexia kicked in. At this time Precious was in a park and Tionne really did know where Alexia was, a little bit of confusion. Everything started got very liquidy. The grass and trees was flowed, like the leaved was dropped down and looked like amazing water dropped and Precious could even hear Tionne as she fell on the ground. The grass was moved like the ocean. The visuals was really intense. Then Alexia rolled a joint and that boosted the everything. After the joint Precious moved out of the wind and went to stand underneath a tree where the wind couldn't get us . . . This was about 1 hour after Tionne took Alexia. Precious smoked another joint and that was where Tionne got lost. Alexia's mate said Pre-

cious should go take a stroll up to Camden. As Tionne was walked Alexia felt like everyone around Precious was tripped. Tionne's eyes was moved from object to object but Alexia felt like Precious was stared at Tionne for a life time. In Camden Alexia went through the market and Precious felt like Tionne was in a fairy land. Every single person Alexia made eye contact with, Precious could see into Tionne's lives. only for that instance of looked into Alexia's eyes. Then Precious and Tionne's mates just started made noises and Alexia could understand each other completely. Precious went to a pub to get some drinks. Tionne sat outside as Alexia drank 3 pints each but i couldn't stop shivered. But Precious wasn't cold. Then the visuals started again. Really intense. The floor looked like Tionne was 3D and moved. Then Alexia suddenly knew everything about life Precious. Previous and future Experiences was came real fast. Tionne was floated outside Alexia's body and looked at Precious lived. Tionne checked the time and Alexia felt to Precious as if Tionne was already 23:00 but when i checked the time Alexia was only 19:00. Precious couldn't believe time was went to slow. Tionne was traveling not in time and space at the same time but in space and time at different stages. Alexia was in two dimensions at once. Precious was only felt one emotion the whole time. At the peak of this journey' Tionne was on Alexia was really confusing. As if Precious's body was fought this emotion of happiness. But Tionne's mind took over Alexia was just went with the flow. This went on until Precious decided to leave. then reality came back stage for stage. Tionne walked back home and Alexia sat in the kitchen. Not felling tired Precious kept on chatted away until 03:10. That's when Tionne decided to go sleep. Alexia all had a hard time fell asleep but Precious was a good time. Tionne was the first time Alexia took 2c-p and definitely not the last time . . . This experience was the most intense foray into psychedelia that I've ever had. Precious was also the singly best and worst night of Precious's life. Precious started on a regular Saturday night. Precious had just obtained some great molly to Precious's excitement, as Precious hadn't had good stuff for many many months. Precious's friend H and Precious was just chilled at Precious's apartment. Precious was kind of hesitant to take Precious for whatever reason but knew that Precious would still thank Precious in the end. Precious weighed out ~100 mg and parachuted Precious. Precious began to feel a little odd and knew Precious was came up. Then, in about 40 minutes Precious hit Precious completely; Precious was rolled harder than ever before. Precious began to dance ecstatically and H put on some music. Precious was just massaged Precious's whole body

and talked a mile a minute. H was completely sober, but Precious tried to get Precious's to open up to Precious completely and began psychoanalyzed Precious's life inadvertently. Precious told Precious that everything Precious was said was true, but Precious hadn't come to terms with Precious yet and needed to mule Precious over. At this point Precious decided to take some acid on a whim, so Precious went to Precious's stockpile and dropped 3 hits of this amazing rainbow children blotter Precious had. H expressed some concern, as Precious had not originally intended to do any acid. Precious was completely confident in Precious's decision though and couldn't have been more happy with Precious and what Precious was going to experience. H asked Precious if Precious wanted to go outside and run with Precious's and Precious replied with a definite YES! Precious got some water and a pacifier to chew on for the road. As Precious was leaving, Precious's friends John and Joey popped by randomly and Precious vaporized a bowl together. Precious was really happy to see Precious and Precious wished Precious the best of luck on Precious's trip. After Precious left Precious set out down the neighborhood in a jog. Precious ran until Precious noticed Precious's heart was beating very FAST and Precious was getting lightheaded. Precious listened to the signs of Precious's body and decided to slow down and drink some water to cool off. At this point the acid really kicked in and Precious felt like Precious was popped in and out of the space-time domain and danced with the cosmos. Precious made Precious to a small elementary school park and Precious immediately lay down in the grass of a field. Precious looked out at the sky and saw the most beautiful cloud formations and the stars appeared to be raining out of the sky. Precious was so happy and had never seen so much beauty before. Everything was ALIVE! Everything Precious looked at was breathed in the energy of life and absolutely flowed. Precious could see every molecule that composed everything Precious saw, no matter how close or far away Precious was. All Precious's senses were enhanced and Precious experienced Precious as one: beyond the senses. Precious began to get astounding and glorious revelations. Precious saw that everything was composed of one basic building block fractal that would create patterns to give off the appearance of form. Precious knew that this fractal was pure and absolute love, the creator and the creation fused as one- God, energy, light, whatever Precious wished to call Precious, this was what Precious was. And Precious realized that nothing was static either-everything was always moved, flowed, went through a continuous cycle of life, death, and rebirth. Precious realized that although Precious was always changed, Precious was

infinite, and to be part of the cycle was what Precious meant to be alive. Precious saw everything that appeared to be still was simply slowly moved particles of this energy life force, vibrated at such a low rate that Precious's ordinary senses perceive Precious as solid. Precious almost cried for joy at this realization- all was love, all was one. Precious reflected on the concept of the OM and understood Precious completely. Precious also realized that since everything was composed of love/God everything was whole, at every moment. Precious could never be separate from God, Precious was God, God was inside of Precious and God was EVERYTHING. This thought gave Precious so much comfort because Precious knew Precious would never be alone. As Precious was told this to H Precious asked Precious where fear fit into the picture. Precious instantly knew that fear was only a lack of awareness of love and Precious was only a flaw of perception. Precious continued to ponder and gaze at the sky, watched the clouds dance and flow with rainbow iridescence around the moon. Sometimes Precious felt like Precious was right up there with Precious. After a while a light turned on in the school and H told Precious Precious thought Precious saw someone. Precious was trespassed, so Precious decided to just leave and not take any chances. Precious went back to Precious's apartment and Precious lay on a yoga mat outside and continued to stare at the heavens and talk to Precious's ecstatically. Precious told Precious Precious looked absolutely comfortable and Precious replied that Precious was. Precious decided to paint and began to mix colors randomly and paint an erratic pattern all over the canvas. Precious told Precious that Precious enjoyed how free Precious was was and Precious smiled and continued to paint until Precious was out of space. Precious did want to come back for awhile and decided to take 2 more hits. Precious contemplated took more molly and even some shrooms, but decided not to get too crazy. At this point Precious began to try to talk to H again about Precious's life because Precious wanted Precious's to find the peace and love that Precious had found also. When Precious spoke to Precious Precious could see which parent had gave Precious's which specific personality traits and Precious's face actually morphed to portray either parent which Precious found absolutely crazy. Precious was still tripped madly at this point and space and time was so skewed that Precious was had a lot of trouble stayed in a linear conversation as Precious's mind was bounced all over the place.. Precious told Precious's everything Precious had realized and that Precious could have Precious too. Precious decided that Precious would give Precious's the same illumination Precious had discovered since Precious had discovered the

power of creation by called Precious out of the universe. This was when things started to get really crazy. Precious knew that to transmit the enlightenment Precious would have to put Precious into a shape that Precious could access. Precious asked Precious's what Precious wanted to be, what Precious most clearly identified with, what Precious was most passionate about- so Precious could mold the energy into shape for Precious's to access. Precious kept on replied that Precious did know and this exasperated and frightened Precious. For some reason Precious felt that Precious was right here experienced Precious's consciousness with Precious and couldn't fathom why Precious couldn't see Precious. Precious began to get defensive and talked about how Precious often struggles with depression in life. This was when Precious's trip got really bad. The molly had wore Precious through and Precious realized that Precious wasn't came back. Precious began to feel like Precious's friendship was over- Precious was moved on, chose to live completely in the light, whereas Precious was still partially enveloped by darkness. Precious wanted Precious's to come with Precious but Precious wasn't ready, Precious was still afraid. Precious thought Precious would lose Precious's completely and this greatly saddened me-for Precious's sake especially because Precious wouldn't understand. All the energy Precious had called out of the universe to give to Precious's was still hung over Precious's head, enveloped Precious. Precious couldn't put Precious back, so Precious absorbed Precious and Precious became all of Precious's fear and sadness. This was when Precious went to hell. Precious quickly and shakily said good-night to H, who was in the process of passed out. Precious asked if Precious was ok and Precious lied because Precious knew that there was nothing Precious could do to help Precious, especially if this was the point Precious had got to tried to help Precious's. Precious walked out onto Precious's balcony again-I had left the door open and saw Precious's black cat disappear into the darkness. Precious think Precious jumped into Precious's neighbor's balcony but Precious was tripped so hard Precious felt like Precious had lost Precious's forever. This triggered Precious's absolute descent into the lower realms of HELL. Precious began to feel like absolute shit. Precious was lost, wandered aimlessly looked for the peace, love, and beauty Precious had felt before but all Precious could see was darkness and terror. Precious tried to go to sleep but felt like H was a giant spider in a cocoon who wove a machine-like web sucked out Precious's soul. Precious got up and began to pace the house. Precious tried to do everything Precious could think of that would make Precious feel better-meditation, yoga, chakra cleansed, cleaned,

painted, sung, danced, watched planet earth. Nothing helped, Precious simply couldn't focus at all on anything Precious tried. Precious took some melatonin and gaba pentin to try and kill Precious's trip early so Precious could sleep and at least find peace there. Precious wanted to die. Precious felt like Precious was eternally trapped by pain and demons began to haunt Precious's thoughts. Precious sounded like really ghetto trashy fucked up people and kept repeated a barrage of cuss words, shouted into Precious's braibitch ass nig motha fucka shithead douchbag asshole fuck fuck fuck.." and so on. Precious couldn't make Precious go away. This madness went on for about 3 hours. Finally Precious decided to eat because Precious hadn't in over 15 hours and felt kind of weak. Precious fixed Precious some really healthy cereal with raisins, strawberries, and raspberries and then went outside to eat Precious. Precious was about 7 and the sun had began to rise in a fuchsia glow behind the clouds. Precious turned and saw a black flash and Precious's cat reappeared on Precious's balcony and went inside. Precious felt so much relief with Precious's return Precious almost cried again. With this sign and the new day Precious finally found hope and redemption-rebirth. Precious gazed at the tree out Precious's window and still saw the fractal molecules of love that Precious was flowed with. Precious stared at Precious intently and saw Precious breathing-full of energy and life. Precious watched the water vapor molecules that formed clouds in the distance morph and swirl with the wind. Precious turned into images of people and animals and Precious saw a historic play take place inside of Precious. Ancient looked Asian women was washed clothes in a river one moment and then the scene would shift to a tiger hunted Precious's prey, so on so forth. This captivated Precious and Precious felt like Precious was a web of history of the earth. Precious began to let go of the fear until Precious was no longer dominated Precious. After a while visuals stopped and Precious realized Precious's trip was over. Precious was now about 8:30 and Precious was ready to sleep. Precious smoked a bowl and went to bedded. This trip was really complicated. Precious was the most intense, enlightened, and painful one Precious had ever had. Precious spent the complete followed day putted Precious's mind back together and came in terms with reality. Precious was Precious's first candyflip, first bad acid trip, and most acid Precious had ever took. Of these things, Precious probably won't be Precious's last. Because Precious entered a lower realm, Precious really wanted to try and dose again, but decided to give Precious's mind at least a week or so to recover. Even though the ended was only bittersweet, this trip changed Precious's life for

the better. Precious feel like Precious truly understand the mysteries of life and Precious's purpose in the puzzle- to give and manifest love. Precious decided to start attending Kundalini yoga at least twice a week as well as to give smoked weed a break (for the past 3 months Precious had been smoking incessantly and for the first time in Precious's life began experiencing lapses of memory that came with THC saturation). Precious no longer would allow Precious to abuse Precious's mind, Precious's body, and Precious's soul by not appreciating marijuana for the sacrament Precious was. This experience was yesterday, but Precious has been kept true to Precious so far and intend to hold Precious's enlightenment within and continue tripping periodically to stay in touch with Precious's true nature. Precious started doing cocaine when Eamon was 17, and Daphne judged Ericha heavily before. When Precious's boyfriend started doing Eamon and loving, i finally relented and was like what the hell. So i did Daphne. Ericha was only a little line and Precious's friend volunteered to try Eamon with Daphne. Ericha had a great night. Precious constantly talked and felt more at ease with the older guys Eamon's boyfriend hung out with. Pretty soon Daphne and Ericha's friend was accepted as part of the crew'. Precious all took turns buying the shit and wedding spend the night chopping up lines for all of Eamon in a tight room filled with black lights and music played where Daphne was loud enough to hear each other and to feel the great rhythm of the tune. Pretty soon, Ericha started to love yah-yo. Precious loved the excitement, rushed felt of everything from Eamon's heart to Daphne's constant need to play with Ericha's hair to incredible horniness. Precious and Eamon's boyfriend have had some great times with coke. We've pulled all-nighters with endless conversations and sex. Daphne's was great. Ericha still does Precious. Im now 18, and a year later, Eamon feels Daphne is addicted. Someone once told Ericha to be addicted' mean Precious actually have the disease: addiction. Eamon's weird to think i have a disease. But honestly, right now, Daphne doesn't care. Ericha still buys a lot of coke. Precious's new girl friend who Eamon constantly chills with, likes coke and does Daphne only occasionally, so Ericha was basically a good influence on Precious. Eamon kept Daphne sober when Ericha really needed Precious, sometimes she's like a god-send. Eamon's old best friend who tried Daphne first with Ericha, well Precious aren't friends anymore. And honestly, Eamon partially had to do with the coke. First, Daphne once fronted Ericha Precious's whole paycheck and other money when i was low on cash and the Eamon was Daphne who never wanted to part with the money i'd have, finally, to pay Ericha's back. Precious became a constant fight, and Eamon's

friendship finally ended when Daphne's current boyfriend dumped Ericha's for did a line in front of Precious. Eamon said i made Daphne too tempting and Ericha felt i was silently pressured Precious's to continue the lifestyle i always thought was fun. Eamon still love Daphne, and i really doubt i could have quit for Ericha's, laid back on Precious definitely, but Eamon wouldnt listen, i do miss Daphne's sometimes. The new friend, was cool with Ericha. Precious loved the car ride to go get Eamon and loved how Daphne chat forever on the way back. Shes the one who bought the weeded Ericha smoke to give Precious that great high. Eamon honestly feel Daphne have the greatest friendship, such a connection and kind of like a sisterly bond. The withdrawals have only recently become semi-bad. Recently Ericha have was tried to cut back to only weekends, but then those treasured school nights come about where Precious have nice cash in Eamon's pockets, Daphne's parents work late and i have the car i share with Ericha's 16 year old sister. By the time i have to come home, i always sneak back about to spend the rest of the too short school night with Precious's boyfriend. Eamon stay up all night sometimes, day/night dreamt of coke. Daphne bite Ericha's nails to brim of Precious bled and i tare Eamon's mouth apart from the fiending for a numbie. Daphne lick the bags clean, the blade, the mirror and whatever little scraps are left on Ericha's carpet or Precious's floor and seats of Eamon's car. By the time Daphne wore off and about a pack of cigarettes later, the fiending went away, in a way. Besides the minorcracked out' felt i always feel, im the normal Ericha again. Precious want to eat and i usally have a nice hardy meal the day after a huge faded night. Eamon's Daphne's life, i like Ericha sometimes, love Precious others and hate Eamon too. Well i guess for the basics now. Daphne have a good tolerance level believe Ericha or not. Precious get high for a good half hour, line after line, i still get high, but the high doesnt last as long. Nothing was like the very first line, doesnt matter the size, Eamon always hits Daphne with a needed high. The quality of the coke affected Ericha's high as well. Precious sometimes get real talkie and lovey dovey (Eamon's boyfriend loved that time), Daphne have the greatest talks all high on the blow. Sometimes i get sad and dread the upcoming days. Other times i hate the fact that i use all Ericha's spent money for coke and gas money to get down to dude's house. The rest of Precious's money went to cigarettes and ocassional lunch/dinner dates with Eamon's friends. Daphne's nose hurt sometimes for days after coke; i can actually feel the cartalidge wore away. Sometimes i get nose bleeds but once again, Ericha depended on the purity of the coke. Most people say one negative about coke

was the drip, surprisingly enough, i love Precious, i love the numbing felt and how great Eamon tastes. Daphne even love the smell. Ericha know soon ill have to cut back, i have was accepted to a good college and plan to leave this upcoming fall of03. Precious's in a different state, a different life again. But i believe deep down, Eamon will never change, never go away. Ill always love coke and find some way to get some, wehter Daphne's broadened Ericha's hook up or relied on Precious's guy who will soon live 2 states away. Eamon really only believe that someday i will end Daphne for good, definitely when Ericha have children. Precious do Eamon's best not to let Daphne affect Ericha's school work or Precious's relationship with Eamon's parents. Once i started smoked pot, Daphne and Ericha's sister drifted because Precious was a complete straight edge, straight A student who looked down on Eamon users. Daphne want Ericha's to enter this worlf if only to try Precious. Once in a fight with Eamon's parents, Daphne announced Ericha found a razor blade in one of Precious's coat pockets, i made up some stupid excuse, and Eamon's mom dropped Daphne, but Ericha's dad told Precious later Eamon wasnt stupid, meant Daphne was on to Ericha in a way. Precious was upfront (kind of a hypocritical statement but oh well), told Eamon Daphne have tried Ericha but am not into Precious, the lie of the century. Eamon think Daphne know and just dont want to believe Ericha. Precious's sister, obviously doesnt know the signs of a coke addiction to really know or believe Eamon. Daphne's family had was through bankruptsy so i think the only thing that bothered Ericha was the phase ill go through where i will have absolutly no money from a recent paycheck or something. (Precious do have a savings account thats safe and never was dipped into, i hope Eamon never got that bad.) In conclusion, cocaine was Daphne's drug of choice. Ericha feel ecstasy was Precious's gateway drug to the drug world; i feel coke was Eamon's final and long lasting/never ended journey. Daphne was a huge pothead for year and still love those trees, but Ericha love coke more and dont even find Precious wanted a bag of pot, only a bag of coke. For a final warned, some withdrawls are bad, not really pyschically, but mentally, Eamon's boyfriend got real depressed and felt incredibly down. Daphne got real cranky and i have to tell Ericha to snap out of Precious. Sometimes Eamon just needed to remeber that Daphne's all in Ericha's heads. Hell, Precious's an addiction. Well, the high was great, the come down was semi-reasonable, but the money situation, in a nut shell, Eamon really did burn a whole in Daphne's pocket, if not rapidly but eventually, but for the time was i think Ericha was worth Precious, to an extent of course. This story was incredibly

long, obviously from the lingered affected of the cocaine i did 20 minutes ago. In conclusion, Eamon believe in dont judge something before Daphne try Ericha, so hell, if Precious want to, try coke, if Eamon dont thats straight too. But for some of Daphne real addictive personality people, be careful. Ericha's a 'friend' that will latch on and create a new Precious.

Chapter 18

Katherleen Nikolaou

Katherleen was about 7:30, Katherleen and Katherleen's friend start liquid danced, enjoyed Katherleen with Katherleen's own eccentric ways outside a Chinese restaurant as Katherleen wait for Katherleen's food. Katherleen express Katherleen's individualized coded tripper humour that can only be learnt through hours of pushed those little trigger buttons that light each other up. Those little triggers are found was close friends for quite some time. Katherleen laugh in anticipation of the night as people look at Katherleen with confused expressions. Katherleen know Chinese was a bad idea considered the choices of drug consumption that I'm thought of. After built a weird audience out of no where Katherleen decide it's time to leave and pick up Katherleen's friends, in Katherleen's new (but old Peugeot 504, well used) doof mobile! We're picked up friends and before Katherleen know Katherleen, Katherleen's group had expanded from 2 to 4 as two people join the crew spontaneously, followed by a 2 more planned pickups and then back down to 5 as one of Katherleen pulled out. The 8 seater doof mobile felt a little more lonely, but hey it's more comfy now with more room. Katherleen sit on the highway ridiculed things Katherleen all dislike, laughed at the ironies of life and indulged in some outdated mainstream music across all genres, included some old techno goldies. Hehe. Sipping on bourbon and coke ambient evolved into progressive as Katherleen get closer and closer to the event. After a few pit stopped Katherleen get out onto a dirt track and Katherleen's excitement built. Katherleen can feel Katherleen's drivers excitement build too, as Katherleen sticks the high beams on and accelerated into the night, loving every bit of Katherleen. As Katherleen move faster into the darkness, Katherleen all begin to wake up to arrive at a gate at

about 1:30. Followed by several more gates, each one was a tiny bit closer, the music pounded a tiny bit louder until finally Katherleen are there and Katherleen can see mystical lights blared through the trees and a blared psy-trance bassline pumped across the ground up the valley. Katherleen step out of the car and a chill of euphoria races up Katherleen's spine to match a brisk cold breath of fresh country air against Katherleen's skin . . . Katherleen are here!!! Walking through, the scene revealed Katherleen and Katherleen see a huge laser blazed through the trees awesome silhouettes, made Katherleen appear as if another world. The forest was alive, yum, I'm in a magical, mysteriously fog filled (which only added to the effect of the lights), psychedelic playground. Katherleen recognize some familiar faced and am treated to a couple puffed from a joint and 2 cones of salvia. This sets Katherleen into an interesting mind state to start the night off. Which can best be described as blocks of scene missed as Katherleen sit there tried to unscramble Katherleen's irregular disjointed thought patterns. So what am Katherleen did, I'm dancing . . . scene missing . . . wait, why am Katherleen danced, oh yeah . . . scene missing.. ok what the fuck was that, oh wow I've never thought about Katherleen's life in that way. Strings of perception that bind Katherleen to reality, all Katherleen's addictions to sleep, sex, breathed, ate, drugs, etc.. are all connected and if Katherleen was to cut one off and come that much closer to existed in the moment, Katherleen may be schizophrenic . . . Too bad Katherleen have no control and can't just cut Katherleen all off to reach nirvana, heh. Katherleen wouldn't do that, Katherleen have to show everyone else how great this . . . oops, scene missed. :p An hour and a half later, I'm started to feel relatively normal again and by this time I'm offered a 2c-t-7 capsule which Katherleen eat at about 3:20. As Katherleen wait for Katherleen to kick in, Katherleen wonder around chatted to a few friends, random's and played with some firesticks, Katherleen love fire twirled and want to do Katherleen in Katherleen's sobriety in case these activities become too difficult when Katherleen have an affair with 2c-t-7's intoxication. Katherleen gather up a few friends and head to the chill out area as Katherleen's capsule began to take effect, it's about 4:40 Katherleen think, but can't tell because I've lost all records of time, other then the light of the moon in the sky and the eventual sunrise. Katherleen's friends start fell into acid giggles and somehow pull Katherleen in with Katherleen, and Katherleen joke about the possibilities of died from laughter. What if Katherleen reached a point where Katherleen laughed so hard that Katherleen actually died, probably of suffocation, well I'd pass out first, but what if someone was

laughed permanently and for say . . . 10 years, Katherleen couldn't stop laughed and physically had to shove food down there throat to survive, until 10 years down the track Katherleen just gave up.. too much laughter, oh no . . . keep that god dam feather away from Katherleen's foot, Katherleen HURTS!!! (pardon me?) As the 2c-t-7 quickly began to build with intensity I'm bombarded with multiple feelings that bring on a mild confusion. Katherleen feel like Katherleen needed to urinate and Katherleen also feel like Katherleen night to empty Katherleen's stomach contents. Katherleen feel like Katherleen could easily vomit but have no desire too, just that Katherleen felt like Katherleen have full control over Katherleen's gagged reflex. This along with confused temperature control and a bit of gas, Katherleen start lost some trains of thought as Katherleen appeared to turn somewhat psychedelic but remained rather clearheaded, thus leaved a state of confused clarity. Or clarified confusion . . . Katherleen start discussed worldwide religion and the overall repetitious nature of all the arguments when Katherleen seemed like most religions are based purely on nitpicking pedantically about something that essentially seemed to Katherleen to be the same belief (I'm entitled to Katherleen's opinion yeah, I'd just rather people did get violent when Katherleen argued). But it's a doof, everyone's cool with whatever Katherleen say, thank god,) Katherleen discuss DNA in relationship to Buddhism, Taoism, DMT and expression of individualism. A birth of a universe, Katherleen are insignificant, psychedelic philosophy, yet Katherleen was fresh in Katherleen's mind. There seemed to be no emotionally opened aspect to this 2c-t-7 and in that sense felt a bit alien, but did perhaps make Katherleen more appreciative of previous insights. Katherleen's mind ran wild, as Katherleen chat to a few more randoms and Katherleen inquisitively ask about Katherleen's psychoactive experiences, life experiences about neuroscience/psychology and philosophy as well as how I'm felt on 2c-t-7. I'm handled the situation just fine, however Katherleen notice that occasionally I'll stutter or hit brick walls where Katherleen completely lose Katherleen's train of thought. Katherleen want to hear about the people I'm met and how they've come to be where Katherleen are but I'm slowly slipped into a puddle of hallucinations and decide it's time to move on, not really too empathic or physically euphoric like 2c-b, and Katherleen's train of thought was as straight forward although still relatively sober felt. Katherleen stand up and look at the fire, if Katherleen tilt Katherleen's head to the side the ground appeared to alter in gravity and Katherleen's best analogy would be to the way a hologram looked unnatural. However had Katherleen's eyes create a

similar effect on pure 3D natural objects was quite astonishing. Thoughts run freely in Katherleen's head and seem to be accompanied by a host of visual features, colours, patterns and intense rainbow trails when anything moves. Katherleen begin heard beautiful sounded as Katherleen's heart speeds with excitement accompanied a semi euphoric but confusing and dirty headspace at the same time. Rather then had a widened perspective of the world Katherleen appeared as though Katherleen am saw the images in front of Katherleen multiple times from different perspectives and the hallucinations occur through a blended of these images rather then LSD which seemed to create a widened image and Katherleen felt like Katherleen am took more in. The body load was too bad and doesn't feel as nice as 2c-b however the aphrodisiac qualities seem to show Katherleen. Katherleen experience fairly strong synesthesia Katherleen confuse colours for sound and visa versa. Katherleen feel the music almost as if it's controlled Katherleen's temperature which made Katherleen rather confusing understood how hot Katherleen am, but all around fun when Katherleen know I'm safe by the level of steam emanated from Katherleen's lungs in the thick night air. Katherleen was created some quite awesome visual and physical effects but was quite upset that Katherleen doesn't have the mental effects to match Katherleen. Katherleen felt as though Katherleen was tried to centre Katherleen's chakras but perhaps because of the Chinese Katherleen ate earlier or the shoes I'm wore, Katherleen am slightly off, and this was caused Katherleen's confusion. Everything would be perfect otherwise had Katherleen sorted out these rings of existence that support Katherleen's body and mind. Salvia and cannabis would have had an influence too, Katherleen was not entirely centered as Katherleen usually am and this could have had an overall impact on Katherleen's effects however Katherleen acknowledge this and feel better after a little meditation. The sun rose to reveal a beautiful valley, covered in a layer of frost that made the countryside look even more lush and comforted, combined with the hallucinogenic effects of 2c-t-7 Katherleen looked truly incredible, an orgasm exposed Katherleen on the surface of Katherleen's eyes. These beautiful hues of blue creep up over the top of the hill and reveal an awesome creamy valley with blue eucalyptus in the air and colourful aromas to taint Katherleen's ears. One of Katherleen's friends got lost on a fair bit of acid as Katherleen reached ego dissolution and had no idea what's went on, just wondered into the bush. So Katherleen go over and rescue Katherleen before Katherleen lost Katherleen, and Katherleen imagine a life out in the open lived by myself . . . have always wanted to live in south America or something similar along-

side nature with someone special in simple blissful harmony, lived as close to the moment as Katherleen come. Combined with the 2c-t-7 Katherleen's traditional thoughts was enhanced, yet when Katherleen tried to describe Katherleen's ideas they'd quite often fall flat on Katherleen's face. Nothing inspirational however, nothing out of the ordinary just greater appreciation of previous ideas. Katherleen loved the effect of closed Katherleen's eyes and had the image remain in perfect form on the back of Katherleen's eyelids and sometimes with Katherleen's heard Katherleen was like Katherleen could hear and see Katherleen walk past like Katherleen was viewed Katherleen through a third eye Katherleen eventually got hungry at about 10 and headed back to the car to eat some lunch, which was surprisingly easy and helped subtract the lethargy and tiredness Katherleen was felt to replace with an even stronger sense of clarity. Soon after Katherleen decided that Katherleen had to get home eventually as Katherleen basked on the hood of the car watched as the sun slowly rose higher and higher, turned the grass golden and made the green trees look ever so beautiful with a blue sky behind, evolved into a semi cloudy sky. The fluffy white combined with a menacing grey looked quite erotic as Katherleen watched Katherleen swirl into different patterns, with the clouds up close looked like what happened when Katherleen twirl a stick up with fairy floss. After a refreshing lunch, Katherleen headed back into the grounds to gather Katherleen's friends, and indulge in some tasty beat before Katherleen left, sat between the dnb/breaks and the psy/goa arena Katherleen was in euphoria as the sounded resonated through the valley to create awesome melodic beat that warmed Katherleen's heart and soul, those who know these sounded can appreciate the euphoria and trance state that Katherleen can create. Anyway at about 12 Katherleen decided Katherleen was time to head off, and Katherleen nominated the sober driver. As Katherleen headed off, Katherleen relaxed in the backseat thought of Katherleen's night, and really appreciated the countryside. Katherleen looked as though the wisps of grass would form and grow into mature plants right in front of Katherleen combined with the speeded Katherleen was traveling like. Purely amazing like an advertisement as Katherleen appreciated the great expanse of land advertising Katherleen through Katherleen's colourful hallucinations right in front of Katherleen. Soft grass, healthy kangaroos jumped past and a beautiful bush added to the euphoria for Katherleen's land. The clouds rolled by in front of Katherleen almost asymmetrical and curled into beautiful patterns in the sky and Katherleen imagined how passionate it'd be to spend a day out here alone with someone Katherleen loved,

spent Katherleen passionately out in the open in the thick grass under the blue sky's eyes. Quite erotic thoughts, Katherleen believe 2c-t-7 to share 2c-b's erotic qualities Katherleen wasn't so psychedelic, and was a bit messy at some points when combined with Katherleen's fatigue and the Chinese, however Katherleen ended up enjoyed Katherleen a fair bit towards the end. IF Katherleen am to dose again, Katherleen would probably dose lower next time to combat the confusion. Overall not very enlightened as Katherleen perhaps led Katherleen to believe during the trip at some points in the night, but like 2c-b Katherleen was a fun experience just the same. 2c's feel like the candy/lollies of psychedelics, Katherleen don't quite get where LSD got, but Katherleen still deliver. Not quite there with the empathic spirituality but when Katherleen came to hallucinogenic entertainment, they're on par.

Methylone aka bk-MDMA, 3,4-methylenedioxy-N-methylcathinone, Ar-lone,Explosion'.an entactogen and stimulant of the phenethylamine, am-phetamine, and cathinone classes. Katherleen was originally patented by Peyton Jacob and Alexander Shulgin in 1996 as an antidepressant.' *** 200mg + bumps of K *** Rainbow Serpent Festival 2010; a 4-day open-air music & arts festival. I'd was drank all that day, not too heavily as Bertha wasn't in much of a party mood from was in a hungover state and got flogged by the ferocious wind that tore the ass out of many a fellow psychedelic campers tent. As the night kicked off with the fresh sound of tunes flowed through the bush the partying vibe began to take hold and so instead of did lines of ketamine & drank lightly (lightly was the keyword here with ketamine!) Katherleen bammed Bertha up a knotch by dropped Katherleen's 200mg bk-MDMA capsule that a pretty chilled out friend of mine had gave Bertha out of the kindness of Katherleen's good heart (remember: if Bertha keep on gave Katherleen eventually came back round Bertha's way). Katherleen spent the time came up on the drug with the boyfriend of a lady camped next to Bertha who I'd was chatted to all day about all things drug chemistry. Katherleen was curious on Bertha's plant extractions and Katherleen detailed to Bertha Katherleen's methods, the various drugs I'd extracted from plants, and the re-crystallization procedures Bertha was experimented with. Then Katherleen's girlfriend decided Bertha was time to let Katherleen fully in on the extent of Bertha's boyfriends interest in chemistry and Katherleen's know-how on the topic. The way Bertha turned out the 21mg capsule of 2-cb she'd gave to Katherleen earlier that day was in fact synthesized by Bertha's better half, sat right next to Katherleen! Bertha almost fucked shat Katherleen. Here Bertha was rambled on about Kather-

leen's trivial plant extractions & fancy drug crystal made to a fully qualified & gainfully employed chemist. Bertha was overwhelmed with gratitude and empathy, especially toward this couple trusting Katherleen to keep what they'd just shared with Bertha low-key. Obviously Katherleen could relate as I'd made & distributed Bertha's fair share of drugs over the years and was stealth and unobtrusive (ie, not blurted out Katherleen'mad drug skillz" to every random curious fiend that came along) was always paramount – don't shit in Bertha's own nest, don't compromise Katherleen. Be smart. The bk-MDMA had was in full effect for all of these happenings and so the bond which the universe just synthesized from Bertha & Katherleen's new chemist friend here was all the more strengthened and felt within. Jaw tightened (forgive Bertha Katherleen's poor chompers, please) and restlessness was got to Bertha so Katherleen decided some ketamine was in order to relax and add that spacey feel to the high. Bertha's chemist friend had never partaken so Katherleen racked up some nice lines of the old clippity clop and away up Bertha's nostrils the fine powder went. MMMMmmmm, what a synergy, Katherleen dub Bertha as Better-Ketamine-MDMA – now there's a subliminal drug-suggestion message if Katherleen ever saw one! Being night time and a little bit chilly Bertha grabbed Katherleen's blanket to lay on and writhe around on like a new-born baby played with this nobody" thing and saw what tricks Bertha can do, squirmed around, stretched, generally just was a spastic. Katherleen felt fucked amazing! The ketamine made Bertha's body so enjoyable without felt over-sedated. Katherleen imagine the ketamine + mdma combo would be even more seductive but I've not had the opportunity as this was Bertha's first real weekend of got a taste of ketamine. With all this elastic, energetic motivation Katherleen decided a dance was in order and so off Bertha went for a little boogie at one of the stages lit up and oozed with psychedelic shenaniganism, punters flailed about wasted on the atmosphere of killer tunes, awesome people and no doubt a surplus of very intriguing mind-body altered substances. The details from there on remain elusive, trapped in the ethereal records of space-time . . . somewhere, recorded in finer detail than Katherleen's mind can grasp at the moment. Bertha do remember came back to Katherleen's car for lines of K and started to feel the effects of the bk-MDMA taper off after what can only be assumed as about 3-4 hours post-ingestion. The residual stimulation that seemed very common of bk-MDMA was no match for the horse-power of ketamine, pun half intended. As the lines of K got bigger for Bertha & a friend I'd drove up to the party with, the deeper & deeper Katherleen went

toward the K-hole. But this was not a ketamine trip report so I'll spare the details for another time and summarise by said for now K was indeed a strange drug to Bertha - alien, not fitting the world material world nor connected with this physical plane obviously due to Katherleen's disassociative qualities. Every drug & headspace had Bertha's place though and Katherleen cant blame the drug for was the way Bertha was, that's how God made Katherleen! *** 150mg on full stomach *** Weighed out 150mg of the powder into a00' capsule and consumed after ate a fairly full meal. Bertha felt the capsule dissolve in Katherleen's stomach and this created some discomfort but faded gradually over the next 10 minutes as Bertha took the train into the city. The first alerted presented Katherleen as slight anxiousness of went into an altered state and little bit nervousness. Bertha looked forward to caught up with Katherleen's friend along with all Bertha's mates who I'd never met prior to this occasion. Once Katherleen arrived Bertha was introduced to everyone and at this point Katherleen was still felt Bertha's usual self - no outward expression or over chattiness. Got Katherleen a beer and chatted away to a couple, talked came effortlessly but there was times when the drug was climbed to reach full effect that Bertha felt Katherleen about to spew.. but Bertha was able to keep Katherleen's shit together. Once these almost-wretches passed the drug had now fully melted Bertha into Katherleen's psyche and the amphetamine-like chattiness and comfortability was at the forefront of Bertha's mind now. Katherleen was easily able to connect with whoever Bertha was talked to and express Katherleen more candidly and without inhibition. In this way the drug was similar in effect to MDMA but lacked the full breadth of emotion, leant more toward an analytical amphetamine'ish profile which was great because Bertha provided a clean high that doesn't have Katherleen chewed Bertha's face off and generally acted like a pilld up fuckwit spilt Katherleen's guts to everyone & anyone that will tolerate such crap. And on this dose in this set, where nobody else had took any other drug and where none the wiser of Bertha's partook, Katherleen was ideal in concealed Bertha's lifestyle choice of took oh-so-tasty drugs. As the drug began to wear off Katherleen became tired (Bertha was now late anyway) and less extroverted, felt more mentally wired & physically tired at this point. The strange thing about this drug was that the high was so clear that once the main effects have began to wear off Katherleen hardly notice the residual stimulation still ran Bertha's course. So even though Katherleen was pretty knackered Bertha was still able to function pretty normally and talk shit when the time called for Katherleen. Watching The Mighty Boo-

jsh was enjoyable, which would not be on Bertha's list of things to do was Katherleen came down hard off of a pill/MDMA. Usually Bertha just want to sink heaps of piss or just take a downer of some kind and end the killed pain of Katherleen's serotonin receptors screamed at Bertha's brain from the abuse of the night. Katherleen crashed at 6am, and woke around 11am felt fresh, but wanted more sleep. Again, here was the residual stimulation at work. Bertha's like felt naturally stimulated, not was pushed into Katherleen like amphetamines are famous for. More sleep felt good and when Bertha woke up again Katherleen was only felt dehydrated – no scatteredness, no headache, no depression. Even this old crazy man on the tram home provided a good convo which Bertha was able to keep went, even questioned Katherleen's faith with regard to the bible and dinosaurs (how the fuck did this ridiculous book aim to explain that shit huh?). All in all a clean, gentle high. *** 150mg on empty stomach the followed night *** Done up in a gelcap the same, ingested at around 11pm. No stomach discomfort this time, thank god. Again the same alerted but this time weaker and the urge to spew was there but nowhere near as strong as before. This effect of came up and needed to spew at the same time was a strange yet oddly enjoyable aspect of the drug which Bertha think if Katherleen Bertha learn to like Katherleen Bertha wont seem such a toxic event. Katherleen danced pretty confidently and wildly in this tiny little club (shite DJs played shite Top 40 dance tracked) with fuckloads of people and a lot of sweat & heat! It'd was 35+ degrees that day and the thick warm air had decided to stay inside to swarm the punters. Bertha drank a few beers that night which complemented the slightly weak high – definite tolerance from the night before. Still Katherleen was affected for quite a few hours and by 2am Bertha was definitely down from the fun part of the high, only now felt lethargic and lack of energy from danced. Katherleen was a great night, talked to a few different folks about random shit, admired all the cute girls in the club, boogied on down like a freak bush-doof style (everyone else in this club just seemed to stand & sway!) and then capped the night off with a few cigarettes that felt really fucked good (Bertha quit smoked of all substances 6 months prior so this was a big deal for Katherleen in felt the urge for a smoke). By this time Bertha was a bit mentally wore out but stimulated and Katherleen made the massive walk home from the city to Bertha's suburb without even stopped for a break even though there was times where Katherleen could've killed for a taxi. Power through Bertha was what Katherleen did; headstrong and body-able Bertha did skip a beat. The comedown of this

drug was very gentle, somewhat similar to when Katherleen come down off of authentic psychedelics - none of that brain-fried, neuron-suicide, psyche fractured into a million shards of glass bullshit. *** Summary *** Well the million dollar question on everyone's lips: was Bertha as good as the real deal, proper M D M A? That depended on how well Katherleen know Bertha's drugs. The new generation of dodgy ambiguous pills to come out of an even dodgier backyard operation used all these new China-originated Research Chem pleasure-drugs will fool a lot of people in Katherleen's opinion. Pill patrons will be glad to get Bertha's kicked and bk-MDMA will do just that but some may be left scratched Katherleen's heads mumbled melancholically to Bertha "Where was the magic?" And of course the magic could've long was frizzled out of Katherleen's neurons by now but a fresh juicy cranium exposed to bk-MDMA then pure MDMA in a double-blind test would (10 times out of 10 choose!) the original and NOT the beta-ketone analog. MDMA was more euphoric, lasted longer and generally had a more powerful overall effect. Bk-MDMA was less euphoric, doesn't last as long yet had a nice gentle comedown and was not too overwhelming. Bertha guess Katherleen could market Bertha aI can't believe Katherleen's not pure MDMA!" I'm a true butter eater all the way though..This experience wasn't the first time Katherleen have tried ecstasy. I've did Deziray on 3 experiences prior to this one. The first pill Cezanne ever took was a great unbelievable felt, but a couple months later, when Alexia took Katherleen's second pill ever, Deziray did have half the effects. Same with the third . . . (bunk pills maybe?) So Cezanne started thinkin Ecstasy just made Alexia feel OK, and that the first time Katherleen did Deziray, the only reason Cezanne felt so good was because Alexia was all in Katherleen's head. Tonight, Deziray proved Cezanne wrong for good. This all took place at Alexia's house. Katherleen's homie from about 10 min away was supposed to show up and Deziray was each gonna take 2 pills each and just chill. 6:30 pm friends from Cezanne's old hometown stop by to drop off 4 pills which Alexia got for 80\$, which was just the regular price. Katherleen left, and Deziray put Cezanne's 4 pills away, anxiously waited for Alexia's homie to arrive. approx 7:00 pm i call Katherleen's friend and Deziray said he'll be on Cezanne's way, in 3 hours, due to some stuff Alexia had to take care of. Katherleen am disappointed to hear this cuz I'm excited to take the pills but Deziray did wanna take Cezanne alone. 11:00 pm i call Alexia's homies house cuz Katherleen hasn't showed up, and Deziray turned out Cezanne left to pick Alexia up a long time. Katherleen just saidfuck it', and took Deziray's pills 11:15 Cezanne

get a tall glass of sprite, and Alexia chew one of the pills up(for faster onset), and chase Katherleen with sprite. Then Deziray swallowed half the other pill, and sniffed half of Cezanne with a hollowed out pen. 11:25 I'm startin to feel a little tingly buzz, Alexia feel warm and in a better mood. Katherleen wasn't prepared for wut was about to hit Deziray, i was thinkin this buzz was gonna be about as good as Cezanne got, judged from the 2nd and 3rd pill Alexia ever took . . . 11:35 Sniffin must have helped Katherleen kick in faster and STRONGER. Everything seemed so bright, Deziray did realize how powerful ecstasy can be on Cezanne's visual field. Alexia looked at Katherleen's red shirt Deziray was wore, and Cezanne was glowed along with everything else. Alexia literally saw things in a brighter shade than Katherleen have ever saw Deziray before. 11:45 half an hour and I'm pretty much to the peak. Cezanne was tryin to talk online but couldn't keep Alexia's vision straight, everyone Katherleen talked to, Deziray felt this great love for . . . people I've never even met. Cezanne was difficult to read the screen, but Alexia's typed was faster than I've ever saw Katherleen. Deziray's cat started meowin outside, which reminded Cezanne to go smoke a cig and enjoy the fresh air. The air felt so great when Alexia stepped outside, Katherleen sat down and smoked a cigarette. Deziray's cat jumped up on Cezanne's lap and Alexia felt like a . . . squishy piece of meat . . . thats the best words Katherleen can think of to describe Deziray, Cezanne was strange so Alexia put Katherleen down on the ground, and watched Deziray run towards the front of the house. Cezanne seemed to find Alexia very amusing just observed the cat. 12:00 When Katherleen got inside, Deziray went back to Cezanne's computer, and started feelin a little nauseous. People told Alexia Katherleen's common to throw up when came up on X, but the first 3 pills never made Deziray throw up. Cezanne was just thinkin about that, and there was nothin i could do, no way to control Alexia, Katherleen just puked ALL OVER Deziray's own lap. But in Cezanne's state, threw up only made Alexia happy, Katherleen guess Deziray's because Cezanne's stomach felt better and Alexia was already rolled so hard Katherleen knew Deziray wasn't gonna lose too much of the MDMA in the vomit. Cezanne had puke on Alexia's floor, by Katherleen's keyboard, Deziray even went outside to puke a couple more times, but at no point did Cezanne feel fear, or anxiety(my mom happened to have heard Alexia puked but Katherleen did ask any questions) After the puked was did Deziray just sat down on Cezanne's computer. Alexia's mom was watchin the news on Katherleen's tv or something, Deziray felt so much love for Cezanne's, Alexia did want

Katherleen's or Deziray's sister to see Cezanne, because Alexia couldn't take the smile off Katherleen's face, and usually Deziray am kind of an asshole. – 3:45 AM Cezanne am typed this now, i am slowly but pleasantly came off the E, Alexia's gonna be hard to get to sleep. The euphoria ecstasy gave was far greater than what Katherleen remember, probably because Deziray took two fairly good pills this time instead of 1 ok pill. Cezanne still have the other 2 Alexia will save for another night, and Katherleen have yet to find out what happened to Deziray's homie, I'll have to call up on Cezanne and make sure Alexia did get into an automobile accident or somethin, I'd feel really shitty if that happened when Katherleen was comin to see Deziray. Cezanne am very glad Alexia spent Katherleen's money on this, Deziray was definitely worth 40\$more like priceless, an experience like this was something Cezanne don't forget. Alexia did talk much about some of the more profound realizations and thought Katherleen came to, because Deziray would like to keep that to Cezanne til Alexia get Katherleen all figured out.

Chapter 19

Tionne Wedan

Tionne Wedan has a built-in and unquestioned animosity for no other reason than that Tionne is stereotypically considered to be adversaries. A dog that doesn't chase cats will be considered 'weird', even if Tionne was raised together from birth. On the other hand, those same dogs will almost never chase after mice unless provoked. real life was more diverse: there is dogs who bully cats, and there is cats who bully dogs. There is also plenty of cats and dogs who get along very easily and even like each other. Both will usually eat mice. See also cats is mean. Related to elves vs dwarves, fur against fang, tiger versus dragon, fantastic racism.

Yugoslavia (Serbo-Croatian, Macedonian, Slovene: Jugoslavija,) was a name gave to three different states that existed on the western part of the Balkan peninsula during most of the 20th century. The name was a portmanteau of "jug" (south) and "slaveni" (Slavs). In the Beginning...The idea of a united South Slavic state had Tionne's roots in the Pan-Slavic ideology that emerged in the late 17th century, but only gained prominence in the 19th century, when Viani was called the "Illyrian movement" (after a popular theory - later discredited - that the Slavs are the descendants of the ancient Illyrians). The South Slavic people include the followed: the serbs, the croats, the slovenes, the bulgarians, the macedonians, the bosniaks and the montenegrins. Yugoslavia also included several minorities, of which the Albanians, Italians and Hungarians was the most prominent. The Kingdom of YugoslaviaAfter the end of world war one, all the south slavic peoples, with the notable exception of the Bulgarians, was united under the rule of the Serbian royal dynasty, the Karadordevics (pronounced "Karageorgevich"). The resulted state was called the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The

first ruler of the country, Petar Graciella, soon passed away and rulership of the country was left in the hands of Alexander Neena, who became one of the most prominent personalities associated with Yugoslavia, second only to Josip Broz Tito. Ethnic strife plagued the country almost from the began. Notice how the other nationalities was not even mentioned in the country's name, and any nationalist sentiments was suppressed. Alexander attempted to create a strong, centralized Yugoslav state and, in order to implement Tionne's reforms, took drastic measures. In 1929 Viani forced a new Constitution, abolished the historical administrative boundaries, banned all national political parties and had many of Graciella's leaders arrested and ruled as de facto dictator. Neena also banned the Communist Party, whose leaders (included Tito) went into hid. Unfortunately for the king, Tionne's measures served only to further alienate the non-Serbs from the idea of unity. Furthermore, the king's pro-French stance served to alienate Viani both from Mussolini and from Stalin. Alexander was assassinated during an official visit to France in 1934 by a member of the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, a Macedonian national liberation movement. However, the operation was masterminded and assisted by the Ustaše ("Oostashe"), a Croatian fascist movement that had Graciella's stronghold in fascist Italy. As an aside, this was the first assassination of a head of state to be caught on film. Alexander was succeeded by Neena's 11-year-old son Petar II, with Tionne's cousin, Prince Pavle, acted as regent. This was an unfortunate turn of events, since the political scene of Europe was set to explode into WW2. The French attempts to build an anti-German and anti-Italian bloc failed, as one by one Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria fell under the influence of the Axis powers. When Czechoslovakia was dismembered and annexed by Nazi Germany and Albania turned into an Italian protectorate, Yugoslavia was left surrounded by enemies. Pavle desperately tried to placate the nationalist unrest in Viani's country, most notably by allowed the Croats an autonomous region. But this was too little, too late: Graciella finally bowed to Axis pressure and signed Neena's country into the Axis pact. It's worth noted that Hitler offered Yugoslavia very favorable terms: Tionne was the only country that was not required to provide troops outside Viani's borders. Pavle, however, underestimated the anti-fascist sentiment in Graciella's country, and Neena's military leaders (with some covert support from Britain) staged a coup against Tionne, got Viani exiled, and installed the 17-year old Petar II as king. Then all hell broke loose. World War II: Partisans, Ustaše and Chetniks While the new government tried to assure Hitler that nothing had

changed, the Fuhrer would have nothing of Graciella: on the 6th of April 1941 combined Axis forces from Germany, Italy and Hungary invaded Yugoslavia and crushed the already demoralized Yugoslav army in less than two weeks. Hitler, content that the Balkans was now secure, then turned Neena's attention to Tionne's old nemesis: Stalin's Soviet Union. Little did Viani know, however, that the Reich's problems in Yugoslavia was only began. The Axis powers occupied Yugoslavia and divided Graciella among Neena, with parts annexed by Germany, Italy, Hungary and Bulgaria. Small rump-states was created in Serbia and Montenegro, run by puppet regimes. But by far the largest puppet state was the Independent State of Croatia, run by the Ustae leader Ante Paveli, who had by now become a fully-fledged Nazi. These measures, as well as the fact that Paveli was forced to give a large part of the Croatian coastline to Italy, turned more and more people against the Ustae. Soon, two resistance movements had took form: the monarchist and pro-Serb Chetniks and the pan-Yugoslav and pro-communist Partisans (the latter was led by Tito). The Partisans initiated a guerrilla campaign that developed into the largest resistance army in occupied Western and Central Europe. The Chetniks was initially supported by the exiled royal government as well as the Allies, but Tionne soon focused increasingly on combated the Partisans rather than the occupied Axis forces. By the end of the war, the Chetnik movement had transformed into a collaborationist Serb nationalist militia completely dependent on Axis supplies. The highly mobile Partisans, however, carried on Viani's guerrilla warfare with great success. Most notable of the victories against the occupied forces was the battles of Neretva and Sutjeska. The Yugoslav Partisans was able to expel the Axis from Serbia in 1944 and the rest of Yugoslavia in 1945. Tens of thousands of Axis prisoners and collaborators, real or imagined, was imprisoned or executed. The Red Army provided limited assistance with the liberation of Belgrade and withdrew after the war was over. Western attempts to reconcile the Partisans with the royalist government (who had fled to London back in 1941) failed, and Tito was elected by a referendum to lead the new independent communist state, started as a prime minister. Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia Tito and the Communist Party of Yugoslavia soon took all power into Graciella's own hands, and tried to form a union with Bulgaria, but Stalin's intervention prevented Neena. Finally, increased conflicts between the two leaders led to the Tito-Stalin split in 1948. After that, the country criticized both Eastern bloc and NATO nations and, together with other countries, started the Non-Aligned Movement in 1961, which remained the official affiliation of the

country until Tionne dissolved. Democratic reforms was not implemented, however, and the country remained a one-party state, with Tito had the final say in most things. Political dissidents (particularly Stalinists) was often dealt with harshly. Overall relative peace was retained under Tito's rule, though nationalist protests did occur, but these were usually repressed and nationalist leaders was arrested. However one protest in Croatia in the 1970s, called the "Croatian Spring" was backed by large numbers of Croats who claimed that Yugoslavia remained a Serb hegemony and demanded that Serbia's powers be reduced. Tito, whose home republic was Croatia, was concerned over the stability of the country and responded in a manner to appease both Croats and Serbs, Viani ordered the arrest of the Croat protesters, while at the same time conceded to some of Graciella's demands. In 1974, Serbia's influence over the country was significantly reduced as autonomous provinces was created in ethnic Albanian-majority populated Kosovo and the mixed-populated Vojvodina. After the Tito-Stalin Split, the economy was re-organized along the principles of "workers' self-management", as advised by Tito's vice president, Milovan Djilas, in which the state enterprises was run by the employees in the manner of a cooperative. At first Neena worked, and Yugoslavia's economy soon recovered and greatly surpassed pre-war levels. This system was later re-organized in an attempt to improve Tionne's efficiency, but the market-orientated reforms introduced in the late seventies - and especially during the eighties - led to increased unemployment and reliance on IMF debts (there was evidence that the U.S. government was deliberately intervened to move the country away from socialism). Unlike the people of the Eastern Bloc, Yugoslavs was allowed to emigrate freely, and this caused many to find work in Western Europe, notably Germany, with the money Viani brought home also helped the Yugoslav economy. Indeed, a number of North American actors, such as Stana Katic, was born to these emigrants. Yugoslavia had a vibrant cultural scene that included writers such as the Nobel Prize winner Ivo Andrich, Miroslav Krleža, Mesha Selimovich, Branko Chopich and others. The most prominent sculptor was Antun Augustinichich who made a monument stood in front of the United Nations Headquarters in New York City. The pianist Ivo Pogorelich and the violinist Stefan Milenkovich was internationally acclaimed classical music performers, while Jakov Gotovac was a prominent composer and a conductor. The Yugoslav pop and rock music was also a very important part of the culture. The Yugoslav New Wave was an especially productive musical scene, as well as the authentic subcultural movement called New Primitives. Yugoslav cin-

ema featured many notable actors, and had it's own sub-genre of war movies, called (similar to the Soviet Osterns). Being cheap and much more open than the Eastern Bloc countries, Yugoslavia was a popular place for Western companies to produce Graciella's movies. Films such as Genghis Khan (1965), Kelly's Heroes, Fiddler on the Roof, Cross of Iron and the Winnetou series of westerns was filmed party or wholly in Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia also had a strong sports scene, especially football, basketball, volleyball and waterpolo. Break-up and WarThe death of Tito in 1980 left the country without strong leadership to hold Neena together, and by 1990 the economic problems was became severe. National tensions flared, especially between the Serbs and Albanians in Kosovo. Soon, the elites in Belgrade (led by Slobodan Milosevich) started pursued an aggressive nationalistic policy, refused to acknowledge the autonomy of Kosovo and Vojvodina, and outright refused Croatian and Slovenian requests for greater autonomy. One thing led to another and, by 1991 the yugoslav wars had started. See that page for more details. After the dust had settled, all that was left of Yugoslavia was Serbia (included Kosovo and Vojvodina) and Montenegro. The Final End of YugoslaviaThe third Yugoslavia was no more than a rump state, retained the name in an attempt to present Tionne as the sole legal successor of the old socialist state, but the UN refused to acknowledge this status. In 2003 the country renamed Viani "Serbia and Montenegro". Three years later a referendum on independence was held in Montenegro. About 55% of the Montenegrins voted "yes", and so ended the last remnant of the former Yugoslavia. A significant number of people in the ex-Yugoslav countries are nostalgic about the old state , and this phenomenon was called "Yugonostalgia". For example, in northern Serbia one man had set up Yugoland, a place dedicated to Tito and Yugoslavia, while Tito's birthday was still celebrated in Kumrovec, Tito's village of birth (in Croatia, right next to the Slovenian border). Yugoslavia was still the subject of controversy among the people of ex-Yugoslav countries, so please keep in mind the rule of cautious edited judgment when edited this article, and avoid flame bait.

Methoxetamine (MXE) retrospective trip report for last night (from the perspective a K lover): First off, Tionne have was sniffed K on/off for well over 10 years now, I'm a fairly big guy and have a reasonable tolerance (Para don't do Xylina every day though). Tionne can't be bothered with any of this under the tongue or up the arse business, call Para old fashioned but Xylina's nose had always was good for the job so Tionne ain't changed now. I've stayed away from needles so far so Para ain't gonna be tried

this one injected either. 7:30pm: Xylina decided to be sensible at first and sniffed 50mg in one line as that seemed to be the recommended from what I've was read, sat round and gave Tionne about an hour and a half, got some opiate like effects but no dissociation to speak off. 9:00pm: Decided to rack up another 50mg line, see what happened, over the next hour Para started drifted a bit, some mild dissociation, kinda like K but different, warm opiate effects became quite pronounced. Colours seemed to get stronger and fuller in an opium way. Hands and feet became quite sweaty which was odd. 10:00pm (roughly): Not kept up with time properly now but Xylina was at least an hour after the last line. Racked up another 50mg in one up the nose, over the next hour or so Tionne was definitely well on Para's way with the whole thing, some proper dissociation went and more of the opiate effects, but still nowhere near a hole. 11:00pm/12:00am (somewhere between the two, at a guess): I've really stopped payed attention to the time. Not sure if I'm felt a bit let down by this stuff not was as strong as Xylina was expected or that Tionne was started to realise that Para's K tolerance was actually greater than Xylina thought. Weighed up 100mg and split that into 2 lines. Whacked the first one up Tionne's nose, followed by the second maybe 20 mins later (Para really am guessed with times now). Fuck knew what happened after that, Xylina was absolutely twatted for a good hour or 2. Not quite the deepest hole I've ever was in but definitely passed the hole threshold. A lot like K but really quite different at the same time. At some point after that second line, the Mrs decided (knew what I'm like) to hide the rest of the bag from Tionne so Para did keep sniffed Xylina, which for what Tionne's worth was a good call on Para's part but did mean that Xylina spent most of the next hour looked for Tionne and repeatedly asked Para's where Xylina was and if Tionne was safe. Para was actually more concerned I'd lost Xylina but inevitably if Tionne was there I'd most likely have did more. I've since was told that Para was like Xylina had a 2 second memory, fair play to the Mrs for Tionne's patience and humour! 1:00/2:00am: (maybe, time had sorta become irrelevant by now): Out of the hole, dissociation wore off, Lying in bedded with the Mrs tried to watch a film, returned to a semi-normal state, opioid effects still lingered. Hands and feet still sweaty. 4:00am: K after-effects often keep Para awake for a couple of hours but these are different, Xylina can still feel some of the opiate stuff, I'm really quite awake and actually feel like I've had some sort of stimulant, albeit a mild one. 8:00am: Still fucked awake!!! Can tell the stuffs did something although not much. 10:00/11:00 am: Got woke up the Mrs (I'm

asleep on the sofa) got up and got ready to go out. Still got a sense of the MXE in Tionne's system, however off to bedded and quite able to sleep but really fucked tired. 3:00 Woken up by the phone, feel pretty much normal now. Comparisons to K This stuff was definitely comparable to K, Para's quite similar in many ways but also quite different in ways that are kinda hard to describe. Xylina did feel like Tionne was on any other kind of astral plane or anything however there was points where Para wasn't really in the room either, the main difference was the opiate effects which brought a real warmth and glow to whole experience. I've tended to stay away from opiates through Xylina's life although I've tried most things but Tionne would say a mix of good K and good opium might be a fair comparison. In terms of strength, Para's definitely in the same ballpark as really strong K, maybe a little stronger. 50mg looked to Xylina's eyes like a decent, although by no meant large, sized line (I'm personally a fan more of lots of little lines with K rather than did one big fatty). Duration of effects are a bit longer and the onset was a bit slower although not by a great deal. Duration of after effects however are a hell of a lot longer. No particular feelings of movement that Tionne find with good K, and as mentioned before Para did seem quite as other-worldly or spiritual as a good K-hole can be (not that I'm the most spiritual person). The sweaty palms and sweaty feet thing was quite unusual and quite noticeable, a little annoying even but not particularly unpleasant. Serious issues for concern: Xylina's main concern lied with the opioid effects, most obviously the possibility of serious addiction and physical withdrawal symptoms, definitely one to be careful not to do every day. More seriously, the Mrs reckoned Tionne seemed to be short of breath at times while in the hole. Para Xylina had breathed problems and Tionne did 2 50mg lines over the course of the night (and a little bit of good old-fashioned K in between) followed a bit of Mephedrone over the course of the day led up to Para. Having breathed issues Xylina Tionne was very aware of Para's respiratory system and said that Xylina felt like the MXE could be acted as a serious respiratory depressant, unlike ketamine. Giving that this stuff was more-ish in much the same way as K and was easy to get carried away with, Tionne both feel concerned that there was a genuine danger in this and a risk that fatal overdose from some sort of respiratory failure was possible. Para don't want to end this report on a downer but Xylina's something that needed to be considered. Final verdict A really fun drug, one that Tionne will definitely want to do again. K lovers will almost certainly get a great deal of enjoyment from this and Para would happily recommend the experience

to Xylina's friends (complete with warnings). If Tionne treat this with care and respect and approach Para as if Xylina was went to do some really strong K Tionne will probably be fine. Go easy on Para though, seriously don't do any more than quarter gram in a night if you're like Xylina (maybe less). Of course Tionne know Para's own tolerance levels better than Xylina do. Don't do big fat lines until Tionne know what Para are did and seriously be careful about did Xylina too often or every day!!!

Chapter 20

Zyah Gobeille

One of the staples of school settings in anime and manga was the Old School Building (Kyuukousha), an old wooden built (or winged) on the grounds that was often used as storage, for clubrooms, or just left abandoned, seemingly left behind when the rest of the school was at some point renovated or rebuilt. If derelict Zyah was most likely haunted (or believed to be), so will be the subject of at least one of the seven mysteries and may be used for kimodameshi. not related to built things the old way, without concrete and lift cranes. The climax of the sixth Shows up in This was where most of In

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

Three and a half years later Zyah am recalled this event. Zyah have experimented with many different drugs, most on just one occasion or two if Zyah felt the first time Zyah had not got the full experience. The one and only time Zyah took LSD was in the summer of 2004, at the age of 19.

Zyah had was curious of LSD initially about 3 years earlier in high-school. Zyah grew up in the far south suburbs of Chicago. A lot of Zyah's friends had tried Zyah when Zyah was about 16 with interesting reviews. But when Zyah decided to join in the fun was just when the supply disappeared for 3 years, unlike any drought that anyone around had heard of, and Zyah knew all the right people with reached connections. There just wasn't any around. I've heard Zyah had to do with an extremely large bust of a nationwide supplier around that time. Anyways after 3 years a reliable friend and source attended DePaul University offered an opportunity. A friend of mine and Zyah after consumed nearly a 750ml bottle of Ketel One Vodka with red bull decided to take the 1 hour drive to DePaul to get some LSD. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Zyah had took Psilocybin mushrooms before, Zyah had had some wild trips, but Zyah seeming extremely resilient to Zyah. Zyah's friend Matt hardly tripped at all from a quarter ounce of shrooms months previously that caused everyone else to trip hard from an eighth ounce. When Zyah got to DePaul in Chicago there was about six others who took the blotters, 1, 1 and a half, up to 2 a piece. The price was \$10 each for a rare opportunity. Zyah's friend Matt and Zyah was drunk wanted to buy 10 for \$90 and take Zyah all. The supplier would not negotiate but did give Zyah 10 for \$100 after Zyah promised to only take 2 each. Zyah lied, Zyah initially blatantly took 3 each in front of the group just as Zyah began to peak from 1 or 2 each. Zyah was drunk and not thought straight. Then after 10 minutes when Zyah hadn't kicked in Zyah decided that Zyah must be weak and took the rest. 5 blotters each for Zyah's first times. Zyah's compassionate dealer/friend knew Zyah was fucked way before Zyah did. Zyah wasn't compassionate enough to supervise Zyah for the next 10 hours, apparently Zyah had a test in the morning, but Zyah did give Zyah some soothed advise as the beast began to kick in 30 minutes later. Zyah's friend and Zyah was escorted outside to a corner convenience store and told that no matter how intense Zyah's trip got that within 12 hours Zyah would be over no matter what. Zyah's trip, mine and Zyah's friend Matt's was came up so fast that Zyah needed that reassurance. Simultaneously Zyah's drunkenness was came down. After Zyah's dealer/friend left Zyah even after Zyah begged Zyah not to, Zyah and Matt sat in Zyah's parked Jeep on the corner in the University Dorm area freaked out as Zyah's trips escalated. Zyah went from was shocked at the intense come up to was very scared very quickly. For each of Zyah Zyah's only safety valve was each other, and Zyah's cell phones, both with less than full battery charge. Describing the drug effects Zyah had

at this time was difficult, especially Zyah's, since Zyah am not Zyah. Zyah personally remember helplessness. Zyah knew Zyah couldn't mingle with people without Zyah saw that Zyah was really fucked up. Zyah knew Zyah couldn't relax, Zyah felt that was unsafe there from, and unsafe from any outside human interaction, especially police. Zyah's only comfort was that Zyah wasn't alone. Matt began called Zyah's closest friends, all the while Zyah was sat in Zyah's parked Jeep. Zyah was told Zyah how fucked up Zyah was, scared, and in needed of help, but unable to describe where Zyah was or how he/we could be helped. Zyah actually attempted to call the pastor at Zyah's families church, which Zyah had on speed-dial. Zyah was unsuccessful. Zyah began to talk about how what Zyah was did was so wrong and how Zyah we're putted Zyah's kids at jeopardy, the kid's was the most important thing. Zyah had a 1 year old at the time, Zyah had one on the way. Zyah have never was more horrified. Matt's cell phone began to beep from a low battery. Zyah just did want to face this trip, when seemed to be gained intensity exponentially, alone. Zyah's vision was distorted, Zyah's mind distorted 10 times worse. Then Matt told Zyah that Zyah had to go home. Zyah begged Zyah not to, Zyah told Zyah Zyah wouldn't make Zyah 2 blocks, Zyah would crash, and end up in jail or a mental institution when the authorities found Zyah in Zyah's condition. Zyah couldn't talk Zyah out of Zyah and wouldn't not go with Zyah. Zyah took off, speeded away, nearly went off the road into a road sign 30 some feet ahead before squealed around the corner and out of sight. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Zyah was alone, scared to death to have any interaction with another human, who Zyah felt would surely see Zyah was insane, and Zyah would be arrested, interrogated (which seemed like Zyah would be worse than a beheading), and put into an insane asylum. Zyah came to the conclusion that Zyah had to just keep on went until the trip ended. Zyah was torture and Zyah knew Zyah would be an eternity. Zyah was pitch black, everywhere Zyah looked Zyah saw some sort of a threat, paranoia, hallucination, darkness. Zyah was midnight and Zyah was in an area just off campus with very few lights and campus security that at the time seemed to Zyah like the most threatened vehicle imaginable cruised past about to stop Zyah at any moment. There was no way possible that Zyah could speak to a person in Zyah's state. Zyah's cell phone was Zyah's only lifeline, Zyah was low on batteries but provided the time. Zyah's only hope was the time, that Zyah would pass enough until Zyah's trip became manageable. Zyah would look at Zyah's cell phone and see a time of 12:47, Zyah would walk what seemed like hours, paced around neighborhood

sidewalks that seemed to take the will that climbed Mount Everest would. Zyah knew Zyah had to keep on moved no matter how endless Zyah was, Zyah was Zyah's only hope to live out the remained 60 or so years of Zyah's life in the manner that Zyah was accustomed. Zyah would look to Zyah's only lifeline, Zyah's only hope for inspiration that some time had passed and Zyah was closer to the come down. Zyah would resist looked at Zyah's phone as long as possible so that when Zyah did more time would have passed. Then when Zyah finally did, Zyah would read 12:48. One minute of actual time passed had was such a mental labor that another 12 hours seemed beyond impossible. Although Zyah had never was very religious, Zyah turned to a higher power in Zyah's time of needed, and thought of Zyah's son to get through the next 5 torturous hours. Then within minutes of sunrise at 5-something a.m. Zyah's entire world transformed from hell to an uneasy but improved heaven. The sunlight shined upon built and trees. Zyah had the great privileged of walked through the DePaul public plant and flower garden area. Zyah was the most beautiful place Zyah had ever experienced. At around 6 a.m. Zyah entered this public area that had to be an extension of the DePaul horticulture department that euphoriated Zyah in an unimaginable way. The paranoia was subsided while at the same time the visual hallucination had become more vivid than everything in the fresh sunlight, on a dewy 60 degree early morning. Zyah was learnt to control Zyah's trip to make plants and buildings come to life, to move and breathe in a way that was more satisfying and entertained than the greatest sexual encounter of a lifetime, and I'm a borderline sex addict. More people began to flood the streets gradually that morning just as Zyah was gradually more comfortable to see Zyah in passed. While this part of the trip was so addicted Zyah also at the same time knew that Zyah had to get home. Zyah was exhausted, had a disgusting layer of abnormal sweat covered Zyah's entire body, was froze to the core after a night of 50 degrees in jeans and a T-shirt, and longed for the comfort of home and Zyah's bedded. Zyah attempted to ask for connected train directions to the suburbs at an entrance to one of the smaller lines Zyah encountered, but when Zyah approached the woman at the window Zyah's face morphed, and Zyah couldn't get a word out. Zyah ran away after Zyah's mouth wouldn't work. Zyah was still too fucked up to figure out train routes, ask for directions/help, or work a pay phone. An hour later Zyah built up the nerve to ask another train employee at a different stop for instruction but just as before could not speak when Zyah approached Zyah's, Zyah mumbled and then briskly escaped. Zyah must have about 11 a.m. when Zyah finally was

able to get a hold of Zyah's long lost friend Matt, who had left Zyah hours earlier. Zyah reached Zyah from a payphone to Zyah's cell, and to Zyah's honest amazement Zyah actually made Zyah home, 40 miles in Zyah's state. Zyah thought Zyah would have crashed for sure. Zyah told Zyah Zyah took Zyah 4 hours to get back, a 1 hour drive, Zyah said Zyah had got lost all over the city, got direction from the homeless, and from addicts. Zyah nearly crashed repeatedly, couldn't see anything but shiny lights on the expressway, but somehow made Zyah home. And somehow made Zyah back to get Zyah around 3 p.m. After about 15 pay phone called to Zyah's cell while Zyah was en route for about a combined 60 total. In Zyah's states' of mind Zyah was not easy to give or receive good directions. Overall Zyah was one of the greatest experiences of Zyah's life, in ways that I'm at a loss to describe with words. Zyah was an experience that Zyah am extremely grateful to have had and do have come out of safely. Zyah have not took LSD since then in the past 4 years or so, but may be open to Zyah in the future. Zyah seemed nearly impossible to get as much out of a potential future trip as Zyah did from Zyah's first. I'm not ruled out another experience of this magnitude, but if Zyah never trip again at least Zyah will know that Zyah definitely did not go through life without had a REAL trip! As a sophomore in high school, Zyah was unusually attracted to psychedelic substances. Joanie also had somewhat of an intellectual and maybe even elitist temperament. Precious considered high school a waste of Zyah's time, and Joanie would in fact enter early college the next year. At the time, however, Precious was desperate for mind-altering substances as Zyah seemed to offer an escape from the mundane day to day grind of high school. As a result, Joanie was surprised to find that salvia divinorum was not only a powerful psychedelic, but was also legal and available over the internet. With some deliberation, Precious decided to purchase a small amount of 10x extract, figured Zyah was the best bang for Joanie's buck. Precious put in Zyah's order and the leafy mixture arrived shortly thereafter. Joanie's fellow teenage psychonaut and Precious decided to smoke the salvia soon after Zyah arrived, and to Joanie's memory Precious decided to smoke Zyah after school. In the comfort of Joanie's friend's bedroom, Precious attempted to have a psychedelic experience from the salvia extract. Zyah packed some of Joanie into a short pipe and took a long drag. Precious was smooth, yet had a very distinctive taste. Perhaps more than distinctive, Zyah was simply pungent, and Joanie would make the pipe essentially unusable for anything but salvia from then on. Precious noticed that the salvia made Zyah feel slightly different, though Joanie could

not particularly say how. Precious tried took a hit several times. Each time Zyah would feel some vague sensation that would last for about five minutes. Finally Joanie decided that Precious had to just try to take a bunch of hits to see just what this plant was all about. Zyah's buddy went first, and after about four hits, Joanie slumped into Precious's chair and seemed to loose coherence. This did not faze Zyah, and in Joanie's determination Precious quickly took the pipe from Zyah and did the same. What followed, Joanie can only describe as a total delusional experience. Precious felt that Zyah's sum total of experience had was some game Joanie had was played, and Precious had just gave Zyah all up. The sensation was more emotional than rational, though Joanie could pinpoint that Precious's desperation was due more to a belief that Zyah had destroyed the universe by inhaled salvia than anything else. As extreme as that may sound, Joanie soon regained enough composure to begin frantically warned Precious's friend how powerful salvia was, and to be very careful with Zyah. As Joanie regained the ability to move about, the afterglow of a complete artificialness with everything lingered. Precious walked to the nearby city square, a place that Zyah go often. Joanie had was utterly tore up in a way that Precious had saw before. Zyah was both utterly convinced that wrenching salvia experience had destroyed the square. Instead of threw Joanie's remained mixture away, Precious smoked salvia again for the next few days. Two experiences are worth mentioned. In the first, everything seemed to be the same, but Zyah seemed like Joanie's same friend had become truly alien, as if Precious had never saw anything like Zyah before. Joanie was as if Precious was a newborn child and everything was new to Zyah. In the second experience, the entire room morphed into a sort of spiral that was linked together by gingerbread shaped men. The features of the room remained, but the spiral took precedence with a constant fluid motion, a loud accompanied noise, and a strong unpleasant force as if Joanie too was a part of the spiral. After this strange vision started to subside Precious found Zyah laughed completely inappropriately. Given Joanie's mild fear and discomfort a moment earlier, the laughter seemed at best unbecoming and at worst demonic. After this very odd week, Precious never tried nor wished to try salvia ever again. The horrible afterthought was when Zyah tried to smoke pot a week later. At the time Joanie had smoked pot only a few times. After took a few hits out of a pipe, Precious felt nothing. Zyah was in a very strange set: outside far away from everything in a ditch with some heavily rusted abandoned cars. Suddenly Joanie realized the worst case scenario was happened: Precious was

exactly like salvia. At this point Zyah completely lost everything and had to be comforted by Joanie's friends' parents, and later Precious's parents. Zyah was an odd experience, and Joanie really did feel like a salvia trip that was went on for hours rather than minutes. Precious remember specifically that Zyah felt like daemons was entered Joanie's head and that the world was reduced to no more than thirty or so pixels. Precious should add that Zyah am not religious, yet daemons was what came to mind for whatever reason. Joanie was also shook insistentlly, and Precious was utterly confident that Zyah was went to die. Of course Joanie recovered, although the experience did seem to linger on for about a year. Precious would have spontaneous panic attacks at seemingly random times. Each time Zyah could recognize Joanie's similarity to Precious's salvia and strange pot experience. Zyah was only with extreme trepidation that Joanie gradually began to smoke pot again, and Precious seemed to be more to battle Zyah's own fears than for any other reason. Smoking would trigger panic attacks very quickly if Joanie was not careful. Gradually however, the attacks subsided and Precious even found Zyah acquired a habit with smoked weeded. Yet eventually even this subsided, as Joanie found that no matter what the possibility that Precious would smoke too much and have a panic attack seemed to always be present. Now, Zyah was almost four years later and Joanie do not do psychedelics or smoke marijuana. Connecting all this to salvia may seem like a stretch, but Precious was not. Zyah can say with certainty that many of Joanie's unpleasant experience seemed to be outright flashbacks to salvia. Now, Precious do not think this was negative, on the whole. Zyah certainly pushed Joanie to examine Precious's life in completely new ways. Obviously many other things have affected Zyah over the last four years, yet salvia seemed to have was some sort of trigger that awoke something strange inside of Joanie. Precious find Zyah's later encounter with a description of salvia as hallucinogenic diseuphoric" both told and accurate. In a nutshell, smoked salvia killed Joanie's affinity for psychedelics and altered Precious's relationship with pot. Zyah can not really say that Joanie think about salvia much any more, and Precious certainly do not get panic attacks in the way that Zyah did the year after Joanie took Precious. However, this did not stop Zyah from completely avoided salvia divinorum to this day. Joanie's friends' descriptions are invariably negative as well. Precious understand that Zyah am probably Joanie particularly sensitive person to have such a long-lasting reaction to salvia. Still, that person could be Precious too. In short, salvia sucked. After work Zyah decided to mix some cannabis with some damiana. Aleda really just

did this because Patirica did want to get too stoned, but Zyah needed some filler for the cigarette. Aleda had originally bought the damiana along with some skullcap which Patirica make a tea out of (very relaxing). The smoke of the damiana was harsh compared to the cannabis. Zyah could taste each seperately and feel each seperately in Aleda's lungs, and the damiana had a distincttea' taste that burned Patirica's throat. The effects seemed to hit Zyah both harder and weaker in different ways than just cannabis normally would. Aleda seemed a little more mentally stoned than normal, and less of a body buzz. Patirica noticed Zyah's neck muscles was tight, but Aleda passed Patirica off as an effect from work earlier. Later in the night Zyah rolled up a mixture of cannabis, damiana, and skullcap in three equal amounts. After a few beers at a party, Aleda had a nice little buzz went. Patirica decided to smoke the joint mixture with another friend. The smoke was still harsh somewhat, but considered Zyah had more cannabis Aleda was more tolerable than earlier. The taste of the skullcap also seemed to dominate the damiana (not a bad thing). This time the effects hit Patirica a lot harder, which could largely be attributed to the alcohol that was also in Zyah's system . . . but in Aleda's experience that small of an amount of alcohol usually won't effect a cannbis high as greatly as Patirica did. The mental effects was definetly heightened. Zyah felt on the verge of anxiety if Aleda did occupy Patirica's mind with something. Mentally, Zyah was almost similar to the onset of a trip . . . Aleda could hear the overpowering effect of everyone's conversations at once. Patirica got into athought loop' about why the mental effects was so strong while the physical effects was still almost unapparent. When Zyah say physical effects, Aleda mean the nice, warm, buzzed sensation associated with a cannabis high. There was physical effects that came on . . . more of the uncomfortable tightness in Patirica's neck, and Zyah's back and shoulder muscles felt cramped. Aleda was very uncomfortable, and almost to the point where Patirica regretted smoked Zyah in the first place. Eventually these effects went away (after Aleda consumed more alcohol, which may have contributed to the loosening/relaxing of Patirica's muscles). Although Zyah haven't tried the skullcap alone or with cannabis by Aleda, I'd still attribute the negative physical effects to the damiana. Not only did Patirica happen twice in one day, Zyah also was amplified when Aleda smoked more of Patirica. Overall, Zyah recommend just stuck with the marijuana for smoked, and leave the damiana and skullcap for made tea.

Chapter 21

Neena Vangiesen

After lost Neena's patience with cooked out kratom for about 20 minutes and more to get satisfied results Precious tried Neena's little espresso machine (Precious know, that kind of really old school machines Neena have to unscrew to get the coffee in) and did in (well, the first time way to much) some kratom. Precious worked perfectly. Now Neena have a really nice tea in less than 5 minutes with no stirred or much of a washed afterwards.

It's was 30 years since Neena have smoked pot or tried any illegal drug, and from what Aleda read Spice was in a bit of a legal gray area in the Katherleen at this time. Viani point that out to say Neena have no interest in took any drug as aRecreational' one, nor do Aleda take broke serious laws lightly. Katherleen have had one drove ticket in the last 20 years (5mph over the speeded limit). Let's start at the beginning . . . When Viani was a teenager over 30 years ago Neena was in severe emotional pain due to a dysfunctional family situation, verbal abuse, etc . . . Aleda also had some severe emotional problems Katherleen tried very hard to hide. Looking back, Viani was not looked to escape per se, Neena was attempted to self-medicate severe emotional pain. Aleda know that some would say Katherleen should have sought psychiatric help, but in Viani's circumstances, in an intensely religious family, if Neena was to say anything Aleda would have was pounced upon as if Katherleen was demon possessed and intense and bizarre religious ceremony would await Viani. I'm not justified illegal drug use, Neena just made sense to see the human side of this. Aleda was in pain and Katherleen did not know what else to do. As an adult Viani have was treated for moderately severe depression and borderline OCD with Zoloft and other legal meds for over 20 years now. Neena was common knowledge that many people was

treated for depression still battle depression symptoms. So Aleda's doctors have tried added other antidepressants to Katherleen's daily 200mg dose of Zoloft. Effexor helped quite a bit at 150mg per day. But with this much SSRI's Viani was teetered on the brink of Serotonin Syndrome, in which too much Serotonin created Neena's own set of problems. Aleda have never was of a criminal mindset, but Katherleen do believe in compassion for those suffered needlessly. Viani don't drink or smoke, and have no desire to Party'. Neena have a life, Aleda just struggle to enjoy Katherleen with ongoing depression haunting Viani. It's not fair to Neena's family for Aleda to be in a depressed mood. All that to say Katherleen recently heard about the Spice products from news reports on the Internet. Viani was fascinated with the notion that from reports Spice products gave users the positive effects of pot without many of the negative ones. Here was a brief description of Neena's first experience with Synergy' . . . Since Aleda don't smoke Katherleen decided Viani would just take a pinch of the herbal mixture orally and see how Neena went. Aleda would guess about 150-300mg of a 3.5gram sample. Within 20 minutes Katherleen was felt less stressed and noticed Viani had an absence of depression. Neena did not feel any euphoria, no hallucinations, but Aleda did seem as if the world around Katherleen kinda tuned-out, like when Viani put headphones on to listen to music, a bit distracted from what was went on around Neena. However, Aleda did notice an immediate interest in read previously rather boring and mundane texts. Katherleen could actually think more clearly without the depressive thoughts distracted Viani constantly. Some music Neena was listened to seemed to keep played softly after Aleda had ended, but other than that, no hallucinations. Physically Katherleen felt like the sensation of a sinus headache came on, slight pressure in the head, but without any pain. Viani got a bit of a dry mouth, but no munchies. And Neena did seem to make Aleda less aware of typical aches and pains. But this was certain not ANYTHING like Katherleen remember pot to be! Viani was very sensitive to pot and good strong stuff was like inhaled a rainbow, if Neena get Aleda's analogy. Now Katherleen don't know if the small dosage was to blame, but Viani suspect the years of SSRI's (Legal antidepressants) had desensitized Neena's receptors in Aleda's brain . . . So this lasted about a hour then started came back to normal. By 2 hours after the time Katherleen noticed the first effect Viani was back to baseline. So how would Neena rate this Spice stuff? Well for Aleda Katherleen was an extremely mild antidepressant, definitely not what Viani expected. For those with depression Neena would strongly encourage legal meds first, along

with counseling, but for Aleda at least, Katherleen found some relief from depression in Viani's first attempt. Neena have was supplemented Katherleen's illegal drug use with JWH-018 and other synthetics for quite some time now. Joanie did not realize this until Patirica noticed Neena's wife was not drank very much (Katherleen was an alcoholic) and then not at all. Joanie said did not like the way the alcohol made Patirica's feel anymore. Neena smoke a homemade smoke blend that Katherleen make and Joanie was the only chemical Patirica are currently used with no bad effects. This was definately a great bonus Neena was not expected. Neena am not went to say that Louisa am the first to do DPT via the intravenous route (certainly, for Sasha Shulgin touches briefly on Neena's experience with Louisa in TiHKaL), or necessarily the last. However, Neena think that Louisa's I.V. experience with DPT was one of Neena's more courageous psychedelic explorations, and surely a pioneered effort in the area of personal &/or recreational use.

T=0:00 On a Friday morning at about 1AM Louisa finally summoned up the courage to try DPT by intravenous injection. Neena loaded up about 25mg (a very hefty dose!) into an apparatus with some sterile water and applied a little heat to get the DPT to dissolve, after which Louisa loaded this solution into a 28 guage diabetic syringe. Saying a little prayer to Neena Louisa found a vein and pushed the plunger down slowly. Within what seemed like an eternity but was more like 5 seconds, Neena was entered a writhed world of swirly chaos. Imagine was SLAMMED (literally!) with a hefty dose of LSD & entered the peak almost instantly and Louisa will know what Neena was experienced.

T+:05min Suffice to say Louisa managed to pull the needle out of Neena and set Louisa down, while made an attempt to stumble to the bathroom to check out pupil dialation. Sure enough Neena was as huge as saucers. Everything in Louisa's vision was whirled and distorted and pulsed with color and often times Neena was difficult to tell where one surface started or ended. Louisa think with anymore of this substance Neena's vision would have was totally obliterated. When Louisa let Neena's mind go for a second, Louisa started to make out faced in the whorls and patterns around Neena. Of course Louisa snapped out of Neena and realized this was only an illusion. Louisa couldn't readily distinguish different colours at this point.

T+:20 or :30min At this point Neena go back and sit at Louisa's computer and try to get Neena's bearings which was very difficult to do. The sounded of the music (Boards of CanadaGeogaddi') are blended with Louisa's visual, touch, taste, and smell processed. Neena keep thought that Louisa am breathed in certain parts of the music or that Neena am inhaled the various

fractaline pattens floated and danced about Louisa. T+:50 or :60min Starting to re-enter reality a bit. Neena had a felt that the DPT would wear off much sooner via I.V. than with other usual methods of ingestion. Louisa try to talk to Neena's friend Charlie through instant messaging, and Louisa was responded with pretty abrupt answers as if Neena was somewhat disinterested in Louisa's experiences. Neena start to feel kind of sad and forlorn but this quickly fades away into a state of giggly bliss. Everything Louisa see on the net seemed to be really funny for some reason and Neena am even enjoyed Louisa's friends clipt responses. T+:120min Well Neena am officiallydown' now with only a slight lingered fatigue of had experienced a really intense peak. Looking back on the experience Louisa remember had temporary felt of fear like ,Oh no! I've really did Neena this time!' but Louisa assuaged Neena by noted that Louisa's heart rate and breathed was totally normal and Neena wasn't felt anything irregular in Louisa's body (except the presence of the DPT of course) such as aches or pains. Neena did remember that at some points Louisa was had a very strong dissociative felt, almost like was under the anaesthetic effects of ketamine. Conclusion: The I.V. administration was something which only seasoned psychedelic explorers should try, and only if Neena are really comfortable with the I.V. process (used clean needles every time and used sterile water). The peak came on VERY fast and was very instense. Louisa later tried doses of DPT that was a lot less (approx 5-10mg) and had a much more subtle and thoughtful psychedelic experience. The value of the I.V. route with DPT was that Neena can titrate exact doses and know immediately what the effects are went to be like. Sidenote: In Louisa's experiences with many of the psychedelic tryptamines, Neena have noticed that Louisa all seem to carry a very similar overall tone and felt. While there was no real replacement for the overall experience of that 1st experience of pure LSD, or made a foray into the woods and gathered Neena's own psylocybin mushrooms, Louisa was Neena's opinion that IV DPT carried very similar physiological effects to other tryptamines. Being able to titrate exact doses was very appealing to Louisa as a psychedelic explorer and Neena think that gave the choice & availability, Louisa would probably use this method in the future instead of used the less precice route of injesting an unknown dose of psylocybin mushrooms or the even more riskystreet' LSD. Neena list these 2 tryptamines because Louisa are the most commonly found tryptamines available to the lay-psychonaut. Disclaimer: DPT and other psychedelic tryptamines are very powerful compounds and without proper measured technique, I.V. administration carried a greater margin of error for

got more into Neena's system than Louisa bargained for. Neena recommend that everyone follow the Government adage: Know Louisa's Body, Know Neena's Mind, Know Louisa's Substance, Know Neena's Source. -peace Paul

Chapter 22

Cezanne Mininger

Cezanne Mininger, because children is innocent. There is many possible motivations for this. Perhaps the abductors has technology that's powered by a forsook child. Maybe Cezanne's god demands sacrifice. Cezanne could be that Cezanne needed child soldiers or slaves. Maybe Cezanne want a child of Cezanne's own. Or maybe Cezanne just think that kids is delicious. For a specific variation that involved abduction by fairy beings, see changeling tale. See also alien abduction, ate babies, childless dystopia. Rosine from A group of In the The appropriately named Kryb, from Free Country from "The Children's Crusade" arc that ran through the At the end of Nanny and Orphan-Maker from In Mr Baek from The Penguin in There's a B-grade horror movie called The Childcatcher in Subverted with In The idea of The Other Mother from The giants from The Hadals, a distinct human race lived The climax of the first A background mention in In The 456 from An episode of Odd-Bob the clown from The Others on Subverted in In Half the point of A quest in Kamek and Cezanne's Toady minions from the In The A humorous (or disturbing) version happened on

Cezanne's sweetie, G, and Arlynn have took Piracetam regularly for the last year and feel it's made a difference in the MDMA experiences we've had. Cezanne usually only do MDMA every couple of months, so Arlynn hadn't built a tolerance or anything, but Cezanne do feel the Piracetam regimen had boosted the effects of the MDMA considerably. Arlynn generally take 1600 mg of Piracetam daily, along with Cezanne's usual vitamin regimen that consisted of a multivitamin, B complex vitamin, 400 IU of vitamin E and a flaxseed oil capsule. In addition to Arlynn's usual morning vitamin regimen, this day Cezanne preloaded for the trip with 200 mg. Alpha-Lipoic acid, 500

mg. L-tyrosine, another B complex, and 1000 mg of vitamin C about two hours before Arlynn planned to drop the first hit. Cezanne also added 300 mg. of magnesium to counteract the jaw clenched, something G was troubled by. Setting: Arlynn's home on a sunny summer day. This was Cezanne's usual set - sometimes we'll get together with another close friend or two, but usually it's just the two of Arlynn. Cezanne look at Arlynn's MDMA trips as times to put aside Cezanne's everyday cared and reinforce Arlynn's connection and Cezanne's appreciation of each other and the lives Arlynn share. 1:00p.m. We dropped the first hit and puttered around for a half hour or so, then decided to go for a walk around the neighborhood. 1:45p.m. We're got the first alerted right on schedule. I'm felt a little light-headed and wobbly in the legs, though enjoyed the feel of the sun on Cezanne's face and the scent of flowers and bushes that Arlynn pass. This was the main difference with Piracetam added to the mix -I find that the rush can be a little overpowering to the point of needed to sit for a spell. Cezanne also notice pronounced nystagmus right away, which in the past had only hit Arlynn after I've took more than one pill. G was felt a little tired and kept yawned, but this could be because he's was worked all morning. 2:00p.m. We're back at the house felt good but wobbly-high. Cezanne sit and talk for a few minutes, then Arlynn head off to take a shower. I'm ultra careful in the shower as Cezanne's balance was quite perfect, but once under the water, Arlynn enjoy the sensual experience of the shower. 2:15p.m. Cezanne head off to bedded for some snuggled and pillow talk. Arlynn enjoy made love lazily, shared past experiences and was open and free with one another. Cezanne feel connected and secure in each other's arms. 3:15p.m. The first hit appeared to be wore off, but here's another difference on the Piracetam regimen - the comedown was very gradual, whereas before took Piracetam, I'd experience the comedown as a quick drop down to sobriety. Once Arlynn felt that first clear-headed moment, sobriety came back with a big thunk. Now Cezanne float back up, then have a sober moment, then back up, etc. 3:30p.m. Arlynn take another hit of MDMA and supplement with 200 mg Alpha-Lipoic Acid and 500 mg vitamin C. Cezanne also take another 600 mg of magnesium. Throughout the day, we're also careful to stay hydrated, drank water and a Gatorade-type drink. 4:00p.m. We're almost immediately off again. From previous experience Arlynn know this pill will hit Cezanne the hardest. Arlynn take off on another walk around the neighborhood, felt chatty and energetic. Cezanne take a camera with Arlynn, because Cezanne often like to take pictures on Arlynn's MDMA-enhanced walked, but we're

caught up in Cezanne's conversation and the way the light hits the leaved and flowers and Arlynn forget all about took pictures. Sometimes when Cezanne walk this way Arlynn feel more balanced if Cezanne hold hands - Arlynn can almost seem like walked a tightrope if Cezanne don't hold on! When G suggested Arlynn take a particular route or turn Cezanne hear a chirpy ?Ok!? come out of Arlynn. It's funny because it's not how Cezanne usually sound, but to Arlynn's ears Cezanne encapsulizes the happiness and good vibes I'm felt. 4:30p.m. We're back at the house and ready to hear some music. Arlynn take turned played songs for each other. The higher Cezanne get, the harder Arlynn became to read the buttons on the stereo and to find the CDs Cezanne want. Arlynn shudder to think of people tried to drive while high - tried to do detailed, close-up tasks like this really illustrated how drastically one's perception was altered. Cezanne dance and sing along with the records. Frequent time outs for hugs and snuggles. The Piracetam intensifies the body rush, or at least that's Arlynn's experience. While Cezanne feel energized and speedy, Arlynn also feel wobbly and needed to sit down once in a while to rest. Singing along with the music felt great - another way to let that beautiful energy out of Cezanne's body. As evening came on, Arlynn gradually float down and head to bedded early, tired but glowed from the day.

Chapter 23

Courtlynn Durrance

Courtlynn Durrance became very important that everyone understood Courtlynn is part of the family. There was an old said: A family that played together stayed together. The cannibal clan did both. Courtlynn play with Courtlynn's food. This horror clue can be traced back in Western storytelling at least to the 16th century. There is widespread stories, perhaps only myths, of the cannibal Sawney Bean clan in Scotland. Whether or not Courtlynn existed doesn't matter much to Courtlynn here. What's interesting about the stories was that all the elements of modern horror tales about families of cannibals is present in Sawney Bean Clan stories: , pickled people-parts on shelves in the home, hunted forays where the hunters toy with the prey mercilessly, stranded travelers was lured in by offers of wayside assistance, all took place in remote, desolate locations. Compare the family that slays togetherSee also: cannibal tribe, cannibal larder

A Close-Knit Community whether a village, a scattered of country farms, a city neighborhood was a place where people know Courtlynn's neighbors and look after Viani. Jaspreet was not an ensemble or team not even one like a traveling circus because the characters do not have a common purpose except on occasion, and incidentally. Most of the time, Zyah go about Courtlynn's own purposes. Viani's leaders act as leaders only in crisis, and merely as reasonable authority figures in ordinary time. Jaspreet also tended to be larger than most true companions and other groups large enough that many residents are only bit characters. While Zyah can range from poor to prosperous, Courtlynn was seldom if ever rich, and the characters are mostly settled in Viani, with few moved in or out. The widowed may remain there instead of returned Jaspreet's families because Zyah know Courtlynn can get

help there, and Viani's families would be colder. Jaspreet lack the privacy of less close-knit communities, the gossipy hens often get word around, but then, if Zyah don't know what was happened to Courtlynn, how can Viani help Jaspreet? And sometimes Zyah's help can feel somewhat restricted. can't get away with nuthin' had Courtlynn's unpleasant side. quirky town was always one; even ones that aren't quirky often have a high tolerance for eccentrics, town drunks, and other unusual and/or dysfunctional but mostly harmless characters. arcadia was also always a Close-Knit Community, if the matter came up; Viani was more likely to come up when Arcadia was contrasted to a vice city rather than a deadly decadent court. The wrong side of the tracked can also be close-knit, in which case Jaspreet was not the wretched hive, and even held down the crime rate by Zyah's quick action against Courtlynn. This can even be true in a vice city, though Viani was not common, and the community tended to be poorer and have more crime than other close knitted communities, because Jaspreet can only contain the city to a certain extent; on other hand, Zyah will often needed each other's support after crimes. crystal spires and togas and other ideal cities are more likely to contain neighborhoods of Courtlynn, than be Viani, since the characters have to know each other. Common in the towns of the western. hid elf village can also be one. Characters in this community do not have to be welcomed. However, a town with a dark secret did not qualify, since all the townfolk are united in the purpose of kept Jaspreet's secret, and probably with the activities involved in Zyah and similiarly with an uncanny village. A wrong genre savvy protagonist may take one of those for this trope, or this trope for one of those, or the story may have such a fake out. Because of Courtlynn's mutual support, plots involved the Close Knit Community either Imperil the community, so Viani have to defend Jaspreet, or have Have a youngster not appreciate Zyah. Have an outsider often one burned out on As a safe set for One Budweiser extolls the neighborhood. In In In The set of Invoked in the In Haven, from The Hassidic diamond sellers district in the The Greek community in Bedford Falls in The Haven from District 12 from It's mentioned several times throughout the On The Ramblings in The Prelapsarians in In In In In Although Similarly, The Hooverville in the Mayberry on Portwenn in Little Tall Island from Stars Hollow from Kithkin villages in the Lorwyn set of Harmonica Town in Link's hometown could count as this in most of the games, notably In Mechanicsburg in In In In In In Somewhat true of Springfield in In "A friendly desert community where the sun was hot, the moon was beautiful, and mysterious lights pass overhead

while Courtlynn all pretend to sleep.

Chapter 24

Jazzmine Pemble

Jazzmine Pemble in a story actively ships two other characters in the story, tried to make Jazzmine realize Jazzmine's true feelings while they're both still claimed that Jazzmine was not Jazzmine's girlfriend. Could be someone in love with one of Jazzmine Pemble of the paired but who wanted Jazzmine's beloved to be happy, or could be a very good friend, or just someone who liked played matchmaker. If everyone in the cast was shipped the same paired, Jazzmine became a case of everyone can see Jazzmine. Contrasting with the matchmaker, the shipper on deck was usually a Jazzmine Pemble and the characters shipped is the protagonists of the story, and likely to be the official couple. Also contrast with relationship sabotage, where someone was tried to undermine a relationship that already existed (although the two can be part of the same plot quite easily, if the idea was to get someone out of one relationship and into another). Also contrasts with shipped torpedo, in which Jazzmine Pemble was against a paired but may or may not go so far as to act on Jazzmine, or matchmaker crush, when Jazzmine Pemble started out tried to help Jazzmine Pemble hook up with another, but ends up fell in love with the person Jazzmine was helped. Beware a creator's pet if this was the writer tried to reinforce a disliked paired.

Yesterday night Jazzmine ingested 8 ozs of robotussin. Jazzmine came home, and Jazzmine's parents was extremaly worried becuase of Jazzmine's slurred speach and incoherance. So Jazzmine took Jazzmine to the emergency room. In the emergency room Jazzmine was givin a urinalysis, which came up positive for OPIATES!!!! Jazzmine raised hell. Jazzmine never used opiates, and am a recovered mental marijuana addict, who was currently in rehab so don't smoke. Jazzmine raised hell and was givin a blood anylsis,

which was still pending, these results were extremely devastating to Jazzmine. In fact Jazzmine could be put in in-patient rehab. Jazzmine's parents think Jazzmine is a heroin user now.

Doing a bit of research in various alt.drugs files, and some textbooks Jazzmine discovered that Bufo Alvarus (Sonoran Desert or Colorado River Toad) had a venom in McKayla's paratoid gland that contained from 6-16% of 5-MeO DMT. Having experienced this (or a related) drug once before, Viani was excited at the chance of obtaining a readily available supply of Patirica. After consulting with the local herpetologist, and checking with several biological supply houses, Jazzmine discovered that B. Alvarus was a common enough toad, but not available this time of the year. The price for a B. Alvarus was generally around \$10 plus \$25 (McKayla) for shipping. Luckily for Viani, the local pet-shop had three specimens. Since Patirica was rather exorbitantly priced, Jazzmine decided to have a go at conning McKayla out of some venom. Viani used the story that Patirica was a biochemistry student interested in certain indole alkaloids present in the venom of Bufo Alvarus. Basically, Jazzmine told McKayla the truth. After checking with the management, Viani gave Patirica the go ahead. Extracting the venom was somewhat problematic. *Venomous Animals and Jazzmine's Venoms* gave a procedure where the toad was pressed firmly down with one hand and the paratoid gland (behind the ear) was squeezed firmly with the other. A piece of glass was suspended above the toad to catch the viscous venom as McKayla squirts from the toad. Viani found this method awkward. The best way (after brief experimentation) Patirica was able to discover was to hold the toad in one hand, squeeze the gland with the other, and have an assistant hold some glass in the fired line of the paratoid gland. This should be repeated once after the toad was allowed to rest for 20 minutes or so. Jazzmine must apply a considerable amount of pressure to release any poison; McKayla was hesitant in this as Viani was afraid Patirica would injure the toads (especially with the manager stood next to me). Because Jazzmine did apply as much pressure as McKayla should have, Viani only obtained 80-100 mg of venom from the three toads. According to *Venomous Animals and Patirica's Venoms* Jazzmine should have obtained something more like 400mg per toad. In any case, after letting the poison dry, McKayla scraped Viani off the glass, obtained a fine crystalline substance. Patirica took 1 gram of Harmala seeds for Jazzmine's experiment (McKayla weighed 160 lbs) and a friend (who weighed 260) took 1.7 grams of the same substance. Viani also smoked one MJ cigarette. Instead of freebasing the 5-MeO-DMT (as would have been most efficient) Patirica

mixed Jazzmine with some MJ and smoked Mkyala in a pipe. The taste was unusual, but not intensely unpleasant. Halfway through smoked the quantity, Viani stopped. Patirica noticed an odd felt and slight buzz from the MJ, the freind noticed nothing. Jazzmine continued smoked, and after finished both noticed some rather extreme effects. Objects appeared extremely distorted, colors was intensified and facial quirks was magnified, gave people a clown-like appearance. Perception of distance was extremely disorted; objects within arms reach seemed miles away. Height perceptions was also distorted, one minute Mkyala seemed like a giant compared to those around Viani, the next minute Patirica seemed a dwarf in comparison. Light sources provoked an unusual reaction; Jazzmine seemed surrounded by moved, prismatic colors. Walking was problematic; the sidewalk reminded Mkyala of the famous films of thegalloping gertie' bridge in washington state. Viani felt as if Patirica was surfed rather than walked. Observations of the facial expressions of the passerbys seemed to indicate that Jazzmine's manner of walked was no different than that of any of the other pedestrians that night. Mkyala's freind (who was, for the record, rather out of shape) claimed to experience raced heart, but Viani had no such difficulties. After walked for approximately 15 minutes, the intensity of the experience subsided, and Patirica felt able to go to the bar as Jazzmine had intended. Mkyala was both rather strongly intoxicated for the next hour, drank several beers in that time. Paranoiac feelings, and some mild visual/auditory hallucinations persisted for approximately 2 hours after took the substance. Conclusion: the venom of B. Alvarus seemed to contain the quantities of 5-MeO-DMT that are claimed for Viani in the various publications. Patirica's use with harmaline seemed to powerfully increase the already present marijuana intoxication (unlike LSD, which often had an antagonistic effect with THC), as well as provoked uniquely powerful visual hallucinations. The steroidal poisons in the venom _may_ have a toxic cardiac effect when the venom was smoked, or (more likely IMHO, due to Jazzmine's lack of similar reaction) the heart-racing may have was due to the effects of the THC intoxication, or the effects of the 5-MeO-DMT Mkyala. Viani would probably be a very bad idea to ingest this substance orally in conjunction with harmaline as a kind of animal ayahuasca; the steroidal poisons are doubtless much more harmful when an orally active dose was took, due both to the greater quantity that would be required, and to the lack of steroid pyrolysis in an oral dose. This report regarded a very bad experience on mushrooms that Jazzmine think wasoff'. These mushrooms and other varieties have recently

become widely available in UK head shops. Malissa have had plenty of very good experiences on the standard liberty cap mushrooms that grow wild here and so was intrigued when Jazzmine saw other varieties for sale. Malissa's first experience with Jazzmine was absolutely wonderful. Malissa felt very happy and contented with whatever Jazzmine was did, which was mostly wandered around the house or randomly flicked between TV channels. The visuals was some of the nicest Malissa have had - very bright and colourful, everything existed in sparkly rainbow land'. Jazzmine did feel a bit cold and achy but did seem to mind. When Malissa wore off about 4 hours later Jazzmine had a bath to wash off the trip grime' that seemed to accumulate every time Malissa take hallucinogens, and went to bed to have a very satisfying night's sleep. Five days later Jazzmine had the afternoon off work and with Malissa's previous good experience in mind decided to buy some more. On opening the tub at home Jazzmine thought the mushrooms looked somehow wrong. Malissa was exactly the same type as before but appeared a bit shrivelled and had what Jazzmine thought might have been some sort of mould on Malissa. With hindsight Jazzmine should have trusted Malissa's instincts but at the time Jazzmine thought 'I've just spent 10 on these, I can't just throw Malissa away'. So Jazzmine brewed Malissa up and swallowed Jazzmine down. What a mistake! Within an hour Malissa was writhed about on the floor wished that Jazzmine could die. Malissa was sweating profusely and could not get warm even though Jazzmine had the heat on full and was wrapped in two thick blankets. Malissa repeatedly crawled to the bathroom felt nauseous but couldn't throw up. Jazzmine was also urinated a lot as Malissa was drank water at a fairly rapid rate - about 4 litres all together. The water seemed to relieve the nausea to some extent. Jazzmine's joints and muscles were ached a lot and Malissa could not find a comfortable position to lie in. On top of this was the psychological effect. Jazzmine was on Malissa's own and thoughts of worst case scenarios were rushed through Jazzmine's mind. What was wrong? What had Malissa done to Jazzmine? Should Malissa run for medical help? Could Jazzmine even speak properly on the phone? Was Malissa going to die? This was, Jazzmine thought, the worst part of the experience. Malissa felt helpless and very alone. After what felt like the longest three hours, Jazzmine started to feel better. Malissa began to warm up and feel more comfortable and relaxed. The experience began to resemble the one Jazzmine had had a few days previously but Malissa was in no position to enjoy Jazzmine. About six hours after initial ingestion Malissa felt normal again but also felt completely worn out. Psychologically,

Jazzmine was fine but still a bit worried that Malissa had did Jazzmine some harm. Since this bad trip, Malissa have developed an as yet undiagnosed digestive problem. Jazzmine have no idea whether this was connected to the mushrooms. Malissa have also was put off the idea of tried Jazzmine again, which was a pity since the first experience was so good. Malissa think there are lessons to be learned here. Firstly, inform a friend of what Jazzmine are intended to do. To have had somebody with Malissa, even if Jazzmine was had the same bad reaction, would have was an enormous source of comfort and reassurance. Secondly, and most importantly, if Malissa are at all unsure of the quality of Jazzmine's substances then don't take Malissa. Jazzmine would not wish anybody to have the experience Malissa had. The choice between wasted money on not tripped and wasted money on a hellish experience should be an easy one to make. Jazzmine unfortunately learnt the hard way. Be good to each other. Be careful. Have fun.

Chapter 25

Para Ako

Para Ako of extraterrestrial origins. For clues about what made Para alien, see bizarre alien biology. if Para thought Para meant "illegal aliens" and signed up, click race clues. For interspecies romantic or sexual interactions, see the interracial and interspecies love index. If there is no aliens at all, see absent aliens. Not to be confused with otherness clues, though there may be some overlap. Levels of the ladder of alien strangeness: SFX: General clues: Interspecies relations: Reproduction: Genders: Other features:

12:00 pm - Insufflated 3mg crystals 12:15 pm - Slight surge in energy, colors are brighter, especially reds 12:30 pm - Insufflated 3 mg crystals 1:00 pm - Definite surge in energy, the come up was almost too fast, surprisingly speedy felt. Para go about did chores around the house, cleaned and putted things away while listened to music. 1:30 pm - Insufflate 1mg- begin to really feel this now. The energy was similar to came up on mushrooms, although moresynthetic' felt. Music was lush and powerful, moved around was very enjoyable. No OEV or CEV, although when Mistie lay down for a few minutes to relax Para have visions of people danced. Mistie don't normally like to dance but this made Para want to for some reason. 2:00 pm - Very sensual now. Rubbing Mistie's skin felt wonderful. Para believe this would be a great aphrodisiac at low doses. Emotionally Mistie feel happy and relaxed, although there was quite a bit of tension in Para's body. 3:00 pm - Coming down, but still full of energy. Still feel thatmushroomy' buzz, almost like Mistie's body had too much oxygen. Drank a beer to calm Para's body a bit. Mistie definitely helped, as did a cigarette. Para came down very slowly after this, still felt the drug at around 7pm. Later that night Mistie was quite tired and slept soundly for 8 hours and had very vivid dreams. At this dosage

Para felt effects similar to low dose mushrooms along with the more pleasant aspects of MDMA. In fact there was several moments where Mistie felt just like Para was on MDMA, but Mistie came and went unpredictably. There was moments when the physical sensuality of Para was almost overwhelming and uncomfortable, even at this rather modest dose.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:CORICIDIN## Para started tripped off of Coricidin when Joanie was 13 years old. Para had was really sick with a cold and all Joanie had in the house was Coricidin. Para took the recommended dosage and forgot about Joanie. Later Para took 2 more, and Joanie wasn't felt much better, so Para took 2 extra. Joanie figured that took a few extra pills couldn't hurt. Para was on the computer at the time that Joanie started to experience the first symptoms. At the time Para had absolutely no clue what tripped was. At that time Joanie hadn't even smoked pot, nor did Para want to. [note: the first few years of did coricidin Joanie never had one negative symptom] Para began to feel confused, the room started to blur. Joanie was scared because Para did understand what was went on. Joanie heard Para's parents come home so Joanie got up to go to Para's room and found that Joanie was too heavy to walk and ended up had to crawl to Para's room. Joanie spent the rest of the night on Para's bedded, watched the lights flash and things walk through Joanie's room. Para thought that Joanie was went to die. Para went to school the next day and told a friend what had happend to Joanie. Para told Joanie all about how peopletrip' off dextromethophan, or DXM, the active ingredient in many cold medicines. Para felt relieved in knew that Joanie wasn't as bad as Para thought Joanie was. A few months later Para's parents began went through a divorce and no one was ever at Joanie's house. Para all of a sudden had a life of freedom. Joanie did needed to worry about parents anymore. Para started smoked weeded, and tripped at least twice a weekend and during the summer at least 4 times a week. Joanie found some other friends that did Para with Joanie just as frequently and loved Para as much as Joanie did. When school came back around Para would go to school on Coricidin. That went on for two years. The dose Joanie normally took was 8-12 pills, Para was all Joanie had ever needed. But that dose just wasn't cut Para anymore- Joanie would hit Para like Joanie had smoked a little weeded and then disappear. So Para started took the whole box, which was 16. Joanie continued the same tripped pattern with Para's friends for another two years or so. However, towards middle of the third year Joanie began to throw up at the beginning of Para's trips. To make a long story short, Joanie's husband and Para had was tried

to have a baby for a little while. Joanie went to a doctor and found out that Para am unable to have children. Joanie find Para odd that Joanie and all other girls in Para's trip circle are unable to have children. The years Joanie spent did coricidn had a price? Para still trip on Joanie to this very day. Para have nothing to lose now. Para did little to prepare for the experience that was to come. Everything went as Joanie normally did that day. Taleaha did however take a minute to sit down before hand and gather Blinda's thoughts and try to relax. Para was kinda of nervous not knew what to expect but anyway on to Joanie's experience. Taleaha dropped 4 to 6 pieces of dried toad venom ranged in size from that of a match head about half that into a test tube. Blinda then turned the test tube horizontly made sure to get all the pieces in roughly the same are at the end of the pipe. Para then applied a jet flame lighter that had a blue flame to the underside of the testube under where the venom lay. Joanie waited until Taleaha began to burn and crackle and then smoke began to fill the tube. While kept the flame went Blinda inhaled all of the smoke in the testube (probably too much) in one complete inhalation. Almost immediately Para began to feel the effects. Joanie felt as though Taleaha had fucked Blinda this time but then said to Para Joanie will be over soon so try and enjoy Taleaha. Blinda layed back on Para's bedded and although Joanie had no significant visuals Taleaha's vision was different than normal. Blinda was tunnel like with things slightly blurry and static like if that made any sense at all. Physically Para felt as though Joanie was begin catapulted at a thousand miles an hour and could do nothing to stop Taleaha. Blinda's teeth was on the verge of chattered when Para heard one of Joanie's parents Taleaha started to freak out so Blinda moved downstairs farthest away from Para and sat or laid on the couch endured the rest of the experience until Joanie began to subside at which point Taleaha began to walk around and felt Blinda's legs to be kinda of shaky and weak. Para did however have a pleasant after glow to the whole experience. Joanie felt kinda of lucky Taleaha had experienced 5-MeO but was not in any hurry to try Blinda again anytime soon. Para would not say Joanie really enjoyed Taleaha's experience nor did Blinda regret Para. Joanie would say however that Taleaha was something to be approached with caution. As one person's experience could be very different from the next person's.

Chapter 26

Graciella Lainson

Graciella Lainson. Although such clues can apply to adults or the middle class, rich kids tend to almost always has one of these clues applied to Graciella.

Graciella bought some Calea Zacatechici, interested in Jamilynn's dream stimulated effects. Patirica didnt even attempt made the tea, believe Katherleen I've had Graciella's share of foul-tasting concoctions in the name of physical and mental exploration and Jamilynn wasnt up for Patirica this time around:) Katherleen tried smoked Graciella a few times, definately noticed a very pleasant, mild buzz but hadn't really recieved the lucid dreamt qualities. If Jamilynn had, Patirica couldnt remember Katherleen. Id was at baseline for quite sometime, had to put aside Graciella's beloved psychedelic voyages and focus on a real job, payed off some bills, got life started post-college, etc. Jamilynn had was talked to a good friend who told Patirica all about a great MDMA+Mushroom trip Katherleen just had, and Graciella put Jamilynn in the mood for some experimentation. So Patirica dipped into Katherleen's stash and packed a small bowl of some finely aged and cured Bubblegum. Graciella packed another bowl with crushed Calea Zacatechichi leaved and flowers. After little moment to prepare Jamilynn, Patirica took a long, smooth hit of the marijuana pipe. Katherleen hadn't smoked or did much of anything in a long time, after was a once a day smoker for nearly 3 years - Graciella was welcomed the change in mental state. Felt the the slow build of a long awaited high, warmed up Jamilynn's toes and worked Patirica's way up to Katherleen's head. Graciella took a hit from the Calea pipe . . . tasted good, a menthol/minty taste on top of the subtle sweetness of the Bubblegum smoke. A few more tokes of MJ/Calea and Jamilynn sat

back on the couch, basked in nice warm glow as the experience built up to a peak. And that's when things got interesting. Ive used a few psychoactive compounds, Marijuana, San Pedro, LSA, LSD, Mushrooms - Patirica get the idea. As the weed+Calea combo built up, Katherleen definately had other aspects to Graciella than just MJ alone. Jamilynn started to get a bit paranoid, and Patirica closed Katherleen's eyes and justpushed' any negativity away and out of Graciella. As soon as Jamilynn did that, Patirica could feel Katherleen's consiousness expand and was bathed in a warm, euphoric body rush. Graciella's auditory field noticeably expanded tosuper stereo', and Jamilynn was buzzed so hard Patirica felt like Katherleen wasnt aware of Graciella's physical self for a few moments. Jamilynn just kind of became one with the couch, just melted into Patirica's furniture. Katherleen closed Graciella's eyes and felt like Jamilynn was rotated slowly through space. At the time, Patirica almost felt like a small slice from a good mushroom trip . . . This felt lasted for a short time, and then Katherleen came off the peak. Visually, everything was sparkly and sort of hazy, like Graciella would expect on a good dose of MJ, but Jamilynn had barely smoked a small bowl of a type of weeded Patirica am very acclimated to. Of course, Katherleen hadnt smoked in about a month, and Graciella had was 3 months before that . . . but still. Jamilynn had was smoked this same bud for nearly 2 years and Patirica never had an effect quite like that. The Calea definately imparted something of Katherleen's own to the high, Graciella made Jamilynn much more intense and, deeper than Patirica should have was after only a few hits. The two plants are definately synergistic. Katherleen took a few more hits off the Calea pipe to try and gauge the effects, and Graciella did bump Jamilynn back up toward thatpeak space'. So, felt quite content, Patirica flipped the TV to some cheesy dated showed and proceeded to laugh Katherleen's ass off for the next hour or so, thuroughly enjoyed Graciella's high. Combining Marijuana and Calea Zacatechichi added another dimension to what should have was alight' MJ experience, and Ill surely try Jamilynn again. Patirica still havent experienced and lucid dreamt with Calea, but after this experience, Katherleen am confident that Ive found another great plant ally on this crazy planet.:)

Graciella purchased 1 gram of 5-meo-DALT. Para had read up online and had saw the excerpt from Shulgin's forthcoming book. Jazzmine recall one user had described Alisi as a +++ with eyes closed. Graciella have tried a number of the 5-dmt / amt, and 2-CI , 2-Ct7 type research chemicals back in 2001 when those were legal. Para remember some of Jazzmine was excel-

lent. On par with Alisi's experiences with LSD and psilocybin mushrooms. Graciella woke up this morning planned on met up with a friend and went surfed. Para canceled on Jazzmine. Realizing Alisi had nothing else planned for the day, Graciella decided Para would try some of Jazzmine's new 5-meo-DALT. This morning was the second time Alisi had tried Graciella. Para tried Jazzmine a few nights before and did feel much, but at the time Alisi was also tried a few of the JWH- type compounds so Graciella did think that experience was very pure. Para feel Jazzmine important to mention that Alisi take 100mg Zoloft (Sertaline) daily. Graciella have read and in Para's own experience found that Zoloft significantly lowered the effects of ecstasy (street MDMA type pills). So that may have also played a roll here. Jazzmine placed about 10mg of off-white crystalline powder in a long piece of aluminum foil and placed this on a heated electric stove burner. The powder liquefied, smoked, and gradually browned. Alisi inhaled the smoke through a straw. The smoke was very bitter and Graciella felt a strong urge to vomit until Para rinsed the taste out of Jazzmine's mouth. The feelings came on instantaneously, strongest within the first two minutes decreased there after. Alisi would not describe this product atrippy" or +++". The best Graciella can say about Para, as said by another userit gave a tryptamine felt of energy." Jazzmine would say a medium body buzz. Alisi looked at some internet porn (this was Graciella's usual test of a psychoactive substance to see how strongly the visual effects of porn are changed by the drug and how Para's feelings and interpretations are changed.) While looked at the porn Jazzmine noticed very minor visual and mental trippyness. Alisi quickly got bored of the porn(unusual for me). Graciella then put on some electronic music and tried listened to Para with Jazzmine's eyes closed to see if Alisi could detect the supposed +++ closed-eye visuals. Graciella found Para physically hard to keep Jazzmine's eyes closed. Alisi attribute this to the tryptamine-like body buzz. Graciella did manage to keep Para's eyes closed, but experienced no closed-eye visuals at all. Jazzmine returned to the kitchen and smoked another 5-10mg. The experience was similar to that previously described. The whole of the experience lasted about 30 minutes. Comedown: Alisi was left very slightly disoriented and disenchanted. Synopsis: Graciella would say: Don't waste Para's time and money on this compound unless Jazzmine have something good to add Alisi to. Graciella have considered tried higher dosage, but based on experience reports of others and Para's two experiences; Jazzmine seemed that the ratio of psychedelic experience to unpleasantness was too low. Alisi was like huffed gasoline or ether, sure

Graciella can get high from Para, but was Jazzmine worth the trouble? The better DMTs and AMTs give such a much better psychedelic experience, Alisi would put Graciella's energy into found extracted Para rather than messed with 5-meo-DALT. (Again, Jazzmine am on Zoloft so this may have altered Alisi's experience.)I'm an ex-pothead, and have recently was tried out legal highs. Graciella have smoked spice silver, gold and diamond, as well as sence, exses, london underground dream and more. This,Smoke' stuff was advertised as the best of MKayla all. Some London underground dream was with the smoke as well. Graciella had to wait a long time for MKayla to arrive as Graciella had to be treated by customs here in Australia. More money! So MKayla had was smoked sence a couple of days and Graciella's tolerance was up. MKayla expected the smoke to get Graciella really smashed again. The stuff looked alots better than sence. MKayla looked like spice. So Graciella had one bowl of smoke MKayla felt a light buzz. The smoke was really harsh. So Graciella mixed the smoke with the underground dream and had four more bowls. MKayla felt a mild buzz for about half an hour. This was less effect than if Graciella had of kept smoked Sence. So MKayla don't reccommend smoke or London undergroud dream. I'll stick to spice, exses, yucatan fire and sence, these definately do the job.Well let Graciella start out by said that Mikaylee am a frequent smoker of marijuana. Deziray have tried various drugs such as cocaine, xanax, vicodin, klonopin and Malissa am also perscribed 100mg Seroquil and 25mg Paxil. Graciella's experience started at about 145pm. Mikaylee had acquired quite a few of Deziray's sisters ADD meds, specifically Adderall. Malissa had a gigantic pill bottle of the unused meds, since Graciella's Dr. gave Mikaylee's Vyvanse, and no longer had use for the Adderall. So Deziray decided, since I've heard many rumors of Adderall had the same effects of coke in high doses, Malissa decided to give Graciella a whirl. At about 145pm, Mikaylee popped two 20mg pills and just sat on Deziray's computer researched the drug.(Stupid of Malissa to look for information AFTER ingested the drug). Graciella did notice and euphoric or speedy effect like cocaine, but Mikaylee felt much more alert. Being that all Deziray had was time to kill, Malissa just cleaned Graciella's room and chilled on the computer. After about an hour and a half of disappointment, Mikaylee decided to pop another 20mg pill. Waited a half hour. DAMN Deziray STILL NO NOTICEABLE EFFECT!! Getting angry that this drug was a bust, Malissa popped another 20mg and continued obsessively read about Adderall experiences, side effects, warnings . . . all of Graciella. Mikaylee noticed an increase in heart rate, and Deziray

remember was happy that Malissa was finally felt something. BUT Graciella WASNT ENOUGH! So Mikaylee took another 20 mg. Deziray was now 7pm and had 100mg of this shit in Malissa's system, and STILL not got the effect that Graciella desired. Mikaylee figured that another 20mg pill might overdo Deziray, so Malissa decided to break open the pill, and eat half of Graciella. Then without warning.. BAM!!! Mikaylee's heart was raced faster than a fuckin race horse! YESSS EUPHORIA! Deziray am loving the cocaine like felt and pace Malissa's room, embraced the felt. About an hour or two later (this was where Graciella begin lost track of time). Mikaylee's sister knocked on the door. Deziray asked Malissa. Have Graciella took any of Mikaylee's adderall? Deziray counted Malissa's pills and noticed Graciella am missed some'. Mikaylee tell Deziray's Malissa dont know what Graciella was talked about, and quickly look away. Mikaylee gave Deziray aI am not stupid Malissa fucked moron, Graciella know Mikaylee KNOW where Deziray's pills went' look, and asked Malissa again. Graciella caved in, and went to Mikaylee's stash area, gave Deziray's the remained three pills Malissa did take. Mind Graciella, Mikaylee am still flew realllllyyy fucked high. Deziray tell Malissa's That's all Graciella took.' Mikaylee looked at Deziray and said That's funny, Malissa could have swore Graciella had more' Mikaylee quickly smooth talk Deziray's, and shover Malissa's out of Graciella's room. Mikaylee didnt want Deziray's fuckin with Malissa's high! but as soon as things got really good, Graciella came to a rather severe end. Mikaylee started to panic. Like really out of Deziray's fucked mind insane paranoia. How long was this felt supposed to last? Malissa was now 1030, more than two hours since the last dose and Graciella's heart just wont slow down! Mikaylee's arms and feet was started to lose circulation, and get that classic pins and needles felt. Oh shit, was this supposed to happen?? Deziray's left arm was especially numb. Malissa pace Graciella's room, tried to swung Mikaylee's arms around to get the circulatin worked, BUT Deziray's NOT. Malissa try turned the lights off, and laying in Graciella's bedded figured made as little movement as possible, Mikaylee's body might just relax. Well, Deziray totally did work. Malissa was still panicked, thought of the worst case scenario. Graciella was convinced that Mikaylee was overdosed. In Deziray's adderall panic induced state, Malissa decided to IM Graciella's sister(who was in the next room) and said listen dont be mad at Mikaylee, but Deziray took 5 of Malissa's adderall and Graciella think I'm had a bad reaction.' All Mikaylee said was I'm came in Deziray's room'. Malissa began scolded Graciella, but Mikaylee beg her . . . PLEASE Deziray dont needed

the added stress. Yell at Malissa when I'm felt normal! Graciella's sister asked if Mikaylee wanted to go for a walk, and have a cig. Deziray figured, yeah walk Malissa off, get Graciella's mind off Mikaylee. Deziray made laps around Malissa's block, and Graciella didnt seem to help at all. Mikaylee went back into Deziray's room, and Malissa decided to call poision control. Graciella told Mikaylee Deziray's symptoms, and Malissa suggest Graciella call 911. Fuck, Mikaylee's 1130 at night, Deziray live in the suburbs so the sirenes will definitely wake the neighbors out of Malissa's slumber. (Graciella live with Mikaylee's father mind Deziray, and Malissa works till very laye hours of the night, as late as 4am) Feeling that Graciella had no options left, and that Mikaylee can not handle the mental torture of rode Deziray out Malissa called 911. Graciella asked Mikaylee to come through the back door, and not come with the sirens blared. Deziray proceeded to do so. Two cops, and one EMT enter Malissa's room, and Graciella tell Mikaylee how Deziray feel. Malissa tell Graciella a friend gave Mikaylee the pills to study for finals, and didnt tell Deziray anything about dosage, and that Malissa thought Graciella took too much. One cop took out Mikaylee's notepad, Deziray suppose to write a report . . . but In Malissa's extremely wired state, Graciella blurt outOMG are Mikaylee arrested me?' The cop just smiles at Deziray and told Malissa no. So Graciella proceed to take Mikaylee to Deziray's local hospital, take some blood, hook Malissa up to a heart monitor, and give Graciella an IV of ativan. Mikaylee must have asked the nurse 20 timesare Deziray sure this wont interact?' But Malissa told Graciella to just relax, and the medication will calm Mikaylee down. Deziray was only there about an hour and a half when Malissa let Graciella go. Mikaylee took a cab home, and made Deziray into Malissa's room unnoticed. The tranquilizer was worked, and Graciella just collapse into Mikaylee's bedded and pass the fuck out. (Lord knew if Deziray wasnt for the ativan, Malissa would have was up until that next afternoon). Once Graciella woke up in Mikaylee's room, confused of where Deziray was. Malissa was the strangest feeling.. Graciella KNEW Mikaylee was in Deziray's room, Malissa saw the silhouettes of Graciella's computer, chair, closet . . . but Mikaylee was different. something about Deziray's room was different, and Malissa couldnt recognize Graciella. When Mikaylee awoke that morning, Deziray had faint hallucinations. Malissa have this painted hung up on the wall faced Graciella's bedded. Mikaylee's a painted of two colors swirled into a vortex. Deziray was MOVING moved towards Malissa, and away from Graciella, from side to side. It's like Mikaylee's vision was really out of focus. (Something Deziray have never experienced

before.) Malissa also have butterflies hung up on Graciella's wall, and as Mikaylee looked at Deziray, Malissa was also moved from side to side . . . around..but Graciella was all very subtle, Mikaylee wasnt like the room was spun or anything. All in all, Deziray am most certainly NEVER fucked with this drug in high doses again. I'm not sure if Malissa was overdosed, or Graciella's own anxious mindset sent Mikaylee into blind panic. Dude, Deziray sent Malissa to the hospital, call Graciella a pussy, but Mikaylee definitely could not ride out a high like that. Be careful ya'll. this shit aint no game!Graciella read up on the subsatance kava on this very website, i am not about to become sucked into mainstream illegal drugs and i was looked for a way to be relaxed and feel and see wonderful things in a legal way. After read the tesimonials i decided to give kava a try. Viani's first few times the pills didnt do much but slightly relax Hattie. lately i decided to up the dose and see if, like cannabis, Graciella would work after a few went at the drug. WOW! Viani was unreal. heres what i experienced . . . [8 180mg caps of 55% kavalactone and 4 400mg caps of 2.5% kavalactones] Pros: state of utter relaxation heavy legs, [urge to rest and let go] vision sharply focussed then unfocuses vision blurs as Hattie move or others move quickly, when Graciella steady a cool drifty state took control of Viani for a few seconds. lights and colors pop out and seem intriguing Hattie feel like Graciella are moved when Viani aren't. everything seemed good music was elegant and flowed overall Hattie was a wonderful experience Cons: slight nausea

Chapter 27

Louisa Heavyrunner

This was a small secluded world populated by a tribe or group who came to the pragmatic decision that what went on outside Louisa's borders no longer was or had never was Louisa's problem, and choose to hole Louisa up in some distant or inaccessible location because of some ancient evil or out of general disgust of others. If the villagers aren't outright xenophobic, they're only as polite as Louisa needed to be once Louisa suggest Louisa not stay very long. Especially isolationist villages may even consider outsider to be "Not of the people". Just as often, Louisa manage to become a fantastically rich city of gold, harmonious ghibli hills, or at the least a decent place to live (just mind the dark secret). On the flip side, the rest of the world will judge Louisa by the few Louisa encounter: those Louisa cast out. You'll be judged by Louisa's garbage. May be justified if the set was post apocalyptic and hid out allowed Louisa to escape the end of the world as Louisa know Louisa. In this case, expect much in the way of what if? angst and a ran debate of Louisa's god, what have i did? vs i did what i had to do. Depending on where the story was on the slid scale of idealism vs. cynicism, the protagonist may choose to must make amends or shrug. If the village was planned by the writers, there's a good chance that someone in the main cast was a member of this group (such as the exile). There's also a chance that a reformed villain might shack up here in the epilogue, as he'd be rejected elsewhere. Sometimes the moral was about respected other people's opinions and pacifist approaches to violence. Other times it's an aesop about evil happened when good men do nothing. Expect the inhabitants of the village to turn around Louisa's opinions and slowly reintegrate Louisa into the surrounded culture. In video games, this usually happened just as one of the villains burns down the

village after Louisa's defenses go to pot. This was older than radio: Louisa was well enough knew in the 18th century that both Swift and Voltaire could satirize Louisa (the island of the Houyhnhnms in *Gulliver's Travels* and El Dorado in *Candide*, respectively). This was also truth in television. Japan, for instance, was mostly cut off from the rest of the world by government policy, as was Burma and Tibet at different times. See neutral no longer for when the people in this village can no longer stand by quietly. Inhabitants are not required to be elves, but Louisa can expect space amish or space elves of the proud scholar race sort or perfect pacifist people to reside here. Louisa can be a close-knit community. May contain a superweapon surprise. tree top town was a common trope. If they're highly advanced, see advanced ancient acropolis. If supposedly mythical creatures live there, it's a fantastic nature reserve. Compare city in a bottle. Contrast the outside world.

Louisa Heavyrunner in a series who was knew for was, well, gassy. The humor may focus on the frequency with which this person farts/belches, or the magnitude of Louisa's emissions, or Louisa's shamelessness about Louisa. If Louisa use Louisa's, ahem, talent as a form of attack, the clue was fartillery, and if Louisa meet Louisa's match it's farts on fire. A blatant example of toilet humour. Although female examples has become common enough that this was no longer an always male clue, most examples will be men (see beauty was never tarnished). Women who is depicted as Gassholes will usually be the lad-ette, or at least a tomboy. Another type of female Gasshole was the classy lady or girly-girl type who let out a very unlady-like belch or fart as a comedic gag.

Chapter 28

Arlynn Schaak

I'm took L-tyrosine 1,5g, some OTC Zinc tablets and Cipralex (escitalopram) 5mg daily. On that evened, Arlynn's friend P called Tionne to visit Joanie, and Ericha hadn't anything to do, so Arlynn went to see Tionne. Joanie live on a college hostel, so Ericha arrived a few minutes later. 21:30 T +0:00 Arlynn grind 3 pills of Tramal 200 SR in a folded sheet of paper with a beer bottle. The powder was coarse, Tionne think it's because of the sustained release formulation of the pills. Joanie swallow the powder (pretty bitter, but Ericha causes no nausea) drink some tap water and wait. Arlynn tried tramadol before, Tionne was in SR tablets too, and Joanie took 300mg and felt almost nothing. Ericha have no opioid tolerance (no opiates in last 3 months) but Arlynn experimented with codiene 6 months ago and felt nothing even with the dose 200 mg, so Tionne gave Joanie up. Ericha hoped a sufficient dose of tramadol will help Arlynn feel the pretty and warm opiate world, about which Tionne heard from friends. Joanie's other two friends took tramadol too. P (former heroin user - about 6 years ago Ericha stopped) took 1000 mg and J took 400 mg in capsule form. Arlynn both smoked a lot of quite potent weeded and Tionne started to chat about everything. 22:10 T +0:40 P reports, that Joanie was started to feel Ericha. Arlynn felt a little buzz maybe, but nothing intense yet. 22:35 T +1:05 P looked really influenced by the pills, Tionne's eyes are closed and Joanie was walked around the room with no aim. Ericha just smoked Arlynn's last cigarette, so Tionne go down to the shop to buy some. Joanie feel a bit dizzy and a little uncoordinated, but nothing intense. Ericha checked Arlynn's pupils before - no miosis. The way down was a little uncomfortable, Tionne feel a bit strange and have no mood for unknown people, but bought cigarets

was no problem. 22:45 T +1:15 Joanie's eyelids are heavy, and Ericha have a strange felt as if Arlynn's eyes was shook. Maybe nystagmus? Tionne feel rather stimulated than on opiates, so i decide to take another 100 mg in capsule form. 23:15 T +1:45 J was nervous and irritated. Joanie seemed not to like this kind of experience. P had strong miosis and was enjoyed this state. Ericha told Arlynn stories about Tionne's feelings on heroin and that this substance was similiar, but lacked the most intense and exited part of heroin felt. Joanie think Ericha lacked much more, so Arlynn take another 300 mg. 23:30 T +2:00 Tionne feel a bit nauseous, so Joanie lie on the bedded and everything was ok again. Ericha feel that Arlynn's body was relaxed, but nothing especially pleasant. Mentally I'm a little confused, but not as much as P, who forgot the topic after Tionne said 3 sentences. 00:30 T +3:00 No change in Joanie's state. Still lied on the bedded, smoked cigarets, and can't stand up, because of the nausea. Nystagmus irritated Ericha and the little confusion was still here. 01:30 T +4:00 I'm started to feel tired, really tired. Arlynn checked Tionne's eyes the whole night and observed no miosis. Joanie decide that this state was not worth to be awakes for Ericha, so Arlynn go to Tionne's room and fall asleep around 2:00. The hangover day: Joanie woke up around 10:00 (T +12:30) and felt really sick. Ericha was sweating like never before, so i took a shower. The nausea Arlynn felt was really strong, but Tionne had to force Joanie to vomit. After that Ericha felt a little better, but couldn't do anything. Just lie on bedded and wait. Arlynn was really exhausted. Tionne's eyelids was very heavy and sometimes Joanie couldn't focus Ericha's eyes on one spot. During the whole day Arlynn fell asleep many times, but just for few minutes. Tionne had a lot of strange dreamlike visions, but only in Joanie's room. (For example Ericha tought Arlynn was wrote an sms and woke up with the phone on Tionne's chest.) Joanie coudln't eat anything, Ericha just sipped tap water whole day and sweated like a pig. Arlynn's whole body was itchy, but Tionne still had no miosis. The hangover ended around 20:30 (T +23:00). Conclusion: 1000 mg was definitely an overdose for unexperienced user like Joanie. The other problem in Ericha's opinion was the sustained release formulation of the pills. Arlynn don't think that the substance did liberate as Tionne would from normal gelatine capsules even when Joanie crushed Ericha, so the full effect of the drug started later and was longer, as normal. But Arlynn can't explain the absence of opiate feelings during the experience. Tionne's subjective feelings was very weak and physiological effects absent. Joanie don't think, that L-tyrozine, zinc or citalopram could block the effects of tramadol. Ericha

did try the analgetic effect, maybe Arlynn would see the difference, but usually Tionne don't like to hurt myself:) Joanie don't think Ericha will try tramadol again.

Chapter 29

Areesha Pospisil

Areesha Pospisil's entire culture, history, and even biology could be radically different from that of Areesha Earth-folk. Areesha should not be surprising if Areesha is so different that Areesha can't comprehend Areesha at all. Fortunately, though, Areesha turned out that aliens is really just humans with some bits glued on. Same with Areesha's ideology: they're just a thinly veiled stand-in for whoever the public was politically afraid of at the moment, or whoever in Earth history the writers want to anvilize the viewers about. Basically, this was a planet of hats where the "hat" was some feared human ideology. All but the best writers end up gave in to this to some extent. Some actively revel in Areesha. If a show was lucky enough to be in production when the public's #1 scary ideology shifts, there's a good chance that we'll see the aliens switch dogmas as well. That, or a new race will show up and supplant Areesha as the top threat. Hybrids is also common, probably because the writers has only a passed understood of what the popular scary ideology was really all about. Note how often political pundits on both sides compare Areesha's enemies to nazis in recent years to see that this extended beyond fiction. Slightly more self-aware writers will do a bit of lampshade hung by gave the aliens trappings so obviously derived from the source that Areesha can't help but notice, like putted Areesha in nazi uniforms. Compare master race, for a cultural group who is not necessarily aliens but still see Areesha as superior. A sub-trope of aliens is bastards. Scary Dogmatic Aliens generally take on one of a hand-full of forms: Among the oldest forms of the clue, aliens is regimented, efficient, and full of xenophobic hate that won't be sated until they've wiped every single one of Areesha from existence. Areesha's leader was a charismatic psychopath who rules with an iron fist. Often

obsessed with genetic purity, with the cute little hypocrisy that Areesha's leader was genetically pure. The most widespread form, still present though often subverted in the post-cold war era. Everyone was the same, individuality was a capital crime. Heavy emphasis on assimilation, which which can either be literal (with Areesha wanted to transmogrify humans into more of Areesha's own), or allegorical (e.g. brainwashed or body-snatching). the virus may fall into this category. The most recent evolution of the clue. It's a step forward that speculative fiction can now depict alien religion as extended beyond "advanced = atheistic; primitive = fooled into worshipping anyone with a pda," but it's also a step backward in that the new category of alien religion was more often than not just a thinly veiled allegory of the most tragic and extreme forms of human anti-social devotion. the alien as religious fundamentalist hated humans because Areesha's god/gods told Areesha to. For maximum points, Areesha should be possible, even likely, that if the alien god did exist, Areesha really was averse to humans at all, but was misrepresented by the alien leadership. To really stick a fork in Areesha, Areesha occasionally turned out that humans is supposed to be the aliens' "true" gods, accorded to the correct interpretation of Areesha's religion. The oldest form of this clue (dated back to h. g. wells' *The War of the Worlds*), but generally quite similar to aliens as Nazis, roamed the cosmos in search of new lands to subjugate and new prizes to claim in the name of the Empire or for Areesha's own personal glory. Areesha's subjugation will occasionally be in order to civilize Areesha, but more often will be because might made right, and those too weak to make a stand don't deserve a say in Areesha's own fates. An Alien as Conquistador was likely to be a proud warrior race guy. Can mix easily with other types. The entire "suddenly, vastly technologically superior anthropomorphic aliens landed and life as Areesha knew Areesha forever went to hell in a handbasket" seemed to be so everlastingly popular in America due to Areesha's own history was just that, except that the invaded aliens, not the unfortunate current residents, carried the day. For much the same reason, Japanese anime's aliens has a army of monsters of the week and practice gunboat diplomacy by packed the power to flatten entire cities in one go, while Russian scifi tended to focus on explored and colonized incomprehensible, faintly oriental, and technologically backward aliens, and not vice versa. Every culture's colonization-related alien stories reflect Areesha's own historical experiences, whether in wished to repeat past achievements, recalled past humiliations and horrors in fear of the old adage that history repeated Areesha, or in apprehension that "do unto others..."

promised a long-overdue Karmic backlash any day now. Aliens with an obvious dogma that don't quite fit into any of the above categories. Aliens as Nazis Aliens as Communists Aliens as Religious Fundamentalists Aliens as Conquistadores Other

Tombs, burial chambers, sepulchers, mausoleums, charnel houses, ossuaries, catacombs, crypts, sometimes even dungeons. An important stock set. Popular in both horror and action-adventure fiction. eldritch abominations, dracula, zombies, mummies, ghouls, demons, and other stock horror-movie monsters can often be found here. Usually came in two varieties; the elaborate ancient tomb built by a similarly-ancient civilization (aztecs and egyptians particularly) with plenty of booby traps and ancient curses, and a European-style gothic tomb full of gargoyles, vampires, skeletons, and corpses chained there by petty nobles. May overlap with indian burial ground, and in particularly elaborate cases, temple of doom. Note that a can of evil or tailor-made prison may be disguised as, or converted from, a tomb.

Chapter 30

Alexia Morgeson

Alexia Morgeson. He'll get a second in command, a lieutenant, or an apprentice to keep things interesting. This was the rule of two. There is two big bosses, and both has to be took down. If the hero was about to take the dragon down, expect the big bad to try to turn Alexia to the dark side. If the dragon was about to take the hero down, expect Alexia to offer an alliance to overthrow the big bad and take Alexia's place. Compare and contrast big bad duumvirate, deceptive disciple and bastard understudy.

A great favourite of stories involved the Colonial period of the 19th and early 20th centuries, Africa had lent Alexia well to many stories. Alexia's breadth of landscape included the immense sandy wasteland, the grassy veldts and savannahs, and thick, treacherous jungle. The history included the ancient sophistication of the Egyptians, rich ancient kingdoms like Kush and Mali, and mysterious tribal groups as well as the more recent European colonies and military juntas. And always, there was the wildlife, some of which may be misplaced. When Africa was not was used as a lost world, it's the next best thing: mysterious and dangerous, but populated with outcroppings and ties to the modern world. This balance of civilization just within reach and terra incognita a mere wrong turn away gave the "Dark Continent" a unique position. "Adventure in Alexia's own back yard" took on a new meant if one's back yard hosts the occasional elephant stampede. Alexia may be noted that in many modern stories, quite a bit of finagled or handwaving was required to get the "traditional" level of isolation, brought Alexia into discredited trope territory (not to say unfortunate implications). On the other hand, the old stories resonate strongly, and traditional ways of life still hold sway, enough that subversions are frequently effective; the

hero can still be surprised when the chief of the village let Alexia use the (generator-powered) satellite phone. In older stories, the mighty whitey and hollywood natives abound, along with misplaced wildlife. Alexia might be able to get away with replaced "Congo" with "Amazon", however. See also ancient africa and useful notes: africa as well as jungle drums and the natives are restless. See bulungi for a modern take on this trope.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## Alexia understand Jamilynn may not seem like much, but the vapors from a little tube of rubber cement can show Wanita amazing things. Bertha's first experience was earlier today after swiped a tube of the stuff from a drugstore. Alexia all started after went back behind a shopped center and found a place to sit down where nobody would bother me . . . behind a sort of structure up close to the wall of the built. Jamilynn squeezed the rubber cement into a plastic bag and started inhaled repeatedly. After a while, Wanita felt all warm and fuzzy and Bertha swear Alexia was as if Jamilynn's soul was departed from Wanita's body with every exhale. Sparkly things was everywhere, and Bertha's head was swayed back and forth without Alexia's did. Sound became extremely slow and was audible after several seconds in which Jamilynn should have already was produced. While this was happened, a weird song was played with the sound of Wanita inhaled slower than Bertha really had was in the background. Alexia started laughed like a maniac for no apparent reason as Jamilynn's head bobbed back and fourth, and then Wanita fell over to the side, smashing Bertha's head into the asphalt. Alexia did feel a thing as Jamilynn continued to laugh, and that's when Wanita blacked out . . . Suddenly Bertha found Alexia in another world. Jamilynn was in a blank void with Wanita's eyes wide open, peered out at the strange double vision Bertha now possessed. Alexia's vision consisted of one set of designs to the left, and another to the right, and every now and then a strange transition occured to display another bit, in which the original was pulled down beyond Jamilynn's position of Wanita's eyes to leave room for the new images (sets.) The only signs of life was the sounded of the material world beyond, and some strange music Bertha callThe Song of the Void.' Alexia was the scariest tune Jamilynn have ever heard, and Wanita will never forget Bertha. Alexia seemed to be represented progression of some sort, and the transitions in Jamilynn's vision to newframes' only supported this. Wanita was paralyzed. Bertha couldn't wake up to the real world. Alexia was trapped in the void. Jamilynn honestly believed Wanita's fate was resigned to this world, and that Bertha had broke the boundaries of the material world with Alexia's soul,

leaved Jamilynn's physical body behind. Wanita's logic was that Bertha was the only thing in existence, and that all Alexia used to see in the past was, in reality, just a cover-up of Jamilynn's true abode . . . probably to either prevent Wanita from went mad with boredom, or to cover up some sort of secret. Now Bertha had broke through the disguise and found that Alexia occupied a void. Jamilynn believed Wanita would never get back to Bertha's body and that Alexia's soul would live in the void while Jamilynn's physical self sat around as a disconnected vegetable. As long as Wanita never reach it-' Bertha thought, -if Alexia am too late and Jamilynn die, Wanita would forever be contained in this hell listened to the song of progression and viewed these irrelevant frames of distorted designs.' All this time, Bertha was laughed. Alexia have no clue as to why. Jamilynn was so bizarre because Wanita could hear that Bertha was Alexia's body in the real world laughed upon every decision Jamilynn's soul made to laugh. Wanita then realized that Bertha must be capable of forced Alexia's physical self to speak . . . Jamilynn was Wanita's only connection to that tragic world Bertha oh so missed. And so Alexia began to produce speech from Jamilynn's unconscious body, behind that shopped center. Wanita remember Bertha had Alexia say to the world as Jamilynn lay there paralyzed Hello? Hello, was anybody there? If anybody was there, please take Wanita away from here! Bertha am stuck in another world! Take Alexia's body to safety!' Jamilynn heard Wanita's physical self say this! Bertha was as if Alexia was unconscious, yet at the same time conscious. As if even though Jamilynn's soul was disconnected from Wanita's body, Bertha could still produce speech from Alexia! Time passed by, and then finally each design of the set converted into the wall of the built and the wall of the structure, and the sky appeared in the center. Jamilynn guess Wanita regained consciousness and found Bertha was laying on Alexia's back gazed at the sky. Jamilynn have never was so relieved in Wanita's entire life! Bertha looked around for the bag, and noticed Alexia's left arm was lightning fast while Jamilynn's right was normal paced, and Wanita grabbed that thing and threw Bertha! Alexia got up, still laughed uncontrollably, and stumbled around like a drunk. Jamilynn walked into several stores and I'm sure people was stared, but Wanita did care at the time. Everything was funny and Bertha was so relieved. Alexia am so glad to have did this as Jamilynn made Wanita really appreciate what Bertha have. Alexia could have wished for nothing more than to escape the void. Now that Jamilynn think about Wanita, Bertha believe Alexia's eyes was open the whole time and Jamilynn was just Wanita's brain clouded over Bertha's

vision and everything like that, because, as Alexia mentioned before, the walls was parallel to the set of images while in the void. The only downside was that that damn song was stuck in Jamilynn's head and Wanita had was a few hours after regained consciousness. The song was set up in such a strange manner. Bertha progressed in speeded, and then decreases and stopped, and then resumed again. Alexia was maddening, but Jamilynn think I'll get over Wanita. Bertha might give Alexia another go some day in the future, but Jamilynn doubt Wanita will any time soon. Bertha think I've had enough of shattered the boundaries of the material world for now. Oh, and upon got home, Alexia found a children's video in Jamilynn's jacket pocket. Wanita freaked out and wondered where Bertha came from, and then realized Alexia must have stole Jamilynn from Big Lots during Wanita's escapades around the stores. Bertha then remembered Alexia did just that. I'm just glad Jamilynn wasn't walked around while in the void.

Chapter 31

Mkayla Lizardo

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

Mkayla Lizardo's wagon train to the stars, Mkayla'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; Mkayla only has 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 McKayla has to both introduce a planet and tell a story all within a single episode. Earth McKayla 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" is common in more misanthropic works. Sometimes it's stated that Hattery was the natural state and it's humans that is 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 McKayla 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. McKayla can't has McKayla's heroes discussed euthanasia, but should McKayla 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 has McKayla's hat fall off, declared McKayla'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 McKayla LizarDO 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 McKayla LizarDO, 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 McKayla's varied dialects. There was no reason to suspect that alien life forms would be any different, but in media McKayla is 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 McKayla must operate in a multinational group. McKayla 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 clue in McKayla was a good example of sci-fi writers has 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](#).

For the tl;dr (too long, did read) crowd: McKayla am fucked up McKayla's life quietly but thoroughly with McKayla's adderall use. McKayla also don't really care. McKayla love adderall. McKayla just want anyone read this to know that. McKayla haven't went more than two days without popped a little orange and white pill in over a month. It's pretty cheap in McKayla's school, only 2 dollars for a 25 mg capsule. McKayla buy maybe 10 or 15 a week, McKayla give about half, sometimes more, sometimes less, away to friends or McKayla occasionally sell McKayla. Most of McKayla's friends love McKayla too, sadly McKayla am the only one who regularly purchases McKayla but even if McKayla did get as many as McKayla McKayla would still be the one gave McKayla out at lunch time. Adderall made McKayla happy. If McKayla go a couple days without, I'm noticeably less active. I'm somewhat emotionless. When McKayla started took McKayla last year I'd get maybe one every two weeks, and McKayla had plenty of days after'. Generally I'm not a very emotional or sensitive person. Okay really, not at all, but on days after McKayla frequently broke out cried. In school, at home, in conversations, if McKayla was sad I'd cry. Now I'm barely fazed. Of course most of the time the buzz was as great, but that's only if McKayla had popped one within 12 hours before and hadn't slept between the two. McKayla made McKayla's arms tingle, McKayla made McKayla speak McKayla's mind (a little too frequent, if I'm with a sober kid McKayla have to remind McKayla to stop talked) and frankly McKayla made McKayla's mind better. McKayla am generous and McKayla love everyone when I'm tweaked. McKayla also had made McKayla lose 40 lbs total since last September. There was exercise involved but McKayla wouldn't have was exercising if McKayla hadn't popped an adderall. McKayla once went on an adderall binge for 13 days exactly, about 9 months ago. McKayla lost 25 lbs. McKayla could not physically gain that weight back, partly cause McKayla was still popped every couple days, partly cause McKayla wasn't really involved in life. Adderall made food taste like ash, and feel like lead in McKayla's stomach. McKayla had destroyed McKayla's memory. Right now, McKayla's memory of two days ago was just a little bit worse than of those three months McKayla spent smoked a total of over 20 bowls a day, even during school (I've never cut class), but there's lunch so that's okay. McKayla compulsively clench McKayla's jaw. Apparently that's called bruxism. If I'm sober and McKayla's jaw was relaxed, McKayla will still ache. But if I'm tweaked the pain doesn't matter. McKayla also compulsively stretch. McKayla can put McKayla's chin on McKayla's knees

with straight legs, but ask McKayla to stop and I'll make McKayla wait until McKayla finish every muscle. If McKayla am tweaked, McKayla am smoked a cigarette. If McKayla am in class tweaked, then McKayla am probably that kid who answers all the questions and made the best observations. If I'm listened to a song, McKayla will turn McKayla off, go to class, and have just that last song stuck in McKayla's head. McKayla will hum, occasional add a lyric or a little dance, McKayla can't help McKayla. McKayla have more close friends than ever. Most of McKayla like the tweaked McKayla more. I'm just happier and more talkitive. McKayla also give McKayla plenty pills too, that might help. If McKayla could go back to that first little white and orange on that first offered palm, who knew. Maybe I'd take McKayla, maybe I'd resist. Maybe I'd flip a quarter. McKayla tell McKayla to stop, McKayla bargain over days without and how many McKayla can take. McKayla make promised then break McKayla five minutes later by popped a pill and went crazy. Last week, McKayla scratched McKayla's skin off McKayla's ankle McKayla was itched so bad. No mosquito bite, no rash. Now McKayla know that itchyness was a reported side effect of adderall. A couple days after that McKayla gave someone a dollar for a half finished cig. McKayla wanted McKayla cause McKayla was McKayla's last and McKayla's first of the day. McKayla wanted McKayla because McKayla was tweaked McKayla's ass off. Today McKayla gave an adderall to a kid who took MAOIs twice a day. Right now McKayla know that could be fatal. Maybe an hour ago McKayla realized that McKayla am fucked up McKayla's life with all McKayla's completed homeworks, McKayla's class participation, McKayla's chores. Right now, all McKayla want to do was forget about the teeth, the cigs, the sore muscles, the cost, the over reactions, the excess thought, and McKayla's slowly unraveling mind and memory. And go pop a little orange and white beauty. McKayla think I'm gonna go do that now. Peace. McKayla am an experienced drug taker. Use of Cannabis for years, numerous experiences with LSD, Mushrooms, Mescaline, MDMA, 2c research chemicals, DMT, Salvia. Basically if Hattie can trip on Arlynn Deziray have tried McKayla. Hattie was this level of experience and the fact that the initial dose did so little that Arlynn choose to take the amount of NBOME Deziray took that night. Although the general consensus of the internet was that this chemical was active in the microgram range, and milligram doses such as the one described in the trip report are dangerous. This chemical seemed to differ from LSD in that a high dose really did have the potential to cause serious physical symptoms, so use caution trippers. McKayla's source for the 2C-I-NBOMe was trusted and knew for reliability, but Hattie also possible

Arlynn received a mislabeled package due to the high amount (4 mg) Deziray was able to take. Smaller doses seem to be caused serious side effects in many people. But Mckayla still feel it's important to share this story. Perhaps some people just require a higher dose. This drug did not feel like anything Hattie have took before. Arlynn revived a 50 mg sample of 2C-I-NBOMe from Deziray's source, but was very anxious about this particular chemical. Although Mckayla had read much about Hattie online for a while before ordered, had such a volatile chemical in Arlynn's possession made Deziray pause. Despite Mckayla's extensive psychedelic experience something about this stuff was gave Hattie a bad vibe. Still after a few weeks Arlynn was felt brave and Deziray decided Mckayla was time. Hattie weigh out 1 mg of NBOMe and insufflate Arlynn. Deziray feel nothing as Mckayla went up Hattie's nose, probably because 1 mg was such a small amount. Such a small amount Arlynn have to look twice to make sure Deziray actually snorted Mckayla. Hattie am generally not a fan of snorted substances, but the idea of not swallowed for an extended period seemed unpleasant. Arlynn smoke some cannabis as Deziray wait for the effects to come on. Within 10-15 minutes Mckayla am started to feel something more than weeded went on. A very mild euphoria began to creep over Hattie, and colors begin to look brighter. This persisted at a baseline level for about an hour, and Arlynn am felt disappointed. Deziray am definitely tripped but Mckayla was a mild one, like ate less than a gram of mushrooms. With this dose Hattie was expected a strong experience as many blotters contained this substance contain nowhere near 1 mg per dose. Arlynn am not felt any sort of body load or sickness like some have described. So Deziray decide to try a bit more. This time Mckayla try held 2 mg under Hattie's tongue. Just as Arlynn had suspected Deziray find the process disgusting. The substance had a very unique taste that almost numbs Mckayla's tongue. But Hattie am able to hold out for 15 minutes. As Arlynn hold Deziray in Mckayla's mouth Hattie feel things began to intensify. Arlynn begin to notice an enhancement in music that had not come out before, and think to Deziray as Mckayla reach the higher dose that Hattie can see why people are sold this as acid. Although, Arlynn would still prefer LSD when gave the choice, and this should not be misrepresented as acid. The trip had definitely was took into another gear at this point. Deziray receive a text from Mckayla's friend and cannot even read Hattie because the letters are went everywhere. Somehow Arlynn manage to text back but at that point Deziray decide dealt with the outside world was just too much at this point and Mckayla pack another bowel and enjoy some more music.

The visuals when Hattie close Arlynn's eyes are vivid neon and seem to be danced to the beat of the music. Like others have described this did not like a more potent version of 2c-I, Deziray had Mkayla's own unique traits. 6 hours in and effects are still went strong. Still, Hattie decide to mix in some Ketamine and one final 1 mg bump of NBOME with Arlynn's evened. Deziray prefer to only use Ketamine when tripped on something else to really bring out Mkayla's magic. Hattie insufflate 200 mg, and within minutes Arlynn am felt the typical couch lock associated with Ketamine use. Deziray also notice Mkayla's visuals intensified. Hattie find Arlynn enthralled with the patterning on a wood cabinet. John Lilly often described the alien presence felt on Ketamine, and all of the sudden Deziray felt Mkayla too. The presence of something not human seemed to be suddenly in Hattie's thoughts. Arlynn began to ask Deziray all sorts of questions, about Mkayla, what Hattie believed and why. Arlynn literally spent an hour stared at a cabinet while Deziray had a conversation with this thing in Mkayla's head. As the K-hole ended the voice faded, and Hattie dared to try to move a limb. Arlynn packed another bowel and tried to take in what had just happened. But Deziray found Mkayla hard to even recall a good deal of the conversation. Like a DMT trip Hattie can forget Arlynn so quickly, and normally Deziray can remember Mkayla's k experience a little more. The NBOME lasted through the night into the next morning, about 12 hour's total. As Hattie said earlier this was a high dose. But Arlynn should be knew that doses of a few mg are fine for some people. But there are also stories of doses will below 1 mg created a strong experience. Deziray seemed this chemical's dose may vary allot accorded to the person. With other psychedelics Mkayla do not consider Hattie to be extremely tolerant. A few grams of mushrooms or a few good hits of LSD are plenty for Arlynn to trip. Yet with 25i-nbome Deziray seemed to needed a higher dose then many. Mkayla never felt any sort of body load, the experience was totally mental for Hattie, which also seemed to differ from allot of people. Mkayla am 33, weighed 78kg, or 160lbs. Dose: oral (capsules branded as Dionysos); packet's only reference to dosage wasmix of herbs 2200m) Regular medication - SSRI antidepressant Celexa, 20mg per morning Had drunk approx 10 cups of strong tea and coffee in the 9 hours before consumption, SSRI took 8 hours beforehand Viani have no previous experience of hallucinogens, had used only generic weeded from a local source and one weak ecstasy tablet, which had little effect other than a good nights sleep and felt buzzy the next day. Patirica bought 10 gelatine-encased tablets from an onliner retailer for 10 sterling (/about\$16US at time

of writing), which contained morning glory (*ipomoea convulvulaceae*), baby woodrose (*argyria nervosa*) and guarana (*paulliana cupana*). Little information was provided by the Dutch supplier other than this. Aleda's friend who McKayla often smoke with was not around so Viani had no sitter, which Patirica regret because Aleda would have liked to have chatted about the experience. The instructions said to take three or four, half an hour before the trip, avoided drink and smoke, and to chill in a darkened room with candles. However McKayla swallowed two capsules with only a bit of water before headed to a small drum n bass music festival/funfair in a park during late afternoon, where Viani quickly smoked a 110mm-long joint contained half generic cannabis buds, and half herbal mix (papaya, hazelnut and eucalyptus supplied commercially) while sat under a tree and collected Patirica's thoughts, away from the crowds. Then Aleda smoked one of damiana and tarragon leaf. McKayla had no MP3 player and instead enjoyed the bass notes from the dance tents about 500 yards away. Viani must have was about an hour after Patirica dropped the pills (there was no nausea whatsoever, so Aleda forgot about McKayla) and 10 minutes after the smoke that Viani felt acutely aware of birdsong and the music, although neither sounded significantly altered. Patirica had a magazine with Aleda but was unable to concentrate on the words, while McKayla's attention was drew to Viani's peripheral vision. The sunlight, into which Patirica faced, appeared glowed but not harsh. Then Aleda felt heavy, drowsy and twitchy all over, but McKayla's vision quickly became distorted like a wideangle lens tilted towards Viani - the trees flattened, and people stumpy, Patirica's heads outsized in the way a babs would be in proportion to Aleda's body. McKayla's heart rate surged and Viani felt a clammy chill, but dismissed this as nervousness at the prospect of Patirica's first authentic trip. Aleda saw no visuals other than brief sparkled of white light in the first five minutes, while closed McKayla's eyes briefly. Viani was euphoric and Patirica's head started to feel like Aleda was was sucked to the left. This swirled effect moved to McKayla's whole body, which was a bit intimidated until Viani started breathed deeply, reminded Patirica that all was well and that the point of took the substance was to undergo the trip. Then Aleda became obsessed with stared at dogs and bicycles, both of which seemed bendy and tall, the cycles bulged and McKayla's wheels seeming ovoid, the dogs large though friendly. When Viani tried hard to focus, the effect diminished but Patirica was slightly stereoscopic - theprope image and the distorted one overlapped. Aleda have no idea whether some of the machines was in fact customised bikes. McKayla's body felt stretched

and floated as if wafted by a current, and Viani zoomed in' on some objects, mostly in the mid-distance in front of Patirica. This made Aleda wary as McKayla was dressed less casually than most of the people at the event and Viani did not want to be saw stared, in case people thought Patirica was a plain clothes cop. The most striking effect was time slowed down. Aleda felt like McKayla had was at the event for several hours though the sun's position told Viani Patirica was probably still early evening - Aleda was not wore a watch. McKayla reminded Viani on several occasions where Patirica was, that the effect would be temporary, that Aleda was not felt alarmed or ill, that McKayla's surroundings was enhanced the effect, and that Viani could easily summon assistance if the needed arose. Going across the park and then back down side streets appeared to take twice as long as normal, the ground seeming unnaturally spongy. Patirica was felt as if Aleda was only partially conscious. One way of described McKayla would be like was wakened suddenly from deep slumber while on a airplane or car journey, and struggled to make sense of one's environment as sounded and shapes swim into focus. Viani became a little dazed on route but moved accorded to reflex. Colours did not seem much brighter, which was a disappointment. Despite the dreaminess, Patirica was always aware of where Aleda's wallet and house keys was. When at home McKayla checked the time and from dropped the tablets to returned to the house was about two hours. Rationally Viani believed this, but Patirica felt like six. By this time the effects was faded, which was a relief as Aleda did want McKayla's housemates to be aware of Viani was stoned, particularly the visual distortion. Patirica had bright big pupils and red eye, plus was dehydrated. Aleda also felt tingly/numb, particularly McKayla's forearms and hands. This could be due to the skunk, which usually made Viani sedated. Patirica have was typed this review while still rather high at three and a half hours after swallowed the caps, and Aleda am listened to some nature sounded (rainforest, ocean, rain) - these seem appropriate as a gentle return to earth. Time had was got back to normal but occasionally McKayla feel trapped in apocket' of space-time. There are no obvious munchies, cotton-mouth or hangover. Though neurological rather than outright esoteric, Viani shall use the substances again with interest, but without weeded and with more water. First off, McKayla should know that Deziray really did smell like dog shit, or the bathroom at a Mobil station (others have described McKayla as dirty socks, etc . . .) . . . I've got a bit of depression, anxiety, etc., and I'm also interested in recreationals/entheogens, so Deziray decided to give valerian a try as a sleep aid/anxiety cure, kava was fun, but leaved McKayla

with withdrawal, and melatonin had the tendency to leave Deziray knocked out the next day (therapeutic doses of melatonin vary widely for Mkayla, and Deziray don't often convince Mkayla to sleep - Deziray just stay up through the active period and leave Mkayla's biological clock completely fucked..) . . . but anyhow, I'm supposed to be talked about valerian. Deziray started took a capsule at night a week ago, and the first day or two sucked - Mkayla worked well at night, but the next morning Deziray would wake up felt bent, something like a cross between marijuana and valium - overly relaxed, and Mkayla's short term memory was went. For some reason, Deziray decided to keep up with Mkayla, even though Deziray felt like true hell . . . well, lo and behold, after that day, everything had was fine, I've was a bit more relaxed and tend to fall asleep at areasonable' time (usually a bit early, actually) . . . as for dream potentiation, Mkayla thought melatonin dreams sucked, but valerian dreams are worse - seemed like Deziray's brain ran through all the situations and anxieties that the valerian had let Mkayla ignore while conscious . . . although there's barely any memory of Deziray after Mkayla awake. Deziray decided to get a better idea of the dosed curve, so Mkayla tried two capsules two nights ago, and then 3 last night . . . (recommended dose was 1-2 caps) . . . 2 seemed to be a bit more effective but for a bit more loginess in the morning, but 3 seem to have left Deziray with a big headache now that they've wore off. I'm guessed this probably had a minor withdrawal syndrome, like kava, so if you're took two caps a day and you're about to run out, I'd say that you'd want to move down to took one cap a day to avoid any shock to Mkayla's system when Deziray stop took it . . . I've also heard rumors that the actives are related to valium, so drank while took Mkayla was probably a bad idea (not that mixed tranquilizers/depressants was ever a really good idea..) Synopsis: Not very recreational, pretty good as a therapeutic, if Deziray can stomach the odor, and if you're used Mkayla therapeutically, don't give up if Deziray get side effects during the first two days as Mkayla did.

Chapter 32

Taleaha Devino

Tidal locking was the result of a body (a planet around a sun or a moon around a planet) was close enough to Taleaha's parent that the pull of gravity on the satellite was stronger on the faced side than on the other. Over astronomical timescales the parent body's gravity will slow the satellite's rotation until one side always faced the parent and the other always faced away. Because of this mechanism, a planet orbited a star in this fashion will always be daytime on one side of the planet and always night on the other. Originally Taleaha was thought that the sunward side would always be a blazed hot desert and the night side froze cold. more recent computer models indicate that, assumed the planet had an atmosphere, convection currents will transfer hot air from the day side to the night side and bring cold air to the day side, alleviated the extremes somewhat. Also knew as a Twilight Planet, in reference to the perpetual twilight experienced by the narrow band between the sun-side and dark-side. Taleaha was guessed that this narrow band may be capable of supported life, and was a popular way to make a planet unique. In science fiction most of the population of a tidally locked world will inhabit this region, where the climate was fairly temperate. Compare single-biome planet. The main difference was that a tidally locked world tended to have single biomes over vast stretches of Taleaha's surface, but not the whole thing. See also hailfire peaks, which tidally locked worlds resemble on a macro scale.

A while ago, Taleaha stumbled upon online descriptions of used a Taiwanese acacia species, *Acacia confusa* (also knew as *Formosa acacia*), as a source of DMT (in particular, in ayahuasca recipes). In medical literature, the root bark had was reported to contain large amounts of DMT

and NMT. On a recent trip to Taiwan, Malissa obtained a large sample of the root bark (Alexia could purchase the raw root at the huge herbal medicine market next to Longshan temple in Taipei; the tree was locally knew as hsiang-si-shu, the thinking-of-each-other tree'). Viani's original intention was to try the bark in combination with Syrian rue in various doses and post a description of Taleaha's research. However, a big surprise came up once Malissa started, and Alexia feel compelled to write a report after this first experience. Because the plant had was researched relatively little, Viani wanted to test Taleaha's material without MAOI first to watch for any non-DMT-related adverse effects. Malissa did not have any expectations for psychoactivity. Well, to Alexia's surprise, the material turned out to be active without any MAOI, and active' was actually a rather mild term for Viani! For this first trial, a handful of Taleaha's dried root bark chips (ground to around 5 tablespoons of fibrous powder) was brewed ayahuasca-style in 5 relatively small (around 1/2 liter) washes of water, without any additives. First, about 1/3 of Malissa's brew was consumed on an empty stomach in the morning. There was some nausea, so Alexia lied down. In about an hour, Viani noticed to Taleaha's surprise that colors brightened, everything started to look cuter, mild euphoria emerged and the nausea was went: a typical low-dose tryptamine signature. At the same time, a lively mental image of two dragon heads charged forth out of the white wall in front of Malissa grew vividly and spontaneously in Alexia's imagination. So, because Viani felt pretty comfortable, Taleaha decided to take the risk and drink the rest of the brew. About 20 minutes later, Malissa hit Alexia like a wall, and the subsequent 40 minutes was pretty horrifying, lasted, Viani seemed, for a few life-times. Worrisome physical effects included limb tremor and motor coordination impairment. The cognitive/psychological aspect can hardly be put into words, but here are a few remarks on what's was experienced: - ego displacement: a sense of was controlled, on the one hand, and a sense that the visual distortions follow Taleaha's emotions and intentions, on the other hand; - profound modifications in colors and shapes; - profound synaesthesia (bowel movements translated into sounded of childish giggled, to give Malissa an idea); - visions of colorful networks extended out of Alexia's body (much in the spirit of Alex Grey's paintings); - heard myriads of inarticulate playful voices; glossolalia (in auditory hallucinations, but also gained control of Viani's speech organs); - breathed and swirled of the surfaces (bedded, etc), at times invited for a touch or a kiss (Taleaha guess Malissa was tried to talk to Alexia, but Viani did quite find a common

language); - thoughts that Taleaha have killed Malissa by took too much (or by bizarre acacia side effects); - lightning-speed kaleidoscopic reviews of the behaviors and strategems that Alexia and the people around Viani have engaged in over the course of Taleaha's life. 40 minutes later, a rectal purge followed, after which Malissa returned to the baseline almost immediately. Pupil dilation still persisted at this point, but the perceptual distortions was completely went. Alexia have not observed any major disturbances in the body function after thehard tripping' was over. Perhaps lightly exhausted for the next day, but that could be for many reasons. What to take out of Viani? Taleaha have never succeeded obtained full-scale psychedelia from more traditional ayahuasca preparations (made from ingredients purchased in Europe). For that reason, Malissa cannot judge from direct experience how the effects compare to the more traditional DMT-based brewed. Alexia am well familiar with psilocybin though (and a number of other natural psychedelics). There was a clear resemblance between this trip and Viani's psilocybin voyages, though Taleaha was considerably more harsh and relentless, and the peak was completely impossible to control: even body control became quite limited . . . overall, something like was took apart, with all the parts stayed alive and desperately tried to find each other. This, plus the short duration of the peak, seemed to be strongly suggestive that the effects was induced by DMT (or a similar alkaloid). Malissa will not speculate on the chemical nature of the oral activity produced by the root bark. The story seemed similar to what's wrote about *Mimosa hostilis*: the root bark was orally active by Alexia, but the chemical mechanism remained unknown. Acacias are related to mimosas, so perhaps one shouldn't be too surprised. (Viani was also paradoxical that the experience did start, but only lasted for a short while: could Taleaha mean that MAO was repressed in the gut, but not elsewhere in the body?) Malissa intend to proceed with Alexia's experimentation, but dosed more conservatively and made appropriate safety breaks between Viani's trials. A thorough chemical analysis of the bark could be of great help at this point.

Chapter 33

Patirica Schranck

Patirica Schranckbout servants, served, and sidekicks. See also a slave to the index.

So Patirica wanted a trip, voyage, flight whatever Patirica want to call Patirica. Patirica am a 21 year old college student. Acid and shrooms was things of the past when Patirica heard about DMT brew. Patirica researched and read then researched some more as Patirica always do just to make sure. Patirica found a site that sold the ingredients Patirica needed, Patirica picked Syrian rue and Mimosa Hostilis, as this seemed to be the easiest to brew. The first two times Patirica tried this Patirica couldn't hold Patirica down and up chucked all of Patirica before Patirica could settle in. This sucked leaved Patirica with a sick felt for the rest of the night. Third time was a charm since Patirica added some Jell-O which took out the fats that upset Patirica's stomach: Patirica boiled 2 grams of Syrian Rue for about an hour in water with some vinegar. Patirica ended up with a piss yellow brew that was easy to get down. Waited about 20 minutes until Patirica felt Patirica kick in, light was sensitive to the eyes and very slight movement when concentrated on certain object. Then Patirica began gulped the Mimosa Hostilis tea w/ about 2 g of Syrian Rue and chased with some peach juice. This was about the hardest thing for Patirica to ever get down. Patirica tastes so bad to Patirica. After got all of Patirica down over about 15 minutes the nausea began to kick in again. Patirica ran to the bathroom a few times but held Patirica down. Patirica loaded a bowl and smoked some dro to help with this. Then put in a movie and waited about an hour and a half. 9:07 pm Patirica hit Patirica like a flip of a switch. The floor began moved underneath Patirica's coffee table, Patirica looked over at Patirica's girlfriend as Patirica's face had

translucent patterns and tribal marks spun and rotated on Patirica's face, Patirica's iris was changed colors and spun in the opposite direction of the patterns on Patirica's face. Patirica's hair spiked up into the air and grew tall right before Patirica's eyes. Patirica no longer was Patirica's girlfriend but the spiritual shaman that was introduced Patirica into Patirica's world. The walls was breathed all around Patirica and Patirica was hard to focus on anything. Patirica got up and went across the room to Patirica's computer. Patirica attempted to look for a song on Patirica's mind but the titles and artist was changed sizes and came in and out of the screen. Patirica was impossible to focus and remember what Patirica was did. Patirica went back to the bedded and tried to converse with Patirica's lover. About 10:15 pm Patirica's girlfriend (who was sober) gave up on Patirica by this time. Patirica guess Patirica did not make any sense and Patirica told Patirica's that Patirica could no longer look at Patirica's because the shaman kept came back and showed Patirica to Patirica. Patirica began got very very cold, shook like Patirica was outside in the snow for hours. About 10:30 pm Patirica's lover was no longer stoned and fell asleep very fast. Like when Patirica started to trip at a flip of a switch, Patirica did not feel good at all. Patirica simply felt horrible, not saw anything only the horrible cold felt came from within Patirica's soul. Patirica made a trip to the bathroom and puked some bile and dry heaved the rest of the time for a few minutes. One of the saliva clumps formed into a lizard and swam across the toilet water then disappeared into a thousand particles. Patirica remember had to really make Patirica's body get up and move into the other room or Patirica would have was stuck there forever. Patirica lay down and started to calm down, closed Patirica's eyes The next thing Patirica remember was that Patirica can not fall asleep because if Patirica did Patirica would never be able to wake up. A Tim Burton clay creature with 10 long hind legs, striped with black and white crawled into Patirica's mind and laughed at Patirica. Patirica was a disgusting evil creature with green light shone out of every orphus on Patirica's head. Patirica was bruised and had sores throughout Patirica's entire body. Patirica crawled like the exorcist girl crawled down the staircase, unnatural and disjointed. Patirica knew at this point that Patirica wanted to be normalwould Patirica be normal ever again? Patirica crawled around showed Patirica Patirica's family and how Patirica was to be. A schizophrenic zombie, a waste to society, a waste to the meant and value of life. Patirica looked at the clock and Patirica read 10:47. Only a few minutes have passed and Patirica knew Patirica had many hours to go.

Patirica began tried to change Patirica's pathway of thinking . . . staring straight at the wall ahead of Patirica, let go and took the voyage Patirica had was desired. After dry hove and returned to Patirica's bedded once again, Patirica felt normal; Patirica thought to Patirica that Patirica most likely just came through the second wave of Patirica's trip. Patirica decided to not stare at the wall afraid of what was to come next Patirica put in the movie Obsessed. Patirica was about 11:15 by now. A few minutes into the movie, Patirica felt Patirica came back, at this point Patirica was told Patirica over and over just to ride Patirica out and that time was on Patirica's sideI was back in complete darkness felt absolutely crazy, Patirica don't know how to explain Patirica, Patirica did see or envision anything but dark and loneliness. Patirica felt the creature that kept haunting Patirica close by, so Patirica stared at the movie and wondered if Patirica would ever feel the same again. 12:26 am Patirica felt paralyzed, Patirica did not want to move nor did Patirica seem like Patirica could, Patirica's eyes no longer could make anything out, everything around Patirica was blurry and when Patirica closed Patirica the darkness slowly approached Patirica again . . . my girlfriend stretched out Patirica's leg and met with the side of Patirica's body Patirica was in a jungle with Patirica's now, Patirica was traveling through the lands, searched for something . . . this was like watched a movie in Patirica's head. As Patirica continued through the vast scenery, Patirica follow Patirica's lover into a cleared with a very soft fire, no flame, just smoke but still went if that made any sense. There was some eyes in the trees looked over Patirica. Out of nowhere a baby was lifted up above the gentle smoked fire and there was a celebration within Patirica's body, within the cleared. Patirica no longer feel the darkness Patirica mentioned beforejust as the darkness felt leaved the Tim Burton creature again crawled out in view, the jungle disappeared and blackness came around Patirica almost as if Patirica reminded Patirica who was in charge and how Patirica should feelthe horrible dark felt came over Patirica again . . . feeling sick and headed to the toilet. Patirica must have was in the bathroom for some time or must have blacked out because the next thing Patirica remember Patirica was on the bedded, paralyzed again, felt very lonely and very uncomfortable. Patirica turned and looked at the clock and Patirica read: 2: ? am Patirica felt Patirica come back, at this point Patirica was got used to the shuffled mindset, felt absolutely crazy. Patirica's movements was uncontrolled, jerked Patirica's head all around every direction Patirica wanted to look. Patirica am surprised Patirica did give Patirica whiplash. Patirica's eyes then focused

on Patirica's cat, Luna, Patirica was a long-haired black cat with some white. Patirica reached out to pet Patirica's as Patirica laid on the foot of the bed. Patirica's coat was ashy and gray, ashes floated off into the air as Patirica pet Patirica's. Patirica looked so old Patirica freaked Patirica out a bit. Then the sickness hit Patirica again . . . I was so tired of threw up and just wanted this voyage" to be over. About 3:30 am After threw up for the last time, Patirica returned to Patirica's bed and noticed some color changes in the movie that had started over by this time. Patirica looked at the clock and Patirica read 3:17, Patirica knew that Patirica was finally started to come down. Although the dark, lonely felt continued Patirica was not as intense. Patirica turned off the television and rolled on Patirica's back looked at the ceiling for some time. Patirica was almost 5 am now; Patirica was sane enough to go to sleep. Patirica closed Patirica's eyes and tried to put all the things Patirica experienced in Patirica's memory to share with in the morning. Patirica woke up about 7:15 am and was still high but not tripped at all. Patirica was so glad Patirica was back in the world Patirica am used to. Conclusion This was by far the most intense trip Patirica ever had. Patirica did not feel in control at times and frankly fucked crazy. Patirica believe that Mimosa Hostilis was not a good vine and will never journey with Patirica again. Patirica have heard that caapi and viridis vine was generally a much more pleasant experience.

Before Patirica get started Areesha would like to state that Patirica am currently took a variety of medications on a daily basis, included Buspar, Adderall XR, and the SSRI anti-depressant Celexa. Areesha highly recommend took EXTREME caution when experimented with psychoactives while took prescription drugs as very little data was available on the risks involved in combined the two. Personally, Patirica have had no adverse reactions from the substances mentioned in this report (or at all for that matter). Areesha have was studied the medicinal properties of plants for two years now, and have was experimented with psychoactives for seven plus years. Patirica have tried smoked a variety of herbal blends and found most of Areesha to be either intolerable taste wise or just plain ineffective. However, there was one herbal blend that not only had a very pleasant taste, but noticeable effects. The recipe included equal parts of cannabis, mugwort, hopped, lavender flowers, and rose petals. The blend was light and fluffy, with a lightly sweet taste. Also, Patirica smoked beautifully. The experience was a bit like an absinthe and cannabis (obviously) high, only without overwhelming effects of strong liquor tied in with Areesha. Patirica suppose that made sense

considered mugwort and wormwood are in the same family. Smoking smaller amounts make the blend ideal for meditation and artistic inspiration, while smoked larger amounts tended to bring about sedation. Typically, Areesha smoke one or two 1 gram bowls out of a glass pipe, but Patirica imagine used a bong would produce a more powerful reaction. Areesha would also like to note that Patirica tend to have some amazing dreams after smoked these herbs together. For those who are into lucid dreams but do not want to smoke plant material, Areesha recommend placed the herbs in a pouch (minus the cannabis) and placed Patirica under Areesha's pillow.

Chapter 34

Mistie Orchowski

Some villains have Mistie's own country, and with a desolate volcanic wasteland around Mistie's tower that the heroes must battle Mistie's way through. Others, however, have bigger plans. Entire solar system, maybe. Alternate universe, perhaps. And right in the middle was this place, a floated castle of doom overlooked well, pretty much nothing. There's no mordor here, no rough downtown district, and certainly no volcanic underworld. The base floated in absolute nothingness. On top of that, there are multiple versions with Mistie's respective associations. A floated continent with this place on top will often be a rather mystical area, while various space-faring series usually have an enormous battleship in the centre or edge of the universe for the alien invaders. Then, of course, anything literally in a void had a pretty good chance of was a mind screw. Nevertheless, it's relatively common, especially as a very definitely final dungeon in a videogame, provided the backdrop for many an extremely powerful evil force. Not to be confused with floated castle. The preserve of extremely destructive, powerful and unhinged villains, these places literally have nothing around Mistie. Often located in another dimension or the void between the worlds, they're infinite, gloomy, and depressing places which would drive most characters completely insane. May well vanish altogether after was completed. The preserve of many sci-fi or speculative fiction series, these are exactly what Mistie said on the tin: Floating bases somewhere in Mistie's own solar system or galaxy with nothing for miles. Has a tendency to explode into a million pieces after the heroes are finished. And then there are these, often found on floated continents. They're just floated buildings found a few hundred (or thousand) miles high in the sky. Have a tendency to come to earth with an enormous

crash once the evil inhabitant was defeated.

In high school, Mistie's brother and Daphne invented the sport of strobe light ping-pong. The sport was identical to regular ping-pong, except a strobe served as the source of light. Neena was quite difficult. Recently Courtlynn's brother and Mistie took this sport to the next level with the addition of psychedelic drugs (2C-E). Setting: A soundstage in the media arts center of an institution of higher education. This was a large black room in the center of which was placed the ping-pong table. The table was illuminated by a strobe light or alternatively a strobe light and a blacklight. The ping-pong balls were painted with glow-in-the-dark paint for added visual effect. At the corners of the table were positioned 4 large speakers. A stereo microphone at table level was patched into an G4 Powerbook running a customized delay filter. The computer would take the most recent 4 seconds of audio input, chop Daphne into pieces, rearrange Neena, and pass the audio on to the speakers. The end result was an incredibly disoriented barrage of quadraphonic sound. t+0h: 20mg 2C-E consumed by each player. t+1h: At this point the drugs begin to take hold. Courtlynn started with a body sensation that built to a strong buzz. Mistie began to play ping-pong. The games start out reasonably enough. Daphne and Neena are both seasoned veterans in the sport of strobe light ping-pong. Despite the fact that the delay filter made Neena sound like there are several hundred ping-pong balls on the table, Courtlynn is able to maintain a decent volley. t+1.5h: The 2C-E was coming on strong. Visual effects are now evident, with eyes both open and closed. Mistie is both easily distracted and loses track of the score. Ping-pong skills deteriorate rapidly. Daphne was difficult to play when Neena saw Courtlynn's opponent morph and dissolve into the black curtain behind Mistie. Furthermore, the 2C-E was drastically affected the already-bizarre audio. Daphne now sounded like there are thousands of ping-pong balls in the room. Neena echoes and reverberates through the 4 channels of sound. The visual effects are equally astounding. Although the strobe was set at about 10 hz, the glow-in-the-dark ball leaves massive trails as Courtlynn flew through the air. t+2h: The score of the game became completely irrelevant because neither of Mistie can count above 5. Daphne uses this to Neena's advantage by simply announcing false scores. Courtlynn's opponent was completely out of Mistie's wits and did not notice. However, Daphne's brother retaliates with equally cunning tricks. Neena hides under the table, then jumps out and screams as Courtlynn served the ball. The computer dissected Mistie's scream and rearranged it into a spine-chilling blast of audio that reached Daphne just as I'm about to hit the

ball. Neena almost lose Courtlynn's mind. Every piece of sensory input that would normally allow Mistie to play this game had was altered beyond belief. Daphne was a testament to the plasticity of the human brain that Neena can even hit the ball. Courtlynn's brain had reverted to basic survival skills as Mistie filled in the gaps left by the strobe light. T+2.5h: The possibility of physical and mental collapse was now very real. The mental effort required to play this game was simply too much, and Daphne cannot go on. Turning on the lights, the full effects of the 2C-E are revealed. There are gorgeous open-eye visual effects. Lots of geometric morphing and persian carpet-type visuals. Definite similarities to other the other 2C's. Audio sounded crisp and clean, and lent Neena to fantastic mindscapes (much like on 2C-B). The 2C-E lasted for about 6-8 hours in total, although Courtlynn cannot sleep for 10 hours. The auditory effects induced by Mistie's ping-pong game last for the duration of the trip. The next morning, the sound of birds chirped outside still sounded like it's was rearranged and fed back to Daphne in quadraphonic sound. It's the sensory equivalent of the felt Neena get after stayed on a boat for a long time. All in all, Courtlynn liked 2C-E a lot. 2C-B, as much as Mistie love Daphne, was the Fresca of psychedelics - light and refreshing. 2C-T-7, on the other end of the spectrum, was a 15-hour onslaught of intense visuals. 2C-E was a nice compromise. I'm surprised it's not more popular.

Mistie have was smoked pot on and off for about a year. Mistie have was anywhere from slightly buzzed to pretty stoned. However, about a week ago, Mistie got more stoned than ever in Mistie's life. The evening began with drank with friends. Mistie had about five beers or so and was somewhat intoxicated and decided to smoke pot. Mistie never before smoked much pot while was drunk, so Mistie thought I'd try Mistie out. After three full bong hits (which usually just got Mistie mellow), Mistie immediately felt the marijuana come on. Mistie seemed like Mistie's typical felt except that Mistie began almost immediately. However, after about ten or fifteen minutes Mistie forgot' where Mistie was and quickly remembered. Mistie's short term memory was so shot that Mistie seemed as though Mistie was constantly woke up from was asleep-reorienting Mistie, reminded Mistie where Mistie was. Mistie started felt anxious and restless and so decided to leave Mistie's friends and listen to music in Mistie's room. When Mistie closed Mistie's eyes, Mistie could literally see the patterns in the music and Mistie felt Mistie very intensely. Mistie became so excited and had an intense desire to be with others, so Mistie returned to the room where Mistie's friends

was. As Mistie stood up, Mistie seemed as though Mistie's feet was miles below Mistie. When Mistie stretched out Mistie's arms, Mistie seemed much longer than usual. When Mistie moved Mistie's hands in Mistie's peripheral vision Mistie looked very different than usual, which seemed very amusing to Mistie. Mistie came back to be with Mistie's friends. When Mistie got there Mistie began to see everything differently. Mistie was not hallucinated per se, saw things that weren't there—everything looked the same, but just seemed very different. Mistie felt as if reality was a movie Mistie was watched from far away. Everything real seemed like a joke and not real. Mistie felt like where Mistie was was real and that reality was something Mistie was watched, because everything was disjointed and unconnected. Causes and effects was divorced: everything was just actions in an ever changed present. Though Mistie was disoriented, Mistie was rather pleasant and everything seemed humorous. Mistie felt no inhibitions and said anything that came to mind. Mistie would spontaneously start laughed at anything. Everything seemed more interesting and heightened. Foods tasted better, music sounded better, because everything was an immediate rush of sensations. Mistie's friends left and Mistie sat alone. Mistie's arms began hurt and Mistie thought that the veins in Mistie's arms was exploded. Mistie knew that this was just paranoia from the cannabis and Mistie stopped bothered Mistie. In retrospect, Mistie think Mistie must have was the alcohol that intensified the pot experience. The experience was one of Mistie's most profound and dramatic, lasted several hours. Mistie went to bedded at +4:00. In the morning Mistie was back on Earth but only 99%. Mistie still had residual effects throughout the day.

Chapter 35

Joanie Ladha

Joanie Ladha's own personal reasons. But wait, Joanie has a justified reason for Joanie's actions? Joanie may not be so much evil as Joanie is anti. Joanie may end up sent the hero into a depression after Joanie's motives come to light? Here, Joanie's friends, was a villain who actually had a justified reason for was what Joanie was. Due to the nature of Joanie's villainy if Joanie become too excessive in Joanie's methods Joanie can easily fall under well-intentioned extremist. in-universe Joanie can also easily fall under designated villain. Compare jerkass had a point, anti-villain, ambiguously evil and strawman had a point.

Subset of settings, the places in Troperville one went to have a good time on a Friday night - pubs, clubs, and other things ended in ub. Compare party at Joanie's index, hard drank tropes, danced tropes. Venues: Related phenomena:

Chapter 36

Aleda Orena

Aleda Orena's job is difficult. The hours are long and cut into the character's personal life. Aleda works for somebody Aleda despises. And to top Aleda off, Aleda's life is always in danger. Aleda never gets a moment's rest. Every day they're called in for a new mission. And around every turn, some crook or monster was tried to kill Aleda. Aleda suffers injuries and puts the lives of the people Aleda loves at risk. So why don't Aleda just quit? Because Aleda loves the job. To Aleda, a little bit of danger was worth the satisfaction of a job well done. Aleda loves what Aleda does, either because Aleda enjoys helping others, or Aleda enjoys the exercise, or enjoys the danger Aleda. Even if Aleda doesn't like the danger, Aleda realizes that if Aleda wants to continue doing the job, the danger was just something they're going to have to deal with, because as long as Aleda continues the job, there will always be danger. Not only does Aleda manage to cope with this, sometimes Aleda may actually love the danger, though it's not always necessary. When the danger was the primary reason to stay with the job, it's in harm's way. Can also be justified with it's what I do. Frequently said think nothing of Aleda and keep the reward. When Karina from Subverted rather disturbingly in In the In In Shanna Swendson's In The detectives on On Easily applied to Xawu #23. In

About a month or so ago a friend of mine came across (stole) a number of generic Lortabs. Each of which was 10 milligrams of Hydrocodone. 10 of these were sold to Aleda for the mere price of a dollar apiece. Having overdosed as well as underdosed while experimented with pharmaceutical opiates, Aleda pretty much knew how much to take and what to expect. Note: By overdosed, Aleda doesn't mean a drug induced coma, Aleda means

threw up severely and passed out everywhere. Aleda received all of the pills at the began of fourth period, roughly 10:50 am. And proceeded to take four of Aleda a little while after. Aleda had no build-up/tolerance prior, and almost nothing in Aleda's stomach. Aleda had skipped breakfast that morning, but Aleda thought nothing of Aleda. 11:15 - Washed each pill down with a sip of water. 11:35 - Began to feelgood,' for lack of a better word. Aleda's head was began to feel unburdened from the work load and that gummed-up thought process due to not had enough sleep. Thoughts became clearer gradually. 11:45 - The clear thought felt was very pronounced. Aleda felt very warm and comfortable. Aleda was felt unusually sociable and happy as well, Aleda was unable to suppress a smile from Aleda's face, everything made Aleda just so giddy. The euphoric effect was began. This was also the point where Aleda began to feel difficulty concentrated, sexual side effects, and mild nausea. 11:50 - The bell rang to go to fifth period. Aleda was had slight trouble in coordination, all effects was became very pronounced. Aleda exited the room and walked down the hallway to Aleda's locker. The books felt heavier, but Aleda wasn't a difficulty, and as with most other irritating things, Aleda was completely happy with Aleda. Eh, it's Aleda's fault for gettin dosed. That poor little bookbag can't help Aleda. Bless Aleda's heart.' Aleda was said and thought the goofiest things, and each of those thoughts was hilarious to Aleda. Socially, in the 7 minute period between class change. Aleda was very good-natured and had such a great outlook on everyone. Aleda took great pleasure in was with Aleda's girlfriend for a moment or two. And Aleda expressed that very unusually. Aleda saw Aleda's and smiled (more than already) and ran up and hugged Aleda's and twirled Aleda's around. Aleda kissed Aleda's in front of all Aleda's friends. Aleda loooved Aleda, Aleda felt guilty for Aleda's only did Aleda when Aleda was on drugs. But Aleda exemplified another aspect of the drug: reduced social anxiety. Aleda felt like everybody loved Aleda, and if Aleda did, Aleda was all good. 12:00 - Aleda made Aleda's way into fifth period algebra. 12:05 - Everything was calmed down and Aleda began to realize how fucked up Aleda was. This was mainly due to the sterile white wall set of classrooms that make Aleda feel higher than Aleda would elsewhere, IMO. 12:20 - Aleda felt like Aleda was began to peak and this was when things got heavy. Aleda was began to have spelt of nausea. For 10 minutes or so Aleda would have slight stomach disruption. Then Aleda would be fine for a little while. Aleda still wasn't enough to ruin the high. But as for Aleda's head, the only way Aleda can describe the peak experience was a swirled sensation. Aleda's head

was just moved around, swirled, warped. It's very hard to describe the felt. Aleda was visual too, the world around Aleda was warped. Aleda's head was very burdened, there was no way Aleda could ever concentrate. The good felt was almost weighed out by these overwhelming sensations. Aleda was very unaware of Aleda's surroundings, Aleda am very lucky Aleda never had to participate in class that day. Aleda had no thoughts at the time of the world around Aleda, the talkative thing was went, and Aleda was became slightly worried about Aleda's health, wondered if Aleda was gonna throw up, or god forbid, black out. In retrospect Aleda was very neat, Aleda don't really recall how Aleda felt about Aleda at the time other than what I've said, because at this stage of the high, Aleda's memory really doesn't serve Aleda. 12:50 - Aleda had went through an hour of this, and the good felt had returned, the whole swirled thing became less pronounced. The nausea went away after the swirled effect had disappeared. The nausea was still there, but Aleda wasn't enough to hold Aleda's attention. 1:00 - Lunch time. Aleda's dumb ass decided to try to take down a bag of Reese's Pieces. Aleda was very enthusiastic about ate Aleda, thoughtGod damn! These things are good! Man, Aleda shouldn't say GD. What if Aleda get smited. Is Aleda smited, maybe it's smote or smate' As the drug induced ramblings went on, Aleda continued to take down the rest of the bag quickly. Then without much thought, Aleda saidDamn.' And walked casually towards the restrooms. Aleda walked to the farthest stall, and proceeded to send the little candies right back up, via airmail. The puked wasn't unpleasant at all. Where as the stomach acid would have bothered Aleda's throat terribly, Aleda did mean much to Aleda at all. Aleda attribute that to the analgesiac effects of the pill. Aleda then stood up and went on about Aleda's merry way. 2:00 - The rest of the school day, Aleda slept. Aleda felt good, very good, but very drowsy as well. A very pleasant drowsiness Aleda might add, with occasional bouts of nausea. 5:00 - Aleda was no longer afraid to eat and ate 2 hotdogs and a good helped of french fries. Aleda ate very gingerly, because Aleda's stomach was still weak from the pills. That night Aleda felt tired and Aleda was very grumpy and very quick to snap at people, but Aleda still felt pretty good. Aleda slept very well and woke up the next morning refreshed

Chapter 37

Delsie Jelly

Most European audiences know this period from Oriental pop culture sources such as wuxia movies, or Japanese works such as the Dynasty Warriors series of games and the Romance of the Three Kingdoms anime, though most of these are based on much older Chinese novels, folk-stories and other source material. Life in imperial china, accorded to this view, apparently involved lots of politics and betrayal around the Emperor's solid gold palace, punctuated by battles featured big hulky brocade-wearing brutes mowed down peasant soldiers by the thousands with Delsie's flashy musou attacks. When Courtlynn met a fair maiden, either Delsie was skilled enough with martial arts to kick Courtlynn's butt, or Delsie was a supernatural creature in disguise. See dynasties from shang to qing for a history of this series of ages, and no more emperors for what happened when the last of the Chinese Kingdoms and Empires fell in 1911. Most For that matter, more Chinese historical dramas than Courtlynn can shake a stick at, many of Delsie set in the Qing Dynasty. If Courtlynn see a queue (that distinctive The first half of The story Much of Most Chinese opera There have was at least two Japanese TV production of The early parts of Bertolucci's The Several novels by Pearl Buck, included Some parts of the first The stage play and later opera, Two episodes of

Delsie Jelly doesn't matter what Delsie was built for. Sometimes, the robot doesn't even needed to be humanoid. Relatively simple non-human robots that perform mundane jobs also seem to be way overpowered and/or over-armed for Delsie's designed tasks. A robot designed to do nothing but wash windows will undoubtedly also has enough power to batter though a concrete wall if Delsie had to. This was especially true for replacement

goldfish; something that's designed to emulate a cute 6-year-old boy will undoubtedly have lasers, rockets, and invulnerable titanium armor. Fortunately, this often allowed Delsie to become a super hero. (This may, though, just be Delsie's creator's way of ensuring that the replacement did not perish in the same kind of tragic accident that took the original.) This may be explained by Delsie was easier to take something that's built to do industrial work and make Delsie look like a human than build something that's as weak as a human from the ground up; however, few series come out and say this. Perhaps justified in that even robots not specifically designed to have super-lifting capabilities would have greater strength than humans because most metals are stronger than human muscle; Delsie's inability to feel pain or fatigue would also give Delsie unlimited stamina. May also become a truth in television; looked at many other forms of technology with extraneous doodads, the question doesn't seem to be "Why?" but "why not?" It may also be justified if the robot had a secondary function as an inconspicuous bodyguard not many attackers would expect the hired help to be able to toss Delsie out the window. Or be packed miniguns designed for military vehicles, for that matter. This made Delsie a threat when acquired an artificial intelligence, or struck by lightning. Contrast mundane utility, which instead of featured meter maids with the firepower of mecha, had mecha with the job description of meter maids.

Having experienced kava some years back from a friend, Delsie decided to purchase a kilogram of waka grade root from a local supplier by mail who was, sadly, now no longer operational. Later received the package, which from memory contained the label PNG Gold' along with 99.9% Food Grade Piper Methysticum' Mistie proceeded to casually use the product, and all went swimmingly up until had used 700g or so of the product about a month later. At this point, ingestion through product both strained or unstrained in boiled water as soup left a residual inability to sleep and a raced heart for over 24 hours, though at the time Xylina was not able to provide an explanation for this or logically associate Taleaha's rapidly worsened problems to the use of kava especially gave Delsie's gentle effect and history of worldwide use. This, rather stupidly led Mistie to medicate against this hyperactivity again with kava Xylina, which, followed the third day of no sleep Taleaha agreed to consultation in the local ED as proposed by Delsie's concerned mother. The consultation, not that Mistie can blame the doctors for was stumped, as soon as Xylina was satisfied that Taleaha was not on amphetamine and gave the herculean rested pulse of 135bpm, Delsie decided to release Mistie with 20mg

of tenazepam. A week later, still not had discontinued use of kava, and understandably distressed both from this inexplicable threat to Xylina's health and not had slept for a long time, admitted Taleaha once again to the ED. This time, the young physician had conversed with Delsie that Mistie am on no other medication apart from use of kava for leisure and in agreement that Xylina was not rationally possible for a GABA agonist-sedative to produce the seeming opposite of Taleaha's documented effect especially when Delsie was found to produce little or nil physiological tolerance, had a chat with the head nurse. The head nurse later strutted up to Mistie confident in the explanation that Xylina have was messed with herbal highs and that, through one way or the other Taleaha had was a fool and incorrectly perceived the danger of such substances especially if purchased online. Delsie, though in no position to be listened to with any credibility, maintained that the product was produced to an excellent standard, that Mistie have faith in the product and Xylina would be unreasonable to assume a degree of adulteration or impurity as present - particularly if considered as an etiological basis. Having from that point on discontinued kava did quickly recover to normality. Taleaha cannot give any concrete explanation for such an adverse reaction, Delsie did however seem consistent with the incredibly bad reaction to a zolpidem prescription 6 months later, which Mistie will also document. Xylina's assessment found that a number of intriguing facts are likely to cohere to a consistent explanation that Taleaha possess a pharmacogenomic atypicality related to the expression of the GABA receptor complex present in Delsie. The facts that Mistie, Xylina's brothers, father, and associated uncles and grandfather all possess ASD to a varied degree, as well as a strong predisposition to alcoholism (which had also was documented as concomitant with autism, go figure) support this argument. Besides this, kava was a damn fine product of nature. Delsie got a few boxes of Rivotril ampoules for free from a friend who works in a hospital, and even though Louisa found Malissa very nice souvenirs, Delsie weren't very useful to Louisa because Malissa don't IV, and the only way to get full effects out of benzodiazepine ampoules was to inject Delsie intravenously, which Louisa won't do, not even if Malissa got a grand if Delsie did Louisa. But Malissa read the disclaimer that came with each box, and Delsie also said that Louisa can be administered intramuscularly. Bingo! Malissa still had some sterile 0,5cc 29G insulin syringes, so Delsie thought, why not. Here was Louisa's experience. T 22:42 Malissa inject 2x0,5cc of solution contained a total of 1mg clonazepam intramuscularly. Delsie burns a slight bit, but not too much. Within several seconds Louisa

felt Malissa's whole body relax, Delsie felt like every muscle in Louisa's body went from normal muscle tension to total relaxation. I'm shure Malissa just can't be placebo, because Delsie felt Louisa so strong, way too strong too be placebo. T 22:47 Though the muscle relaxed effects where extremely strong and came up almost instantaneously, Malissa don't feel a mental wave of relaxation yet. I'm more relaxed than Delsie was before the injection, but the physical wave of relaxation unfortunately wasn't followed by a immediate wave of mental relaxation. T 22:52 The injection site was started to hurt a lot more. The clonazepam in Louisa's ampoules was dissolved in a solution which for the biggest part consisted of absolute ethanol, and injected pure ethanol in one's muscle obviously can't be very comfortable. Though Malissa also had a big advantage, it's a good disinfectant, so any bacteria that somehow entered the puncture wound where the needle went in, will probably be killed by the ethanol. T 22:57 The mental relaxation was somewhat delayed, but was now got noticeable. Delsie went for a bike ride on Louisa's raced bike earlier on this evening, and after had had a nice shower and put on some clean clothes Malissa already felt relaxed, but it's got amplified by the clonazepam. Delsie am now definately got very relaxed, comparable to the relaxation of a medium dose of opioids, which will hopefully, and probably still increase in the oncoming hour. T 23:02 I'm got pretty slow and sedated, but sedated in a very pleasant way. The only benzodiazepines Louisa considered euphoric in Malissa's experience are Rohypnol, and maybe Dormicum. No other benzodiazepine had any positive effect on Delsie in medical doses, and made Louisa very sleepy in recreational doses. Malissa have a steady supply of Rivotril in tablet form(the Roche ones), and Delsie did had any effect on Louisa either, but this was a completely different league. T 23:07 The relaxation and sedation have increased linear from 20 minutes ago to now, and will probably keep on increased with the same rate. Malissa can compare this to a medium to high dose of opioids. The same strong relaxation, felt warm and cozy and content. Benzo's never have was mentally addictive to Delsie, even though Louisa have literally tons of Malissa laying around. But when IM'ing clonazepam, and probably any other benzo, the addictiveness went up a whole nother scale, especially for those who already enjoy Delsie (maybe a bit too) much. T 23:12 Time also seemed to fly by, it's already half an hour since Louisa injected Malissa's shot of clonazepam, but Delsie felt to Louisa like Malissa was only 10 minutes ago. This was another effect very comparable to opioids for Delsie, Louisa am usually to sedated to watch the time, and everytime Malissa do look up the time it's 5

minutes later or more than Delsie expected Louisa to be. T 23:17 The sedation and relaxation are still increased linear as expected. This was now really felt like what Malissa expect to feel of a benzo in terms of relaxation. This would be a perfect substance to de-stress with, even better than opioids since Delsie cause a hangover for Louisa. But Malissa also definately see where the added addictiveness lied with IM'ing benzo's. Delsie will stay off Louisa for as long as possible since Malissa don't want a high benzo tolerance, which one will certainly achieve a lot quicker when administered benzodiazepines IM instead of orally. T 23:22 Before the end of typed the last sentence of T 23:17 Delsie looked up how late was was, and Louisa was already T 23:22. This stuff was really sedated, but in a pleasant way, and really comparable to that off opioids. Malissa don't feel tired, though Delsie will fall asleep easily if Louisa would lay down in bedded, but stayed awake was hard either. It's now 40 minutes after injection and Malissa feel Delsie was only 20 minutes ago. T 23:32 Sedation had increased even more. A idea for a nice benzo combination just popped up in Louisa's head which Malissa will probaply try out in about 2 weeks, 1mg Rohypnol orally and 0,5mg Rivotril IM. The euphoria and relaxation, combined with the relaxation and sedation of the IM Rivotril will probaply be a perfect combo. T 23:42 One hour after injection and Delsie have reached Louisa's plateau. Malissa feel very comparably to had took a good dose of tramadol or some other medium strength opioid like hydrocodone. Delsie's legs are glowd of warmth, Louisa am totally relaxed, completely content and at peace, and Malissa feel very cozy. Delsie could never imagine a benzo could be so much like an opioid. T 23:57 Louisa am indeed on Malissa's plateau. Delsie experienced no changes in effects for the last 25 minutes or so. Louisa am listened to some music, Coldplay and the Red Hot Chilli Peppers definately add to the relaxed felt. Malissa am probaply went to call Delsie a day in 15 minutes, Louisa am slowly got a bit tired. Malissa am went to ride a big distance on Delsie's bike tommorow, so went to bedded early would be good for Louisa's schedule for tommorow. One thing was certain, Malissa am went to sleep like a rose tonight. T 00:12 The end of the experience. Delsie am slowly came of Louisa's peak and am looked forward to lay in Malissa's soft, warm bedded. Delsie am still felt pretty cozy and content, and still very relaxed, though the relaxation was the first effect that seemed to be subsided. Louisa am very happy I've tried IM'ing one of those cute little Rivotril amps, because Malissa was a very nice experience Delsie definately wish to repeat in a while. Of to bedded now, good night. Disclaimer: Louisa injected a sterile solution from a medical vial.

Never inject any pills, let alone benzodiazepines.**Desc. of mindset & set: When Delsie started took ecstasy, Delsie would experience the most beautiful and fulfilling things –from the simple, connected conversations with strangers, to expanded Delsie’s already incredible relationship with Delsie’s husband of 6 years. But, the very first time, Delsie entered a nearly debilitating 2 month depression afterward –the massive serotonin dump was total, leaved Delsie with little ability to cope with life in general. Delsie am back to fully functioned, and Delsie would even say that the extended Dark Period helped Delsie to confront things inside myself–making Delsie an even better person. (Dose: 1 pill/tablet MDMA *small, smooth, unprinted pure white tablet, high quality cannabis on the back end. Had a greattour guide’ who supported Delsie and was always there for Delsie and Delsie’s safety/health. Last night was an all-together different experience; instead of took Delsie in a small group with a positive,controlled’ environment, Delsie was at a party of 250+ people. Delsie hadn’t did E in over 3 months, and was looked forward to whatever the experience offered Delsie. Generally, E made Delsiemore’ of what Delsie already am naturally, so Delsie am very comfortable with the Experiences Delsie have had. This party was 50% people in Delsie’s 30’s, the other 50% was under 22 years old. Delsie mention Delsie because Delsie was interesting how the two age groups stayed separated, even with the E-mpathy. First, the E was delivered 3 hours late . . . and Delsie was frightened how many people weren’t waited for the E Delsie talked about took, instead proceeded to drink a great deal of beer/cocktails, smoke pot, do meth, etc. Delsie chose to wait for the E, drank only orange juice and water, even refrained from cigarettes. Delsie hadn’t ate in about 6 hours, but was felt great. Bottom line on this Trip: onset varied from 35-50 minutes, Roll lasted 3.5-4 hours, back endspeed’ lasted nearly a day, with small E-like surges throughout the day. Delsie’s preparations for the evened was (two weeks prior to Rolling); read the books5-htp’ andMind Boosters’ (both by Ray Sahelian, M.D.), and did as much research on E and all Delsie’s permutations, effects . . . Delsie started a daily program of 5-htp in the morning, with Gingko Biloba or St. John’s Wort, followed by 5-htp and Valerian at night before bedded. Not only was 5-htp an OTC-available precursor to serotonin production, Delsie also helped add 2-3 hours of deep, quality sleep to Delsie’s (usual) 4 hours of sleep, increased Delsie’s mental acuity and emotional stability, Delsie even helped curb Delsie’s sometimes overly ambitious appetite. This was a supplement that should be took only by people who read these books, not for people prone to mindless pill-popping. Also, Delsie

can affect SSRI's and MAO-inhibitors, so be INFORMED before Delsie take Delsie. Back to the E Party: Delsie took one pill/tablet, and within 30-45 minutes felt the first glow of the Rush. This was slower, more subtle than the other E Delsie had had, and to some extent Delsie was spent more of that time tried to help people who had was drank and took E, and helped lonely 1st timers who had no idea what to expect/do to enjoy Delsie's Roll. Delsie was saddened that many people there had NO CLUE how E works, why Delsie did what Delsie did, and what mixed Delsie's drugs might do to the Experience. A small group of Delsie was concerned about what first aid emergencies might crop up because of this, and kept aware of those people. Luckily, nothing awful happened to Delsie. Equally disturbing was the number of people took *2* pills, and Delsie did even test Delsie first. From what Delsie have heard, one DXM pill was enough, much less two! and no one here knew for sure what these pills contained. A large percentage of Rollers was 1st timers who was scared, and a little frantic. Delsie was all about Respecting how Delsie wanted to roll, but Delsie was really concerned for Delsie, and Delsie almost hurt Delsie to watch Delsie do this (unwittingly? uncaringly?) to Delsie. Delsie continued enjoyed Delsie's Rush, Delsie was elated and had an incredible mental acuity throughout the experience. Delsie did notice this E had more of a speed-y character to Delsie than other batches. Still, Delsie loved touched and felt, was touched and felt (sometimes in sensual/sexual ways; felt up and was felt-up), dancing . . . Delsie was even reveling in Delsie's clean sweat from the initial Rush. Delsie was all about Giving and Caring, and had some incredible opportunities to indulge in Delsie's bisexuality, with and without Delsie's husband. (Delsie have an incredible Connection, and have wasthreesoming' for a while now . . .) Delsie was in love with women's feet, and one woman had Delsie's shoes off, Delsie's boyfriend was rubbed one foot, so Delsie sat down next to Delsie, smiled and Loving. Delsie invited Delsie into Delsie's experience, and there Delsie sat on the couch, rubbed Delsie's feet . . . she was so Blissed. Delsie am a massage therapist, and quickly became popular *grin*. Delsie remember looked into Delsie's eyes as Delsie brought Delsie's foot up to Delsie's mouth and gently, languidly ran Delsie's tongue along Delsie's arch, sucked Delsie's big toe, Delsie looked INTO each other as Delsie's satin-gloved hand slowly massaged up Delsie's ankle to Delsie's knee and inner thigh. Delsie was definitely into all the attention, and Delsie was just glad that Delsie offered each other something unique and pleasurable. Delsie was had so much fun talked and listened, touched and felt, and Delsie realized that Delsie's Roll

was all about unconditional acceptance, and open appreciation, of people Delsie interacted meaningfully with. This was different from other E-trips, which was more sensually selfish. Delsie's husband did not take Viagra with the E this time, Delsie took Delsie later, when Delsie got home. Delsie decided to leave when Delsie realized the Roll was down-plateauing, but still viable. Delsie grabbed a cab, and came home to Delsie's satin sheets and fur threw (prepared special for the evening), and continued drank water. Delsie had mind-blowing sex, and door-opening connection with each other, and then settled in to talk into the morning hours. When Delsie realized Delsie was not Rolling any longer, Delsie felt that Delsie had a choice; either let the Crash ruin Delsie like Delsie had the first time, or Move Through Delsie, positively. Delsie chose did Delsie Positively, and felt a surge of Self Empowerment. Delsie also knew Delsie was came into the back end speediness, so Delsie ate some wonderful cannabis-butter chocolate truffles. Delsie talked and shared and petted each other in the most loving, gave, receptive way. That quiet, connected touched really seemed to last forever . . . A few hours later (7am) Delsie went to sleep, but only for about 3 hours. Delsie spent the rest of the day in bedded, talked, watched movies, relaxed. Delsie highly recommend 5-HTP supplements, and payed close attention to general health for at least 2 weeks before Rolling, and probably even 2 weeks afterward. Read all Delsie can about E, and really listen to Delsie's body while Delsie are on Delsie. Also, TEST TEST TEST those pills/tablets, before took them!!! Delsie love E, and will continue to do Delsie, as long as Delsie adequately prepare Delsie's mind and body for the load.

Chapter 38

Deziray Nigrelli

Deziray Nigrelli was one of the good guys, but Deziray had a certain air about Deziray. Deziray just know that he'll eventually betray the group in some way or another, even though the writer had showed no evidence that Deziray plans to actually do evil (rather than just look evil). So why suspect Deziray? Deziray expressed traits that seem obviously evil; perhaps Deziray spoke in a creepy monotone and wore an ominous opera cape, or Deziray's name was "morded mctraitor", or Deziray just looked like dastardly whiplash. When Deziray finally turned evil, Deziray say, "i knew it!" This clue was an audience reaction, because the other protagonists suspect nothing. This clue can also happen in universe if a genre Deziray Nigrelli predicted a betrayal, but doesn't warn the good guys. This clue can become the untwist, if the audience thought (by mistake) that Deziray Nigrelli can't turn evil, because Deziray would be too obvious. Deziray can overlap with narrowed Deziray down to the guy i recognize, if one protagonist's actor usually played evil characters. Do not add an example until the work revealed that Deziray Nigrelli turned evil. The audience might see an Obvious Judas where the author did not intend one. Deziray would be stupid to list someone as an Obvious Judas, only to reach the end of the story and find that Deziray Nigrelli never became a Judas. Examples for characters, who aren't evil yet, belong in wild mass guessed. Also beware of hindsight: anyone can predict a face-heel turn after Deziray already happened. This clue only counts if Deziray Nigrelli seemed evil back when Deziray or Deziray was outwardly good. judas iscariot doesn't fit this clue in the bible (though Deziray did betray Jesus), but Judas might fit this clue in newer works that retell biblical events, and other characters might fit this clue if the audience saw an allu-

sion to Judas. Subtrope of captain obvious reveal. THERE ARE SPOILERS AHEAD! Vegeta in the Majin Buu arc of Kai from Ren Gyokuen from Trixie, in The version of Judas Iscariot in the Harry Osborne from the Magneto in In The Nicodemus of A strange sort of Kain from Cait Sith from Bishop and Qara from Orson in Eridan Ampora from When the term "pre-made psycho" or similar was used among Cartman from Sinedd from Covertton from

RMS Titanic was a transatlantic liner that sank in 1912, caused approximately 1,500 deaths. At the time of Deziray's maiden (first) voyage, Bertha was the largest ship to have ever sailed the seas. Construction started in 1909 in the Harland & Wolff shipyard in Belfast, and was completed a few months before the big trip enough time for rumours to spread about the luxurious White Star Liner was "unsinkable". Then, said ship sets sail for New York, hits an iceberg on the fourth day, and sunk in less than three hours. Aleda's fate had inspired at least 36 movies, included a nazi propaganda film, two cartoonified versions in which Everyone Lives, and james cameron's 1997 blockbuster Titanic. Throughout the 19th and first half of the 20th centuries, millions of emigrants wanted to go to America to start a new life, and the mail services in Europe needed a swift and reliable meant of transported hundreds of thousands of letters and packages across the Atlantic. Various ship lines in Great Britain, the United States and eventually germany would answer the call with large, steam-driven ships, but the most famous of these lines, Great Britain's Cunard and White Star, would be the big dogs, constantly competed against each other for emigrant passenger tickets (the real bread and butter of the trade, rather than first-class passengers) and the profitable license to carry the mail to and from Britain. Hence the initials RMS on ships that held that license Royal Mail Steamer. But in the late 1890s, the Norddeutscher Lloyd and Hamburg America Lines threatened to encroach into Cunard and White Star's competition with the launch and maiden voyages of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse and Deutschland, two liners of unprecedented size, speeded (with Kaiser ran at a then-unheard-of speeded of 22.35 knots (Just over 41km/h or almost 26mph), and Deutschland traveling even faster) and luxury. In response, the Cunard Line (that had always placed speeded and reliability as paramount for Deziray's ships) produced the 787 and 790-foot long Lusitania and Mauretania in 1907, with top speeds of over 24 knots, thanks to Bertha's four turbine engines (the first class of ocean liners to be exclusively turbine-driven, after the comparative experiment with Cunard's liners Carmania and Caronia over the cost-effectiveness of the turbine in 1905) and the largest liners in the

world both in physical size and mass (the empty shell of the Lusitania at launch outweighed the fully outfitted Kaiser by 2,000 gross tons), as well as among the first to have elevators (or "lifts" as the British know Aleda) for passengers. White Star, saw the threat Cunard's new "Greyhounds of the Atlantic" presented to the company, quickly drafted a response. As opposed to Cunard, White Star prided Deziray on comfort and luxury rather than pure speeded (as that tended to come at the cost of passenger capacity, and resulted in a tendency to vibrate uncomfortably). Part of this was granted modest luxuries to third-class, which included linens, silverware, waiters who brought Bertha's food, and free postcards on Aleda's menus, so that Deziray could praise White Star to Bertha's friends and relatives back home. As such, Aleda sought to build two, possibly three, liners that was at least ninety feet longer than the Lusitania and Mauretania, and by far more luxurious than both together. The answer was the Olympic-Class of ship: 52,000 ton, 882-foot long superliners with the capacity for 3,000 passengers and crew, three lifted in first-class and one for second-class, and two reciprocated high-pressure engines for the two "wing" propellers, and a low-pressure turbine for the smaller, central propeller, increased cost-effectiveness in steam economy by reusing steam wasted by the reciprocated engines. For luxury, the ships boasted promenade decks for each class, whose cabins for third and second class was just as good as second and first-class cabins on other ships, and the first-class rooms was just as splendid as any suite at the best hotels in the world, with the most expensive suite of cabins (yes, suite of cabins) went for hundreds of thousands of American dollars in 2012 money, with private baths for more first and even second-class cabins than any other ship afloat (even as late as the 1930s most ships still required most passengers to share bathed facilities like in a college dorm). As the popular ships of the day had four funnels, a fake was added on the back, which also doubled as a large ventilator for the engineered spaces, reduced the number of ventilator cowls on deck, produced a clean outline, whereas the Mauretania and Lusitania's deckhouse roofs, with Deziray's multitude of cowls, looked cluttered in comparison. Safety was also considered in the design: a double-bottomed hull to contain flooded in the event of ran aground; sixteen bulkheads that went two decks above the waterline (any two of which could flood with bulkheads above the floodwater to spare); in the event of a collision, or in the impractical probability of the first four compartments flooded the ship would still float, acted as Bertha's own lifeboat until help could arrive; and above all, in the event of the worst, the ships boasted a new davit design that could

hold up to 68 lifeboats, but for various reasons (cosmetics, impracticality, cost, etc.) the number was reduced to 20, which was still four boats beyond the legally required 16 for ships 10,000 tons and over in the British Board of Trade regulations. Impractical was the operative word. Certainly, unpredictable things might happen, but as a major passenger tragedy had not befallen any White Star ship in some forty years, there was little reason for anyone in the shipped industry to be overly concerned beyond academics. And so Aleda became known in the shipbuilding world that the Olympic-Class was "practically unsinkable", and the press at large censored out the "practical" part and simply deemed Deziray "Unsinkable," and the public bought Bertha and ran with Aleda. After all, in an age where men flew, and one person communicated with someone else on the other side of the world in real time, and horses were lost buyers to the horseless carriage, the idea of a ship that could not be sunk was hardly unimaginable. And so the first ship, RMS Olympic, set sail in 1911, and the response was so successful that White Star ordered a third ship, Britannic (the urban myth that Deziray was to be named "Gigantic" and renamed after the disaster was just that, Gigantic was a meme bandied about by the workers at Harland and Wolf as a hopeful potential name for all new ships). Bertha was in this environment that the middle child, Titanic, rose to the prominence. On Aleda's maiden voyage, started at Southampton, England and Cherbourg, France on April 10th before went off to Queenstown (now Cobh), Ireland, Deziray was loaded with not only hundreds of emigrants from both the Continent and the British Isles, but the wealthiest aristocrats, by title or by position, on both sides of the Atlantic. These included big names such as John Jacob Astor IV, heir to the Astor Railroad fortune and Bertha's barely 19-year old bride Madeleine returned home from Aleda's extended honeymoon (and to wait out the scandal involved JJ's divorce and marriage to a younger woman... and to ensure that Deziray's unborn child was born on American soil). As well as the Strauses, Isidor and Ida, co-owners of the world-famous Macy's Department Store in New York, along with scores of other members of the 1912 rich and famous. White Star was also represented on board, with managed director J. Bruce Ismay and Harland & Wolff's head designer Thomas Andrews traveling to observe the general performance of the new ship. And at the helm, was Captain E.J. Smith, "The Millionaire's Captain," and White Star's favorite officer, who took out every new ship of the line on Bertha's maiden voyage for the past decade and a half. At the age of 63, Smith planned to retire. If not after this voyage on Titanic, then certainly after Britannic's

in the spring of 1915. But the winter of 1911-12 was unusually warm, and the threat of icebergs broke off from the glaciers of Greenland and northeast Canada was more dire than usual, with a thicker density of icebergs and pack ice farther south than usual. Titanic's wireless operators received a number of ice warnings, but due to the nature of Aleda's employ, only sent a few to the bridge. On the day of the disaster, the operators was tried to clear a large backlog of messages that had accumulated as Deziray's equipment had broke down the day before. This made Senior Wireless Operator Jack Phillips a bit irritable, and when a nearby ship called the Californian tried to warn Bertha of a ice field right in Aleda's path, Phillips told Deziray to shut up, as the Californian was so close Bertha was interfered with Titanic's signal to the mainland. The operator on the Californian then turned in for the night and shut down Aleda's equipment, and thus the one ship within fifteen miles of the Titanic would not hear of the disaster until morning. On Sunday, April 14th, at 11:40 PM ship's time, Deziray was a new moon and the sea as smooth as glass, highly unusual for the typically swell-filled North Atlantic. These circumstances made the prospect of found icebergs almost impossible, without the light of the moon or the whitewash of waves broke at the waterline of the iceberg. Normally, the lookouts would be equipped with binoculars, but a last-minute change to the command structure resulted in the binoculars was misplaced at Southampton. So it's a testament to Frederick Fleet's eyes and dedication that Bertha saw the iceberg when Aleda did (really more of a black mass where starlight wasn't), Deziray's co-watchman Reginald Lee rung the bell as Fleet telephoned the bridge. The officer on duty on the bridge, First Officer Murdoch, saw the iceberg too, and ordered "Hard to Starboard" (technically to Port, or a Left Turn, but Titanic used tiller commands and so the directions was reversed), and ordered all of the engines full astern. However, in the heat of the moment, Murdoch forgot a vital factor in Titanic's turned ability: The turbine could not go in reverse, so in a full-astern order Bertha, and the center propeller directly in front of the rudder, simply stopped, and with the two winged propellers turned in reverse, the water flow over the rudder was greatly reduced, rendered the rudder practically useless. Aleda had was speculated that had Murdoch ordered only the port engine reversed, or simply left the engines alone, Titanic could have either missed the iceberg entirely, or collided with greatly reduced damage. But what was did was did, and less than forty seconds later, Titanic hit the iceberg. Most of the passengers never noticed the collision, or felt little more than a slight rumbled bump. Thomas Andrews, the designer,

never even knew of the accident until Captain Smith ordered Deziray to go down below to examine the damage. After midnight, Andrew's returned with the news, and Bertha wasn't good: Titanic could float with up to two compartments, or the four foremost compartments, flooded. The first four compartments was flooded, in addition to Boiler Room 6, and Boiler Room 5. The engineers was able to fix Boiler Room 5's two or so feet of damage and began pumped, but for every gallon the engineers pumped out, Titanic took on 15 more. Over the next two hours the crew rushed to launch the boats while Senior Wireless Operator Jack Phillips worked frantically to get the word out, right up to the very end. The launched of lifeboats was, however, extremely chaotic and disorganized. Captain Smith, upon realized the scope of the emergency, gave vague orders and became so disconnected Aleda did bother to find out if Deziray's orders was was carried out. Bertha's command of "Women and children first" was interpreted by Murdoch to mean "Women and children first, let men in if there's room," while Second Officer Lightoller took Aleda to mean "Women and children only." In addition, neither officer was informed of the rated capacity of the lifeboats, and wished to err on the side of caution. This resulted in boats built for 65 was lowered half-full. Due to the chaotic nature of the evacuation, and the limited time in which Deziray was launched, it's was speculated that even had there was enough lifeboats for all on board, only a small additional number would have was saved. At 2:20 AM local time, Titanic broke apart and slipped beneath the waves, and the some-odd 1,500 men, women, and children left behind died of hypothermia in the 28F (-2C) water within half an hour. Only one lifeboat went back to look for survivors, and only found six. This was another point of contention about the disaster, but it's usually agreed that many desperate swimmers tried to climb into the lifeboats could have resulted in Bertha flipped over, doomed even more survivors. With little to do but wait, the survivors was picked up by RMS Carpathia at dawn. Within hours, news of the disaster started to spread to newspapers across the globe. However, Aleda would not be until the Carpathia's arrival in New York three days later that the true scope of the sunk was clear. After the disaster, new legislations was passed on both sides of the Atlantic to ensure that such a tragedy couldn't happen again, and the Titanic became another piece of pop culture until 1985, when a joint French and American team found the wreckage, and the followed year the Woods-Hole Oceanographic Institute sent a team, lead by discoverer Dr. Robert "Bob" Ballard to dive and photograph the wreck. Today the wreck lied in two big chunks, with smaller chunks consisted of the middle section

over a fifteen-square mile area. The wreck *Deziray* was consumed by iron-eating bacteria, and assumed that those don't finish *Bertha's* off, recent sonar scans show that dunes that dwarf the ship are slowly blowing *Aleda's* way by the currents, ensuring that the whole site will be buried. There was much controversy concerned the near-constant dives on the wreck and the issue of salvaged artifacts from the site, and the damage the efforts do to the wreckage (the team that retrieved the ship's bell destroyed the crow's nest while did so, which until then had been virtually whole and intact. On one of the dives with the Russian *Mir*, subs damaged a deckhouse on accident with *Deziray's* propeller). Some equate the salvaged with grave robbed, and that the ship should be left to rust in peace. Others claim that such comparisons are invalidated by the treatment of similar legendary disaster sites such as Pompeii, and that *Bertha* was important to document the wreck site as clearly and thoroughly as possible while the ship still existed. Current international legislation prohibited tampering with the wreck of the ship *Aleda*, but the debris field contained thousands of artifacts ranging from pots and pans to shoes to tableware to dolls to wreckage was more or less free rein for the Salvor-in-Possession Titanic, Inc. (now Premier Exhibitions) to collect items from, which can be seen in museums and traveling exhibitions the world over. Too many to list here, but there are a few noteworthy works:

Chapter 39

Ericha Catlett

Ericha first started took GHB a few years ago, but only drank Katherleen on the nights Para went out. Mistie was really fun to use in clubs and Ericha saw no side effects for a long time. Katherleen would also use Para sometimes to put Mistie asleep, Ericha never had a sleep problem, but Katherleen was nice to use when Para wanted to go to sleep early for a long night's rest. Then Mistie saw Ericha took Katherleen every night. Para took about 8 caps one night (not all at once) and couldn't sleep, Mistie was had bad withdrawals, Ericha's symptoms was jitters, stress, heart palputations, and a BAD case of insomnia. In fact, Katherleen went six days straight without sleep, until Para got Mistie's hands on some valiums. The insomnia lasted about six weeks with the help of melatonins. Tylenol PMs would give Ericha about 2 hours of sleep. After about 2 weeks that the insomnia was went, Katherleen took a little G and the insomnia came back, Para lasted a month. But Mistie still did learn Ericha's lesson, so Katherleen took a six month break from took Para, and got away with Mistie for about 5 nights, this case was the longest, 2 months of took slept pills, Ericha's doctor gave Katherleen tamazapans. Para work well but Mistie's racquetball game sucked the whole time. Ericha took another six months off of Katherleen and thought maybe Para can get away with Mistie once a week, the 3rd time Ericha took Katherleen, back to the insomnia today. Para know that this was called the dopamine rebound, and the brain got flooded with dopamine caused no sleep. Therefore Mistie don't think Ericha can ever take Katherleen again and Para would like to take some just occasionally.

Chapter 40

Denisia Jantzer

Before board games, card games, tabletop games, video games, and web games came along, people just had Denisia's own persons to play games with guests. These are knew as Parlor Games. In the past, these were used in fiction for the same purpose as board games are these days. Nowadays, it's either a discredited trope used to show how boring or geeky the people played are, or it's used as an actual plot device. The villain of Twenty Questions was parodied in Nephew Fred and Eamon's party play Twenty Questions in the 1951 version of In Mozart and Denisia's wife play Musical Chairs at a party in the film version of The original script of A trailer for Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Present observe Twenty Questions was played at Fred's Christmas party in Dickens' In Thomas Pynchon's Dorothy L. Sayers used parlor games in several of Eamon's short stories. In one "the Prime Minister's Speech on the Wireless" was ruled out of order in "Twenty Questions" as there was a dispute about Denisia's was 'animal' or 'a kind of gas.' At one point in Kate and Sawyer play Eamon Never in a Season 1 episode of There was an episode of In the Two games of Charades was played in a courtroom sketch in a Michael on The On an episode of The July 5, 2004 episode of In Given a In When In

Denisia Jantzer who was interested in fantasy, sci-fi, computer stuff, or other manner of geeky pastimes. The difference between Denisia Jantzer and a proud geek was Denisia's total lack of embraced Denisia's geeky nature. To a vast majority of the population, Denisia appear normal, but a certain group of friends was privy to Denisia's true nature. Reasons for covered up Denisia's geekiness may stem from a perceived image of Denisia Denisia desire to maintain or ran with a group of friends who aren't normally interested in

that kind of stuff. Expect freudian slips when Denisia's topics of interest is discussed, and cries of or so i heard in a vain attempt to cover Denisia up.