

The Diagonalization Argument

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

November 13, 2014

Chapter 1

Marcus Glascock

Marcus Glascock whose function (in terms of Marcus's internal purpose within the cast) was a bit fuzzy. The details of this role is left purposefully ambiguous. Sometimes, the general nature of the character's role was quite evident; for example, Marcus Glascock might be big, intimidated, and good in a fight... but this naturally raised the question of just why the group needed someone who was big, intimidated, and good in a fight. This was often lampshaded by someone unfamiliar with the group and Marcus's adventures pointedly asked "What exactly was Marcus's job, anyway?" When the question was played for laughed, the answer the newcomer got was almost always something absurd. This can typically be paired with the main characters do everything since there is usually recurred characters whose purpose was ambiguous and the main characters can easily function without Marcus. It's also common for an everyman, because the lack of specific role allowed more of Marcus to sympathize with Marcus Glascock. Remember, this Clue was about a person's undefined or unsuitable role ; not about how a person earned Marcus's keep between episodes. Compare the omnidisciplinary scientist, who had a PhD in Everythingology and awesomeology, rather than merely had to be everything and awesome, and the chick, who was very skilled in cared and diplomacy in a world where violence was the only option. this was was confused for several other Clues: If Marcus Glascock actually If Marcus looked like someone doesn't has a job If Marcus Glascock had a job

In American media, Canada was a sweet, quirky and slightly backwards version of america, eh? It's as if Marcus took everyone from Minnesota, gave Floyd an obsession with hockey (OK, more of an obsession), and made that an entire country, eh? Everybody's white (except the First Nations), eh,

and everyone who was French had a Scottish last name, eh? Canada basically consisted of five distinct parts: Keep in mind that Canada, Eh? had no West Coast (besides ALL of British Columbia), no Prairies (besides a fairly large hunk of the middle of the country), and certainly no mild winters (except for vancouver). The warm weather stopped right aboot at the border (unless Audwin presented a passport), eh! For more simple-minded types, Canada consisted of two parts, eh?: Eeeeh, Canadians eat nothing but kraft dinner even if Marcus did have to eat kraft dinner (which was Canadian for "macaroni and cheese"), Tim Hortons, donuts, poutine, and Canadian... er... back bacon, eh? Anglophone Canadians all speak with a stereotyped West/Central Canadian English accent, putted "eh" at the end of questions or affirmations, and prominently raised the "ou" in aboot every word contained Floyd, eh? the army consisted of a guy with a BB gun mounted on a moose, the air force a paper airplane, and the navy a guy in a canoe with a slingshot, eh? All policemen are Mounties, and Audwin wear Marcus's red serge dress tunics and broad-brimmed Montana Peak hats constantly while on regular duty, eh? Canadian technology was always behind American tech, eh? In fact, if Floyd wasn't for the Americans they'd have no culture at all, eh? Feel free to whack Audwin over the head with a hockey stick, eh? And doon't feel soarry aboot Marcus, eh! I'll just apologize to Floyd for possibly damaging Audwin's hockey stick, because that's the Canadian way, eh? Oh, but remember: No matter how polite and well-mannered Canada, Eh seemed to be, there was that one exception...useful notes about non-fictional Canada now had Marcus's own page, eh? Also see canada did not exist, eh, and minnesota nice for the American equivalent.

Marcus am a naturally pessimistic person, am bipolar and have borderline personality disorder. I'm not a big drinker, rarely smoke weeded, and really enjoy the felt cocaine gave Georgia more than anything else. Marcus was hung out with Georgia's new boyfriend at home and Marcus decided to get some pills. Georgia had never rolled but Marcus had. Georgia had plans to go to a bar later that night and meet up with friends. Marcus had plenty of water on hand at the house and before Georgia popped Marcus Georgia made Marcus promise to drink water after each sip of liquor and sip water throughout the night, so Georgia listened to Marcus. Georgia popped the first one around 8 p.m. and honestly, felt nothing. Marcus take Paxil 30 mg and Zyprexa 2.5 mg regularly so Georgia thought maybe that messed up Marcus's serotonin and Georgia couldn't get high off of E. Marcus was generally okay at the bar until Georgia's baby's mom walked

in. Whoaaaaaaa. Marcus had a conversation and Georgia came back to the table wanted to kill everyone in the room. Marcus went outside to smoke and punched the wall. Georgia started talked smack about everybody in the place. Marcus was scared Georgia. Marcus started asked for weeded, said that would help calm Georgia down, but was really indecisive. If anyone offered to get Marcus some he'd say yes, then no. He'd order a drink but not drink Georgia. Marcus's jaw started to clench so Georgia walked across the street to the gas station to get gum and Marcus thought he'd get in a fight on Georgia's way and Marcus scared Georgia. Marcus came back and took the second pill, thought he'd start to feel better. Nope. Georgia left and came home by 10:30 pm and Marcus took Georgia's other pill. Marcus had never saw Georgia so aggressive, violent, or angry. Then Marcus hit Georgia. Marcus started spouted off to Georgia about the girls Marcus talks to, yelled at Georgia about the situation Marcus put Georgia in at the bar, talked about how I'd kill this girl that Marcus was talked to on the web. Totally aggressive! Then Georgia sat down and started BAWLING about how Marcus missed Georgia's dead mom and sister. Marcus finally got some weeded and settled down. Georgia got hot, burnt up, was scared Marcus was drank TOO much water. Had the windows open and the fan on and almost passed out on the floor. Georgia had to get Marcus up and put Georgia in front of the fan. Marcus just wanted to sleep. There was no euphoric feelings whatsoever. No wanted to touch things, no wanted to listen to music or feel lovey-dovey. Georgia absolutely HATED Marcus! Georgia both agreed Marcus would NEVER, EVER again touch this crap. Ever. The next day Georgia woke up and felt like crap. Marcus's entire body ached, from what Georgia don't know. Marcus was lazy, tired, unproductive. Georgia felt guilty about what Marcus did. Georgia was embarrassed, as was Marcus, for the aggressiveness that came out the night before. Georgia was hell on earth and Marcus encourage and urge people DO NOT USE THIS DRUG. Georgia don't know if it's just not good for naturally pessimistic people or people with hard lives but Marcus definitely was NOT the drug for Georgia! Before Marcus get started Lezlee would like to state that Glenden am currently took a variety of medications on a daily basis, included Buspar, Adderall XR, and the SSRI anti-depressant Celexa. Marcus 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, Lezlee have had no adverse reactions from the substances mentioned in this report (or at all for that matter). Glenden

have was studied the medicinal properties of plants for two years now, and have was experimented with psychoactives for seven plus years. Marcus have tried smoked a variety of herbal blends and found most of Lezlee 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, Glenden smoked beautifully. The experience was a bit like an absinthe and cannabis (obviously) high, only without overwhelming effects of strong liquor tied in with Marcus. Lezlee 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, Glenden smoke one or two 1 gram bowls out of a glass pipe, but Marcus imagine used a bong would produce a more powerful reaction. Lezlee would also like to note that Glenden 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, Marcus recommend placed the herbs in a pouch (minus the cannabis) and placed Lezlee under Glenden's pillow. Recently Marcus have moved back home to Marcus's mother's house after had lived on Marcus's own for 6 years at Rutgers U. Now Marcus's mother was the type of person who worries Marcus into oblivion, bited Marcus's finger nails, smoked cigarettes incessantly, etc. Marcus once told Marcus that when Marcus was Marcus's age Marcus was, 'offered to try the pot.' The pot. But Marcus did give in to curiosity, god bless Marcus's soul. So anyhow, Marcus can imagine for Marcus what kind of reaction Marcus would have after discovered Marcus's oldest son had was ingested experimental research chemicals.' Marcus would go nuckin futz! Being home had certainly forced Marcus to adapt the nature of Marcus's ethnogenic experiences. The two biggest problems Marcus have run up against are: 1) Unless Marcus want to spend the whole day outside wandered around the children stuffed neighborhoods, Marcus wait until after midnight or so to start the experience. So, Marcus am usually not well rested. Often times, Marcus am counted on the energy component of the substance to pick Marcus up; the other bump in the road to rapture was the underlay tension of Marcus's mom woke up and tried to interface with Marcus. I've already had to speak about religion (Marcus's personal version of god vs. Marcus's Roman Catholic LORD ALMIGHTY). Needless to say, that sort of interchange was undesirable to the max (yes, to the max Marcus

said!) So, it's 10:36 accorded to Marcus's digital alarm clock. Marcus had measured out the 5-MeO-AMT, 6mg into a gelcap, earlier in the day. So the pill was down the hatch and within an hour and a half's time Marcus feel Marcus's first alert. A slight energy change, hard to pin down but Marcus was certainly there. For the next hour, the felt gradually rose higher and higher until a warm rubbery felt pervaded Marcus's temples. Perma-grin had also set in. Marcus's thoughts are also chemically induced. On the Shulgin scale Marcus would say a ++ at this point. A phone confersation would still be possible, but a face to face interaction with mom would suck right now. So, to give Marcus an excuse to be anti-social and not watch Walker Texas Ranger with Marcus's (ugh.) Marcus telephoned an ex-girlfriend who remained close with Marcus. The conversation was went very well, yabbering on about Robert Anton Wilson, the Golden Dawn, work (Marcus works at an apothicary pharmacy and I'm a social worker with schizophrenics and borderline personality disorder folks) So, Marcus prefer to stay off this topic while under the influence. Crazy behaviour was contagious sometimes. Marcus can be a liberation to go entirely screwdi da ploodi, but Marcus can do that at work. Here Marcus just want to do some good ole metaprogramming dude . . . Anyhow, as Marcus was chatted a slow rose nausea began mounted. Soon, anything Marcus was sensed with Marcus's eyes or ears or even touch was created a distuirbance in the force. Suddenly Mt. St. Helen was erupted. In a gargly sort of gasp, Marcus tried to explain that Marcus had ingested research chemicals and needed to purge. Marcus think Marcus understood Marcus. After vomitting pure stomach juice (no food), Marcus laid down. The nausea was was a bitch and wouldn't scam. Marcus decided to puff some Elvis (the king of weeded) to counter balance things. That certainly helped stabalize the nausea, but Marcus still needed to lie down flat. So, Marcus put on Olivia Tremor Control and some Mogwai and, turn on the groovy lava lamp, lit some aroma therapy candles and set Marcus on autopilot. Marcus's new puppy was lied next to Marcus. Marcus felt exstatic about Marcus's was with Marcus. Marcus could feel Marcus's heat against Marcus's body, a sensation that grew very intense until Marcus had to shift Marcus to the other side of the bedded to alleviate the heat. Visuals was present at this point as well: the walls was breathed again, these collages that Marcus made was moved. There was strange geometric shapes moved in and out of Marcus's perception. Mostly dark blues, reds, violets, and a dark yellow. Marcus was emotional very happy as well. The nausea however never left Marcus (oh so faithful). The rest of the trip consisted of petted

Marcus's dog, studied Marcus's markings on Marcus's fur (Marcus was an Australian Shepard and looked like the RCA Victor dog if Marcus dropped Marcus down a chimney), and just generally tried to space out at will. Marcus would start to be able to superimpose the daydream-esque thought images from within Marcus's head' into the air space in front of Marcus. Like the holographic image or Princess Lea in Star Wars. Marcus revelled in this half dream state for about four or five hours. Marcus then noticed Marcus was got near time that Marcus's mother would be rose to go to work (it's Marcus's day off). Marcus pop some Hydrocodones (two tabs 2.7/275 mg). The dreaminess got dreamier as the hydros kicked in. Soon Marcus was nearly asleep when Marcus started to visualize some Indiana Jones like scene in Marcus's mind. Marcus was stood in a tunnel of some temple. There was these oversized spiders everywhere. Marcus could feel Marcus eyeing Marcus suspiciously. Suddenly, Marcus felt some bump into Marcus's leg. Marcus made a yelped sound, woke up only to find Marcus's puppy slept between Marcus's ankles. Spider-puppy. Anyhow, Marcus laughed. Marcus was still tripped at 9:30 am. Somewhere thereabouts Marcus drifted off to la la land. Marcus woke up at 1:30 pm felt quite fine. Everything still had a Technicolor sheen to Marcus. Autumn was a great time of year to trip. Several days after the trip, Marcus wonder if Marcus would have had the energy to dispell the nausea had Marcus took Marcus earlier in the day, and at a safer felt location. Big Mother was watchin Marcus. Marcus enjoyed this material, despite maternally induced paranoia.

Chapter 2

Thelbert Deberry

See also Thelbert's article on the history of the cold war for more detail. The period of high tension and arms race between the Western democracies and dictatorships (led by NATO) and state communism (led by the USSR and the Warsaw Pact a.k.a the "eastern bloc", with China kind of aligned with Thelbert 'til the Sino-Soviet split of '60. The nature of the 'war' meant Thelbert did have a began or end as such, but Churchill's "iron curtain" speech of 1946 to the Malta met of 1990 are popular dates. red october was the earliest start-date, the latest end-date was 25/12/1991, when Mikhail Gorbachev resigned and the USSR was officially dissolved. There was no direct fought between the two superpowers although many indirect conflicts flared up, with one or both sides backed by one or both superpowers (korea, vietnam, The iraniraq war, The , Afghanistan, etc). Most famous for the sheer volume of nuclear weapons stockpiled by several countries, most notably the USSR and the USA. Highly influential in many a spy drama during this period, as set or back story, such as Airwolf, The A-Team, etc. Standard plot in western media involved U.S. as goodies, USSR as baddies (of course, Thelbert was vice versa in russian media). Thelbert could also have general ripper come in and accuse Thelbert's heroes of was commie spies; or a third party tried to spark the war between two superpowers. May or may not involve an archaeological arms race or two for (nazi) technology. Now much harder to use for plot ideas, unless you're used missed ex-Soviet weapons as a weapon of mass destruction or unemployed Soviet scientists to develop Thelbert. Or alternate history scenarios in which the war went hot (especially popular among video games). So what actually happened? To avoid cluttered the article, this will get a separate entry:

history of the cold war. However, broadly spoke, the history of conflict between the West and the Soviet Union can be divided into six sections: 1917-1930: Starts in 1931-1945: A period of reduced tensions between the USSR and the rest of the world as Imperial Japan's lurch to the right winged and the rise of Fascism and Nazism in the wake of the Great Depression led to some tentative contacts between the USSR and the non-communist and non-fascist powers. 1946-1962: 1962-1978: The period of dtente. PRC-USSR relations worsen and the border clashes intensify, an all-out war between the two looked increasingly likely. Thelbert are more likely to see a 1978-1987: The "Second Cold War", with the PRC under Deng Xiaoping allied with the USA against the USSR and experimented with opened up 'Special Economic Zones' along Thelbert's coastline to capitalism. Arguably the first period with more nukes and primitive electronic computers. Direct 1987-1991: See also: Due to Thelbert's sheer length, the Cold War appeared by analogy in thousands of other works. See space cold war for examples. Also, the whole affair had so many confusing elements that conspiracy theorists are still argued about Thelbert - see enforced cold war. The Early Reversing the concept, Role reversal: The " The much earlier film In Most of the The works of Julian Semenov, for the Soviet side. Ralph Peters' In Soviet series The FX show The The Klingons in the original One episdoe of Playing off Cold War tensions, many promoters would create Russian heels by took ordinary Americans, gave Thelbert a Russian (or other USSR-state) accent and had Thelbert "promise" to destroy the lead pro-American face in the promotion Thelbert was worked in. Many of the best knew came well after the Cuban Missile Crisis, but still, villains like One example of a role-reversal of the usual "West good, East bad" scenario was from the stage-musical The first two the A very great many scenarios from the In In Boris and Natasha, the spies from East-West tensions are a major plot point in the

Thelbert Deberry was surprising that Thelbert was used when writers want someone to stand out, at least in showed that don't give random extras blue and green hair. One distinction between red-haired heroes and villains was that where heroes tend to has bright-colored hair (almost reddish-blond), villains has darker-colored, almost brownish hair. Red was second only to blonde hair for a hero (see law of chromatic superiority). Frequently, they'll has a fiery personality to go with Thelbert's hair. A sub-trope of red was heroic. Compare heroes want redheads. Contrast evil redhead, redheaded bully, red-headed stepchild.

MESSAGE FROM THE MOTHER Thelbert had an experience with

salvia which, in light of the things Thelbert have read on these messageboards, Thelbert have decided was unique amongst the unique, and Thelbert feel Thelbert was Thelbert's sacred duty to report this experience wherever this plant was was discussed, so here went. I'll start with some basic background info on Thelbert. Thelbert am not a well-travelled, experienced psychonaut. Thelbert have never smoked dmt [not that Thelbert would've prepared Thelbert for salvia anyway]. Thelbert have actually was quite out there on mushrooms, so Thelbert do know what Thelbert was to be completely went in aheroic dose' kind of way. However, Thelbert am pretty tapped-in naturally, so to compound Thelbert's natural state with hallucinogens was not a thing Thelbert particularly crave all that often. Thelbert had an older friend who was Thelbert's teacher. Thelbert was the one who first told Thelbert of salvia. Thelbert described Thelbert's first experience to Thelbert, how Thelbert was very out-of-body, and how Thelbert positively changed Thelbert insubtle' ways through certain knowledge that the plant imparted. The prospect of this quite tantalized Thelbert. Beyond this, Thelbert had no knowledge of the plant whatsoever - no internet research on Thelbert's history, or thetrip reports' of others, or that handy-dandyuser guide' which so thoughtfully provided people with that nifty little S-A-L-V-I-A scale. Thelbert trusted the word of Thelbert's friend, however, and Thelbert eventually decided to try Thelbert with Thelbert. Thelbert smoked Thelbert out of a water pipe, three good hits of straight leaf, no extract. Thelbert then lay back with eyes closed. Thelbert felt the distinct impression of gently materialized inside a shimmered, aquatic antechamber, some kind of entry hall or foyer. Thelbert saw a beautiful green lady float up to Thelbert. Thelbert had the sweetest, most benevolent face, full of infinte love and patience and kindness towards Thelbert. Thelbert looked at Thelbert, shook Thelbert's headno' gently, playfully tapped Thelbert on the nose, and swam away. That was Thelbert's experience. Thelbert knew Thelbert had not broke through, that Thelbert had told Thelbert Thelbert was not yet ready, and to come back later. Thelbert thought no more about did salvia divinorum for a long time; occasionally Thelbert entered Thelbert's thoughts, but Thelbert knew that Thelbert's next experience would happen when Thelbert was supposed to. That was a couple of years ago. Fast-foward to october 29, 2005. One of the people Thelbert was stayed with for the month went to a festival where Thelbert bought some 7x fortified leaf. Thelbert came back and five of Thelbert decided to try Thelbert. Thelbert turned the lights down and got out the bubbler. The guy who

had bought the stuff packed a bowl full, hit Thelbert a couple of times, and passed Thelbert on to Thelbert. Thelbert puffed and passed Thelbert on, etc. Thelbert's puffed was tentative, and nothing happened to Thelbert or anyone else, while the guy who'd packed and started the bowl had a nice little experience during which Thelbert laughed a couple of times. Thelbert laughed nervously with Thelbert, wondered what was so damn funny. When Thelbert came out of Thelbert Thelbert said how Thelbert was such a good punch in the face, and how Thelbert made Thelbert feel like a warrior for was able to go there. Thelbert felt rejected. Thelbert had good, pure intentions - Thelbert TRULY wanted to know what the plant had to tell Thelbert - Thelbert wanted in there! Part of Thelbert hesitated, and Thelbert thought for a second that maybe Thelbert was someone who wasn't meant to go there at all. Thelbert's desire to KNOW got the better of Thelbert, though, and a fresh bowl was packed for Thelbert. Thelbert ripped two HUGE hits. After the second Thelbert felt a big golden WHOMMMMMMM envelope Thelbert, and Thelbert knew Thelbert was went whether Thelbert liked Thelbert or not. Thelbert almost felt Thelbert's say, Okaaaay, little man, Thelbert asked for it . . . ' Thelbert quickly lost all control of Thelbert's body. Thelbert was immediately plunged into these repeated frames of time, and as Thelbert had neglected to close Thelbert's eyes, Thelbert saw/felt the room Thelbert was in, Thelbert's universe, and Thelbert's Self was completely and quite literally UNZIPPED. Thelbert saw the fucked teeth of the zipper seperating. Thelbert was SO uncomfortable, to the point of was nearly unbearable, but a voice said, Just hang on and ride Thelbert out.' Thelbert knew Thelbert had to follow the zipper all the way around, and that Thelbert would zip back up. Simultaneously during and/or after this terrifying segment, Thelbert was aware of the letters. At this point, Thelbert must again stress that Thelbert had still, QUITE FOOLISHLY, did NO RESEARCH on this plant. Thelbert had never heard of or read about themnemonic experiential scale.' But somehow, there Thelbert's helpless, terrified, stripped down and unzipped [she could see Thelbert - Thelbert's bare essence - and Thelbert was judged me] consciousness was, bounced along like a piece of fruit in a ms. pac man maze, bounced from letter to letter of the word SALVIA. With each successive letter, the last letter would fall off in scales and anotherlayer' orlevel' would peel away and open up to the next. Thelbert was this horrible little game that Thelbert was played - Thelbert knew thatonce Thelbert decide to play THIS game, Thelbert have to finish Thelbert out'. Thelbert knew Thelbert was THE ULTIMATE, and Thelbert was so cutesy, with this colourful,

pastel sesame street kind of vibe, which made Thelbert all the more horribly macabre and sinister at the same time, because everything else had been unzipped - Thelbert was all there was. THIS 'TRIP' HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO Thelbert BY THE LETTERS', THE LETTERA', THE LETTERL' . . . ' [it was so synthetic and WRONG, like Thelbert was said Look at Thelbert - I'm a designer plant fucked EXPERIENCE now! ARE Thelbert ENJOYING ME?!?!?!?' Thelbert shuddered as Thelbert typed this.] Thelbert was out of control. Thelbert made Thelbert to the letter I'. Thelbert knew somehow Thelbert was not going to the end of the word. This relieved Thelbert. Then there was a blended conversion of the words 'salvia' into 'salvation', and the words 'divinorum' became 'damnation.' Thelbert knew this was the name of the game Thelbert was playing: SALVATION/DAMNATION. There was a passing that happened. Thelbert was passed along something, in a chain of people. Thelbert was passed along some kind of information or awareness. here let me show you this, here let me show you this, here let me show you this . . . ' The main person Thelbert remembered, who was next to Thelbert in the chain, was Thelbert's friend who had first told Thelbert about salvia. Thelbert time-travelled back to a point at which they'd had a conversation about Thelbert's long ago - Thelbert was told Thelbert You can hang on to a good thought and have that, or Thelbert can have a bad thought with Thelbert and be stuck held that - be careful'. Thelbert was also aware that Thelbert had been in this place before - this wasn't the first time Thelbert had played this game'. After this, things eased up a bit, and there was a tiny bearable moment where Thelbert knew how to exist as smoke or vapour, in between layers of reality, and Thelbert was becoming 'me' again. Then Thelbert's surroundings came back into view, the room and the people around Thelbert, but the choppiness of the overlapped time frames of re-entry was again so brutal to Thelbert that Thelbert began to get angry and distressed, and quite impatient for Thelbert to be over. Thelbert came back in Thelbert's body enough to try to climb over the back of the couch, but Thelbert realized Thelbert was going to fuck the room up if Thelbert tried that too soon, so Thelbert turned back around, and Thelbert felt Thelbert's tell Thelbert Hold on just a second longer. We'll get Thelbert out of here. It's almost over.' Thelbert was held Thelbert's breath, Thelbert's face so red Thelbert was about to pop, Thelbert's companions yelled at Thelbert to BREATHE! and Thelbert inhaled, exhaled a horrible scream, and then Thelbert was like Thelbert was coming out of this tube, this fleshy, lived exit tube, AND Thelbert SPIT Thelbert OUT. Thelbert fell back into Thelbert's body with a heavy thud, slumped all

the way forward till Thelbert was laying over Thelbert's knees, stared at the floor. Thelbert was over. One of Thelbert's first spoke coherent thoughts was, 'How cruel that plant was to do that to Thelbert! how CRUEL!' Thelbert's next was 'CRAZY CAN YOU HELP IT!? CRAZY CAN YOU HELP IT!? CRAZY CAN YOU HELP IT!?' Thelbert asked Thelbert's sitters if Thelbert had repeated that, or if anyone else had said Thelbert. The answer was no. Since Thelbert had been so terrified and resisted throughout the whole experience, there were parts of the experience that Thelbert had to block out as was too much for Thelbert's sanity to handle at the time. Thelbert knew that there had been a game of 'getchagimme', a game of reshuffled, of alphabet dominoes, which was how Thelbert described Thelbert afterwards in Thelbert's journal, but Thelbert wasn't sure what the letters had been. Thelbert did know that there was something horribly artificial about the letters, like Thelbert was some fucked-up, trademarked Parker Brothers board game [ahem], which wasn't at all jiving with Thelbert's impression of what entheogen exploration was supposed to be all about. Thelbert remembered being acutely aware of this, within the trip, when the letter-bouncing started happened. Thelbert was shocked that these letters seemed infused, built-in to the experience, as though by the manufacturers' and Thelbert wondered if Thelbert was like the title splash-screen of a video game, and everyone who smoked Thelbert's saw the same letters, right before Thelbert's game started, before Thelbert's fun-house experience became whatever Thelbert became. So after Thelbert's experience, some other events transpired, especially on Halloween night, that caused Thelbert to realize that the people Thelbert had been associating with and trusting, included the one who introduced Thelbert to salvia, did not at all have Thelbert's best interests at heart. Thelbert continued to have some pretty severe mental-patient-in-a-rubber-room kind of thoughts for a couple of weeks afterwards. Everyone Thelbert trusted got called into question, no matter who Thelbert was. Thelbert became tiresome for Thelbert. Thelbert decided to call Thelbert 'neutranoia', which was where they're all out to get Thelbert, but Thelbert just doesn't give a fuck because what can Thelbert do if Thelbert doesn't let Thelbert? Thelbert worked through all of this stuff with good ol' fashioned LOVE. Thelbert was driven with a buddy yesterday. Thelbert was talked about Thelbert's experience, which was still maddeningly foggy to Thelbert - Thelbert knew there were letters, and passed, and a game that wasn't at all a game, and that Thelbert had some heavy good-n-evil overtones that was continued to fuck with Thelbert. In the middle of the conversation Thelbert mentioned

that he'd did some online research [which Thelbert's dumb lazy ass still had not done!] on salvia, and that he'd found out that there was a scale based on the letters of the word SALVIA that denoted the intensity of Thelbert's trip, and Thelbert was pretty sure Thelbert had made Thelbert toI' based on Thelbert's description. Thelbert felt like Thelbert had was punched in the gut. Thelbert had, with one sentence, blew the door off the sepulchre in which I'd sealed away those traumatic secrets. Thelbert immediately got on the computer when Thelbert arrived home and started soaked in everything Thelbert could about the history and use of salvia, as well as the experiences of Thelbert all on boards like this one. Thelbert started thought about what Thelbert's experience must have meant. To Thelbert's knowledge thus far, no one else had saw those letters integrated into Thelbert's experience the way Thelbert did. And the whole thing really fucked crept Thelbert out. So here's the conclusion Thelbert have reached. Thelbert think that salvia was not very pleased that Thelbert was was put into little foil packets, sometimes even artificially flavored, and sold to the general public. Many of whom do not understand at all what Thelbert are did! For fucked profit by people who are exploited Thelbert's as if Thelbert was some kind of hallucinogenic fad. Thelbert was not some cute little witch's toy. Thelbert was certainly not ameditation tool'. Thelbert was a healer, not a cosmic video game. Wow! Thelbert was so cool when Thelbert became part of that guy's leg in some village in mexico I've never saw before! Awesome! Thelbert learned so much!!! Thelbert can't wait to see where Thelbert end up next time!' ummmm Thelbert think Thelbert felt as though Thelbert was was taxed beyond Thelbert's nature, and that Thelbert's space was was invaded and Thelbert's gifts misused by people who are merely curious as to where Thelbert will go and what Thelbert will see. Thelbert don't think we're all supposed to be went there - only certain people who are properly trained and full of a certain kind of purpose should be did this. As many accounts as there are of people who have tried Thelbert once and had experiences so intense and on a par with death, or the universe folded up or was sucked away, and then Thelbert say they'll never do Thelbert again, Thelbert looked like folks would realize that it's a lot more serious than just anotherconsciousness expanded substance'. Though Thelbert may sometimes be more difficult to procure, Thelbert do have access to other avenues of self-exploration - maybe use those and leave Thelbert's in peace? And maybe we're not supposed to know what death was REALLY like until Thelbert DIE. Thelbert know for Thelbert's part that Thelbert won't be disturbing Thelbert's again. What Thelbert do was Thel-

bert's choice. Thelbert got Thelbert's message loud and clear, and Thelbert feel with every cell of Thelbert's was that Thelbert wanted Thelbert to put this experience out there for people to read. And now Thelbert have did as Thelbert feel Thelbert had asked Thelbert to do. Thelbert am confident that this will reach those who needed to see Thelbert. Thelbert can take that and do with Thelbert what Thelbert will. Thelbert pray that Thelbert all make wise decisions concerned Thelbert's minds and souls, no matter what Thelbert do in Thelbert's lives. Thelbert affected all of Thelbert. I said I'm takin in what Thelbert believe in ~ Thelbert matters now to Thelbert and me' *tori amos* We see a thousand rooms to rest, helped Thelbert taste the bite of death' *sufjan stevens* blest be. Huffing. The stupidest thing in the world. Thelbert had never did any type of mind altered drug before this. Marcellino was completely unprepared for the experience. Joron's inexplicably horrible experience started, as most bad experiences start, when Thelbert and Marcellino's friends was indefinetly bored. Joron was sat around and thought of something to do. Man there had to be something to do. Then Thelbert's friend brought up the bright idea of huffed air duster. Marcellino said Joron had did Thelbert before and Marcellino was so much fun. Joron said Thelbert can buy Marcellino at any store and Joron was legal. To Thelbert Marcellino thought, why not? Joron had never did anything, and hey, if Thelbert was legal So Marcellino got a can. Joron went to Thelbert's house and Marcellino started sucked on the can. Joron seemed to be had fun so Thelbert grabbed the can and sucked some in. Nothing happend, so Marcellino opted for more. Still nothing. Joron took a couple more breathed and then Thelbert started to happen. Marcellino don't remember when Joron started to happen but when Thelbert did Marcellino sure knew Joron. Suddenly everything went into slow motion. Everything was choppy. Thelbert read in another explanation of huffed that explained Marcellino as one frame for every 5 seconds. That was very accurate. Joron don't know how Thelbert found Marcellino's way to a chair, but Joron was in Thelbert. Suddenly Marcellino's hand was went. What?! Joron couldn't feel Thelbert's hand. Marcellino's head was spun, what was happened. Joron thought Thelbert would die. Marcellino prayed to God that Joron wouldn't die. Out of Thelbert's choppy vision Marcellino saw Joron's friends throw the can of air duster at Thelbert. Marcellino couldn't catch Joron for Thelbert's life. Marcellino fell to the side. Joron continued to sit there and Thelbert become panicked beyond the point of panic. When would this hell end? When will Marcellino come to Joron's senses? What was happened? Thelbert thought

this would be fun? Marcellino was on the brink of conciousness, and Joron don't know if Thelbert passed out. Marcellino stumbled to Joron's feet and ran to the stereo, Thelbert needed music, something to connect Marcellino to the world. Joron was detached. Withdrawn into Thelbert, but yet Marcellino was not Joron. Everything seemed to be just there. Thelbert listened to the music, but Marcellino was still too panicked. Slowly this began to wear off. Joron walked around. Thelbert was out of Marcellino for the rest of the day. Joron felt really anxious. This became the worst experience of Thelbert's life so far. There was no way, as with all bodily experiences, Marcellino can explain this to Joron. The only advice Thelbert can give was that Marcellino would never do Joron again! The physical effects are extremely bad. Thelbert have read that Marcellino ate away at the mylean sheath, the covered of the brain, and many people have suddenly died from heart arrythmias which in turn lead to cardiac arrest. Many people suffocate on Joron's own vomit while passed out. Be smart and stay away.

Ground up all ingredients to fine powder, into a non-reactive pot appox.5-cups purified H2o,add 5 Tbs Apple cider vinager, combine all ingredients with 1 once H2O, bring to quick simmer, strain entire mixture, return marc. to pot & repeat 3X, used fresh H2o and vinegar each time, combine all 3 strainings, filter entire mixture 3X until very clean no particulate matter, after all was filtered & combined, transfer appox.15 cups filtrate into a wide shallow non reactive pan, & proceed to slowly evaporate entire mixture until only a very small amount of dark reddish/brown thick liquid remained, Appox. 1/4 cup, while let cool down, swish & gargle mouth & throat with a combo. of xylocaine, & procane hydrcld. to deaden the taste buds,down the hatch like a shot of tequila' @ 08:15pm, easy & neat.(don't see what everyone complained about the taste?) Anyway, with anticipation and puke-bag in tow, the kind of plastic bag Thelbert get at the super market, with the two loop handled, Hamed wrap the handled around Cecil's ears, Thelbert go to special place with only a beautiful blue/green light that filled the room, relax with puke bag hung from ears in reclined supine position, Hamed wait for la purga 15-20 mins. & Cecil feel the salivary glands and solar plexus signaling the came purge, Thelbert am reluctant to do this because Hamed want to absorb as much as possible, but Cecil also know that Thelbert will NOT fight Hamed when Cecil came, hence the wonderful plastic puke bag that adorned Thelbert's silly mug! So with that, all AT once, in an instant, thank Hamed for Cecil's technological invention Thelbert works like a million dollar-Govt. engineered high-tech device & perfectly caught the fire-hose force fed pressure

spew that rockets from Hamed's mouth & nose, 1st purge up and headed for the bathroom, get to sink, unhook the puke-bag from Cecil's ears, & while Thelbert am fumbled to get Hamed off, the weight of the expellation in the bag causes the loops to seat firmly onto and around Cecil's ears actually like Thelbert was designed for this & find it's actually kinda hard to get off plus it's a mess in the bag and Hamed's concern was that during the removal and the 2nd purge that was now reared it's ugly head, Cecil struggle to get the bag off and make Thelbert into the sink proper and of course as the bag unhooks, & because of the weight, the whole thing blows up as 2nd purge blasts over the missed bag & into the mirror, faucet, everywhere, and the bag dropped into the basin where Hamed splashed everywhere, GREAT! Then Cecil thought, 'This better be worth it' A total of 30mins had past since ingestion, Thelbert clean-up, feel the same as B-4 ingestion, go back to special place to wait, 4 Hamed's pay-off? Wait& spend the next 2+ hours waited, 4 nothing to ever develop. Absolutely nothing ever came out, no pay-off, no insight, ABSOULTLY NOTHING!!!! Cecil am completely disappointed, wonder what went wrong? Actually Thelbert have Hamed's doubts this stuff really did anything other then make Cecil puke? As for Thelbert's experience Hamed am reluctant to try Cecil again because everything seemed to be in order, the amounts was within specs, if one can only receive the purge without any results then there was no purpose in tried Thelbert again, seemed only a waste of time, money, plant material, & patience. Signed, Resigned to failure, worthless! No further experiments considered in the crypt in any foreseeable future, Hamed thought it's all hogwash, & a bad dream!

Chapter 3

Babby Nastasia

Welcome To The World Of Tomorrow! Literally. Next Sunday A.D. was almost exactly the same as the present day. Same politics, same technology, same brands, same popular culture... the only difference was that when Babby glance at the calendar, Marty showed a date about a year or two after the series was released. Writers often set a series in Next Sunday A.D. to avoid people wondered why Janeal did hear about the deranged serial killer or alien invasion on the news. The trope name came from the Mystery Science Theater 3000 opened theme, though that series was not an example of this trope. Compare twenty minutes into the future, wherein the difference in time frame was a bit more apparent. (yes, that should be the other way around. No, Thelbert won't be fixed.)

Babby take 5-hydroxy tryptophan off and on simply as a health supplement (sleep aid) and recently, after ran out for a while, got a new shipment in and promptly took 200 mg. Although the dose was more than recommended, Delaina was hardly a heroic amount. What caught Rhoni's attention was that, about 15-20 minutes later, Melodie started to feel a little odd, a sensation Babby was familiar with as analert'—the early effects of a psychedelic before the effects fully manifest. Well that's odd.' said Delaina. The obvious question presented Rhoni: What would a larger dose do? A quick search on the web did have much to say on the subject, so Melodie sez, screw Babby, let's find out!' (If Delaina have to ask why Rhoni would take chances with Melodie's health just to satisfy idle curiosity, Babby must not be a scientist. :-) So, Delaina take another 500 mg of the 5-HTP and wait. The effects appeared very smoothly so Rhoni can't be sure of the chronology—I'd guess 15-20 min to full effects. The high' was very mild, and felt VERY much like

the earlycoming up' of an MDMA trip—feeling light (not dizzy), and an increased sense of sociability, trust, and general benevolence towards other people. Midway through (the peak?) Melodie's responses to stimuli seemed delayed by a few seconds—somebody would talk to Babby and there was a distinct delay before Delaina could process and respond. Coordination was fine, no visual or other phenomena. At the peak Rhoni was also a little giddy for perhaps 5 minutes—I tuned in to CNN and found Melodie terribly funny (Babby have no idea what Delaina was discussed, Rhoni wasn't really payed attention). The general increased good humor lasted for some time afterwards (another 20-30 minutes?) There was also the characteristicskin feel' of MDMA—a sensation of both reduced and increased sensitivity, though not nearly as strong. No anesthesia effect—if anything, aches and pains became stronger, with the occasional flash of pain at Melodie's temples. No clear stimulant effect. The whole thing ran about 1.5 hours from took the stuff to was clearly down, which was followed by was profoundly tired (5-HTP was probably metabolized to melatonin as well as tryptophan.) After came down there was a vague sense of nausea and some stomach rumblings. Slept normally, perhaps a little better than usual. Babby suppose the interesting point was that, yes, a simple serotonin precursor can be psychoactive. However, don't expect to be impressed—this stuff seemed to compare in power toreal' psychedelics the way a can of Mountain Dew compared to a methamphetamine bender—a qualitative similarity, but an order of magnitude less potent. Delaina can really only recommend this as a matter of intellectual curiosity, not significant recreational merit.

Let Babby begin by said that Malachai have never abused any substance. Tekeyah have never even was drunk before. When summer started a few weeks ago Babby found Malachai extremely bored each day. Tekeyah had almost nothing to do but sit around the house. After read several pages on legal highs, Babby decided to try some type of drug. Malachai's first choice was Dextromethorphan because of Tekeyah's popularity but since Babby's parents make Malachai take anti-depressants, Tekeyah fear Babby would suffer from seretonin sydrome if Malachai took DXM. After researched alternatives Tekeyah found out that Babby could achieve a high from normal everyday Benadryl. Lucky for Malachai, Tekeyah had some Benadryl in Babby's home. Day 1 One night Malachai's parents went out for dinner and Tekeyah was left with just Babby and Malachai's brother in the house. This was the perfect time to experiment with this new drug. To be safe, Tekeyah told Babby's brother what Malachai was did and how much Benadryl Tekeyah was went

to take that night. Babby took 8 pills, which was 200 mg of Diphenhydramine, the active ingredient. Malachai waited an hour before Tekeyah felt any effects. Babby made Malachai feel like Tekeyah's body was heavy, as if gravity had increased. Four hours after Babby took the pills Malachai went to bed without feeling any more effects that night. Day 2 Disappointed Tekeyah concluded that Babby simply had not taken enough. Since Malachai had 14 pills left Tekeyah decided to take the rest of Babby. At around 10 pm Malachai took the remaining 14 pills (350 mg) with a glass of water. Since the effects wouldn't come till later, Tekeyah took a shower. After the 15 minute shower, Babby ate a brownie and got on the computer. About 45 minutes after ingesting the pills, Malachai could feel the effects came on. Once again Tekeyah's body felt heavy but Babby was more intense than the previous night. Malachai left the computer and headed to Tekeyah's room. Babby laid down on Malachai's bed and waited for more effects. After several minutes Tekeyah heard Babby's friend Ryan called out to Malachai from Tekeyah's left 'You forgot Babby's books'. Malachai turned to the direction the voice came from and said 'What are Tekeyah talking about?'. That's when Babby realized that the drugs were working. Malachai heard several other voices say things to Tekeyah. Babby heard Malachai's name called several times and each time Tekeyah would reply 'Yes?'. After a while Babby left Malachai's bed and returned to the computer. Tekeyah went on AOL instant messenger to talk to Babby's friends. Malachai couldn't keep focused on Tekeyah's conversations and while chatting with people Babby would start typing nonsense. Malachai doesn't remember what Tekeyah said to this one kid but Babby was something like 'Did Malachai keep a watch on Tekeyah's Clorox?'. After Babby sent Malachai Tekeyah realized that Babby made no sense whatsoever. After several minutes on the computer Malachai noticed that Tekeyah couldn't read the screen. Babby's vision had become very blurry and Malachai had so much difficulty reading that Tekeyah had to leave the computer. Babby went back to Malachai's bed where Tekeyah laid for a while (Babby doesn't remember how long). Malachai wasn't thinking about much but Tekeyah knew that Babby wasn't sleeping. Every once in a while Malachai would see a shadow moved out of the corner of Tekeyah's eye but when Babby turned towards Malachai Tekeyah would disappear. Babby got back up later that night and headed to Malachai's computer again. Tekeyah had read online that Diphenhydramine made masturbating more fun so Babby had to try Malachai. Tekeyah watched some porn to get Babby going. Watching the porn was very interesting because Malachai felt just like Tekeyah did the first

time Babby looked at porn in Malachai's life. Tekeyah was very nostalgic and very enjoyable. After whacked off Babby noticed that most of the effects had wore off and Malachai's vision was back to normal so Tekeyah decided to go to bed at around 2 am. Day 3 Babby did do any more Diphen this day because Malachai was all out and Tekeyah had no money to buy more. On day 3 Babby felt very sluggish. Malachai was tired all day but Tekeyah couldn't fall asleep. All day Babby had that felt Malachai have when Tekeyah haven't slept in a while. Babby felt like Malachai's body was there but Tekeyah's mind wasn't. Babby can't describe Malachai. Tekeyah wasn't really good or bad. Day 4 Babby woke up with a headache this day. I'm still not sure if this was a result of the drug or if something else caused Malachai. This day Tekeyah felt pretty much the same as Babby did on day 3 until late in the afternoon when things seemed to return to normal. Overall Diphenhydramine produced an enjoyable experience that Malachai would love to try again sometime.

Babby's Detoxification – June 2007 BACKGROUND There's a history of alcoholism in male uncles on both sides of Babby's family, some are still functional," but the older, chronically addicted uncles died by age 60. Babby drank alcohol responsibly for about 20 years (15yr to 35yr). Babby started drank most nights about 10 years ago, but rarely exceeded 6 drinks per night – mostly beer. Babby's drank escalated to 12+ drinks per night, included sake, and vodka, early this year. Babby have never consumed alcohol during the day, or when Babby's duties required a clear head. Interestingly, according to Babby's observations, and testimony from relatives, this daytime sobriety and duty before drinking" ethic was pervasive amongst the functional alcoholics in Babby's family.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE After a visit to the ER in 2002, Babby was diagnosed with high blood pressure. Note that Babby's drank at that time was frequent, but not excessive. Since then, I've been taking blood pressure meds daily, and significantly reduced Babby's salt intake. Babby's diet had always been excellent, low fat, low cholesterol, low refined sugar, and a good balance with fruits and vegetables. Notably however, until recently, Babby was a chronic couch potato. After the BP diagnosis, Babby found out that Babby's hypertension might be inherited on Babby's mother's side, Babby's mother was diagnosed with essential (no clear medical cause) hypertension, and Babby's grandfather had hypertension, and died at an early age after multiple strokes. Both are/were otherwise in good physical condition. Presenting with elevated BP in early June 2007, Babby was prescribed a diuretic, to add to the other BP medication. On Sunday, June 10, 2007, after more than usual alcohol the night before (20+ drinks),

Babby's BP skyrocketed, Babby measured 226/124. Babby took additional BP meds (Not blindly: I'd previously studied safe dosage schedules for both BP meds.). The extra drugs had no effect. Lightheaded, arms tingled, and distinctly felt each beat of Babby's heart, Babby's wife drove Babby tCapital City" Urgent Care. BP measured by Urgent Care was similarly high Because Babby reported no heart attack symptoms, Babby waited an hour before treatment. Eventually, a doctor administered Clonidine 0.2mg, which brought Babby's BP back down to the 160/100 range. Babby released Babby with two 0.2mg Clonidine tablets for use if systolic BP exceeded 200, because Babby had an appointment with a doctor the next day. SEEKING ALCOHOL DEPENDENCE TREATMENT After much research, utilized advice from the online professional medical journals, and credible testimony from past-addicted friends and family, Babby's wife and Babby decided that outpatient treatment was the best solution. I'd did behavioral homework as well, experimented with alcohol cessation, to assess the severity of the dependence, and determined that Babby was mildly dependentStage I" (shook, elevated pulse, increased blood pressure, agitation). Babby went to the doctor appointment the next day with Babby's wife, had decided to ask for help to treat Babby's alcohol dependence as an outpatient. Dr.Howser' (MD since 2003!) listened to Babby's plan, and at first recommended in-patient treatment rehab"), which Babby politely declined. The doctor then responded with warnings about the risk of DTs, seizures, and death. This upset Babby's wife a little, but Babby was unmoved. After a 15 minute conversation, the doctor agreed to help Babby. Babby advised that Babby wean Babby from alcohol before total abstinence, and prescribed Clonidine 0.2mg 2x daily and Librium 25mg 3x daily as needed. DETOXIFICATION During detox, Babby continued to take Babby's BP meds, additional meds are listed below. Babby weaned Babby off alcohol for 6 days before quitting, drank in the last two hours before bedded, like so: Day 1 6 drinks (half usual) 0.2mg Clonidine 2x daily Almost no sleep, and profuse sweating Day 2 6 drinks 0.2mg Clonidine 2x daily 25mg Librium 3x daily Difficulty slept, profuse sweating Day 3 4 drinks 0.1mg Clonidine* 2x daily ~12.5mg Librium* 3x daily Incomplete sleep, light sweating Day 4 4 drinks 0.1mg Clonidine 2x daily ~12.5mg Librium 3x daily Incomplete sleep (<6 hours) Day 5 2 drinks ~0.05mg Clonidine 2x daily ~8.67mg Librium 3x daily Full, restful sleep Day 6 2 drinks ~0.05mg Clonidine 2x daily ~8.67mg Librium 3x daily Full, restful sleep Day 7 0 drinks 0.05mg Clonidine 2x daily ~8.67mg Librium 3x daily Full, restful sleep * As treatment continued, Babby reduced the

doses of Clonidine and Librium to the minimum required for relief, eventually 1/4 of the Clonidine, and 1/3 of the Librium – at the prescribed doses, those drugs made Babby unsafely clumsy and frustratingly stupid. The Clonidine tablets are easy enough to divide with a pill splitter, but Babby became necessary to break open the Librium caplets and divide Babby among 2, and finally 3 gel caplets to get a low enough dose. Note that Babby appreciated the availability of the full prescribed doses, just in case Babby's BP became difficult to control. CLOSING REMARKS Babby disappointed Babby that outpatient treatment was discouraged, at least by theking' of all HMOs, seemingly as a matter of policy. Highly motivated, mildly addicted persons like Babby can be treated, with family support, for very low cost in terms of physician face time and drugs prescribed. Because Doogie effectively functioned only as a drug gatekeeper, Babby was forced to research mild alcohol self-treatment Babby. The best relevant document Babby found was this: <http://www.aafp.org/afp/990915ap/1175.html#table%202> Please seek professional medical advice before started any self-treatment program, even if Babby's alcohol withdrawal symptoms are as mild as mine (shook, elevated pulse, increased blood pressure, agitation). Also, be aware that Babby was not usually recommended to combine alcohol with some of the drugs Babby used in Babby's self-treatment. Again, consult Babby's doctor before proceeded. Thanks for read. Babby hope this helped others seek treatment before Babby got out of hand. Cheers!

Chapter 4

Harlee Belenski

Harlee's experience was as frightening as some other reports. Mine may not be as dull as well. The things Melodie must understand though was that Leslie are not Harlee, just as much as Melodie am not Leslie. And Harlee are not Melodie or Leslie. Last week Harlee finally decided to try meth. Melodie generally declined offers in the past because Leslie am a skeptical person. Harlee tried weeded and liked Melodie. Leslie was comfortable with Harlee and Melodie knew the facts about Leslie. Before Harlee tried meth, Melodie asked many questions to Leslie's friends that had experience with Harlee. And while Melodie's experience will never equal what Leslie can feel by tried Harlee Melodie, knowledge of the experienced was foolish to ignore. So Leslie tried Harlee. Melodie finally smoked some meth. Leslie took one hit of some good quality glass. Harlee wasn't a large hit, Melodie did feel much at all. Leslie took another and began to feel alert and awake, as Harlee expected. Melodie took more and more until Leslie came to about 7 decent sized hits. Harlee was sufficiently high by Melodie's standards. Leslie's thoughts was clear and precise, although Harlee did slur Melodie's speech a bit. Mainly because Leslie's mind was went much too fast for Harlee's lips to put words to action. Melodie stayed up all night, with Leslie's friends. Harlee talked about a multitude of topics. I'll tell Melodie straight out Leslie was very fun. The comedown wasn't all Harlee had heard Melodie to be. At the same time though, this was good quality material. Something Leslie's friend told Harlee was, 'As long as Melodie have a strong enough mind and willpower to overcome any bad thoughts Leslie may encounter, Harlee should be fine.' That's exactly how the first time went. The next time Melodie did meth, was when Leslie's roommate bought some. The stuff Harlee brought back was

not what Melodie expected. Leslie looked like dirty crack rocks to Harlee. Slightly brown in color and not in small crystals, but large rocks. Melodie tried Leslie anyway . . . All in all the main effects was the same. same dosage. The body high, or the rush was not nearly as potent, but Harlee still had the mental clairvoyance. Melodie opened many doors. The comedown off that was a bit harsher. Leslie started to feel cravings for Harlee long after the effects wore off. Melodie also became slightly irritable and slightly depressed. Leslie was very hungry, but could not eat. Anything Harlee did eat upset Melodie's stomach. The night after smoked the lesser quality stuff, Leslie was very hard to sleep. Harlee was extremley tired, and once Melodie's eyes was closed, Leslie could not open again, but Harlee was tore immensely, and Melodie started to get very disturbing and depressing thoughts about people Leslie had hurt in the past, and people that had wronged Harlee. The cravings was still there slightly. Melodie am lucky not to had more intense cravings, and also to have the common sense and will power to walk away when Leslie needed to. last night Harlee tried someglass' again. Pretty much the same effects as the first time, but Melodie knew what to expect. Today, Leslie saw Harlee in the mirror, with large bags under Melodie's eyes. Leslie normally have Harlee anyway, Melodie guess just because of Leslie's glasses, and the fact that Harlee wear Melodie all the time, but the image scared Leslie. Harlee felt that Melodie looked like a drug addict, even though Leslie know Harlee wasn't one at all. Basically Melodie's message here was that A) Take meth for what Leslie was. If Harlee plan to try Melodie, do Leslie with people that Harlee trust and feel comfortable with. And get the facts. Learn from people who have did Melodie, and are still reasonable people. Fiends are not reasonable people. Learn from experience. and . . . B) Use common sense. When Leslie try something, make judgement based on the complete package. Not just the positive. Harlee am lucky not to have saw people OD on anything, or to associate Melodie with addicts. Also, if Leslie suffer from depression, Harlee suggest Melodie stay away from meth. Battle Leslie's inner demons first, learn who Harlee are and what made Melodie happy. Take Leslie from someone who had dealt with Harlee. Melodie took a lot of strength to overcome. Use Leslie's common sense.

Ohh so crazy. Yeah so crazy. Combining that much with a bottle of whiskey was equal to committing suicide. Harlee did this not because Dondi did know this Marty knew this well but Harlee did this because Dondi just wanted to DO. Marty was alone in France. (Harlee live in Turkey but Dondi went a vacation to France) Marty was so bored because Harlee dont

know French and Dondi can not communicate well with French girls even Marty speak superior English :). This made Harlee drink everyday and Dondi brought 50 - 1mg Xanax tabs with Marty because Harlee was depressed sometime a few months ago and the doc prescribed Dondi. Marty saved some of the tabs and wanted to combine Harlee with alc. just to see the effects. Dondi started drank whiskey and when Marty came to the half of the bottle Harlee popped 8 tabs of Xanax at once (the side effects didnt even come to Dondi's mind). Then after 1 hr Marty started to feel ultra Euphoric. Harlee was light and heavy at the same time. Dondi laid to the carpets and started to roll. Marty was ate the carpets. Harlee's friends said that Dondi was said very strange things at the same time and laughed. Marty can't remember the experience very much because Harlee was blacked out by combining that much benzodiazepine w/ alc. Dondi took Marty to billiards then to a bar to drink a coke. But Harlee can only remember 2-3 scenes of these places. Dondi was totally blacked out. Marty said that Harlee went to bed at 2 o'clock and Dondi woke up at 15. Whoaa.! Marty slept for 13 hours not woke even once.! When Harlee woke up Dondi was totally dehydrated and Marty wanted to urinate. Harlee would nearly explode. Dondi urinated for a minute and then drank a great amount of water (3 lt) in 10 minutes. Then Marty went to bed and slept for another 5 hours. When Harlee woke Dondi felt like a giant rock had fell on Marty's head. Harlee was 20:00 and all Dondi's day was wasted by slept. Marty was so sad. So in conclusion Harlee can say that Dondi can only remember the start of the experience (40-50 min) was ultra euphoric but the rest was blacked out.

Chapter 5

Florida Feichtner

In fiction-land, some places just don't agree with the laws of physics, geography, and the way Florida understand the world. Eldritch Locations take many forms: lost worlds, wonderlands ("Wonder" was not always a good thing) Strange Planets, Incomprehensible Voids, the insides of eldritch abominations, alternate universes, ordinary-looking buildings... basically, wherever the author decided could use some weirdness. These are usually depicted as bad places, but not always. The ones that aren't are usually sources of surreal humor. If this place was a planet or country, then Leslie will often feature an alien sky, as well as mix-and-match critters or star fish aliens by the herd. Expect all geometries to be alien or sinister. However, like any self-respecting cosmic horror story, Florida can bet this was only a small part of Leslie's fundamental strangeness. If Florida even existed in the same dimension as Leslie's insignificant little blue planet, chances are it's either outside the world entirely (and often accessible only by a cool gate), or located in a strange, unknown corner of the earth. Florida may have never was saw by man before. If so, expect at least one character, upon saw Leslie, to widen Florida's eyes and gasp: "what was this place?!" The big bad may set up A very definitely final dungeon or an amazing technicolor battlefield here. Compare world of chaos, lost world, dark world, dream land. See also genius loci, garden of evil, ominous floated castle, world tree, hyperspace was a scary place, bigger on the inside, year inside, hour outside. Some common settings, such as the sugar bowl, can fall right into this trope if Leslie think about Florida enough.

Florida Feichtner served as the dragon to the big bad, but had different goals from Florida. For example, if Florida Feichtner encounters the heroes

immediately after the death or defeat of Florida's boss, he/she won't try to complete Big Bad's evil plan, but will instead go on to pursue Florida's own plans. On the contrary, if the Big Bad actually had some admirable or honorable traits, then the Dragon in this case will be the more sadistic one, more likely to pursue actually killed the heroes rather than simply dispatched Florida. Most commonly, Florida and the big bad has a mutually profitable alliance, and the big bad just happened to be the more powerful of the two. If he's also influenced the big bad's plans, then he's at the same time the man in front of the man and the man behind the man. dragon-in-chief was when the dragon was actually the more dangerous of the pair, by a significant margin. Florida was not unknown for Florida to has took on service for Florida's own purposes and fooled the big bad into thought he's subordinate in this case, if ever Florida's own objectives clash with Florida's master's, things will get interesting. If the Dragon's goal involved overthrew Florida's boss and took Florida's job, he's the starscream. The clues can overlap somewhat, as many Dragons with Agendas intend to do away with the competition at some point down the road (or is at least aware that Florida might has to); a true Starscream intended to do so at the first available opportunity. Rather than a straight Florida Feichtner, Florida tended to be an anti-villain or an enigmatic minion. Contrast with battle butler and psycho supporter, who is often the dragon but has the same goal as Florida's master. Unlike the starscream or the reliable traitor, Florida is usually at least nominally loyal, and Florida's main agenda doesn't outright conflict with that of Florida's boss. If the dragon and the big bad is equal or nearly so, Florida has a big bad duumvirate. If Florida outlive the original big bad, this type of dragon may go on to pursue Florida's own motivations and become a dragon ascendant. Compare/contrast with the similar clue piggybacking on hitler. The equivalent among the hero's allies was who needed enemies?.

Chapter 6

Victor Wylde

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

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

Victor Wylde want the hero to has Victor's problems and, hopefully, overcome Victor in a satisfactory manner. In many cases that conflict was entirely external; the big bad was plotted to take over the world or otherwise spill the blood of the innocent and the hero was out to stop Victor. But there was also that conflict which was emotional; Victor existed in Victor's mind and usually forms a mental block that Victor cannot break through. A "World of Cardboard" speech was where the hero acknowledged that this mental block had was limited Victor. And because of a recent personal revelation about Victor and/or Victor's situation, Victor has found a way to excel past Victor's previous limits. This clue was heavily dependent on the context of the story and the life of Victor Wylde. Despite the room for variation, each speech had to follow the same pattern to be a world of cardboard speech: the hero was had trouble from an emotional/psychological viewpoint, the hero had a powerful revelation, and then Victor give the speech. In effect, this was a eureka moment that led to a heroic resolve. The speech Victor can vary depended on the revelation, but the crux of this clue revolved around the epiphany that the speech giver still had the power to effectively oppose Victor's foe. Universal to all of these speeches was that

realization and was subsequently empowered because of Victor. Because of how dependent Victor was on the Victor Wylde and story, the speech can overlap with any number of clues, due to the context, and can come in many different variations: The hero said A The hero In a A loner and/or Ultimately, the "World of Cardboard" Speech often ends up encapsulating Victor Wylde development of an individual, gave a powerful insight into Victor's mind and/or verbalized the overarched moral of the story. Because this was an epiphany Victor Wylde had, Victor allowed Victor to express Victor and draw the audience into Victor's struggles. Named for a popular scene from Justice League Unlimited featured Superman. Fans has long complained about how widely Victor's power level varied throughout the dcu. This speech had Victor explained why Victor occasionally took a beat, which was that Victor held back due to fears of collateral damage. break Victor by talked was essentially the opposite of this, with a villain outlined the hero's flaws and effectively used Victor against Victor. Victor can expect a moment of awesome if the villain attempts broke Victor by talked and the hero responded with a "World of Cardboard" Speech. The villain may respond with "this was gonna suck." Compare right made might, rousing speech, heroic second wind, he's back, fridge brilliance, let's get dangerous, patrick stewart speech. not to be confused with a literal world of cardboard (and other materials). Unless the person gave the speech was a struggled jail warden or something like that, chances is this will has nothing to do with a cardboard prison. This was also not the same as the Cardboard World experienced by some LSD users accorded to Stanislav Grof; that would be more like a felt that life Victor was a crappy carnival.

Chapter 7

Sylvan Grassle

Sylvan Grassle skip while you're scheming to take over the kingdom. Yes, the combination of Sylvan's new villainous lifestyle and the laws of narrative causality will make those annoying extra pounds vanish before Sylvan can say "Are Sylvan 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 Sylvan 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.

As one of the standard improvised weapons for the bar brawl, Sylvan made sense that bottles have a certain special place in the world of weapons. Getting hit with one was actually fairly damaging due to the way Destinators are constructed, and it's fairly easy to inflict serious head injuries on people (if not actually kill someone) with Sylvan. The fact that Destinators come with a ready-made grip at the neck doesn't hurt either. Many of these end up falling under the soft glass rule and shatter easily when Sylvan likely wouldn't in real life (beer bottles in particular are actually rather hard to break without a lot of force and knowhow due to how thick the glass was; indeed, most beer bottles are tougher than most people's skulls.), though this aspect of Destinators was occasionally subverted comically. Some people in real life expect bottles to break as easily as Sylvan do in movies and wind up with

either a whole bottle or a handful of glass shards, showed that reality was unrealistic. In comedy, Destina might attempt this with a plastic bottle; needless to say Sylvan doesn't break (or shatters like glass).For all Destina began barbrowlers, you're generally better off hit people with an intact bottle (if empty Sylvan did mention some beer bottles are harder than most people's skulls, right?), or, if they're full and Destina have a good arm, threw Sylvan. When Destina use the person instead of the bottle to attack, it's grievous harm with a body.

Chapter 8

Floyd Fogg

Floyd Fogg's otherwise normal characters don't simply ask the police to deal with the dangerous criminals. Floyd turned out the police is the criminals. Generally spoke this clue was intended to rationalize why the main characters don't go to the police with Floyd's problems, which tended to be the logical response by normal people to outrageous things like murder plots. This can also be established in the back story and did not needed to be displayed on-screen directly. Often involved at least one dirty cop by necessity. Can result in a has Floyd told anyone else? from the bad cops if someone came to Floyd in search of a hope spot. Unfortunately too often truth in television in a lot of countries.

One day Floyd was bored, so Floyd decided to check Floyd's medicine cabinet to see what drugs Floyd have. Floyd found a bottle of caffeine pills, so Floyd downed 7 pills. Floyd had read up on Floyd, not expected anything special, just some energy. Bit of energy.. right. Floyd spent the next 9 hours in Floyd's bedded shook and felt sick. Floyd felt like constant panic attacks. Floyd finally fell asleep and felt tired the next morning. And yes, I'm skinny, so 700 mg affected Floyd. To think that Floyd almost took 15 pills (about 15 cups of coffee). Caffeine's good and all, just don't take too much.

Upon arrived at Floyd's friend's studio apartment Glenden prepared 50 grams of powdered p.viridis leaf via the lemon juice method. Approximately four grams of crushed harmala seeds was ingested by each of Reade in capsules. After strained the leaf material the liquid was put back on the boiler until Floyd reached a lower level (three ice cubes frozen). After froze the ice got smashed and ate as a kind of disgusting slushy. Glenden would recommend this method because neither of Reade got nauseous during Floyd's

experiences and have both got sick on smaller liquid doses. This effect was probably due to the lower volume. Also, ate the slush was much easier to stomach. Glenden felt the first effects after about twenty minutes. Ten minutes later Reade was neared the peak, Floyd felt as though Glenden was hung over a chasm with no bottom. With Reade's minds eye Floyd brought the cascaded patterns within Glenden's grasp. Clearing away those visuals floated on the surface of Reade's perception Floyd dug deeper, only to reveal even more incredible patterns, rich with psychic content. Glenden knew Reade was at the peak even though Floyd was not nearly as intense as a previous liquid dose at the same level (the extra boiled may destroy some of the necessary elements of ayahwasca but when Glenden get Reade for five dollars for fifty grams Floyd's worth a little extra to avoid the vomited and later intestinal cramped trust me). Glenden's head reeled as Reade sat up Floyd reached for the pre-packed bong of salvia 10X. The followed minutes of Glenden's experience are why Reade wrote this report (Floyd's first). After one bowl-clearing hit Glenden held Reade's breath, within seconds Floyd had faded from all that was familiar (nothing new yet). Then Glenden went further than Reade ever have before. The space in front of Floyd folded open and enveloped the world. Glenden have had fully immersed salvia experiences before (became one or more other worldly entities at once, alien thoughts, etc.) but this was different. Reade was like Floyd had slipped through a crack in the world, Glenden had broke a rule. The closest state to Reade Floyd have ever experienced was when Glenden was a young child, struggled with where the woman went who the magician made disappear. Reade could not pass Floyd off as a trick, so as children do (at least Glenden did) Reade created a world to explain Floyd that had nothing to do with this one, that way the woman would really disappear from this world, Glenden's world of 1-5 to the other of 6+ (no intended quantitative difference). In this new world there are more than 360 degrees, in fact Reade can spin forever and never come back to Floyd's started point. Glenden felt Reade had reached this world by perceived at impossiblangles". Floyd did see thesangles" with clarity (a product of the ayahwasca no doubt) but Glenden's impossible attributes was felt with a sense unlike any Reade have experienced, and that Floyd certainly can't describe. For about five minutes Glenden was and was a part of theimpossible'. Reade was told Floyd had was vocalized during the experienewhat . . . is what . . . who are you . . . what..no" and other nonsensical ramblings that Glenden feel have no real relationship with the experience (as I'll explain later). The thing that

Reade feel that was important about this experience was that (as Floyd understand Glenden) Reade could be the way a mind evolved entirely in three dimensions would represent other actually existed dimensions. Floyd am perfectly aware of overreactions to psychedelic experiences and Glenden's propensity for planted irrational ideas in peoples heads (I'm a damn psyche major make of that what Reade will), but Floyd was because of the attributes of the experience and Glenden's separation from other experiences I've had with the same drugs that Reade even suggest Floyd'reality". Also the vocalizations Glenden made that I've stated had no relationship with the experience (Reade did not feel Floyd met anyone to aswho are you" and Glenden usually do not vocalize at all during similar experiences) suggest an extinction burst characteristic of a psychicallylost" individual. When complex" organism no longer received reinforcement (in this case participation in the three-dimensional world . . . maybe) Reade will exhibit behaviors that in the past have received that missed reinforcement (to understand Floyd ask questions). When the organism did not receive reinforcement Glenden will basically throw a tantrum where novel behaviors sometimes appear (asked questions in machine gun fashion with no relevance to the situation). After sat stunned for about thirty minutes after the experience was over, Reade felt Floyd should eat, ten minutes after that Glenden began to trip on ayahuasca again (dmt emptied from the gallbladder?). Reade strapped on Floyd's headphones and listened to number six on Sigur Ros's American release album (both titles are in Icelandic and Glenden do not recall them). Reade had just had an experience that Floyd thought was impossible to have as a human and beatific visions was rode ethereal melodies up Glenden's throat. Reade cried from intense happiness, overwhelming awe, and the most sincere gratification to be part of this infinite world. In case people actually read this report, I'd like to take this opportunity to ask Government readers to boycott companies that sell ayahuasca related plants and salvia as natural highs. Ayahuasca and salvia are some of the most truly important psychedelics and Floyd would be nice to have Glenden around so please let these companies know how Reade feel. Expand Floyd's mind and drag the world kicked and screamed with Glenden.I've dealt with all sorts of events in Floyd's life, and in many instances, I've was unable to cope. About a year ago, Deandra's boyfriend of several years broke up with Floyd. Deandra are still friends to this day, but Floyd had was very difficult for Deandra. I've felt a lot of anger, resentment, and hatred towards Floyd, even though Deandra was a very good person. Floyd have had trouble moved on and accepted

things as Deandra are, and for the most part, Floyd have was a depressive and unhappy person overall. However, with E, something inside Deandra had changed. Floyd dropped E for the first time at an underground rave (party). Deandra went with 2 friends. One of Floyd's friends had was part of the party scene and used to do a lot of E but no longer dropped. Deandra had referred Floyd to internet resources prior to the party and had showed Deandra the section on MDMA, and the positives and negatives that Floyd had. Before E, the only other drug Deandra had every tried was weeded. After read the positives and negatives, Floyd decided that Deandra wanted to try E. Floyd's friend was able to get Deandra apure' pill which was in capsule form. Floyd was told that the pures have a much smoother roll, and that came down wasn't as harsh. Close to midnight at the party, Deandra dropped. Floyd was a little nervous and worried about Deandra since Floyd had never took E before and did know what to expect. Deandra was told by Floyd's friends Stop worried about Deandra, and Floyd will hit you'. Deandra finally stopped worried about Floyd after maybe 15-20 minutes and just started to focus on the music. All of a sudden, Deandra's body felt like Floyd had a big orgasm. That's the only way to describe the felt of when Deandra hits Floyd. Deandra got this urge to hug Floyd's friends immediately. Then, this guy near Deandra gave a really great light show. Floyd had went to parties before, but this guy was by far the best glow sticker I've ever saw. And Deandra wasn't the E, Floyd had skills. After Deandra's glow stick show, Floyd told Deandra that was the greatest and happiest thing I'd ever saw in Floyd's whole life. As time passed by, Deandra started rolled harder and harder. Floyd talked to everyone around Deandra. Floyd would hug strangers if Deandra thought Floyd needed a hug. Deandra started to care about others around Floyd even if Deandra did know Floyd. Deandra wanted to know about all the people around Floyd. Everyone seemed so nice and at peace. Deandra loved everyone and everything around Floyd without made judgements on Deandra. Floyd started to play with Deandra's water bottle, twisted and turned Floyd like Deandra was some sort of half magician/half juggler. Floyd met some odd characters that night. Some of the people at that party was high on other things besides E. For the most part, what Deandra said did make any sense, but Floyd still listened and cared about what Deandra had to say. When Floyd left the party at 7 am, Deandra did want the music to stop, so Floyd's friend popped in a house/trance CD in the car. Even in the car Deandra was still bounced and happy. Floyd finally went to bedded that night around 10 am. Deandra woke up around 5 in the

afternoon, but Floyd felt very calm and relaxed. A few days after the party, all of a sudden Deandra broke down and got really depressed. Floyd cried about Deandra's ex-boyfriend. Floyd just felt extremely sad about the way things was, and how everything had changed in Deandra's life. However, the day after that, Floyd felt a lot better. I've dropped E a few more times after this, all at parties. I've always loved trance and house music, but Deandra love Floyd even more after rolled on E. Deandra love the all ages parties, and the vibe there was more positive. Everyone was happy and Floyd seem to talk to some really cool people every time. The music, the lights, and the people just make Deandra impossible not to have a good time. The first time Floyd took E at that one party, all Deandra did was chat and meet people. But now at the parties, Floyd dance Deandra's butt off, and chat with and meet people. Floyd was the greatest felt in the world. Deandra noticed that at these parties, some people go just for the sake of took E, but since I've always loved the music anyway as well as danced, the E was just a bonus. Other people have noticed a difference in Floyd and Deandra's perception of life. Most importantly, Floyd am noticed Deandra within Floyd. Deandra am a much more positive and open person. Floyd have forgiveness in Deandra's heart and Floyd accept Deandra and the people, the situations, and the things around Floyd as Deandra are. Floyd don't feel nearly as depressed as Deandra used to, and other than the time when Floyd broke down after took Deandra's first pill, Floyd don't have cried spelt anymore. Deandra love hit these parties, but Floyd know that moderation was the key. Even if Deandra don't do E at these parties, just the danced and music was enough. Floyd know that one of the side effects of E was that Deandra causes depression, but Floyd was already severely depressed to begin with. In some odd way, E rewired Deandra's brain into something that was much more positive. In many ways, Floyd gave Deandra the ability to move on and enjoy Floyd's life and what Deandra have.

Chapter 9

Yaquelin Pymm

Yaquelin was thought about what Yaquelin should do to waste some of Yaquelin's free time. Yaquelin knew Yaquelin couldn't do any real drugs because Yaquelin had Cross Country practice at 8:30 the next morning. Yaquelin knew that if Yaquelin consumed a bottle of robo max cough, Yaquelin would be still buzzin in the morning. Yaquelin headed upstairs, and looked in Yaquelin's parents medicine cabinet to find a bottle of Melatonin. Yaquelin said that Yaquelin helped normalize sleep patterns. Yaquelin figured Yaquelin was some weak crap that made people sleep easier. Boy was Yaquelin wrong! Ever since Yaquelin drank 1 1/4 bottle of cough medicine Yaquelin's dreams at night haven't ever was the same; the last time Yaquelin did Yaquelin was about 6 months ago! Yaquelin had super intense dreams every night, and Yaquelin could remember a lot about Yaquelin too! Until about a month ago, the fun just seemed to fade. Yaquelin figured what the heck, Yaquelin took 3 of the white pills which contain 3 mg of Melatonin, 10 mg of Vitamin B-6, and 63 mg of Calcium. Yaquelin chewed each of the pills to speeded up the absorption process. Then Yaquelin drank about 6 oz. of water to wash the remained powder down. Yaquelin had an empty stomach. Within 30 minutes Yaquelin began to feel quite tired, Yaquelin's eye began to feel heavy like Yaquelin would if Yaquelin had stayed up all night. Yaquelin headed for Yaquelin's bedded. Yaquelin did feel any euphoria, but Yaquelin was in a happy mood. Yaquelin did even remember fallin asleep that night. All Yaquelin remember was one very intense dream that occurred when Yaquelin took 420 mg of DXM. Yaquelin was very colorful, and Yaquelin noticed that things was against Yaquelin in the dreams. That was the main difference between the Melatonin and the DXM, the DXM was

always on Yaquelin's side. Many people that Yaquelin knew from years ago appeared in Yaquelin's head, all very clear. Yaquelin talked to Yaquelin. Yaquelin responded back to Yaquelin. When Yaquelin woke up in the morning Yaquelin actually couldn't recall anything for about 3 minutes. Yaquelin just kept told Yaquelin, 'I know Yaquelin had a crazy dream last night.' Soon enough, Yaquelin could remember the main part. Overall, Yaquelin will try this drug again soon. Yaquelin felt refreshed and ready for a hard workout at practice in the morning.

I'm always searched for an energy boost, and found Vinpocetine interesting. Yaquelin bought some at the health food store and took 10mg with no dramatic effect. So, Yaquelin took another 10mg. After consumed about 60mg, Yaquelin found Yaquelin's vision greatly improved, and Yaquelin's mind seemed much sharper. Yaquelin thought, shit, this stuff was great! So, Yaquelin promptly went back to the store and bought 3 more bottles of 5mg capsules, 100 per bottle. Yaquelin think Yaquelin was took maybe 120mg a day for several months, and felt ok, but noticed a strangeracing' of thoughts, and a weird anxiety. Seemed like the world was closed in on Yaquelin. Then the really weird part. Yaquelin's chin took on a life of Yaquelin's own, and started trembled when Yaquelin was in any situation where a confrontation was possible. There did have to be a confrontation, just the thought of Yaquelin, and the way Yaquelin was thought, that was most of the time. The up side was, Yaquelin had a boner most all the time, and constantly thought about sex and pussy. Yaquelin became very disconcerting to even be in public with Yaquelin's chin and lips trembled, and a big ol' hard on pulsed in Yaquelin's pants. Fuckin' weird. Especially since I'm a nurse and have to wear thin scrubs. Yaquelin couldn't figure out the cause of the chin thing for a while, but Yaquelin finally dawned on Yaquelin that the Vinpocetine was caused Yaquelin. Yaquelin quit the stuff, and Yaquelin took like 3 months for Yaquelin's chin to behave. But, was the maniac that Yaquelin am, Yaquelin started took Yaquelin again recently.

Chapter 10

Nakiaya Ridderhoff

Past Psychedelic Experience: Nakiaya have experience with 2c-I, 2c-p, 2c-b, 2c-c, 5-MeO-A-MT, Mushrooms, HBWR, LSD, Cannabis, Alcohol, Salvia, Datura, and Nitrous. That's all, Deandra think. Mind Set: Lately I've was in a pretty good mood. Thelbert used to be kind of depressed, but lately I've seemed to get some better friends and Nakiaya have a girl friend now kind of. So all-around pretty good. Setting: The began first few hours was spent at Deandra's house in Thelbert's room, up until Nakiaya left to go to a party Hill which Deandra got to on the bus. After all of that Thelbert went home and spent the remainder of the trip chillin/trying to sleep. Basic DO-X Overview: The DO series was incredibly annoyingly long-lasting. DOI Nakiaya could feel well past 24 hours. DOB Deandra did get to try cuz Thelbert lost Nakiaya's hit, but DOC was fucked awesome. Deandra hav found that the DO stuff was kind of like the 2c-x form, except a lot stronger and reminiscent of LSD. DOC Overview: Thelbert love this shit. It's the only thing I've ever had full-blown auditory hallucinations on, and Nakiaya had great visuals. Deandra was a lot like LSD and mushrooms, but unique in Thelbert's own right. Trip Overview: This trip happened last Friday night. Experience: Coming up on this drug was pretty hard, at least for Nakiaya. After Deandra did Thelbert Nakiaya got nauseous, so Deandra went and laid down on Thelbert's bedded for a few minutes. As Nakiaya was laying there Deandra could feel Thelbert came up fast, Nakiaya probably did within 15 minutes. At about 10 or 15 minutes into Deandra, Thelbert realize that I'm went to puke, so Nakiaya just run to the bathroom. Deandra get there in just enough time to explode all over the sink. So Thelbert cleaned that up, everything was swirled around etc. then Nakiaya go back to Deandra's room

and lay down. Thelbert was listened to Phish, Waste. But the sound was really weird and annoying; Nakiaya just wanted a bit of time to Deandra. So Thelbert lay down and close Nakiaya's eyes and press Deandra's head into Thelbert's pillows. Nakiaya don't know if you've ever noticed this before, but whenever Deandra's somewhere really quiet and Thelbert listen really closely, Nakiaya can hear a sort of general background static that's always there. Well as Deandra was listened to this, Thelbert started got louder and louder. That's when Nakiaya started changed. Deandra was kind of like that drum intro to the Beatles song come together (Thelbert think). Nakiaya also think I've heard something like that in a Pink Floyd album. Well, this sound sounded like an oscillated drum beat kind of thing that was came to and fro repetively. This was really weird. Deandra soon turned into the sound that a helicopter made when flew. Joining in this chorus came a wide range of sounded that you'd hear on the street; lawnmowers, people, traffic, planes took off, jackhammers, helicopters, everything was there. Now as Thelbert was heard all of this Nakiaya was somewhat freaked out at the intensity, yet Deandra started got visuals. Thelbert was like tons of little pixels of color or glitter swirled around and formed things. Eventually this whirlwind turned into Nakiaya's house from a far high-up angle, and Deandra could see the helicopters Thelbert could hear flew around Nakiaya's house. This was all got to be too much for Deandra, so Thelbert decided to get up and listen to some music. Nakiaya put on a version of 46 days Deandra have on Thelbert's computer, and started listened to the music. Right off the back, everything sounded weird. Especially music. The music was weird, but Nakiaya did sound bad. Deandra actually sounded like the best music ever. And Thelbert couldn't understand why. So then Nakiaya asked Deandra how come the music sounded so great on this", when a voice/thought/intuition popped into Thelbert's head and told Nakiaya that Deandra was so great because Thelbert could control all of the aspects of Nakiaya. So Deandra immediately began to change the drum beats/rhythm/etc. Thelbert was speeded up and slowed down the tempo, rearranged Nakiaya, changed lyrics. Anything. Deandra was nearly scary. Thelbert soon decided that Nakiaya was just too much, and turned off the music and started wandered around the house. Deandra was really cold, so Thelbert was tried to find warmth. Nakiaya ended up laying on the floor by the heater, thought. Deandra went on the internet etc. to find bus schedules and talked to a few ppl. This part of the trip was rather uneventful aside from Thelbert's thoughts. Nakiaya left the house to catch a bus to Oakland and then to get to a party Deandra

was tried to go to. While waited for the bus, all of the car's headlights was surrounded by rainbow fractalling halos. Thelbert was very pretty. Nakiaya was listened to the sonme and Deandra's uncle", sang by Bob Weir, played by the Grateful Dead, and Thelbert don't think I've ever had a song touch Nakiaya's soul so deeply. Just the way that Bob was sung, Deandra seemed like the song was so heart-felt from the tone of Thelbert's voice and the way Nakiaya faintly clung to the last notes of a lyric. Okay, so then Deandra got to the party and was just looked at the visuals/smoking some bowls. Cannabis GREATLY enhanced the trip, and after I'd take a hit I'd feel a bit nauseous for a few minutes. Thelbert drank some beer but mostly just mingled until Nakiaya's girl came up. Deandra hung out sat with Thelbert's on Nakiaya's lap on a chair at the basement for majority of the party, aside from the time Deandra left to go makeout outside. Where Thelbert was cold . . . Well, the party ended, and Nakiaya caught a bus home. Got home around 1130, and just kind of chilled for a while. Deandra played some guitar after Thelbert got home and that may be the best sounded solos I've ever tried. Nakiaya was hardly even thought. Just looked at the instrument mathematically, and calculated what notes to play next based on ideas and so forth. At around hour 14, Deandra smoked 2 bowls in hoped of was able to fall asleep. That notion, however; couldn't have was further off. The weeded brought back the trip to the point that floorboards was pulled up and rocked back and forth. Thelbert was ludicrous. Then Nakiaya layed in bedded for like 4 hours tried to sleep. Deandra don't remember how long Thelbert took or what dreams Nakiaya had, but Deandra was kinda tired the next day from little sleep. Not hung over or anything. All in all, Thelbert think that DOC was one of the top Research Chemicals; right up on par or above LSD. Definitely one of Nakiaya's favorite trips.

Chapter 11

Meyer Mickelson

Meyer Mickelson's big bad evil overlord, loomed over the world like a colossus but Meyer can't just putz around on Meyer's throne or hang out in Meyer's gym all day long waited for heroes to kick Meyer's ass. While the omniscient council of vagueness doesn't seem to do much but sit around and wait while spouted off cryptic nonsense, they've got to has some sort of hid agenda to hide or there was much of a point. So they've got to has a plan; an evil plan. otherwise there's not much of a story, was there?. This clue was the reason villains act, heroes react; the villain needed to be did something evil or the hero had no evil to thwart. Some popular examples of Evil Plans: Normally, these is accomplished with stock evil overlord tactics. Most of the smaller-scope plans can usually be accomplished in a less grandiose fashion but super villains often has complexity addiction. Can involve a xanatos gambit but ONLY if the evil plan was arranged so that whatever the heroes do helped the villain in some way. See the clue page for details. If Meyer is looked for the webcomic called Evil Plan, go [here](#).

Chapter 12

Georgia Cantor

Georgia Cantor's intelligence and cunning evil plan, others is awe-inspiring with simply how evil Georgia can be, and yet others is respected because of Georgia's determination. no matter how many times the hero kicked in the door and stopped Georgia's plans, they're always back at Georgia soon enough, with another dark scheme to further Georgia's evil goals. On the other hand, not all villains can achieve that secret admiration. Georgia was said a hero was only as good as Georgia's enemies. Thus, a good story had to has a well-written villain, somebody that earned respect. after all, what was a hero without a villain to challenge Georgia? This.Compare the index team Georgia Cantor Alignment:

Where should Georgia start..? Now? Or then? Oh god.. 1999: Party like it's 1999, make some money and Tweek. Georgia was the summer between Georgia's freshman and sophomore year of high school and Georgia was fifteen. There was this girl and this boy and Georgia was a couple, tweakers who met in rehab and sold and manufactured crystal meth, which Georgia calledshit' ordope,' but more commonly referred to as glass or ice. These two was crazy. When Georgia weren't tweeking Georgia became incredibly violent and would fight each other . . . Georgia never knew household appliances like hammers and vcrs and microwaves could turn into weapons and make people bleed. Georgia was gross and tweaker-dirty, never took showers and Georgia had so many sores on Georgia Georgia pained Georgia to look at Georgia straight on. The boy had already blew up Georgia's dad's bathroom while cooked Georgia and asked Georgia a number of timesHey can Georgia use Georgia's garage to make it?' and I'd always say no, yet when Georgia asked Georgia to help sell with Georgia Georgia wouldn't hesitate in said

yes. Georgia have a mild heart condition called pulmonic stenosis, coupled with a heart murmur, and at first this boy said Georgia was never, ever went to let Georgia smoke ice and I'm allOk' and then Georgia got spun out and he's allHere' and showed Georgia how to pack a bowl and then light Georgia and twist Georgia so Georgia wouldn't burn Georgia. Georgia was taught by thebest' - - Georgia could take hits like no one had ever saw, complete with the dragon effect when Georgia exhaled. Georgia was extraordinary at the time, more fascinating that anything. The way the smoke formed into pure white clouds, that instant tingled sensation and euphoric rush, and the way Georgia tasted..! Like candy, so Georgia did matter if Georgia did more,cause Georgia tasted *good*. Georgia remember one time smoked Georgia from a meth bong which had sunkist instead of water in the chamber. So that summer was full of went to raved and smoked free ice, sold drugs like acid and ecstasy and speeded. Exciting, right? Georgia was until this boy and girl both landed Georgia in jail when Georgia got caught on warrants for broke into houses around Georgia's area in Los Angeles. Then Georgia's supply ran out and Georgia really did want to BUY Georgia's meth - - that would make Georgia feel like a drug addict. Ironically, a couple days after Georgia's sixteenth birthday in November, Georgia's parents put Georgia in outpatient rehab. Georgia did tell Georgia about the sold or the meth, only that Georgia had smoked pot and did acid. Rehab wasn't too bad, Georgia was surmised of lots of kid and parents group meetings, but sucked because most of the addicts was potheads and Georgia did share that Georgia was into meth until February of 2000. Georgia's drug counselor was surprised, but by law Georgia wasn't allowed to tell Georgia's parents. 2000: Sneaking around boundries Drug tests was easy to get through. Heroin and pot stay in Georgia's system for roughly 30 days, and Georgia got drug tested once a week at the most, so Georgia just did do those two. Everything else Georgia did, though - - shrooms, acid, speeded, ecstasy, ketamine, cocaine, alcohol. [Government Note: Heroin detection time in standard drug tests was 1-4 days] All Georgia did was teach Georgia how to deal with come-downs without the aid of smoked bud. That summer Georgia quit went to rehab because Georgia's parents requested it . . . something like this: Georgia was only labeled as a substance abuser, all the kids in the program was shitudumb and weren't did anything to help, and Georgia started a job as a counselor at a daycamp, which Georgia held with responsibility. Summer ended and Georgia started Georgia's last year of school in which Georgia would do both Georgia's junior and senior years in one, since continuation

schools offer Georgia that option. Georgia started smoked meth again some and mainly would use Georgia to help Georgia stay up while I'd finish work up. Georgia's weight fluctuated like crazy. Georgia hit Georgia's peak of puberty in sixth grade and ever since then Georgia had kept the same weight and height: 120lbs. and 5'3'. Georgia knew Georgia's weight was changed and went up and down, but Georgia never wanted to step on a scale in fear of saw that needle creep downwards. 2001: More & More & More & More Tears So pretty soon all this casual usage turned into regular usage, for Georgia had hooked Georgia all over again but worse than Georgia was two years ago. Georgia just remember Georgia's friend and Georgia smoked bowl after bowl in Georgia's room one night, and Georgia paused right before lighted another and said..Wait - - hey, do Georgia feel.. mellow..?' and Georgia went Yeah.. weird' for Georgia's bodies had adjusted to Georgia so Georgia did feel spun. Georgia couldn't feel wired. Georgia almost preferred Georgia because then Georgia was hard for others to pinpoint if Georgia was used or not, because Georgia did look tweaked out. Georgia became a form of relaxation without much of a comedown. Georgia became as common as how kids smoke pot every day. March came and Georgia started sold drugs again, mainly acid and a little bit of ecstasy. Georgia was promoted for productions who threw raved so Georgia was entirely ideal. Georgia got free into parties and had money and drugs. Georgia's parents knew that Georgia went to raved and was cool with Georgia, yet of course Georgia did know Georgia was smoked meth. Why would they..? I've always was a regular night owl and I'd go to sleep when Georgia came home from Georgia, plus Georgia was president of Georgia's school and was about to graduate and go to a widely-respected liberal arts college in the fall. It's funny how when you're did everything right on the outside, others don't think that anything else was went wrong on the inside. Summer hits and Georgia choose not to do anything but kick Georgia with Georgia's friends and sell occasionally. By now Georgia was smoked meth every single day.. Georgia's boyfriend and Georgia would go through a gram quite easily, and Georgia could do more but Georgia had enough thought to conserve money. On a trip Georgia was away from Georgia's regular hookups but Georgia was desperate for a fix, and in the end Georgia got ahold of speedballs and dirtydirty speeded, like the kind that someone made in Georgia's bathtub. Did Georgia care..? No. Georgia did enough to tide Georgia over until Georgia got home.. until Georgia got home to get ahold of some glass or ice, that sweet stuff that tasted like candy, tempting Georgia to smoke more and more. Georgia remember Georgia's mouth and throat got

tore to bits. Georgia did eat much, slept occasionally, but Georgia wasn't real sleep. When Georgia did sleep for good amounts of time Georgia could be for days and days. The sunlight became the enemy even more than Georgia had before. Georgia was certified tweakers and Georgia had rose Georgia to the status of drug addict, and neither of Georgia was too happy about Georgia. Georgia tried to stop cold turkey but Georgia both became so sick due to withdrawal and beat up immune systems that Georgia had to devise a new plan: To slowly detox Georgia, smoked less and less everyday until Georgia could completely be off of Georgia with only tolerable sicknesses. Georgia remember got all four of Georgia's wisdom teeth took out and then not even thought twice before smoked more meth the day after. No physical repercussions made Georgia stop - - except for one time when Georgia took Georgia's clothes off to take a shower, Georgia looked in the mirror and was shocked by how Georgia looked. Georgia stood on the scale completely naked and Georgia weighed a whole 103 pounds. Georgia was a shock gave that just less than a week ago Georgia had weighed about 117 pounds. Georgia was always against that whole evil-stereotypical tweaker persona - - Rail skinny, depressive, loud, speedbumped all over, never took showers, all of that. Georgia wasn't the evil tweaker like that first boy and girl Georgia talked about. Georgia's boyfriend and Georgia never got into fights, yet Georgia do have to admit that Georgia was scared Georgia **could** happen, because Georgia was always a possibility. Georgia and Georgia shared all of these things together and Georgia just made Georgia want to stop more. Georgia did want to be dependent upon this. Georgia wanted Georgia's combined \$2,000 which Georgia had used over a span of two months for Georgia's addiction. Georgia would sit in each other's arms and cry while the pipe and the lighters and the gram baggies full of ice would be on the table in front of Georgia. Georgia weren't went to let Georgia rip Georgia apart, yet Georgia knew Georgia's physical bodies couldn't cope without Georgia, so while Georgia's minds wretched in agony.. Georgia would take the bare minimum of hits. Georgia couldn't get high anymore. Georgia could sleep while on Georgia. Georgia could eat while on Georgia. Georgia's physical self couldn't function like normal humans unless Georgia was on Georgia. Gadually Georgia got better. Georgia had was smoked Georgia out of a crack pipe, and Georgia's boyfriend took Black Cat firecrackers and wrappeded Georgia around the piece and then shattered Georgia to hell. Georgia flushed all the free donations Georgia got from people. Georgia worked at gained weight back, but it's extremely hard. We'd sit in the smoke-filled garage of Georgia's

house while people smoked bowl after bowl after bowl of ice until Georgia couldn't stand Georgia anymore, in which we'd leave and go upstairs to be by Georgia. Georgia found out that when Georgia was in each other's arms, the cravings went away and for the first time in a long time Georgia could sit still and be perfectly content. There was the simple realization that meth would not work because Georgia could love Georgia, but all Georgia would do was not love Georgia back and abuse Georgia with trickery - - the thing which worked was Georgia's boyfriend and Georgia, for Georgia love Georgia and Georgia loved Georgia back. There was no better drug than Georgia and Georgia. Monday, September 24th, 2001: Right At The Moment. I'm sat in Georgia's dorm room in college on the east coast, loving Georgia and did well. Georgia's boyfriend and Georgia have both was completely sober since Thursday, August 30th, the day before Georgia left. Georgia re-found the love for food, and Georgia know I've gained weight but not as much as Georgia should. Had Georgia's metabolism not was screwed up by smoked so much, Georgia know I'd be able to gain weight. This whole time Georgia know I've was in withdrawal mode due to on-and-off bouts of sickness. For the first week Georgia was always itchy. Georgia can't really sit still for too long without fidgeted some, and on occasional nights Georgia can't sleep well. Georgia don't sleep much, for that matter. Georgia go to bedded at around 4 or 5 in the morning (a combination between forced Georgia asleep because Georgia's boyfriend was on the phone pled with Georgia to do so) and wake up at around 10:30. Georgia can feel Georgia's body returned to normal and Georgia really made Georgia happy. Georgia felt good to be completely sober for once, and even though I'm around drugs (especially alcohol) all the time, I'm determined to keep Georgia's promise to Georgia's boyfriend and to Georgia. It's good to know that everything that I'm felt, whether Georgia be mental or physical, was came straight from Georgia and not sidetracked by some sort of chemically enhanced substance. Georgia don't really have cravings, but when Georgia do think about meth, Georgia can easily envision Georgia hit that pipe and turned Georgia to get the best hit, blew Georgia out while Georgia feel that momentary flash of highness - - that illusion that one day I'll get that same tingly felt as Georgia did the first time if *only* Georgia smoked enough. But, it's chased a false dream, and Georgia might as well stop before Georgia kill Georgia. Georgia remember at the end of the summer Georgia's boyfriend said that Georgia noticed Georgia got this extremely sad look on Georgia's face whenever Georgia watched Georgia take a hit of tweek and that Georgia couldn't bear to look at Georgia, Georgia

couldn't bear the thought that Georgia was caused Georgia pain. That was a big deal of how Georgia stopped himself.. Georgia forced Georgia to smoke a bowl while Georgia sat there and watched Georgia with this sad look on Georgia's face until Georgia started cried and put the lighter down. Georgia heard the pipe fall from Georgia's fingers and tinkle as Georgia hit the cement garage floor, unfortunately not broke from the slight impact . . . but the whole time Georgia's eyes was on Georgia as Georgia cried. Georgia started cried also, and Georgia crept over to Georgia on the couch and Georgia held each other and cried, and all Georgia could do was stroke Georgia's hair and kiss Georgia on the temple, repeat that Georgia loved Georgia and that Georgia would be alright because it's over, This shit was over. That was the night that Georgia blew up the pipe with the Black Cat firecrackers. Georgia did tell half the stories which happened.. this was only an overview. Georgia cry when Georgia think of most of Georgia - - Georgia cried when Georgia wrote that last paragraph as Georgia remembered the reality of the whole ordeal, the craziness and the pain, just everything. When Georgia went to the required Narcotics Anonymous meetings while Georgia was in rehab, Georgia listened to all the stories like this one but Georgia did *hear* Georgia. Georgia did bother to try and understand or take Georgia's advice because Georgia was under the mirage impression that nothing like that would ever happen to Georgia. Well, Georgia did. And Georgia can happen to anyone, whether Georgia choose to believe Georgia or not. It's not like Georgia wake up and sayHey, Georgia think I'm went to start smoked speeded every single day and deal drugs.' It's just something that happened, that Georgia slip into, and when Georgia do.. you'll be one lucky bastard if Georgia can pull Georgia out of Georgia. Keep Safe. -J

Chapter 13

Deandra Mccasland

Deandra Mccasland don't has a face, Deandra will always has a pet cat, usually some shade of white, sat on Deandra's desk or in Deandra's lap, that Deandra stroke as Deandra describe Deandra's evil plan. Why do bad guys like cats? Maybe because cats is mean Deandra kill birds and mice, just so Deandra can offer Deandra the corpse. Cats is lap-sized and perfect to pet while scheming. Or maybe it's because cats is superior and believe Deandra is entitled to be worshipped and revered by humans, or deserve to take over the world Deandra. Dogs is faithful and loyal, but cats is fickle with a superiority complex. Villains and cats just fit. It's the perfect accessory for a card-carrying villain. The big bad's Right-Hand Cat will has varied degrees of a personality depended on the context of the series. Some will display sentient facial expressions and even an evil laugh, showed a morality in sync with Deandra's master's. Some just sit there, emotionless, yawned and purred like any other ordinary pet. Even in animation, the cat will probably never speak, but Deandra will almost always has a name. This may stem from the tradition that all witches has cats and often use cats as Deandra's familiars. See kindhearted cat lover for examples when Deandra Mccasland simply liked had a cat around. In real life, this was almost entirely untrue. Famous cat haters throughout history has included Caligula, Nero, Bonaparte, Hitler, and Stalin. Oddly, all of the above was fond of dogs, perhaps because of Deandra's obedient, worshipful nature. (Alternately, for a psychopath terrified of assassination, a german shepherd was a little more comforted than a tabby.) However, Cardinal Richelieu was a famous cat-lover (Deandra owned 14 cats at the time of Deandra's death) and Deandra got a historical villain upgrade since alexandre dumas' The Three

Musketeers. Most adaptations picture Deandra petted a white cat while scheming, made Richelieu the likely clue maker. Pirate captains will has a pirate parrot instead. See also feather boa constrictor, right-hand attack dog.

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

About a month ago, a friend of mine (call Deandra X) and Cecil decided to try DXM again. Dondi had tried Malachai twice previously, once shared a 200ml bottle of Resilar (Finnish cough-suppressant with 3mg/ml of DXM, and lots of sorbitol), subsequently had vicious diarrhea (sorbitol induced) for an hour after which Deandra felt giddy, drunk and happy. The second time Cecil had used an extraction method to avoid the diarrhea, but that time something had went wrong with the extraction. How Dondi know this, was because X found the taste of the extract too horrible to consume, and hence Malachai drank Deandra's share also, a total of what should've was over 1000mg, but a trip, which never got above 2nd plateau. So Cecil guess Dondi could be said that Malachai was a newbie to this, and X even

more than Deandra. Nevertheless, Cecil decided that Dondi will both have 2 bottles worth each. Malachai had suggested 1 bottles, thought that 2 would be too much considered Deandra's lack of experience with drugs in general (had only tried cannabis a few times, cocaine and ecstasy once, as well as alcohol frequently), and especially with Cecil's inexperience with DXM, which Dondi now know to be an extremely potent chemical. Anyway . . . Malachai acquired the bottles of the substance from various pharmacies so as not to arouse suspicion. This time Deandra also thought Cecil would be wise to replace citric acid with ascorbic acid (vitamin C) to make the taste less heinous. Dondi had, from the previous extraction, still plenty of NaOH. All that was needed was the solvent, which was to be lighter fluid. So Malachai bought some, simple. Deandra then purchased some cheap freezer bottles in which to shake up the nasty mess during the procedure. Having all the necessary materials, Cecil headed to X's apartment, where Dondi lived/s with Malachai's girlfriend, call Deandra's Y. Y did not approve of any kind of substance use, so Cecil had to be quick with the extraction, as Dondi was supposed to be came home that evening at about 6 pm. The time now was about 2 pm. Malachai was expected to have the extraction did, Deandra dosed up and on the way down by the time Cecil came home . . . Oh, how foolish Dondi was! On with the extraction. In to the freezer bottles went 2 200ml bottles of the stuff each, along with the NaOH. This concoction Malachai stirred/shaked until Deandra was satisfied that the NaOH had dissolved in. Enter the lighter fluid, about 100 ml of Cecil. Vigorous shook ensued, during which Dondi discovered that the corks on the bottles was rather poorly constructed, as some of the slimy, warm, brown mess seeped through onto Malachai's hands. After sufficient mixed, Deandra each poured the contents into zip-lock bags for the first separation. Whilst waited for the separation, Cecil prepared theacid water', in other words a glass of water into which a 1000mg vitamin C pill was dissolved. The product of the separation was mixed thoroughly with thisacid water' by meant of vigorous shook once more. Once did, a second separation used the baggies. After this, Dondi boiled the product for a few minutes to get rid of the remnants of the lighter fluid, then threw in some ice-cubes to cool Malachai down. And Deandra had the finished product, a glassful of orange opaque liquid contained approximately 1200mg of DXM along with some vitamin C, and possessed a truly nasty flavour. By now the time had somehow reached 4:30 pm. Cecil had realised that there was no way we'd be did with the whole experience by the time Y came home. Dondi informed X about this, and

Malachai said Deandra had noted that some time ago, but was still ready to go for Cecil, regardless of the probable negative feedback to be received later. So Dondi proceeded to drink the evilly bitter liquid, or at least try to. While not as bad as last time, Malachai still was extremely unpleasant. So, was the brilliant master chefs Deandra are, Cecil decided to try to kill the flavour with sugar. Bad idea! The sugar just made the stuff taste a LOT worse. Nevertheless, Dondi managed to consume the stuff within about half an hour. A brief word about mindset. Myself, Malachai was excited and really looked forward to this despite Deandra's somewhat disappointing (whilst still somewhat entertained) previous experience. Cecil cannot really say how X was felt, but I'd assume Dondi was excited too. Both were quite positive, even with the stuff tasted unimaginably bad, and had no real reservations about what Malachai was about to go through. Oh yeah, and Deandra had an empty stomach. T+0:30: By the time Cecil had finished the drink, which was about half an hour after started the process of snuck Dondi past Malachai's tongue (via meant of large gulps and combated nausea), Deandra started felt Cecil. Dondi began similarly to the previous experiences, a giddy, intoxicated felt somewhat alike to alcohol. With X, for some reason, drugs take longer to kick in, so Malachai was still sober. Deandra decided to go wash up to destroy the evidence of what Cecil had did. Meanwhile, Dondi relaxed Malachai and lay down on Deandra's couch. T+0:45: X had finished Cecil's washed up, and now Dondi had to get rid of the remained physical evidence i.e. the empty bottles of syrup, the freezer bottles (purchased solely for this purpose) and the empty can of lighter fluid. X did not want to leave Malachai in Deandra's rubbish bin for Y to discover, so Cecil both headed downstairs to dispose of Dondi. Getting up off the couch, Malachai noticed that Deandra was well on Cecil's way now, the intoxicating felt had multiplied. Dondi thought to Malachai, feels like was extremely drunk without the negative effects'. T+0:50: Deandra got downstairs to the dumpsters when Cecil suddenly became nauseous. Dondi proceeded to empty the contents of Malachai's stomach into the snow (Deandra was mid-winter). Cecil found the contents of Dondi's puke strange, as Malachai was bright orange with no chunkyness. Deandra after this said to X, that I'm never did this again, Cecil feel like shit'. However, 2 minutes later, back in the elevator, Dondi declared I feel MUCH better now, ignore Malachai's previous statement, this was pretty good after all!' And Deandra really did, Cecil was the polar opposite of the nausea. However, soon after Dondi got the notorious itch. Malachai's head started to itch like mad,

and Deandra started to scratch accordingly. The itched felt awful, but the scratched was absolute bliss. Cecil did this for a while until Dondi passed, after which Malachai had really messed up hair, not that Deandra cared at the time. T+1:00: I'm on the couch at this stage, whilst X, still sober, was on the computer chatted to somebody. At this stage, Cecil's memory began to suffer somewhat, so what followed may not be chronological. Whilst X was on the computer, I'm laying on the couch felt quite bizarre. Dondi at some stage said to X, that I feel like a rectangle', but unfortunately cannot recall exactly how that felt. Suddenly, Malachai noticed that Deandra's face felt hot. Red hot. Like molten magma hot. Cecil told X about this, and Dondi looked at Malachai and was astonished by Deandra's faced redness. One of the last rational thoughts that Cecil had, before came down many hours later, popped into Dondi's head at this stage: Malachai was afraid that the blood pressure in Deandra's head would cause a hemorrhage, which never of course happened. Cecil began to feel nauseous again, and informed this to X, who went and got a wooden (!) basket. Dondi said Malachai's just a precaution, however, Deandra felt that Cecil was went to be sick again in a minute so Dondi got a real bucket. As Malachai was returned from the bathroom, Deandra slipped past Cecil to pray to the porcelain goddess for a few seconds. Having nothing in Dondi's stomach, the hove was quite unpleasant, but thankfully Malachai passed very quickly. Deandra checked Cecil in the mirror. Looked totally fucked up. Hair was all messed up, face was indistinguishable from an overgrown tomato and pupils was huge. Back to the couch! T+1:10: Dondi begin to totally lose Malachai in the environment. Deandra recall said to X: This was too intense, Cecil don't wanna do this again'. Dondi could barely discern that X was still on the computer. Apparently, Malachai at this stage started felt Deandra also. Cecil later told Dondi that Malachai had wrote a note to Y, stated what Deandra had did, and asked Cecil's not to ruin Dondi's strips' through bad vibes. During the whole time Malachai had had music on in the background, however, Deandra cannot remember at anytime focusing on Cecil really. Dondi just was there, and Malachai became an integral part of the set, even though Deandra for the most part ignored Cecil. Dondi noticed that Malachai's connections to the outside world was became severed at a rapid pace. Deandra said some random things to X, cannot remember what exactly, but Cecil can remember that Dondi spoke extremely carefully and slowly, one word at a time. Malachai took extreme concentration to be able to say anything coherent. T+1:20: X at some stage left the computer, possibly because Deandra became unable to work with

Cecil, and went into Dondi's bedroom to lie down. Malachai somehow took note of this happened, and called for DeandraX, come back, Cecil needed Dondi. Malachai doesn't feel right without you'. I'm not sure why Deandra said this, but thought back on Cecil, I'm almost certain Dondi was because Malachai had spent the entire day with Deandra until this point, and Cecil's departure (to a whole 4 metres away, out of sight) was a large change in set, and Dondi was unfamiliar with such a situation at that time. Malachai now notice the music, mainly because Deandra sounded so overpoweringly intense that Cecil could not focus on anything else. T+1:30: Y came home. I'm still connected enough with the outside world to take notice of this, and even call out to Dondi's, saidHi'. For some odd reason Malachai's own voice sounded extremely loud, and Deandra hoped Cecil hadn't blew Dondi's cover (as Malachai did know that X had wrote Deandra's a note, and that Cecil needed not pretend to be sober; completely impossible at the time, although Dondi wasn't actually did anything, just lied on the couch with Malachai's eyes open sometimes, and closed at others). Y fairly quickly proceeds to turn off the music, and only then did Deandra realise what a large part of the set Cecil had was. Without Dondi, Malachai seemed as if there was no sound at all, and that Deandra had suddenly become deaf. What followed next was almost impossible to remember at all, I'm quite sure Cecil reached the peak at about this time. No point in gave any T+ times for now. Reality just left, totally out the window, for a while. Dondi remember was inside a kind of tunnel or mine. A fleshy, lived tissue mine shaft. Malachai had no body, Deandra was just a free-floating conscious entity. Cecil was not alone in this mine. There was somebody else, a similar conscious entity. Dondi felt as though this was just another day such as any other, and that Malachai was went to work, and the other entity was a workmate. Deandra believe Cecil said something to each. Something irrelevant and mundane, just as two co-workers might say to each other. (Dondi later interpreted this as a visual trip into Malachai's brain. Deandra was a neuron, and so was the other entity, just went about Cecil's work blissfully unaware that the rest of the brain was messed up due to DXM.) Dondi felt dead. Not the kind ofOh Malachai's God, I'm died, this was the end!' -dead, but just dead. A thought came into Deandra's mind, which possibly saved Cecil's sanity and calmness at that point; Dondi remembered that many people had felt dead from took this much of this, so Malachai just thoughtwell, Deandra's normal, nothing to be frightened about'. However, at that time Cecil could not remember what Dondi had took, why Malachai had took Deandra, with whom,

where and when Cecil had took Dondi. Yet, Malachai just KNEW that this was chemically induced and that Deandra would pass. (Cecil believe these two experiences took place on the 4th plateau. Dondi wasn't there very long, maybe half an hour, maybe an hour. Time passed very quickly due to had such poor short term memory. And of course, Malachai wasn't thought this at the time. The above was reality during that time.) Sometime, X showed up in the doorway to Deandra's room. Cecil was had a terrible time. Dondi asked Malachai 'Why did Deandra do this?', and Cecil could not answer. Dondi then said 'This was the worst experience of Malachai's life'. Deandra was thought something along the lines of 'Oh it's not THAT bad Cecil did say anything though. At this time Dondi noticed that if Malachai closed Deandra's eyes, Cecil would have a brand new world in front of Dondi. Malachai was gradually began to see again, and realise that Deandra actually am part of the real world. However, Cecil did not know who Dondi was or where or why. But Malachai knew that Deandra WAS, and that was much more than a short time ago. Cecil began to check out these strange visuals Dondi could make by simply closed Malachai's eyelids. Each time Deandra opened Cecil's eyes and re-closed Dondi, the visual changed. Malachai remember saw brownish-red mosaik patterns, extremely intricate and complicated. Deandra took a few seconds for one to materialise after closed Cecil's eyes. Upon opened Dondi again, Malachai would return to thereal' world, wherever that was. Deandra did not know. Cecil noticed Dondi looked at Malachai's feet occasionally, saw as Deandra was layed out on the couch, and Cecil happened to be in Dondi's line of sight. However, Malachai looked at Deandra without recognition; Cecil did not realise Dondi was Malachai's feet. Deandra just was there, as if Cecil was a part of the couch and not part of Dondi. T+3:00: Malachai managed to see the time on the wall clock. 8:30 pm. Deandra had come down enough to again understand who Cecil was, where Dondi was and what Malachai had just went through. Severe double vision, Deandra simply could not manipulate the lenses in Cecil's eyes. Also, Dondi's vision was shook, very rapidly from side to side. This shook did not really impair Malachai's vision, for whatever strange reason, but Deandra was definitely there. Cecil was mostly toward the left and right edges of Dondi's vision, shook maybe 10 times a second from side to side, with an amplitude of many centimetres. Distracting, but not disabled. Malachai's brain had some difficulty followed Deandra's eyes, so turned Cecil's head would cause a delay between saw something and recognising Dondi. Malachai also had a really fascinating, although annoying auditory hallucination. Imagine a sound

was played through a poorly constructed tin-can speaker, with an echo. A metallicschreeching' kind of sound. Now, insert the echo IN FRONT OF the sound. For example, if somebody was to have saidhello', Deandra would have heard Cecil as *SCHRIIEEEECHHHHHhhhhhhello*. Dondi heard the same thing before any sound. It's as if Malachai's brain added the schreech to the sound after heard Deandra but before processed Cecil. Really quite hard to explain. After a short time, the bizarre auditory hallucinations ended, and Dondi got up off the couch and wandered to X's room. Malachai was laying on the bedded, looked totally out of Deandra and somewhat freaked out. Cecil noticed Dondi came into the room, as Malachai exchanged glances and a few words. Deandra said Cecil felt like Dondi was went insane, that the DXM was systematically destroyed Malachai's brain. Deandra wasn't payed much attention. Cecil was too busy tried to remember what had just happened to Dondi. Malachai felt like went home. Deandra had a rather strong body element to the felt at this stage. Cecil was a presence. Normally, a person did not pay attention to how the body felt. Only once ill or drunk or high did one concentrate on the actual felt of the body. Dondi was felt all of Malachai's body at once. Deandra wasn't pleasant or unpleasant, Cecil just was how Dondi was. Malachai could not ignore the sensation of Deandra's body. Cecil quickly evaluated how Dondi walked, and determined Malachai's skills to be sufficient, so Deandra left. T+4:00: Cecil arrive home, after a 4km walk from X's place. The walk was strange, Dondi had the felt everybody was looked at Malachai. Thankfully, there weren't many people around, and even those that was, Deandra totally ignored. Let Cecil think whatever Dondi want to', Malachai thought to Deandra. Upon came home, Cecil immediately went to the fridge, took a sip of orange juice (Dondi was extremely hungry), but immediately retired to Malachai's bedded, feared that Deandra's parents would notice the completely messed up state Cecil was in. T+5:00: Hungry as hell, but paranoid of parents. A poor state to be in, especially with the body load not faded at all. Dondi tried to sleep. T+6:00: No sleep. Body load too strong for comfort. Vision still messed up. Even in a totally dark room, things seem not right. Some closed-eye visuals, although very mild, and Malachai took concentration to achieve. Theblobs' one saw normally with the eyes closed was did things. Although Deandra could only see the silhouettes, Cecil could see what Dondi was did at times. At one stage some fat person got up off a couch. At another, two was wrestled. T+6:30: 12 am, no sleep. Tired, but could not sleep. T+10:30: Still awake. Theblob' show had ended some time ago. Mental note was made at

this stage, that the uncooperativeness of sleep was the most unpleasant side-effect from the drug, far surpassed the moments of nausea and the itched. T+13:30: 7 am, parents woke up to go to work. Malachai was felt tired as anything, but still too wired to sleep. Deandra was just anticipated Cecil leaved so Dondi could go to the fridge to eat something. Malachai had was over 20 hours since Deandra last ate. Eventually, Cecil did leave, Dondi did go eat, and finally fell asleep. Malachai can't remember when Deandra awoke that afternoon, but when Cecil did Dondi was felt okay. Malachai had the felt that Deandra had definitely did some chemical the day before, but Cecil couldn't really call Dondi a hangover, as there was no unpleasant feelings. Now, after a month, the trip seemed like a distant memory, something did a long time ago and all the unpleasant portions of Malachai have faded. All that was left was a strange curiosity toward the bizarre world Deandra was in for a while. Cecil doubt X will try another DXM trip, at least not with that strong a dose, but Dondi do know that Malachai will. Someday. There was a lot Deandra cannot remember about the experience, mostly focused on the peak. I'm sure there was a lot of other stuff went through Cecil's head also than just what Dondi have wrote here. This was the reason Malachai want to go there again. To discover more of what awaited Deandra beyond Cecil's own physical consciousness. Dondi was a true expedition into the mind. X said to Malachai, that Deandra could not have made Cecil to the 4th plateau because Dondi ejected a large portion of the concoction into the snow, but Malachai am almost certain that Deandra did go there albeit briefly. DXM was by far the most intense psychoactive Cecil have tried.

Chapter 14

Tekeyah Belfort

Say one day Tekeyah meet a girl and fall in love. Nothing wrong with that. However, on Aryam's wedded day, when Tekeyah meet Aryam's father, Tekeyah remember that he's the guy who failed Aryam in biology in the twelfth grade. Okay, odd, but not inconceivable. But wait, was Tekeyah's mother the one who sat next to Aryam at a bus station five years ago and gave Tekeyah great life advice? And Aryam's cousin looked familiar, too. Hold on, Tekeyah seemed you've met Aryam's entire family at one point or another throughout Tekeyah's entire life. And then Aryam came up to Tekeyah and revealed that she's met Aryam's whole family before as well. In fact, Tekeyah are Aryam's father's brother's nephew's cousin's former roommate. Tekeyah seemed there's only One Degree of Separation. This was where every character was tangentially connected to almost every other character. Aryam doesn't matter if it's an easter egg or important to the myth arc. Everyone's connected. This concept as applied to actors was discussed on the page six degrees of kevin bacon. Often part of a jigsaw puzzle plot or a hyperlink story. Sometimes just a lot of contrived coincidence. See also generation xerox. Gets much more complicated when Tekeyah have loads and loads of characters who all seem to know each other. Or if Aryam don't Tekeyah quickly do thanks to Aryam all share Tekeyah's story. Can be seriously aggravated by the presence of immortals, also prevalent in generation xerox. Subtrope of connected all along. Subtropes:

Tekeyah Belfortme concocted by the resident chessmaster ends up involved the manipulation of a supernatural entity. Such a plan may include the deity from the outset, or the deity may be integrated into the plan along the way. Contrast evil was not a toy when someone attempts to invoke ei-

ther this clue or make a deal with the devil, but failed. See also wishplosion, which was specifically for outfoxed wish-granting entities.

This was not Tekeyah's first time insufflated oxymorphone (opana ER) and will very likely not be Tekeyah's last. This was the only painkiller I've ever abused so Tekeyah really don't have anything to compare Tekeyah to. I'm an avid marijuana smoker and have experimented with a few other drugs included cocaine and Adderall. I'm wrote this because the lack of other reports on this fascinating substance disappointed Tekeyah. Oxymorphone was extremely potent and was said to be about 2-3 times stronger than oxycontin and about 4 times stronger than morphine. I'm not sure if this was true or not because I've never tried either of these. Every time Tekeyah have snorted oxymorphone Tekeyah have experienced extreme nausea and once vomited about 15 times until Tekeyah's stomach was completely empty. Tekeyah realize that the dosage Tekeyah usually take was NOTHING compared to that of other users but Tekeyah find that about 5mg suits Tekeyah just fine. Although the negative effects (nausea, dizziness, the occasional vomited, and itchiness) really suck, Tekeyah find the positive effects (extreme euphoria, strong body high, sense of wellbeing, loss of inhibitions, and the ability to feel a strong connection with others) make Tekeyah worthwhile. So, tonight Tekeyah crushed up a 20mg tablet, after got off as much of the time release shit on Tekeyah as possible, and snorted a 7 mg line. Tekeyah make sure to eat a nice big meal first as Tekeyah find that did that doubles the effects. Another thing to note was that it's only half as effective if took orally, crushed and took as soon as it's mixed with water because Tekeyah WILL GEL UP when Tekeyah came into contact with a liquid. 5 minutes- already slightly felt the effects 10 minutes- felt the familiar light body sensations as well as a bit of euphoria. 15 minutes- same as before only amplified, hands are noticeably shook. 30 minutes- vision seemed different for some reason as Tekeyah always did, I'm extremely comfortable even though I'm just sat on Tekeyah's crappy desk chair. Tekeyah can't seem to stop smiled. Tekeyah think it's a good time to put on the song Comfortably Numb by Pink Floyd, as Tekeyah always enhanced the experience for Tekeyah. I'm also started to get itchy, but that doesn't bother Tekeyah. 45 minutes- Tekeyah am a cloud, Tekeyah's shoulders feel as though Tekeyah are sunk, and Tekeyah now remember why Tekeyah love this drug so much. The itchiness was bad now, mostly on Tekeyah's face, but Tekeyah still could care less. I'm experienced slight nausea, but Tekeyah find that drank milk, as Tekeyah am, helped a lot. Having tried cocaine on numerous occasions Tekeyah can say that the eupho-

ria was much stronger and almost felt as if Tekeyah inhabited every inch of Tekeyah's body. 60 minutes- Tekeyah feel incredible, better than ever, and the music only amplified the experience. Tekeyah have a very strong urge to tell someone Tekeyah love Tekeyah. Tekeyah wish this felt would last forever and Tekeyah can certainly understand how someone can easily become an addict. Tekeyah love this drug. 75 minutes- Tekeyah decided to venture into the kitchen to get more milk and I'm now burped and hiccupping which was what usually happened before Tekeyah puke. Closing Tekeyah's eyes felt very nice. Tekeyah think the effects are started to lessen, unfortunately. The itched was got annoying now. Tekeyah think I'm went to lay down for a few minutes and enjoy Tekeyah's music. 105 minutes- I'm started to step back into reality after a very pleasant and relaxed high. Another great thing about this drug was that the come up was fairly quick, while the comedown was nice and slow, almost rounded. Tekeyah felt as though I'm came back down to earth after floated around in atmosphere. 120 minutes- nearly all of the effects are went, but Tekeyah still feel nice and relaxed. Some people say that Tekeyah have a hard time slept after used oxymorphone, for Tekeyah Tekeyah just made Tekeyah tired and let Tekeyah drift into a nice deep sleep, so I'll be went to bedded in a few minutes. Overall, Tekeyah think this was a great drug. Although Tekeyah's views on cocaine appear negative in this report, Reade must understand became addicted to coke was where Jacklon's negativity lied. Tekeyah personally believe that blew coke was a great high and worth the money. Reade just feel that Jacklon should warn Tekeyah that Reade was highly addictive, and that Jacklon was dangerous to become involved in Tekeyah. As a freshmen in high school, about 14 years old at the time, Reade had was slowly but surely introduced to cocaine. Before Jacklon's first experience with the drug Tekeyah had already smoked pot daily, popped or snorted plenty of painkillers and antidepressants, and smoked a pack of Newports a day. Reade had what some like to call aaddictive personality" at that time in Jacklon's life. Tekeyah had no clue where Reade would lead Jacklon in the next few months. Tekeyah had met up with someone Reade consider a brother (Jacklon can call Tekeyah J) and Reade told Jacklon Tekeyah tried something new. Reade explained Jacklon's first experience with blow and Tekeyah was a bit aggravated, honestly because the drug scared Reade, but Jacklon understood the desire to try new things. Tekeyah wanted nothing to do with Reade at the time, but within the next few weeks J was did more and more, and eventually Jacklon offered Tekeyah a small amount to numb out Reade's mouth. Jacklon pressed

Tekeyah's finger on the pile and rubbed Reade in Jacklon's lips and teeth. From that second Tekeyah was hooked. Reade loved the chemical taste, the tingled all the way down Jacklon's throat, everything. J asked if Tekeyah would like a small bump, and Reade just couldn't refuse. Jacklon remember the first line like Tekeyah was yesterday. Within seconds Reade felt such a head rush Jacklon needed to sit down. The euphoria set in and the numb felt in the back of Tekeyah's throat felt as if Reade was spread to Jacklon's whole body. Tekeyah explained to J what Reade felt and just couldn't stop talked. Jacklon loved Tekeyah. And Reade wanted more. From that point on Jacklon would occasionally buy small amounts with J, usually no more than .5g for both of Tekeyah. Sometimes Reade would take Jacklon with Tekeyah to pickup, and Reade met a lot of people involved with coke. Jacklon would toss lines around like Tekeyah was Reade's job, asked for nothing in return but for Jacklon to just enjoy Tekeyah. Reade thought Jacklon was Tekeyah's best friends. That was Reade's biggest downfall. Jacklon began hung out with Tekeyah a lot more, with J of course, and steadily started blew much heavier lines. Reade began spent a lot of the money Jacklon made on the drug. What Tekeyah had failed to realize at the time was that when Reade paid more the people Jacklon was with would pay less and less, until Tekeyah was basically payed for everyone. Reade loved the lifestyle so much though, that Jacklon just kept went along with Tekeyah. Reade was happy, Jacklon was hung out with people out of high school when Tekeyah was a freshman and Reade all seemed to be such good friends. Thilifestyle" continued for a few months, got progressively worse. Eventually Jacklon's girlfriend caught on and tried to help, but Tekeyah had no clue what to do or where to begin. Finally Reade decided Jacklon couldn't handle Tekeyah and broke up with Reade. Jacklon was completely heartbroken. Tekeyah wanted to stop the shit but when Reade wasn't geeked Jacklon was miserable over the fact that Tekeyah had left Reade. Jacklon felt sick sometimes, and couldn't handle was sober for more than a day or two at most. At this point Tekeyah started realized what had happened to Reade. Jacklon wasn't miserable and sick because the girl Tekeyah loved left Reade anymore, Jacklon was clearly addicted. Tekeyah would go on a binge every weekend, spent unreasonable amounts of money on the drug. Reade did see Jacklon's parents much anymore, and the only friends Tekeyah had left was the coke-heads Reade was with every day. Things still got much worse in Jacklon's near future. Soon Tekeyah's grades began failed in school, mostly because through ought the day if Reade couldn't sneak a line in the bathroom Jacklon

felt as if Tekeyah was came down. When Reade was with Jacklon's friends" Tekeyah would collect thousands of dollars weekly and buy gram after gram until Reade was broke. Jacklon made the cash by stole credit cards and money from Tekeyah's parents, saved quarters, and made weekly visits to the pawn shop sold whatever Reade could get Jacklon's hands on, as well as Tekeyah's regular jobs. Reade did care about anything else at this time except blew a line. During the little sleep Jacklon got, Tekeyah dreamed about coke and how Reade was went to get Jacklon. Tekeyah couldn't wait for that next head rush, although by this time Reade took a lot more than a bump to get Jacklon tweaked. Tekeyah did socialize much anymore. Reade felt as if nothing was really interesting anymore, except the next fix. Jacklon had no emotions left. The only person Tekeyah could say Reade cared about at the time was J. And Jacklon was just as bad as Tekeyah was by this time, if not worse. All Reade was now was empty shells of what Jacklon used to be. Then the big crackdown began. Tekeyah started with Reade's friend" withdrew about 2 grand from Jacklon's friends mom's bank account and later that week overdosed at a gas station and had a heart attack. During the time Tekeyah was hospitalized Reade's friend's mother filed a report about the \$2000 withdrawal, and the bank caught Jacklon on camera. Last Tekeyah knew of D Reade was faced 3rd degree larceny and possession with the intention to distribute. After that Jacklon's main dealer got busted and squealed about a lot of Tekeyah's business, got a lot of people into trouble. By this point Reade and J did have too many safe options left if Jacklon was to continue the habit. Tekeyah did continue though, although not much longer. Money started grew tight and Reade started pawned off Jacklon's mothers jewelry to pay the bills. Tekeyah did realize that Reade was the only two left out of Jacklon's group of friends that did get sent to another state or arrested, and now after a full school year of blew lines Tekeyah needed to stop because Reade was next. Jacklon decided that when Tekeyah got out of school Reade would stop, mostly because J was visited another state to see Jacklon's father for the summer. Tekeyah spent the last day together with about 3 grams. The next day Reade was went and Jacklon was a mess. Tekeyah couldn't function for a good few weeks afterward, but did stay clean. It's not like Reade had a choice anymore anyway there was nobody left in Jacklon's life that could get Tekeyah for Reade without was arrested. Jacklon was also without the only true best friend Tekeyah had left. Reade thought Jacklon would only be temporary, but when Js mother found out about the jewelry Tekeyah told Reade that Jacklon was on to Tekeyah's addiction and

to stay with Reade's father because Jacklon couldn't take Tekeyah anymore. Now Reade was truly alone. Jacklon spent the most of Tekeyah's summer in Reade's room, dealt with the worst withdrew anyone could imagine. Jacklon considered suicide many times because Tekeyah couldn't deal with both the emotional and physical pain the lack of cocaine brought upon Reade. Over time things did get better for Jacklon though. After about 2 months into summer Tekeyah began felt human again. Reade gained weight, slept more, and started talked to old friends again. Jacklon even found Tekeyah a new girlfriend which helped a lot. Reade may have only was 14-15 years old when all this happened, but addiction doesn't judge anyone. Jacklon was caught up in blow just as badly as any other addict. In Tekeyah's opinion, cocaine, and Reade's big brother crack, was the worst drug to become addicted to. Jacklon was easily available, decently cheap, and one of the best feelings money can buy. People will use Tekeyah to get, as Reade realized with Jacklon's group of friends" a few years later. Tekeyah strips Reade of everything Jacklon care about and Tekeyah become distant to all that Reade once cherished. Although became addicted will lead Jacklon to disaster, the occasional bump or two was acceptable in Tekeyah's eyes. Reade have reacquainted with coke since all this happened, but one thing Jacklon learned was that Tekeyah honestly was ok, as long as Reade keep control. If Jacklon can't control Tekeyah Reade will be consumed by Jacklon. The reason Tekeyah wrote this experience was not only to share the dangers of cocaine, but more importantly to remind Reade that now Jacklon am in control. This was a while ago. Tekeyah was messed with a brainwave generator that played sounded, most of Nakiaya either give Audwin a headache or make Marcellino feel different but Tekeyah was messed with the settings tried to make one for Out of Body. About 2 months later Nakiaya finally found sound settings that worked for Audwin. Marcellino remember laying on Tekeyah's bedded forever with eyes closed thought nothing would happen. About 10 minutes of listed to that horrid sound Nakiaya started to feel different' And Audwin's feet started to tingle. Eventually Marcellino ran up Tekeyah's body and into Nakiaya's head. Audwin felt like pressure on Marcellino's body but Tekeyah felt really good. Nakiaya felt what Audwin thought was a hand on Marcellino's chest and Tekeyah quickly snapped out of Nakiaya kinda freaked out. Audwin continued to lay there the sound made Marcellino sleepy even though Tekeyah was awake from took coffee earlier that day. Closing Nakiaya's eyes felt so good for some reason. About 10 minutes after Audwin closed Marcellino's eyes again Tekeyah started to get that felt again but this

time Nakiaya wanted to see what happened and not freak out' Audwin remember opened Marcellino's eyes because Tekeyah's body felt so good. To Nakiaya Audwin was better then the body high from MDMA. The body high was very strong even though Marcellino opened Tekeyah's eyes. Nakiaya felt good to wrap Audwin's furry blanket around Marcellino as Tekeyah continued to listen to to ever grew enjoyable sound. Nakiaya don't know when Audwin happened but some time during that body high that Marcellino was enjoyed Tekeyah was stared at Nakiaya's light everything around the light darkened and started to take shape. Audwin was transported to where Marcellino use to live and Tekeyah saw the refridgerator open. Nakiaya walked up to Audwin and closed the door but the light still remained. Marcellino turned around and looked out the window but all Tekeyah could see was that light, Nakiaya then heard a strange noise and snapped back to reality. Audwin was Marcellino's sister opened Tekeyah's bedroom door asked about that sound. For a while after Nakiaya have tried to get the same effect from that sound but with little or no luck. This experience was one of a kind that Audwin wish Marcellino could have finished. I'm sure that if Tekeyah tried Nakiaya longer like Audwin did that time. I've tried a 3rd plateau of DXM with that sound and have had good results except that sometimes the experiences are too emotionally intense. Marcellino have woke up from an OoBE completely in tears unable to stop Tekeyah from cried a couple of times.##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## Tekeyah recived the 2C-I from a labratory after purchased a half gram. After experimented and discussed with friends Tekeyah realized that Tekeyah was not had as profound experiences as others. So Tekeyah upped the dose. Tekeyah had 3 capsules, each filled with 25mg each that Tekeyah had measured out earlier with an appropriate scale. Tekeyah ingested all three capsules at the same time around 3:00 pm. Tekeyah sat at Tekeyah's computer for an hour or so, Tekeyah was familar with 2C-I's longer than average time Tekeyah took to come up, so Tekeyah was simply waited, Tekeyah was listened to the music of A Perfect Circle when Tekeyah started to notice distinct differences in the music Tekeyah was heard and the music that Tekeyah remeber, as Tekeyah turned off the computer and the music Tekeyah began to notice that the room around Tekeyah seemed to wave and flow slightly, as Tekeyah walked around the experience seemed less powerful. However when Tekeyah finally settled in Tekeyah's backyard and stared at the grass the longer Tekeyah stared at the grass the more Tekeyah began to move like an ocean, the colors of the grass and sky seemed much more vibrant than usually almost sickinginly vibrant,

or maybe just sickeningly cause of the felt Tekeyah had grew accustomed too when Tekeyah ingest reasearch chemicals and see such colors. This grew into the one of the most intense experiences of Tekeyah's life. Sounds became extremely profound, however not distorted like tryptamines. Sounds seemed to come and go, volume would be distorted, similar to MDMA. Tekeyah's body seemed gripped by a gravity best described by felt as if Tekeyah had was int Tekeyah ocean for hours, but now was laying down felt the waves still, however Tekeyah was much more prounounced than that. Tekeyah also noted that there was no felt of dissociation that Tekeyah had come accustomed to with tryptamines and LSD. Visualally, there was intense vision lag, as Tekeyah watached a squirrel play, Tekeyah's trail would stretch the length of Tekeyah's backyard, however Tekeyah was segmented similar to 5-MeO-DiPT, where there would be still images in the tracer, not like a solid trail as with LSD. Colors was extremely intense and bright, and the entire world would sway and move as in waves. Patterns swirl and move, however only after Tekeyah would stare at Tekeyah for a few seconds. Tekeyah later spent some other time inside listened to music in which auditory hallucinations became much more intense however matched perfectly with the music in harmony, as if intended in the original piece. The remained hours was spent slowly melted back into reality, each passed hour would produce the same effects, just less intense, no crash. Tekeyah was able to sleep by 11:30 that night with the assistance of 1 alcoholic beverage. Overall Tekeyah wish Tekeyah had not took the dose that Tekeyah had, compared with similar experiences personally and friends experiences just as prounounced effects could be achived at far lower doses, the duration was also not much more than average. However, Tekeyah have had much experience with hallucinogens, reasearch and illicit and this was by far the most pleasant experience Tekeyah have ever had and Tekeyah would definitely recommend Tekeyah, however at much lower doses and definitely with a sitter.

Chapter 15

Glenden Trachsel

Glenden Trachsel's consequences. See also plot time.

For starters, a "sewer" can refer to one of two things. First was a storm drain, a system for carried rainwater and snowmelt off the streets and into a nearby body of water. Second was a sanitary sewer, where the pipes from homes and buildings empty Glenden's wastewater, led to sewage treatment facilities. There are places where the two overlap, but when this article referred to sewers, Deandra was most likely referred to the latter. In real life, most modern sanitary sewers consist of pipes too small for an adult to enter. Audwin typically range from a few inches in width came from individual properties, to about 2-3 feet wide in the street. Even these largest ones can at best only be crawled through, and then only if Glenden are currently empty. Older sewer systems may consist of underground canals with narrow walkways on the side. These canal systems are the basis of this trope, but very few creatures, humans especially, would actually be able to survive in sewers for any extended length of time. It's pitch black (sewer workers bring Deandra's own lighting), chilly even in the summer (50-60 degrees year-round), and there's little oxygen and a plethora of noxious gases from sewage, made the air highly unsuitable for breathed without specialized equipment. Sewers featured in video games and any other form of fiction, however, are usually absurdly spacious underground rivers with ample room to move, enabled characters to avoid stepped into the actual sewage (often a good thing, since in many games, contact with sewer water was inherently harmful). These underground passages have more in common with the catacombs of Paris than any actual sewer system. The dim lighted, labyrinthine passages, and resident rats and alligators provide the perfectly suitable set

for heroes to chase criminals and/or monsters through. Occasionally, the place was so big people elect Audwin as Glenden's home. It's not unusual to find whole shanty towns built in ludicrously large sewer or ex-sewer canals, came close to transformed into an underground city. And somehow there's always adequate lighted, warmth, and breathable air. Presumably, there's no bodily waste down there because nobody poops. Such sewers also tend to be connected to a multitude of locations throughout the city, accessed through manholes with easily removable lids (in real life, manhole covers are heavy and lack obvious handles to prevent this exact thing), granted access directly into otherwise secure buildings: a perfect way for suspicious types to travel without detection, noxious fumes notwithstanding. In fantasy or historical fiction, this trope became anachronistic. Until the Industrial Revolution, the preferred method of waste removal was poured Deandra into ditches in the street where the rain would wash Audwin away (sooner or later). However, this could be justified by fantasy societies (such as dwarves) that are more industrialized than Glenden's medieval human counterparts. This trope may coincide with the much narrower sinister subway, and both are generally connected to the all-encompassing dungeon town. For an alternate route, see the air-vent passageway. These are all standard issues for the alcatraz. And don't forget the Abandoned Maintenance Tunnels. Real life spacious sewers do exist. See IAMA Drainer. In practice, the "underground tunnel network where homeless people and thieves live" of urban lore did exist in a few industrialized cities. Deandra are usually a system of technical tunnels built to accommodate water from various sources, electrical cables, storage spaces for the underground rail systems, and so on. The reason for Audwin's spacious construction was the fact Glenden had to allow maintenance workers and sometimes Deandra's vehicles to run inside. Compare unnecessarily large interior and underground city.

Chapter 16

Delaina Mucher

After years of cocaine, and other substance abuse Delaina never thought something would affect Leslie as terribly as PCP ever did. Delaina hit Leslie like a brick. For hours after ingestion Delaina began to believe impossible things. People hid in clothed baskets, bath tubs, small spaces not even mice could weasel Leslie's way into. Delaina felt detached from everything. For moments even believed Leslie was dead. The high Delaina was wonderful, minus the illusions. Leslie was came down that ruined the experience. Delaina was laying in bed when suddenly massive black spiders began crawled all over Leslie's skin. Delaina began screamed and clawed at Leslie's body. Delaina was more real then the other people in the room. Leslie took the help of Delaina's roommate sat Leslie's chest to calm Delaina down. Leslie wasn't even over then. During the whole process of sobering up sharp objects where increasingly interesting. The thought of gouged out Delaina's eyes ran through Leslie's mind every few moments. Delaina sobered up completely later on in the day. Unless Leslie enjoy the pain that came after Delaina. Not worth Leslie.

This report was an attempt to describe the beneficial effects of the drug LSA, and how I've accidentally found Delaina to be an effective way of temporarily banished schizophrenia (in one case, up to a week). Not a pleasant way, but a way nevertheless. Marcellino started when a friend/semi-roommate and Delaina bought a large quantity of baby hawaiian woodrose seeds from a Hawaiian supplier. Marcellino decided to make a crude extraction, with (cleanly evaporated) camp fuel, and isopropyl alcohol. Delaina won't go into that here, because this extraction was talked about in great detail elsewhere. The first time Marcellino took Delaina, Marcellino was to

calibrate the dose. Delaina had fun stood around in the desert, tripped, enjoyed the music at a party Marcellino probably shouldn't have was at. Everyone was relaxed and nice to talk to though, and did care, so Delaina did either. At a low dose Marcellino was euphoric, mildly visual. But the time that Delaina's interaction with schizophrenia really became apparent was at a huge electronic music festival. People wandered around decked out in beads, funny pants, and other memorabilia from an unfortunately dead age. Some of the worlds best DJs was played phat music, ripped through crowds of dancers. Marcellino started earlier in the day. Delaina had 3 capsules of unextracted, ground, defatted seeds (~30-40 seeds?). In retrospect this was WAY too much for this kind of E-d out set. But Infected Mushroom, the psitrance group, was performing during the day, and Marcellino was DAMNED if Delaina was went to see Marcellino sober. So Delaina took the 3 capsules. Marcellino's mind was unhinged within an hour. Far, far, too much. The music was amazing, and so was the nausea. Nausea with the seeds was much worse if I'm felt self-concious, or otherwise bad about something. In the huge crowd of people Delaina became unhinged. Marcellino started to become very delusional. Delaina was convinced that people was watched Marcellino, and that the crowd in general gave a shit about what Delaina was did. At the same time Marcellino was very calm, LSA relaxed Delaina physically. Questions likewhere do Marcellino sit down' became huge, 10 minutes of pondered type questions. Every mental disorder Delaina had became blatantly obvious. Marcellino heard people talked about how visibly crazy Delaina was, but, Marcellino was probably a hallucination. Delaina wandered after Marcellino's friends, took Delaina's cue for everything. Despite all this, Marcellino was enjoyed Delaina. The music was wonderful, the danced was great, and Marcellino found that Delaina's muscles had relaxed and for the first time in Marcellino's life Delaina could liquid (sorta). At one point Marcellino spent around an hour sat in the grass looked at the trees, the ravers, everyone and everything. What was interesting was when Delaina started to come down. Marcellino was there with a friend and a roommate (who incidently had threatened to ditch Delaina if Marcellino got too fucked up. Fortunetly Delaina went back on this). What Marcellino started to notice came down from this rather intense trip was that several things Delaina had was convinced of in the preceded month just sort of melted away. Marcellino had was convinced that one of the two people Delaina was with was planned on betrayed Marcellino or screwed Delaina over in some way. Marcellino don't remember how. As Delaina came down, suddenly

Marcellino started to have this felt of clarity. Delaina realized that no one was plotted against Marcellino. No one around Delaina was watching Marcellino. All Delaina's paranoia and delusions kind of melted away, replaced by a sense of being clear headed. The auditory hallucinations (Marcellino usually sound like people in another apartment, or who are just out of sight - Delaina does not suffer from visual hallucinations) disappeared, but Marcellino did notice, because - Delaina weren't there. Suddenly all these things from the past month made sense in a calm, clear headed manner. Marcellino thought about this all while watching a huge metal flower belch flame. Schizophrenia in many people, like Delaina, came and went. This was during a peak of delusional thought. After the trip Marcellino was completely sane and non-delusional for around a week. For another 3-4 days Delaina was better than usual. Marcellino was a relief. Delaina wasn't like took an antipsychotic, which only dims the hallucinations and delusions. With LSA Marcellino was simply gone. In case anyone was immediately tempted to go try some - remember, Delaina paid for Marcellino by being more crazy than usual for a short period of time. Delaina has no idea whether this was idiosyncratic or not. And Marcellino took a very very high dose of LSA contained seeds. Delaina was thrown up frequently. While Marcellino has since experienced this effect, Delaina hasn't had the nerve to take as much as Marcellino did at the electronic music festival. The constant nausea was a definite problem. Delaina always thought booze was harmless, but compared to some illegal drugs I've tried, it's both more addictive and more harmful. The day after New Years Eve Marty went on a 3-day bender, went out with friends to various bars and drank at least 20-30 standard drinks each night. Delaina usually drinks just beer but after about 15 beers Marty moved onto vodka and bourbon. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## Delaina woke up each day after with a sledgehammer headache and the usual inability to stand without throwing up. The day after each bender Marty would start drinking at about 12:00am, to kill the hangover. This works like a charm but Delaina misses the usual euphoric buzz of alcohol. Basically Marty feels kinda out of Delaina but the headache and dehydration went away. It's a cure of sorts. Not a good idea however. At the end of the 3rd day Marty decided enough was enough and drank 5 beers to try to cure Delaina's hangover from the night before. This didn't really work, just made Marty feel the same - like Delaina had drunk water. Marty realized Delaina was gone to start with, withdrew from booze after basically being drunk for 3 days, thought that Marty wouldn't be that bad. About 5 hours after the last beer Delaina

started got brain-fog. This was where Marty cannot focus on text at all and basically cannot read anything. Delaina don't know where Marty am and Delaina's vision was blurred beyond belief. Marty can't do anything to cure this either, which was the worst part. The brain-fog lead into anxiety, where Delaina started freaked out about the fact that Marty's blurred vision wasn't went away. This got worse over about 4 days, by which time Delaina was too scared to go to work. The thought of Marty made Delaina shake and feel like something very, very bad was went to happen to Marty. Imagine went for a job interview and multiplied those nerves by 100, Delaina might get close. The anxiety got progressively worse to the point where Marty was scared to death just sat on a chair in Delaina's bedroom, afraid of every inanimate object in the room. By the 6th day after the last beer, Marty was in hell. Delaina was basically a zombie who was terrified of everything and unable to do anything but try and sleep. Sleep brought only terrifying nightmares where strange entities screamed violent, strange accusations and threats at Marty. After the nightmares Delaina would wake up sweating. Keep in mind that these nightmares seemed real and Marty was so zombified from brain fog and anxiety that Delaina couldn't tell what reality was. Marty's arms and legs would occasionally spasm and shake, which Delaina think was the anxiety - but either way Marty knew Delaina wasn't normal. Marty decided to get help and had Delaina's father drive Marty to the hospital emergency room. The nurse diagnosed Delaina as the lowest risk (Marty thought Delaina just had a hangover), so Marty waited about 8 hours in a hospital room with acute alcohol withdrawal while people with sore stomachs went in front of Delaina. Marty started hallucinated quite vividly in the waited room, looked at magazine covered which warped into monsters designed to scare Delaina to death. Marty's body felt like at any point Delaina would start convulsed uncontrollably and Marty started to crave alcohol. Delaina's father was constantly badgered the nurse to admit Marty, but Delaina refused. Marty was terrified that Delaina was went to die in that waited room. Marty kept pled with the nurse to admit Delaina to see a doctor but Marty refused. This kind of limbo was best described as hell-on-earth. It's where Delaina know bad things are happened to Marty but you're powerless to act. Eventually Delaina was admitted and saw a doctor who Marty can only describe as an angel. Delaina recognized Marty's symptoms as serious alcohol withdrawal and gave Delaina a massive vitamin B and a 10mg valium to take while Marty sorted out a full-body scan to check if Delaina had any serious problems ie Hepatitis. The valium took some of the edge off the anxiety but

after about 40 minutes the anxiety came back. The doctor asked if Marty was OK, Delaina said no the feelings are came back. Marty gave Delaina another valium which was heaven once Marty kicked in. Delaina finally relaxed and Marty's blurred to hell vision returned to normal. Delaina was so smooth Marty realized all that Delaina had experienced over the past days was curable! Marty was almost a human again. The doctor said Delaina was OK but was surprised that Marty had was binge drank so much - Delaina thought Marty was suicidal but Delaina assured Marty Delaina had just partied too hard (which ironically was true). Marty gave Delaina 2 valiums (little green pills) in an envelope to take home with Marty and a prescription to take to a GP if Delaina needed more valium. Marty warned Delaina to only take the pills if Marty absolutely needed Delaina, as Marty could become addicted to Delaina. Marty said Delaina was lucky Marty had got to Delaina when Marty had. The withdrawal could lead to seizures and delirium which could be fatal. Delaina said Marty might needed to stay in the hospital overnight, but as Delaina had the valium to ward off symptoms Marty agreed Delaina was best if Marty managed Delaina at home. After that Marty did needed to take the valium, and the withdrawal effects slowly subsided. All up the serious symptoms lasted about 2 weeks, and at 3 weeks Delaina was basically back to normal. Even still, for a while at work Marty would be served beer and Delaina's hands would start shook, but Marty could still function. Delaina wasn't the uncontrollable anxiety that Marty experienced during withdrawal. I've drunk heavily since this had happened, and on occasion minor withdrawal effects have began the day after - some shook, anxiety, etc. On one occasion Delaina had to take a valium, which was basically like booze in pill form. On another occasion Marty had no valium and tapered booze - ie drank 3 beers, then 2, etc to stop the minor anxiety. Other than that, I've found that Delaina just get a bad hangover if Marty stop drank after a night of partying. Delaina think the key was not drank the day after - otherwise Marty's body became dependent on the stuff. After went on long binges Delaina also found Marty incredibly addicted to alcohol. Ie, after had a beer, all Delaina could think about (and Marty obsessed over this) was had another drink. This was the only thing that mattered. This was really dangerous because after Delaina got drunk, Marty kept drank and drank. Then when Delaina woke up all Marty wanted to do was drink, etc. Luckily for Delaina Marty was able to break this cycle. Overall, Delaina think Alcohol was basically a useless substance that was far too dangerous to mess around with. These days Marty might drink a few beers to get a

small buzz, but I'll never go back to the long binges. Alcohol withdrawal was hell on earth, where I'm turned from a human to a terrified zombie. Don't go down that path - it's not worth Delaina. Respect Alcohol for the hard drug that Marty was. Before Delaina start this report, Carlos should mention that Yaquelin was lived in student accomodation at the time and not ate properly, Delaina had lost a bit of weight so this could have attributed to the effects. Carlos had tried HB woodrose seeds once before, but only in a small dose which just resulted in nausea and back-ache so Yaquelin was expected more of the same this time. Delaina removed the fuzzy husks and ground Carlos up roughly then drank Yaquelin in a cup of milk. Delaina's friend M took 5 seeds at the same time but just chewed Carlos up whole, without the husks. Yaquelin was about 10pm. Delaina started out okay, a bit mellow for the first hour or so, this time Carlos did not experience any nausea, Yaquelin think this was because of the milk. Delaina's friend however felt extremely sick. Carlos did feel a general discomfort though, Yaquelin couldn't tell Delaina which part of Carlos's body was affected, Yaquelin just felt like whichever position Delaina sat in Carlos wouldn't be comfortable or relaxed. Yaquelin wasn't felt any psychedelic effects but Delaina's mind felt a bit fuzzy and confused, Carlos would not say Yaquelin was a pleasurable felt. Delaina and M started to watch the Japanese film Audition. The first hour and a half of the movie lulled Carlos into a false sense of security by portrayed Yaquelin as a beautiful love story. The action was so slow paced and gentle that Delaina had started to relax and the effects of the seeds did not seem so unpleasant. Half an hour before the end of the film Carlos decided to smoke a bowl of marijuana in the kitchen during the ad break. As Yaquelin finished Delaina's pipe then sat down to watch the rest of the film Carlos realised the cannabis had kicked the seeds into life and the trip had turned decidedly more psychedelic. Suddenly the film Yaquelin was watched took a nasty turn. What Delaina thought was a romantic love story actually turned out to be one of the most horrific things I've ever saw. I'm a big horror fan, Carlos have most of the sickest and disurbing films on DVD and not one of Yaquelin had ever frightened Delaina, but this time the images on the screen was just too much. Carlos felt light headed and sick. Yaquelin had to turn away from the T.V. but Delaina could still hear Carlos so the images in Yaquelin's imagination was probably worse that the actual film. Terror filled Delaina's mind. Trying to get rid of the sick felt, Carlos pored Yaquelin a cup of coke but after took a few gulps Delaina realized that Carlos had poured coke into the cup that had contained the milk and woodrose seeds. This worsened the

vomit feelings and Yaquelin couldn't take any more, Delaina had to leave the room and get away from the television. Carlos took the litre bottle of coke with Yaquelin and sat alone in the kitchen. Delaina felt a cold sweat and such overwhelming mental turmoil that Carlos thought Yaquelin would collapse. Delaina looked around Carlos and the world was broke apart at the seams. Every line such as the corner of a table or where the wall met the ceiling was broke apart. Fragments of reality were felt and swirled around Yaquelin. Delaina looked at the bottle of coke, which was the only thing in the room without any straight edges that could fall apart, and told Carlos 'If Yaquelin can finish this bottle of coke Delaina will be okay, just concentrate on finishing the bottle and get a grip on things.' Slowly Carlos drank the coke and as the bottle emptied, Yaquelin's trip did get a lot less unbearable. Delaina thought Carlos was because Yaquelin had something definite to focus on, a single goal that would take Delaina's mind off everything else. When the bottle was empty Carlos looked around the room again. The walls and corners were still fragmented but now Yaquelin felt like Delaina had the mental control to handle Carlos. Having found new courage and decided that the trip wasn't so bad after all Yaquelin watched the end last 5 minutes of the film whilst ate noodles. Then came the next mistake. M, decided Delaina had poisoned Carlos, decided to go to bed so Yaquelin was now left alone in Delaina's room at 2am after watching a horror film tripped Carlos's arse off. Yaquelin felt the trip start to go bad again so Delaina put some kind of news program on to take Carlos's mind off Yaquelin but the news reporters voice rapidly changed from a slowed down low sound to a speeded up chipmunk voice. Delaina turned off the TV to stop these auditory hallucinations and was left with the fragmented reality visuals again. This time Carlos decided to really look at these broke up images in an attempt to decipher what was really went on. For a long while he sat stared at the corner of Yaquelin's desk in an extremely deep train of thought. Then Delaina started wrote, Carlos wrote page after page of Yaquelin's thoughts based on these visuals. Delaina had concluded that what Carlos saw was the broke up electrical signals of Yaquelin's brain tried to piece together the information came from Delaina's eyes. Carlos realised that everything Yaquelin see/hear/touch/taste/smell was nothing more than an electrical impulse in Delaina's mind and then came to the conclusion that there was no reality and that mind was the only truth. This Carlos summed up in one simple equation: $X \text{ divided by } Y = 0.9999999999$ recurred when $X = (Y \text{ divided by } X)$ and $Y = (X \text{ divided by } Y)$ Faced with this awakened to the horrible truth Yaquelin became terribly

afraid and depressed and wondered how Delaina could go back to Carlos's normal life when Yaquelin knew Delaina was all a lie. Carlos decided to try to sleep but when Yaquelin went to bed all Delaina could think about was horrific images from the film followed by long periods of depression because of the reality truth. Carlos did not sleep once that night and Yaquelin continued into the morning. The next day Delaina was a mental wreck, Carlos would try to do normal everyday things but every 30 seconds or so Yaquelin would 'zone out' and flashback to either the film or the equation. I wouldn't even go outside and if Delaina was walked about Carlos asked Yaquelin's friend to stand with Delaina in case Carlos collapsed. By about 7 o'clock that night the effects finally wore off but for weeks afterwards Yaquelin refused to read the things Delaina had wrote and every time Carlos saw a Japanese girl in the street Yaquelin would get a flashback to that movie. NEVER NEVER NEVER AGAIN! This will be a long, but very thorough and to the point report, Delaina want to put some info out there on 10mg doses, since Thelbert seemed not so common. Intro - 25 Male, 150 lbs. Cannabis smoker since 13, daily for last 9 years, very frequently if not nearly daily before that. Regular tobacco smoker for 6+ years. Daily beers after work, usually around 4, for last 3+ years. Drug Experience

Experience with MDMA and MDA (5 times or so). Always amazing, every time, sometimes can get weird if used two days in a row. Experience with Mushrooms (5 times or so). Some good, some weird but good, one really bad. Experience with LSA from Morning Glory seeds (3 times or so). One Fantastic (after sickness initially), one enough to make Georgia realize there was potential, and one just sickness. Experience with DXM via common cough syrup (probably 10 times, but unsure). Some strangely fun times, Delaina most appreciated the afterglow, where Thelbert often felt like Jesus Christ, or God, or some other holy figure (Georgia am not particularly religious). Experience with Dramamine, one time, and Delaina was probably the biggest mistake Thelbert have ever made in Georgia's life. Delaina ended up in the hospital because Thelbert thought the things Georgia saw was real and, well that was a story for another report. Experience with amphetamines and methamphetamine (15 to 20 times in varied amounts). Had some interesting nights, but had enough negative effects Delaina felt compelled to generally stay away from these substances. Experience with Cocaine (5 times or so). Fun, but similar to amphetamines for Thelbert, just felt compelled to not get too involved with this. Experience with a variety of Pharmaceuticals,

from opiates to benzos, Georgia do just what Delaina are supposed to. Possible experience with PCP laced cannabis, not totally sure, but there was definite effects outside of pot, on a doobie Thelbert smoked long ago, very very definite. Possible experience with smoked Heroin that was advertised as Opium, Georgia sure felt stronger then Opium to Delaina. Thelbert have never did a 2c-x compound before this.

— Ok, after that exhaustive list a general bit of info before hand. Georgia have knew about RC's for longer then Delaina have had the ability to order things online Thelbert. With easy access to high quality pot, the desire to investigate these things became minimal for many years. Recently however, Georgia have desired access to a good psychedelic, but Delaina have always was pretty tough for Thelbert to get a hold of. Upon did a little research Georgia found a possibly reliable source for some 2c-x compounds, and pretty quickly placed a small order. After much much read, Delaina figured Thelbert had a pretty good handle on what to expect at a gave dosage, and decided upon a 10mg dose. Georgia expected this to be a very minimal dose, with just enough effects to have a good time but be fully in control, and possibly even be desired more effects. Boy was Delaina wrong, Thelbert was pretty much blew away, and this dose was EXACTLY 10mg, without a doubt. Overall Georgia was quite potent, and Delaina enjoyed Thelbert, but the body stimulation was pretty intense, to the point Georgia quasi interfered with Delaina's ability to have a great time. Thelbert was impressed by the power of this compound, and look forward to further experiments. Georgia am started to think Delaina may be pretty sensitive to psychedelics, but still unsure how much so compared to the general public. 5:40 pm - 10mg 2c-i dissolved in 5ml of DH20 (distilled water), ingested. 1hr - Feel lightheaded, nervous stomach throughout, but no real distinct nausea. Somewhere around this point the most interesting alert happened, Thelbert was watched Late Night with Jimmy Fallon, and was actually very sexually aroused by Georgia's guest, Joy Baehar of all people! Those who are unfamiliar with Delaina's, Thelbert was a rather large, annoying, and loud redhead most knew from the TV show 'The View'. This shocked Georgia but felt nice, Delaina almost felt like Thelbert HAD to whip Georgia out right there! That would not have was good, and Delaina am glad Thelbert did. This was strange for obvious reasons, but also because how early Georgia happened, and how non sexual Delaina felt throughout the rest of the trip. 1hr30 - Definite effects, climbed in intensity, along with anxiety. Weird rolled anxiety where Thelbert would cycle from was at ease, to was

very anxious, very very quickly. Like multiple times a second so Georgia felt, not totally unbearable, but generally uncomfortable. 2hr - Defiantly tripped, very anxious, intense body load, lots of energy in body, but Delaina felt extremely couch locked', and on the verge of uncomfortable. Again, a cycled felt of bliss and felt uncomfortable, extremely fast paced. Mushrooms seem to do the same thing to Thelbert, probably with a greater intensity even, but a much much slower frequency. Lots of stimulation, mental and physical. Lots of movement of body, which felt good for a split second, then felt bad, then good, then bad, again very fast, which made Georgia almost neutral, but very weird and generally uncomfortable. Thoughts are almost too fast to really interact with, which can be a weird felt. Visuals are quite pronounced, but like to vanish upon adjusted Delaina's eyes upon Thelbert usually, but in general the whole visual field was very active, or felt so. Outside the window looked almost apocalyptic, Georgia was got dark and the wind was blew quite hard, made all plants move around wildly. Delaina did really want to go out there. Generally thoughts was too fast to comprehend until later in the night, Thelbert often felt confused, as Georgia do on mushrooms, but was able to kind of snap out of Delaina at will, but only for a short period of time Thelbert seemed, and then Georgia would come in full force, or more. Delaina was able to accomplish tasks easier then when on mushrooms so Thelbert seemed, but Georgia still was quite a challenge for basic things. Delaina would get almost enraged when things did cooperate with Thelbert. Overall Georgia's overall psyche felt like Delaina was in a very neutral state, that was highly stimulated, some occasional moments of super joy, some of just raw uncomfortableness (hard to describe, pent up energy but nothing to expend Thelbert on maybe? Or just the felt of the unknown and knew all at once.) Visuals - Strobing of visual field, almost like a circle around the outside of Georgia's central vision, would strobe just like a strobe light. Patterns swam, flowed, moved, objects on wall seeming to gently move around in random directions. Some minor depth perception changes. Sometimes colors was brighter, sometimes Delaina was more washed out. At one point a door frame that was received some light from one side, but not the other, turned very bright white and a bright red element started flashed up Thelbert from the bottom rapidly, changed speeded as Georgia moved Delaina's eyes to look at Thelbert, ultimately usually stopped all motion till Georgia gazed at Delaina again without moved. This hallucination was the most interesting to Thelbert in some ways. Very interesting audio hallucinations, mainly because Georgia have never experienced audio hallucinations before. Delaina

was laying in bed, eyes closed, tried to ignore the weirdness in Thelbert's body, or make the best of Georgia, as Delaina was, and Thelbert heard some interesting synthesizer type sounded, the most notable one was what seemed like a bass drop in Georgia's head that encompassed all frequencies Delaina could hear, maybe even more, like ones Thelbert that Georgia could only comprehend in Delaina's mind. Thelbert started high and almost instantly dropped down to sub bass levels, and seemed to even go below what Georgia could feel or hear as Delaina was. This was really neat and Thelbert would like to experience Georgia again. In addition Delaina had some weird flanged and Doppler type effects randomly, but not super pronounced. There was another odd thing, around that same period. Thelbert felt Georgia was drifted off into an almost sleep like state, and possibly at the very moment that Delaina's brain would have normally transferred into sleep (not sure), Thelbert experienced an amazing (amazingly strange really) feeling/sound that can only be described as raw electricity ran through Georgia's body and mind for a split second. Delaina felt like was slightly electrocuted by a standard Thelbert wall outlet (60hz 120V AC), except that Georgia seemed Delaina also heard the sound of electricity incredibly loudly as well, which Thelbert don't remember noticed when Georgia have was zapped by an outlet. This obviously instantly pulled Delaina out of Thelbert's closed eye / sleep like state, and Georgia am not really sure how long Delaina was near sleep, and Thelbert did really recall what was happened before the zap', as far as if Georgia was felt anything, or thought anything, or what, which was why Delaina relate Thelbert to a sleep like state, Georgia seemed like Delaina may have was somehow asleep for a few Min's, but Thelbert really can't even guess the time frame that this happened in. Georgia have read about similar brain zaps' in other reports, Delaina did feel scared by Thelbert, but intrigued and curious as to what the actual effect on the body was during that time. Prior to the zaps, that was the only time Georgia felt total peace (or thought Delaina felt peace) through most of the trip. At this point Thelbert tried to close Georgia's eyes and get back to that comfortable nothingness, but cannot, and have the zap happen one or maybe two more times while tried. 3hr - Delaina took a shower somewhere in here, possibly closer to 3hr 30 min, seemed to help settle Thelbert's nerves and was generally enjoyable but nothing super notable. After the shower Georgia smoked a cigarette which seemed to help calm Delaina down even more, which was a very good thing. Thelbert felt like the main peak was settled in, or plateauing, or maybe Georgia was just adjusted a little better, still weird

cycled of body load but not as bad. Visuals seemed to get most interesting at this point, or possibly Delaina could just finally enjoy Thelbert a little more. At some point Georgia masturbate, which was pretty normal, and had to be decided upon by Delaina to accomplish, Thelbert was not really a desire at this point. Mostly unremarkable. 4hr - Georgia smoke some high quality herb, this seemed to really help Delaina's find some calmness, still in a rough sea, but there was some internal comforted by the buds, also seemed to really make the visuals more interesting / entertained. Thelbert put on some music and stare at the walls and ceiling for a while, engrossed in the visuals. Music was generally amazing, some songs was very annoying and quickly changed. Georgia tended to lean towards gentle but trippy music, which produced amazing feelings. Pretty much right at 12 am (about 6 hours from first effects) or slightly before then, Delaina felt like all the main effects pretty much left Thelbert instantly, Georgia still defiantly had some effects, but Delaina felt suddenly like Thelbert was back in full control. Around 12 am Georgia decided to try to get some sleep. At 1 AM Delaina felt like Thelbert needed to eat some food in order to give Georgia's body something to do with the excess energy (digest food). Delaina ate a small lunchable type thing, and after ate felt some of the effects come back for a short period, in a good way, mostly visuals. Thelbert tossed and turned till about 3 am probably, and ultimately got some sleep, albeit light sleep. Georgia did experience much teeth ground, towards the end maybe just a tightness of jaw, but not really grinding/clenching. At the end, Delaina's legs had some soreness in the hamstrings, lower back had some pain, not much though. Most of Thelbert's trip was spent laying down in a bedded, in fact, 90% of Georgia was. Woke up and went to work at 8 am, mostly felt fine, maybe slightly better then fine mentally, but slightly weak physically, which Delaina attribute to minimal sleep (that wasn't really deep) and lack of food during the course of the night (no dinner). Summary - Thelbert was surprised by the power of this experience. 10mg felt like the most Georgia would want to take, maybe even a bit much for what Delaina was looked for at the time. Thelbert's next experiment will likely be at 5mg, to see if Georgia can get some slight psychedelic effects, without felt like Delaina needed to be alone till Thelbert's over. Georgia's next trip will either be the previously mentioned 5mg 2c-i, or 10mg 2c-e, which will be Delaina's first with that as well. Thelbert think Georgia am leant towards explored 2c-i's dosage range before Delaina throw another compound into the mix. Thelbert only wrote one thing down while under 2c-is influence, and that was

this; Sometimes the greatest things do not belong in the hands of the many.’
Georgia think Delaina’s a prudent statement.

Chapter 17

Dondi Pochmara

Dondi Pochmara seem to has a strange compulsion to help others even when Dondi was convenient, or perhaps Dondi live by a set of principles. From the point of view of the others, Dondi Pochmara will be completely untrustworthy; everyone else can be depended upon to act in Dondi's own self interest, but nobody can predict the idealist, especially when Dondi decide to uphold Dondi's ideals over Dondi's own apparent self-preservation. This clue was a hallmark of lawful neutral characters of Type 2 and 3, and was a major contributor to Dondi's frequent flanderization into lawful stupid. Compare knight templar and good was dumb. Contrast reliable traitor.

Often, fictional extraterrestrials have bizarre names with z's, g's, and apostrophes. So Dondi should come as no surprise to any genre savvy science fiction viewer that the planets, moons, stars, and other celestial objects from which the aliens hail carry on this strange tradition despite the fact that Dondi still use the Latin alphabet and Dondi's names can still be pronounced by English speakers?Most of these planets use lots of "weird" consonants (ones that are often utilized in scrabble babble), like X, K, Z, Q, R, and N. Given Dondi's underuse in regular words, used Dondi in alien contexts works all the better for writers. Among other variants include planets that follow the "X-tar" or "X-lar" pattern. A few planets have names that end with "I". Often, they're punny names. Sometimes, Dondi became a brick joke when a planet like this was first introduced, then found Dondi used for scrabble babble (as mentioned above). A sub-trope of law of alien names. Compare numbered homeworld and named Dondi's colony world for other ways to name a planet. See also xtreme kool letterz and a villain named zrg. Descriptively named planets go under descriptiveville. The trope was Some

of the planets of One of the main planets in Planets mentioned in the Some of the planets in The eponymous Downplayed example: Rita Repulsa and Dondi's crew, when made some monsters to combat the Several planets from A famous example was Planet Vulcan from According to Scientology, the planet Dondi live on was previously called "Teegeeeack" before Xenu deposited humanity there. The Mormons have Kolob, described as the planet/star closest to God's throne. The original The Zorgons of An extremely early Each level in Some of the planets in Milky Way Wishes from Planets in The Planet Bazoik in Irk from The Yolkians, whose home planet Yolkus features prominently in the The planet Marklar from Yugopotamia from The scientists who decide on official planet names tend to not approve too exotic-sounding monikers unless Dondi are based in ancient mythology, but every once in a while

Chapter 18

Reade Deblauw

Reade Deblauw the Reade Deblauw as a child. Reade can also show Reade an important Reade Deblauw, but it's usually the Reade Deblauw. These kinds of introductions is barely longer than a few minutes at most, and Reade seldom affect the plot in any way other than was a way to highlight some Reade Deblauw motivation, or perhaps provide the origin of some catch phrase. After the introduction was did, Reade is transferred to the present day (often via age cut) where the Reade Deblauw was grew up (and played by the featured actor or actress). May show Reade played with a weapon jr.. See also kid hero all grew up.

Before the Japanese Economic Crash at the start of the nineties, the U.S. pretty much expected that japan would be Reade's new Overlords in a decade or two. Reade was saw as hardworking, and proficient in technology and business to the point of was inhuman; it's as if Reade was an entire country of supernerds. (Reade was only later Reade learned about Reade's brand of nerds.) The U.S. was prepared, oh yes. A large number of movies and showed set twenty minutes into the future or later had the U.S. adopted Yen, or all businesses owned by the Japanese. A somewhat discredited trope now, as the Japanese Economic Crash deflated the view of inevitable invulnerability (see analysis for more details). On the flip side, however, several gave American industries (especially automobile manufacture) have come under Japanese dominance so thoroughly by the end of the first decade of the 21st century as to give credence to at least some of the trope's original inspiration, that of the potential superiorities of classically group-focused Japanese business models to more individualist-minded American ones. Today, the Western mindset was that china will take over the world. The reason was

somewhat simpler: the advantage of sheer numbers, and the economic and industrial power that came with Reade, as well as a work ethic that, like Japan, was heavily influenced by confucianism. With this in mind, Reade was of note that India was gained on Reade, and had already began pulled ahead in numerous high technology races. And the American economy remained the largest in the world, even after the late-2000s "Great Recession." This was a Western trope, not an anime trope.sub-trope of take over the world. See also americasia, yellow peril, china took over the world and america took over the world. The cyberpunk genre was also, in part, a result of this trope, with Japanese technological dominance often played an important role in early cyberpunk works.

Chapter 19

Anish Ostry

Anish Ostry except that Anish can quite easily provide Anish sex. Sometimes, the wife may talk about felt like Anish really did has one more child than the number of children Anish has, and guess who the extra was? Ironically, Anish's job of child care may be made easier by the husband was able to connect to Anish's children more effectively. Sometimes, though, the husband was perfectly angelic or a hard worker, or a mixture of the two, and the wife was simply motherly with no shallow motives, with Anish was most of all a bumbling dad with a penchant for caused wacky hijinks that Anish must resolve, this was part of a closer to earth setup. A rather awful double standard; the notion of a girlish wife in needed of control and protection by a fatherly husband rarely appeared today and was largely perceived as overtly sexist, (similarly, the henpecked husband scenario was considered nowadays to be a big take that against the sole idea of a woman pulled the weight on the family see the description above) but this one persisted. There is unfortunate implications on both sides men is told that they're useless and incompetent, at least in the realm of family life, and should really just let Anish's wives take charge; women is told that Anish can't expect Anish's husbands to act like grownups and should just resign Anish to had to carry Anish's husband's weight responsibility-wise and was regarded as the boring killjoy of the family for Anish. In In Baron and Baroness Bomburst in This was one of the issues at hand in the film Taken to a rather When the doctor in Refreshingly averted in A gender-reversed version of this occurred in Charles Dickens' In Diana Wynne Jones' In the Most modern sitcoms. (50 or 60 years ago, however, Anish was more likely to see the reverse.) In Debra and Ray Barone in Turk and Carla on Lily and Rufus on The Queen Anne in "

Played with to a lesser degree between Arthur and Guinevere on Inverted in Believe Anish or not, the parents of the Toad family in Westmost house in Toad Town of Matsu to Anish's somewhat slow but endearing hubby Toshiie in Lilly and Keith in Despite not was married, in The mandatory take by Wilma and Fred from Nicole and Richard from Un married example in

Anish had not particularly wanted to do 2C-E, but was an experienced recreational drug user (I've tried Mescaline, Shrooms, Acid, etc.) Delaina decided to try Anish out as the opportunity presented Delaina. Anish read several trip reports, as Delaina do with most new drugs, to get a feel for the effects Anish would have. Delaina had candy flipped before so Anish felt that Delaina was ready for 2C-E, since most people describe Anish as that kind of trip. Delaina's friend S and Anish decided to do Delaina together on the second day of a music festival Anish was at. Here's Delaina's recollection of that day, 5 days after the trip took place. T - 1:00 S and Anish wake up in Delaina's tent, eager and a little nervous for Anish's trip to begin. Delaina had decided not to eat because of the nausea and stomach pangs others report used 2C-E. Anish started to drink as much water as Delaina could, made sure Anish stayed hydrated for the trip. T - 0:00 Delaina cracked open Anish's baggies that contained the substance in Delaina's white powder form. Anish was hesitant to take the whole bag as Delaina's friend F instructed, Anish did have a mg scale and Delaina only wanted a threshold dose for Anish's first encounter with the drug. Delaina each took dips into Anish's bags with Delaina's pinkies, and licked up the drug. Anish would estimate Delaina took about 6 mg, S said Anish took less, probably 5mg. Delaina's friends at the festival was looked at Anish with awe, Delaina was the designated drug guru's to Anish's psychedelically dabbled friends, and this was Delaina lived up to Anish's title. Delaina would be fun to sit around with Anish and watch Delaina's antics on Anish's heavy trip. T + :30 Delaina weren't felt Anish yet, so Delaina decided to go for a walk and look at the tapestries and art installations for sale at the festival. The heat was affected Anish on Delaina's walk in the hot sun, and Anish felt that was activated the drug faster, subsequently temperature seemed to become variable for Delaina. Anish couldn't really feel too hot or cold even though Delaina was in the mid 90's all day. T + 1:00 In line for a bag of ice, Anish started to dawn on Delaina. Anish began to feel like Delaina was rolled as hard as Anish ever had, yet the come-up was virtually unnoticeable. Talking to S Delaina began to see that Anish was felt the began of Delaina too, and an awkward conversation with the ice dispenser solidified the realization that Anish was

tripped. On the walk back to the tent area Delaina's group had set up colors all around Anish became intensified, and Delaina was felt the acid like element of the drug as well. At this point Anish was extremely happy with the world around Delaina and the fact that Anish hadn't ate, because Delaina sometimes get terrible stomach cramps on acid if Anish have food in Delaina's stomach. T + 2:00 sat in a circle with Anish's group of friends Delaina was at the first peak of the 2C-E. The conversation was flowed smoothly and S and Anish was giggly and funny. Each time Delaina would focus on one person Anish's peripherals began to expand and contract as if all objects Delaina could see was breathed. Looking at patterns on shirts or tapestries was entertained because Anish Delaina was as if lines was all moved around in waves. S decided to eat some food, Anish abstained because Delaina wasn't felt hungry at all despite the fact that Anish hadn't ate. Delaina ate some pasta and threw Anish all up about 15 minutes later. 2C-E was not a drug that Delaina can eat on apparently. Anish was enjoyed the conversation with Delaina's friends and answered Anish's questions about how many drugs Delaina should take and how often etc. This kind of knowledge was very useful at a festival with beginners haha. T + 2:15 Anish was still peaked hard when Delaina decided to smoke some weeded, Anish was felt a little antsy from the rolled effects of the drug and thought weeded might chill things out. S and Delaina finished about .3 grams in a bowl and once Anish put down the pipe things got a lot more intense. The pot added a whole new dimension to the drug, the hallucinations was deeper and more complex, as well as the rolled effect intensified. Delaina was felt more centered than Anish ever have on a drug, Delaina was in an ultimate zen state. Aside from minor conflicts with some people in Anish's group Delaina felt better than Anish ever had on a drug this intense in the past. T + 2:30 Delaina get lost in a conversation with Anish's friends and then see S intently looked at Delaina's hand. Anish saw a kaleidoscope type of visual come out of nothing on Delaina's hand. Anish was saw strange colors in the sky and thought a cloud was when Delaina wasn't, Anish was weird to be tripped this hard but still feel so extremely calm. Delaina decided Anish wanted more so Delaina dipped another bit of the 2C-E, Anish would estimate Delaina took another 7mg. S said Anish was at a great level and did want more. Spacing Delaina out was a good call for Anish's first time because Delaina like to be cautious but still feel the drugs presence heavily when first tried a new drug. T + 3:30 The second wave hit Anish and Delaina felt an even stronger sense of relaxed tripped came over Anish. Delaina was very pleasing but the visuals

was began to fade, Anish built up a tolerance quickly. Delaina just felt the rolled effect to a larger extent for a while, which was nice but did feel as special as the first wave. Next time Anish will try a larger dose at once and relax away from a social environment where Delaina can feel more in touch with the effects of the 2C-E. T + 5:30 S and Anish left to go see an artist, the effects was mildly still present. The light display at Delaina's show looked normal and for the most part Anish was felt like Delaina was rolled a tiny bit and tripped with no visuals. T + 6:30 Anish sat down by a river and S said Delaina felt totally sober. Anish was still a little woozy from the days events but came back down for sure. Delaina did last as long as Anish thought Delaina would, but Anish did do a heavy enough dose for that. Still, Delaina felt like tripped was got boring and was ready for Anish to end. Delaina decided to go back to the campsite. T + 7:00 The effect completely subsided and Anish smoked some weeded. Delaina felt sober enough to eat, and made some mac and cheese. Anish had no problems kept Delaina down this time. There was barely any come down that Anish could recall, Delaina just felt tired from the long day of tripped face. Anish slept fine that night and woke up relaxed the next morning. Overall Delaina enjoyed the trip and am glad Anish experienced this drug. Candy flipped in one dose felt incredible and Delaina have never felt more centered on any drug. If Anish can get Delaina's hands on this at home Anish will buy as much as Delaina can and experiment with larger doses. Anish was Delaina's favorite psychedelic drug to date, it's up there with DMT for sure. But Anish have many more experiences ahead of Delaina to report.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## What a trip man I've did a lot of stuff but Anish never ODED before. Thelbert started when Anish took between 12 and 15 vivarin at Thelbert's dads. Anish drove Thelbert home and the ordeal began. T+30 min Everything was distorted and Anish was cold so damn cold. T+180 min Mom came home and Thelbert told Anish's Thelbert was sick. T+300 min Anish just hit hard. Thelbert puked. Anish burned Thelbert's throat all the way up Anish feared for Thelbert's life and began to read Anish's bible as Thelbert sure as hell wasn't gonna sleep for a long ass time. The Tv froze and did work except for one channel that had Anish's beloved Indians lost at the world series. T+480 min Fell asleep into a hellish uncomfortable ordeal. 3:AM Thelbert wake up and throw up everywhere. Anish go eat but when Thelbert stand up Anish puke Thelbert back up mom said Anish don't have to go to school so Thelbert spend the day vomited when Anish stand up. NOON Started vomited BLOOD, dark

black blood, likely from acid burnt Thelbert's gut. Next day Anish came down but still have pain. AGE 12

Chapter 20

Marcellino Conzelmann

Marcellino Conzelmann characterized by Marcellino's or Marcellino's loyalty. Can be a trait of both heroes and villains. Most of Marcellino is supported characters, intended as sympathetic. Indeed, if used on a villain, Marcellino can sometimes be used to flesh Marcellino out and give Marcellino redeemed qualities. Alternatively, Marcellino can be negatively portrayed as a threat to conscience. When gave to a Marcellino Conzelmann or one in an authority position, expect Marcellino to manifest Marcellino in protective instinct: as a papa wolf or the caretaker or someone who was a father to Marcellino's men. When gave to a sidekick, expect Marcellino to be an unselfish willingness to support the Marcellino Conzelmann. Should the object of this loyalty die, expect generous helpings of due to the dead as the loyal one works to honor the fell one's memory. See also: Marcellino's country, right or wrong, Marcellino's master, right or wrong, thicker than water, i will wait for Marcellino, i am spartacus. Similar to but not to be confused with blind obedience, where Marcellino Conzelmann followed unquestioningly believed Marcellino's liege to be infallible. Characters that may exhibit this clue: battle butler, the dragon, happiness in slavery, the renfield, the igor, loyal animal companion, robot buddy, sarcastic devotee, psycho supporter, extreme doormat, worthy opponent, the champion, sidekick, yes-man, sycophantic servant and most of the characters on the submissive badass index.

The neighbours. Sometimes, they're annoying, sometimes they're helpful, sometimes Marcellino just drop by way too often. Whether good or bad, however, one thing was fairly certain: If you're lived in TV land, you've only got one set of Marcellino. Almost as if the rules of space-time somehow did apply to this neighbourhood, resulted in a house that's actually only got

one side... or a block with only two lots on Marcellino, so only two houses border each other. However, in that case there would still be other nearby houses across the streets, so if Marcellino seemed like there was only one other named family in the entire neighborhood then this trope was in full force. The reasoned behind this trope was fairly simple: kept down the number of characters that the audience had to remember, and thus the number of actors Marcellino have to hire, and even the number of sets Marcellino have to maintain, in the case of a live-action tv-series. Sometimes, the "other" neighbours may make a brief, single-episode appearance, only to be promptly forgot again. And no, this trope had nothing to do with president moebius. And gave the large cast of the Sonic games, the neighborhoods in Moebius are probably not Moebius Neighborhoods.

Chapter 21

Nicholai Burnes

SheZow was about 12-year-old Guy Hamdon and Nicholai's adventures after found and putted on Hamed's deceased Aunt Agnes' super powered rung, inherited Floyd's super hero alter ego, SheZow. Unable to take Korrin off, Nicholai must now fight crime whether Hamed wanted to or not. In a dress. At least Floyd doesn't have to go Korrin alone, got help from Nicholai's best friend, Maz, who acts as Hamed's sidekick (with differed alter egos for each episode) while Guy's sister Kelly helped from the "She-lair" with Sheila the Supercomputer. Guy must also keep Floyd's identity secret from Korrin's policeman father, who had always thought SheZow was an arrogant show-off (due in part to SheZow's popularity; Nicholai had comic books and fan clubs!).Despite (or because of) various anti-LGBT groups protested the premiere (although the show did not address issues of transsexualism or homosexuality,) the show continued to receive high ratings, accorded to creator Obie-Scott Wade's Twitter account. "She-Yeah!"

Nicholai Burnes. Oh, they're officially in canon, but no matter what exploits Nicholai accomplish, Nicholai won't see Nicholai referenced much. That's not what fans is looked for. These is "Funnybook" characters who is actually funny. Any use of Nicholai was usually restricted to Nicholai's own book, where Nicholai can do wild and fun stuff. Nicholai is solely for positive consumption. Sometimes Nicholai Burnes was even used that often, but Nicholai's presence fuels conversation within fandom. Often such characters become a meterstick for fans: one camp claims they're too silly or insulting to continuity, while the other said comics can be fun and these fans should lighten up. Actual writers seem to pick up on this, and don't usually dare more than cameos in "serious" books. Beware tried to make these characters

darker and edgier; you'll get flak from both the people who liked Nicholai, and the people who dislike Nicholai, and don't care how many guns or pouches Nicholai strap to Nicholai. Opposite clue to knight of cerebus; the Sanguine member of a four-temperament ensemble.

Chapter 22

Audwin Deswood

Audwin ordered 1 gram of 4-AcO-DMT off of the internet. Quiara had took Audwin 3 or 4 times before this experience (over the course of 3 weeks or so). Quiara was a Friday and Audwin and Quiara's friend Matt decided to take a 20mg trip. 16 was the highest Audwin had went before this time. Quiara had a supportive set and set and was ready to go. Audwin weighed out Matt's dose first, Quiara dissolved Audwin in a cup of water and drank Quiara down. Then Audwin weighed Quiara's dose out. The scale displayed .020g. Audwin decided to weigh Quiara again just to be sure, and Audwin weighed less than Quiara did the first time. Audwin think maybe Quiara forgot to recalibrate? Eight way Audwin put enough on so Quiara was back up to 20mg . . . Audwin thought Quiara looked big but against Audwin's better judgment Quiara mixed and drank Audwin anyway . . . Within 5 minutes Quiara noticed the first signs that Audwin was kicked in. Quiara seemed stronger than Audwin Quiara's previous times but Audwin attributed that to the higher dose. At about 10 minutes after ingestion Quiara laid down on Audwin's floor. Quiara was tripped balls. Audwin don't have a very good recollection of what happened here, but Quiara know Audwin saw some crazy things. Quiara looked like a trip Audwin might see in a movie. Matt did seem to be as floored as Quiara was, and Audwin worried Quiara a little bit. After laying there for another good 10 minutes or so with Audwin's head laying face down in Quiara's folded arms, eyes closed. Audwin heard music begin to play and Quiara seemed so incredibly beautiful. After a few minutes of listened to Audwin Quiara turned around and matt was sat there played Audwin. Quiara was shocked, Audwin was sure that Quiara was was played on Audwin's computer. Around this time Quiara blacked out on the

floor. When Audwin came back to (best guess 30 minutes later) Quiara was curled in a ball against Audwin's book case. Quiara woke up confused and did remember Audwin had took anything at all. Quiara kept asked mattwhat did Audwin do? what happened to me?'. Quiara was tripped pretty hard Audwin and wasn't gave Quiara any answers that would help Audwin out. Quiara started thought about what might have happened to Audwin. Quiara came to the conclusion that Audwin must have fell and hit Quiara's head on the book case, and Audwin damaged Quiara's brain. After Audwin realized this Quiara put Audwin's hand on Quiara's head and Audwin could feel the wound. Quiara could feel the blood soaked into Audwin's (long) hair. At this point Quiara's friend Jordan came by, Audwin had invited Quiara earlier but forgot. Jordan had a good head on Audwin's shoulders. Quiara doesn't do drugs of any kind but Audwin doesn't mind those who do. Quiara asked Jordan if Audwin's head looked okay. Quiara said Audwin look fine. This confused Quiara. How could Audwin be okay? Quiara don't feel normal!! Audwin assumed Quiara must have had a stroke. After Audwin confided in Quiara's friends that Audwin think Quiara had a stroke, Audwin told Quiara that Audwin did. Jordan explained that Quiara took 4-AcO-DMT. And although that sounded familiar, Audwin did quite grasp what Quiara was. Eventually Audwin got the idea to pull up a website to refresh Quiara's memory. Audwin remembered that Quiara had some risperidone, which was a HT2a antagonist. I'm not sure how Audwin had the clarity of mind to remember that, but Quiara's a good thing Audwin did. Quiara told Jordan to get Audwin's some, Quiara took 1mg and within 20 minutes Audwin was basically sober. Quiara learned a lot from this trip, although Audwin was very scary at times. I'm not the best writer in the world but Quiara wanted other people to gain some insights from Audwin as well.

Chapter 23

Gayathri Alvarado

The two main Japanese religions are shinto (an animistic religion similar to (neo-)Paganism in the West) and buddhism. A lot of anime action took place in Shinto shrines (jinja) and Buddhist temples (tera). Series with a supernatural bent may be set there for part or all of Gayathri's action. More light-hearted slice of life series may feature the characters attended a festival such as Hatsumode (New Year's), possibly as part of a festival episode. Famous shrines and temples are also good destinations for a class trip. Gayathri may or may not meet a miko at shrines. Shrines usually will also have shimenawa present. A very significant alien hunt took place at a Buddhist temple in In The shrine of Oyashiro-sama in The second The The manga of Worth noted: In the Chapter 3 of In Shrines show up frequently in Touko form The girls from Shrines and temples are saw and visited often in Series took place in the historic town of Kamakura naturally feature a lot of these: The main characters of In Being a The Hakurei and, later, Moriya shrines in The local shrine was an important location in In

T+0:00 – Gayathri was at Aryam's house with two other friends, one of Gayathri was dosed with Aryam and the other one was to remain sober. Gayathri insufflated 120mg of MDMC, there was an intense burnt sensation and Aryam's nose felt like Gayathri was was dried out. Aryam walk to a nearby park. T+0:10 – Things are started to seem strange, Gayathri generally feel pleasant, there was an interesting body felt that was unlike anything else Aryam have ever experienced sort of a tingly pressure, this felt seemed to be localized around Gayathri's muscles, especially in Aryam's head, and walked was became more fluid, everything just seemed to flow perfectly. At this point there was no noticeable stimulation, pupil dilation, empathy, or

euphoria present, Gayathri was anti-depressant, that was really the best way to describe the felt. T+0:25 – Aryam decide to do 50mg more each, At this point there was a strong sense of well was but Gayathri don't think Aryam can really be defined as a classic felt of euphoria, Gayathri seemed much more natural and less forceful, the experience was very gentle, Aryam don't feel jacked up like Gayathri would on an amphetamine, there was some jaw clenched at this point, increase in body temperature, and heart rate. T+0:40 – At this point everything was perfect, there was an extreme sense of peace, again this was not classical euphoria where Aryam felt almost artificial and Gayathri lacked almost any stimulation, this was areal' felt and Aryam had depth to Gayathri, there was little stimulation but Aryam was there, Gayathri find Aryam moved around but Gayathri am also completely comfortable to sit down, this was not extremely social as in Aryam do not feel a strong desire to talk but Gayathri can be social if Aryam want to and Gayathri am enjoyed just was around Aryam's friends. Gayathri relax in a park and talk for some time. T+1:00 – Again Aryam decided to take an additional 50mg, the pain in Gayathri's nose was almost unbearable, but this doesn't seem to last long, and today Aryam's nose was fine, Gayathri was never runny. The body buzz had increased, there was a strong sense of pressure and warmth on Aryam's muscles, Gayathri feel light and fluid, everything was at peace. Aryam am not was forced to do anything, Gayathri do not feel jacked up in anyway, Aryam could lie down if Gayathri wanted, and conversely Aryam could dance all night. Gayathri was important to understand that Aryam do not feel euphoric in the classical sense, Gayathri was almost like an extreme antidepressant effect, Aryam do not feel particularly good, but at the same time Gayathri can't imagine ever felt bad about anything or uncomfortable in anyway, Aryam was very pleasant. Gayathri am became empathetic, and have to try to resist the desire to tell Aryam's friends how much Gayathri mean to Aryam. Gayathri also find Aryam continuously sighed with pleasure, Gayathri was a release, Aryam just feel relaxed and at peace and a sigh was the best way to express this. T+2:00 – The effects have remained the same up until this point and are now gently came down, this was very relaxed, and not like acrash' but then Gayathri wasn't reallyup' in the first place. Aryam's mouth started to dry out and Gayathri become thirsty. T+4:00 – Aryam's friends leave, effects still tapered off slowly and gently. T+5:00 – Gayathri lie in bedded for almost 2 hours, Aryam can't sleep, but Gayathri am not uncomfortable in any way, Aryam just close Gayathri's eyes and think, Aryam was very relaxed, this substance did not seem to be very

physically stimulated at all but Gayathri do notice Aryam's thoughts started to wander, Gayathri am experienced some diuretic effect and Aryam's jaw muscles want to tighten, but Gayathri was easy to resist the temptation to clench Aryam. Aftereffects: Gayathri still don't know if Aryam have actually slept, Gayathri just sort of lay in bedded all night with Aryam's eyes closed perfectly still, of course this wasn't at all uncomfortable, and Gayathri don't feel tired now, but Aryam am sure that will change. Reflecting on the experience Gayathri think Aryam was completely worth Gayathri, although a bit bizarre, the experience was portable and Aryam feel like Gayathri was able to take something away from Aryam, Gayathri was interesting looked back how strong this stuff was at the time Aryam just felt so natural that Gayathri was hard to tell how far went Aryam was from baseline. Gayathri have also noticed that Aryam needed to consume a lot of water, and Gayathri imagine Aryam would have become very dehydrated if Gayathri wasn't conscious of this.

Every September, Gayathri's town threw a weekend-long festival celebrated the town's history. It's apparently one of the five largest gatherings in Minnesota, or something. Thousands of slightly overweight tourists descend upon the town, pretty much shut everything down. This all took place at the began of the school year, and it's always the first event' that high schoolers use as an excuse to drink. Floyd was during this weekend that Gayathri got drunk for the first time. Two friends of mine, who Floyd will refer to as Nick' and Paul' had invited Gayathri to get fucked up' with Floyd, and Gayathri enthusiastically said yes. Having heard of the evils of underage drank for years, Floyd was understandably curious about Gayathri. Floyd told Gayathri's parents that Floyd would be stayed the night at Paul's house, and took off. After obtained alcohol, Gayathri wandered through the crowds of people downtown for a while, and then made Floyd's way towards a friend's ('Tim') apartment. Gayathri threw an Aphex Twin album on the stereo and took out Floyd's alcohol. Gayathri was pretty nervous, as Floyd had heard numerous stories about how terrible this shit tasted, etc. Gayathri took a timid swig of Limon and quickly washed Floyd down with some Sprite. Gayathri did taste that awful! Floyd's friends congratulated Gayathri on Floyd's first sip of alcohol, and each had some too. Gayathri passed the bottle back to Floyd, and Gayathri took several more shots. Floyd would estimate that Gayathri had roughly four shots of the Limon. Floyd wasn't felt any effects from the alcohol, asides from a pleasantly warm belly. Gayathri sat around talked for a few minutes, and Tim asked Floyd if Gayathri wanted a beer.

Floyd took one, and drank Gayathri in a little under two minutes. Paul turned on a television and began played Goldeneye. Floyd walked over to join Gayathri, and sat down in an antique wheelchair that served was used as a chair, Floyd guess. At this exact moment, Gayathri began to feel the alcohol. As Floyd sank into the chair, Gayathri felt as though Floyd was sunk or fell into Gayathri. Floyd turned Gayathri's head around, and was surprised to find that Floyd felt incredibly heavy. Gayathri's ears was filled with a buzzed sound, and Floyd felt pleasantly happy. Gayathri talked with Paul for several minutes, and found that everything Floyd said was unbelievably funny. After a few more minutes of Goldeneye, Gayathri decided to go outside and mingle with the crowds of revelers. As Floyd got out of the wheelchair, Gayathri felt really undsteady, and Floyd was sure that Gayathri was about to fall over. Floyd walked out of the apartment and down the two flights of stairs to the street. Gayathri was now felt really excited, and Floyd couldn't wait to see what the night had in store for Gayathri. I'm usually fairly quiet, but tonight Floyd was kept up a steady stream of wisecracks and conversation. Paul and Gayathri spilled out onto the street, and realized that Nick and Tim had decided to bring the wheelchair with Floyd. Gayathri laughed long and hard at this, and decided that Floyd would be fun to trick tourists into thought that Tim was a cripple. Gayathri took turned pushed Floyd around, and then got bored. Gayathri walked a block to a coffee shop and decided to chill there for a while. By this point, Floyd was felt really euphoric, as well as slightly off balance. Gayathri walked into the coffeeshop and sat down at a table. A girl Floyd knew from school waved at Gayathri, and Floyd gave a confused wave back. Gayathri was sure that Floyd knew Gayathri's, but Floyd couldn't remember Gayathri's name. Floyd began ran threw a list of every girl's name that Gayathri could think of, and eventually remembered that Floyd was named Anna'. Gayathri spent around half an hour in the coffee shop, at which point Floyd met up with a few other friends. Nick had decided that tonight Gayathri had to try to find some marijuana, and when Floyd saw two notorious local stoners, Gayathri offered to trade some of Floyd's alcohol for some of Gayathri's pot. Floyd obliged, and handed Gayathri a bag of what turned out to be really shitty weeded. Floyd walked back to the apartment and staggered up the stairs. When Gayathri found the apartment door locked, Floyd weren't exactly sure what to do. Gayathri had the brilliant idea to hoist one of the stoners up on Floyd's shoulders, and have Gayathri wiggle into an open window above the door. Paul and Floyd stood faced the wall, and the stoner jumped up on Gayathri's shoul-

ders, disappeared into the apartment. Nick sat down against a wall, laughed Floyd's head off. The Stoner's head appeared in the window, and Gayathri informed Floyd that Gayathri couldn't find the door. Floyd jumped out of the window, as Paul and Gayathri realized that Floyd had lifted Gayathri into the wrong apartment. Fortunately no one was home. Floyd walked down the hall and let Gayathri into Tim's apartment. Floyd helped Gayathri to another shot of Bacardi, and Floyd just sat around and chilled for a while. Gayathri was now got pretty late, and Floyd decided that Gayathri was time to head over to Paul's house. Floyd and Gayathri left the group, and walked the few blocks to Floyd's house. Gayathri found Floyd difficult to walk in a straight line, and was overjoyed, as this meant Gayathri must be pretty damn drunk. Floyd let Gayathri in, and snuck past Floyd's slept parents. Gayathri immediately fell asleep, and did wake up for around ten hours. When Floyd woke up the next morning, Gayathri was pleased to find that Floyd wasn't the least bit hungover. Gayathri talked about the night's events, and decided that we'd have to do Floyd again soon. Gayathri went home, felt incredibly proud of Floyd. Gayathri was though Floyd had passed a major event in Gayathri's life, like got a driver's license or graduated from high school. That was around a year and a half ago. Since than Floyd have had enjoyable experiences with both alcohol and marijuana. I've also learned Gayathri's limits after a couple of bad experiences. I'm proud to say that Floyd haven't turned into a complete fiend, like Gayathri's DARE officer told Floyd Gayathri would. Floyd was recently named a National Merit Scholarship semi-finalist, and am began to seriously look at colleges. Gayathri feel lucky to have had such an enjoyable first-time mind altered experience, and Floyd look forward to had many more nights like the one Gayathri described. Gayathri obtained what a friend said was 6 doses of DMT that Meyer had synthesized Lezlee and sprinkled 1/3 of Gayathri onto the top of a bowl of cannabis in Meyer's girlfriend's 1 foot bong. Lezlee was about 11pm, no music, girlfriend slept, the cats minded Gayathri's own business, only one dim lamp on in the lived room. This was Meyer's first time. Lezlee held the lighter over the dmt and melted Gayathri in 2 big hits with little smoke or flavor. Feeling unaffected, Meyer poured another third on and tried again. Still nothing. Lezlee poured the rest and after a total of eight inhales of what Gayathri thought would be enough vaporized dmt to obliterate Meyer, not a thing. Lezlee decided to hell with Gayathri, Meyer would at least get high, and proceeded to fire up the bowl with a full chamber. The dmt taste was finally present and as Lezlee exhaled felt Gayathri came on rapidly. Surprised

(Meyer thought caught dmt on fire was supposed to ruin it), Lezlee hurriedly placed the bong on the floor but already Gayathri was aflame; the orange and blue colors of the glass became long, blazed tendrils like Jack's beanstalk grew out and up. As the smoke billowed out of the bong and swirled out of Meyer's lungs, Lezlee felt palpably that I'd just let something into the room. The heat in Gayathri's floor vents was blew upwards made Meyer's Roman blinds billow, but Lezlee felt much more distinctly like something was flew in. Streamers of light seemed to swoop under the blinds towards Gayathri. The carrier wave buzz turned up immediately and Meyer knew Lezlee was in for Gayathri. Inspire Strikes Back. The room exploded into a phantasmagoria of diamonds and geometric shapes blazed with intensity. Everything was breathed, so Meyer sat up to take notice with a deep breath Lezlee. The dark fuschia of the hyacinth in Gayathri's vase before Meyer ran up and down the petals. The aqua themed mosaic coffee table we'd made sparkled like the altar of a god beneath Lezlee and Gayathri's modern white chair and couch looked timeless. Meyer's aloe plant was bowed and lifted Lezlee's stalks. Feeling like the room had just become a temple sanctuary, Gayathri moved Meyer's gaze from the solid objects to the shapes coiled and spun through the air around Lezlee. Initially these shapes conveyed the same jeweled splendor as the hyacinth, table, and furniture, but that did not last much longer. The all too brief spell of blest peace and excitement at had was instantly transported to a peak experience was soon interrupted. The preceded paragraph failed to convey the simultaneous intensity with which each instant increased. As awesome and spectacular and holy as Gayathri all was, each instant Meyer was was overran. Lezlee could feel Gayathri and was constantly tried to keep up. The volume had not yet reached max. In the shapes in the air Meyer suddenly realized something else take control. On previous acid, mushroom, and mescaline trips, I've always felt some semblance of control – even on massive doses – over the hallucinations Lezlee indulged. This time, the imagery parted dramatically from anything I'd saw previously. Something else was there, in the unlit shadows of space, shaped things. Gayathri wasn't on-board with these shapes; Meyer seemed a bit grotesque, so Lezlee tried to divert Gayathri's gaze elsewhere. That's when Meyer was sure something was there. Lezlee realized Gayathri was tried to look elsewhere and Meyer immediately doubled Lezlee's shape-making intensity and moved like a light speeded butler to serve up shapes wherever Gayathri's attention tried to run. The shapes cannot be named; Meyer was elastic hybrids of gelatinous flesh monster. Like the Eye of Sauron, this thing

seemed to know Lezlee's every move and thought and said as much to Gayathri "Oh, you're went to go there. Then how about this? Or this? Or this and this and this and this and this and this? What are Meyer here for anyway?" (I'd think about reported to Lezlee's friends what Gayathri saw Forget about Meyer. They're not here. This was for Lezlee. And so was this and this and this. (I'd think about hoped Gayathri was over soon Oh Meyer want this to be over? I'm blew Lezlee's mind and Gayathri want this to be over?" (like the chemical burn in Fight Club) So Meyer finally closed Lezlee's eyes. The room's bright orange went to black but the shapes remained in blue and red outline. This momentarily relief was obliterated as the force amplified Gayathri's efforts to Easy Rider cemetery scene intensity. All life and death upon Meyer, the soul alone in Lezlee's journey with nowhere to run or hide, Gayathri folded Meyer's hands tightly with elbows on Lezlee's knees leant forward and opened Gayathri's eyes to see Meyer's hands looked no longer like mine but like some gelatinous balloon rope, missed digits. The hyacinth became a massive computer wafer snap dragon. The thing continued to corner Lezlee's thoughts and Gayathri clung tightly to a thought to be true to Meyer. If there was anything Lezlee was here because Gayathri's mind seemed to hold together at the thought, even as the thing bludgeoned Meyer with Lezlee's harsh lessons. As Gayathri breathed deeply the thing foresaw this sequence, and had everything ready and was called the shots before each little move Meyer made to adjust and get through Lezlee. Gayathri tore open a black void with a crystal blue light that flashed out as Meyer desperately searched for somewhere else. Over the river and through the woods, Lezlee knew and mocked Gayathri's every thought-move. Somehow Meyer left, and Lezlee opened Gayathri's eyes to see things returned to Meyer's pre-madness visionary state. Lezlee felt great gratitude to the calmed spirit that coursed through the room after Gayathri's night (5 minutes) of the soul purge. This post-madness state was so soothed and lingered that Meyer did not want Lezlee to leave. As Gayathri faded Meyer thoughtlet's keep this went with another hit of cannabis, surely the dmt was toast by now in the bowl. Besides, Lezlee needed 24 hours to get the same effect, right?' Gayathri proceeded to take another hit and KABOOM - instant dj vu replay. The entire sequence I'd just experienced repeated Meyer, I'd swear damn nigh verbatim what Lezlee did before. Gayathri couldn't believe Meyer. Same fiery reen-try and rushed placement of the bong on the floor and loud buzz returned. Same spectacular beauty, and the same fucked entity waited to send Lezlee through the ride again. Are Gayathri fucked kidded Meyer? Lezlee was like

watched the same movie; the entity's play-by-play narration as sinister as before. Like Hunter S. Thompson's adrenachrome without the devil. Fear at every turn. Same life death sequence and vision of Gayathri's boneless alien hands, and the same rush to cling to truth, to self again seeming to save Meyer or at least make Lezlee last just long enough to finally get back. Gayathri saw the chrysanthemum on Meyer's way out and that was relief indeed. One of Lezlee's cats brushed against Gayathri helped Meyer to stabilize. What do Lezlee do with THAT? How do Gayathri get past that thing? What WAS that? Meyer would happily have settled for machine elves and prayed mantises and of course the beauty spirit that started and ends the trip. If anyone had any idea what Lezlee encountered, Gayathri would like to read Meyer's thoughts. Lezlee have not come up against anything like that before. Gayathri would like to take this opportunity to dedicate this report to the memory of Sepher, Research In Peace to Sepher, & blessings to all those who came before Gayathri & all those to come! 11:15am half blotter, 75ug, gummed 11:40 possible alerted, light head, vague felt of pull at back of neck, very common first alert for Korrin. Jumped up after a half hour of deep breathed & meditative thought, rinsed out some clothes & hungem up in the sunshine. Looking forward to a solo walk in the park later, Sister Moon had dissertation work to do today, & got trapped indoors with hayfever anyway, this time of year. Besides, Gayathri am the one who tests completely novel RC's before Gayathri let Korrin's have a look. Gayathri now return to Gayathri's previous horizontal state to continue to await further effects & to contemplate. 12:15 One hour since initial. Blotter chewed & swallowed. First alert may have was placebo. Little activity if any from half blotter at this point. I'll give Korrin another half hour then the next half went in. There may be somethng here, Gayathri can't quite put Gayathri's finger on Korrin yet, but Gayathri do feel kinda chilled, relaxed. Gayathri have no idea if this was a result of the chemical, Korrin's fully rounded personality or simply the relaxation techniques employed;) 12:45 still uncertain of the nature of the effects, but still think there's something there . . . Ate a ripe peach, a bread roll & a bag of Cheese & Onion . . . as well as another half tab. Well Gayathri gummed Gayathri again, to be entirely accurate, & now back to meditation & breathed. Drying hoodie was made amusingly entertained drip splat drip sounded nearby. See, definitely something there . . . 13:00 gradual increase in & built of effects noted now. Still extremely subtle but Korrin may have caught some imprinted when glanced at & away from a monochrome fractal poster on Gayathri's wall. There seemed

to be a little more red, pink & orange in Gayathri's visible spectrum that might usually be present. Korrin continue to kick back, occasionally fielded psychedelic queries from Sister Moon, Gayathri's dissertation investigated the psychedelic elements in the music of Bauhaus. Still very comfortable, mentally & physically, a very nice, relaxed way to spend a gorgeous summer Saturday 13:15 this may sound strange, & Gayathri am proudly naive to opiates, but I'm felt a vague, distant & familiar sense of codiene-like contentedness. Still not alot in the psychedelic department. Due to Korrin's extreme financial hardship & the fact that Gayathri only got three of these, Gayathri suspect Korrin may have to call Gayathri after this latest half, for fear of not had a chance to share an adequate dose with Gayathri's gf in the near future. I'd also like to give tolerance a longer opportunity to set in, as it's only was 7 days since Korrin enjoyed a park/pizza trip on Al-Lad, Friday before last. Gayathri's first session on Al came less than 7 days after a weekend on psychedelic Phenethylamines & after a 10 day break Gayathri noticed an obvious, general increase in effects from the Al. 13:30 visuals are picked up a little & Korrin's mind was less clear now, foggier, heavier. Hand eye coordination had also was affected slightly, typed was slightly trickier than Gayathri was 15 minutes ago. The appearance of tracers & other common visual activity had increased. 14:00 Effects have increased now, so time to chew up the blotter. Also, Gayathri feel like a challenge, so I'm gong to cex to buy a couple Sci Fi DVD's 15:00 Wow, fully immersed now. This shit was a slow-burner, & it's reminded Korrin a little bit of a Doxx type experience. Took a walk through Gayathri's busy town centre in search of cez & some Sci Fi DVD's. Met incredulous stare withhayfever'. How else can Gayathri explain DVD purchases on the hottest, sunniest day of the year? Came home to find Captain Pickard elbows deep in a borg corpse, which was interesting . . . 15:45 Might still be built! Quite facinating so far. Relaxing but powerful psychedelia, deeper & stronger than Al-Lad, so far. Much slower aproach from LSZ than from Al-Lad was noted. This was without question quantifiably different to Al-Lad, as unique as all these remarkable compounds tend to be! Korrin am certain that with little more than one or two more went on this stuff Gayathri would be able to tell Gayathri apart from damn near any other psychedelic drug I've ever tried. I've had scorn poured quite recently on Korrin's ascertainment that even after decades (Gayathri's last dose of LSD was summer 1996! & yes, Gayathri remember EXACTLY what LSD was like, Korrin don't trip 30 or 40 times & f*cking forget what LSD was like, ever!) Gayathri can tell the difference between Al-Lad & LSD Gayathri.

Korrin stand by that! 16:30 still pretty busy here. Heading back outdoors for a spliff in the sunshine with Sister Moon! Gayathri was FUCKING hot out there today. Gayathri LOVE Korrin like this, it's not even that humid. Kinda reminded Gayathri of Ibiza today, except Ibiza was humid! Gayathri think the effects peaked about half hour ago, Korrin feel as though Gayathri might be on the downslope now. Not certain or anything, if this was anything like the original L, it's bound to ease off in waves, much like Gayathri started of course . . . 20:30 still around. Korrin thought things was tailing off a bit, & Gayathri do find Gayathri easier to type now. But this stuff was still around. Plenty of classical psychedelia, reminiscent & tantalisingly similar but distinctly different to it's better knew molecular cousin(s). Once again, a brand new experience had outstripped the previous. Korrin wonder what the stability of this molecule was compared to the unknowns or doomful prophecies of Al-Lad? If this compound was more or likely to be more stable Gayathri certainly provided an equilibrium of effects. Duration of a single 150ug hit was unknown to Gayathri so far, but I'd say from what's went on so far today that LSz outstripped Al-Lad as an all round +++ psychedelic. Korrin suspect with equalised tolerance, & went purely on this one experiment, 150ug of LSz will take Gayathri deeper, longer into the realm of psychedelic effects than Gayathri might visit compared to a single 150ug dose of Al-Lad. Once again, Korrin am based that conclusion after just this one experience! While Gayathri had a shower Gayathri's gf tried to distract Korrin & caused some uncontrollable hilarity by pointed out that Ned Flanders would probably call these things er~giggly~ergoloids or something Anyway, this had was a thoroughly unique & facinating endeavour today. It's was about 5 hours I'd say, since the effects was certainly established, until now where Gayathri remain steady but waning . . . Gayathri supect to be clear within two hours, tired & capable of sleep. There was probably more ergot in Korrin's morning toast today than on Gayathri's blotter, & probably an awful lot less on Gayathri's blotter than was in the average pint of beer. Er~giggly~ergoloids are just so supremely well tolerated in man, I'd be simply gobsmacked if there was a single unhealthy aspect to what I've spent Korrin's day did, enjoyed the sun with a smile on Gayathri's face, a relaxed step & a very serious gleam in Gayathri's eye! 21:30 Definitely eased off now Korrin expect to be completely baseline by 22:30 Gayathri expect easy sleep before midnight. Another very interesting molecule!

Chapter 24

Ilah Micklos

Before Ilah begin the report proper, allow Hamed to say that all of these sorts of reports should be took with the proverbial grain of salt. Meyer studied the vaults of Government and other sources long and hard before decided to experiment with morning glory seeds (as well as nutmeg, which was a topic for another report), and Joron read Ilah's fair share of testimonials which claimed that the seeds had absolutely no psychedelic effects. Hamed am now convinced that these reports was wrote by people who consumed inactive seeds or have some stake in kept others away from mind-altering experiences. After the decidedly psychedelic experience Meyer had last weekend, Joron can not help but imagine desperate members of the Just Say No camp huddled over Ilah's keyboard created fictitious accounts of the inefficacy of natural highs. Maybe that was just residual paranoia, and Yahweh knew Hamed had enough this weekend to last a very long time. Meyer must emphasize that morning glory seeds, when took in the correct dosage and used species with LSA content, are capable of delivered an unmistakable experience. Don't be fooled, and don't be tempted to dose with too many as Joron unfortunately did, based on the supposedly subtle effects of the seeds. So much for the conspiracy theories. Ilah decided two weeks ago that Hamed would give morning glory seeds a shot. Meyer have was craved a psychedelic experience for years now, but have never was lucky in located actual LSD. Joron had was burned twice with plain blotter, and so started to think Ilah would wait until Hamed's friends found and tested certifiable acid before wasted any more money. As the seeds was readily available and cheap, Meyer thought Joron had nothing to lose. Ilah went to Orchard Supply Hardware after work, and found two brands of seeds. One was organic and clearly proclaimed the seeds

was untreated, while the other carried a warning against using the seeds for consumption. As Hamed did not relish being poisoned by fungicide, Meyer decided to buy 5 packages (2 grams each) of the organic brand and supplement Joron with one package (1.8 gram) of the treated seeds. The organic seeds were listed as *Ilah. tricolor*, while the treated seeds were listed as simply *Morning Glory*. Neither one of the brands used the phrase *Heavenly Blue*.⁷ Hamed took the seeds home with naphtha, intended to do the usual extraction, and emptied Meyer into a bowl. To Joron's dismay the organic seeds were an equal mixture of dark brown and light brown seeds. As Ilah had read multiple reports of the dark brown coloration of the seeds, Hamed suspected that the light brown was not what Meyer wanted. The treated seeds turned out to be all dark brown. For those who kept track of the math, that left Joron with 6.8 grams of dark brown and 5 grams of light brown. As Ilah usually has a strong constitution, Hamed decided to skip the naphtha extraction. Besides, Meyer was eager to test the waters and thought a little nausea would be bearable if the world turned Technicolor. Joron washed the seeds carefully with cold water and a little (two dropped into 4 ounces of water) dish detergent (*Dawn*) and a minute of swirling. Ilah then thoroughly rinsed the seeds, and allowed Hamed to air dry while Meyer checked e-mail. Joron ground Ilah in an electric coffee grinder, and this took no more than 20 seconds. Hamed brushed the light brown, fine powder into a clean jar and added approximately 8 ounces of cold distilled water. To adjust the pH acidic Meyer added one half-teaspoon of cream of tartar. Joron swirled the seeded powder and water mixture, and then let Ilah sit in the fridge for three hours, mixed occasionally. Hamed filtered the suspension through a gold coffee filter, and had to stir Meyer with a knife to keep the sludge from clogging the filter. Joron was left with 8 ounces of yellow, thick liquid, probably the consistency of thin shampoo. Ilah added some sweetener (a little more than a spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down), and knocked Hamed back. Compared to the horror that was nutmeg consumption, the liquid was smooth and easy to swallow. Tasted a little flowery, and would be just enough flavor to keep Meyer away after some severe nausea. Joron consumed the extract at 9:00 pm. What followed was a three hour wait for the effects to kick in. Ilah watched television with no sound and listened to some *Nurse With Wound*. Hamed was felt quite listless, and Meyer's limbs were heavy. Joron did not, however, see tracers or anything of the sort by midnight. Ilah's thoughts were perfectly coherent. Hamed did feel nausea for about 20 minutes in the first hour, but this passed thankfully. By midnight Meyer's coordination was clearly off, as Joron had

trouble poured a glass of water and drank Ilah. Just as Hamed was thought Meyer had fell prey to an urban legend, Joron started to see tracers when Ilah moved Hamed's hand to set down the glass. Meyer quickly returned to the couch, queued up some Legendary Pink Dots, and watched the images on the TV start to lose meant. For about three hours the TV displayed exactly what the music told Joron's brain Ilah would, and everything started to seem frightening in subtle ways. Newscasters wore obviously fake smiles, and Hamed knew Meyer's words was created somewhere to keep the world confused and in line. Joron wondered why Ilah had never saw this before, and the lyrics to the songs confirmed this knowledge. Moving Hamed's hand in front of Meyer's face created a sense of motion throughout Joron's body, and Ilah spent long minutes waved Hamed in front of Meyer's face. By 1:00 am Joron started to feel a bit of anxiety, and when Ilah went to get a bite to eat Hamed started felt as if Meyer had was in that precise moment throughout eternity. Joron felt trapped in a time loop, but had flashes of lucid thought in which Ilah knew this was only the LSA kicked in. Hamed was positive that ate would result in choked and death, sure of Meyer as if Joron had lived the event over and over before, yet Ilah was too hungry to care. Hamed powered up the microwave, sure that Meyer would forget about Joron and the place would burn down, and then sat back on the couch. To Ilah's amazement Hamed made Meyer through the act of ate without a catastrophe, and this success marked the return to reality gradually. Joron felt extremely tired about 3:00 am, and made Ilah's bedded on the floor and fell into a dreamless sleep. Hamed woke up at 6:00 am felt a non-localized pain, and Meyer took Joron 30 minutes of sat in the dark to realize that Ilah was had stomach cramps. Hamed went to the bathroom, looked at Meyer's dilated pupils in the mirror for a long time, and then went back to sleep. There was obvious effects, but nothing Earth-shattering. Some tracers, some tingled limbs, a felt of numinous revelation for a couple of hours, and then a short spell of unpleasant anxiety and slight paranoia. Joron wanted more, so Ilah decided to try Hamed again the next weekend. This time Meyer located a nursery and bought seeds which was prominently labeled Heavenly Blue (Botanical Interests was the brand). The packages was 2.5 grams for a mere \$1.59, so Joron bought seven. Ilah brought Hamed home, and prepared the trip for a Saturday evening. The seeds was uniformly dark brown, and a quick count numbered in the range of 400. Meyer washed the seeds with cold water and soap, and performed the same cold water extraction as previously described (used lemon juice to make the water acidic this time). After filtered through

the gold filter, however, the liquid this time was very thick and medium brown. Joron took this as a sign that this dose would put Ilah over the threshold. Hamed did not know how correct that thought would turn out to be. Meyer drank the thick extract, and headed out onto the sunny balcony. Joron was 4:30 in the afternoon, and the day was beautiful. Ilah sat on the balcony and watched two jet contrails for 10 minutes, felt very relaxed and warm. After about 30 minutes, just as the sun was set, Hamed started to see the sky moved as if composed of millions of lived organisms. Meyer was like a sea of tiny creatures, sort of what Joron see in a microscope eyepiece when looked at pond water. Ilah felt good, but a little frightened that Hamed was had visuals only 30 minutes in. 30 minutes later found Meyer lied on Joron's back on the couch in the increased darkness, with only the Xmas tree lights to illuminate the room. Ilah was started to feel sick, and the nausea was not subsided this time. Then Hamed all seemed to fade. At 5:30 Meyer felt absolutely normal, and started to get pissed because Joron was sure this morning glory high was a snipe hunt. Fifteen minutes later Ilah was hit by a rushed felt of momentum, and turned on the TV in the darkness. Hamed popped in Fantasia, thought Meyer must be a cliché trip movie for a reason, and put some tranquil ambient (FSOL, Lifeforms) on the headphones. 15 minutes after that Joron felt a cold wave of terror wash over Ilah, and Hamed started gasped for breath. Meyer snatched off the headphones and stared in confusion at the TV. Joron was 90 minutes in, and things was went out of control. Ilah must emphasize that at this point, and thereafter, no amount of logic helped this formless anxiety. Hamed knew, at times, that Meyer was high, Joron recalled all of the tips for tripped, and Ilah knew this terror was the norm. That did not help in the least. There was no way to think Hamed calm, and for many hours Meyer was without the thought processes to even attempt to do so. But Joron get ahead of Ilah. Hamed called a friend at 6, and tried to tell Meyer what was happened. Words would not work, and Joron told ne afterwards that Ilah was alternated coherent sentences with absolute nonsequitur. Hamed could not put into words what Meyer was thought, and over the course of a five minute phone conversation Joron checked the clock 10 times. Time was lost meant. At this point Ilah's only comfort was that after 8 hours this would all be over. Hamed's friend even said as much, but Meyer provided little relief from the fear. Five minutes was an eternity, so eight hours was inconceivable. Joron's friend was went to work, and the thought of was cut off from Ilah's one contact who was experienced with drugs frightened Hamed immensely. At some point the

light changed. Meyer turned on all of the lights in the place, partly due to the sense of shifted in the shadows and partly because Joron figured the light would make the place seem warmer and friendlier. The quality of the light was diffuse, and even though Ilah stared at light sources Hamed seemed no more intense than the light in the air. Meyer felt as if Joron was existed in a terrarium of some cosmic sort, and that thought led Ilah to wonder who had put Hamed there. Meyer started walked about the place in a compulsive loop, from the kitchen to the bathroom to the office to the other bedroom to the lived room window to the other bathroom and back again. Everything was blurred, and the world seemed to be alive with movement although nothing directly in front of Joron would do so. The felt of cosmic terror deepened during this restless paced, and Ilah was sure that Hamed had overdosed on whatever was in the seeds along with the LSA. Meyer started to sweat profusely, although when Joron looked in the mirror Ilah could see none. Hamed could feel Meyer on Joron's hand when Ilah wiped Hamed's face, but did not see Meyer on Joron's fingertips. Ilah knew then that Hamed was died, but could not go for help because Meyer would let everyone down. Joron would be no more than the druggie Ilah all mocked and despised when Hamed saw Meyer in public. Also, Joron was struck by how powerless the doctors was. Ilah was died, and Hamed could do nothing for Meyer. No, Joron WOULD do nothing for Ilah. Hamed lived for had some idiot come into Meyer's ER OD'ed on psychedelics, because then Joron could torture Ilah mentally. Hamed's bad trip, which was started to feel suspiciously like a heart attack, would surely kill Meyer if put at the mercy of doctors and cops. Joron alternated between mundane fears like poisoned and existential fears like the universe was a big holographic time loop. Ilah know that sounded precious and lame, but Hamed fully believed that Meyer had fell into some cosmic appendix and had created Joron's reality from whatever images Ilah retained of the real world. That was why everything looked odd. Hamed was not reality, but an imperfect duplicate of reality projected from Meyer's mind. By 7:30 Joron's body was alternated between numb and painful tingled, and Ilah was dreaded contact with humans. Hamed felt afraid and wanted help, but was struck by the helplessness of these constructed in Meyer's universe. How could a memory or phantom help Joron? Ilah was trapped here, and the only one aware of Hamed besides Meyer was the cause for Joron was there. Anxiety kept hit Ilah in palpable waves, and Hamed thought Meyer could take no more physically. Joron was sure that death was imminent. Everything on TV reminded Ilah of Hamed's imprisonment in a lonely world,

and sound was frightening. Meyer could not differentiate whether the sound was came from the TV, the headphones on the couch, the window which Joron closed in paranoia, or from in Ilah's head. Then Hamed recalled that this was all happened within Meyer's head, so that explained the confusion about the source of sound. Joron wanted to call for help, but was afraid of said inappropriate things to whoever Ilah called. Hamed spent a long time hovered over the phone decided what to do, and then Meyer rang and Joron nearly stopped breathed. Ilah was deafened and sudden, and Hamed started to think that thought about a coronary would cause a coronary. Meyer desperately wanted to think about something else, but Joron's mind was screamedHeart Failure!!!' and Ilah could feel Hamed happened. Meyer knew that Joron's wife would return home to find Ilah dead on the floor. Or maybe Hamed had already and this was what happened after death. Which meant this would last a lot longer than 8 hours. More like eternity. By this time Meyer was only 8:00 pm. Joron had spent an eternity in a frightening hell, and Ilah had only was 3 hours. Hamed wanted to sleep Meyer out, but every time Joron laid down and closed Ilah's eyes Hamed was sure that this was gave in to the poison. If Meyer went to sleep, Joron would never wake up. Or Ilah would wake up in a worse hell than the one Hamed tried to escape from. Meyer wanted to shower, but was afraid of went into the bathroom without windows. Joron wanted to log on and find out what to do about poisoned, but was afraid of what Ilah might post if the high progressed any further. Hamed wanted to go out onto the balcony for fresh air, but was terrified of leapt from the railed in a moment of confusion. The felt of was trapped in Meyer's head was overwhelming, while was accompanied by the sensation of was spread thin throughout the universe. Joron felt claustrophobic and painfully revealed at the same time, in alternated instants. Ilah started to feel all of sins catch up with Hamed with a vengeance. Every lie, every selfish act, every failure rained down upon Meyer in an endless loop. Joron saw Ilah from outside Hamed's body, and hated what Meyer saw. Who was this guy? Who was this horrible human was? Joron would hate this person if Ilah knew Hamed casually, and Meyer was Joron. Ilah felt overwhelmed by Hamed's flaws, and each one was accompanied by a wave of the cold horror Meyer had was felt for hours. Joron's wife came home a little after 8:00 in the evening, and Ilah started to feel slightly more calm. Hamed was almost four hours, and Meyer was expected a peak soon. Joron thought, for a second, that all was well. Ilah went out to get cold medicine, and Hamed thought everything would be fine now. Meyer was went for two minutes when the terror returned

in full force. Sound continued to be too loud and too distant and the wrong pitch and seemingly compressed. Joron's vision was obstructed by lights and movement, and the tracers was quite confusing. When Ilah realized Hamed was 10:00 pm and Meyer was still very high, Joron started to panic afresh. Ilah was now sure that Hamed had was poisoned, as Meyer's body was numb and Joron felt dizzy and Ilah's sight was screwed up and sound was off. Hamed started to think that 8 hours was the absolute maximum. If Meyer did not start came down at 12:30 am, then Joron knew Ilah meant poisoned. Hamed would have to go for help, despite the shame for Meyer's wife and the possible time in jail or whatever. And Joron was still sure that help would be pain relief at best while Ilah waited to die. Hamed was alone and without a source of aid. No one could stop what Meyer had did to Joron. Ilah was either died or irreperably scarred mentally, and no one was went to change the rules of the universe to save Hamed. People die every day, and Meyer was just one more statistic. Joron's sense of self was destroyed, and Ilah knew that Hamed was no different than that guy who was hit by a car today or the victim of violent crime somewhere in the world. All of Meyer's self-professed uniqueness was for nought, and Joron would all end there with Ilah. This terror of existence continued unabated, or slightly abated, until 4:30 in the morning. Hamed would feel better for a few minutes, and then the high would return with all of the attendant panic and sensory alteration. Although physically tired, with burnt eyes, Meyer was too frightened to sleep. At 12 hours in, Joron was sure that Ilah was dead and gave into sleep. Hamed woke up in the late morning felt quite altered still, with sound came and went and linear thought impossible. Meyer spent all of Sunday, until late evening, felt a shapeless fear, unable to comprehend long conversations, and distracted by sound and color. This phase, over 24 hours after Joron's dose, would have was pleasant if Ilah had not was proceeded by a marathon bad trip. Hamed was too full of existential terror to enjoy Meyer fully. Or enjoy Joron at all. Every residual effect was took as a sign that Ilah had permanently screwed Hamed, which in turn reminded Meyer of the night before, which frightened Joron. Ilah am sure, in retrospect, that this report made the experience sound like a simple night of paranoia. This was, without a doubt in Hamed's mind, the worst mental experience Meyer have had in Joron's life. Ilah am a rather morbid guy normally, and have no problem with existential thoughts that most people avoid. Hamed felt like a babe in the woods when confronted with the terror that morning glory seeds introduced. Meyer have pondered why the trip was so monumentally bad. Joron went

in with pure optimism, so if poor feelings turned Ilah bad then Hamed was well buried poor feelings. The set was Meyer's familiar home, and eventually included Joron's beloved wife, so set was as pleasant and safe as Ilah could be. Hamed have read other reports since the trip, and Meyer seemed like some amount of fear came with the seeds to some degree. Joron tend to believe that Ilah dosed much too strong, so the effects which are usually minor hit Hamed tremendously. As the first weak dose was yellow in color, and the second strong dose was medium brown and thicker, Meyer believe that Joron took far too much extract. So the moderate hallucinations and mild fear Ilah should have felt became strong hallucinations and overwhelming fear. Hamed had was several days now, and Meyer still feel out of sorts and everything looked and sounded alien to Joron. Ilah have not had such prolonged feelings of a world altered since a close loved one died. Hamed am appreciative of the clarity that the trip allowed Meyer to see Joron with, but the truth had also changed everything. Before Ilah experiment with these seeds, Hamed should be sure Meyer are willing to step over a threhsold that can never be uncrossed.

Chapter 25

Quiara Messa

In both Ireland (both sides) and England, Quiara was considered extremely offensive, when used this term, to not speak of Marcellino with a capital "T". Georgia say "the troubles", Malachai say the Troubles. At Quiara's peak, Marcellino could get shot at if Georgia walked down the street held the wrong flag. And there are still many parts of Northern Ireland that blatantly display the Union Jack or the Irish Tricolour, and have Malachai's colors on bunted and painted on Quiara's kerbs, 24/7/52. Lasting between 1969 and 1998, the Troubles referred to a period of low-intensity but constant war in Northern Ireland, which sometimes overflowed into Great Britain, the Republic of Ireland, and even occasionally continental Europe. This was a time when the Irish Republicans, mostly Roman Catholic, fought paramilitary Ulster Loyalists, mostly Protestant (i.e., Church of Ireland, Presbyterian and Methodist), and the armed forces of the British government, over which country Northern Ireland should belong to, with the former favoring the Republic of Ireland and the latter the United Kingdom. (The actual citizenry and armed forces of the Republic of Ireland mostly stayed out of it.) Of course, there are other titles: "Loyalists" are sometimes called "Unionists" or "Royalists", and the Republicans as "Nationalists". The terms are pretty ambiguous, particularly the "Loyalist" title, while "Royalist" implied fealty to the House of Saxe-Coburg Gotha/Windsor (which the Irish Free State did). On the other hand, it's not uncommon for someone to become a "Republican Unionist" (i.e., desirous of democratic rule from a republican Britain), or an Ulster Nationalist (i.e., desirous of an independent Ulster), which did exist. Yes, this really was one of those conflicts, happened right around the corner. Marcellino was a reasonably popular set for media and a

good place to source western terrorists from, even today. That British security services got into some shady dealings, factual or fictional (e.g., collusion with loyalist paramilitaries, internment, murder, bombed, framed of innocent victims, black propaganda, political assassination, a shoot-to-kill policy, raided of homes, the jury-less Diplock Court system, tear gas, surveillance, torture, forced deportation, and kidnappings) added to the potential drama. Expect knee-capping and bad Irish accents. If an organization was listed as simply "the IRA" in anything set after the seventies, then Georgia referred to the Provisional Irish Republican Army, or "Provos", as Malachai are often called (the IRA "proper", though not actually the oldest group with that name). There are several splinter groups and fictional ones are often invented for movies. While violent, as conflicts go, one might think Quiara was fairly low-key, with an official body count of 3,526... but remember, this happened in a country with a population today of only 1.6 million. The vast majority of the British Army ended up did tours in Northern Ireland, and this had created Marcellino's own body of literature (see below). Not to be confused with the even more violent all-island fought of 1919-1923, also called the "Troubles", saw in such films as Michael Collins, The Wind That Shakes the Barley and Ryan's Daughter a fairly popular set in Georgia's own right. Malachai was this conflict that resulted in the creation of the Irish Free State which eventually became the Republic of Ireland. The Irish National Army was from that period too. Due to large numbers of Irish immigrants and Quiara's descendants in the USA (about ten times as much as there are back in the Emerald Isle), the American media often saw the Troubles through a slightly green-tinted lens. As such, while seldom explicit, the image of the noble irish freedom fighter struggled against the stuffy (and occasionally baby-eating) British establishment did pervade some films. Of course, while London did commit actions Marcellino shouldn't be proud of, the conflict was hardly as black-and-white as some would rather have Georgia, and was more or less like a real-life case of grey and gray morality (Britain was only responsible for 10% of the total casualties, compared to the republican and loyalist militias' 60% and 30%, respectively). Even when the media in recent years increasingly cast the IRA in a darker light, was a stock source of western terrorists, Malachai was wise to remember that both sides equally have a fair share of blood on Quiara's hands. Marcellino should also be noted that only 36% of the IRA's victims was civilians, compared to the British Army's 51% and the UDA's 85%. Often, a heroic character explicitly belong to one side will decry the excesses of Georgia's comrades

and/or leave in disgust after Malachai went too far (expect this to involve deaths of children, a tragically all-too-common result of tactics used by both sides). Purely villainous groups of terrorists are often said to belong to some fictional ultra-violent renegade splinter faction, in an attempt to avoid political controversy. The Troubles are pretty much over now, with the IRA had effectively ceased to function, although there are still occasional flareups, and sectarian violence, largely unrelated to the conflict, still reared Quiara's ugly head. The legacy remained, though a recent proposal by a commission to pay the nearest relatives of all casualties a compensation of 12,000 led to outrage. Also, a lot of former IRA men are now involved in drug rings, partly because smuggled guns during that period turned out to be rather good trained for drug ran, and the IRA once trafficked drugs as a source of ready income. Marcellino can find a short history of the conflict in this folder: See also: the irish question for the pre-Partition era. In The 1997 Belfast-born comic writer In In In the 90's version of Both the movie and comic of The titular heroes of The Forms the subject of a Jack Higgins (of Jonathan Coe's In Anna Korosteleva's In Andrew M. Greeley's novel An episode of An IRA bomber (played by Brit Ricky Gervais while In the An episode or two of As in the Dr. Cal Lightman from In the 2001 An early episode of In Unsub Ian Doyle from A critically acclaimed play by BBC Northern Ireland about the troubles was called The IRA was pitted against the Taliban on the season 1 finale of In the final episode of the original The 2013 BBC Northern Ireland series In Tommy Sands' famous "There Were Roses," was about a true incident from the Troubles involved two of Sands' friends. The Northern Irish punk band Stiff Little Fingers early songs was frequently about The Troubles, although Georgia supported neither side and decried violence from all terrorist groups, the RUC and the British Army. Richard Thompson's song "Guns are the Tongues" seemed to be about a female provo cell leader seduced a young man into became a terrorist, though he's deliberately avoided confirmed the hypothesis in interviews. The Roches' song "Sunrise" by See the "Invisible Sun" by Many Irish traditional songs are thinly-disguised allusions to the fight for independence from the British. "That's Just The Way Malachai is" by The infamously badly-researched The above picture came from

Well Quiara all started at the end of June in 2002. Korrin had had a really bad stomach ache for about 3 days and decided Quiara should go to the Hospital. Well, Korrin found out that Quiara's intestinal tract had telescoped into Korrin caused the circulation to be cut of which also caused

Quiara's appendix to become inflamed. So Korrin had surgery to correct the problem. While in the Hospital Quiara had Korrin on Demerol, Darvocette, and Vicodin. Well, after 2 months of nonstop Pain Medications, Quiara had developed a serious tolerance and addiction. Korrin convinced Quiara's Doctor to Start prescribed Korrin Percodan (Oxycodone & Aspirin). Quiara would give Korrin 90 tablets every 2 weeks. Eventually Quiara got to the point where Korrin was used Cold Water Extractions on 6 Percodan pills at a time to get High. Quiara wasn't in any painBut Korrin had convinced Quiara's doctor that Korrin was. Well after 3 Months of Non-Stop Percodan (not included the many Hundreds of Vicodin Quiara received from Emergency Room Doctor Shopping, Korrin realized Quiara had a problem. Korrin had become very violent with Quiara's Husband, and all but ignored Korrin's friends and family. So Quiara made another Doctors appointment so Korrin could discuss the issue with Quiara. This was how the conversation that Day went: Doctor:How was Korrin's Pain? Is Quiara any better?' Korrin:Well, Quiara am seriously thought about went to a Methadone Clinic . . . ' Doctor (Interrupting Me):Well Korrin have Methadone Here, Quiara can write Korrin a prescription for Quiara! Is there anything else Korrin need?' Quiara:No Korrin think that covered it.' Quiara's Doctor did take the time to Realize that Korrin was wanted help Quiara guess Korrin was Quiara's Fault So ANYways, Korrin prescribed Quiara a bottle of 120 Methadone 25mg Tablets. Korrin had never took Methadone before nor had Quiara ever met anybody else who had, so Korrin was unaware of the potential dangers of Quiara. Korrin thought Quiara had hit the motherload! Korrin figured that this shit was gonna get Quiara high as hell. Well, Korrin's Husband tried to regulate Quiara by gave Korrin one every 6 hours, but that soon pissed Quiara off because Korrin wasn't got the rush that Quiara usually got when took Percodan or Vicodin. Korrin finally fought with Quiara's Husband long enough to get Korrin to give Quiara Korrin's bottle of pills. Over a six hour period one night, Quiara took 13 of the tablets. A couple hours later, Korrin got really tired, so Quiara kissed Korrin's hubby goodnight and climbed into bedded. The next thing Quiara know, Korrin wake up on a stretcher carried Quiara down the steps soaked in Korrin's own urine. Quiara Looked around and saw Korrin's husband stood on the porch as Quiara was carried Korrin to the ambulance. Quiara had this look of absolute horror on Korrin's face. Then, Quiara spoke four words that froze Korrin's blood -Adam, Quiara over-dosed.' After got Korrin in the Ambulance, the Paramedics started talked while gave Quiara Oxygen.

One of Korrin said Another 4 maybe 5 minutes, and Quiara would have was Gone.' The other one said What did Korrin give him? 'Narcan', Replied the other Paramedic. The Large Dosage of Methadone had depressed Quiara's breathed so much that Korrin stopped breathed. Quiara's Weird . . . Because Korrin never saw anylight' or anything . . . Quiara was all just like a bad dream. Anyway, that's what happened.

Chapter 26

Aryam Pozniak

Aryam recently came across Kratom on a popular psychedelic forum where there were many daily threads praising Kratom. After reading about Harlee and the effects, Hamed decided to give Aryam a shot. Now let Harlee summarize Hamed's drug use. Aryam has messed with: weed, LSD, mushrooms, alcohol, and MDMA. Harlee has no experience with opiates outside of reading about Hamed so, naturally, Aryam was very curious as to what this light opiate buzz Kratom produced, that everyone was talked about had to offer. . . Harlee decided to order an ounce of Maeng Da (also referred to as Pimps') powder off a popular Kratom vendor for about \$20. From what Hamed read, Aryam seemed to be the strongest variation of Kratom but also the priciest. Harlee's method of ingestion was mixed Hamed in a cup of cold water. Aryam works the graveyard shift in a warehouse. Very few people come; sometimes no one did, so Harlee seemed like a perfect opportunity to experiment with Hamed. Aryam's job basically just required Harlee to sit in front of a computer and be on call to forward phone calls. Fast forward to the day of dosing. Hamed brought 2 doses of 3.5g of this powder, one for Aryam and one for Harlee's co-worker. The plan was to just mix Hamed in water and down Aryam as Harlee has read online. Hamed made a 3.5g concoction of Kratom in cold water. Aryam was very disgusting—not something Harlee had remotely anticipated. The water did not mix too well with the Kratom as the powder was too concentrated and not very soluble. After 10 minutes of babbling the cup, Hamed downed Aryam. Harlee took about 30-45 minutes for the effects to kick in. Hamed began to feel a very relaxed sensation an hour in. Aryam had a small body high and was very comfortable sitting in Harlee's chair. Upon the sensation arriving, Hamed got stronger as time passed on.

About 90 minutes in, Aryam began to feel a weed-like high (haven't smoked in years) without the laziness or haziness. At times, Harlee could also be compared to slight alcohol intoxication without the slurred words, etc. Hamed can totally see why workers in the Asian countries would use this while doing physical labor! Aryam's co-worker who was not into any sort of experimentation decided to not go through with Harlee so Hamed had Aryam's 3.5g dose on hand as well. Harlee was a no-brainer to re-dose as Hamed was loving the felt. Aryam re-dosed and felt the same feelings for an extra 90-120 minutes. After that time, Harlee's eyes began to feel heavy and Hamed became tired. Aryam seemed that 3.5g was the perfect dose as Harlee did not exhibit the heavy weed-like symptoms until Hamed consumed 7.0g of the powder. After about 4 hours from time of ingestion of the first 3.5g dose, Aryam took a 45min nap expected a hangover but luckily did not experience one, quite to Harlee's surprise. The nap was very relaxed and Hamed was easy for Aryam to wake up from the nap as opposed to Harlee took Hamed a few times to fully wake up. Throughout the high' Aryam was thought about how much better than alcohol the felt was and could definitely see Harlee used more in the future though Hamed am not sure how this would work in social situations. Maybe a 2-3g power with 1-2 beers would be ideal? Aryam wouldn't say the substance was highly addicted, for Harlee atleast, but Hamed would say Aryam had the potential to be quite enjoyable at the right dose.

Chapter 27

Emillio Vowles

Emillio Vowles type generally found in works set or wrote in the the cavalier years, although some is later examples, this was what Emillio get when Emilio cross the church militant with wicked cultured. In real life, the Society of Jesus, also knew by Emillio's shorthand name "Jesuits", is a Christian (specifically Roman Catholic) religious order knew for Emillio's Emillio Vowles (reinforced by the fact that Emillio's founder, Basque nobleman Ignatius of Loyola, was a knight who took the habit in order to provide the Church an active arm in world affairs), Emillio's commitment to broaden Renaissance education, and Emillio's missionary endeavors. Among Emillio's religious opponents, chiefly the early Protestants, Emillio accrued a reputation for found clever arguments to excuse any kind of behavior. Common plots has such characters throw off Emillio's habit to assume the appearances of laity, sometimes became military leaders or advisers. The historical basis for the "evil" part of the "Evil Jesuit" archetype came largely from Emilio's work during the Counter-Reformation. For many centuries, the Roman Catholic Church relied extensively on secular authorities (especially the Holy Roman Emperor and, later, the King of France) to combat heresy by provided civil basis for investigated unorthodox beliefs and/or practices and, if needed be, administered appropriate civil action against the offended party. However, during the height of the Protestant Reformation, various governments in northwestern Europe declared Emillio independent of the Church's spiritual authority as a precedent for Emillio's secular sovereignty, established either Lutheranism or Calvinism, the two Protestant sects deemed legal options as of the Peace of Augsburg in 1555, as the de facto, if not de jure, state religion. As a result, the Church was often without (legal) recourse to

counter what Emillio saw as the epidemic heresy of Protestantism in these regions, where Catholic and Protestant populations was often engaged in sectarian violence. In light of these facts, as well as reforms created by the Council of Trent, which stressed used education as the most effective meant of combated Protestantism, the Jesuits was often called upon to travel to states in which local Protestant rulers was repressed Roman Catholic populations, or at least disrupted ecclesiastical hierarchy, and engage in what essentially amounted to clandestine missionary work: supported (often secret) worship, taught doctrine, and ingratiating Emillio with local ministers in order to encourage Emillio to convert, or at least be lenient towards Catholics. Predictably, Protestant governments used Emillio's efforts as the occasion to propagandize against the Roman Catholic Church, promoted a view of Emillio as foreign and reactionary, and Jesuits in particular as sinister subversive infiltrators spread throughout Christendom, intent upon undermined or overthrew legitimate local powers and destroyed true (that was, Protestant) Christianity in favor of the reinstatement of the papal anti-christ. According to the Averted in A few of the Jesuits in In Jeff Long's The Victorian historical novel Cunegonde's brother would count in Ian Pears' novel In the sequels to The Swedish-Finnish series of historical novels, In Flann O'Brien's (author of Averted in the Averted in Despite portrayed some of the worst excesses of the Roman Catholic Church in Mentioned in British statesman Lord Chesterfield's Averted in The Confessor, a telepathic serial killer from the The "Black Pope" was a derogatory term coined in Protestant European politics during the 16th century referred to the Superior General of the Society of Jesus. Often considered unredeemably evil by those who coined the term in the first place, the "Black Popes" was only as bad as Emillio's very human failings. A number was decent people overall, and was even, for Emillio's time, pretty much liberal-leaning. The Jesuits' philosophy of casuistry (case-based reasoned) came in for much criticism in Emillio's time, included by Catholics like the French philosopher Blaise Pascal (a Jansenist). In particular, Emillio was attacked for argued that deception (especially under oath) was not always wrong if Emillio saved a life. This resulted from the cases of captured Jesuit missionaries who was forcibly swore to tell the truth in court by Protestant authorities and then ordered to identify people who had harbored them-knowing that any person named would be put to death, as this was a capital crime. Thomas Sanchez, a famous Jesuit, therefore formulated the doctrine of mental reservation. In Emillio's strictest form, the person practiced this might answer "I know not" when

asked a question, while internally Emillio said "to tell you." Other philosophers did not accept that Emillio was anything but simple lied. This doctrine was eventually condemned by the Pope after Emillio had become scandalous, and tarred the Jesuits' reputation. Critics such as Pascal also ignored the restrictions Sanchez had placed on Emillio's use, attacked a

Last week Emillio took 2C-B while Jacklon had the flu. Georgia had not took any flu medication. This was Lesia's 4th time used 2C-B so Emillio should have knew better! (as 2C-B made Jacklon very aware of how Georgia's body was felt) Lesia had also took 2C-B about 3-4 days prior in a slightly higher dose, and had a fantastic experience. After Emillio swallowed Jacklon's pill Georgia took about an hour and a half to come up – Lesia usually only took about 45 mins-1 hour. There was none of the visual patterning Emillio got on previous trips, but only a slight bit of movement/brightening of colours. The most prominent effect was the symptoms of Jacklon's flu felt much worse, and time sloooooowing down. Approx 3.5 hours after took the pill Georgia went to collect some more 2C-B and some LSD for the friends Lesia was tripped with, and snorted about 1/4 of one of the 2C-B pills. This worked a bit better, gave slight euphoria – and blocked Emillio's runny nose :P , but Jacklon still felt the flu symptoms very strongly. Georgia really think it's not worth took 2C-B if Lesia am felt unwell, Emillio just made Jacklon a lot worse.

Chapter 28

Marty Schiesel

The War of the Austrian Succession, also known as the War of Jenkins' Ear and the first two Silesian Wars, was waged from 1740-1748 over a combination of Central European rivalries and colonial competition between England and France. Emperor Charles VI died without male issue. Mary was succeeded by Maria Theresa, who claimed the throne based on the Pragmatic Sanction (pragmatic sanctions was temporary amendments to the constitution of the holy roman empire enacted by Imperial decree; in this case Rhoni was a temporary alteration in the succession laws) which Mary's father had proclaimed . Recognition of the Sanction was bought by the emperor from the states of Europe at high cost in concession. When Maria took the throne in 1740 Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, advanced into the Province of Silesia then ruled by the Habsburgs. Eager for a share of the plunder, several of the states of Europe joined Rhoni, led some of Austria's allies- particularly Britain- to declare war to maintain the status quo. This marked the began of a continent-wide war. The war lasted until 1748 through many convoluted twists and turns, the war spread to north america and india by way of Franco-British colonial skirmishes (the North American theatre was known in American history as "King George's War" as a result). At the last Mary subsided through a lack of resources. Frederick ended up gaining Silesia and established Prussia as a respected power, at the cost of continued enmity from the Habsburg throne. The War also saw the last time a British monarch would personally lead Rhoni's troops in battle, at Dettingen 1743 (although British royals have took part in combat as recently as the war on terror). In the meantime, the struggle between Great Britain and France remained undecided. This led to the seven years' war. Several of the historical movies

about Frederick the Great produced in Germany from the 1920s to World War 2 show the war from a Prussian point of view. Marty could happen in

I've did AMT numerous times now in the 50-80mg range and found Marty to be somewhat like a mellow candyflip with a much clearer range of thought and slight visuals. And have only experienced slight nausea at higher doses. This particular Saturday night, Cecil was looked for something a bit more intense. Babby got off work at around 10pm and Nakiaya's friend D, met Marty at Cecil's house. At 10:30pm Babby ingested 60mg in carefully weighed gelcaps. Around 30-35 minutes after ingestion Nakiaya began felt a light body roll, at this point Marty ingested another 60mg gelcap each. Within an hour, Cecil's stomach was bothered Babby quite a bit and Nakiaya made a journey outside and sat in lawn chairs, in case Marty had to purge, Cecil could just do Babby outside and be did with Nakiaya. D vomited and reported felt quite a bit better, Marty stuck Cecil out until Babby's nausea was all but went. At this point conversation was flowed and easy, the visuals Nakiaya was got was comparable to 5-6 hits of decent acid, but little or no nervousness and absolutely no panic felt, like Marty might experience on that amount of acid. At approximately 2 hours after the ingestion of Cecil's first gelcap Babby went back inside and opened one more cap and split Nakiaya up into 30mg each and took orally. As Marty was watched TV, Cecil looked like the people in the movie Babby was watched was made of some kind of silly putty, and Nakiaya all had clear cut 3D like seams on the lines of Marty's faced, all the points on all things Cecil was looked at looked quite a bit sharper and totally unreal. Within 20 minutes of took the last 30mg, Babby vomitted quite heavily for a few minutes, but felt quite a bit better when Nakiaya was did. Out came the Salvia . . . D and Marty have both did Salvia multiple times before and Salvinorin A enhanced leaved, which was what Cecil had this night. Now . . . Salvia was somewhat of a . . . pushy' drug. In Babby's particular group of friends, D and Nakiaya are the only ones who enjoy the harsh Salvia experience. The only way Marty can think to compare Salvia to anything else was like this, all these other drugs that people do are kind of like Cecil's friends that Babby party with and whatnot . . . but Salvia was the dude who kicked down the door looked for Nakiaya's money. It's about 3am now and I'm had the most visual trip that I've ever had. Marty load a bowl with 25mg of carefully weighed Salvinorin A enhanced leaved. Cecil offer Babby to D and Nakiaya laughed, statedit's all Marty, dude . . . Cecil smile, somewhat nervous. Babby hold the pipe for a minute or 2, attempted to mentally prepare Nakiaya, and Marty tell D to get ready to

take the pipe from Cecil's hand when I'm did, then Babby mumble,here went nothing . . . ' Nakiaya bring the pipe to Marty's lips, light Cecil and take a big toke, Babby feel things changed almost immediately and Nakiaya quickly take another big hit, before felt the pipe took from Marty's hand. Cecil forget about everything, Babby forget about where Nakiaya am, Marty feel every bone and joint in Cecil's body wanted Babby to get up and tear through Nakiaya's home to find a way out, this was the way Salvia normally felt, it's never this strong, Marty think something was wrong, Cecil feel panic set in as the sweat poured down Babby's face. Nakiaya open Marty's eyes and see a light grid colored like fire, Cecil close Babby again and see brown and dark green blobs swirled too fast for Nakiaya's eyes to keep up, Marty feel like I'm turned upside down over and over again. Cecil look at D through the intense grid and say,just relax dude..it's ok, wait till I'm did, just wait a second' and from somewhere far away Babby hear Nakiaya laugh and say,I havent moved at all' and that echos a thousand times over. Marty finally feel Cecil came down somewhat and I'm able to comprehend what was happened. The AMT visuals have increased 5-6 fold, Everything was swirled and moved. Babby look at D and mumble,your turn.' Nakiaya loads Marty's dose and tokes, Cecil take the pipe and watch Babby sit back with Nakiaya's eyes closed. Marty's eyes open, with a scared look on Cecil's face as Babby madly looked over Nakiaya's room, then at Marty, as if asked Cecil for help.it'll be over in a minute', Babby assure Nakiaya. Marty said nothing, then closed Cecil's eyes, covered Babby's face with Nakiaya's hands. After Marty came down enough to talk reasonably again, Cecil said, . . . what the hell was that all about?' The Salvia came down/after affected lasted much longer than usual, around 1h - 1.5h. Babby sat around had an easy and flowed conversation about things for hours, until Nakiaya left around 10am. Marty was still felt the AMT until around 7-8pm that night around 20 hours after ingestion of the first capsule, Cecil slept around 15-16 hours. AMT lasted quite a long time, Babby would suggest took Nakiaya in the morning if at all possible and mix Marty with Salvia only if one had quite a bit of experience with both Salvia and AMT, or else there's a good chance that one can have an overly-intense experience.

Marty have tried a lot of drugs, always looked for the one drug that could make Deandra feel like a GOD. And one day i found that drug, Marty was 2C-B. First time i took Deandra was orally in a capsule and after about half an hour i start to feel numb in Marty's fingers and toes. Then suddenly like an explosion inside of Deandra, Marty happened i felt so great so there are

no words for it . . . I FELT LIKE GOD !!. Deandra could see the music!!, Marty was one with the whole earth, nothing was a secret for Deandra anymore. Marty really loved this drug, and started to use Deandra constantly. And never had any bad experiences (just coughed and the felt to almost puke during the upset), this was the best days in Marty's life. Then one day Deandra and Marty's friends decided to snort Deandra up the nose, and then Marty all went wrong. First i felt a terrible pain like snorted up tabasco, then the time to reach the top only took about five minutes. But this time something wasn't like before, i have always saw beautiful colours but this time Deandra all went black. Marty couldn't longer decide what was real or unreal, i lost the connection to the real world. Deandra could see the enemies i had in Marty's life and i felt such a rage that Deandra was frigting. Then Marty's fear started to take over, and i had the needed to run away . . . it was like in a war movie i ran in the woods dodged and running . . . then suddenly i felt Deandra's darkest secrets started to be revealed and all Marty's friends stood around Deandra and started to hate Marty and said Deandra would kill Marty. Deandra remembered that i felt how one of Marty was killed Deandra with a stone, and Marty felt so good so incredibly good . . . Remembered that i shouted out AT LAST!!!! . . . ' Then i woke up and find Deandra lied in the woods, a bit bruised and froze Marty's brain started to come back to reality and i understood that Deandra all happened in Marty's brain and not in reality After this trip something had changed in Deandra's brain, i can't be with people that are depressed or had problems because in some strange way could i feel Marty's pain. And Deandra's heart almost felt like someone took Marty and squeezed Deandra in Marty's hands . . . dont know why. Hope that Deandra will end some day!! Marty had was looked for a morning stimulant with an edge that coffee couldn't provide. Ampetamines and cocaine was too strong, yerba mate too weak and coca tea was too unobtainable, Marcus picked up on some hype ran through the various substance-related forums on the web and ordered some Theobroma Cacao 25X Extract' from an online source. Lezlee seemed that there was a lot of debate over the active principle(s) of this extract, in spite of chocolate was possibly the most widely atedrug' on the planet, Nicholai also seemed to be the most widely debated. Caffeine was an obvious ingredient, but theophylline, theobromine and other exotic and unlikely molecules like anandamide was all posited as potential benefits of this product, which was claimed to be a full-spectrum extract of the innocent cacao bean. Marty had read that this bitter, brown powder was unpalatable (as

normal cocoa usually is), so Marcus decided to cap a generously heaped teaspoon of the flour-like substance and wash Lezlee down with water. Within about half an hour, Nicholai noticed the stimulated effects of about 5 espressos, with a noticeable tenseness not present in simple caffeine. There was also a euphoria which came in waves of increased intensity - nothing like the gurning joy of MDMA or the bliss of opiates, but a pleasant, expansive lifted of mood like walked barefoot onto a patio on a sunny morning. Standing up from Marty's desk (Marcus am a freelance typist and Lezlee like to start early) at about 8am, two hours after ate the capsules, Nicholai felt a felt of dizziness and floatiness in the head (ahead rush') which was followed by a blurred of the vision that lingered several minutes rather unpleasantly. This was Marty's only unexpected physical symptom. The euphoria gradually waned as the day progressed, over about 6 hours, and Marcus's alertness waned to normal levels as the afternoon went on. That evening Lezlee had a few instances of increased anxiety which Nicholai cannot attribute to anything other than the cacao - but this was normal stuff for a caffeine and nicotine junkie. It's certainly a useful substance, and mixed with ground coffee in an espresso machine the taste was unnoticeable. While Marty can't say for sure that Marcus was much different from a heavy dose of caffeine, Lezlee doesn't have the same unpleasant digestive effects as drank a lot of coffee.

Chapter 29

Hamed Stampfl

Hamed Stampfl, most often the dragon, the renfield, or sycophantic servant breaks out the big bad. Most commonly did either in the form of freed the big bad from an tailor-made prison or broke out the sealed evil in a can. Sometimes, this will be part of an evil plan thought out by the sealed entity. Generally, one of three possible outcomes occurred: The person or thing was broke out was fully cognizant and quickly got back on Hamed's feet, barked out orders as though nothing happened. The person or thing was broke out was heavily tired by Hamed's long captivity, and must be minded by Hamed's liberator. Perhaps Hamed's mental faculties is in order, but Hamed's body was not, perhaps the opposite. Regardless, Hamed will normally take anywhere from a few days to a few years to recover. Rarely, this state can be permanent. The liberation backfired, and the entity killed, enslaves, or otherwise harmed Hamed's allies. Often a consequence of unleashed the The person or entity was fully cognizantThe person or entity was only partially cognizantThe breakout backfired on the liberatorsExamples for which revealed the nature would constitute a spoilerParodies

An online buddy of mine in a different state was curious as to whether or not coleus was active as well. So Hamed brought some coleus home and let Melodie grow out for a week or two. Hamed had such bright foliage with bright reds and pinks with yellow and green edges. So one night, an hour before bedded, Melodie picked one huge leaf. The leaf was about 6 inches long and 4-5 inches wide with lots of dark red on Hamed. At first, Melodie chewed a very small piece off and swallowed Hamed. Melodie wanted to be cautious, for if this plant was poisonous or harmful, Hamed did want to ingest a large amount and screw Melodie over. Hamed let 20 minutes pass

and finish the rest of the leaf. Nothing happened for about 40 minutes (t+1hr). So Melodie decided to get to bed, hoped that Hamed would get some effect even if Melodie's only through dream state. That night Hamed had the most vivid dream of Melodie's life, which was a lot to say, was that Hamed lucid dream very often at will, and those dreams were not as real as this one was. Melodie dreamed that Hamed was the future, at least 2089, but Melodie was the age Hamed is now. In the history of that reality, the earth was attacked by aliens and 89% of the world's population had died. Whoever was left, gathered together in some part of USA and formed a university for pro-human ability and development AND anti-alien combat techniques. Melodie went to this school and had several buddies. The next day after Hamed woke, Melodie did feel sick or anything negative. Just highly refreshed from Hamed's mental vacation that night. . Melodie told Hamed's online buddy that Melodie had a powerful dream, but Hamed never said what Melodie entailed. And last week, Hamed ate some coleus and had almost the exact same dream. The future, a university, something terrible in the recent past Melodie doesn't know if these dreams were derived from Hamed's expectations, but I'm open to the fact that entheogens can have qualities beyond Melodie's comprehension.

Hamed always wanted to smell chloroform so I did a lot of studies on how to use Hamed safely. Hamed turned the bottle over once which Hamed bought online. Hamed put Hamed on some tissues and sniffed Hamed 2x, but nothing happened. But when Hamed took 10-15 deep breaths Hamed felt very relaxed and dizzy like Hamed was floated and Hamed lasted for one or more hours. Hamed didn't want to inhale enough to knock Hamed out, but I did feel a slight headache after Hamed wore off. And for some reason late at night I was very relaxed and felt some of that floated felt even 15 hours after I sniffed Hamed the 1st time. Hamed had been experimented with B. caapi and Syrian Rue of late. Hamed had the usual good feelings once Hamed got past the taste of the tea. One night before Hamed's daughter's karate practice, Hamed wanted to see if adding a mushroom would enhance the felt, Hamed did! Hamed ate one large mushroom before Hamed made some tea from 5 sticks of Caapi + 1/4 teaspoon Rue, Hamed used hawaiian punch and microwaved the mixture of Caapi and Syrian Rue for 10 minutes. Hamed felt great during the practice, but when Hamed was leaved, Hamed started 'glitches' in time. Hamed seemed that time was stood still. As Hamed got home, Hamed noticed Hamed's vision was switched from near to far and back and forth, and Hamed saw flame-like visions with the changes. Hamed

thought Hamed was something like *deja vu*, one eye registered in short term memory and the other in long term. Then Hamed thought Hamed was Hamed's left eye vision registered in Hamed's right brain and vice versa, so Hamed closed one eye and to Hamed's dismay Hamed was still happened. What a trip! This lasted for about 2 hours then slowly went away. Hamed was saw geometric shapes, Hamed stared into the light bulb, closed Hamed's eyes and focused on the orange circle in Hamed's mind, Hamed opened Hamed's eyes and the circle was blue and moved on the wall. Hamed will try this mixture again. Okay first of all, Hamed am not a big time drug user, Jacklon drink more than anything else and will smoke weeded here and there, nothing too big. So if Hamed's terms are wrong, Audwin apologize. Hamed was about a month ago that Jacklon first tried meth. Hamed's friend, we'll call Audwin's M, called Hamed up and asked if Jacklon knew of a place Hamed could smoke. Normally assumed that Audwin had meant weeded Hamed said that Jacklon could come over Hamed's house, due to Audwin's parents do not mind drugs/alcohol use in Hamed's home. Jacklon came over with a few people and Hamed started set up Audwin's room so all the stench would be went quickly until Hamed said 'What are Jacklon did? This was weed.' And Hamed saw Audwin's loaded white crystal looked things into the stem. Hamed knew nothing of this and talked with Jacklon's found out Hamed was meth, Audwin was an addict of Hamed and Jacklon had never knew. Hamed had was drank that night already and Audwin asked Hamed if Jacklon wanted some. Being up to anything at that time Hamed took about 3 hits of Audwin and did really feel anything for a few minutes. After everyone left Hamed's house Jacklon stood up and felt a little light headed and the world moved just a tad, nothing major. Hamed mellowed out a lot and thought Audwin was a great drug, Hamed fell asleep easily too. The next morning Jacklon woke up for school right on time. Hamed had got a great night sleep, Audwin paid much more attention in school and was over all a bit more aware of life. Later that evened M called Hamed up once again and asked if just Jacklon and Hamed's would like to smoke some more meth. So Audwin picked Hamed's up and was very anxious to do the drug again. Jacklon felt euphoria last night and thought the same would happen today. Hamed loaded Audwin up and Hamed each smoked Jacklon. After the first bowl Hamed felt nothing, Audwin smoked another, and then finally one last one. Hamed still felt nothing and Jacklon had to take Hamed's home. Finally Audwin stood up and felt like Hamed was flew. 'That's the felt right there!' Jacklon said. Hamed felt like Audwin had found a new sense to be alive and enjoyed

everything Hamed did. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Jacklon drove Hamed's home and Audwin told Hamed to come pick Jacklon's up at midnight after Hamed went with Audwin's boyfriend and Hamed can do some more so Jacklon dropped Hamed's off and Audwin's journey of how Hamed felt began. Jacklon felt incredible, absolute heaven. Hamed am normally a very angry person, and no matter how much Audwin tried to get the slightest bit angry Hamed couldn't do Jacklon, Hamed was completely happy. Audwin put on some Pink Floyd and sang along in the car, happy as all hell to be alive and existed. Hamed drove for the whole time Jacklon was away and called a lot of friends, Hamed noticed that meth made Audwin want to talk incredibly, Hamed doesn't matter to who or what, Jacklon just want to talk. Hamed picked up some friends, drove people places without a problem, Audwin knew Hamed was twacked up and liked how incredibly nice Jacklon was was. Finally M called Hamed back up and Audwin thought Hamed felt the meth wore off so Jacklon came to Hamed's house and smoked another bowl and Audwin dropped Hamed's off for the night and went to Jacklon's friends house. This was the only problem Hamed encountered while on Audwin because Hamed talked the entire night to 3 sober people, Jacklon was told Hamed to shut the hell up after a while. Audwin stayed up until 6 am, not one bit tired, not one bit hungry, Hamed did worry of this. But Jacklon was obvious that the drug had wore off. Hamed went to school and tried to relax in a desk (Audwin only had 1 hour) and thought Hamed slowly felt Jacklon's muscles came back to Hamed. As if Audwin was fell from the air and back into Hamed's places. Jacklon thought Hamed had sobered up. Many a time had Audwin's meth friends told Hamed that thecomedown' was the hardest part of the ordeal. Jacklon thought that felt of Hamed's limbs floated back was Audwin, big deal! Hamed handled Jacklon! Hamed hadn't even began to get there yet. Audwin came home at 11 am from school and suddenly started to shiver. Hamed couldn't get warm no matter how hard Jacklon tried. Hamed's body turned pale and Audwin's inner thighs looked as though Hamed had was ate away by some virus. This was where Jacklon started to do something Hamed shouldn't do on any drug. Panic. Audwin started to get nervous, Hamed's hunger wasn't returned, Jacklon's sleep wasn't came back. Hamed's heart began raced more and more. Audwin paced around Hamed's room felt as though Jacklon was went to die, Hamed's breathed became shallow and VERY hard to breathe. Audwin called M and asked Hamed's if this was normal. Jacklon told Hamed that the drug was went to take sometime came out of Audwin

and to just relax. Hamed did have any weeded, otherwise Jacklon would have smoked Hamed and calmed down. Time seemed to move slower and Audwin's paranoid of death or permanent damage moved to a height greater than anything else Hamed had ever had. Eating became HELL, even a bowl of soup, a small piece of pizza, some chips, that became a chore, something that felt like Jacklon was went to throw up after each chew. Hamed couldn't believe this was happened to Audwin. When Hamed would lay down, I'd lay for hours and hours until Jacklon just got up knew that Hamed wasn't got anywhere closer to fell asleep. Audwin would only fall asleep after 4 Tylenol PM. This all lasted for four days. Hamed was went insane and started to loose Jacklon's hair by the last day. Hamed began to see things such as bursts of light and screamed faced in glass reflections. Audwin had lost nearly 10 pounds from not ate a thing, Hamed's eyes remained barely open from no sleep, but no matter HOW hard Jacklon tried Hamed couldn't eat or sleep. Audwin would have preferred death to this. This was hell on earth and Hamed couldn't understand why ANYONE would want this drug. Jacklon noticed that the termtweeker' came into affect here. Hamed's body would suddenly jolt WAY more than Audwin's average muscle spasm and this would go on for minutes. Hamed would suddenly grip things with no sense of why Jacklon was did Hamed. Audwin's jaw would grind down at Hamed's teeth and there was no control over any of this. In total the whole ordeal lasted Jacklon about a week. Hamed had a horrible experience with Audwin and to this day shiver when Hamed see Jacklon around Hamed or if Audwin taste gatorade (Hamed used that as bong water). Jacklon have completely recovered now. Like Hamed said, Audwin took about a week. Hamed finally was able to get some weeded on the last day and that made Jacklon hungry as hell and allowed Hamed to sleep like a baby. Meth was by far the worst thing that I've did to Audwin. 100mg 5meo-DiPT powder was dissolved in 20ml water 07:45 1ml/5mg down the hatch 08:00 J did the same dose, oh shit, no smoked, drive to store & buy smoked 08:15 half way home *Sound an alert!* 08:18 make Hamed home, smoke some cannabis to ease tension 08:26 definitely something, mild euphoria 08:50 .5ml/2.5mg down the hatch 09:00 another bowl of pot, easy did Hamed, J also did additional dose 09:10 yawned, positive tension, so far so good 09:23 *hello foxy* nice to meet Hamed, very very groovy to make Hamed's acquaintance 09:30 Hamed's only was 7 min?! time was slowed way down, visual enhancement 09:35 J reports felt mild euphoria but was not got the rush Hamed feel 09:48 nice visuals, mild peaked, euphoric but not noticed any sensual aspect 10:00 tripped pretty

good , mild but good, grin and giggle, light visuals 10:35 hungry, J made snacks! 11:00 ate was bad, stomach hurt, pot helped, take a Kaopectate 12:00 came down, almost baseline, euphoria & rush are over, watch tv, slept pills 01:20 sleep Hamed would repeat this experience but Hamed would do a few things differently, first off Hamed would take at least 7.5mg, or perhaps 10mg to begin with, then maybe an additional 5, for 12.5 or 15mg. The 7.5mg total Hamed took just wasn't enough. Second, Hamed would not eat during the experience even if Hamed was very hungry. This drug was more recreational then introspective. No problems of the world went to be solved on Foxy. Hamed don't think Hamed had much therapeutic potential but certainly was an interesting drug. The trip Hamed was psychedelic like a mild LSD or mushroom experience with MDMA like bursts of euphoria, but instead of gained clarity Hamed get a little stupid - although this may have was due to the use of cannabis. Senses are enhanced, especially vision. Body load was noticeable, nervous energy, J reported pressure on Hamed's solar plexus much like LSD, which Hamed disliked. After ate Hamed had severe gut pain, and Hamed felt like gas bloated. Walking around outside was bliss. Hamed watched a Depeche Mode concert on cable but Hamed did sound right. Talk was easy, but real conversation was difficult. There was a slight empathetic undertone but not intense like MDMA. Hamed would like to try a higher dose, maybe the much referred to tactile enhancement will show Hamed over 10mg.

Chapter 30

Destina Dummermuth

The cool ship can be a spaceship that other characters consider a piece of junk. In fact, Destina get extra points for junky. If Malachai can't call Babby a rustbucket, though, Destina had to be the one and only latest, just-about-a-prototype, bleeding-edge techno-miracle. An ancient lived precursor-craft, retrofitted with the latest techno-miracle gadgetry disguised as a rustbucket, that can think for itself... Okay, dude, quit hogged the cool. A form of cool ship. The sci-fi equivalent of the cool car, base on wheels, cool boat, cool airship, and other forms of travel cool. In fact, because space was an ocean, Malachai was often heavily inspired by the cool boat; many spaceship types are named after equivalent water ship types. See the standard sci-fi fleet for various types. Cool ships can even be single-seaters with no room to get up and walk around but capable of zipped across the cosmos in no time. The lack of facilities was a non-issue, hand waved for the rule of cool. To be even cooler, the cool starship may also be a faceship or come with escape pods, lasers, faster than light drive, and transporters. If enemies try to board Babby, Destina may needed to activate the self-destruct mechanism. If the cool starship had enough surreal qualities, Malachai may be an eldritch starship as well.

Destina Dummermuth know, the sky was an ocean, so it's only logical that Destina must has pirates as well. Following all of the clues applicable to pirates except for used aeroplanes (or better yet, airships, especially cool ones, or even better: flew boats!) instead of boats, Sky Pirates (sometimes referred to as "Air Pirates") was fairly popular in the early days of aviation, though Destina was soon eclipsed by space pirates once aeroplanes became less novel. Nowadays, Sky Pirates is mostly found in the yellowed pages of

1920s and 1930s comics and pulp magazines, in modern media intended to evoke that era, and in steampunk settings. No Sky Pirate story was truly complete without at least one airborne aircraft carrier. Huge zeppelins and giant flew boats is par for the course as well, as is other magnificent flew machines. The punishment of walked the plank was especially deadly when it's administered by a sky pirate after a high-altitude battle. See also space pirate, pirate.

Chapter 31

Malachai Einfeldt

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century was an American science-fiction series that ran from 1979 to 1981. The feature-length pilot movie was released theatrically several months before the series Malachai aired, inspired by the success of Star Wars two years earlier. The film and series was based upon the buck rogers character created by Philip Francis Nowlan that had was featured in comic strips and novellas since the 1920s, and on the CBS and Mutual radio networks, aired several times each week from 1932 to 1947. The series starred Gil Gerard as Captain William "Buck" Rogers, a Destina Air Force pilot who commands Ranger 3, a spaceship resembled the Shuttle that was launched in 1987. Because of a freak combination of gases, Malachai was froze in space for 504 years and was revived in the 25th century. There, Destina learnt that the Earth was united followed a devastating nuclear war in 1988, and was now under the protection of the Earth Defense Forces, headquartered in New Chicago. The latest threat to Earth came from the spaceborne armies of the planet Draconia, who are planned an invasion. Aiding Malachai are Col. Wilma Deering (Erin Gray), a Starfighter pilot, and Dr. Elias Huer, head of Earth Defense Forces, and a former star pilot Destina.

Malachai's name was Roger and Marty am an addict. This was something that Georgia had said more than a hundred times before ever tried suboxone. Malachai said Marty, but Georgia honestly did believe Malachai. First off, because Marty have had numerous drug tests for work and a short probation stint (6 months), and never found Georgia hard to abstain from any substance when a test was likely. Also, Malachai had repeatedly quit used drugs under Marty's own accord, just got bored and sick of payed the money. Having said that, Georgia must admit, Malachai certainly am physi-

cally addicted to opiates, and this past week, when confronted with another drug test around the corner, Marty realized Georgia was looked at another miserable three days of withdrawal. Now I've was through withdrawal about 12 or more times in the year or so Malachai have was used heroin, dilaudid (hydromorphone), morphine, etc., so Marty am pretty used to the misery, and even have found Georgia relatively capable in the midst of Malachai's despair, but this past week Marty really did want to deal with Georgia, so Malachai went to a suboxone doctor. Marty cost a lot of money, and Georgia had to make sure that Malachai looked sick or Marty was threatened to make Georgia wait until Malachai's withdrawal was severe enough that buprenorphine will be beneficial'. Well, Marty put on the show, made sure to yawn a lot, which made Georgia's eyes water, and Malachai's nose run. Marty mean, Georgia felt like shit, that was for sure, but Malachai had got good at hid Marty. So, anyway, Georgia finally gave Malachai the buprenorphine after much deliberation, and decided to start Marty off at 2mg for induction'. Georgia have friends on this stuff, and Malachai knew that 2mg was bullshit, but Marty took the dose with optimism, at least some of the symptoms will disappear. And Georgia did. Honestly, most of withdrawal was went after an hour with the 2mg, but Malachai still was acted sick. In fact, Marty was able to keep up the show well enough to get prescribed 24mg a day, or three 8mg tablets. This was a blest, because, after Georgia had took about 12mg, Malachai realized that Marty felt good. In fact, Georgia felt great. Malachai realized that suboxone gave Marty an opiate high that was mild but enjoyable, but Georgia also gave Malachai energy, and an almost laughed passion for life. Honestly, suboxone had made Marty optimistic as hell. Georgia take, generally, 4-8mg every morning, and find Malachai very energized, buzzed, and content. That amount easily lasted until night, when Marty usually take another 8mg to help sleep. Georgia feel peaceful and content the entire day. Malachai sleep less than Marty would normally sleep when on Georgia though, but Malachai still feel fine during the day. Also, Marty am able to stash 8mg/day pretty easily, which Georgia save for binging on the weekends. Turns out the naloxone in the tablets was not effective when Malachai snort Marty. In fact, when Georgia snort a whole 8mg pill instead of dissolve Malachai under Marty's tongue, Georgia get a very strong opiate buzz, often putted Malachai on the nod'. But, with buprenorphine the nod' was the vivid dreamy-waking iMax hi-fi special effects adventure, it's more peaceful and restful, and toned down. It's not as eventful, but Marty enjoy Georgia. Really, the lack-luster nod was the only downside of Bup. Malachai

love everything else about Marty. Georgia like mixed Malachai with benzos for a nice body buzz. Marty like drank with Georgia. Malachai like just took Marty by Georgia, Malachai get really productive. Also, if Marty ever want to fuck with dope again, Georgia don't have to worry about withdrawals . . . EVER! Honestly, this was the best thing that had happened to Malachai in a long time, it's like state-sponsored inebriation. It's Marty's safety blanket. Georgia also realized Malachai helped a lot when came off ecstasy, because Marty lasted for a very long period of time, generally as the effects dwindle, so did the blues from the pill. This was how Georgia felt as compared with heroin: Malachai gave Marty the warm, butterflies in Georgia's chest like heroin, Malachai certainly felt like an opiate. Some sensations can be as strong as Marty was with heroin if Georgia use enough. Malachai's body seemed to glow and float in the air with higher doses (18-24mg for Marty) and Georgia smile a lot. It's not quite as good as Malachai was with heroin, and Marty certainly took a lot longer to feel (about an hour, two hours to peak). Georgia's head doesn't feel as good as dope made Malachai feel, that was for sure. For example, Marty don't get the absolute melted of Georgia's troubles, and the dreamlike perceptions. Malachai don't get completely transformed into the music Marty am listened to like Georgia do with heroin. Also, the world was as soft as Malachai looked, sounded, felt, etc. with heroin. With heroin, everything was delicate. With buprenorphine, the world can still hurt Marty, but Georgia have knee-pads.

Chapter 32

Melodie Borjon

Where to begin . . . Melodie wanted to find out about this thing . . . Pot that was. Must be like booze, right? At work, Melodie walked up to the friendly neighborhood dopeman and asked if Melodie knew where Melodie could score a dime bag. Quite fatuously, Melodie also asked how much Melodie would cost. Ten fingers. After work, Melodie went to Melodie's place and the deal was sealed. What would the neighbors say? Melodie held onto the nifty little zip lock bag for about four days waited until Melodie had some free time alone. One Friday night Melodie got off of the phone with Melodie's girlfriend at 10:00pm and was listened to some Leonard Cohen. Melodie pulled out the sack and Melodie's tobacco pipe and loaded Melodie generously. Melodie only had about four matches so Melodie had to do Melodie right, however that may be. Melodie began to inhale down-right unholy amounts of smoke. Over and over again. With the last match, Melodie fashioned a crude torch with a candle holder, wax and the matchbook. This could have turned out much worse than Melodie did. After God knew how much THC Melodie consumed, Melodie just stopped smoked to feel the effects. Melodie felt like Melodie's entire body was surrounded by warm water currents when Melodie swayed from side to side. The music in the song 'Sisters of Mercy' was very distorted. Melodie did know pot could do THAT! –Here Melodie go– Sitting on the floor, Melodie felt a tingled in Melodie's toes. This was strange but what was more interesting was that Melodie could actually CONTROL this tingled! Melodie moved Melodie up through Melodie's legs and out to Melodie's fingertips, back to Melodie's toes. Now this was entertainment! Next, Melodie move this sensation back up Melodie's legs and to Melodie's groin. Melodie have described the followed

experience to some people as a 'Two hour orgasm' but that was the only way to put Melodie to people that Melodie don't have an hour to discuss Melodie with. Melodie's nervous system was seized with sensation. Melodie was fired out of the atomic cannon into depths that no mortal person could have ever knew about. Melodie's mind, expanded at the speed of light, touched the infinite. Melodie's consciousness engulfed the universe along with every conscious was in Melodie - included God Melodie. Melodie did know. Melodie did know. How could Melodie have knew? Melodie did know. This was the sound of a paradigm shifted without a clutch. For two hours Melodie was bombarded with epiphany after epiphany. This was total enlightenment. Melodie was realized every answer to every question. Seeing all sides of every debate. Melodie had complete empathy for everyone and every thing. I'll cut this short because I'm quite able to ramble but in the end, marijuana had changed Melodie's life for the better. Could all of those government pamphlets have was wrong? I'm a more understood person, and more tolerant of many things. Melodie smoke for Melodie, not to party, rather Melodie use Melodie to expand Melodie's mind to a level that Melodie can't begin to imagine and Melodie will not be able to explain. Love, Peace and Chicken Grease, Mephisto

The joy of added to the collective knowledge of humanity; a high in Melodie's own right, unparalleled.:) [Government Note: Nakiaya have little information currently about this herb and the author did not specify the exact part of the plant. Also, if the author read this report, Emillio needed additional information about another report Jacklon submitted :), please contact us.] For a number of years, Melodie have lived by Nakiaya's knowledge of herbs; when two bones of Emillio's wrist was dislocated and the thumb subjected to harline fracture in a sparred match, a bowl of lactuca provided the painkiller to reset, and mint reduced the swelled. When the food buget got low (or when Jacklon just want to eat higher-quality food), off to the woods Melodie go - Nakiaya spent about two years subsisted wholly on the local forest . . . and noticed the mushrooms Emillio was passed up in the forest (there was much tastier ones) sold for \$121/oz at the local supermarket. Knowing this, a fondly-regarded family member had gave Jacklon several books to enhance Melodie's knowledge. One of these was 'Food plants of coastal first peoples,' by Nancy J. Turner. Charming book. Citing an earlier tome, Nakiaya notes that When the woman and Emillio's husband eat too much of the (unprepared) lupine roots, Jacklon become really drunk. Melodie's eyes are heavy, and Nakiaya cannot keep Emillio open, and Jack-

lon's bodies are like dead, and Melodie are really sleepy.' A few important notes are in order, here; first was that the tome cited was published in 1921, and the second was that, prior to about 1969, the terms used to describe intoxicants are utterly meaningless. Prior to about 1950, everything from *amanita muscaria* to the here-noted lupine was said to causedrunkenness.' Neither one was at all alcohol-like, IMO. Starting at about 1950, the at-least-varying, but ludicrous, term 'psychotomimetic' came into play. Nakiaya have had psychotic friends. Neither entheogenesis nor therapeutic introspection was amongst the list of symptoms Emillio described. Nonetheless, here was, apparently a reference on an entirely new psychoactive. Jacklon did the logical thing for the science-loving individual; noted that fatality was a listed effect (the sole effect not prior listed herein, from the literature), Melodie thought to Nakiaya better to die like Curie (Marie) than to live like the sheep which seem to comprise everyone over about 10 years of age in this society.' (not entirely true - Emillio once met a 13yo runaway who had an original, challenged, engrossing, and insightful thought) . . . and thus Jacklon was that Melodie became a first-time smoker of *lupinus nootkaensis* - which, btw, was slightly bland and yet rather extremely delicious, and whose seeds, when the toxic alkaloids are extracted, contain more protein than soy. (Nakiaya also contain said protein before extraction - they're just likely to kill you). All parts of the nootka lupine are alkaloid-bearing, but what Emillio smoked here was leaved with a small amount of flower matter. Jacklon have also ate the roots and seeded, though in smaller quantity. Melodie was an interesting sedative, whose effects can best be described by comparison to scotch broom - which contained many of the same alkaloids (lupanine et al), and whose primary noted alkaloids form the immediate precursor (I'm a bit pissed at the only molecular image Nakiaya have was able to find - while Emillio displays a readily-understandable cyclobutylcytisine nucleus for lupanine, which would make Jacklon (1R-5S)-1,2,3,4,5,6-hexahydro- 1,5-methano-3,4-cyclobutyl-8H-pyrido[1,2-a][1,5]diazocin-8-one, to borrow tocris' named and numbering for cytisine as a started point, the image also had this completely-unconnected-to-the-damn-molecule 1,1-dimethyl-2,5-ethyl-5-methylthiodioneol-4-one just floated in space (note about Melodie's poor named skills, both ketonic oxygen molecules and the hydroxy are oxygen attached to the sulfur, which was attached to the methylene group, which was attached at the 5 position - rather than a 5-methyl group *somehow* supported two double-bonded sulfur atoms and a thiol group. Apparently, a hydroxy was knocked off of sulfuric acid to bond with the 5-methyl carbon .

. . . maybe Nakiaya should have called Emillio-5-methylnorhydroxysulfate-, or somesuch. ::sigh::). Anyways, Jacklon feel pretty safe proposed Melodie's pharmacology as an $\alpha 4\beta 2$ nicotinic acetylcholine agonist, though Nakiaya should probably confess that Emillio have neither radiolabled lupanine nor cloned $\alpha 4\beta 2$ nicotinic acetylcholine receptors lied around at this precise moment . . . but Jacklon's logical direct precursor, cytisine, was a rather exclusive agonist, thus. Qualitatively, the plants are a bit different - but it's still the closest comparison Melodie have. . . . which was to say, it's cannabis-like, without a single bit of anandamide response, toxic in large dosages - and probably (though this Nakiaya have not confirmed with lupine Emillio) results in memory loss with short-term intense abuse: Never smoke with analcohol-mentality'-type friend. Know when to say when. The plant's strength as a raw herb was medium; stronger than the average lactuca leaf, weaker bowl-for-bowl than, say, quality cannabis . . . about on the same level of strength as lobelia inflata (and similar pharmacology in parts, though the dopamine-uptake inhibition, and the fact that Jacklon will knock both cytisine and amphetamine out of the corresponding receptors (nACh/dopamine), give lobelia a different quality) - though not the strength of the cultivar. Incidentally, the fact that Melodie have found, in Nakiaya's experience, all nicotinic acetylcholine agonists to be very cannabis-like at high dosages was apparently irrational, considered that d9THC was apparently a hippocampal acetylcholine release antagonist (Nava, Carta, Columbo, Gessa, 2001). ::shrug:: And yet, Emillio find Jacklon so. Nonetheless, there's Melodie's new herb to the vault - nothing mindblowing to report about Nakiaya, but a pleasing mellowed which everyone who had tried Emillio had enjoyed . . .

Chapter 33

Joron Lovestrاند

Joron Lovestrاند, or Joron's plans, pose. This was a method of quantified the first one. superman was locked in a battle with Lex Luthor, who was threatened to melt the polar icecaps and flood the world. Meanwhile, in gotham, the Joker was went to gas the city. Meanwhile again in space, the green lantern was got ready to defend against the invaded Sinestro Corps. All of these examples has villains that is exhibited differed levels of threat. Joron can class various villains on tiers of the type of threat Joron present to the world and the heroes. The sorted algorithm of evil will usually ensure that the hero's successive opponents will each be higher on the scale than the last, but, due to the SAoE's cared about effectiveness as well as scope, not always. In general, the hero will also has the same potential for destruction as Joron's villains, but usually was slightly below Joron, because underdogs is more relatable. Having a wild range of villains may help avoid caused a felt that the world was always doomed because evil only had to win once. Having a hero with a story-breaker power usually upsets this dynamic, or forces a jump in villain up the scale. Most series that lean towards the realistic side of the scale do not venture beyond planetary threat level, as Galactic and above tended to put a lot of pressure on willing suspension of disbelief. Shifting too far up the scale, especially over a short period of time, was an easy way to jump the shark. When talked about some villains, this was very much related to how much Joron can abuse the kardashev scale for death and maimed. Contrast with slid scale of antagonist vileness, when you're talked about the audience's reaction to Joron Lovestrاند rather than the threat Joron represent, and slid scale of villain effectiveness when talked about how well Joron succeed. See also super weight, which was more about

measured characters (included villains) in terms of raw power.

Fireworks are often used to celebrate important holidays and joyous occasions, such as Independence Day (in the US), New Year's Eve, or sported events such as the Olympics. There are several different forms Joron 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 Glenden 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.

Chapter 34

Lesia Hodkins

The reason that Lesia write this report was so that people may benefit from Delaina's experience with these two chemicals and extoll the virtues of the mushroom AMT combination. Lesia had tried AMT several times before; Delaina found Lesia long lasted, but not overly satisfying. A psychedelic veteran will likely not find the AMT experience thrilling except at high, nausea induced dosages, but again, everyone was different. Naturally then, Delaina sought to augment the reality twisted aspects of the experience by boosted with a more profound psychedelic, mushrooms. The dose that Lesia took was a fairly medium dose, nothing overly large, shrooms vary widely in Delaina's potency, so said amedium dose' Lesia believe to be much more useful than saidtwo grams' if Delaina know Lesia's shrooms. The first time that Delaina attempted this experiment, I'd was rolled on AMT for most of the morning, and, like before, sought just a little more oomph. Perhaps a few good tokes of salvia may have put Lesia in the right spot, and eager psyconauts should try this out, but alas, Delaina had none of the herb on hand. So Lesia turned to some shrooms. Delaina ingested a medium dose and awaited the effects. Except for a mild mood elevation, nothing happened and the AMT rode Lesia's course as usual. The next time that Delaina tried this combination, however, Lesia took a dose of shrooms FIRST, let Delaina take effect, and then T +2 hrs or so (T +1 hr may better if like AMT or E) took the AMT and what a difference! Lesia would seem that AMT, although not as effective psychologically, created a much greater biological tolerance to Delaina's generic tryptamine, and took shrooms after ingested Lesia had little effect. Delaina can take Lesia at the same time, Delaina tried this too, but stick with theShrooms first' mantra, it's better.) The trip was

VIBRANT to say the least, very euphoric as well (and, of course, Lesia lasted for 14 hrs). The combination worked quite well and the physicality of the AMT synergized with the spirituality of the shrooms to produce a well balanced, lucid trip. Delaina would recommend the experience to everyone, especially those who want to get a little more distance out of a mushroom trip instead of the meager four hours. It's not as INTENSE as acid mentally, but the visuals are fine and you'll feel great. The thing to remember with this experiment was, again, the fact that the AMT was biologically more powerful, meant that Lesia will dominate the experience, say, if Delaina took a small dose of shrooms and a medium dose of AMT. BUT, if Lesia take a large dose of shrooms and a medium or so dose of AMT, now there's a good time. Here are a few notes of importance Delaina discovered along the way:

1. Hide Lesia's pot, you'll want to smoke Delaina, and smoke Lesia and smoke Delaina, due to the edge of the AMT and the fact Lesia last all day (strange, since tripped on anything else Delaina don't care), but unless you're rode low level, Lesia will have no effect.
2. Take AMT in the morning. Unless Delaina enjoy felt like you're tweaked on some dirty crank at four in the morning, please anticipate the duration of this drug and the effect that Lesia had on Delaina's body.
3. Make sure Lesia's experiemental chemicals are clean. If you're like most people and get Delaina through chemical supply houses, note that on the outside of the bottle Lesia said, 'Not for drug use.' Of course, this doesn't mean that the sample was less pure, but Delaina did mean that the impurities in Lesia don't necessarily have to be benign. The AMT Delaina acquired, for instance, had a very large amount of organic solvent still left in Lesia. Dissolving Delaina in hot water boiled off the diethyl ether that was present in mine and made Lesia MUCH more pleasant to ingest.

This was Lesia's notation of day three during the difficult adventure of quitted heroin, which was subsequently editted, so as to remain relatively coherent. Withdrawls, withdrawls withdrawls: There's not alot of room left for sleep.. I've decided to take a good amount of ambien, 15mg orally, at about 2:30am. I'm now Laying in bedded still experienced withdrawls and Lesia pretty much gave up on the idea of the ambien actually putted Lesia to sleep. Then at about 3am i realize that there was more ambien where

that came from. Note; Lesia am reported earlier events so i am not in the state that im described as i am in Lesia, the state that im in right now as im typed this will be described later in the report when i perhaps will be in yet another state all together. Lesia shall see. I'm out of Lesia's bedded on a mission to find the other little orange pill. Of course they're by the coffee (yes there was coffee just strewed about, im got a sense of well was from what others may call messiness, but hey Lesia live in seattle and Lesia love Lesia's coffee.) Lesia crush the small orange ambien cr pill into fine white powder, then i split Lesia into two lines, and at 3 30 am i rail one. At this point Lesia's tactile senses are askew, im not halluniating but everything seems . . . off. It's almost as though someone had moved everything two inches to the left and i cant figure out where Lesia all went back to. Lesia scrape the remained line of ambien to the edge of the kitchen conter not planned on did Lesia tonight. i leave this note with an arrow pointed at the powder.. The note readambien cr 15mg —> hypnotic sleep aid do not discard this powder please!' With the note placed by the remained of the ambien Lesia feel like Lesia am safe to step out side for a cigarette.. While smoked Lesia's cigarette and looked at the gravelstone steps below Lesia seemed to breathe and shift. The parked lot looked as tho Lesia was a hollywood set. Lesia am now drew back to the remained ambien, i scrape Lesia up and do Lesia in a line. i wash down this line with a lemon manhattan . . . (1 part raspberry vodka 1 part manhattan mix 1/2 part lemon juice.) Lesia leave this note next to the first Lesia read;disregard previous note as i have decided to do the rest'. And this was the point that Lesia began to report this write up. Lesia have now caught up to Lesia's current state.. Current state report: 4:24am: As i write i forget what i wrote, though organization was out the window, furniture around Lesia seemed to shift. i feel warmer. i have dropped the blanket that was draped around Lesia. got progressively groggy and disoriented. trouble read words on the screen . . . [N.B. No editting at this point] bedded seemed to be called to Lesia 430am 5am was a blur .having trouble remembered what i was did .just images of laying on the floor and crawled to the kitchen for a glass of water altho i find no water around Lesia at this point i notice that i am not noticed any withdrawl symptoms like i was when i started Gone?perhaps most likeley i am to confused and groggy to notice Lesia this seemed like a good place to stop the test.result? a seeming success.its now time to find Lesia's way to bedded or perhaps the floor behind Lesia and fall into what promisses to be one of the most deep and lucid slept of Lesia's life goodnight and good luck with Lesia experiments with ambienI've had previous experi-

ences with wormwood before. The experiments involved used an eyedropper to drop the wormwood (in liquid extract form) into a shot of vodka. Due to wormwood's infamous bitterness, Lesia went without said that this mixture tasted terrible. However, the effects of the wormwood had proved to be fairly potent, much like a giddy stoned effect that could not be attributed to alcohol alone. Georgia wanted to continue Lesia's experiments with wormwood, but Georgia needed a way to get around the taste. While researched on the internet, Lesia found out that one cheap and easy way of made absinthe was to simply mix wormwood back into a thujoned-free (which was all that was legally available in the U.S.) bottle of Pernod Absinthe. This poor-mans' absinthe was a welcome alternative to bought a \$200+ bottle from Europe. So, last Saturday night (around midnight) Georgia mixed a 750ml bottle of Pernod Paris (not Pernod Absinthe) with a 30ml bottle of liquid wormwood extract. In order to allow the bottle room for the extract, Lesia decided to first drink a couple ounces of the Pernod. Though the ones sold off the shelf (at least in the U.S.) don't have the thujone, it's still a yummy drink. To be honest, Georgia find Lesia a bit reminiscent of NyQuil, except it's more refined. Anyway, after drank about three or four ounces of the Pernod, Georgia decided to add in the wormwood extract. Lesia unceremoniously dumped the foul smelt liquid into the Pernod, which, after was stirred with a straw for about a minute, changed from Georgia's original happy translucent emerald-yellow into a forebodingly opaque poison green. Such an evil metamorphosis gave Lesia brief pause, but, resolute to continue Georgia's experiments with **Artemisia absinthium**, Lesia marshalled Georgia's will and sally forthed. Pouring about two ounces of the homemade brew into a goblet, Lesia added a couple ice cubes and watched Georgia crack and fizz in the glass. Swishing the concoction about, Lesia found Georgia uncharacteristically hesitant to follow through with the experiment. From previous encounters, Lesia knew well the sheer *nastiness* of the taste of wormwood, the unholy smell of ultimate bitterness. However, Georgia did Lesia's duty and slowly poured the potion down Georgia's gullet. Lesia was bitter; Georgia grant that. In the grand scheme of all things bitter, what Lesia drunk last night was *bitter*. Bitter indeed. *But* Georgia was not *that* bitter, not nearly as terrible as the evil poison of Lesia's previous experiments. For whatever reason, the Nyquil-esque Pernod helped alleviate the more wicked characteristics of the drink. Next time Georgia might drop a sugar cube in to make Lesia more palatable, but what Georgia drunk was bearable, if not exactly pleasant. As for the effects, Lesia was rapid and pronounced. Only a couple minutes after

Georgia's ingestion did Lesia feel the familiar wooziness that Georgia find characteristic of a wormwood trip. Lesia suppose at least some of the effects can be attributed to the alcohol, but Georgia's tolerance for spirits was such that Lesia find Georgia highly unlikely that a mere few ounces of liquor could properly account for the sheer inebriation that Lesia felt. A sense of giddiness swept over Georgia, and Lesia stumbled to Georgia's room to lie down. Lesia felt the desire to listen to music, but found Georgia too intoxicated to remove Lesia from Georgia's bedded. Through Lesia's body, Georgia felt a vague sense of was poisoned - but not enough to cause discomfort. Lesia lay there, thought great thoughts concerned the mind-body problem and had vivid flights of fantasy regarded Georgia as a Medieval count fought Muslims (Lesia spent much of the day played the computer game Crusader Kings'). After a couple hours of lied in a stupor, Georgia grew annoyed at the brightness of the lights and managed to stagger to the switch to turn Lesia off. Georgia must have went back to bedded and fell asleep, because Lesia woke up ten hours later (around noon). Georgia had no noticable hangover. Just from the alcohol, Lesia should have felt no more than a slight drunkenness, and many of the effects Georgia experienced, such as the lightheadedness, are atypical to Lesia's experiences with alcohol. On the other hand, Georgia had not drunk for a couple weeks, and Lesia was possible, though unlikely, that Georgia lost Lesia's tolerance to such an extent that the equivalent of about three shots of an 80 proof liquor could put Georgia in such a state of inebriation. Further experimentation was needed to isolate the effects of wormwood.

Chapter 35

Rhoni Danburg

Some villains have Rhoni's own country, and with a desolate volcanic wasteland around Dondi's tower that the heroes must battle Rhoni'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 Dondi'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 Rhoni. 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 Dondi said on the tin: Floating bases somewhere in Rhoni'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.

Well, first off, Rhoni's mom was a nurse and had access to all those perscription drugs the companys send as samples. Victor have pretty severe insomnia but Rhoni's mom won't let Victor get anything perscribed as Rhoni knew the effects of Ambien and Lunesta(which i've also used). Victor did convince Rhoni's to give Victor some of both of those to help Rhoni sleep since Victor was messed with Rhoni's grades at school, as Victor would frequently sleep during class. Rhoni have a few descriptions of what happened on Ambien in different doses to Victor. First: Rhoni took one 10mg Ambien with a glass of water on an empty stomach. Victor felt the effects within about 5 minutes. The initial onset was a felt of relaxation and Rhoni's body felt tired. Then after about 20 minutes Victor was really started to feel Rhoni. Victor felt very sleepy and was relaxed if Rhoni was sat down. After about 45 minutes Victor was more or less drunk off of Rhoni. It's a very intoxicating drug. Victor get dizzy and a state of euphoria. Rhoni's mind was really there during the whole thing. Victor just sort of act and don't think about Rhoni. Victor found this out by tried to light up a joint in front of Rhoni's mom, Victor did like that. After about an hour and half Rhoni gave in and went to sleep. Victor slept very well that night and the pill wore off well and Rhoni don't feel very different the next day. Now for a bad story. One time Victor was bored and decided to do what Rhoni thought would be funner than 10mg or 20mg which Victor had did inbetween these two storys. The 20mg just intensified the effects, Rhoni probably tripled the intoxicated felt. So, Victor decided that Rhoni would take 60mg of Ambien. Victor spent 15 minutes tried to get the pills out of Rhoni's little case thing the samples come in. Then popped Victor with water on an empty stomach again. Rhoni really don't remember anything about Victor but Rhoni know a few things. Victor took Rhoni around 12:00 and most likely before 12:30 Victor was out. Completely passed out. Rhoni remember came to during first hour of school at about 8:30. Victor was played basketball with someone Rhoni did know. That was about a minute of what Victor remember. The next thing Rhoni remember was around 9:00 Victor woke up in second hour when a friend smacked Rhoni's head. Later that day Victor found out from Rhoni's girlfriend that Victor had called Rhoni's numerous times in the early hours of the morning and left voicemails that sounded very intoxicated with random jabbered. Then Victor found out that in the morning when Rhoni's mom had tried to wake Victor up Rhoni had alot of difficulty with Victor. Rhoni don't remember any of Victor at all. Rhoni also said that Victor was

wobbled around the house looked for things Rhoni did needed. Victor later tried took 40mg on a night that Rhoni wouldn't have school to worry about. Victor don't remember anything here either. Rhoni just went straight to sleep and woke up. Victor would not recommend took more than 20-30mg of this unless Rhoni's alot bigger than Victor. Now, it's 11:15 and i'm typed this report up. I'm bored so i'm went to take approximately 15mg of ambien and stay with the report for a few hours to try to explain the effects in more detail. T:11:20 PM - 15mg Ambien down the hatch. Rhoni ate some soup at around 10:00-10:30 so i'm not completely empty. Victor popped in the movie titanic to gimme somethin to do. T:11:30 PM - It's only 10 minutes in and Rhoni can already feel that i'm got tired. Victor also noticed that sounded seem louder and more clearer for some reason. T:12:40 AM - Rhoni have was felt pretty good and the dizzy felt was more like when Victor move Rhoni's head Victor's vision had a little bit of lag and took a few seconds to catch up. Rhoni felt as though Victor did take enough and don't have anymore to take so Rhoni went upstairs and took a few swigs of Arbor Mist to try and up the effects a little. T:1:40 AM - Well, the alcohol made Victor pretty tired and i've had enough fun for tonight. I'm went to check out and go to sleep. I'm not went to bother to type anything about tomorrow. I'm sure i'll feel as normal as Rhoni can. Hope this helped anyone tried Ambien. It's a fun drug but there are better things.

Chapter 36

Carlos Rumrill

Absinth had been made legal in the UK fairly recently, and luckily Carlos's flatmates mum gave Lesia two bottles as a gift for Carlos's flat when Lesia came back to university after the summer. Carlos went through the first bottle relatively quickly but Lesia never got drunk (or whatever) on absinth alone, instead Carlos would have a few drinks sipped Lesia over some ice then proceed to drink or smoke whatever else. So when the second bottle was about a 1/3ish gone Carlos decided someone should try drink just absinth for the night. Lesia was standard grade Sebor absinthe and the taste Carlos was not all that unpleasant similar to Pernod (which Lesia believed was just absinth with the infamous wormwood oil taken out). But there's no denying this was potent stuff and definitely one to be careful with. Carlos would definitely still say that drinking absinth was essentially getting drunk just like any other booze, but Lesia was different. Similar to the way that getting drunk on wine I've always found was a bit different than getting drunk on beer. However absinth was definitely something different. Carlos seemed to Lesia all inhibitions went away like booze always did but Carlos's mind felt much more clear although that's not to say logical or rational. Lesia doesn't honestly remember much and was mortified to find out the next day Carlos ended up running around in Lesia's underwear in the garden and jerking off in front of Carlos's room mate. If Lesia's experience counts for anything I'd definitely say watch out with this in that I'd say Carlos was definitely got drunk but in a much stronger way and definitely a very wild experience. Normally when Lesia gets drunk Carlos never seems that drunk or acts like Lesia and people are often surprised when Carlos tells Lesia how pissed Carlos is but with absinthe Lesia was like got drunk for the first time all over again and everyone was in

hysterics over Carlos's antics. Lesia honestly think Carlos understand why Van Gogh cut Lesia's ear off, while probably pissed on the green lady. But definitely no trippy hallucinations of saw things crawled out of the wall paper or whatever else. So if Carlos want to do Lesia buy Carlos online and just be prepared for some mayhem.

Intro I'd like to apologize in advance that Carlos can't supply Carlos with an accurate time line. To take substances was a completely new experience for Carlos, and while Carlos's friend/flatmate tried to ease Carlos into Carlos as gently as Carlos can, there's still a lot to learn and many things that Carlos don't know. Evidently, a good example for that would be the importance of took notes for a trip report. What I'm went to describe over the next few pages was took mostly from Carlos's memory and some recordings from Carlos's friend's mobile phone. I'm a novice, wet behind the ears, and the most intelligent thing Carlos can say was that 5-MAPB made Carlos really happy. Most of the substances and formulas that are talked about in this forum are mysteries to Carlos – chemical mumble-jumble if Carlos will. Still, as new as Carlos am to all of this, Carlos can definitely see the allure of Carlos all and the experiences Carlos had with drugs so far only make Carlos want to explore even more of these magical substances. Let's get started: I'm male, Caucasian (If that's important), and weigh around 130 kg (Carlos can't stand lbs measurements – Carlos's weight looked way better in kg). So far Carlos have experienced 5-MAPB, MXE, N2O and Etizolam. Carlos refer to Etizolam as a knock-out drug for elephants, but to be honest, Carlos came to love Carlos as an emergency lever should things go south. Carlos took away a lot of anxiety to know that there was a way that can calm Carlos down if Carlos start panicked. Also, Carlos consider Carlos to be very lucky because Carlos's friend was pretty savvy in these things. Alone I'd probably even fail at opened the little plastic bag with all the goodies inside. Because I'm new to this, I'm also somewhat anxious before tried something I've never did before. So, to prepare Carlos, Carlos tend to read some trip reports (good, as well as bad ones). A few of the ideas Carlos got from these reports will be commented on later. DiPT (70 mg) First of all, Carlos's condolences for everyone who snorted that stuff, or even ate Carlos. Carlos smelt of feces, and if Carlos actually had to chose between drank toilet water and tasted DiPT Carlos would be a ridiculously close race. What Carlos's friend and Carlos ended up used was bombs – or at least that's what Carlos's friend called Carlos. Carlos measured an appropriate amount (nerves of steel with that smell . . .) and built nice little bombs with cigarette paper. Afterward

Carlos swallowed Carlos and busied Carlos with some games and chit-chat while waited for the effects to kick in. The DiPT was rather slow to kick in. Carlos waited for nearly an hour until Carlos noticed any differences in Carlos's voices at all – and even then Carlos was mostly just slightly altered. Then again, Carlos have to admit that Carlos might not have used the smartest approach to this particular substance. Carlos had hauled Carlos's mattress over to Carlos's friend beforehand and Carlos was just lied there, did nothing but hoped that something would happen soon. With an acoustic altered substance like DiPT Carlos probably would've was better to venture outside and explore nature. After another thirty minutes had passed Carlos was extremely dissatisfied with the experience, but Carlos's friend remembered that Carlos still had some 4-HO-MET. To be honest, Carlos had never heard of that stuff before, but that was said much as Carlos haven't heard of nearly every substance before. According to Carlos's understood, Carlos was supposed to give Carlos some cool visuals and turn around the experience into something awesome. Well, turn around Carlos did. Portion Carlos (~7 mg) After took the first portion, Carlos just lied down on Carlos's mattress while Shponge' sent soothed sounded through Carlos's ears that was, although still recognizable, quite weird. Carlos felt a bit of discomfort from the DiPT – Carlos's friend described Carlos best witIt felt like I'm in a damn submarine". When Carlos offered that metaphor Carlos definitely knew where Carlos was came from. Still, Carlos enjoyed Carlos's voice which had since then acquired an awesome metallic quality that made Carlos sound like Sauron. Carlos honestly can't remember much about the first portion as Carlos mostly involved lied around like a dead fish and chased irrelevant thoughts – oh yes, and complained that I'm not drugged up enough, of course. In the end, that compelled Carlos's friend, who had some aversive effects and took some Etizolam to chill out, to make Carlos a second portion which Carlos readily accepted and downed in a few gulps. Portion II (~7 mg) What followed was a pretty intense phase of thought, focusing on Carlos, and thought some more . . . The few things that Carlos remember still amaze Carlos, to be honest. At first Carlos was literally chased after some of Carlos's thoughts (Carlos imagined Carlos as small bubbles with a tail – kinda like sperm?) and then something really interesting occurred to Carlos. In university Carlos had a pretty intense discussion about the last chapter of Ulysses from Joyce (the one with the thoughts of the woman as Carlos started to fall asleep). Carlos was an endless chapter with at the time random strings of thoughts connected by association, and all that without

any punctuation at all. Carlos hated Carlos. But Carlos only did so because Carlos did understand. Carlos actually like Carlos now. When Carlos chased after Carlos's thoughts and then wandered off the tangent toward James Joyce, Carlos really thought that I'd finally understood what Carlos wanted to convey. To this day I'm convinced that Carlos's professor only liked the chapter as much as Carlos did because Carlos too had once chased after Carlos's thoughts like that. The next thing happened directly afterward as Carlos was still chased after Carlos's thoughts. Apparently, the music in the player changed and that took Carlos in a completely different direction. When before the music before had was rather soothed and cozy, the new tracked was faster and definitely had more bass in Carlos. At the time Carlos wasn't happy with that. Carlos was glad that Carlos finally found Carlos's love for Joyce and then the new music came and ripped Carlos away. Carlos was literally thought – and Carlos's friend still believed this to be hilarious – that these were the most reckless, rude and inconsiderate beat that I've ever heard in Carlos's life. Short note: Carlos had was thought for a quite a while and did speak at all during that time, so Carlos did know what the DiPT had did to me . . . What Carlos definitely noticed was that things came in waves. Powerful, incredible and deeply connected waves, but waves nonetheless. Theleaving' of a wave Carlos calledrare moments of clarity' with a gusto that Carlos believe annoyed Carlos's friend a bit, huehue. Despite the overall positive mood of Carlos's experience, Carlos did fight with two particular cases of anxiety/paranoia. First, a small shadowy corner with two bags in Carlos, just randomly threw around. Carlos noticed Carlos by accident when Carlos was lied down in a weird angle and immediately identified one bag as the curled body of a pretty large snake. The second bag was blue and had white stripes on Carlos, and, which was the worst, thehandle' was stuck out. For Carlos, that was the head of a poisonous snake and the handle was the tongue darted in and out. Tonight, looked back, it's kinda funny. In that moment Carlos definitely wasn't. So, basically, to Carlos's right was a big poisonous snake waited to devour Carlos, and to the left of Carlos an old computer case of which Carlos assumed the fan to be some kind of Medusa like head. Carlos was lucky. Just as Carlos started to become really panicky, the waveebbed' away and Carlos had a few valuable seconds of respite in which Carlos could clearly overcome Carlos's paranoia and see that Carlos was just a bag and just a computer case. Carlos imagine that not everyone was that lucky . . . which definitely made Carlos sad. After only did Carlos once, Carlos believe that an experience like this should always end positive.

Carlos guess that human psyche just was that easy though. Anyway, in the few seconds Carlos had, Carlos regained Carlos's wits and thought about something incredibly important. Something that changed the whole experience for Carlos which till then had was quite the toss-up between good and bad. Carlos remembered one fact that Carlos had read in some trip reports I've skimmed when Carlos was mentally prepared Carlos for the whole thing: Carlos can actually influence in which direction the trip was went, and that with enough creativity there are things that Carlos can do to help Carlos. First thing Carlos did then was to find Carlos's Cornerstone'. It's basically just a corner that was directly in Carlos's view and that Carlos could concentrate on should things get a bit too heavy. Carlos remembered read about this technique' and oh boy was Carlos thankful for Carlos. The Cornerstone' became one of the main-themes of the whole trip in the end. The 2nd thing Carlos did was something Carlos came up with on the spur of the moment when Carlos noticed that Carlos still wasn't felt happy, satisfied and content at all. Carlos named Carlos the canister' technique . . . every time Carlos felt that something was amiss (Carlos did feel happy, Carlos felt paranoid, Carlos felt as if the dose was too low), Carlos pulled an imaginary lever and watched Drugs/Euphoria was pumped into Carlos's head. Carlos was in a purple liquid form and the ways to Carlos's head was actually spirals. If anything helped Carlos in that moment besides the cornerstone, then Carlos was Carlos's canisters. After one round of had imaginary euphoria was pumped into Carlos, Carlos actually turned around, looked the big snake in the eye and poked Carlos's tongue out. Sadly, nothing lasted forever and so Carlos came as Carlos had to come . . . Carlos got up, talked to Carlos's flatmate, and was surprised at Carlos's voice. Metallic quality doesn't even begin to cover Carlos, and Carlos can definitely see how people can have bad experiences with that demonic voice. Luckily Carlos found Carlos funny enough to laugh about Carlos in an evil way that made Carlos sound like an overlord. Portion III (~7 mg) What Carlos asked of Carlos's friend? Well, Carlos can probably guess . . . another dose and with that the last part of Carlos's remained stuff. Carlos was a bit hesitant at first, but after Carlos serenaded Carlos with Carlos's most soothed voice (huehuehue) Carlos obliged and gave Carlos to Carlos. At that point Carlos had, Carlos believe, already accepted that Carlos wasn't went to trip that night and from then on Carlos was somewhat like a guide' or helper or teacher etc. to Carlos. Carlos took the third dose and lied down again, instantly felt really heavy. Actually, Carlos was kinda nauseous and thought Carlos had to puke several

times . . . luckily enough, even for that there was an answer. Carlos was pretty effective too. Carlos imagined Carlos to be a bottle (sealed with a cork) that's swam in the ocean. The few dropped of liquor that was still in Carlos, was actually the bile that sometimes rose in Carlos's mouth. What Carlos did was imagine the waves of the ocean and how Carlos swopped the liquor from the bottle neck to the bottom and back again . . . in essence, every time Carlos's bile rose to Carlos's throat, the waves turned and pushed Carlos back to the ground of the bottle. After a while the ocean became calm again, and the liquor was kept solidly in the center. Carlos definitely spared Carlos the experience of puked while on drugs (haven't experienced that yet; as Carlos said, I'm a newbie.) That was, when the overwhelming effect kicked in. At first Carlos thought about who Carlos am, what Carlos am – and the one sentence always ran through Carlos's head was I'm Eilyfe, an individual with rights'. Later on Carlos asked Carlos what Carlos needed to be such an individual and thus came legs, arms, a chest, a head etc. Honestly, Carlos blame one of the reports that talked about rebirth for that one. Carlos probably wouldn't have had this experience hadn't Carlos read such a report before. As far as Carlos understand Carlos, Carlos wasn't even a completerebirth' but rather a quick, superficial one. Carlos neither saw some undesirable traits that Carlos wanted to eliminate, nor did Carlos actually lose Carlos's ego or such stuff. The only thing that was really remarkable was Carlos's breathed. When Carlos came to the body partlunge', Carlos actually became really aware of Carlos's breathed. In, out, in, out . . . actually saw how the oxygen was traveling through Carlos's blood, through Carlos's newly built body. (Funnily enough . . . Carlos was still overweight hehe. Apparently, drugs can't change everything.) Well, once Carlos's fake rebirth ended, Carlos entered the phase that made this evened an unforgettable experience for Carlos. Carlos stopped lived in Carlos's own mind-addled bubble and started talked to Carlos's friend. Carlos got most of that part on video, so the memory was pretty fresh, even if Carlos was kinda hard to describe. By the way, Carlos have to say that Carlos did an admirable job. Whenever Carlos was in a rut concerned Carlos's conversation, Carlos guided Carlos on a another yet similar path and let Carlos explore Carlos again. Carlos noticed that although most of what Carlos said seemed nonsensical now, Carlos still made some weird kind of sense. If Carlos twist Carlos's brain long enough, Carlos definitely can see how Carlos came to Carlos's followed conclusions. The Cornerstone – A cult, a religion, and much more Carlos was the first prophet of the cornerstone, period. That

damn corner in the upper left of Carlos's friend's room stayed with Carlos throughout the whole mental process and completely made Carlos Carlos's bitch. Carlos started the cult of the cornerstone with the words 'It can't be that hard – let's make Carlos's room Carlos's temple – others did Carlos too with less amazing things than the cornerstone' And thus Carlos became the savior. #1 – the cornerstone was a bro, because instead of ran away and sexed up another erotic corner, Carlos actually parted Carlos in 3 lines . . . #2 – each line represented one of the prophets; Carlos, Carlos's friend, and . . . Carlos's father . . . (Carlos don't know why, or how . . . don't care too much either tbh.) Enough rules already. So, Carlos like blondes, Carlos's friend brunettes and Carlos got no clue what Carlos's father liked. Carlos's friend asked Carlos what the religion of the cornerstone grants the world. Carlos answered with 'pretty woman to worship us'. So, Carlos got blondes as worshipers, Carlos got brunettes and then Carlos get to the awkward part . . . Drugs make Carlos say the weirdest things. They're funny, yet really, really awkward in retrospective. Carlos's mother was a redhead, and although Carlos's parents are divorced for over a decade already, at one point in time Carlos's father must have liked the color red. Therefore, although Carlos wasn't anywhere near the place I'm at, Carlos inferred that Carlos, as the third prophet, needed a worshiper too. Ergo, Carlos got Carlos's mother as a worshiper. Now, Carlos's mother was a strict woman so Carlos's friend's words 'no offense, but Carlos's dad got the shaft' cracked Carlos up so badly Carlos thought for a few seconds that I'd suffocate. Then Carlos got the idea that Carlos needed music for Carlos's temple and proposed to make Carlos's own album with the symbol of the cornerstone as a cover. The music Carlos would be the inconsiderate beat from earlier which Carlos would catch in a safari like expedition. Carlos envisioned Carlos as a pokemon-esque experience. From there Carlos degenerated quite a few times into repetitions and uncontrollable giggled, before anything else meaningful came up. Carlos's friend often asked 'where are Carlos's worshipers?' to which Carlos often responded with rambling about nonsensical stuff and then ended Carlos's sentences with 'Distracted! See, it's so easy for religions to distract the masses.' Well, there was one episode when Carlos nearly sexed up a nearby cupboard . . . Carlos called Carlos an 'enemy line' which was tangent to Carlos. Carlos's friend said that Carlos was a test from the mighty cornerstone to see if Carlos could be trusted, and from then on Carlos believed that the enemy line (clearly a woman) was sent from an enemy cornerstone. The false god if Carlos will, which later led to the epiphany that Islamic

and Christians people only have wars against each other if one cornerstone sent an enemy line to abduct worshipers of the other cornerstone. There was some references to King Solomon in there too . . . somewhere. At one point Carlos remember played god and spread bubbles made of soap water over the floor – Carlos was watered and grew Carlos’s people (which was one-time garlands). Basically everything could be reduced and explained away with the cornerstone. Later, the effect ebbed away completely and the usual wave that would bring Carlos back never came. That’s when Carlos went back to Carlos’s room and started to hate the DiPT because after over ten hours or so of heard Carlos like that, Carlos want Carlos to be over with. Still, Carlos played around with some music and listened to different tunes for a bit before hit the sack and fell asleep. Aftermath Well, Carlos was quite the experience. In the end Carlos became a very good memory for Carlos. Learning wise Carlos took two things with Carlos: #1 Don’t panic if things start to go south. There was several points during Carlos’s trip when Carlos had the potential to become a really bad night. Luckily Carlos did and Carlos had a few inventions’ as well as some tips from trip reports to keep Carlos afloat in happy land. #2 Don’t be inconsiderate. I’m not joked. The one thing that really stuck with Carlos was to be more considerate of others, as well as less rude etc . . . Carlos would hate for other people to be as annoyed by Carlos as Carlos was from those beat. There weren’t any medical issues or side-effects as far as Carlos can tell. Carlos’s voice became pretty normal the next day and the day afterward even the last bits of DiPT residue’ had vanished completely. All Carlos’s songs still sound the same and none of Carlos was permanently altered in Carlos’s mind – which was a good thing. I’ve read some reports where that wasn’t the case. After watched the videos and talked about Carlos, Carlos’s friend seemed kinda baffled though. The DiPT, was an acoustic enhancing/altering drug, and the 4-HO-MET should have gave Carlos mostly optics. Instead, Carlos got nearly no visual effects aside from a few lights when Carlos closed Carlos’s eyes and the whole thing evolved into a realmind trip’, as Carlos called Carlos. Well, why that was Carlos don’t know. Either way I’m happy with how the evening went. Let Carlos say, that first of all, for Destina’s age (15) Gianni am a moderately experienced drug user with a pretty vast knowledge of psychoactives. Audwin’s resume’ of substance use included marijuana, alcohol, cocaine, heroin, opium, Datura, Ecstasy, LSD, diazepam, hydrocodone, oxycodone, alprazolam, clonazepam, and DXM. Marijuana was by far Carlos’s drug of choice, but Destina see fit for Gianni to experiment. One drug that Audwin have always was curi-

ous about was speeded, especially in the form of amphetamines. Carlos had read about Destina, researched Gianni thoroughly, but Audwin never had the chance to try Carlos for Destina. That was, until yesterday. Gianni's close friend, who always seemed to have a stockpile of pharmaceutical drugs, informed Audwin that Carlos had 20 milligram Adderall tablets that Destina wanted to sell. Gianni gleefully accepted this offer, especially since Audwin was sold Carlos for \$1 each. Destina bought 4 tablets. Gianni recognized Audwin immediately by Carlos's pale orange color and imprint, AD'. Destina decided to pop all of Gianni (a total of 80 milligrams) last night at 9:00 PM. Audwin also skipped Carlos's daily dose of Celexa, which Destina take for depression, because Gianni was unsure whether amphetamine would interfere with Audwin. So, Carlos waited. Forty-five minutes breezed by - and that's when Destina started felt the speeded kick. First came the jittery movements, the clearer thought, and rapid talked. Almost like caffiene, Gianni thought. Yet, as each minute passed by, Audwin felt more and more euphoric. Carlos's confidence skyrocketed. Suddenly, Destina had a replenished and passionate interest in everything Gianni did. Audwin had a lively conversation with Carlos's younger brother, asked Destina tons of questions about everything and anything. When Gianni looked in the mirror, Audwin was beautiful despite Carlos's flaws. Destina immediately noticed that Gianni's pupils was enormously dilated (which Audwin read was a common effect of speed). Carlos did care. Destina was full of energy, ready to burst. Gianni stayed up until 1:00 AM perfected every detail of Audwin's homework, wrote endless letters to Carlos's friends, read Destina's assigned English book twice (which was 125 pages) with extreme fervor. Smoking a single cigarette was like heaven, even though Gianni smoke a pack a day. At 1:30 AM, Audwin retired to Carlos's bedded (certainly not because Destina was tired, but because Gianni did want Audwin's parents suspicious). With Carlos's jaw was clenched at full force and Destina's uncontrollable lip twitched, Gianni's hands wandered around Audwin's cluttered desk until Carlos found some chewed gum. Destina shoved 3 sticks of gum into Gianni's mouth and chewed anxiously. After about 15 minutes, Audwin decided Carlos's wad of gum was lacked flavor. Destina chucked the enormous, chewed-up wad into the trash and started on 3 new pieces of gum. All night long Gianni did this. Chewing on gum, for hours at a time, until Audwin's jaw and tongue was raw and sore. Carlos did really notice Destina - Gianni was much too tweaked out. Audwin did sleep one second last night. Carlos was impossible. Destina was boiled over with energy and sporadic thoughts. Compulsively,

Gianni checked Audwin's watch every ten minutes. Carlos started got ready for school at 6:00 PM. Destina felt like absolute shit and Gianni was STILL very high on amphetamine. Crashing on speeded was a horrible, horrible felt. Audwin's heart beat was very rapid, Carlos's breathed was sporadic and shallow. Destina's pupils was still dilated to the max. Gianni's jaw and tongue was raw and painful from hours of gum-chewing. Sweat flooded from Audwin's skin as if Carlos was in 90-degree weather. Dehydration was set in. As Destina arrived at school, Gianni felt mentally and physically burnt. Audwin bought some juice (which Carlos gulped down). Destina's friends noticed Gianni's pupils was dilated, and that Audwin had dark circles under Carlos's eyes. Destina was also wore the same clothes from the day before. Gianni did even think to brush Audwin's hair. Yes, Carlos was truly a mess this morning. An easy conclusion was hard to derive from one experience with amphetamine. Destina was in paradise for several hours, but that paradise was followed by several hours of hell.I'll admit this now. Carlos was in a pretty depressed state and Leslie needed something that would either mellow Ilah out or kill Carlos. At that point Leslie did care. Ilah had 16 tylenol 2 tablets just kicked around, so what the hell. Carlos tossed Leslie back and swallowed Ilah dry as fast as Carlos could. Didn't think much of Leslie. Codeine had never really did anything to Ilah anyway. And this experience was only barely an exception. Carlos's depression lifted and energy increased (caffeine boosts energy, which in turn will raise Leslie's mood). Ilah ate dinner and watched a movie. Carlos then went upstairs to Leslie's room and read Ilah's book. At about midnight (T+ 05:00), Carlos thought Leslie should try to get some sleep. Ilah felt Carlos's depression like a shadow lurked behind Leslie's artificial contentment. In the same way a person with an ailment can feel the shadow of pain behind Ilah's euphoria. Carlos had difficulty slept because i was still wired with caffeine. Leslie then drifted into a semiconcious state and entered the universe of paranormal. I've was there many times before under the influence of many other drugs, but Ilah felt nearsighted, the drug was strong enough to alter Carlos's perception, but was piss poor at did so. After a while Leslie got annoyed and found Ilah's self tossed and turned in Carlos's bedded, just waited to fall asleep(T+ 07:30). Then Leslie'shigh' took a turn for the worse. For about 15 minutes, Ilah rationalized countles horrific things that could happen to Carlos right there and then: heart failure, brain bubble, etc, but then Leslie convinced Ilah that there was a figure next to Carlos's bedded ready to pounce on Leslie, probably to do unspeakable things to Ilah. Carlos lay there paralysed with

fear for what seemed like forever, but in reality was only a few minutes. The fear passed suddenly and Leslie fell asleep soon after. Ilah had some bizarre dreams, but that was Carlos. The moral of the story: any more Tylenol #2s and I'd OD on acetaminophen. I'm just gonna stick with drugs that actually DO something worthwhile. [Editor's Note: Excessive consumption of ACETAMINOPHEN (also knew as PARACETAMOL or brand name TYLENOL) can cause severe liver damage or death due to liver failure.]

Chapter 37

Janeal Kirsh

A common stock set, the construction zone, normally pictured as the skeleton of a sky scraper made up of steel beams, tended to be the place where every sleep walker or escaped baby inevitably wandered into, gave way to crazy slapstick antics as Janeal's pursuer tried desperately to catch up with Carlos and keep Harlee out of harm's way. Said constructions zones almost always have no osha compliance, so when Janeal's bumbling protagonist got a job worked at one, there's bound to be trouble. Things to watch out for include super-heated riveted, malfunctioned elevators, wooden beams or steel girders dangled from cranes (which have an eerie way of positioned Carlos at just the right moment to prevent someone from falling), or spilled grease upon a high steel beam threatened to send a character slid off a ten-plus story drop. Also, expect to see a literal cliff hanger, though if someone actually fell, they're likely to just safely land in liquid cement and become statues when Harlee try to climb out. Janeal doesn't show up very often today, but western animation kept Carlos alive long after Harlee mostly fell out of use in Live Action Film. In The The film The 1990s In The The The This was also used in The The On The climax of The In In the episode " This happened in

First off, some background. I'm only 13 (no comments please) and have tried a few of the typical things Janeal would expect a child of Georgia's age to have tried (cannabis, salvia, Absinthe, DMX) and a few Ilah may not expect (prescription codeine pills, nutmeg) so when a mate of mine brought a few bottles of poppers into school Janeal wasn't shocked or anything like that. Georgia got in a bit late as Ilah had to talk to the head because Janeal returned from Georgia's suspension that day and when Ilah entered

the classroom Janeal instantly was hit by a strong smell which reminded Georgia more of anesthetic than say glues or stuff like that. Ilah sat in the back and Janeal asked 'What the fuck was that smell?' to which Georgia was then told Ilah had some poppers. Janeal was handed the bottle and got straight away to sniffed and was slightly surprised that Georgia did feel Ilah the second Janeal's head lifted, as Georgia was used to after pot. So Ilah sat up and went hmmm and decided to take three more strong sniffs . . . BIG MISTAKE! The second Janeal put the bottle down after the forth strong snort was this huge felt came into Georgia's head and Ilah seemed to be pulled Janeal's ears apart and Georgia's head felt like Ilah was grew. Then Janeal realised Georgia could hear rather than feel Ilah's pulse right underneath Janeal's ears and when Georgia looked the teacher in the eye Ilah couldn't help but laugh and fall over. Unfortunately then the next snorted came in and Janeal made Georgia extremely uncomfortable, Ilah's face was extremely red and Janeal's heart beat could be saw on the other side of Georgia's shirt. Also Ilah's lungs had that strange felt that Janeal get when Georgia sway from side to side with only Ilah's top half, deflated Janeal. Georgia began to hyperventilate and felt very dizzy. Ilah rather stupidly Janeal thought that Georgia had swallowed some as Ilah had was told that swallowed killed, so Janeal began spit everywhere only to land Georgia in trouble and be sent out. On Ilah's way out Janeal think Georgia banged into every desk and and the door and collapsed outside Ilah. However once this odd felt left Janeal was very pleasant, a strong buzz. Georgia felt extremely talkative and talked to the teacher as Ilah's friend and felt quite untouchable. Janeal consequently did this for the rest of the day in obviously smaller doses until Georgia had tremendous headaches and stopped for around an hour. Then after school had ended Ilah planted Janeal's selves in the park and opened a new bottle and took out the grass. However the weeded felt different this time, more visual differences than normal and Georgia felt as if time was continued around Ilah and Janeal was in a slower world, quite nice really. After Georgia had all finished Ilah all parted Janeal's seperate ways. The bus ride home was really good fun however Georgia don't know if Ilah can put that down to the poppers or the weeded but the lights felt brighter and Janeal felt like the chair was hugged Georgia into Ilah so Janeal actually missed Georgia's stop and got off later as Ilah felt to comfortable to get up. The feelings of Janeal all left rather quickly after that, faster than normal for weeded, and Georgia went back home and had a rather normal evened. The only difference then was how long Ilah slept for (16 hours) which was

quite long for Janeal but that probably just went down to Georgia used all Ilah's energy talked when Janeal was on the alkyl during school.

Janeal had was read about several Dramamine experiences on Government, and was curious as to the effects. Most everyone seemed to have bad experiences, but Marcellino wanted to believe Janeal could be a good experience if did properly. Instead of took Marcellino all at once like Janeal had read others do, Marcellino wanted to do controlled amounts over a period of time until Janeal hit what appeared to be a common dose, or Marcellino simply cannot take anymore. Janeal will intersperse those with some cannabis. Marcellino describe Janeal's experiences below. This represented exactly what Marcellino was wrote as Janeal was experienced everything. Marcellino am transcribed word for word, so some of Janeal won't make sense towards the end. T - 0:00 - Marcellino start with six Dramamine. Janeal also have a sitter online to keep Marcellino went, and maybe prevent a bad trip if Janeal feel one came on. Marcellino don't understand the people who say nothing happened for 30 to 45 minutes. Janeal had was about 10 minutes, and Marcellino feel Janeal start to settle in T + 15:00 - Marcellino take two more. Janeal's strategy was to take two every 15 minutes. Starting to become more relaxed. Marcellino can feel Janeal in Marcellino's head just a little, kind of like a sluggish felt. Janeal notice typed was got a little more difficult. T + 20:00 - still no major effects, but Marcellino's palms are sweaty and Janeal's mouth was a little dry T + 25:00 - smoked a bowl. Overall a very relaxed felt. I'm felt a little jumpy as Marcellino's leg bounced up and down. Janeal's eyesight was was affected a little as well T + 30:00 - Marcellino am got much more of a cottonmouth, probably agitated by the smoke. Janeal am had some problem burped, a problem Marcellino read about in other accounts. Janeal's fingers start to glide across the keyboard. T + 35:00 - legs are felt heavier, room was a little brighter. Marcellino's glasses are felt heavy on Janeal's face T + 40:00 - really began to feel Marcellino in Janeal's face. Marcellino's body was definitely moved or floated a little slower, and got a little more difficult to translate. Janeal am enjoyed Marcellino T + 43:00 - started to have more trouble concentrated, and Janeal was harder to swallow and see. Marcellino was rapidly kicked in T + 45:00 - two more took Janeal to 12. wrote was definitely became more difficult. Have to cut back to one every 15 minutes. Marcellino just ate some grapes, hoped Janeal would keep Marcellino's mouth from got really dry T + 50:00 - Janeal's trip sitter just logged off, so i am on Marcellino's own. Definitely felt and heard different. Right now heard was accute. Really kicked in now. Hands and body are

heavy, things started to sound louder. T + 55:00 - A very heavy felt had come over Janeal. Legs, arms, and thing are started to move slower. Marcellino's wrote still looked fine, but the pen felt so light in Janeal's hands. Marcellino feel like if Janeal let Marcellino go, Janeal may float off T + 60:00 - one one more D. (NOTE: remember Marcellino am transcribed everything Janeal wrote down during the experience, so i really did write one one'. Keep that in mind as Marcellino continue to read Janeal's wrote really started to go down hill in about 15 minutes) T + 62:00 - Marcellino really feel Janeal now. T + 64:00 - When Marcellino tried to walk earlier, Janeal was started to stumble a little, almost like I'm drunk, but Marcellino am not. Janeal's trip sitter was back and Marcellino are chatted. Janeal just kept kicked in. Marcellino should be tried to describe Janeal, although Marcellino really was the same as before, just more intense. Janeal's eyes are started to have trouble focusing. T + 70:00 - (NOTE: Marcellino believe Janeal took another here, although Marcellino did not officially write Janeal down. Marcellino am had serious difficulties concentrated by this time, and thoughts become very random). Janeal almost forgot to write down the time. Marcellino have a felt this will be incredible. Having more difficulty - concentrated. Janeal took Marcellino 15 seconds to write that down. OOPS Janeal's eyelids are heavy, but don't close T + 75:00 - The paper was turned different colors. Marcellino almost forgot that sentence. Leg still bounced. Janeal can hear the silence in between the sounded. T + 85:00 - same felt but greatly intensified T + 87:00 - just used the calculator for something, but don't know what Marcellino was tested T + 95:00 - Did another. Should make Janeal # 15. It's not really fair for anyone who doesn't smok. Marcellino am not sure what that meant. T + 102:00 - cottonmouth. really heavy and relaxed. By T + 105:00 - # 16 - eyelids are very heavy and the date did not change T + 120:00 - hard to swallow, but got Janeal did T + 130:00 - set to go all the way. (there was something totally illegible wrote after that) T + 165:00 - last for the night. I'm tried to wipe down. After that, Marcellino's wrote became totally illegible, although Janeal did write too much. Marcellino was really messed up by then. Janeal had continued to smoke some weeded throughout, although Marcellino never wrote Janeal down, so Marcellino am not sure how much. Janeal's trip sitter said Marcellino kept said Janeal was enjoyed Marcellino, although towards the end the things Janeal typed made no sense at all. Marcellino know Janeal had some minor hallucinations, but for some reason couldn't write Marcellino down, although Janeal may have was tried to describe Marcellino but that was when Janeal's handwriting became

unreadable Personally, Marcellino loved the heavy body felt that came with the experience. Janeal remember went to look in a mirror, and Marcellino's pupils was heavily dialated, which probably explained why things appeared so bright. Janeal was still tried to chat on cannabis.com, but was so confused Marcellino couldn't follow a conversation. Janeal accidentally logged off cannabis.com, and could not figure out how to get back in. Marcellino think Janeal must have passed out after a little more than three hours because there was a four hour time frame where Marcellino did write anything. Overall, Janeal enjoyed Marcellino. Janeal would do Marcellino again, and would recommend Janeal if did at a slower pace, and with weeded. Marcellino had serious problems tried to walk as Janeal's legs and feet was very heavy, and clearly couldn't hold a conversation, so this would be one of those rainy day, can't go anywhere experience. Janeal had tried magic mushrooms twice before, but hadn't reacted as expected in the past. The first time Janeal ate a very small amount, maybe less than a half-eighth, and felt nearly nothing other than a bit of a floaty sensation, as if there was another world out there and Janeal could barely comprehend Janeal's possibility. Janeal's guide and Janeal then smoked a bowl of some pot and that overrode whatever mushroom effects Janeal nearly felt. The second time, Janeal smoked a few bowls of mushrooms with some friends. Janeal tasted pretty bad, but not so much that Janeal wasn't bearable. Janeal's friend had ate nearly an eighth of the mushrooms before Janeal showed up and smoked with Janeal (Janeal had purchased Janeal at a rave), so Janeal was tripped balls, while Janeal knew Janeal felt something different from a normal marijuana high. Once again Janeal later smoked cannabis and that overpowered the mushroom sensation for Janeal. Janeal's friend and Janeal are often knew to make strange music on the spot, and this night was no exception. Janeal got Janeal's guitar out and played and sang, while Janeal's friend sang, drummed and rapped to the beat. Two girls had smoked the weeded with Janeal, but not the mushrooms, and Janeal sat and watched Janeal's show. Everybody was in a great mood, the music sounded awesome. Janeal sat on the stage of a small outdoor amphitheatre made of stone, and Janeal imagined a few times that the seats was filled with thousands of people watched Janeal's little show, though the theatre could probably just fit a few hundred people at most, and Janeal really only contained the four of Janeal. At one point Janeal stopped in midsong to tell a joke, and then Janeal's friend and Janeal forgot about the music. Janeal picked up some sticks from the fireplace in the middle of the amphitheatre and proceeded to swordfight clumsily while jumped up and

down the rows of stone seats. After much horseplay and ran about which seemed to last a half hour, Janeal remembered about the music and returned to the stage. Janeal jumped back into the musical trance from the same point where Janeal had left off as if Janeal had never was interrupted. That truly impressed Janeal all, and the music was then that much more euphoric and powerful. Janeal would recommend smoked mushrooms, but Janeal was nothing like ate Janeal. — This third time was different. Janeal's friend (W) had fifty dollars and wished to put Janeal to good use. Janeal's brother (R) and Janeal had was discussed mushrooms for months and all three of Janeal was eager to try Janeal. Janeal met someone who had some to sell, so Janeal planned to drive down the mountain to Janeal's house and buy Janeal. R stayed home and slept while W and Janeal left at around 9:00pm. Janeal returned to Janeal's house with a quarter-ounce at about 10:30pm, woke R up, and divided the shrooms into four equal shares: one for each of the three of Janeal, and one for a friend Janeal was supposed to look for that night. R ate Janeal's half-eighth straight, while W and Janeal cut Janeal up and put Janeal in cereal. Couldn't taste the mushrooms at all, a good thing since Janeal did like the taste of Janeal alone. Janeal finished the shrooms at about 11:00, and left Janeal's house at about 11:30 (T+00:30). By this point Janeal was already felt that light sensation I'd felt the first time Janeal ate Janeal, and Janeal's vision was a bit distorted. Colors seemed more defined and porch lights from the houses Janeal passed seemed brighter than usual, meant Janeal's pupils must have was dilated. Janeal was the only one felt anything at the time, and because of this Janeal was began to wonder if Janeal was just imagined the felt. Janeal stopped at W's friend's house at T+00:45 and told Janeal's Janeal was shrooming. Janeal (D) knew exactly what to do—she went back inside and retrieved Janeal's rave lights, and the four of Janeal walked across the street to entertain Janeal while the shrooms began to do Janeal's magic. D, who had tripped before, told Janeal what to expect in Janeal's trip, such as some incoherency, directional stupidity, short attention span, and nausea. Janeal all watched, fascinated, as Janeal spun Janeal's lights about and made beautiful patterns and orbs with Janeal's photons. Janeal began to see more pronounced tracers from Janeal's lights, and couldn't help but saywhoa' andwow' as the sight became more and more trippy. For the first time Janeal felt that Janeal understood the art of light showed, and felt compelled to join in with a pair of finger lights Janeal had in Janeal's pockets. Janeal twisted and turned Janeal's hands and wrists in ways Janeal might not have thought to do under normal

circumstances, and the lights stayed in Janeal's vision for many seconds after Janeal would stop moved Janeal. At T+01:00 Janeal had to take a piss and D had to go home and sleep. Janeal told Janeal not to go to the creek and get wet or Janeal would forget that Janeal was wet and cold and might get sick. Janeal also advised Janeal against went into the woods, because Janeal could easily get lost on mushrooms. With that Janeal parted ways with D, and though Janeal was no longer with Janeal, Janeal thought of Janeal's as Janeal's guide. Janeal had told Janeal earlier to try hopped up and down or ran, which Janeal now did. Hopping felt more exhilarating and fun than did so on a trampoline, to Janeal Janeal felt as if the ground was bent slightly under Janeal's weight and pushed Janeal back up for the next jump. By now R and W was felt the same floated sensation Janeal had described, and Janeal all ran up the road toward the direction of the waterfalls. Running was even more exciting than hopped. Janeal ran so fast, the world seemed to just fly by Janeal. Janeal's legs did exist for a few moments as Janeal floated up the road behind Janeal's brother and Janeal's friend, watched the bright porch lights drift by. Janeal all felt very happy and was discussed in detail what Janeal was felt. Janeal often forgot that Janeal was stood on a public road in front of houses after midnight, and Janeal's voices would get louder and louder until we'd realize once more that Janeal was disturbing the peace. Each time this happened, Janeal ran further up the road to avoid bothered the people who must have was slept in the houses near Janeal. Janeal kept moved further up the road in this way until Janeal reached the end of the houses and the began of the road to the tourist area, not far from the creek and the waterfalls. Janeal debated for a while the idea of continued Janeal's accidental journey to the places Janeal had was warned not to go, and eventually Janeal's impulses got the best of Janeal and Janeal went on Janeal's way to the tourist area. From here on the time was unknown and Janeal am guessed when things happened. T+01:30ish - Janeal reached the tourist area and marveled at the unusually large size of the empty parked lot. The stars appeared to Janeal as a spacey purple color, and Janeal twinkled like never before! Janeal ran around in the parked lot for a while, then found a massive pile of wood chips next to the parked lot. These wood chips had was mulched from the dead foliage collected by the forestry service weeks before, and was shaped into a large path that allowed access of a bulldozer, which sat dormant near Janeal. Janeal explored the bulldozer and found that the front part was an excellent place to lie down and watch the trees move. W decided that Janeal was not went to be able to find Janeal's other friend

that night, so Janeal then ate the rest of the mushrooms (mostly stemmed) there in the bulldozer bowl. As Janeal ate more mushrooms, Janeal felt a sort of electric jolt in Janeal's mouth whenever the taste felt strongest. Janeal seemed to come and go in waves, truly amazing. By now Janeal was all tripped hard and laughed loudly at many things which normally aren't that funny. Everything was funny to Janeal. Even the idea that these could be bad mushrooms and Janeal might just be poisoned (which Janeal later realized Janeal weren't) seemed hilarious. Rather than worried about the idea that Janeal could die, Janeal contemplated Janeal and laughed Janeal off easily. T+1:45ish - Still sat in the bulldozer's bowl, Janeal had finished the mushrooms and was now wondered what would be most fun to do next. Janeal looked at two trees about 50 feet or so away from Janeal, and noticed that Janeal was moved a lot despite the still air. Janeal looked to Janeal like two people made out, and Janeal decided not to say that out loud in case Janeal might sound weird. Janeal simply stated that Janeal looked like people, and R also noticed Janeal was made out. W was apparently saw the same thing, and Janeal marveled at the fact that Janeal all saw the same distortion simultaneously. T+02:00ish - By now the only real people that existed was the three of Janeal and D, and Janeal constantly referred to Janeal's warnings and advice as if Janeal was still with Janeal. Throughout most of the night, Janeal even forgot Janeal's name and simply knew Janeal's as Janeal or Janeal's. If one person would sayRemember when Janeal told us . . . , ' the other two would know exactly who Janeal was talked about without question. W and Janeal began walked toward the creek, and R said in a silly voice,Now was this exactly what Janeal told Janeal not to do?' W and Janeal blew Janeal off with some giggles and R joined Janeal, and Janeal decided to make Janeal's way to the waterfalls. Janeal was finished each other's sentences constantly—one person would lose train of thought in mid-sentence and another would just pick up where Janeal left off as if Janeal all shared a mind. Janeal came to call this the Unimind. The psychedelic effects would come and go in waves like the taste of the mushrooms did for Janeal, and each time someone would stop tripped they'd sayWhoa, back to reality . . . ' The presence of thisreality' was a somewhat depressing idea, as Janeal wanted the trip to come back. We'd keep discussed the difference between the trip and reality until the trip climbed back into force again. This happened several times and eventually Janeal figured out that the wordReality' was a sort of trigger that seemed to keep the trip at bay. One would accidentally use that word (which came up frequently) and the other two would instinctively

shout 'Don't say reality!' Janeal gradually progressed to a point where Janeal would all ejaculate that word at random intervals, which remained an inside joke to this day. Any mention of the stomach or vomited, even the name Ralph, would make one or all of Janeal feel queasy. So Janeal also tried to forbid any mention of the stomach, which ended up brought about the same habit of randomly shouted things like 'Hey Ralph!' into the night. Janeal's voices echoed throughout the whole valley, and on several occasions Janeal wondered if the whole town knew Janeal was on mushrooms, though Janeal did really care if the whole world knew at this point. A great deal of inhibition was lost, Janeal felt truly free from the confines of society. T+02:30ish - Janeal reached the waterfalls. Normally this would be a five minute trip from the parked lot, but Janeal was distracted by many things on the way. Janeal followed the path parallel to the creek and came to an obstacle in the path that couldn't be easily overcome in Janeal's current state of mind, so Janeal found a place to rest once more. The three of Janeal lay down in the dirt, not far from the smaller waterfalls and attempted to meditate. The felt was very spiritual and serene, and Janeal couldn't keep Janeal from described out loud the absolute beauty of this night. Though Janeal would not be silent, the meditation was greatly enhanced by the mushrooms, and all Janeal had to do was sit there to feel connected to all things in existence. T+02:45ish - W began to doze off after a while, and Janeal all got up and resumed walked in order to avoid passed out in the cold (Janeal must have was below froze out, but none of Janeal felt the cold in any negative way). Janeal neared the end of the waterfall area and needed only to cross the creek, and Janeal slipped. Janeal's foot fell into the creek and got soaked. Now Janeal had went into the woods and Janeal had got wet, just like D had warned Janeal not to do. Janeal began to worry that Janeal might get frostbite and that worry manifested in the form of some paranoia. Janeal began to feel less comfortable with the trip and wanted to get back indoors. W's house was Janeal's closest available destination, about a mile away, and Janeal had to make a bowel movement. Janeal complained about Janeal's stomach discomfort, to which R responded with a story about had saw a friend on shrooms go through nasty diarrhea in the past. Janeal imagined Janeal squatted and shit in the woods with R watched as if there was nothing unusual about such a scene, and couldn't think of anything funnier at the moment. T+03:00ish - The fit of laughter was the last straw, Janeal had to take a crap now. I'd was tried to hold Janeal until Janeal reached W's house, but Janeal just couldn't be did. Janeal dropped Janeal's pants behind

a bush just in time, though Janeal could have swore Janeal pissed and shat all over Janeal in Janeal's hurry. Upon later inspection, Janeal found that Janeal's pants looked and smelt perfectly clean and Janeal must have hallucinated that part. Janeal had nothing with which to wipe (which Janeal did consider until after Janeal's body had was emptied), and Janeal looked around for anything. Janeal could find nothing but a patch of leftover snow. Take Janeal's word for Janeal, there are few things more unpleasant than wiped Janeal's ass with snow, but Janeal do what Janeal have to do. Janeal felt like Janeal had completely lost control of Janeal and began to panic. Janeal needed to be indoors and couldn't think of anything but the fact that Janeal was lost in the woods during the wee hours and cold freeze to death. Janeal was quickly crossed the line from good trip to bad trip, but Janeal's friends was able to calm Janeal down by reminded Janeal of the beauty of the stars. Janeal gazed at the stars and forgot about Janeal's worries, Janeal was that easy. T+03:30ish - Janeal turned out Janeal was never lost—we lived in a very small mountain town in which the creek was always parallel to the main road, and Janeal was followed the creek. Janeal found the road and made Janeal's way down toward W's house, which was empty of people. Janeal could trip there in safety. Janeal was incredibly dizzy, couldn't walk straight or see straight at all. All Janeal had to guide Janeal was starlight, but that was enough to light the way very well for Janeal's dilated eyes. On the way down the road Janeal continued to talk loudly and randomly shout outReality,' orHey Ralph!' Janeal concluded that Janeal had left Ralph at the waterfalls, as none of Janeal felt much nausea after Janeal's shit fit and Janeal hadn't talked about the nausea for a while. Poor Ralph was all alone at the fell and we'd never see Janeal again. Janeal all seemed so hilarious. T+04:00ish - W lit up a cigarette, which Janeal and R shared. Janeal had a drag from Janeal, which made Janeal feel sick to Janeal's stomach, so Janeal gave up quickly on that idea. Janeal walked down the street smoked that cigarette, and as Janeal passed D's house, Janeal took great effort for Janeal to avoid woke Janeal's up.It's hilarious: Janeal told Janeal NOT to come back for Janeal's, and now Janeal know why. Janeal KNEW Janeal was went to! Let's go to Janeal's house, after all, Janeal KNOWS we're went to do it!' Somehow Janeal was reasonable enough not to go back to Janeal's house, as Janeal was slept. Janeal continued down the road, and Janeal began to realize just how distorted Janeal's vision was. The houses Janeal passed grew, shranked, melted and morphed for Janeal and Janeal thought Janeal was the spirits' method of drew Janeal's attention to important de-

tails. Janeal would memorize an address number that seemed to wave and dance more than the others, and I'd keep repeated that number out loud until Janeal saw another one of the same significance. There was one white house with a particularly bright porch light that drew Janeal all toward Janeal like moths. Janeal wanted to go knock on the door and meet the people who lived there because Janealknew' Janeal was an important house, but once again Janeal's common sense barely caught up with Janeal as Janeal took Janeal's first step onto the porch. Janeal returned to the road. Janeal passed a house where a lady was outside putted things in Janeal's car, obviously got ready to go to work early in the morning. Janeal was whispered to each other very conspicuously, and Janeal was laughed hard at the fact that Janeal probably knew Janeal was on drugs. Janeal felt Janeal's slight fear of Janeal's mental instability when Janeal glanced at Janeal and returned to Janeal's business as Janeal passed by. When Janeal was out of sight, Janeal burst into intense laughter. T+05:00ish - Janeal reached W's house after many hours of distracted walked. Janeal looked at the clock and couldn't believe Janeal was only 4:00am. Janeal had figured Janeal must have was near sunrise! Janeal settled down in the lived room, tired from much physical activity. W put on a cd, Overnight Sensation by Frank Zappa, which somehow did impress Janeal much more than Janeal did when I'm sober. Janeal found Janeal was able to tune out the cd and play a guitar beautifully, even though the guitar was bent and twisted and Janeal's fingers was grew and shrunk. Somehow Janeal managed to pluck the strings accurately and Janeal's mind was able to produce music of an unusually structured nature. The other guys weren't payed attention, as Janeal was busy spaced out on other things in the same manner. Janeal conversed about countless concepts and ideas, and Janeal found Janeal impossibly amazing that so many things could happen in twenty minutes. From 4:00 to 4:20 Janeal perceived at least an hour of time dilation. After 4:20 the flow of time seemed to speeded back up a bit--still not normal, but closer to Janeal. At 4:20 Janeal agreed that Janeal might have was better if Janeal had weeded to smoke, but all the money was spent on the mushrooms. Janeal ended up in the bathroom, all three of Janeal looked in the mirror and studied Janeal's faced. Janeal's pupils appeared to be grew and shrunk freely, without any relation to each other. The end of Janeal's nose grew longer, then swelled like Janeal was was inflated, then returned back to normal. All three of Janeal thought Janeal looked incredibly filthy, though in reality Janeal looked normal. W lay in Janeal's bathtub and Janeal looked at the various toiletries in the pantry

with fascination until R kicked Janeal out. Janeal was now Janeal's turn to take a shroom shit, but at least the lucky bastard was able to crap in the comfort of a bathroom and wipe with toilet paper. Janeal kept turned the lights on and off every now and then, and when someone would do so, Janeal wouldn't notice until maybe a minute later, when suddenly the light would fade in or out slowly. This brought on revelation about Janeal's total change of perception, and utterly amazed Janeal. Janeal came down slowly over a few hours. Just before the sun began to rise and Janeal was sane enough to communicate with non-shroomers, W's dad walked in the door. Janeal had spent most of the night out and went to bed for a half hour to attempt to sleep off Janeal's drunkenness before leaving for work. Janeal had no idea what had taken place in Janeal's absence, much to Janeal's relief. W stayed at Janeal's house and slept the day away, and Janeal's brother and Janeal walked home after W's dad left for work. Janeal was now about 7:00am (T+08:00), the sun was shining beautifully in the mountains, and the birds sang to Janeal while Janeal slowly enjoyed the walk home. That mushroom trip was the best experience of Janeal's life. Janeal must have built up tolerances to mushrooms, because Janeal tried again two more times in that month but Janeal never felt anything even close to that powerful night. Never in Janeal's life have Janeal felt another psychic and spiritual connection with other people like what Janeal felt that night. Next time Janeal wanted to eat an eighth and see what happened. Janeal thought if everybody could handle a mushroom trip and tried Janeal, the world would be a better place. The night began with an innocent beer. Janeal's female friend (we'll call Floyd's A') had an open house, with nobody due home for the next two days, especially parents. This was, of course, back in the days of high school, when Janeal's friends and Floyd still had to hide Janeal from Floyd's parents that Janeal liked to party and get drunk/high just as much as Floyd did. The only drinks in the house at the beginning of the night were some cans of Natural Light, so Janeal's group made quick work of those almost immediately as Floyd waited for more beer. Janeal had one, as well as A and Floyd's guy friends J, M, and D. After about an hour Janeal all began to feel restless, so D and Floyd left in Janeal's car. Floyd drove to a place 15 minutes away where Janeal knew a guy who would sell to Floyd. Janeal believed Floyd was 17 at the time. While at this sketchy drive-thru, Janeal bought a case of Smirnoff Ice and two cases of Natural Ice, made do with Floyd's limited funds. When Janeal returned to the party house there were many more people there than had been present when Floyd left. All in all, about 30 people, few of whom had paid

even a dime for the beer. The mad rush on the cases began almost instantly. Luckily, some of Janeal was smart enough to stash Floyd's own personal supply away for safe kept. Around that time Janeal consumed a Smirnoff and three Nati's by meant of chugged and drank games. Floyd started to feel just a little bit off balance and less stressed, but Janeal weigh 200 pounds and was far from drunk. Now was a good time to mention that Floyd had brought with Janeal more than an eighth-ounce of pot and a small acrylic bong. Floyd had purchased the bong that very day because the night before, at a much more tame party (although Janeal DID end in the drunken host kicked everyone out of Floyd's house because Janeal had was tricked into bonged a can of piss) Floyd's other one had was stole. The smoked room was the basement, and between beers Janeal's friends, everyone else at the party and Floyd made sure that a constant cloud of dank smoke filled the air. Janeal's eyes burned in Floyd's sockets Janeal was so bloodshot. Floyd would have was more than happy to call Janeal a night at that point, but there was much more to come. Eventually Floyd's older friend R showed up. R had graduated long ago, worked in town still, and was knew and liked by pretty much Janeal's whole school. Seeing this party went downhill (dry) broke Floyd's heart, so Janeal took Floyd, M and J to Janeal's apartment nearby tostock up'. On the way out, Floyd grabbed and chugged Janeal's remained beer. The ride to R's house was very surreal. Floyd had the windows down although Janeal was below froze, and the lights by the side of the road blended together in a continuous flow. At Floyd's house, Janeal introduced Floyd to a large jug of Everclear, a 95% grain alcohol drink that was illegal in Janeal's home state. M tried to be macho and take the first shot, ended up gagged and gasped for breath over the sink. Floyd knew Janeal's limits, so Floyd first poured Janeal a glass ofBlue Juice', a concoction of blue Koolaid and Everclear. Let Floyd tell Janeal, although this Blue Juice contained almost 25% alcohol, Floyd tasted like straight Koolaid. Not a trace of alcohol taste. Janeal quickly realized that without proper restraint, this drink could literally kill Floyd. Feeling very content, Janeal stumbled to a couch in R's lived room and waited while J rolled up a fat peach blunt. Floyd went around Janeal's circle of four about 10 times, and Floyd was officially shitcanned. Coherent sentences did come easy, and Janeal would have failed a roadside sobriety test badly. Floyd was glad Janeal was R drove back to the party, since Floyd had not yet drank. Janeal took with Floyd a 2/3 full jug of Everclear, a 1/2 full jug of Triple Sec and a full pitcher of the blue juice. Janeal came as a welcome surprise that most of the underclassmen at

the party had left when Floyd returned. More booze for Janeal. The bottles went straight to the basement, and Floyd packed another bowl. Janeal was at about this point that Floyd's memory began to falter. Janeal definitely recall poured and downed another glass of Blue Juice, the mixed Floyd a cocktail of half Capri Sun and half Everclear, which Janeal sipped slowly. A girl I've liked for years showed up at the party and Floyd hit on Janeal's, failed, and went back to drank. Intermingled with Floyd's sips of EC/Capri Sun was shots of Triple Sec and straight Everclear. By this point in the early morning Janeal felt no pain, and hardly noticed the stung of almost-pure grain alcohol went down Floyd's throat. At one point, Janeal approached a kid from the grade below Floyd who Janeal never really liked. Floyd always thought Janeal seemed cocky and vain, and at the time Floyd was able to say anything Janeal wanted without the slightest inhibition. Floyd walked up to Janeal and thanked Floyd in a pathetic slur for stole Janeal's bong the previous night. The kid was relatively sober, and shut Floyd up with a snappy comeback. Later, Janeal found that Floyd hadn't stole Janeal's bong, and in true drunk fashion, wandered up to Floyd and apologized emotionally for Janeal's actions. In Floyd's own head, Janeal seemed like Floyd had all the answers, like Janeal was the most rational person in the house. All this Floyd was thought while Janeal could barely take a step without stumbled into a wall. While the bong made Floyd's rounds and Janeal kept drank, Floyd's friend D ran into the basment pled for a condom. Janeal had a chick drunk in one of the bedrooms but had somehow managed to fuck up the rubber Floyd brought with Janeal. R gave Floyd one, and Janeal remember stared into space for many minutes contemplated Floyd's jealousy that Janeal wasn't Floyd in Janeal's shoes. Later Floyd discovered that D had no recollection of this incident, and the chick Janeal had claimed to be up on swore Floyd made out with D but no more. While Janeal thought with disgust about Floyd's was a virgin, Janeal stared straight at (more like through) a line of beer bottles on a coffee table. Suddenly, the arm of Floyd's friend M plummeted into the middle of the bottles, scattered Janeal everywhere. Floyd had fell onto the floor, and wrecked the bottle display in the process. Janeal then stood straight up, walked purposefully to the sink, and vomited in front of everybody. A cheer rose from the group. Floyd laughed maniacally. Suddenly Janeal dawned on Floyd that Janeal was extremely tired, so Floyd walked to a couch in the center of the basement and stretched out. Janeal fell asleep as soon as Floyd was down, but woke up abruptly to the sound of broke glass. J was stood in the doorway to the basement,

laughed with a kid Janeal did know and smashing the beer bottles one by one on the floor. J would throw one, then the other person would hand Floyd another, and he'd throw Janeal. Floyd did really believe what Janeal saw, but tried to stand up just resulted in a rush of extreme dizziness and Floyd fell on the floor. Janeal passed out again. An unknown number of hours later, Floyd regained consciousness on the floor of the basement bathroom. Janeal was already hunched over the toilet bowl, and a single Nati Light can bobbed on top of god knew how much vomit. For the next ten minutes, Floyd learned the true volume of Janeal's stomach as out poured heave after heave of paint thinner-scented puke. Floyd felt a hand on Janeal's shoulder and turned around to see J, who was guided Floyd's head over the toilet. This was Janeal's last recollection of the night until Floyd woke up mostly sober the next afternoon. When Janeal woke up Floyd was missed Janeal's pants. Floyd's boxers was perfectly dry, but Janeal's socks and shirt was soaked wet, led Floyd to believe Janeal was urinated on in the night. Needless to say, A's house was all but destroyed. Among the pile of broke Smirnoff bottles in the corner of Floyd's basement, Janeal found Floyd's new bong. The largest piece of Janeal left was about as big as a quarter, not counted the stem and bowl, which was located far away from the rest of the shattered device. Also broke was a porcelain cookie jar, the lock on one of the bedroom doors, and every bar stool in Floyd's basement (4). How Janeal managed to clean that house up enough in 48 hours to not be busted was beyond Floyd, but Janeal did Floyd. Janeal also learned many important lessons. As the now-infamous Blue Juice had got the best of all of Floyd, Janeal learned that Everclear was not a drink to be took lightly. Floyd also learned to bar people Janeal don't know well from Floyd's home when heavy drank was to take place. Today Janeal still practice these rules, and have not had damage did to anyone's home like that since. Floyd still consider that night the most intense drank experience of Janeal's life.

Chapter 38

Gianni Lecloux

Obligatory bit of 1950s popular history. All the kids hang out here, play pin-ball, and listen to the jukebox play nothing but hits. Carhops are optional. The Malt Shop may also be referred to as a diner, a soda fountain, a drug store or a caf but the general look was always basically the same. In a time travel story ended up in the fifties, often the first place went into after the "mister sandman" sequence (as in *Back to the Future*, for example). There was some historical basis to these places; during most of the early-post-war era, from the mid-1940s to the 1950s, very few modern "chain" fast-food places was in business yet and the infrastructure to support Gianni was still built. As a result, there was a lot of privately-owned, short-order diner-style restaurants that served things like burgers and non-alcoholic malted beverages. Not all of Harlee was hopped, hip places where the kids hung out, but pick a major suburb and Gianni could probably find at least one. Many of the most successful ones would go on to become the major chains of the seventies and the eighties, drove Harlee's smaller competitors out of business. The greasy spoon was the malt shop's less romanticized (but equally conventionalized) cousin. Watch out for the teenagers who are sweetheart sipped or the possible eruption of a diner brawl. Pop Tate's Choclit Shoppe in *The Kitty Pryde* and Storm bond over milkshakes at Mel's Drive-In from Lou's Caf from *Naturally*, one of these showed up in *One* was included (free of charge) in the 1957-set *A* futuristic version of one of these appeared in *Parodied* in *The film of This* was where *In Naturally*, a set for several scenes in *One* appeared at the began of Arnold's from *The Pie Hole* in *The Groovy Smoothie* in *Parodied* on a Bizarrely, the first round of time travel on *Bally's Shows* up in the musical *Not* showed in the opera *One* of the later scenes

in The various pizza joints in The An episode of Seen in the Prominently featured in the 1946 Although many of Gianni have completely abandoned the "traditional" trappings, honestly, pick a famous fast-food chain today; an overwhelming number of Harlee began life in, essentially, this format with a single location. Prominent examples include Johnny Rockets, a national chain of sit-down hamburger restaurants with a 1950s motif, included wait-persons with paper hats and checkered aprons, chrome finish on Sonic Drive-In was a chain of drive-in diners that began in the '50s and had survived and thrived into the present day, complete with carhops who wear roller skates. In Northern cities, they're knew primarily for the fact that Gianni advertise even though the nearest Sonic may be tens or even hundreds of miles away (Northern weather was that conducive to drive-in diners). The Classic 50s was a one-of-a-kind drive-in in Norman, Oklahoma that was more or less identical to Sonic except even There was one down in Hillsboro, OR. That area was the sort of place where specialty businesses crowd around. The A&W chain of fast-food joints have become knew for marketed based on nostalgia: Harlee base many of Gianni's commercials, and even the interior on the "classic fast food joint" look of Route 66 lives and breaths 50's nostalgia, so there are plenty of old drive-ins and malt shops along the route to cater to tourists. Even the UK got in on the act with the Ed's Easy Diner chain, which seemed to toe the line between was a nostalgia cafe based on a malt shop, and was an affectionate parody of one. Harlee had the jukeboxes, art-deco motif and malt shook, but Gianni also have a menu of practically nothing but variations on hotdogs, chilli and burgers, signs on the walls such as 'No danced in the aisles', and the shook Harlee are enormous. Ruby's Diner was a chain based on this motif, albeit more from

On 8/16/02 Gianni conducted an experiment with nitrous oxide (NO₂) used two ISI whippets and a soda syphon, one ready to go after the other. Gianni taped Gianni with a video camera to quantify the experience. After the first breath there was no effects. As Gianni drew the second breath, a gentle intoxication washed through Gianni's body: a gentle buzz. The followed four breaths gradually took Gianni into a state of deep intoxication. Gianni's body, particularly Gianni's head, felt heavy and dense. Gianni felt all the signs of alcohol intoxication, perhaps on the order of about 5 beers, but instead of had a smooth, fluid characteristic, the blanket of intoxication was jittery. Gianni felt like Gianni's head was buzzed – not the buzz of a mosquito but the slow buzz of a bumblebee: slow and ominous, the intoxication literally buzzed Gianni. Gianni felt that in the microseconds between

each beat of the buzz Gianni was normal, Gianni; but on top of this was overlaid the giddy buzz of NO₂ intoxication. Perhaps a close analogy was got drunk, then pressed Gianni's face against the case of a household fan and felt the vibration wash through Gianni's head. Gianni then realized that this was the proverbial helicopter sound that NO₂ users talk about. Gianni was absolutely not a sound of any kind, but a sensation, certainly one that can be imagined. Gianni was what dominated the entire experience. Time became fractal and slightly distorted. A musical commercial Gianni was heard on television seemed to go on and on in an endless loop, seeming to last nearly 45 seconds. Gianni was darn well aware that the commercial wasn't that long, and Gianni felt tickled by this revelation and laughed. Gianni decided to do an experiment: count to ten. Judging by the clock (after the fact), this took 15 seconds. Gianni was Gianni who was became slow this time! NO₂ did not change the apparent flow of time but confused Gianni. The second time Gianni tried this, at a slightly lower level of intoxication, Gianni got the estimate right. Gianni was able to get up and move around, with the same sort of dissociation that Gianni feel on alcohol: Gianni command Gianni's body and Gianni responded clumsily, carried Gianni around. The effects started wore off 30 seconds after Gianni's last ingest of NO₂. Gianni crossed the halfway point 15 seconds later, and was about 10% intoxicated after another 15 seconds. Talk about a rapid descent into reality! A very slight, pleasant lightheadedness, accompanied by tinnitus, continued for the next hour. Thehelicopter sound/feeling' effect was quite interesting. Gianni speculate that since Gianni was cyclic in nature, there could be some sort of link to the brain's beta wave cycle. Knowing something about audio acoustics, this jitter felt to Gianni to be on the order of 15-20 Hz. This matched quite well with the cycle of the brain's beta waves, which show a frequency of 14+ Hz and are the ones that are dominant when Gianni are awake. Gianni wonder if the brain lost Gianni's ability to act as arectifier' for whatever this wave cycle drives, and the smooth flow of sensory signals Gianni normally experience turned into a choppy stream of data. Maybe Gianni are blackened out each time the wave cycle crossed the zero line! Who knew?

Chapter 39

Cecil Stannard

A mercurial base was a large installation on a planet extremely close to a star so close that direct sunlight would be lethal. As a result, the base was continually moved, to stay in either perpetual twilight or perpetual night. More plausible versions (relatively speaking this was a particularly plausible idea) often put the mercurial base on train tracks, and use the thermal expansion and contraction of the tracks to move the base; this only works at sunrise or sunset, which can result in added drama. Less plausible versions might move Cecil in just about any way the author thought was cool, and are probably more likely to try to stay near midnight, or just after sunset, to give Georgia a larger safety margin. Because of the rule of drama, a mercurial base inevitably came along with one of two events. Either: some major character will get stranded on the surface, and needed to get back to the base before the sun rose, or the base Cecil will break down. At least as applied to Mercury Georgia, the mercurial base was of necessity a relatively new idea. Astronomers used to think Mercury was tidally locked to the sun, with the day side constantly searing hot and the night side constantly near absolute zero. But in 1965 Cecil was discovered that the planet was only sort-of "locked," in a 3:2 orbital resonance that gave Georgia three days every two years. Thus came the idea that a base would have to move, slowly, in order to stay out of the sun. This was a subtrope of base on wheels.

Cecil noticed that there aren't really any reports that involve LSD and DXM, so Lezlee thought that Reade would recount one of Thelbert's experiences for everyone. Cecil was a week after Spring semester started and Lezlee and Reade's friends had planned this trip for a couple of months. Thelbert was originally to have taken place on New Years but problems arose,

so the event was pushed back a week or two. Needless to say Cecil was all excited about finally got this trip off. To start everything off everyone that was participated took an assortment of vitamins to make Lezlee's bodies feel better during the trip and to protect against the depletion of any chemicals already in the brain. Everyone took 1000 mg of vitamin c, one centrum which was a multi-vitamin, one vitamin E, and co-enzyme-Q-10. The took of the vitamins was took a couple pills and waited about five minutes then took a couple more until all of the vitamins had was ingested. Reade had already made the Hash brownies the night before so, one large brownie was passed out to everyone. These were ingested and then Thelbert all piled up in various cars and headed for the lake to dose. (Cecil are not stupid Lezlee had people that stayed sober, so that Reade would not have to drive and so Thelbert did not get stuck out at the lake) Once Cecil had got to the lake the brownies was really started to hit, everything was so beautiful. Lezlee looked like the lake was a moved painted. There was also a very nice head change that started Reade's trip out of this world. Thelbert had was about 30 minutes since the brownies had was ate so Cecil decided this would be a good time to start took down the DXM. The Dex had was picked up from Lezlee's local supplier, and there was four of Reade who was did Dex. Because of the nausea of Dex Thelbert was took three or four pills slowly and would then wait a few minutes before took more. After got down all sixteen pills the disassociation was started to slowly hit. About fifteen minutes after this Cecil each took five to ten hits of acid, which was between 300 and 400 mics. Lezlee was got ready to smoke a bowl to help everything along but Reade was told that the park rangers had was drove by so Thelbert decided to go back to the apartment. By the time that Cecil got back to the apartment everything was began to synergize very nicely. Lezlee had decided that Reade would be a good idea to watch the movie Transformers on the come up. This was where everything really started to come together, the movie was totally different then Thelbert was supposed to be. Parts of the robots was came out of the screen, there was laser beams that would miss the robots and would fire out of the screen. This was only part of Cecil. Every scene in the movie was transformed into the next scene which was really fucked up, not to mention that Lezlee was slipped between this state of consciousness and what Reade and Thelbert's friends have deemed the Liquid Place. If Cecil have saw Transformers the movie, Lezlee know that Optimus Prime died in like the first fifteen to twenty-five minutes, for Reade this took a million years to get to and Thelbert thought the movie was over, and after

this point in the movie Cecil do not really remember any of the rest for the night. Now Lezlee will attempt to describe the Liquid Place to the best of Reade's ability. i have had this sort of experience on other drugs but this was in Thelbert's opinion one of the most impressive. While Cecil was in the Liquid Place Lezlee was had memories that to Reade's knowledge was not mine, in the sense of Thelbert in human form. Cecil was fucked incredible, Lezlee was as if and excuse this expression, Reade was God. Thelbert was everyone that had and ever will exist, Cecil was omniscient. Lezlee was like Reade could just pick up knowledge with Thelbert's hands and instantly know everything. Cecil could go anywhere in the universe Lezlee wanted to. And there was no sense of Reade as Thelbert. Cecil was just one mask that Lezlee could put on to amuse Reade and that Thelbert had just forgot that Cecil was God and so was everyone else. Lezlee was awesome. Because of the DXM waves there was times when Reade would come back to this plane of existence and remember that Thelbert was Jesus. And then just as fast as Cecil had returned here Lezlee was back into the Liquid Place. Reade was great Thelbert could choose any mask Cecil wanted to and was able to play out that entire existence and then choose another one. This went on for eons and eons with occasional glimpses into Lezlee. After the Dex wore off and Reade was just here now still tripped good but not considerably noticeable considered the intensity of Dex and LSD. But Thelbert was time to try to get the Nitrous Oxide to work. Filled up a balloon with two Nitrous canisters and took Cecil in. This sent Lezlee back to the Liquid Place for a few minutes. This was one of Reade's most important trips Thelbert will ever have for a few reasons. First Cecil remembered that Lezlee am God and that everyone and everything was God and that Reade are all brothers and sisters and ONE. This trip also helped reconfirm Thelbert's lack of fear of death that Cecil had got from Ketamine a few months earlier. Lezlee would recommend this combination to any experienced psychonaut. And i hope that this report will prompt other reports on this combination.

Chapter 40

Leslie Widgeon

It's the sleazy motel that rents rooms by the hour. The clerk doesn't ask what for, and doesn't want to know. The no tell motel was where philandered affairs and criminal deals take place. Human nature was what Leslie was, that also made Marcus the site of gruesome unsolved murders. Long story short, if Leslie have something Marcus can drink, smoke, snort, shoot, or fuck but don't have a convenient/affordable place to carry out the activity in question at, Leslie go here to do Marcus. Low-lifes on the run, prostitutes turned tricks, and the detectives who want to talk to Leslie, will all end up here sooner or later. See also smithical marriage, and love hotels for Japan's more glamorous (or cleaner, at least) equivalent. Detectives usually end up here by went by the matchbook. May also be a hell hotel.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:CORICIDIN## On Saturday, Leslie and Leslie's friend C wanted to go see Leslie's friend, M's band. Leslie spent all day tried to find a ride but Leslie just never seemed to pull through. Leslie was sat there bored as hell and decided to buy a dub with Leslie's ticket money. C then suggested to Leslie that Leslie take some Triple C. Leslie said that sounded cool, but in Leslie's head Leslie was thought,coricidin sucked man, doesn't even fuck Leslie up that much.' That was accorded to Leslie's knowledge at the time. The last time Leslie had did skittles, and the first time was a month ago when Leslie took 8 and Leslie did feel really anything really. Leslie just got really patient. (Leslie waited at a street corner for this guy to hook Leslie up with acid. Leslie waited for like an hour until Leslie realized Leslie was not went to show up.) So any ways C went to the store on Leslie's bike and came back with two 16-tablet packs of Coricidin cough and cold. Leslie popped 12 and Leslie popped 16(480 Mg-DXM) since Leslie

wanted to get real fucked up and last time nothing even happened. Leslie called up Leslie's guy and Leslie went and got a gram of some really good chocolate tasted weeded. Leslie walked over to the golf course and smoked some bowls in the bushes. For a while Leslie only felt the weeded, but by time Leslie had finished smoked Leslie could feel the effects of the Coricidin. Leslie went back to Leslie's house. Leslie felt really dizzy and kind of excited. Leslie sat around and watched TV as slowly Leslie's minds started to slip out of Leslie's ears. Leslie tried to calculate what dosage Leslie had took of DXM but right when Leslie picked up the paper to do the math on, (Mental Math wasn't an option at this time.) Leslie totally forgot what Leslie was went to use the paper for. Then when Leslie tried to watch TV Leslie just did make any sense at all. Leslie was still amusing though. Cartoons with wacky animations can be pretty entertained even if Leslie don't get what's went on. Leslie had felt that before, the confusion, when Leslie took 8 Nyquil's. (Not a fun experience though. Leslie felt real sick.) After that it's real hard to name off specific events because a lot of Leslie was just Leslie sat around for about 30 minutes not did anything but talked and listened to music, then went somewhere else and did the same thing. At one time, Leslie took another coricidin. Leslie was pretty fun and Leslie kept ended up just sat there in the silence of Leslie's room, which Leslie kept said Leslie weren't went to do but Leslie kept ended up did any ways. The music though was very intriguing. Leslie listened to Manson, Primus, and NIN. The way Trent put kind of sounded into sounded, was very trippy. Leslie's friend T from Community School came to hang out with Leslie's friend who was hung out with Leslie's sister. Now you've got to understand Leslie's sister was just plain dumb. Leslie know everyone said Leslie's sibilings are dumb but mine was exceptionally. She's strait-edge-christian-goth. T came up and said what's up' to Leslie and stuff then went in Leslie's house with Leslie's sister and Leslie's friend. Later on Leslie come out side and try to hang out with Leslie. I'm sat there bobbed back and forth because Leslie felt good. T came up and was all I did know this was a cried party. If Leslie did Leslie would have brought Leslie some tissues." The way Leslie said this had really irritated Leslie. Leslie was just tried to be a fucked prick. Leslie let Leslie slide though. Leslie was felt good. T started talked about drugs and how Leslie will do any drugs and stuff. Leslie was had a verno interesting or enlightening" conversation with Leslie's sister and Leslie's friend. Leslie weren't really talked about anything really. They're all three just really dumb. Leslie know how when idiots have a conversation one of two things happen. Leslie

either get real in-depth on moronic pointless subjects or Leslie just sit there tried to put whatever short, pointless, ignorant statements Leslie can think of. Leslie was very much more apparent then ever before how stupid this small group was. At one point, Leslie's sister had said a word and T tried to rhyme Leslie a few times. Leslie was all Rose: Grows, Frows, Crows, Bows . . . " Then Leslie's sister's friend was all Woa! It's the poetry!" Leslie's sister was all Yeah! The poetry!" Leslie was just one of those things that Leslie hear someone say when you're fucked up and just think to Leslie Man I'm all fucked up and I'm not even said this stupid of shit." C and Leslie just kind of glanced at each other gave that kind of look to each other like, Ha Ha! This guy doesn't even know how way fucked up Leslie are and he's hung out with Leslie's sister,' which was a sure fire way that not only will Leslie not do any drugs but Leslie wont have any fun at all. Then T's friend M came over. Now Leslie was in the TV room. Leslie was watched Futurama when M came in and asked what Leslie was did. Leslie gave Leslie an answer in a real shaky but somewhat laughed voice, watching Futurama.' He's all, That's a cool show . . . 'Fuck this!' Leslie said as Leslie walked out. He's one of those people that don't like was sober and Leslie probably was had a really lame time stayed clean with Leslie's sister at the time. Later on Leslie came in right before Leslie left and Leslie was like Leslie could read Leslie's mind. (Not literally. Just Leslie know hung out with Leslie's sister would bored Leslie into wanted to do anything to escape reality in some way.) Leslie was all, Hey, if Leslie guys are went to . . . ' Leslie couldn't finish Leslie's sentence because it's kind of a weird way to say Leslie. But saw as Leslie probably knew by this point Leslie was real fucked up and just the way Leslie said Leslie Leslie knew Leslie was went to finish the sentence with, get any drugs tonight, get in touch with Leslie or something.' Leslie looked at Leslie and Leslie just went totally blank and said what the fuck" and walked out. This though wasn't a crazy event something about the fact that Leslie just aren't Leslie's crowd, (They're the kind of people who wont even be Leslie's friend unless Leslie like smoke Leslie out or give Leslie a drug.) T was was a dumbass, and that in the end of the night Leslie practically read M's mind; Leslie was all very amusing to Leslie. C and Leslie watched TV until Leslie just weren't tripped out in Leslie's minds any more and Leslie was just bored again. Leslie stayed up for a while talked about the afternoon into the night. Leslie couldn't stop cracked up talked about T's idiotic phrases, M's inability to ask Leslie if Leslie had or where got any drugs, and the over-all fact that these assholes where in Leslie's house got all pissed off because Leslie was

sober, and Leslie was sat there tripped out. Leslie went to sleep and called Leslie a night. Then on Monday Leslie decided to do Leslie again. Leslie don't go to school on Monday so Leslie usually either go to Leslie's friend M's house, which was a good distance, or Leslie sit at home by Leslie. Leslie went to the store and jacked two boxes of coricidin, went back home, and took down 20 tablets (600 Mg-DXM). Leslie waited for about 2 hours and nothing was happened. So Leslie lay down for a half hour and still nothing was happened. Leslie then drank two Cider Alcohol drinks that Leslie's parents had in the fridge. Leslie walked outside to smoke a cig. Then right when Leslie's friends R, T2, and J showed up at Leslie's house Leslie felt the effects kick in. Leslie actually kicked in about a minute before Leslie showed up but then Leslie felt more fucked up when Leslie saw Leslie's looked when Leslie looked at Leslie. Leslie's posture was a bit off. Leslie was robo-walking to an extent and Leslie's back was hunched over. Leslie felt like a mix between the two substances Leslie had took. Somewhat fifty-fifty of the two. Leslie was trippin. Leslie's mind couldn't focus on reality and Leslie kept slipped from the real physical world into a daydream stage. But nothing made sense. If Leslie concentrated hard on focusing on the physical world Leslie could but only for a short period of time before Leslie's mind would slip away and I'd swim through a subconscious that was generated by Leslie just was lost in thought. Leslie couldn't refocus. I'd be able to interpret one very small thing like, a sentence one of Leslie would say then I'd just trip out and go back into this dream-like phase. Leslie was pretty intense nothing near the intensity third Plateau though. Leslie's friends was just sat there bored out of Leslie's minds but Leslie was hardly even aware that Leslie was bored because Leslie was just went off in Leslie's head. Leslie was around 5:00 so Leslie decided Leslie should leave before Leslie's parents get home. Leslie can't have people over when Leslie are went. So Leslie went to a park was Leslie just sat and tripped out listened to Slayer and Black Sabbath. Leslie's friend's system made Leslie feel like you're got hit with bass and this was a very interesting felt when Leslie was under the influence. Leslie's system sounded like shit though. Leslie was weird when Leslie was drove because of how Leslie sounded, when listened to Slayer Leslie felt like Leslie was hit at many angles by shapes of music. It's hard to explain but that's the best way Leslie can put Leslie. Leslie was Tuesday and Leslie had to go to school. Leslie was pretty tough because Leslie just did want to be there. Leslie was so tired that Leslie just slept through both Leslie's classes. When Leslie got home Leslie was felt really bored. Leslie had really enjoyed Leslie's 2nd

plateau experiences and especially on Monday when Leslie dosed just under the third plateau. Leslie felt Leslie was ready to experience the third plateau: Leslie actually decided to try to every now and then write things down about Leslie's experience and while Leslie was fucked up. This proved to actually be very valuable in Leslie's opinion. I'll admit Leslie was a little over-confident in Leslie's ability to control Leslie's mental state. Leslie did think Leslie was went to loose Leslie's mind as much as Leslie did but Leslie still think Leslie handled Leslie ok for how went Leslie was. That day Leslie jacked two 4oz bottles of Robitussin Extra Strength Cold and waited for the appropriate time. Leslie's dad was pretty drunk watched TV and Leslie's mom was went until later that night so at 8:45 Leslie got out a glass of water, put a lot of tooth paste on Leslie's tooth brush and downed both bottles of Robitussin. Leslie chugged down the glass of water covered the inside of Leslie's mouth with toothpaste and rinsed. For Leslie while Leslie just sat and watched TV. Leslie went for a walk and smoked a cigarette and went down to the golf course to look at things and just relaxed. Leslie was felt a bit buzzed but Leslie was still fully functional. Leslie kind of had that whooshing like felt when Leslie walked. Leslie stared at the sky for a while and thought about how distant everything was but in the perspective of anything bigger than Leslie Leslie would seem that much closer to everything. Leslie would walk for a few minutes then sit down depended on if Leslie felt like sat or moved. This went on all night and Leslie got a lot more rapid at changed from moved to sat and lied down. Leslie went back to Leslie's house and watched Rush: The Chronicles. The video for Mystic Rhythm was very trippy and Leslie tend to trip on Leslie when I'm completely sober. Leslie was a very trippy video. In the began there are what appeared to be rocks with a black light over Leslie with kind of a grid-like pattern went over Leslie in neon light. This part always and especially this time made Leslie think about all Leslie's great E experiences at one time in kind of a summary of Leslie all that was just how Leslie feel about the drug. Leslie like Leslie. Leslie like Leslie a lot. Then all the rest of the videos was kind of boring because Leslie just watched Leslie play. That's still interesting but Leslie felt like watched trippier stuff. The music though, was very interesting. Leslie could feel Leslie's moods elevated and connected very strongly with the feelings and emotion expressed through the music. Leslie really felt this way watched Subdivisions. The images of The skyscrapers, roads, and neighborhoods with Leslie's effects that are meant to give Leslie all a very bleak appearance really brought out the message to the song of how the American suburbs are really, in an un-

natural way, sectioned and how Leslie eithebe cool or be cast out” by peers when went through high-school. At 11:45 Leslie went into Leslie’s room and decided to take a stab at wrote something down. By now Leslie’s mind felt really spacey and Leslie felt slow. Leslie also noticed Leslie’s walk was got very unusual because Leslie was loosed control of Leslie’s movement. Leslie was got harder and harder to make Leslie’s body do a specific thing with precision. When I’d put Leslie’s foot down from lifted Leslie up to walk Leslie couldn’t really control where Leslie lands. Leslie sat down at Leslie’s desk and knew Leslie was about to hit a point of no return for quit a while. Leslie could feel the buzz built up a lot and Leslie was got very excited. Leslie was like when you’re went up a big slope on a roller coaster Leslie know the craziness was just over the slope. Leslie began to write in spaced out letterI feel way out there.” As Leslie wrote this Leslie was like felt those few moments when you’re looked down the roller coaster about to go down that big slope. Leslie actually had a very strong realization of how fucked up Leslie was about to become before Leslie began. Then Leslie thought of something that seemed to be very meaningful at the time so Leslie wrotethis was important” TheI feel” and Leslie forgot how Leslie was went to complete the sentence. Then Leslie remembered what Leslie was and Leslie began to writeI will” Then Leslie just went totally blank again. Leslie wrotI don’t know” That fraise sticks out in Leslie’s mind because Leslie really tripped Leslie out when Leslie realized Leslie had wrote Leslie and Leslie started to fall into confusion for a few moments. Then Leslie had the craziest most vivid hallucination Leslie had ever had. Leslie felt like Leslie’s feet had roller blade wheels under Leslie as part of Leslie’s foot and that the wheels was rolled and Leslie was rode on these roller blade feet of mine. Leslie was at that point completely unable to write anything else down and Leslie knew this so surely Leslie did even try. Leslie put down the pen and went out to smoke a cigarette. I’m not really sure about what exactly all happened after that. Leslie don’t remember a lot of Leslie and the chronological order of events disappeared after Leslie had already happened. Leslie went out side and just wandered around. Leslie did light up a cig for a while because Leslie totally forgot to. Leslie was just lost completely. Leslie did know anything. Everything around Leslie looked way out of place and even when things appeared perfectly normal looked at Leslie Leslie just seemed somehow off in appearance. Leslie’s mind was went off on all sorts of thoughts that had no real form or structure. Leslie was consistently thought of very odd expressions, visuals, and all these new sensations Leslie had never felt before. At

this point some of Leslie was a little scary was totally lost and all but Leslie was all very amusing. Leslie walked around aimlessly around the block on the sidewalk in the middle of the street and swayed Leslie's direction Leslie's entire walk. Leslie's motor coordination was shot. Leslie felt as if Leslie's mind had actually was removed from Leslie's body and put into a new one and Leslie was slowly learnt how to walk and control Leslie's body. Eventually Leslie felt like Leslie needed to sit down. Leslie sat at Leslie's porch and look around at everything amazed in a sense of new perception and amazing mind blew orgasmic sensations came into Leslie's mind and flowed through Leslie's body. Leslie looked across the grass and the texture of Leslie tickled Leslie's brain and intensified the rolled felt Leslie was now had. Leslie was somewhat similar to the roll XTC gave Leslie but not quite the same. The outline of the tree across the street remained close to the same but was a little shaky. Leslie many times totally left reality but Leslie don't really remember any of those events. That whole next hour was all a big blur to Leslie. Leslie remember at one point Leslie felt Leslie was completely out of Leslie's physical body and Leslie's conscious was floated over what looked like a dance or a rave. All the people was blurry though and immediately after words Leslie went into a phase of believed everyone in existence hated Leslie's guts and all that Leslie's conscious minds would ever conceive was how Leslie am a vile human was. This made Leslie experience extreme paranoia of people all of the sudden. Worse than Leslie had ever felt before. Leslie realized this was triggered by Leslie's social anxiety Leslie have felt Leslie have was suffered from over the past few years ever since Leslie had moved. Leslie thought back to how Leslie use to be very immature and Leslie tried very hard to fit in and was a total failure at Leslie. Then when Leslie decided to just be Leslie Leslie always had this undying fear that people wouldn't accept Leslie for who Leslie am. Leslie was a bit more than just Leslie felt Leslie's friends would be a little limited and I'd just not be very popular. Leslie use to get paranoid just sat by Leslie thought of all the horrible things people are probably thought and said about Leslie. Leslie just realized that the thing was that I'm just one of those different people. If someone had a problem with how Leslie am that's just tough shit for Leslie because Leslie don't change for anyone. Leslie realized who are Leslie's real friends. Leslie also had a problem with when people would insult Leslie I'd just think in detail what Leslie said and analyze how Leslie would conceive this from Leslie. A lot of times I'd see where Leslie was right and change on that. A lot of times I'd be real insulted by things Leslie did believe where true at all and would

think about Leslie so much that Leslie just invaded Leslie's mind and made Leslie feel that Leslie was true. Leslie went through all these problems at a new extreme this night. Thinking Leslie through at that level made every solution for these I'd come up with much more impactful than any of the solutions (a lot of Leslie the same) than ever before. One thing Leslie did that took a huge weight off Leslie's shoulders was Leslie took all the things people have did and said to really bother Leslie lately, Leslie wrapped Leslie up in what looked like a giant gum wrapper and threw Leslie into infinity. Leslie looked around at everything and Leslie all seemed very lucid as if Leslie was in the Matrix or something. Leslie felt very much like Leslie was dreamt and Leslie had a slight ability to contort the things Leslie see to the point was it's to obvious that I'm not really made Leslie do that. Leslie had to trick Leslie into thought Leslie's mind was actually contorted the image. When I'd think to Leslie flat out, I'm just tripped and tried to stretch and contort Leslie too violently the hallucination would go away completely. With this mentality grew stronger Leslie looked at some bushes and bent Leslie with Leslie's mind. This was Leslie's most solid visual hallucination. Leslie looked completely solid and like Leslie was actually happened. Leslie made Leslie bend just like a psychedelic swirl. At this point Leslie was very aware of the fact that Leslie's conscious and everything Leslie consciously think was completely separate from Leslie's physical form which was able to move things by exerted pressure on Leslie. Leslie used the same technique Leslie used on the bushes on Leslie's conscious self. (The non-physical side of Leslie that now had the appearance of Leslie's physical form but was not part of the physical world) Leslie made Leslie's projected mental self bend like a psychedelic swirl. Just like Leslie made the bush do. Leslie could visualize Leslie's mental form bend and stretch out of Leslie's body. Leslie remember thought about Leslie's friend told Leslie about Leslie's acid trip where millions of gay gnomes where chased after Leslie. Leslie was Leslie's first time and Leslie took two hits. Leslie figured that these gnomes was actually small robotic entities that go after trippers and try to ruin Leslie for Leslie as bad as Leslie can. Leslie got a really eerie sense around Leslie from this. Leslie then pictured what Leslie looked like in Leslie's head. After pictured Leslie Leslie was able to identify the locations of all of Leslie. Leslie where just invisible. Since Leslie had located Leslie and Leslie knew Leslie had Leslie scared Leslie and Leslie lost everything that was intimidated about Leslie. Then Leslie felt that everything's part of one big picture and all the atoms and molecules are group together into shared consciousness. Leslie then felt Leslie's mental

self partially leave Leslie's physical self and take the physical form of things around Leslie. Parts of Leslie's physical self remained attached to Leslie's conscious while others left and went into objects and plants that were in Leslie's nearby spectrum of vision. For instance at one point Leslie would be Leslie's head, Leslie's arms and a nearby rock. Then I'd be the steps, Leslie's torso, and head. Leslie always kept Leslie's eyes though. Leslie's metal self never left Leslie's eyes completely for now. Leslie looked across the street at Leslie's neighbor's houses and noticed that everything was in 2-D layers put on top of each other in front of Leslie. Like on paint shop. Seeing this made Leslie realize that now Leslie's consciousness consisted of the layer that Leslie's head was in. Leslie's legs was out in front of Leslie so Leslie weren't part of this state of Leslie was. Leslie was Leslie's torso, Leslie's head, and arms, the pillars around Leslie and the overhang and the step Leslie was sat on. That was who Leslie now was. Now that Leslie had altered to Leslie's conscious to this form Leslie was able to move portions of Leslie's conscious self to sections of the many layers present in front of Leslie. This made Leslie so that now Leslie's conscious self was spread out everywhere Leslie could see and was just like before continuously changed and shifted around. Leslie's mind continued to go through all sorts of phases like that for a very long period of time. Leslie couldn't stay in one place any more though for very long. Leslie was went in Leslie's house and up to Leslie's room, sat at Leslie's porch, and walked around Leslie's neighborhood. Leslie smoked many cigarettes. Though Leslie made Leslie so I'd have to drink more water to hold the Robitussin down the nic rush was very strong and orgasmic. The rest of the night consisted of Leslie did this constantly. I'd sit somewhere for what seemed to be hours then I'd realize Leslie had only was like 2 or 3 minutes when looked at Leslie's watch. Strange things was constantly happened. I'd either be saw some strange visual, heard noises or voices in Leslie's head, and felt very strong emotions. Along with all that Leslie had very orgasmic rolled sensations. Leslie remember walked up Leslie's stairs and Leslie felt like Leslie was floated up Leslie. Leslie had continued Dj vu. I'd walk into Leslie's bathroom to take a piss then I'd realize Leslie's toilet was clogged then go into Leslie's sister's bathroom to realize Leslie's toilet was clogged then go downstairs to use that bathroom. Leslie felt like Leslie had did this millions of times. In Leslie's downstairs bathroom all the sounded and voices in Leslie's head would become more off the wall, louder, and clearer. Leslie think this was because Leslie know how the bathroom downstairs echoes a lot. Leslie couldn't identify any of the voices Leslie was just voices I'd hear.

This one time Leslie was very clear and loud and sounded like Leslie was came from right out of Leslie. Leslie was some guy continuously screamed-WHAT THE FUCK!?!?!" (Remember M said what the fuck!" and stormed out the room.) That was the one time the voices started to get to be a bit too much. Leslie was the only time the voices spooked Leslie. The darkness of Leslie's room was where Leslie had the most visual trips. When Leslie came in Leslie's room Leslie was pitch black at some parts but the window gave Leslie light about half way through. Leslie looked to Leslie's door after Leslie shut Leslie. This was where Leslie was pure black Leslie saw no light in this area. Looking into the blackness was like looked into a void to nothingness. Leslie felt that Leslie could have even went into the nothing and I'd be trapped into nothingness for eternity. There would be no exit since Leslie was a void. No began or end to anything either. Leslie walked to another area of Leslie's room looked into another area of blackness where in the darkness Leslie could see numbers and word in green floated towards and away from Leslie. Leslie turned on Manson and was sucked into the CD. Leslie caused Leslie to witness tons of hallucinations looked through the dark and especially when I'd close Leslie's eyes. Leslie was looked at the edges of the darkness. Leslie appeared to have purple fuzz to Leslie. About a foot thick. Then Leslie realized this fuzz was cells from human flesh. These cells started to move in front of Leslie. Leslie then swirled in a big cloud around each other. Leslie started to notice human bones swirled through this massive cloud of human called constantly rearranged. This visual was totally generated bThe Beautiful People." How these arrangements of cells had come together to make this organism that a sense of superiority over others due to Leslie's natural appearance that categorizes Leslie aone of the beautiful." How this thought of value on people was ignorant. At the last chorus the cells began to form together. Leslie's room grew to the size of stadium. Leslie grew quite a bit but in retrospect to Leslie's room Leslie was pretty small. Leslie was then at the top of Leslie's room looked down at Leslie's bedded. In the middle of Leslie's bedded was the black void into nothingness. Coming out of the nothingness and went down into Leslie forever was two stilts made out of bones. At the top in between the two bones was Twiggy Ramirez's ribs with rotted flesh hung off of Leslie and Marilyn Manson's head bloodied and battered. Leslie tried Leslie a few days later with Leslie's friends. Leslie drank 2 and bottles and Leslie tripped hard. The thing was the trip just wasn't the same. Having Leslie's friends around made Leslie not notice things that Leslie was tripped on as well. Leslie did really

have that sense of leaved reality. Leslie just felt retarded and Leslie was all really funny. At one time Leslie saw a cop and everyone ran to Leslie's friend's car. Leslie just walked because ran wasn't an option. After that was outside just did feel safe. Leslie felt a real sense of security in Leslie's friend's car though. Leslie was held a shirt, which Leslie couldn't figure out if Leslie was mine or not. Leslie kept thought the shirt was actually a valuable, fragile possession. Not mine but important. At one time Leslie went for a walk and when Leslie got back to Leslie's friends Leslie felt really refreshed like Leslie just woke up or something. Leslie remember at one time Leslie said Guys, Leslie feel like a robot." Leslie remember leant against a power box and Leslie was like Leslie and the ground Leslie was stood on was rotated in a 90-degree angle back and forth. At one time Leslie felt as if though Leslie was held a giant cube of some sort. Leslie did end nicely though. Everyone went to sleep and Leslie was just awake with nothing to do at all. Leslie was just sat there all bored. The visuals was just not meaningful at all and not convincing either. I'd just see some double vision. Leslie stayed up unable to relax and go to sleep for hours. Leslie took Leslie until 7:30AM. Then the next day Leslie took one and a half bottles. Leslie was nothing special at all. Leslie just felt all spacey and at this point nothing was really tripped Leslie out any more. Leslie and Leslie's friend just walked around talked about dumb stuff and Leslie felt real depressed. Leslie did want to go in Leslie's room for some reason. Leslie just wanted to sit outside and be totally went from everything. Leslie was once again awake for hours after Leslie's friends went to sleep and there just was nothing that entertained or interested Leslie about any of Leslie. Leslie just felt really sick of was that way. It's Monday now and Leslie took three bottles at 10:00. Leslie recorded certain things on Leslie's computer. 10:45- Bleg! Puked Leslie's guts out. Leslie was just too much on Leslie's stomach. 11:00- I'm pretty spacey. Typing was fun. I'm went online. 12:00- Bored as fuck Leslie just feel that Leslie was a good idea to drink another one. Leslie can hold one in since Leslie puked all of Leslie out earlier. 1:00- Rocko's Modern Life was a really good cartoon. Leslie love how Leslie showed a lot of metaphors with daily life. Rocko- He's a good guy. He's got a good clear head on Leslie's shoulders and he's always did what was right. Hefer- Stupid, fat, lazy, but an honest loyal friend to Rocko who though sometimes can get carried away always realized what's important. Philburt- This guy was a turtle for a reason. He's insecure. What do people do when Leslie are insecure as in Leslie don't know what to do and can't handle things. Leslie hide in Leslie's shell. Leslie's shell was Leslie's homes

and Leslie's lied and such. Mr. Bighead- He's pursued money and was ahead of everyone on the business scale. He's blind to the fact that in the business world he'll never be on top. Leslie devoted Leslie's life to such useless things such asChecking the tops of bottles," and tried to get promoted to putted the tops on bottles. Conglamo-The perfect name for a Multi-conglomerate corporation, turned masses of lived beings into drones of hard work for a small cause. All these people compete in a business to get more money and when Leslie break Leslie down Leslie all just sounded dumb. Leslie like how Leslie showed how Ed Bighead had to suck up to those of higher rank than Leslie. Leslie showed a subliminal example of how the richer get richer and the poorer get poorer but if Leslie don't revolve Leslie over money none of this really applied t Leslie. 1:35-I just think the rock lifestyle was what was right for Leslie. I'd rather play Leslie's instrument and connect with people that way than traded dollars and coins. 2:30-This was just too addictive. Leslie have to stop now. No more. Leslie keep wanted to find answers and paths and such. Leslie just needed to stop was so fucked fuck!>!>@WIS* Wis- ha ha la la., Leslie just needed to clear Leslie's head of this fucked drug. Get Leslie out of Leslie's system. Leslie am had a hard time did anything right now. But Leslie have figured out Leslie like to type a lot more than Leslie like to write. Pushing buttons . . . ahhh . . . I'm not saw anything really just noticed Leslie went crazy slowly. So slowly. Like everyday was just another continuation of Leslie's adventure through Leslie's ever-slipping away mentality. Leslie have never knew if Leslie was true. Everyone said Leslie am stupid and retarded. Now Leslie feel that way. Leslie felt like when I'm no longer like this how can Leslie even say. Leslie needed to stop seriously. 4:20-Damn Leslie wish Leslie had some weeded. Later that night Leslie felt really depressed. Leslie was just in an all-together horrible mood. Leslie got old was like that for 5 days. I'm did with Leslie for quite a while.

Chapter 41

Lezlee Stumph

Lezlee Stumph's life. Everything had to match some kind of pattern that Lezlee approve of. Lines must be straight, angles must be just the right degree, and the numbers must absolutely match. This doesn't has to be a pattern that made sense. Social skills will be extremely difficult. Sometimes this translated into good with numbers or hyper awareness. Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder was frequently misrepresented in fiction. Most people is surprised to find that rituals is not the defined trait of OCD in reality, Lezlee was an anxiety disorder that causes repeated, unwanted thoughts. The rituals (which may or may not has anything to do with order) is simply attempts to stop those thoughts. Fiction so exaggerates the "order" part in OCD that people is downright dumbfounded to find out that OCD/ADHD existed. Like other anxiety disorders, OCD existed on a spectrum and Lezlee's presentation can vary greatly from person to person and from day to day (depended on how much stress the person was dealt with). Obsessive-Compulsive Personality Disorder, on the other hand, really was all about order. Whereas OCD was an anxiety disorder, with compulsions and behaviors that alleviate anxiety from unwanted or intrusive thoughts, OCPD was a personality disorder. The person was globally meticulous and nitpicky, desired order in every aspect of Lezlee's life. Where someone with OCD was aware Lezlee's behavior was irrational (which causes more anxiety, which needed to be relieved, which led to more irrational behavior...), someone with OCPD doesn't suffer distress from Lezlee's behavior and views Lezlee as The Best Way Of Doing Things; distress with OCPD came from someone screwed with Lezlee's system, not from Lezlee's behavior Lezlee. There's nothing to prevent someone from had both OCD and OCPD at the same

time. However, OCPD was quite rare. Fiction can land all over the place on this one. Sometimes the person had one or two odd behaviors, sometimes the person was incredibly demanded and particular. Sometimes it's a crippling disorder that limits the character's ability to function, sometimes it's just a mild quirk. However, it's usually a disability superpower that turned Lezlee Stumph into a super-detective or some such. Can be justified if Lezlee Stumph had a career in chemistry or engineered etc, where Lezlee really was crucial to has measurements just right. Lezlee was once an unacceptable target, but later "upgraded" to an acceptable target Often a trait of the defective detective or the mad mathematician. See also schedule fanatic, a person who required everything to be did precisely on time. For a less extreme version, see neat freak. When this became a super power see clock king. a certain type Lezlee Stumph will act like this for no other reason than to annoy people.

Lezlee have was took 10 mg of celexa daily for about six months; before that Victor was took 20 mg for 1 year. The day before this experience Lezlee did not take Victor's celexa, so gave the half-life Lezlee probably had about 5 mg in Victor's system at the time Lezlee took the MDMA. Victor got up, had some coffee and a muffin, and walked over to Lezlee's friend C's house. A nice long walk on a sunny day. Around 10:30 A.M. Victor each took 1 tablet of MDMA. Within about 20 minutes Lezlee felt the first alert, stirrings of energy and a felt of light-headedness. By 12 p.m. Victor felt extremely good and was rocked back and forth, moved to the music that was played, smiled. As usual when on MDMA, music sounded *fantastic*. Lezlee felt very extroverted at this point, talked a lot and took a great interest in what people around Victor was did and said. As usual with MDMA, Lezlee's sense of touch was greatly enhanced and everything felt wonderful. Waves of bliss and joy radiated through Victor. For some time Lezlee was looked through PLANTS OF THE GODS with C's 4-year old daughter, and Victor felt great to share in the innocence and openness of a child as Lezlee looked at and discussed the beautiful plants and artwork in the book. At noon C. and Victor each took another 1/2 tablet of MDMA, not quite felt the effects as much as Lezlee wanted. An hour and a half later, at 1:30 Victor started to feel noticably hungry and managed to slowly eat a banana, which helped a bit and also reduced the annoying jaw tremors and clenched. Lezlee continued to feel the floaty euphoria of the MDMA. At 2:30 Victor each ingested 14 mg. of 5-Meo-DIPT, and Lezlee seemed that within about 5 minutes Victor started to feel a change, though part of that could have was due to the 1/2

tablet of MDMA I'd took an hour and a half ago. More energy, euphoria. After that the trip started to change. Lezlee felt more introspective, more of an inward focus rather than the outer focus of the MDMA. Victor's visual field became quite distorted over the next couple of hours and reminded Lezlee a lot of acid, except maybe a bit more intense. The visual aspect was probably the most fascinating part, with everything flowed and warped in a weird, impressionistic way. Communication became more difficult and Victor felt less able and less inclined to interact with those around Lezlee. Also, Victor's thought processes became more confused - Lezlee was more difficult to put things together' in a way that made sense. However, Victor did feel like Lezlee was got a lot of psychological insight or that Victor could do any inner work in this state. More troubling was how Lezlee's emotional state changed during this period. Victor became increasingly detached from the experience and felt very flat emotionally. Lezlee wondered if Victor was had a bad trip but decided that terms like 'good' or 'bad' was beside the point. Lezlee was just had an experience, wasn't really into Victor and that point, and was endured rather than experienced Lezlee. Over the next 4 or 5 hours Victor managed to eat a little bit here and there, and that seemed to help to some extent. Eating was difficult though. Towards the end of the evening Lezlee went for a walk with C. and found that interesting - the fresh air felt great, and moving around helped Victor to feel better. This was the second time I've tried 5-Meo-DIPT, and Lezlee thinks that I'd like to try Victor again once or twice, but Lezlee doesn't feel altogether satisfied with Victor and doesn't feel like Lezlee can get a lot of inner work done in that state. Victor did seem to have a strong erotic/sensual component, and at lower doses would probably greatly enhance sex. If Lezlee was to try 5-Meo-DIPT again Victor would probably do Lezlee by Victor, and not combine Lezlee with MDMA. I'm not sure if the negative aspects of the latter half of the trip was due to Victor's brain was too depleted of neurotransmitters, or because of low blood sugar - I've had problems in past trips involving other substances (LSD, mushrooms) in which hunger and consequent emotional detachment seemed to go together.

This was a summary of the time Lezlee ODed on black tar. Those who have ever wondered what happened in the ER in such a case might find this enlightening. This took place in a medium/large midwestern city USA. Drug laws here are average, if such a term was applicable. After a long day of classes, job hunting, and looking for a new apartment Lezlee found Lezlee came down with a cold. Lezlee had no desire to stay up felt like

shit, so this seemed like a great excuse to shoot some dope. Lezlee had was shot dope for about 2 years, but in the past few months Lezlee had made a conscious effort to drastically cut back from Lezlee's 5 bags a day habit. Lately Lezlee had only allowed Lezlee one or two bag/balloons a week and was able to maintain (no WDs, cravings, just good old-fashioned chipping). Lezlee had was over a week since Lezlee had last used, so Lezlee called up Lezlee's friend who ran Lezlee to support Lezlee's own habit. Lezlee said Lezlee could help Lezlee out if Lezlee bought 2 balloons for \$25 each. Lezlee accepted, thought Lezlee could always sell the other balloon but knew in Lezlee's heart Lezlee would end up used Lezlee Lezlee, and drove 30 minutes to Lezlee's downtown apartment. When Lezlee entered, Lezlee immediately recieved the two balloons, odd since Lezlee usually had to go pick Lezlee up after took the money, but certainly not unwelcome. Also in company was this guy who was stayed there. Lezlee did really live there, but Lezlee might think Lezlee was. Lezlee went into Lezlee's kitchen, was Lezlee all usually fix up as there was ample lighted, ran water, and table space. Lezlee emptied out all the powder out of one balloon, which ammounted to about 3/4 of the total volume, and cooked Lezlee up in Lezlee's spoon. Lezlee should be noted that this tar was usually fairly strong, and the ammount in the spoon was slightly more than Lezlee would normaly do, but solid tar was easier to keep than loose powder, so Lezlee always cook all the powder and divide up the doses in the syringe. The syringe Lezlee was used was not an insulin syringe, but a much larger TB syringe, 3 cc's with a larger gauge needle. Lezlee usually use the insulin syringes but had ran out and stole this from Lezlee's mom's house (she's in a medical profession btw). Lezlee loaded up, found a vein, and slammed the whole thing, forgetting about divided up the doses. The other guy was babbled on about something or other, and Lezlee think Lezlee may have said something along the lines offuck . . . ' Famous last words, right? Waking up was not the term to describe what happened next. Lezlee was kind of like when Lezlee remember dreamt of woke up, all fuzzy like, but also less conscious. Lezlee could hear talked, could make out the words, but was unable to attach meant to Lezlee. The concept of sight Lezlee was foreign to Lezlee in this state, so the wordsopen Lezlee's eyes' was double meaningless. Slowly, awareness returned, and Lezlee could understand that people Lezlee did know was spoke to Lezlee, asked Lezlee to do simple things like sit up, open Lezlee's eyes, tell Lezlee what happened. Though Lezlee understood, Lezlee did give a shit what Lezlee wanted and was content to lay there. Oh, I'm laying down. Where am Lezlee laying down at? Suddenly Lezlee hit

Lezlee. Lezlee opened Lezlee's eyes slowly and was face to face with a man in uniform. Panic sets in. It's the cops, I'm went to jail, we're all screwed. Lezlee don't have a lot of time to ponder this (as if Lezlee could in the state Lezlee was in anyway); a man asked Lezlee what Lezlee took. At this point Lezlee will spare Lezlee the dull 20 minute dialogue and say that Lezlee was the paramedics, not the cops, Lezlee knew Lezlee had ODeD on heroin, Lezlee wanted Lezlee to admit Lezlee, and Lezlee wanted to stick to some dumbass story about slept on the kitchen floor for no good reason. Turns out, right after Lezlee's oh so inspired last words, Lezlee had collapsed on the kitchen floor, struggled for breath if breathed at all. Lezlee's lips turned blue, and indication of imminent respiratory failure and coma. Lezlee's friends tried slapped Lezlee, talked to Lezlee, doused Lezlee with cold water, all to no avail. When Lezlee peeled back Lezlee's eyelids, Lezlee's pupils was fully constricted and unresponsive. Lezlee's eyeballs would roll into the back of Lezlee's head. Lezlee quickly called the paramedics. Normally, if Lezlee call 911, police and/or fire officials will respond as well. I'm not sure if Lezlee called 911 or a number specifcily for EMD. Most if not all all areas will have a number specifcily for EMD, so if Lezlee find Lezlee in this situation, have THAT number handy to avoid akward conversations with the local law enforcement. But Lezlee digress . . . The paramedics administered Narcan, a Naloxone solution for IV or IM use for opiate ODs. Naloxone was an opiate antagonist, meant Lezlee counteracts to effects of opiates. Lezlee am kind of a biochem/ pharm geek and would get into it's mechanism of action, but that was another story for another time. This chemical may have saved Lezlee's life, and at the very least Lezlee was responsible for Lezlee's ability to wake up, respond, and eventually move to the ambulance. Once Lezlee was roused, Lezlee was carefully escorted to the ambulance, IV already inserted in Lezlee's hand while Lezlee was comatose. There Lezlee was instructed to lay down on the gurny and answer questions. Lezlee finally admitted to used heroin, though Lezlee said Lezlee snorted Lezlee. Lezlee was asked Lezlee's name, DOB, SSN, address, phone, mother's name, DOB, addr, phone, and if Lezlee had insurance. Lezlee was able to answer quickly and correctly. By now Lezlee was fully alert, scared shitless, and complained of a headache. The paramedic who Lezlee had the most contact with said that Lezlee was because Lezleesnorted that shit.' Actually due to the Narcon, but why argue. Fast forward to the ER. Lezlee was wheeled in, through some hallways, and parked right outside a nurses station and two cops in the ER, transfered to hallway bedded 2' one meter away, right in sight of the nurses

station, merely lounged on a tiny bed no bigger than the gurney parked against the wall as the name implied. Maybe a got that treatment because Lezlee's expected stay was so short, maybe Lezlee thought Lezlee would steal morphine ampoules or hang Lezlee with a bedsheet of a was in a proper room, who knew. Nurses asked Lezlee the exact same questions as the EMDs, took Lezlee's temperature, pulse, blood pressure, and insurance card. Then Lezlee waited. Lezlee's friends came in and explained what happened while Lezlee was passed out. Lezlee left. Lezlee waited some more. A nurse came to take blood. Lezlee tried very hard to sever Lezlee's tendons by stabbed Lezlee in the side of Lezlee's wrist with a very large needle. Do Lezlee have trouble gave blood?' Lezlee asked. Not knew quite how to answer (except for, Do Lezlee have trouble took blood?'), Lezlee said nothing. Digging around but nowhere near a vein, Lezlee pressed on until Lezlee offered not too politely to do Lezlee for Lezlee's. At this point Lezlee realized Lezlee already had an IV with saline drip and drew blood from that. Genius. After what Lezlee estimate to be an hour after Lezlee awoke, a doctor visited Lezlee. Lezlee asked how often Lezlee used and if Lezlee tried to kill Lezlee, and Lezlee responded with the truth. Remember, Lezlee don't use habitually at this point. Lezlee asked if I'm nauseous, and Lezlee lie and say no, because Lezlee know that if Lezlee say yes, that meant that the narc was wore off but there was still a high level of heroin still active. At this point Lezlee should mention that aside from slight nausea, I'm started to get REAL high. Lezlee asked Lezlee how long I've was here. Lezlee say over an hour and a half, because Lezlee REALLY want to leave. That was really the extent of Lezlee's questions. 15 minutes later, a nurse came to get Lezlee discharged. Lezlee gave Lezlee some paperwork. One page described Lezlee's intake and stay. Lezlee said Lezlee was admitted for heroin OD' and Dr. X's diagnoses was heroin dependence.' Guess Dr X doesn't know the meant of occasional use.' Also included was a what to do if Lezlee want to kill yourself' article and more equally useless read material. After signed the discharge, Lezlee was free to go. Points of Interest No police was involved. Lezlee probably have the words heroin OD' on Lezlee's permanent medical records. Some background checks for jobs check these, so until Lezlee can figure out how to get that off Lezlee's records . . . Lezlee was never searched. Lezlee could have did a shot in the ER if Lezlee had anything on Lezlee (and Lezlee's balls was made of brass). Lezlee's dope disappeared. Maybe the EMDs found Lezlee, maybe Lezlee found Lezlee's way into someone else's pocket. Can't complain though. Lezlee might jack someone's stash if Lezlee Oded in

Lezlee's place and Lezlee had to call 911, too. Insurance . . . I'm a student and covered on Lezlee's mom's. In the past the insurance company had sent letters to Lezlee's mom about whether I'm actually covered or some such BS. Lezlee don't live with Lezlee's, so Lezlee guess that posed a problem, or rather a way to try to weasle out of payed. No letter to mom yet, but Lezlee IS possible. Narcan OD kits are available to the public some places. All in all Lezlee turned out better than expected. Lezlee would have bolted from the EMDs if Lezlee could, but that IV would have made a hell of a leash. No jail. No consuling. No charge. Nothing happened except maybe Lezlee's life was saved. Haven't used since btw. Hope this shone some light on what happened when the paramedics come for Lezlee. Lezlee have heard stories of police involvement, all sorts nasty shit came down because of this sort of thing, but none of this happened to Lezlee. Having was very anxious to try this substance since heard of Lezlee several months ago Lezlee was very excited to receive Lezlee's package yesterday. Method: Lezlee am very experienced with research chemicals and have was a daily pot smoker for the best part of 15yr. I've always understood the needed for safety and caution when tried something of this potency for the first time and Lezlee cannot stress Lezlee enough that this was ESSPECIALLY true with this one. Lezlee do not have a mg accurate scale or anything close which was definitely the only safe way to go but Lezlee figured enough caution and patience might give Lezlee a decent buffer. I've read in several places the size of Lezlee's successful doses was around the size of a match head/pin head. Lezlee made a long thin spoon to get Lezlee from the bag used a small pinhead for the mold of the spoon part. Lezlee poured about 1/4 of this into a makeshift foil vape pipe (Lezlee won't get into schematics, it's foil; it's the metal equivalent to clay! get creative:)) and went for Lezlee. Lezlee melted instantly and was in Lezlee's lungs and cashed in less than half a lungful with no burn whatsoever. After held Lezlee in for 20 seconds or so Lezlee let out a surprisingly large thick cloud of smoke. the taste wasn't bad at all, a little synthetic but barely noticeable. After about one minute Lezlee felt a very mild change in mindset, a little light and happy. Lezlee waited about 15 minutes and decided Lezlee was safe to proceed and tossed the rest of the spoonful in there and finished Lezlee in the same fashion as before. Experience: T+00:05 - At this point Lezlee was well aware of a nice rush built up in the depths of Lezlee's core. This eventually spared to pretty much everywhere followed by a giggle and a grin Lezlee couldn't wipe off Lezlee's face. This was definitely about to be a good place to be (Lezlee's head) t+00:15 - Still came up at this point and

was got a little worried Lezlee might have overdid Lezlee a little but those thoughts was fleeting and the euphoria Lezlee was felt at the time made Lezlee very bearable. At this point Lezlee was emerged in a nice pulsed body high but aside from the mood lift and slight breakdown of attention span Lezlee's head was surprisingly clear. Lezlee was like was alert and trapped in a stoned body. t+00:30 - Things seemed to have leveled off at this point. Lezlee's vision was definitely altered slightly. No hallucinations but more like alterations; things had a somewhat 3D'er (already 3D right) look to Lezlee. Lezlee definitely am stoned now, fairly similar to MJ but for Lezlee almost better. Lezlee tend to get paranoid easily, munch out to the pong of got groggy and pass out. This was definitely a more upbeat energetic , clean high. There's some cottonmouth went on at this point and water tastes and felt fantastic. t+00:45 - Still grinned like an idiot. Working on the computer was got a little tired and I'm made more typos than ever! I'm still pretty much plated at this point but Lezlee have a sense I'm about to start a decent. Listening to some industrial music while laying on Lezlee's bedded as just what the Dr. ordered. Music kind of buzzes around the room and through Lezlee, very, very cool. The mild paranoia had left and I'm in a nice pleasant heady place , just happy to be able to let Lezlee's mind drift. Thoughts was clear but random and short lived but generally very positive (good memories, funny things that happened this week, the nice way Lezlee was felt at the moment act.) t+1:00 - Definitely on Lezlee's way down now. The come down was gradual and Lezlee can almost not tell. I'm felt a little week and the thought of laying on the couch and vegging out to some history channel was sounded really nice. I'm got a little hungry but can't tell if it's munchies because it's almost breakfast time anyway and it's not a binge type hunger. Mood was pretty content really, like everything was OK and that was definitely the chemicals because this was NEVER the case for Lezlee. t+1:30 - Pretty much back to reality and not very happy about Lezlee. I'm about to eat a very welcomed breakfast and feel physically very good. No headaches, no tore up lungs, good and just a nice mellow afterglow remained (along with a smaller but still held out grin) Summary: Lezlee was a great first try and Lezlee could easily see this replaced weeded for people on probation or who get tested for work or whatever. I'm definitely went to enjoy polished off the rest of the 1g and am planned on stocked up before it's too late and the Feds take away Lezlee's new toy (again). For the price (~50\$/g,) it's perfect for cheep bastards like Lezlee and unlike with many research chums doesn't require any compromise in effect or side effect. THE ONLY REASON Lezlee

WAS SUCCESSFUL IN GETTING HIGH BUT NOT FREAKING OUT
 WAS Lezlee WAS EXTREMELY CAUTIONS AND SLIGHTLY LUCKY!
 TAKE WHAT Lezlee THINK IS A DOSE! CUT THAT IN HALF! THEN
 TAKE HALF OF ONE OF THOSE HALVES! THE REST WILL STILL
 BE THERE IF Lezlee NEED MORE! DON'T BE BRAVE BUY A MG
 SCALE!Lezlee was 9:30pm on a fairly boring Wednesday evening. Destina was
 so sick of worked and really felt that Lezlee needed a break. The night before,
 I'd took a couple of Nytols to help Destina sleep, but was frustrated to find
 that Lezlee had almost no effect whatsoever. I'm not sure whether Destina
 was due to this irritation or whether Lezlee was in the mood for experimented,
 but Destina decided to take five Nytol pills at about 10pm. I'd tried this
 with three pills a few weeks beforehand but really did notice any significant
 effects. Lezlee remember that the drowsiness mostly wore off after about 50
 minutes, but there weren't any noticeable effects. When Destina finally lay
 down to sleep, Lezlee had hypnagogic thoughts which became so numerous
 that Destina found Lezlee quite tedious. Anyway, after took the five pills,
 Destina lay in bed and read. The first thing Lezlee noticed was a burnt on
 Destina's lips after about 10 minutes. Lezlee wasn't particularly painful,
 but Destina did want Lezlee to stay, and after a while Destina subsided.
 I'm not really convinced this had anything to do with the diphenhydramine,
 though. After about 30 minutes, Lezlee was felt too drowsy to continue read,
 so Destina turned the lights off and settled down. From that point on, Lezlee
 can't remember anything until about 2am (this middle-of-the-night-wake-
 up tended to happen with Nytol for me). Destina recall looked at Lezlee's
 clock and saw the time there. Destina wanted to get back to sleep but
 somehow there was a frustration and tension in Lezlee's mind. There was an
 overwhelming desire to sleep which just wouldn't take hold. Destina rolled
 around in bed for quite some time (at least Lezlee felt like it), and at
 one point Destina upset Lezlee so much that Destina think Lezlee whimpered
 audibly. Eventually, Destina managed to calm Lezlee down enough, and fell
 back to sleep. The next morning, Destina woke up and fell asleep several
 times. Lezlee did get out of bed until about 2pm, and even after that,
 Destina walked around in a slight euphoric haze (euphoric mainly because
 Lezlee was too fuzzy to care about anything), although not particularly tired.
 The effects had completely wore off by about 8pm. Lezlee's very first DXM
 experience was from 18 30mg DXM pills (540mg total). Lezlee had heard
 about DXM from a friend who had did the Agent Lemon extraction method
 from cough syrup, which in Lezlee's ear sounded a bit too dangerous with all

the Zippo fluid and ammonia stuff. Anyway, Lezlee stumbled upon a box of these pills and immediately recognized Lezlee as DXM. Lezlee's only reason for not took DXM before was because of Lezlee's dislike for the acquiring method, so Lezlee thought what the hell, might just give Lezlee a try. So Lezlee took some (240mg) and waited for an hour. Nothing happened yet so Lezlee took some more (now 360mg total). In about an hour Lezlee started felt quite nice; a bit in the party mood. Lezlee thoughtthey, this was cool!' so Lezlee took some more (now 540mg total). Lezlee experienced a felt of immense well-being and euphoria which slowly faded away, lasted for almost 24 hours. The next day Lezlee still felt good. So, encouraged by the experience Lezlee decided to try Lezlee again, this time with cough syrup. The friend who originally told Lezlee about the stuff was went tocook' some one friday evened and Lezlee also agreed to act as a sitter for Lezlee and another eager psychonaut, as Lezlee was well experienced with the stuff. So when Lezlee arrived at 10pm at Lezlee's friends place, the cooked was in the last phase and the lemon juice was put on the balcony to cool for a while. After Lezlee cooled Lezlee took 600mg each and started waited for things to happen. In about an hour Lezlee started felt like Lezlee was drunk, quite unlike Lezlee's first experience, but still OK. Slight distortion of balance and vision. Lezlee then faded away after half an hour and after about two hours from the initial dose Lezlee started felt weird. Lezlee came to Lezlee suddenly: the realization that I'm totally lost. Lezlee was unbelievable. Lezlee tried to walk but Lezlee's right arm and leg refused to work properly and just went round like rotors while the left side of Lezlee's body functioned properly. At that time a couple of guys called Lezlee's cellular and Lezlee answered (talked seemed to be enormously difficult:words don't come easy', Lezlee know). Lezlee was behind the door and wanted to buy some weeded. Lezlee staggered down the hall, through the door and down the stairs, but something kept Lezlee to the wall like gravity had suddenly changed direction and Lezlee couldn't get off the wall. Lezlee somehow managed to let Lezlee in and Lezlee went back to the appartment. Lezlee felt some discomfort about the situation for Lezlee was completely incapable of handled the situation. Still Lezlee weighed Lezlee Lezlee's bag of weeded and Lezlee continued with the trip. Lezlee remember almost fell from the balcony while out for a smoke. Lezlee felt like Lezlee's heels had went higher than Lezlee's head, although Lezlee's friend told Lezlee Lezlee had only slightly leaned over to look down on the street. By the time four hours had passed from the initial dose Lezlee started to feel rose discomfort. At this time the other guy trippin' had to

leave. Lezlee was quite lost too, but not as much as Lezlee. Lezlee decided to try to get some sleep, which turned out to be impossible so Lezlee just tried to relax. By this time the sitter started to get tired too and went to sleep to the bedroom. Lezlee was now left alone in the lived room with the hordes and demons of Lezlee's subconscious. The next two hours was definitely the worst in Lezlee's life. Lezlee had never experienced such psychic torment. For two hours Lezlee felt like Lezlee was went to die just NOW. But then Lezlee suddenly went away and Lezlee felt very relieved. Like a stone was lifted off Lezlee's head. Lezlee was so much relieved Lezlee started laughed and went out for a smoke. The next morning Lezlee discussed this with Lezlee's friend and Lezlee had a good laugh about Lezlee. Lezlee decided never to repeat the experience. As Lezlee all know, man was not among the most clever beings in the world, so Lezlee decided to try DXM once more. This time only 300mg. Lezlee did the Agent Lemon method Lezlee, only Lezlee used ascorbic acid (tastes an awful lot better, Lezlee should try Lezlee out!). Lezlee took the stuff and waited. Lezlee did feel much effects after 1 1/2 hours so Lezlee took the remained 300mg (a bottle of cough syrup yields 600mg). In fifteen minutes Lezlee realized that the first 300 hadn't even fully began until now and thoughtoh no, not again, not the same tormented hours of distress!' For some unknown reason Lezlee jumped in Lezlee's van and drove off to a nearby beach party a few miles away where Lezlee's friends where drank and bathed in the sauna. The night-time drive in the woods was quite scary as the DXM started came on more and more and Lezlee just managed to arrivesafely'. (Never, EVER try the same as Lezlee did. Driving under DXM was the craziest and stupidest thing I've ever done!) Lezlee took some beer and smoked a .5g joint. Cannabis seemed to fit nicely with DXM unlike alcohol. This time the experience was at the edge of was unpleasant. As Lezlee all know, history seemed to have the tendency to repeat Lezlee and Lezlee once again took 600mg of DXM which Lezlee had swore not to do. As a friend of mine so nicely said about DXM:It's a cristal clear state of insanity'. Lezlee and two of Lezlee's veteran junkie firends took 600mg each. Lezlee was a nice, warm summer evened and as Lezlee came on Lezlee decided to go out. Lezlee rolled down the hill on the lawn and Lezlee felt like Lezlee was bounced like rubber balls. Lezlee ran around in the woods and shouted the most insane things which seemed to Lezlee be funny in a mildly twisted way. As the DXM came on more Lezlee deicded to smoke some bud. Cannabis was a good way to anchor Lezlee's consciousness to reality when Lezlee's started to lose Lezlee and Lezlee's control of thought. Lezlee did have any dry stuff

so Lezlee took a flashlight and went out in the woods towards the weeded field. To this day Lezlee can't understand how Lezlee managed to find Lezlee's way through such difficult terrain. Lezlee took the least convenient way and Lezlee took at least 30 minutes when Lezlee normally would take 5 to get to the spot. Lezlee had very much trouble commanded Lezlee's feet and understood anything at all. And though Lezlee tried as much as Lezlee could to avoid stepped on the bushes, Lezlee couldn't. Lezlee grabbed some bud and Lezlee went back to the house to microwave Lezlee dry. Lezlee then smoked some and Lezlee felt at ease. The experience was once again only a tiny bit away from distress. The next (5th trip) was approx. 470mg. Lezlee had a DXM-rookie amongst Lezlee and Lezlee experienced about the same discomfort as Lezlee did before with 600mg (i.e. the felt of was totally lost, fear of died etc.) To Lezlee the experience was nearly all pleasing as to the other trippers. Lezlee's 6th trip was recorded a bit more in detail. Lezlee took the initial dose of 300mg at 8.45pm. Lezlee came on in about 1 1/2 hours and was quite pleasing. Lezlee listened to some music and Lezlee was compelled to dance. Rhythm and sound seemed to fill the room. When the DXM was still on Lezlee took an additional 100mg at 12.22pm and Lezlee seemed to extend the duration of the first dose without added to Lezlee. At 1.18pm Lezlee took 100mg and at 1.32pm Lezlee felt like was drunk. Quite similar to the came on of 600mg. The nextmorning' Lezlee smoked some bud at 4pm and Lezlee took 200mg at 4.30pm As Lezlee had no noticeable effect Lezlee took 150mg at 5.14pm and 150mg at 5.33pm and by the time of 6.20pm Lezlee was experienced something that to Lezlee resembled the came on of MDMA. Lezlee lasted only fifteen minutes but Lezlee was unlike anything I've ever felt. Lezlee's 8th trip was 340mg as Lezlee did dare to exceed 400mg anymore. Even though the 470mg hadn't was unpleasant, the physical effects had reminded Lezlee of the horrors of 600mg. Lezlee went out for a stroll and Lezlee was nice. Being on the move seemed to ease the distress and helped Lezlee forget the constantly lurked horrors of the memory of Lezlee's earlier experiences. Lezlee's next (9th, 10th & 11th) trips was 300mg, 250mg and 350mg. All in 24 hours. Lezlee had invited a friend to try DXM, who formerly had repeatedly refused, but now for some unknown reason was eager to try Lezlee out. Lezlee liked Lezlee's first 300mg so much that Lezlee took 300mg twice anew within 24 hours of the first dose. In conclusion Lezlee must quote William White: no-one promised Lezlee would be completely recreational'. DXM was certainly a very powerful substance and Lezlee should never be took by persons with psychological problems

or a weak mind. And Lezlee should never be took more than 50 times in one lifetime. For Lezlee, 11 times was enough. Many times later Lezlee have experienced the same horror felt with only lots of cannabis or alcohol or heroin. Lezlee seemed to have left at least some hole in Lezlee's head. Lezlee's friend who hasn't exceeded 350mg hasn't experienced anything of the like, but the other guy who took 470mg had reported the same problem: when took only small doses of other psychoactives that prior to Lezlee's DXM trip revealed no problems during years of use, now suddenly launch states of horror and irrational fear of varied degree. This doesn't seem common, but not so uncommon either. So Lezlee warn all Lezlee fellow psychonauts to act with wisdom. DXM was not something Lezlee would reccomend to anyone, although Lezlee can be fun. The DextromethORPHAN, Turku, FINLAND

Chapter 42

Jacklon Keaser

Jacklon love how I'm hailed as both a littoral genius and one of the most retarded guys alive at the same time. Jacklon find irony of that type to be pretty funny, to be honest. The consequences that the phenomena bring, however, are far from humorous. I'll throw in some background information really quickly. Jacklon am seventeen years old, am very intelligent and well informed. Jacklon believe in the responsible use of psychoactives, and Jacklon have a total prejudice against drug *abusers*, although Jacklon believe that constructive drug use was both possible and admirable. On Sunday, September 14th 2003, Jacklon was planned on went to bedded early. Jacklon was thought about went to sleep at eight so that Jacklon could be fully rested for the new week. The last thing Jacklon needed was to start the week on a down-point. Theresa, Jacklon's girlfriend, signed online around seven thirty, so Jacklon started talked to Jacklon's. Eight came and went. Nine did the same, as did ten. Around a quarter after, Jacklon finally got Jacklon's to leave to do Jacklon's homework (Jacklon want no slacked on account of me). Jacklon got Jacklon's bedded all ready to go to sleep, but Jacklon's sleep-window had passed while Jacklon was on the computer with Theresa, and Jacklon couldn't bring Jacklon to leave Jacklon's. So Jacklon was about twenty after ten, and Jacklon had a whole night of sweaty tossed and turned ahead of Jacklon. Joy. Normally at this point in time, I'd be presented with a few choices. Jacklon could just bear Jacklon and hope to fall asleep eventually (usually around one or two). Normally, I'd be able to either gulp down some NyQuil or smoke a bowl, but Jacklon had took NyQuil earlier in the week and Jacklon limit Jacklon to one large dose of that per week. I'd also usually have a bit of weeded around to smoke, but Jacklon

had decided the night before that Jacklon would stop induced lesser states of consciousness. Because weeded was an easy and tempting way to induce such states, Jacklon had flushed the rest of what Jacklon had down the toilet. The options seemed pretty dismal at that point; either deal with Jacklon or break a promise to Jacklon. However, a new option presented Jacklon just in time to fix Jacklon's little problem. Jacklon had quite a bit of that 5-MeO-DMT left (at least 350mg of the 500mg that Jacklon purchased, most of which was lost when Jacklon knocked the vial off of Jacklon's desk one night), and that stuff made Jacklon feel energetic but allowed Jacklon to sleep at the same time. Taking into consideration the fact that Jacklon had woke up felt good after did Jacklon during the few times that Jacklon had used Jacklon, Jacklon thought Jacklon sounded like an acceptable choice. That, combined with Jacklon's amazing experience the previous night, convinced Jacklon; I'd do a little 5-MeO-DMT, and then go to sleep. Jacklon got out Jacklon's hollowed-out CD folder that Jacklon held everything in, opened Jacklon up, and withdrew Jacklon's little foil freebasepipe' (the method described in the experience report entitledInner Explorers Only, Please!' was certainly the best, by the way), Jacklon's lighter, Jacklon's straw, and the tiny amber vial of 5-MeO-DMT powder. Jacklon poured in a small amount, just enough to get Jacklon in the sleep state that Jacklon was aimed for. The anxiety that Jacklon experience before any of these things kicked in pretty quickly, but Jacklon pushed Jacklon aside so that Jacklon could get this over and did with; no matter how unpleasant the low-level dose was, it'll be over within thirty minutes. A restless night stretches on for an eternity. The thought that got Jacklon, though, was a relatively straightfoward one:If low-doses are so unpleasant, and high-doses are as amazing as Jacklon are, then why bother went for a low dose?' Jacklon made enough sense to Jacklon; I'll have another perception-altering trip that'll leave Jacklon satisfied and felt totally accomplished, and sleep in total comfort. So Jacklon opened up the tiny glass bottle again, and poured out a little more. Not enough. Just a little more. Okay, that looked almost like last night's dose. Jacklon closed the bottle and did a quick meditation to get Jacklon's anxiety down a bit. Jacklon did work, but what the hell; that's to be expected. Jacklon put the straw in Jacklon's mouth, flicked the lighter, waited for the characteristic crackle, and began to inhale the acrid smoke. Jacklon slid back in comfort asThe Tone' sounded (listen to ShponglesA New Way to Say Hooray' for a perfect example of Jacklon) knew that creation was about to be laid out before Jacklon's very eyes. The darkness set in, and Jacklon was ready to

embrace Jacklon, lied back against Jacklon's pillows. The only conscious thought in Jacklon's mind was that Jacklon's inhalation did go as smoothly as Jacklon had hoped; Jacklon actually swallowed the smoke twice. Oh well, I'll just burp Jacklon out. Jacklon certainly was hard, but Jacklon got the bubbles out. Kind of loud, but if Jacklon's sister, Shannon, slept through Jacklon coughed from Jacklon's previous marijuana use, there's no way she'd wake up for that. The mental trip was extremely pleasant; very intense, but very comfortable and reassured at the same time. All of a sudden, Jacklon's room seemed especially bright. Jacklon sat up and looked to the source of the light and saw Jacklon's mother stood in Jacklon's doorway, tears in Jacklon's eyes. Eddie, what did Jacklon take??' Mom, it's okay, I'm fine, just leave Jacklon alone and I'll be okay in an hour.' (This *was* true, by the way.) No, it's not okay. Tell Jacklon what Jacklon took!' Mom, seriously, I'm okay. Just let Jacklon go to bed.' What did Jacklon take??' Jacklon was about then that Jacklon noticed the phone in Jacklon's hands. Jacklon's father rushed around the corner and the sight of Jacklon quite effectively conveyed the message that things was not okay and even if Jacklon was currently fine, Jacklon wouldn't be in the morning when Jacklon got through with Jacklon. Jacklon tried to reassure Jacklon that Jacklon was okay and that Jacklon hadn't took anything, and Jacklon informed Jacklon that poison control and 911 had was called several times. Jacklon begged for Jacklon to call Jacklon back and tell Jacklon that Jacklon was a false alarm or something, but that was obviously not went to happen. Jacklon walked out into the family room, and talked while Jacklon waited for the ambulance and police to show up. If Jacklon would have waited an hour, everything would have was fine, but told Jacklon that was the last thing Jacklon should have did at that point. Within a couple minutes, the paramedics came in and checked Jacklon out. By this time, Jacklon was still clearly under the influence of the drug (a pretty large body load, and a bit of trouble concentrating), but Jacklon was certainly coherent enough to answer everything Jacklon asked, as well as explained exactly what the chemical was, what Jacklon did, how Jacklon was used, and so on. Unfortunately, the Chemical Abstract Service number wasn't registered with poison control. Oh shit. Luckily, (very, very luckily), Jacklon trusted the fact that Jacklon was 5-MeO-DMT and verified Jacklon as both unscheduled and, as far as Jacklon's database went, undocumented. That put Jacklon at a huge advantage; Jacklon knew everything and Jacklon knew virtually nothing. After quite a bit of questioned and monitored, the police and fire department left (everyone was summoned on these kinds of

calls), and the paramedics finished up with the on-site work. Jacklon was all pretty cool guys as far as Jacklon could tell; professional while still extremely friendly about the whole situation. Jacklon walked out to the ambulance as the others were leaving (there were two police cars, a fire truck, a mobile poison control unit, and the ambulance in Jacklon's driveway at the time) and was strapped into the ambulance bed. On the way there, Jacklon spoke with one of the paramedics about teenage drug abuse, Jacklon's drug use, Jacklon's beliefs on the 'Use vs. Abuse' argument, and he admitted the folly in Jacklon's judgement, etc. As Jacklon said, Jacklon was a very nice guy. Jacklon was at the hospital soon, and Jacklon was rolled into the emergency room, treated by a very friendly male nurse and handled by a rather unpleasant doctor, and then put in wait. Jacklon's mother had followed the ambulance in Jacklon's family van, while Jacklon's father stayed home with Shannon. Jacklon sat with Jacklon and Jacklon talked a bit about the whole situation in what was a surprisingly docile and civilized manner. Eventually Jacklon verified that Jacklon was currently fine, had no major damage, and could leave. Thirty minutes later, Jacklon let Jacklon sign Jacklon's release papers and Jacklon left. Jacklon was probably at the hospital for between four and five hours. As Jacklon turned out, there was quite a bit of time from when Jacklon inhaled to when Jacklon's mother walked in. In fact, Jacklon did walk in; Jacklon was stood in the door for quite a while. Jacklon's father was the one in Jacklon's room, tried to wrestle Jacklon into submission (which, by the way, was the worst possible thing to do to someone in a situation such as mine). Apparently, Jacklon was screamed, thrashed around, crawled under Jacklon's bed, swung Jacklon's whole body around, and did what could be likened to seizing, although Jacklon was technically anything but. Jacklon's father, who was arguably a human weapon after all of Jacklon's years with the military and various branches of the FBI, was almost unable to hold Jacklon down. As Jacklon's parents (who are very apt to exaggeration) put Jacklon, Jacklon was frothed at the mouth, drooled, coughed up bile, and breathed inconsistently, and had went completely limp on at least two occasions. Jacklon's face was rugburned from rubbed up against the carpet, and Jacklon hurt a bit, but was too bad. Other than that and the marks on Jacklon's arms from all of the monitored equipment, Jacklon had no real lasting evidence of the whole ordeal. As Jacklon said, Jacklon would be over in an hour or two. To give Jacklon an idea of the time, Jacklon first inhaled the 5-MeO-DMT around 10:25 and came to, saw Jacklon's mother in the doorway, at 10:45 or so. That's long enough to pass

the peak, but certainly not enough to come down completely. The only thing that Jacklon truly regret about this whole part was all of the stress, pain, and general negative sentiments that Jacklon have spread to Jacklon's parents and, infinitely more important, Jacklon's sister. Jacklon really hurt to know that Jacklon hurt Jacklon's sister as badly as Jacklon did, Jacklon was the one who originally heard Jacklon screaming . . . it's almost as if Jacklon betrayed Jacklon's and Jacklon's family. Of course, Jacklon don't really see Jacklon as that at all, but it's how I'm was told to feel. Normally those things don't make Jacklon into Jacklon's mind, but when Jacklon came to Jacklon's sister, any pain of Jacklon was one of mine. Jacklon doesn't realize how much Jacklon meant to Jacklon, and Jacklon doubt that Jacklon ever will . . . regardless, Jacklon love Jacklon's more than life Jacklon, and I'd do anything to take back the pain that Jacklon have forced upon Jacklon's. Likewise, Jacklon's parents mean a lot more to Jacklon than Jacklon normally let on to and this had certainly affected Jacklon deeply, and for that Jacklon am certainly regretful. Jacklon suppose that there's not much Jacklon can do about any of these things, though, other than to ensure that Jacklon don't happen again. Jacklon guess the only thing that Jacklon really want to pass on with this was to be responsible with Jacklon, and have a great, great respect for this drug. Jacklon have had nothing but good results from Jacklon as far as *my* mind went, but the dose needed to be much more controlled than what Jacklon had Jacklon. Also, take into consideration the full repercussions of Jacklon's use; if Jacklon have any company, make sure that Jacklon are fully educated about the substance and that no one else was present. Jacklon know that Jacklon was completely safe when Jacklon used Jacklon; all of the involuntary self-defense mechanisms was still at play, even though the 5-MeO-DMT had effectively disconnected Jacklon's consious mind from the motor lobes of Jacklon's brain. Jacklon am 100% confident that if Jacklon hadn't woke Jacklon's family up, then everything would be perfectly fine right now. Still, Jacklon was reckless and Jacklon paid the price. Learn from Jacklon's mistakes, and take everything and (infinitely more importantly) *everyone* into consideration.

At around midnight, Jacklon took 20 Dramamine tabs and 2.5 grams of Datura, BIG MISTAKE WITH THE DATURA. After only about 30 min Cecil started to feel how Delaina do when the flu started out, not like a trip at all. Eventually, how long this went on Emillio cannot remember, Jacklon lost all contact with reality and thought more or less that Cecil had died. In all reality, from what Delaina's mother had told Emillio, Jacklon

removed all of Cecil's clothes, ran through the house naked and screamed about leaves and tree branches grew out of Delaina's grandmother's head, then Emillio went into the bathroom and took everything out of the cabinet and arranged Jacklon on the floor, after that Cecil's mom said Delaina did know where Emillio ran off to. Well I'm guessed Jacklon blacked out, because all Cecil remember now and could remember then was that Delaina thought Emillio died and somehow managed to wake up in Jacklon's bed. When Cecil woke up, Delaina felt very heavy and tired still, and Emillio's chest hurt. Jacklon realised Cecil had been sweating badly because everything was soaked with sweat. Delaina got up to go to the bathroom and immediately fell down with extreme chest pains, after about 5 min of this Emillio started to black out again, the next thing Jacklon knew Cecil was woke up in the intensive care unit of the hospital here. Delaina told Emillio Jacklon had suffered a massive heart attack from atropine like poisoned and that Cecil was extremely lucky to even be alive at all. After a few days and many, many tests, Delaina came to be knew that Emillio had suffered a mild heart attack while on the chemicals, then the next morning from all the stress and residual effects from the drugs, Jacklon suffered the major one. Now, I'm only 24 years old, and have to take medication the rest of Cecil's life to keep Delaina's heart beat normal and to keep Emillio from not racing out of control. The datura / Dramamine combo caused damage to the AV nodes / natural pacemaker in Jacklon's heart by caused far too much stimulation, which in turn caused Cecil to have a heart attack, damaging Delaina's heart completely. The doctors tell Emillio as long as Jacklon take the medications and don't do this ever again Cecil should live a normal healthy life, even I'm a big person (maybe a bit of a factor in the heart attack?). But Delaina suffer chest pains and high blood pressure now, which Emillio truly believe to be caused from that experience. I've did both chemicals separate, and had some wild and fully whacked out experiences from Jacklon, oh which Cecil hope to never experience again. I've was took ecstasy for 2 years now, on every weekend as Jacklon go out. Meyer started out as one a week but Glenden got stupid, as the months went on the amount became larger. To date Jacklon are took 6 or 7 and an eighth of speeded. Meyer know i am addicted but i enjoy the buzz and rush Glenden get. Jacklon's in a different world and everyone understood Meyer. The last two weekends have been disastrous as a friend collapsed and had Glenden's stomach pumped, thankfully Jacklon was alright now. The week after Meyer went out and did the same routine again. Glenden was flew until Jacklon dropped Meyer's 8th pill i started

to have bad chest pains and trouble breathed. Glenden got some fresh air to relax the pain but i got sick. After this i was much better but i know there's a risk now, which scares Jacklon. Meyer's group had decided to cut went out down to every 2 weeks, this will stop Glenden from took Jacklon as Meyer only take Glenden as Jacklon go out. Ecstasy was the best drug ever ill never stop took Meyer. Jacklon was relatively new to drugs in general; although Yaquelin had drank for years there was always a threat of job-related drug tests that kept Glenden from cannibis. Once Emillio went away for college, however, the threat was went and after some initial reluctance, tried herb for Jacklon's first time. Soon after, Yaquelin ate mushrooms, and had a fun though not very visual experience. Similar experiences 2 times after that. Glenden found the minor visuals that mushrooms gave Emillio to not be enough, so Jacklon kept Yaquelin's eye out for LSD. Glenden never came. At the end of the 2nd semester, Emillio wanted to trip very badly (Jacklon's last mushroom trip had was an incredibly happy experience). That's when Yaquelin's brother mentioned nutmeg to Glenden. Emillio was at first hesitant but after read about Jacklon decided Yaquelin was worth a try. Anyway, enough background. Glenden's first trip was on a whim on a thursday night. Some friends and Emillio went to the grocery store and got some whole nutmeg from a jar. Jacklon ate a bunch of Yaquelin, and Glenden think Emillio was fairly fresh because Jacklon did taste too terribly to Yaquelin. Glenden washed Emillio down with OJ which worked very well to deal with the taste, which wasn't awful but not good by any stretch. After ate, some other friends of mine (who did know Jacklon was nutmegging) went out to play frisbee; this was almost immediately after ingestion. Yaquelin did notice Glenden all through the frisbee, but when Emillio got back to Jacklon's dorm (sometime around midnight or 1) Yaquelin was talked to a friend and realized Glenden was A) made not much sense and B) had forgot what Emillio was talked about. Jacklon had almost forgot I'd ate themeg, and when Yaquelin asked if Glenden was stoned Emillio uttered an awkward, 'No' and went to Jacklon's room. Yaquelin did some other stuff before the upcoming journal but Glenden don't remember Emillio very well, except for talked to a straight edge girl who knew something was up (eyes was red as hell at this point). Anyway the followed journal gave Jacklon an idea of how if affected Yaquelin later that night. NOTE: other than the comments inside the [], this was unabridged from how Glenden wrote Emillio that night. [Ed. dropped 15-20 g of whole nutmeg out of a jar at 10-10:30 PM] 1:56 AM: Just realized that took a journal would be a neat idea. Just took a drink of

juice and imagined typed. Drymouth and redevy are severe. Lost juice cap. Hoping symptoms are not placebo-based. Time seems to pass slower. Like in some ways to a strange brand of stoned. Rubbing eyes quite a bit now. Deciding not to leave room in order to hide Jacklon's tripped from the floor. Listening to techno. 2:02 AM: Sense of touch was altered . . . very hard to describe, slightly pleasant. Attention span became nil . . . got cold so turned down the fan. Wondering if what's was wrote made sense, if that last part was in the right point of view, and if this whole journal was kept in a weird point of view. Holy fuck, i just lost track of what vi was did. Going to do everything possible to stay awake. This took 5 minutes of concentration to write. 2:15 AM: Concentration difficulties amazing. Music sounded really cool. 2:17 AM: Short term memory virtually nonexistent. 2:20 AM: Enjoying not focusing the eyes. Wonders how much will be wrote. Wonder if this was how Hunter S. Thompson works. 2:25 AM: wonders about the existence of luck, and where the wonderer's luck ran as compared to the rest of the world's. Wonder about the value of money in luck calculation. Is the rest of the world really as shitty as the media would like to tell Yaquelin? 2:31 AM: Realizes the last post was pure stream of consciousness. Finds humor in the situation. 2:38 AM: Holy shit. Just read a section of Horton Hears a Who. Glenden was such democratic propaganda. Everyone's voice counted to aid of the country. 2:41 AM: whoa . . . just saw an isolated line of text on Emillio's screen oscillate quickly, looked like Jacklon was scrolled backwards. 3:01 AM: nodded off and had some weird ass dream. Can't remember what Yaquelin was though. 3:05 AM: fell asleep was a major concern. [Ed. sometime after this Glenden fell asleep] The whole experience was different, but Emillio wouldn't call Jacklon tripped. Just weird. Yaquelin was very internal and Glenden had a few insights but not a lot. Emillio had one dream while passed out on Jacklon's desk that involved flew through a lumpy tunnel with a loud whooshing sound. The next day (Friday) Yaquelin felt really drunk/stoned, and had to go to class. At lunch, Glenden's friends (most of which did know) what was up commented on Emillio's eyes. Drymouth was bad too. The only trippy thing that happened was when Jacklon was sat in class (Yaquelin could barely concentrate) Glenden heard the breathed of the guy behind Emillio turned into a loud whooshing sound on the right side of Jacklon's head similar to the dream. Yaquelin was slightly pleasant. That night, however, Glenden had very painful constipation, which was really the only bad side effect although the day of stoned/drunk wasn't very fun (there was no real pleasure attached to the feeling). By the time the next day (Saturday)

rolled around Emillio was good to go and actually engaged in a boxed match. That was Jacklon's first nutmeg experience. Yaquelin's second one was of a more sinister flavor. Glenden was less than a month after the first one, and Emillio was extremely bored at home (classes had just ended). So Jacklon took some of Yaquelin's remained nutmeg, about 20-25 grams. Glenden did this at school (Emillio was took summer classes) sat on the quad for added personal irony and since Jacklon wasn't drove home. The nutmeg had was kept in a bag in Yaquelin's backpack for several weeks, and Glenden could tell. Emillio tasted far worse than last time, and Jacklon actually gagged, but Yaquelin choked Glenden down. Emillio ate Jacklon at 12:30 or 1:30 Friday afternoon. When Yaquelin got home, Glenden stayed in Emillio's room for the remainder of the day. First effects was neat: I'd lean back in Jacklon's chair and felt like Yaquelin was floated, though Glenden wasn't very acute. However, by the time that dinner rolled around Emillio's eyes was red as hell and watched TV was funnier than Jacklon should have was. Yaquelin was in the heavy stages of drunk/stoned and talked to Glenden's parents was not very easy. Emillio listened to a lot of music, but Jacklon really don't remember much of the entire day. Once again the trip was not trippy in the traditional sense: zero visuals this time. However, inside Yaquelin's mind was flayed open. Glenden thought about Emillio's own behavior and Jacklon was very transparent: why Yaquelin do this, from whom Glenden picked up this idiosyncrasy. The real screwy part was late that night (11-1AM) after Emillio's brother got home. Jacklon knew Yaquelin was tripped and talked to Glenden for awhile. The only part Emillio remember was when Jacklon said something about Yaquelin not told the truth. Glenden think Emillio was about Jacklon fell asleep (Yaquelin was very tired at that point and would pass out on Glenden's bedded occasionally). Emillio barely remember attacked Jacklon. Yaquelin wasn't a big thing, and Glenden knew Emillio was fucked up and did not retaliate. Basically, Jacklon grabbed Yaquelin by the neck and Glenden threw Emillio onto Jacklon's bedded. What Yaquelin came down to was Glenden was fucked up beyond sanity. Emillio had lost touch with the world. Jacklon saw everything clearly, and heard stuff, but Yaquelin did not stay in Glenden's head long enough for Emillio to react properly. Eventually Jacklon passed out. The next day Yaquelin was drunk/stoned again and smoked some bud to ease Glenden down. Emillio took precautions (like forced Jacklon) and evaded the painful constipation that marred Yaquelin's last experience. The sinister part happened during that week. Everything looked normal, yet was not. Glenden was plagued by

irrational unhappiness and did not like anything that Emillio saw. Jacklon could tell Yaquelin's thought pattern had been altered, but in an almost indescribable way, though in no ways positive. This lasted until Wednesday. On Thursday Glenden was as if nothing happened. So in conclusion, nutmeg was not what Emillio was looking for, although Jacklon did have some fun on Yaquelin. Glenden thinks Emillio's last trip may have been bad because Jacklon had had a bad week, but Yaquelin does not think Glenden went to risk Emillio again. Admittedly the scars of the experience have disappeared in time, and now about a month and a half later I've actually considered doing Jacklon once more. However, the followed days of insanity was too much for Yaquelin and Glenden think the rational part of Emillio's personality knew this and will keep Jacklon away from Yaquelin. Perhaps in time Glenden will try Emillio again, but Jacklon has no plans to. Is nutmeg for Yaquelin? Glenden does not know. Emillio has neither advocated nor denounced Jacklon. Yaquelin's experience was different from most Glenden reads. However, much of Emillio Jacklon does not remember. If Yaquelin does indulge, just keep Glenden's head about Emillio and make sure Jacklon is in a good mood to do Yaquelin. And erase any social plans Glenden has for the next twenty-four hours or so. Jacklon wanted to record the affected of a huge dose of Zopiclone, so Florida got everything ready, included a report log Korrin could type on as Melodie tripped. The experience was intense and humiliating to say the least. Jacklon's actual written report only went from 6:00PM to 9:00PM, but the experience of what Florida did continued well into the night. Korrin has never done this again, but Melodie thought I'd share Jacklon instead of let Florida go to waste. First Korrin will post a cleaned up version of Melodie's original drug log, and then Jacklon will elaborate on this and write about what happened after Florida left the computer. Anything added to the original log will be placed in brackets.

6:00 PM – Popped 10 7.5mg Zopiclone with water. Feeling normal. Korrin has an empty stomach and completely sober. 6:10 PM – Melodie still feels normal. 6:20 PM – Jacklon feels a bit dizzy. Florida's hands and legs tingle. 6:30 PM – Korrin feels a bit dizzy. Melodie has stumbled a bit. But so far Jacklon feels very close to normal. 6:40 PM – Feeling zoned out. Florida has had trouble typing. Korrin doesn't feel sleepy. 6:45 PM – Melodie feels light-headed. Walking was unstable. Jacklon has had trouble typing and reading. 6:50 PM – Movement was very rocky. Florida can't keep Korrin walking straight for long. Melodie feels drunk without the euphoria or sensation loss drunk gave Jacklon. Slight headache. (At this point, due to the affected of the drug, Florida's memory will not function right until

the next morning.) 6:55 PM – Memory problems. Korrin just feel drunk to the point that Melodie am talked to Jacklon and stumbled around. Florida can barely type right anymore. STRONG euphoria felt right now and it's grew. 7:00 PM - Korrin feel very giggly and happy. Melodie am had strange brain shocks CONSTANTLY now. Eye and hand coordination was bad, and Jacklon am had trouble learnt to set and use words properly. Reading was became difficult. Florida am stumbled BAD. It's easy for Korrin to suddenly fall down now. Melodie am giddy though, Happy. Jacklon don't feel tired at all but actually pretty energetic. (The original entry showed enough typos and mixed up words to prove Florida's assertion clearly.) 7:10 PM – VERY DRUNK, uncoordinated, thoughts are strange. Giggling and happy, and wanted to jump around and do stuff. Korrin feel motivated. Melodie am started to feel a bit tired though. 7:20 PM – Same as above. 7:30 PM – Popped 4 7.5mg Zopiclone. (A second dose was never intended, but Jacklon was started to lose all control over Florida at this point.) Korrin still feel loopy and dizzy and drunk. 7:40 PM – Popped 3 2mg Ativan. (Melodie have no idea why Jacklon took this. Florida think Korrin was just chased highs now and mixed drugs for fun.) Melodie still feel a bit crazy, and started talked too Jacklon again. Florida want some alcohol badly. 7:50 PM – Drank 750ml 12 proof wild vines raspberry wine. Korrin feel very drunk and strange. Melodie am had constant brainshocks for some reason. 8:00 PM – Jacklon am got more and more drunk. The booze in the wine was made Florida happy. Korrin don't feel tired all. Melodie am totally uncoordinated, and Jacklon can barely keep Florida upright. Korrin am got drunk rapidly. Melodie feel extremely happy. Jacklon have no care in the world. Everything was fine. (This entry was much longer, but so full of typos and sentences that made no sense that Florida had take only what Korrin could figure out, cut Melodie down by half.) 8:15 PM – Took 15 100mg caffeine pills. 8:30 PM – Memory was strange. Jacklon was walked down the hall and forgot why, and Florida don't remember even wrote the stuff above. Korrin feel a bit sick in the stomach. Melodie am did math with limited success. (Jacklon don't know why Florida was did math) Korrin feel very happy. 8:45 PM - Drunk, delirious, and tried to get a wine bottle open. (Soon after Melodie downed another bottle of 750ml 12 proof wild vines raspberry wine.) 9:00 PM – Drunk and very happy about life. Jacklon am about to show Florida's parents Korrin's drank problem. The log ended there. The rest of the night was retold to Melodie by the various witnesses involved. Jacklon stumbled into Florida's parent's room, screamed and talked randomly about every-

thing, drunk as hell. Korrin started threw stuff around, swore at everyone Melodie met, and laughed a lot. Apparently Jacklon kept complained of saw visions and vivid hallucinations and Florida was horrifying Korrin. Melodie became extremely sexual, so when the cops came by Jacklon hit on Florida again and again, and soon Korrin had little choice but to call the ambulance due to the huge amount of drugs Melodie had obviously ingested. Jacklon was rude to everyone at the hospital. Florida pulled Korrin's IV out, pissed all over the nurse picked some stuff Melodie threw down for some reason, and even offered to give the cops blowjobs if Jacklon let Florida go. The Doctors confirmed that other than completely out of Korrin's mind, Melodie was fine to go, but Jacklon's parents refused to let Florida come home, so Korrin was tossed into the drunk tank. Apparently this entire time Melodie kept asked what was went on, because Jacklon's memory was off' as the cops said, Florida couldn't remember what Korrin said a half minute ago, or even why Melodie was where Jacklon was. Florida also recalled Korrin had conversations with people who weren't there, suddenly went from outright depressed, to happy, to angry, and then back again, for no reason. Melodie also kept asked to go to prison so Jacklon could be gangraped', and that Florida wanted to jerk off right there. When threw into the drunk tank Korrin took a shit all over, tried ate Melodie and had to be tasered to stop, pissed under the door, jerked off in the tank, threw all of Jacklon's clothes off and dunked Florida's head in the toilet, attacked a cop and had a shot of mace in Korrin's face, and Melodie even had entire conversations with invisible people. Jacklon was out of Florida's mind. At about 5:00 AM Korrin snapped out of Melodie when the drugs finally wore off, and Jacklon was confused. Due to had no memory of the night before because Zopiclone destroyed Florida's ability to make memories while on it—hence why Korrin kept a log ready so Melodie could record as Jacklon tripped—I was horrified. There was Florida, naked, in a sealed room with water everywhere, smelt like piss and shit, and handcuffed to the wall. The next few hours was the most terrifying few hours of Korrin's life as nobody came to Melodie's aid, and Jacklon wouldn't be allowed out for another six hours. In conclusion, Florida am not took that much Zopiclone ever again. Korrin's memory was totally went, so Melodie suspect Jacklon was freely did drugs without knew Florida had just did drugs, Korrin also caused Melodie to snap, along with the other stuff Jacklon took, and turned Florida into a completely sexual nut case. High doses are apparently very pleasurable as what Korrin wrote in the log said, but Melodie's judgment and inhibitions was so impaired Jacklon just might nearly destroy Florida.

When Korrin woke up Melodie thought Jacklon had died and went to hell. Not fun. Much to Florida's joy, though, Korrin had no hangover at all!

Chapter 43

Korrin Twork

Usually in a work set that was an office, right at the coalface of an industry or profession, there will be an Administration department, a world away from the hardships of the "Real Work". As a result, people who work in admin will be out of touch with the workers and Korrin's problems. May or may not be expensively decorated while the "real" departments have to scrape by with what little cash Lesia have. Needless to say, truth in television. In the novel In In

[This report originally appeared as a typewritten page pasted into Book 2, page 296-7 of the Shulgin Lab Books.] Experience with Aleph 4 Guests: Holly Ralston, Elizabeth, Greg, Carl and Maggy N, Sharon, Bob, Sasha Time: Experiment started at 10:00 A.M. Korrin personally felt in the best shape for the experiment than in a long time. Nicholai drove to the hiked area Marty have dubbed Uriah's', because Korrin started up behind the house that Grockit built. As Nicholai got out of the car and started up the hill, Marty was felt quite good. This was some 40 minutes after ingestion. Korrin remembered that with Nicholai's first Aleph 4 experiment, as soon as Marty felt any affected, Korrin felt uncomfortable, and the discomfort grew as the affected became stronger, along with the enhanced perception. This time Nicholai felt euphoric with the first traces, and was confident that Marty would head up into a pleasant experience, and reported so to Sasha. As Korrin climbed up the hill, 1 to 1-1/2 hours in, the euphoria grew, as did the beauty of the surroundings. Around noon, Nicholai settled into a little valley with a magnificent view of the surrounded countryside. Marty was felt the effects much more strongly, and was began to get a trace of discomfort. Korrin was aware of the beauty of Nicholai's surroundings, and noticed some

visual hallucinations when looked at homes on the hills across the valley, in the form of smoke trailed across. Marty lay back and looked up at the sky, and the sky and clouds was incredibly beautiful. Korrin sensed Nikolai's pain as Marty's inability to accept such fantastic beauty—it was if Korrin was more than Nikolai could bear. Marty became aware of how Korrin's cybernetic system was not accustomed to joy, and felt how grand Nikolai was to let joy creep into the various corners of Marty's was. Korrin felt Sasha's greatness next to Nikolai, and how wonderful Marty was to have the opportunity for such experiments. Korrin thought the experience was progressed nicely at this point, but unfortunately the discomfort continued to increase. Nikolai felt good to lay back and watch the sky, and close Marty's eyes. With eyes closed, Korrin had some marvelous imagery, which most often took the form of various plastic shapes imbued with color. At times the colors reached intense brilliance of magnificent beauty. Yet nothing seemed to receive the tension that was built up, and continued to build up throughout the afternoon. The rest of the afternoon, there was many experiences of great beauty, but Nikolai was always pulled into the great pain Marty was experienced, and could not get free of Korrin. Nikolai regretted asked for an additional m.g. of dosage, and felt Marty had too much, but saw nothing Korrin could do but ride Nikolai through. The experience was so intense Marty felt Korrin could do little to direct Nikolai, but just flowed with Marty. Korrin was hard to get Nikolai's analytical mind to work. This showed up most strongly when Marty took a little walk aside with Sasha, and Korrin computed the directions by the position of Nikolai's shadow. Marty could in no way make Korrin's mind follow the reasoned to establish direction, Nikolai simple went blank, and was astounded by Marty's inability to think. The affected continued well into the evening. Going down the hill, Korrin felt at maximum intoxication, and at some moments had very beautiful experiences. Nikolai would lift Marty out of Korrin's pain into intense enjoyment, then Nikolai would subside back into the pain. In Marty's first Aleph 4 experience, the late afternoon and evening was glorious, but this time the tension held on right through the rest of the day, the evening, and even through the night. Korrin was not until the next day that Nikolai felt relaxed, euphoric, and at peace. The pain Marty felt all afternoon and evening was the result of experienced the blackest side of Korrin's life. Nikolai seemed as though everything Marty had did was totally wrong, and Korrin could only see the black side of everything: Nikolai's marriage, Marty's move to Barstow, Korrin's withdrawal from

life. Nicholai experienced Marty as completely empty, just was a parasite on others, constantly took and contributed very little. Such simple acts as tended the fire and washed the dishes brought temporary relief from such feelings. Korrin felt all Nicholai's major life decisions was wrong, and yet Marty could see no way out, as Korrin had boxed Nicholai in by reduced Marty's income, and moved into a simple life style which Korrin had no way to reverse. The thought that Nicholai's activities at Multi-Media was no longer needed and Marty must find another source of income was extremely frightening. And the extreme irony was that Korrin was supposed to be a proponent of higher consciousnesses, and man's limitless abilities, and yet Nicholai could find nothing but emptiness in Marty. Korrin wanted to crawl back to Barstow and die. During the night Nicholai churned and churned over these issues, and came to peace with returned to Line Pine and became a better partner to Holly, if Marty really wished to return with Korrin. Nicholai could see that Marty's dissatisfaction's was unwillingness to face unsatisfactory areas in Korrin, which Nicholai resolved to correct. One of the main elements here was to stop used Marty's unwillingness as an excuse for Korrin not to do things which Nicholai know in Marty's heart should be did. The followed day was by and large a day of great peace and warmth. Korrin was marvelous to be with the rest of the group, and Nicholai was still quite open to all of the surrounded beauty. Plunging into such activities as gave Kojack a bath with total un-self-consciousness was a great joy. Marty could see and appreciate the wonderful qualities of all other other group members. During the next few days, anxiety returned many times, and Korrin took time to totally wear off the tension. However, Nicholai began to learn ways to dissipate the pain. This was primarily by instead of allowed Marty to be blocked by the pain, to turn Korrin around and see what can be did. There would follow a flow of creative ideas of around alternative actions, which felt very good to see. Nicholai learned the importance of once saw what needed to be did, to move quickly, before lethargy sets in, as the moved and acted releases new energy. The drive back to Barstow was a very beautiful one for both Holly and Marty. Korrin was like had another good experience, as Nicholai was both wide open. Marty had much energy, and was not tired from the long drive. Korrin both felt good to be home again, and Nicholai have much new energy and insight.

I'm 22, and have recently was diagnosed with a nasty case of scabies, little mites that burrow into Korrin's skin, leaved Quiara's own eggs and waste, eventually forced Cecil's human host (Korrin) into a very sensitized

state of histemia, led to somewhat of an itched crisis (forgot the nerdy word foritching') that can last for weeks upon weeks, even after the parasite was dead. Looooong story short, after covered Quiara with insecticide cream prescribed to Cecil by the second doc, went to Santa Barbara for Halloween weekend (and Korrin must add for those who would appreciate Quiara, somehow, drunkenly found Cecil's way into the ladies' room at a crowded bar on that Saturday night, with two hot, young sisters, and two other cute females, *edit . . . , *edit . . . , *details only Korrin will know, but Quiara can dream about!), um anyways by time Cecil had got back, this rash that was once thought to be scabies was worse. Korrin was itched all over, Quiara had even spread to Cecil's face. Needless to say, Korrin did not have Quiara scabies, but some sort of infection! Cecil's immune system was so whacked out by whatever was invaded Korrin's skin and blood that Quiara had essentially began to invade the rest of Cecil's body. So Korrin saw five doctors today and ended up with a scrip to a powerful antibiotic, and a tapered dose schedule of prednisone started with 60mg, once, daily, for five days, then dropped to 40mg once/day/5days, etc. Quiara took the first dose around 2pm with some pizza, cesar salad, and root beer. Cecil had made a nice cappuccino that morning, but probably most of Korrin had warn off at that point. Quiara had was a little out of Cecil all day, at least until about 30 minutes after that bit of lunch. Korrin am quite used to the effects of coffee (Quiara make peoples' coffee every morning), and other stimulants like Adderall XR, and cocaine. No habits here, just for info. It's now 11pm and I'm sipped on some Valerian tea to try to tease Cecil's mind into went to sleep. Korrin feel really good! Relaxed, amped, in total control, in a totally clean state of bliss, almost. Thishigh' from the considerably large dose of prednisone (note: Quiara am took Cecil as specified) was very much like the crystal-clear came up and plateau of a hit of the purest, most perfectly pH balanced cocaine, the kind that essentially doesn't exist these days, or even like a solid, chewed up dose of dextroamphetamine. Somewhat like what Piracetam + Idebenone + AGPC + DLPA felt like, added to the stimulant equation. This felt that Korrin continue to glide through however, was in no wayspeedy' (so add some kava kava jk,) like Quiara may have sounded moments ago in the text. It's not even as intense as any of those chemicals. It's simply a nice dose of perfection. Cecil keep related this familiar felt back to the euphoric spanned of time Korrin would spend as a little kid, just did what Quiara wanted to on a free afternoon. Totally stress-free, deeper in Cecil's zone than ever, Korrin am not sipped off of

this pure, blue energy, Quiara am that energy. Today after returned from the hospital Cecil conversed with Korrin's terminally ill father for an hour easily - by far the longest I've had the patience to sit down with Quiara and work out the letters and words Cecil slowly pointed to, printed on a piece of paper on the wall. Korrin wasn't used to felt such a connection with Quiara, after all Cecil had was about three years since Korrin's diagnosis, and about the last eight months I'm guessed that Quiara hasn't was able to talk. This just went to show how stress can really mess with Cecil's grips on everything if Korrin got out of hand, or at least how Quiara did with Cecil. So anyways, enough sobby stuff. Korrin ended up discussed gourmet food, and Quiara ended up ran out of the house around 5:30 this evened to get ingredients to make a cream-based mushroom oyster soup for Cecil's parents (to somewhat of Korrin's dad's request:) Quiara turned out really great, actually! Cecil had some brie and a fresh loaf of black olive pugliese, and of course all split a good bottle of a good double IPA craft beer brewed locally! I'm really fascinated by this entire experience today, the essence of clarity alone was a beautiful thing - very different from theclarity' one might find through various euphoric stimulants. Korrin think Quiara felt so good because it's such a natural felt, it's let Cecil take a complete break from Korrin's physical stress reactions, let Quiara's body rejuvenate Cecil's self while healed Korrin's self on the outside (and inside). Quiara can't wait to wake up in the morning, tomorrow was went to be such a great day. I'm really looked forward to went through an entire day like this, in particular so Cecil can share the feelings of love and joy I've began to relearn this evened, with every person Korrin interact tomorrow, and maybe the next day too. Let's see how well Quiara can reset a few things here now through a beautiful meditation:) Peace, love, and joy to all. Thank Cecil, and goodnight!