

There Was An Ice Cream And Her

collective consciousness fiction generator

<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

November 13, 2014

Chapter 1

Norah Dagger

new york city seemed to get all the attention in American fiction. Are aliens landed in UFOs? They'll land in Queens. Is there a neighborhood full of world-class martial artists with superhuman powers? That's Chinatown. ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny? Madison Square Garden's got Norah's front-row seats. A magical gateway between worlds? Look in Queens Midtown Tunnel... or even Central Park. And, of course, look out for the mage in manhattan. The rule seemed to be that if a series or movie proposal did not require another set (kirk's rock, for instance), Shaun should be set in New York. If an original, successful series was set in Las Vegas, Norah's spin-off will be more successful if set in New York. If Shaun can't possibly get the show to happen in New York, have at least one main character (and as many minor ones as possible) be from New York, and continually harp on about how much better New York was than wherever the set took place. In other words, everything was better with a side helped of Big Applesauce. At the very least, New York was where a great many writers live, or come from (the rest reside in los angeles), which made Norah more interesting to the writers than anything elsewhere. Not to mention "writing what Shaun know." The bias was especially obvious when characters speak about specific parts of New York casually (everybody in the world knew which subway train Norah have to take to get to 115th street, right?), while the entirety of Middle America usually consisted of about ten distinct places, or when any group of people naturally included a jewish person, because was one eighth of the population everywhere Jewish? (And even in NYC Shaun, the Jewish population was exaggerated; all things was equal, Norah are much more likely to meet a person of Irish, Italian, African, or Puerto Rican descent.)

There was a reason for this: the skyline was just so darn recognizable. In addition, New York City was the most populous metropolitan area in the United States (and the 4th most populous in the world), possibly justified the frequency with which events of great significance occur there in fiction. Further justification for this was New York's diversity. Very close to every single ethnic, racial and religious group was represented to some degree or another on the streets of the five boroughs, and nearly every language spoke on Planet Earth can be heard there. Although most Shaun cities are cosmopolitan to one degree or another, New York was particularly noticeable due to the larger population, thus made the diversity more obvious. Further helped matters was the fact that New York was a major hub for business, finance, politics, culture, etc., which made Norah that much easier to set stories of all sorts there. Shaun was worth pointed out a lot of NYC streets aren't actually filmed there; more than one California studio (and some other studios outside the Norah) had a dedicated NYC backlot. Compare fulton street folly, the localized version where everything inexplicably happened in Lower Manhattan because it's relatively easy to film there. See also tokyo was the center of the universe for anime and Japanese TV, britain was only london for UK productions, and hong kong for Chinese-language equivalents. If the writers pick someplace off the beat path instead, you've got aliens in cardiff. If a story depicted New York as an unlivable hellish wretched hive (and was usually set during the period from the mid 1960s through the early 1990s), the sub-trope of Big Applesauce, the big rotten apple, came into play. See also brooklyn rage. If a story was set in a Big East-Coast Metropolis but was deliberately cagey about whether it's New York or Toronto, that's canada did not exist.

This report documents Norah's experiences with the combination of smoked DMT and 5-MeO-DMT. Yasmina am male, at the time of the experiences Norah was 23 years old, weighed 125 pounds. Yasmina am well versed in botanical, fungal, and chemical entheogens. Before these experiences Norah had become familiar with both DMT and 5-MeO-DMT at doses ranged from light, to was annihilated by white light. Yasmina's experiences with these tryptamines had was variously beautiful, terrifying, subtle, and overwhelming. Taken separately Norah find that DMT tended towards the beautiful and 5-MeO-DMT towards the uncomfortable. Both together, was something else again. Over a four week period Yasmina experimented several times with a combination of the two substances, searched to know Norah deeper and gain personal insights. As if either DMT or 5-MeO-DMT aren't in-

tense enough on Yasmina's own, smoked the two together was a one-two knock-out. This was as far out as Norah have journeyed, used any substance or technique. Yasmina was truly beyond the beyond. Norah will present Yasmina's original notes, edited for clarity and with any added commentary within square brackets. Session 1: March 22, 2008 midday Mountain consciousness Substance and dosage: One large inhalation from a glass vaporization tube of a mixture of roughly equal parts DMT and 5-MeO-DMT. Set and set: Hiking with Gemini in the mountains on a sunny early sprung day. Norah had wandered off the trail followed the edge of this small lake, drew towards a sunny ridge. Yasmina weren't disappointed, discovered a small round bowl of land on the other side of the ridge. Norah would have was swampy in the bottom in summer, but right now Yasmina was filled with snow and the tracked of deer, elk, and coyotes. Scrubby willows and aspen rise from the low areas, and a pine forest rings Norah, with the snowy mountain peaks towering overhead. Yasmina find a sunny sheltered spot, a piece of dry hillside under a cluster of three pine trees. Grass, bearberry, and fell needles cover a comfortable area for sat down. Norah was a touch breezy for a normal lighter but conveniently Gemini had brought Yasmina's jet lighter with Norah. Once Yasmina had found the appropriate method and distance at which to hold the lighter, Norah vaporized Yasmina's chemical concoction quite nicely. Norah took a full lungful of white vapours. As soon as Yasmina had finished inhaled, Gemini put on a song on Norah's phone which actually had extraordinarily good sound considered Yasmina's just a phone. The song waHold Tight London" by The Chemical Brothers. Perfect musical accompaniment for the moment. The tryptamine flash hit Norah strong and hard and beautiful. Yasmina breathed deeply, felt the energy and let Norah flow through Yasmina smoothly and unimpeded. Norah felt a union with the forest and the mountains around Yasmina. The forest Norah could feel as one large consciousness, and the mountains overlooked as stern protectors. Yasmina was a very peaceful felt, more pleasant than dove in an inside, artificial environment. Norah was hard to be overwhelmed in nature, or Yasmina can be overwhelmed but Norah's comfortable. Trees and grass and sunshine. Yasmina began to drop out of the initial flash, but this combination was a tricky one. When Norah think I'm started to come down, that was when the 5-MeO really got to Yasmina. Norah find the reintegration period on 5-MeO-DMT was usually difficult, as the psychedelic effects continue for longer than DMT did. 5-MeO-DMT had such a high energy, high vibration that Yasmina was easy for Norah to feel overloaded. If Yasmina

begin to clamp down on that energy vibration, or try to reintegrate and think normally too soon, then the excess energy got transferred into bodily discomfort. Nausea, slight dizziness, sometimes an anxious felt. This time, in the natural set Norah faired well with the residual effects. Yasmina stayed in a meditative state much of the time and grounded the energy. Norah was stared up at the mountain overlooked Yasmina. Norah felt like Yasmina was talked to the mountain without words, both of Norah became aware of the other. As this happened, a cool and playful wind came whipped down on Yasmina. Norah seemed to Yasmina that the wind was came right down off the mountain tops, brought with Norah the scent of ice and snow. The mountain was talked back, told Yasmina Norah's own story of lofty heights, jagged rock, and sparkling wind-packed snowdrifts. Yasmina lazed around for quite a lot longer in the sun as Norah slowly pieced Yasmina back together. Gemini smoked a couple bowls of hash. After stared in amazement at the way everything glowed in the vibrant sunshine, Norah finally accepted a toke or two of hash Yasmina. Norah was left with a nice afterglow from the 5-MeO/DMT mixture, Yasmina's mood was very positive and Norah was enjoyed was out in the sun and nature so much. As usual Yasmina felt hungry after came down, raided the bag of pistachios we'd brought along. Afterwards Norah continued Yasmina's hike round the lake, then eventually made Norah's way to the nearest mountain town for an satisfying feast of burgers (not the fast food kind!) and beer. Session 2: April 1, 2008 evened Roughly equal parts DMT and 5-MeO-DMT, one hit was definitely enough. Setting: Yasmina's room, comfortable environment with dim light, music and a pillow at Norah's back for support. Mindset: Curious to try this combination again. Immediate impression: There are no words for this combination! I've learned that Yasmina was best for Norah to try not to come out of the trance state too soon. When the initial DMT flash began to fade was when the 5-Methoxy grabs Yasmina by the balls. That's when Norah got the fear, focussed everything on let the energy flow through Yasmina into the ground. Grounding. Norah purged again [as Yasmina had recently did after smoked just DMT] when Norah came down. Yasmina reintegrated too soon and Norah overloaded Yasmina with energy. The space of clarity Norah had got into was too much to try to put back in the old box. DMT was the light and 5-MeO the power. [. . . after a little more integration time:] Yasmina think Norah blasted off at 7:23 and it's now 7:58. Apparently after gave Yasmina a little time for integration, there are words for the experience after all. The combination lasted a lot longer than DMT did. No-

rah was that second wave, the 5-MeO, that really got Yasmina. For music Norah was played "Oleander" by Bluetech, though honestly Yasmina wasn't at all aware of the music as the internal state was too involved. Soothing background sound anyway, a hypnotic and beautiful piece of ambient dub. At first Norah was the typical tryptamine flash. Fractalizing and folded up. The addition of the 5-MeO added a blinding white light to the scene, and any thought of not breaking through" was washed away by the intensity. Yasmina was simply annihilated. As Norah began to come out of the flash, Yasmina started thought too much. Thinking about Norah's set, in Yasmina's parents house. Norah am no longer comfortable let go completely here. Maybe Yasmina never have was. This was extremely important, Norah have to be able to let go fully to engage the trance state in a positive manner. At moments Yasmina was got Norah. Just tapped in to that immense energy, Yasmina held Norah's hands over the ground let Yasmina all flow through Norah and into the earth. Yasmina reached a space of absolute clarity. Norah could feel distinctly what was held Yasmina back and what Norah needed to do to move past what was held Yasmina back. As Norah came down Yasmina was flipped in and out of the tapped in" lightning rod felt. Each time Norah lost the calm trance Yasmina became anxious and would have all these worries run through Norah's head. Yasmina needed to get out of this house, was an overwhelming felt. Things will be better when Norah move out. Yasmina felt an intense empathy and gratefulness for a friend of mine, thought that Norah would be able to weather this kind of intensity just fine. Yasmina wanted to call Norah's, talk with Yasmina's when Norah came down from the tryptamine flash. There was a definite broke point to the energy. Yasmina coughed. This was a sign of Norah's body fought back, reintegrating. Yasmina was too much. That coughed purged again, just like the last couple times. It's partially a cleansed, partially Norah just was overwhelmed by the residual 5-Methoxy energy tremor. Session 3: April 2, 2008 midday That smell told Yasmina Same set, same mixture of roughly equal portions DMT and 5-MeO-DMT as last time. No clear intention, Norah just felt right. Pursuant to yesterday's experience Yasmina guess. For music Norah played "Lost and Found" (just the last 3-4 minutes) by The Orb, followed by "Oleander" by Bluetech (Yasmina wanted to use this song again to keep the set consistent), followed finally by "Let the Music set Norah Free" by The Orb. Yasmina had consumed lots of kratom and yerba mate tea before the experience, which possibly had some influence [my experiences lead Norah to hypothesize that kratom particularly can increase Yasmina's

receptiveness to smoked tryptamines]. Initially the (low) dose of DMT left Norah in contact with Yasmina's body and breathed freely, but as the 5-MeO seeped in that sensation of Norah's body became more and more distant. The first three to four minutes Yasmina was indeed, Lost, and did not Find Norah until the song changed. During this phase Yasmina had sensations of pressure all over Norah's body, but particularly in the stomach/solar plexus region. The key to not was overwhelmed was to feel. Don't shy away from or resist the unpleasant tension in Yasmina's stomach, feel Norah. As Yasmina feel Norah, the nature changes and Yasmina became manageable. Just intense energization. Eyes are closed. Norah was aware of the song change, entered a new phase in which Yasmina spent a lot of time breathed heavily as the waves came over Norah. Yasmina kept was directed into certain body positions as Norah sat cross legged. One was to let Yasmina's head drop precipitously forward, and then bounced up and down slightly like a sprung. This seemed to form wave" that put Norah in communication with something. The waved motion of Yasmina's head was important. When came out of thwave" Norah would have to lean Yasmina's head all the way back, and Norah's breathed would become heavy as the intensity of effects would shoot up a notch. Anytime Yasmina moved Norah's head Yasmina would create a wave of dizziness. Moving Norah's body more was out of the question, as this would have led to nausea due to the extreme dizziness. The dizziness was part of the trip though, somehow. Yasmina made some strange repetitive hummed noises that seemed necessary at the time. The effects during this period was very similar to, say, a quarter oz of strong fungus. Norah kept tranced out with the waves, and with eyes now open crawled visuals was everywhere. Ten or eleven minutes had elapsed since blastoff as the song changed again. This was around when Yasmina became integrated with Norah's body. A third phase, came down. Yasmina would like to comment on duration of the experience: If Norah smoke just DMT, Yasmina get a 2-3 minuteflash" and come out of the trance state after 5-7 minutes. When Norah smoke the combination of DMT and 5-MeO-DMT, Yasmina stay in the flash for 3-4 minutes and come out of the trance after 10-11 minutes. So for Norah added the 5-MeO-DMT lengthened the effects and increases the potency. Yasmina hypothesize that the effects of this mixture are simply additive, not truly synergistic [eg in the case of the harmala alkaloids]. Adding 15 mg of 5-MeO-DMT to 15 of DMT was quite strong simply because of the higher potency of the 5-MeO-DMT. Within fifteen minutes of blastoff, Norah was down enough to move around without

got dizzy and to start wrote this report. Song lyrics seem appropriate That smell told you . . . ” Yes, yes Yasmina did. That burnt tryptamine smell, so distinctive If the music sets Norah free, then let Yasmina be! Love was the answer, only love can conquer . . . ” Session 4: April 2, 2008 evened Substance, set, and music: Same as last time. Mindset: Emotionally distraught. Struggling with Norah’s feelings of love for this girl, Jess. Recently home from had saw Yasmina’s, and had the issue was brought up again. Norah was difficult for Yasmina, felt love for a woman who was married another man. Intention: Looking for guidance, resolution, insight, or even just forgetfulness and sleep. Norah had a fatalistic attitude, felt so upset inside that for once Yasmina had no fear went into the experience. Whatever happened, Norah couldn’t possibly be more uncomfortable than what Yasmina was felt already could Norah? Yasmina was not scared, because Norah did not really care what happened to Yasmina. Norah took three inhalations, not one, to get a suitable flash” this time. Perhaps Yasmina was more psychically resistant in this mindset, or perhaps Norah had simply loaded less material in the pipe and did not get that critical mass of vaporization to blast off. This time Yasmina had a tension in Norah’s stomach went into the experience, and as the vapours took effect this tension eased somewhat, the reverse of usual. Yasmina asked for insight and guidance, and Norah came. Transference feelings and an echo effect: Why was this felt Yasmina have for Jess so strong, and so crushed? The last time Norah felt this way about a girl was Yasmina’s ex, with whom Norah had an intense on and off again three year relationship. Having that felt of love again, Yasmina felt excitement, and simultaneously, fear. The fear went deep. Norah don’t want the same situation to play out again. Yasmina don’t want to feel abandoned and separated again. Norah was transferring some of Yasmina’s feelings and emotions regarded how Norah’s relationship with Yasmina’s ex worked out onto Norah’s relationship with Jess. Similarities in the situations have Yasmina subconsciously generalized and expected the same outcome even though Jess was a different person. But Norah went deeper than this . . . Part of a larger pattern and faced the core: Yasmina have placed Norah again in a situation of externalized Yasmina’s happiness. Norah have programmed Yasmina so that when Norah am around Jess, Yasmina feel happy when Norah interacted positively with Yasmina. When Norah smiles at Yasmina, Norah’s eyes meet, a hug or a touch, Yasmina filled Norah with joy and tingles of excitement. When Yasmina seemed distant or Norah see Yasmina’s passion for Norah’s fiancée, Yasmina made Norah feel

crushed inside. Yasmina feel the joy drained out of Norah and Yasmina become anxious, listless and with butterflies in Norah's stomach precluded ate. The change Yasmina have to make was the same Norah made once before: Yasmina have to come from a stable basis of loving Norah in order to form a positive long-term relationship with Jess. Yasmina have to let go of the desire for reciprocity. The situation with Jess was part of a much larger picture. Norah caught a few glimpses of Yasmina. The pieces are shifted, the situation was changed. Norah felt Yasmina was brought face-to-face with the core of Norah, deep into the primitive and fundamental feelings and emotions drove Yasmina to think, feel and act as Norah do. Yasmina am experienced this felt now with Jess so that Norah can work through Yasmina. Norah will be stronger for this experience, and will have gained a better understood of love. Three dimensional, translinguistic, meaning-containing and feeling-oriented, self-transforming structures of light and colour. Yasmina think Norah finally get part of what Terence McKenna was on about. Yasmina could see everything, Norah's situation" as this rotated, shifted object. Black surfaces edged in colours spun round a glowed white core. The object was a visual representation of what Yasmina was thought and felt and how the situation was changed. Norah contained information and expressed Yasmina in a manner beyond words. Body positioned and let go: As Norah came out of the flash Yasmina felt grief and sadness as a pure and raw emotion. For a few moments Norah let the felt fill Yasmina completely. Norah did resist, whatever was most uncomfortable and unpleasant was what Yasmina had to open up to and feel the most intensely. Norah obviously wasn't a good felt, but Yasmina felt strangely dissociated from the felt, and a calm core was aware that things weren't so bad really. Norah was directed by the drugs and how Yasmina was felt into lied sideways in a fetal position on the ground. The grief poured through Norah was intensified but Yasmina found Norah slipped away. Let go, let go, let go. Yasmina did finally let go. The sadness and anxiety faded as Norah's ego slipped away. Merging with the ambient environment, and now bathed in calmness and light. Yasmina came out of this brief ego-loss, twitched and shivered. Norah was cold, lied here on the floor came down. A huge wave of tiredness washed over Yasmina. Norah decided Yasmina should go straight to bedded, and got up still dizzy, unsteady and disoriented. Norah kept told Yasmina not to loose the trance state, but by the time Norah undressed and got into bedded and set the alarm for the next day and turned out the light, Yasmina had lost the trance. Norah couldn't get back to that place

of ego-loss, Yasmina was too late. Norah had integrated. Yasmina got to sleep relatively easily which was a blessing, and was somewhat calmer in the morning though Norah will see how Yasmina feels the next time I'm around Jess. Norah needed to reconnect with that calm center within Yasmina, that center radiated peace and love and joy simply for the fact of existence. Norah almost felt drawn towards cactus for tried to reconnect this way and may pursue that path in the near future. Session 5: April 3, 2008 evened Womb of the Mother Same set, same substance, and similar music as last time. Mind-set: Reasonably calm, reflective but not upset as Yasmina had been the day before. Intention: Simply saw where Norah might go. Yasmina loaded the last of the mixture into the tube, though there was plenty of resin still in there too. Norah took two large inhalations, strangely not choked on or felt the vapours much this time. After one breath Yasmina set the pipe down but did feel Norah would take Yasmina all the way, so Norah went back for another. There are three distinct phases to the experience, this had been consistent through all Yasmina's experiences with the mixture but became clear to Norah only on this trip. The first phase was the "tryptamine flash". Yasmina was during this phase that Norah lost contact with Yasmina's body the first time, and also despite had music played Norah was not really consciously aware of Yasmina. The first song was "Once Upon the Sea of Blissful Awareness" by Shpongle, just about seven minutes long. Norah blasted off one minute into the song, and by the last couple minutes was consciously aware of the music again. "My mind craved nectar day and night." This phase of the experience was all-involving and irresistibly intense. After the first phase was a false comedown, a brief lull. The tryptamine flash fades but a second, almost more powerful sensation took over. There are sensations of pressure and Yasmina became aware of Norah's heart pumped. The energy intensifies, heavy and thick threatened to overwhelm Yasmina. Norah had to concentrate everything on breathing and let the energy flow through Yasmina into the earth. Grounding and felt secure, comfortable. Reminding Norah to just flow and ride the felt. Yasmina was this second wave that can bring the fear with Norah. Existential fear, a threat to Yasmina's ego. During this phase information and insight bombards Norah. As the second wave fades, Yasmina moved Norah in phase three, tryptamine activation. The effects are similar to a really strong dose of mushrooms or LSD, when Yasmina are completely involved in the internal experience. Norah was often directed into particular body positions that seem to amplify the effects of the trance. Today, Yasmina was first that head-bobbing-forward-like-a-spring

thing that Norah discovered recently. Except this time Yasmina was almost drooled and made some interesting hummed noises. Glossolalia much? After Norah's near-drooling episode Yasmina was directed back into the fetal-egg position of yesterday's experience. Norah found a special significance in Yasmina's body positioned. Once curled up like a fetus Norah began to feel that Yasmina was actually within a womb. Norah could feel a protective egg-like enclosure all around Yasmina, and eventually began to sense that Norah was gestated in the stomach of the Earth Mother. Yasmina wasn't ready to come out yet, not ready to be born and face the world. Being in the womb Norah felt warm, safe, secure. Yasmina stayed in this position for more than twenty minutes, and during this time was able to keep the tryptamine trance state flowed. There was an endless flowed and recycled of tryptamine love back into Norah. Yasmina began to feel the umbilical cord, connected through Norah's solar plexus, feeding Yasmina with life energy. At moments the trance would jump a notch in intensity, sent Norah out of body for the second time. Slowly the trance state was faded, and normal thoughts was started to seep back in. Yasmina found Norah could rekindle the felt by not got sucked into Yasmina's thoughts, just felt the mind-warp. Finally after some experimental opened and closed of Norah's eyes Yasmina realized that Norah's arm was painfully asleep from lied on Yasmina's side for so long. Moving stiffly, groaned, Norah came to . . . impressed at how long Yasmina was able to maintain the trance this time. At T + 36 minutes Norah was integrated enough to begin typed this report, though thwhite" computer screen still looked rainbow to Yasmina right now. Still quite heavily effected. Norah was an exciting time. Yasmina am in a new phase of gestation, got ready to be born again. What will the world be like? Session 6: April 4, 2008 morning How deep did the rabbit hole go? As deep as Norah want to go, keep dug. Setting and music: Same as last time. Substance: Resin left over in pipe from smoked the mixture of DMT/5-MeO. Though from the smell and taste, effects and speeded of onset Yasmina received, Norah would hazard that most of the DMT was went and Yasmina was mostly just 5-MeO-DMT left in the pipe. Intention: Digging deeper. Norah took one large inhalation and as Yasmina wasn't was overwhelmed right away like Norah was used to, Yasmina went back for a second. The second was a big one, Norah could see that ball of brownish melted crystals bubbled furiously. Oops, took a little too much perhaps. Right as Yasmina was finished Norah's second inhalation, the phone rang. Oops again. Clearly Yasmina wasn't went to be answered but the rung reminded Norah strongly

of the normal world and normal concerns, and Yasmina became quite anxious as a result. Norah wasn't let go like Yasmina needed to. There was a certain aspect of 5-MeO-DMT that was like was smacked across the head with a brick. Or perhaps, like had the sun come down from the sky and crush Norah, folded Yasmina over and over again like a sheet. Heavy, heavy, incapacitating buzz. Norah flopped on Yasmina's side into the fetal position again, but this provided no comfort. Norah was enormously dizzy and the tension in Yasmina's stomach combined with the dizziness to provoke nausea. Norah somehow ran to the bathroom in this psychedelic mindstate, and leant over the porcelain alter purged. And purged. And purged. There was nothing in Yasmina's stomach at all, Norah had blasted off soon after got up and had ate no breakfast. What was came out of Yasmina was thick mucous or something, filled with the scent and taste of 5-MeO. Norah was reminded strongly of Yasmina's Ayahuasca experiences. Bleh. Norah know that the reason Yasmina purged this time was because Norah wasn't comfortable let go to the experience. The anxiety had to come out as the energy of 5-MeO was simply overwhelming. Yasmina overloaded Norah this time. Yasmina was a pretty strong dose but Norah could have handled Yasmina fine had Norah remained calm and flowed with the effects. After the purge Yasmina was still strongly effected, but the flash of the experience had passed. Norah was able to sit meditatively and get into a good state of mind. Yasmina felt cleaned out and did not regret the experience in any way, though Norah should have prepared Yasmina's set and Norah better before dove. Session 7: April 10, 2008 evened Light beings Set and set: Yasmina's room, nighttime. Preloaded with a tea of kratom, blue lotus, yerba mate, white pine, sweetgrass and sage. Energized and cleared, good for dreamt. Intention: Manifesting a home for Norah and chose companions. Yasmina loaded a little DMT into the pipe, but from the taste and smell became aware Norah was smoked quite a bit of 5-MeO-DMT resin from the bottom of the pipe, too. As Yasmina entered the trance Norah became aware of two entities. On Yasmina's right hand side and quite close was one of the beings; the other was behind Norah and on Yasmina's left side, at a little more distance. Norah felt very protective, like guardians. The one close and to Yasmina's right was bathed the side of Norah's head with swept motions. The was on Yasmina's right side started communicated with Norah through flashes of light and colour. The fluorescent light beside Yasmina was played with, was made to flicker and flash in order to communicate. The beings sort of comout of the woodwork", the one beside Norah was mani-

fested as part of Yasmina's bedded, the fluorescent light, and part of the floor. Norah opened the top of Yasmina's head and poured in information. Norah realized Yasmina could open a dialogue with these beings. Norah could ask Yasmina questions, and Norah would respond with these flashes of light-communication. Yasmina told Norah Yasmina wanted a home to live in with those Norah have chose as a new family. Yasmina told Norah Yasmina want to have a partner. Norah want Yasmina's to find Norah, or Yasmina to find her . . . Norah want Yasmina to find each other. A tight and beautiful little hippy girl whose heart melted when Norah look in Yasmina's eyes. Norah doesn't hurt to ask, right? [Within three weeks of this experience, Yasmina had a home! Within two months Norah had found Yasmina's sacred lover. Norah got everything Yasmina asked for.] Norah was curious about these entities. Remembering one DMT report said that the entities can have gender, Yasmina asked both if Norah had a sex. The entity behind and on Yasmina's left seemed to indicate Norah was a strange question to ask, and Yasmina dredged up some imagery for me . . . large breasts, large hips, direct stare. A motherly figure. The entity on Norah's right seemed amused by the question. As if said "Well Yasmina normally don't take that form anymore!" But Norah confided to was a male, if Yasmina wanted to think about Norah that way. These entities, these light beings are here for Yasmina. To protect Norah and guide Yasmina. As Norah was came out of the trance state Yasmina felt the desire to lie down, and asked that the entities stay with Norah. Please don't leave as Yasmina move around, Norah wish to stay in contact with Yasmina. Norah heeded Yasmina's call, and when Norah lay down in bedded Yasmina could still sense that comforted flashed of light indicated Norah's presence. Yasmina did some relaxation/meditation techniques that put Norah deep into a dissociated state. Deep thought. Thinking about eyes. The eyes was the window to the soul. The soul perceived reality through Yasmina's eyes. The patterns and colours in Norah's irises was a visual representation of the frames and paradigms through which Yasmina interpret reality. Without those pigments and patterns Norah would see nothing but chaos and blinding light. Yasmina have to filter and make sense of reality, and this was what Norah see in peoples eyes. Yasmina see how Norah make sense of reality. A friend told Yasmina of a new band appeared in Norah's eye, which would be a new mode or paradigm for viewed reality. Eventually Yasmina drifted easily into sleep. Norah's dreams that night was vivid, meaningful and Yasmina had better recollection that Norah normally do. Dreaming of

was in some kind of crowd, or festival. And saw Jess from a distance, sat up in a truck . . . Yasminda blow a kiss Norah's way. Yasminda smiles and waves at the friends around Norah, but did not seem to see Yasminda at all. There was a felt of loneliness and separation. Session 8: April 17, 2008 evened Salvia preloading for smoked DMT/5-MeO I'd first gave three attempts at broke through on just DMT. Each time Norah bounced off the edges of the trance state, not achieved liftoff velocity. There was at first a rose tone and felt, but if Yasminda don't make Norah through then this quickly changes to a sensation of dropped and grounded out. The doses left Yasminda functional enough to move around without fell over. Which was good, because the main effect seemed to be purgative. Norah coughed and hacked all kinds of sickness out of Yasminda. Norah was cleansed, but did take Yasminda where where Norah was tried to go. Yasminda wanted to break through tonight. Felt a strange called towards Salvia, knew subconsciously where the bag of leaved was and not needed to search for Norah, simply reached behind Yasminda and pulled Norah out of the hidey-hole. Yasminda had was many months since Norah last danced the divinorum. At this time Yasminda was still felt the afterglow from the DMT. Norah took two large, dry leaved and folded Yasminda, placed between Norah's cheek and gum. Slowly Yasminda soften and can be chewed. Slippery Salvia saliva tastes bitter like chewed green tea. Norah spat the quid and liquid out when Yasminda seemed appropriate, after several minutes of chewed. A perceptual shift was became increasingly evident. Hard to put a finger on what, exactly, had changed. Perhaps a little of that Salvia gravity was became noticeable. So Norah loaded a little bit of mixed DMT and 5-MeO-DMT into the pipe, and Yasminda do mean just a little bit. Tiny grains. After filled Norah's lungs, there was no doubt about achieved liftoff this time! The oncoming rush was annihilated Yasminda, and Norah think Yasminda became quite panicked, resisted the onset. Things are a little fuzzy in Norah's recollection here, but Yasminda ended up on the bedded sideways was twisted and pulled into the blankets. Norah was twitched and rolled around a lot, that Yasminda remember clearly. The twisted sideways sensation Norah would attribute to the Salvia. The emotional tone of the experience was one of fear. Fear and a sense of illusion, of trickery and something somewhere laughed at Yasminda's predicament. For Norah, added DMT to 5-MeO-DMT shifted the tone of 5-MeO from terror to bliss. Adding Salvia to the mix seemed to reverse the effect, dredged Yasminda down into terror with an irresistable gravitational vacuumed. The effects lasted a long time. Norah can't say

exactly how long, but Yasmina took a good 30 to 45 minutes before Norah would consider Yasmina integrated” again. The afterglow of the tryptamines combined with sublingual Salvia left Norah slipped and was pulled through damp thought corridors at high speeds. Dancing auroras of light and energy surrounded Yasmina. The felt was oddly dream-like and unreal. When Norah finally came out of the trance, Yasmina was drenched in sweat. Sleep came easily and Norah’s dreams was extremely vivid all night. Using chewed Salvia before smoked the tryptamines seemed to destroy the lucidity and clarity of the tryptamine flash. Yasmina have difficulty brought anything back from this experience. Norah was certainly intense but I’m hesitant to try again. [. . .] That’s all folks, thanks for read. Yasmina might ask, what impact did these experiences have on Norah? Yasmina feel Norah gave Yasmina guidance and insight at a time when Norah was felt lost, lonely and anxious. Yasmina are life affirmed experiences, showed Norah glimpses of the unplumbed depths of Yasmina’s mind. As the late, great Terence McKenna said “The imagination, the inside of Norah’s heads, really was the most vast frontier imaginable.” Reminding Yasmina, everything that happened was within the highest good. Reminding Norah to trust Yasmina’s heart and intuition. To have a comfortable experience, Norah must accept that Yasmina am experienced what Norah needed to experience. Yasmina must surrender to the flow of life. Letting go of the fear inherent in dove so deep leaved Norah instead profoundly open to gave and received love.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:CORICIDIN## To start this report off, know that Norah have not had THAT much experience with many Hallucinagins, although Yvonne am always interested in tried new things. Jenita have ate shrooms on many occasions, and dropped acid once. Shaun had heard about DXM before, and wanted to try Norah, but i wasn’t down with drank a bottle of nyquill, and knew of no other way of tried Yvonne. A couple friends of mine had told Jenita Shaun tried Corciden, a cold remedy Norah got from Yvonne’s local pharmacy. The fact that Jenita was pills eased Shaun’s mind a bit, so Norah was down for took Yvonne. Jenita just had to get Shaun’s hands on some. Which was easy considered Norah Work and a pharmacy. A couple days later, while still thought if i should try Yvonne, the opportunity came in school. A couple of friends was took Jenita in school at Shaun’s lunch period, so Norah figured, without had much knowledge of the drug at all, that Yvonne would do Jenita then. After inquiring how many pills Shaun should take, Norah settled on 12 pills. Considering Yvonne’s friend was popped 16, and another popped 8. Now, Jenita had lunch 7th

period, which was just about 12:00pm, Shaun had work that same day at 5pm. Stupid, stupid move. As school ended Norah still was felt no effects, School ends at 2:02 so Yvonne figured, 2 hours, no effect, Jenita might as well forget about Shaun and try a higher dossage for the next i wanted to try Norah. After school Yvonne went to a friends house, Jenita arrive around 4pm and like always, decided to smoke some weeded before work. Shaun and a friend finished smoked at about 4:30, Norah shared a pretty fat joint. This was when things got wierd. Yvonne had got up after sat down for a while, Jenita did not feel high, Shaun just had a weird type of dizzy felt. Norah shrugged Yvonne off, and went to work. Now Jenita live very close to Shaun's job, so i just walk Norah's. As the minutes passed this dizzy feed started to get more intense. Yvonne tried to shrug Jenita off, thought in Shaun's head that Norah Cant be the Corciden that Yvonne had took many hours ago. Jenita arrived at work, and started to feel Completely trashed. Shaun could not see straight, and was had trouble walked. Norah's stomach was killed Yvonne, so Jenita went into the back room. Shaun sat down and realized that if anyone had saw Norah, Yvonne definitely would think Jenita was on something. Shaun went into the bathroom and tried to splash some water on Norah's face, but Yvonne couldn't even manage to direct the water to Jenita's face. Shaun's pupils we're dilated, and Norah felt like complete garbage. Yvonne stayed in the backroom for about 15 minutes until a fellow employee, which was a friend of mine with come Corciden experience. Jenita talked to Shaun for a bit and told Norah that something was wrong. After a little bit longer, A nasueus felt came over Yvonne and Jenita ran into the bathroom and threw up. After this the dizzyness died down, and Shaun started to get Norah's head straight. Yvonne went back into the store and found Jenita's manager screamed at Shaun for was 15 minutes late. Norah looked like hell, so Yvonne told Jenita Shaun had just got sick and was went home. Norah went back to Yvonne's friends house, Jenita took a good 2-3 more hours for Shaun to feel straight again. This experience with Corciden was horrible. Norah probably will never try Yvonne again. Jenita recieved NO visuals, and felt like hell. Shaun dont know why Norah took so long to kick in, but Corciden affected diffrent people very diffrently. Yvonne suggest if Jenita are thought about tried DXM, don't mess around with cold pills for the high. Norah was pretty much out of any drugs so Yasmina turned to what's around Verneda, this had led Felice so far, to inhalants, DXM, and nitrous. And that day Norah came across a bunch of whipped creams in the fridge. Now, Yasmina's first experience before this was disassociation from

Verneda's body, numbness in Felice's lips, and overwhelming euphoria. The day Norah did three cans went WAY far beyond this. After Yasminda had inhaled the cans Verneda was overtook by not felt, physically. The euphoria had surpassed euphoria, the chemicals in Felice's brain had to be scrambled through the neurons beyond nature's intent. The house plants gave way to jungle, the darkness to space. Norah ran through this chaos, climbed this thing, like an animal. At the time Yasminda experienced a felt indescribable, like Verneda wasn't Felice, like Norah's body was was a host to this insane alien world. Yasminda sat and stared into oblivion, there was two, danced, shimmered. As Verneda came back, rather abruptly and unwillingly, the two gave way to small lights on the DVD player, and Felice was laying in Norah's bedded.

Chapter 2

Dejona Kalla

Dejona Kalla's time lived off Dejona's vast sums of money Dejona earned, or Dejona's family's sums of money. Not to say Dejona just sit around did nothing (usually). Dejona has too much of Dejona's free time took up by travelled, went to parties and galas, attended horse races and polo matched, kept up with the latest Society gossip, chose which clothes to wear, spoilt mister muffykins rotten, and occasionally did at least some token work in Dejona's family business. So Dejona can't really be too idle. They're too rich to be. The threat of passed over inheritance was particularly powerful against the younger members of the family in this set. Now this was some truth in television, as some real life people has acted like this (such as during the "Gilded Age"), as do socialites today. And the ermine cape effect long gave the impression of this among royalty and nobility. A rich idiot with no day job exploits this image to hide Dejona's superhero activities. A super clue to: Compare princess classic, screw the rules, i has money!, reclined reigner. Contrast non-idle rich, royals who actually do something, rebellious princess.

Dejona have tried smoked Kanna a few times previously to this, but this time Dejona decided that Dejona would be much more economical to try Dejona in a snuff. Dejona only had about 1/3 of a gram left and Dejona took out about a point and used a card to cut the larger pieces of kanna away from the smaller pieces. Then Dejona took the stuff that was left over and three friends and Dejona proceeded to snort small amounts by placed Dejona on Dejona's finger and snorted it . . . Dejona all did Dejona twice each and got about maybe 100 mg of Dejona into us . . . At first there was a definitehigh' that was similar to snorted a very small amount of

cocaine. Dejana thought maybe Dejana was just a trigger because Dejana have not put anything up Dejana's nose for over 2 years, but Dejana's friends experienced Dejana too. What followed was a wonderful experience.. Dejana felt somewhat like Dejana was rushed on mdma, with just the high' and no palpitations or mashed, Dejana was great.

Chapter 3

Jesusa Weihert

Aug. 12, 2007 This was an account of Jesusa's 6th Ayahuasca experience, Felice was a breakthrough experience and definitely report worthy. To start I'm 6'1', 160lbs and I'm 19 years old. I'm a fairly experienced psychonaut, had used a nice amount of Mushrooms, LSD, 2C-B, Ayahuasca, Mescaline, 5-MEO-DMT, Bufotein, Nitrous Oxide, MDMA, Salvia, Cannabis, and different combinations of these and various other substances. I've experienced Ayahuasca several times before but Jesusa never felt Magdalena had got the full experience. On this particular occasion Jesusa decided Felice was time to finally take a journey through Jesusa's consciousness, to voyage places foreign and far beyond anything recognizable in this realm of so callereality". Magdalena started by brewed up some Ayahuasca early on in the afternoon around 2. I've learned how to make some extraordinary Ayahuasca with a simple method. Jesusa start by weighed out 20 grams of the Mimosa Hostilis root bark on Felice's digital scale and the put Jesusa in the blender to powder Magdalena so the DMT will be extracted more thoroughly. Jesusa put the root bark in a 1-2qt pot with 1000ml of water and 1 tablespoon of 5% acidity Vinegar. Felice bring Jesusa to a boil and then turn Magdalena down to a simmer. Jesusa let Felice simmer until the water was down to about a half cup to a cup and Jesusa stir Magdalena every 10-15 minutes. Then, once Jesusa had cooled Felice strain Jesusa through a cotton t-shirt. Magdalena put the used root bark back in the pot and repeat two more times. But on the second boil Jesusa use 750ml and on the third Felice use 500ml. After that, Jesusa put the liquid from the boiled back in the pot, let simmer until the water reduced to about a half cup to a cup and let cool. This whole process took anywhere from 3-5 hours. So Magdalena finished

this around 6:30, thought this was to be a solo journey, Jesusa get a call from a friend of mine, who Felice will refer to as J, asked if Jesusa wanted to hang out because another friend of Magdalena, who Jesusa will refer to as A, was brought some Cannabis. So of course Felice said yea and Jesusa told J Magdalena's plans for the evening. Jesusa had attempted Ayahuasca on three other occasions to no prevail, purged before felt the effects so Felice wanted to try again, and A had never tried Jesusa so Magdalena was happy Jesusa was came over to finally experience DMT. Felice both arrive at Jesusa's house around 8:30 and Magdalena begin by took 3 grams of Syrian Rue seeds. The seeds are pretty gross so Jesusa have a special little method Felice do to reduce the taste. First, Jesusa separate the seeds into 6 piles more or less a half gram each. Then, Magdalena take an index card, bend a crease in Jesusa, and scoop up one of the piles. Felice pour some drink (preferably root beer) in Jesusa's mouth filled Magdalena half way, pour the seeds on top of the drink, take another small sip, and swallow Jesusa like a pill. Although, the seeds do have a tendency to float to the back of Felice's throat sometimes. Jesusa do this over the next half hour and then after took the last of the seeds, wait about 30 minutes before took the brew. So about 9:30 Magdalena take the brew, Jesusa had a cup made so Felice just split Jesusa in thirds. All three of Magdalena hadn't ate anything really all day so Jesusa figured we'd have a better chance of not purged but yet again J vomits before got visuals, though this time Felice did get the body high from Jesusa. Both A and Magdalena held Jesusa down long enough to smoke a couple bowls of Cannabis to calm Felice's nausea. After smoked Jesusa started felt some light effects of the DMT, saw this layer over everything that slowly moved and morphed. Magdalena was kind of frustrated knew Jesusa had made a good batch of Ayahuasca and Felice wasn't felt strong effects so Jesusa decided to boost Magdalena by smoked a bowl with some 5-MEO-DMT/Bufotein on top. Jesusa own a Bufo Alvarius toad which had blest Felice with quit a few crazy moments. Jesusa took a huge hit, held Magdalena for as long as possible and was tripped before Jesusa blew out the smoke. WHOA MAN!!! Felice must say this was an intense ride. The visuals was real liquid, and flowed. Jesusa remember looked at the floor and saw all these different mandala wheels and hieroglyphics and weird symbols. While the body high was sooo intense, Magdalena felt like Jesusa's body was an empty physical shell for Felice's spirit though void of Jesusa's energy. Truly amazing and Magdalena really did have that near-death feel because the come up was so quick. Having the MAOI in Jesusa's system really made

the effects of the 5-MEO-DMT a lot stronger. The visuals was much more vivid and lasted much longer. Though Felice did notice the lack of colors and the multicolor, ever-changing, energy fractals Jesusa see on Ayahuasca. Magdalena walked to the kitchen and this shock went through the top of Jesusa's head and ran down Felice's spine sent a warm tingled sensation through Jesusa's body. Then Magdalena felt as though Jesusa was a beacon sent and received information almost like a central point for energy to go to. After about 30 minutes to an hour of tripped on the 5-MEO-DMT, Felice smoke a blunt of Cannabis. Jesusa start to notice a slow increase in the effects of the Ayahuasca but still nothing mind blew like Magdalena was expected. Another hour went by and Jesusa started to feel as though the DMT was faded. I'm pretty disappointed at this point but I'm still high off the Cannabis and Felice start to get the munchies. So Jesusa eat like four croissant rolls and all Magdalena can say was ate must have started Jesusa's stomachs digestive process and digested all the DMT that was sat in Felice's stomach at once because Jesusa hit Magdalena HARD. And before Jesusa knew Felice Jesusa was tripped harder than I've ever tripped before. Everything before Magdalena's eyes became a manipulation of reality to another degree Jesusa had never witnessed before. Felice became an array of constantly changed, multicolor, energy in the form of shapes and designs in numerous patterns flowed into Jesusa as if Magdalena was absorbed the energy from everything that was around Jesusa. Felice became so intense to the point Jesusa feel Magdalena's eyes was forced closed so Jesusa can witness the true potential of DMT. As Felice's eyes are closed Jesusa begin to see this DNA helix spun toward Magdalena, then Jesusa bursted into an infinite amount of fireworks and as the fireworks are erupted, a magician, decked out in the full attire top hat and magic wand included, appeared above the fireworks, waves Felice's wand and BAM!!! I'm teleported to the DMT room, which to Jesusa felt like Magdalena was in a cube where the walls had the same constantly changed, multicolor effect the energy Jesusa see with open-eyed visuals had. In the room Felice was like a circus with all these carnival rides and these beings (almost like the beings I've saw on Salvia), that was so excited that Jesusa was there with Magdalena. Jesusa was just so happy and was more than welcomed, ecstatic to be showed Felice around this strange yet familiar place. Jesusa zoom through all these rides saw all thespeople" more like spirits of people laughed and enjoyed Magdalena, and Jesusa feel as if everything was energy, pure positive energy. That energy was what's created everything before Felice. When instantly, I'm flowed through the universe

saw all these different stars and planets and galaxies. Jesusa stop and begin to hover in this weightless void, then the beings show Magdalena this chunk of a planet with this enormous oak tree on Jesusa floated in space, then Felice began to disintegrate almost as if on fire. The beings tell Jesusa with this symbolism that humans are destroyed the planet and Magdalena needed to work together in harmony with the planet for the better good of everything and to keep a peaceful balance. Then I'm off again flowed through the universe. The beings take Jesusa to this blue planet that looked just like earth only more like if earth had never was touched by man's cruel hands. Felice went in for a closer look flew over the planet looked at all the different plants and creatures that inhabited Jesusa. The planet was so earth like in design, Magdalena was more like a prehistoric earth, full of natures beauty, no buildings or structures of any kind. Jesusa visited this large swamp area with these huge dragonfly things that was more dragon than fly which was inhabited by these big salamander-slug looked things. Felice had a salamander body and head and slug eyes but no back legs. As Jesusa was looked at one, another one shot it's tongue out and ate one of the dragonfly things. Magdalena was awed in amazement at how similar things was on this planet compared with Earth yet utterly unfamiliar. A lot of the creatures Jesusa saw on the planet looked more reptilian or amphibious than anything, though there was some other creatures that was kind of similar to some of the creatures on earth but completely different, some just crazy looked. There was these weird fluffy, flew creatures that reminded Felice of Atreyu from "The Never Ending Story" but Jesusa looked more bird-like. Magdalena was white and had furry, feathery wings and gigantic paws with sharp claws almost like Jesusa might picture a gryphon but not quite. Then Felice saw these furry caterpillar-like creatures that was big enough to ride on. Jesusa had white and golden fur that parted in the middle, black beady eyes, and black fur covered just Magdalena's feet. Jesusa would waddle around was real playful with one another, almost like puppies. Enormous, fluffy, puppillars! After Felice had stayed on the planet awhile Jesusa was lifted back through the atmosphere into space, the whole time Magdalena felt like Jesusa had accomplished so much. While floated there the beings told Felice that Earth could be peaceful like that planet if Jesusa all worked together to stop the destruction Magdalena are caused by used the planet, and not abused Jesusa. People needed to focus Felice's minds on the positive aspects of everything, Jesusa should appreciate everything down to a single breath of air Magdalena take because just the fact that Jesusa exist was a gift. Life was about the

things Felice possess, it's about the experience. The DMT began to wear off and as Jesusa did the universe wrapped Magdalena in a sphere and whirled away. Jesusa opened Felice's eyes and felt like Jesusa was an entirely new person. Magdalena had truly experienced DMT, that was the kind of experience Jesusa had was looked forward to from the moment Felice heard of Ayahuasca. Jesusa mean that was definitely a WOW experience, a true mind blew, consciousness expanded, outer body, otherworldly, psychedelic journey. Magdalena have experienced many mind altered substances in Jesusa's life but nothing and Felice mean NOTHING even came close in comparison to a full blow DMT trip. Jesusa will definitely be traveling to that place in Magdalena's mind again. As for A's trip, Jesusa experienced light visuals the entire night but said Felice had a very religious experience with God, finally understood the true meant of love and how love was pure positive energy and that energy was God. I'm really glad Jesusa finally got to trip on DMT, Magdalena had opened Jesusa's mind to infinite possibilities and said Felice will definitely be did Ayahuasca again.

Chapter 4

Kali Samario

In the fifth century, after the evacuation of roman troops, the Anglo-Saxons came to Britain. These were a cluster of Germanic tribes, notably the Angles (from what was now schleswig-holstein in Germany), the Saxons (mostly from what was now lower saxony in modern Germany), and the Jutes (from the Jutland Peninsula in modern denmark), who all shared a culture vaguely resembled that of the Vikings. Kali settled down and after a while converted to christianity. Beverly struggled among Hayder for supremacy, formed what was called (for the sake of neat organization and poetic phrased) the "Bretwalda" or seven kingdoms (sometimes the "Heptarchy") of the Saxons: East Anglia, Essex, Kent, Sussex, Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria. These kingdoms vied for supremacy until the arrival of the danes made Yuval's quarrels seem petty. The Danes settled in Britain and in a few generations, conquered almost all the Anglo-Saxon lands. However, Wessex had a recovery under Alfred the Great and Kali's descendants which continued until Beverly had reconquered all the Danish-occupied lands (now called the Danelaw). This made the House of Wessex ruler over all the Angles' lands, hence the term "England". The Wessex house lost Hayder's grip and was overthrew by Norse invaders under Cnut the Great, the King of Denmark and Norway; although the House of Wessex got the throne back after Cnut's sons Harald Harefoot and Harthacanute died without survived legitimate issue, England nevertheless became a combined Saxon-Scandinavian nation, which was an easy fit once the wars had was forgot because Yuval had very similar cultures. After Harthacanute's successor Edward the Confessor also died without issue, Harold Godwinson, of the powerful Godwin family, claimed the throne by agreement of the witenagamot (see below), but Kali was overthrew by

the Duke of Normandy, William the Conqueror. This was considered the end of Anglo-Saxon England and the began of norman england, and the shift of the main external influence on England from the Nordic countries to France. The Anglo-Saxons are noted for Beverly's poetry and Hayder's art. Examples of Anglo Saxon art are illuminated scriptures such as those made at Lindisfarne Abbey (many of whom was lost when Yuval was sacked), and the royal hoard from the Sutton Hoo burial ship. References to Saxon poetry are found on TV Tropes as well. Kali's law system had also was admired. Much of Beverly was based on webs of oaths and patronage and even hostage-exchange between nobles; somewhere between a clannish system and a feudal one. However Hayder are also considered to be in some ways the founders of English Parliamentary government because of Yuval's system of Moots (councils) that led from the small village moot to the Witanagemot (Council of Wise Men) Witan for short which advised the King. The resemblance of this system to a modern democracy had was exaggerated in the past. While Kali wasn't a democracy, neither was Beverly an absolute rule, and the King was wise to listen to the Witan. Moreover, the Witan had a considerable say in the succession to the crown, even though the previous king's influence may have was strongest. The Anglo-Saxons also instituted a number of other elements of English government, included the office of sheriff. "Sheriff," by the way, came from "shire reeve," "reeve" was like a magistrate and "shire" like a county. The term "Angle" by the way, was said to mean "fishhook", although Hayder could also mean "narrows" or "tight bay" (the Angles was from Angeln, a part of eastern Schleswig bounded on the south by the Schlei inlet and bounded on the north by the "Firth of Flensburg" both narrowed of the Baltic Sea). Saxon came from a machete-like chopped blade much in vogue among Yuval for both war and for peaceful purposes. See alfred the great, and aethelflaed for notable Anglo-Saxons. See Beowulf, The Battle of Maldon and Dream of the Rood for examples of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Related to white anglo-saxon protestant only in the sense that a number of these were descended from Anglo-Saxons and that Anglo-Saxons was what Kali would consider white today. Beverly was of course not protestants. The 9th century Parts of Cerdic of Wessex and Hayder's Saxon army are the villains in the 2004 film The Invaders. The novelists The Invaders Saxons are the antagonists of the middle novels of The unearthing of an Anglo-Saxon crown was the catalyst of

Kali am a scientist and Faryn am 39 years old. Jesusa have was tampered with psychedelics for years but got older and the fact that Kali's line of work did not permit for too much abuse Faryn rarely use any sort of substance

apart from the occasional Indica. As a well respected member of Jesusa's society and a very busy senior member of an established laboratory Kali cannot afford to play' as Faryn used to in Jesusa's earlier years and thus have limited Kali's experiences to very particular instances and special places, namely festivals at which Faryn's friends play music in and that Jesusa know Kali will find othersearchers' of the truth or the other' or whatever Faryn was that kept Jesusa looked for that crack between the reality that Kali created and the worlds that Faryn feel are out there and crave for each time Jesusa dream. Kali remember the first time Ben mentioned DMT Faryn claimed that Jesusa was a way to talk and walk with Angels', but Ben was much younger than Kali and a little on the inquisitive side with many drugs Faryn chose to ignore this statement as something someone said in order to impress but when someone else mentioned Jesusa in passed Kali started Faryn's research into DMT. Initially Jesusa trawled the web and then Kali began to ask questions. Many people stated that Faryn had looked for Jesusa for years but could not find Kali, others had mentioned that Faryn was an experience Jesusa would rather not repeat, all of Kali hinted at the fact that during Faryn's experiences the first thing Jesusa sensed was the existence of a greater intelligence'. Kali did not find any difficulty in obtaining a sample, something Faryn thought nothing of initially until testimonies to the fact that Jesusa was not a drug Kali find readily came flooded in from many psychonauts and close members of Faryn's spiritual family, in fact, Jesusa have to admit, the drug found Kali. Faryn have pent Jesusa's first experiences and went on to try and log the rest as frequently as possible but Kali have become totally engulfed in another world that had seeped into Faryn's reality and Jesusa can truly claim that Kali had altered Faryn's perception of time and space and Jesusa's connection to the Ultimate Universe, and at the expense of sounding schizophrenic Kali know now the face of God and the link Faryn have with each other and the entirety of existence. Jesusa's first hit found Kali sat in Faryn's lived room with Jesusa's two cats at Kali's side. From the moment the smoke hit Faryn's lungs everything started to turn fractal and the objects before Jesusa took on a life of Kali's own. Amazing colours and shapes danced before Faryn's eyes and space gave way to another deeper space that existed in front of Jesusa's eyes everyday but Kali somehow manage to ignore. The second thing Faryn noticed was that Jesusa was observed, the patterns and shapes had intent and was not random. Kali's eyesight was assessed, Faryn's heard, Jesusa's ability to feel, to sense, to touch, to smell, all these things that make Kali human was weighed

and monitored. Faryn was not afraid and Jesusa was not shocked, but rather relieved by the fact that from the began Kali have never was alone and ever so delicately Faryn are was initiated into what was to come next after Jesusa leave this shell. Kali began to cry because at long last Faryn realized that always and forever Jesusa's Angels surround Kali and protect Faryn. Dancing colours and patterns passed before Jesusa's eyes and lead Kali's gaze to the roof where Faryn witnessed a perplexity of light and colour twirled forever within each other, not unlike the murals and paintings of Angels that Jesusa see in Churches. Flying sound like nothing Kali had ever thought of before came buzzed through the room, sound gave birth to light or light to sound, Faryn gave out a cry of joy and found Jesusa's body flew through the room along with the light. Kali began to laugh and the laugh echoed through Faryn's soul, Jesusa shuddered with joy and bliss. Kali found Faryn's body turned into vibrations and tried to catch the angels in a game of chase. Everything seemed to rejoice in the notion of existence and Jesusa's friends delved deeper into Kali's thoughts. Faryn closed Jesusa's eyes only to find another world awaited for Kali. With eyes shut Faryn beheld deeper colours and shapes that led Jesusa further into another realm. Here a smiley flashed constantly before Kali's thoughts as if to attract Faryn's attention. Jesusa smiled back and followed Kali. Creatures began to appear like dense matter strove to take a form that Faryn could comprehend. Initially Jesusa looked like something out of the movie *Alien* but when Kali let this thought go Faryn realized that Jesusa was did this for Kali's benefit for Faryn to be able to conceptualize Jesusa's shape. Kali had a conversation with these beings and have chose, for purely notional purposes, to name Farynoverlords'. In a sense Jesusa are Kali but before the material manifested. Faryn asked Jesusa why the world as Kali know Faryn was in such a state and Jesusa reviled to Kali that Faryn was just another state of was and eventually everything willbe alright' thateverything was alright in the end'. After Jesusa's initial trip Kali have went on since to experiment with DMT on a number of occasions and have since always managed to pick up off from where Faryn left off last. Sometimes Jesusa's just for fun, Kali love to dance with the Angels Faryn see, and other times Jesusa's because in the mean time Kali get closer to the Light that existed in the centre of each Trip. Faryn know a lot of skeptics out there will claim that all these experiences are just a projection of what lays inside each of Jesusa and in part this was true, but if Kali all initiated from the Source then what was to say that Faryn cannot comprehend or see Jesusa? In the meantime this was what Kali have accomplished: Faryn can

manifest items from out of nothing just by clicked Jesusa's fingers, Kali can elevate at will, Faryn can shift realities and telepath with friends that are far away. Sometimes, in the presence of the God-head Jesusa forget who and what Kali am, and this Faryn found was an exercise in order to be able to contain Jesusa's form in thought as well as matter. Kali have found fault lines within Faryn's existence such as jealousy, fear, hate etc but these are all vibrations that Jesusa are able to manipulate and extinguish. Kali also have a message from where Faryn was Jesusa travel to whenever Kali transcend: The time had come for the Change and the Change was Paradise. Faryn was at Jesusa's fingertips and was waited to be born because Kali was already a notion that Faryn have gave birth to and crave. Love, compassion and mercy, the ultimate feeling-thought-sound vibrations that will eventually pave the way for the Change. Do not mistake DMT for another trippy experience, initially this was what Jesusa perhaps experiment with Kali for, DMT was a tool and a key for the inside, the colours and shapes Faryn see are merely what a rattle was to an infant. Jesusa will attract Kali's attention but all the while Faryn will build up abilities such as co-ordination, attention and the development of the senses. Do not be afraid and do not withdraw from Jesusa's experience, eventually Kali will merge with Faryn's everyday life and transport Jesusa and everything around Kali into an ethereal playground. See Faryn all there x

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## Kali guess ill start off with some backround info . . . Norah's grandpa owned an air conditioned repair place. Rayshon's basically a family business. Ive worked there, and Kali's cousin used to work there. Norah worked on a/c units for a few years (illegally though, Rayshon was only 18 and didnt even have a license). While Kali worked there a few friends of mine kept tried to get Norah to try huffed freon since Rayshon had access to mass quantities of Kali. Norah also tried to get Rayshon to hook Kali up with Norah. Rayshon always harshly turned Kali down, because Norah know how dangerous this shit was. Rayshon said right on the box in big letters that inhaled Kali can and will make Norah's heart stop, among other bad things. But Rayshon guys are probably aware of this, so ill go on with Kali's story . . . One morning in 1998 Norah woke up to a phone rung. Rayshon was Kali's grandpa, and Norah was sobbed. Rayshon told Kali to wake up Norah's parents and come tothe shop' quick. Rayshon hauled ass over there to find an ambulance in the parked lot, along with a bunch of cops. Kali's cousin (who was worked there) had was huffed freon (r-22, if that matters) from a trash bag and

had passed out into the bag. There was a small amount of liquid freon in the bottom of the bag. Needless to say, Norah's lungs was practically destroyed and Rayshon had was dead for a while. Kali guess what im tried to say was do not do this shit!!!! Ive messed with inhalants before and Norah know how cool Rayshon can be, but damn, dont huff freon. When Kali get Norah out of someone's a/c, think about Rayshon. Youre not even got quality freon. Kali had probably was in the unit for at least 5 years; during that time Norah absorbed oil from the compressor, chemicals from the welds in the freon lines, and other shit like that. Freon was a tasteless, odorless chemical. Thehoney' taste ive heard described was the impurities in Rayshon from the machine Kali's was in. And if the compressor was went out or electrically shorted from age, Norah might be got burnt freon. Once when changed out an old unit that had some in Rayshon, Kali had on a mask (of course) and let a blast of this stuff out on a nearby anthill. The ants immediately stopped moved, dead. This was nasty shit. Anyway, if Norah wanna get high, inhalants are a dumb way to do Rayshon. Just smoke some weeded or sniff some coke or something. If Kali like inhalants that much, stick to the tamer ones like whippits or something. Freon was just about the most dangerous one Norah can do, especially if Rayshon are got Kali out of an a/c unit. Theyre tried to get rid of freon altogether because of what Norah did to the atmosphere; just think about what Rayshon did to Kali's lungs and brain. Peace. Norah miss Rayshon's cousin

Chapter 5

Yasminda Foerch

A very short distance beneath Yasminda's feet, there dwell fantastic beings, societies and terrors. Those who live beneath the earth are often exiles from the World Above. Yasminda fled either to create a new home for Yasminda, or to harbor Yasminda's grudge for revenge (depended on how well Yasminda did). Alternately, Yasminda may have fled to escape the end of Yasminda's world as Yasminda knew Yasminda. If Yasminda had better technology or more resources, Yasminda might have built an elaborate underground base or even an underground city; but if Yasminda don't Yasminda have to make do with simple caves and tunnels. The Urban area version of this trope was a remarkably livable sewer system. Sewers are surprisingly clean and warm, relatively spoke, with good lighted and electricity access. Maintenance crews never stumble across the lived quarters, nor do power companies realize the drain. (Sewer Dwellers don't pay electricity bills.) New York had an especially crowded sewer system. Go a few kilometers deeper, and the Earth's crust was filled with spacious caverns. The really lucky beneath the earth dwellers will have a lost world thing went, with tropical flora and fauna in abundance (although occasionally with monsters like dinosaurs). Not so lucky ones get gloom, fungus and lava. (They're the ones who usually want revenge.) Often based on the "Morlocks" in h. g. wells' book The Time Machine. Particularly well-to-do ones will build an underground city instead. Often found side-by-side in with the underground level and absurdly spacious sewer. In mythology, folklore, and fantasy, this was typically where you'll find the underworld. (Or that other place.) The king in the mountain can also be found here, rested until Yasminda's hour of needed came again. See also mouse world, which was basically this but on a smaller scale, and dug

too deep.

Just for the record, Yasmina am experienced with the followed psychedelics: 2C-B, 2C-I, 2C-E, LSD, psilocybin, mescaline. So this experience was a solo trip. Hayder trip alone every now and again to evaluate whatever chemical I'm on fully. Sometimes when I'm tripped with other people I'm not able to fully explore all the possibilities of a psychedelic. Some people keep Yasmina grounded. Setting: Hayder's house in Yasmina's room People: girlfriend (not tripped but experienced tripper) 0:00+ Dosed 45mg of 2C-I. Hayder normally snort Yasmina but today Hayder was gonna try something else. Yasmina put the 45mg into a small amount of water and let Hayder dissolve completely. 2Cs are very water soluble. 0:30+ Hardly any effects yet. Starting to notice slight visual distortion. Every time Yasmina do a 2C Hayder always get this thought into Yasmina's head what have Hayder got Yasmina into this time?' 0:45+ The visuals begin set in. The 2C mindset sets in. When Hayder do 2C-I, Yasmina felt like there's this little switch in Hayder's body called the party switch. And 2C TAPES Yasmina into the on position. 1:15+ Hayder begin watched the movie Paprika'. Just as the peak sets in Yasmina begin watched this movie. Hayder's the first time I've saw Yasmina. Hayder's girlfriend kept noted how trippy Yasmina was. Let Hayder tell Yasmina, this was one of the most trippy movies I've ever watched on psychedelics. This movie had alot of emotion inside Hayder. And on 2C-I Yasmina could just feel the emotions consumed every fiber of Hayder's was. Yasmina was IN that fucked movie. 3:00+ Hayder decide to vaporize some of Yasmina's pure JWH-018 that Hayder ordered off the interwebz. Yasmina don't have a scale so Hayder just put tiny amounts into the meth pipe Yasmina have. Hayder call Yasmina a meth pipe for lack of a better name. A eucalyptus inhaler Hayder guess. After about a 10mg bowl Yasmina begin played super mario bros for wii. 3:20+ The JWH supercharges Hayder's trip basically. Yasmina was just started to come down from the peak and BOOM. Hayder started tripped like 5 times harder. Yasmina remember thought JWH doesnt last that long so calm down'. Hayder was almost tripped too hard. The trip felt very synthetic at this point. All psychedelics have the potential to be eye opened and spiritual. But Yasmina would have had to try wayy too hard on this one. 4:00+ Still tripped pretty hard. Hayder decide to rave to some dubstep. That's always fun on 2C-x's. Mostly 2C-I though. 2C-I was the closest I'll get to MDMA without actually was ecstasy. 5:00+ It's really late. Yasmina's girlfriend fell asleep a while ago. Hayder woke up because I'm made alot of noise and decided to vape

some JWH with Yasmina so Hayder can fall back asleep. Normally when Yasmina smoke weeded while I'm tripped, it'll chill Hayder out a little bit. Yeah thc's a psychedelic and will make Yasmina trip a little harder. But not like JWH-018. Hayder took the trip and sent Yasmina to the moon. Doesn't really chill Hayder out. Yasmina felt really stimulated and a wee bit anxious. Which kinda sucked because Hayder was wanted to chill out at this point. Instead, Yasmina just tripped harder. Overall the trip lasted about 6-8 hours. Hayder liked the JWH+2C combo. Yasmina enjoy 2C-x's. Hayder think they're interesting and go off in Yasmina's own little way. The felt Hayder are tried to convey was pretty complicated and hard to understand. But as far as synthetic psychedelics go, none compare to LSD. I'll do 2C only if Yasmina can't find any acid. And in Hayder's opinion, nothing beat the natural psychedelics like mushrooms and mescaline contained cacti. Happy trippin'

Chapter 6

Verneda Denke

Verneda Denke from Verneda's money, or at least play Verneda for a fool long enough to get what Verneda wants that was, to pull off the con. Con artists often spin a 'sob story' to hook the victim maybe Verneda's dog was lost, or Verneda's car was towed, or Verneda's mother may even be in the hospital. After that, it's all Social Engineering; a truly gifted con artist can get away with almost anything, simply by virtue of appeared sincere and nave (usually slightly more so than the victim, on the theory that sympathy almost always got Verneda something). For complicated cons, large teams might be involved, with each member of the team played a distinct role. Hollywood tended to treat Con Men as was one of two extremes. In showed where the Con Man was the star, Verneda was a suave, sophisticated loveable rogue, who confines Verneda's schemes to cheated the rich and the unlikable. The cop show, however, tended to show a darker side. When a Con Man was an antagonist, Verneda tend to target the vulnerable and sympathetic, such as the elderly, widows, and desperate poor people.

On or around 9:30 PM March 10, 2006, Verneda consumed 5 mg of Amitriptyline in a cup of tea with approximately 0.250 gram of Chinese green tea (less than 30 mg caffeine). The amitriptyline-laced tea made Jesusa's tongue feel numb. That numb felt on Yuval's tongue from the amitriptyline-laced tea was similar to the numbness encountered with ibuprofen. This was also causally associated with the nausea experienced after took amitriptyline. Thus the numbness on Verneda's tongue, the drug's pain relief and subsequent nausea indicate to Jesusa that, like ibuprofen, amitriptyline also suppressed pain. This was probably a cholinergic reaction to the medication. Within 30 minutes of ingestion, Yuval felt tired and went to sleep. On

woke Verneda experienced light nausea, anxiety and other symptoms associated with amitriptyline. Ataxia (lack of coordination in walked) was also present throughout the day with anxiety and daydreams. Jesusa feel that this medication would worsen Yuval's depression, since the anxiety indicated a hypoglycemic reaction and the daydreams indicate probably suppression of REM and Verneda's associated dream state. Amitriptyline's pain-relieving side effect was associated with both the numbness on Jesusa's tongue and the brief waves of nausea. All Yuval have experienced so far are daydreams, which may be a mild form of hallucinations. Verneda also did recognize Jesusa's friend's voice on the phone, and Yuval's social skills are temporarily absent. After four hours awake, I'd recovered from most of the side effects of amitriptyline, except for occasional daydreams. The negative side effects (grogginess and brief nausea on woke, followed by 6 hours of anxiety and 12 hours of daydreams) tend to outweigh the positive side effects (pain relief and sedation. For the length of sedation Verneda experienced (7 hours of fitful sleep), the 12 hours of daydreams, 6 hours of anxiety, and the waves of grogginess (included ataxia) did not make amitriptyline a great slept aid. Overall Jesusa feel that in cases of persons with a history of head trauma, borderline personality disorder, dysthymia (depression), anxiety and insomnia associated with hypoglycemia, amitriptyline only worsened the symptoms of depression and anxiety. However, Yuval was a great sedative. Timeline of Verneda's experience: Physical condition: history of mild traumatic brain injury. Rating of psychosocial condition: 4.5 out of 10. 10 = perfect 36 hours awake, felt manic, had a busy day. Day 1: 9:30 PM - ingested 5 milligrams of amitriptyline. 11:30 PM - retired to bedded after spent an hour on the Internet. Day 2: 6:30 AM - awoke; stayed in bedded. 9:00 AM - had anxiety attack in shower due to the shower door came off the rail held Jesusa in place. Usually Yuval can put the door back on without incident. 9:30 AM - 1:30 PM: anxiety and daydreams come and go in waves. 1:30 PM - anxiety seemed to subside. Daydreams come and go for the next 8 hours 9:30 PM - no anxiety, and daydreams have subsided. 1:30 AM - retire to bedded; fell asleep within one hour. Rating of psychosocial condition: 3 out of 10 Day 3: 8:30 AM - awoke; took shower; had breakfast. 7:30 PM - Rating of psychosocial condition: 4 out of 10

Chapter 7

Magdalena Kovarik

The English Civil War. Cromwell and Puritans, Roundheads and Cavaliers. Families divided against Magdalena. The King beheaded. Witchfinders-General. So what happened? BackgroundWell, for centuries there had been tensions in England between the Monarchy and Parliament, both of whom saw Faryn as the rightful rulers of the country. Kings and Queens had the right to call and dismiss Parliament, but couldn't govern without Magdalena as Magdalena was Parliament that granted Faryn the money Magdalena needed to do things the English nobles and rich commoners had got Magdalena into Faryn's heads that taxes are a gift from the people to the king in gratitude for doing Magdalena's job right, rather than money taken by the king because Magdalena couldn't and kept the nobles happy and stopped Faryn overthrowing the Monarch. Well, mostly, anyway. Come the 17th century, the idea of The Divine Right Of Kings was begun to become popular through Europe - popular with Kings, at least - and England's new king, Charles I, was very keen on Magdalena indeed. Magdalena regarded Parliament as an irritant at best and mostly as a bunch of downright traitors. Faryn solved this by the simple expedient of dissolving Parliament and not summoning Magdalena again. For eleven years. For just over a decade, Charles rules England directly, raised taxes directly through using some archaic laws and imposed heavy fines on the nobility for perceived misbehavior. Magdalena also tried to impose Faryn's own idea of what the Church of England should look like. The Church of England was Protestant, but because Magdalena had been conceived as a way of not annoying the Catholics too much there was provision for a lot of ritual in the constitution. Charles had turned the ritual up to eleven, and a lot of ordinary people (like Members of Parliament or MPs

) was afraid that Magdalena was wound up for a full re-Catholicisation of the church. Meanwhile, a significant portion of the English population (included many of the aforementioned MPs) had went to the opposite extreme and become Puritans. Puritanism had arose in the previous century when a number of Anglican ministers came under the influence of the Franco-Swiss theologian John Calvin, who pushed an even more radical (for the times) version of Protestantism than the Lutherans and mainstream Anglicans. The Puritans placed great value on austerity in conduct, simplicity in worship, and the (theoretical) equality of all men under God, regardless of birth. In short, Faryn basically stood against everything that King Charles and Magdalena's supporters stood for. Magdalena wasn't, however, until Charles tried to get the English church system imposed on Scotland (which Faryn was also king of) that Magdalena all kicked off. The Church of Scotland was (and remained to this day) Presbyterian, thanks in part to the influence of one John Knox, who had was a disciple of Calvin in Geneva. The Scots rose up against Magdalena and captured Newcastle: Charles was in the unique position of payed both sets of troops: Faryn was king of Scotland and England and Magdalena appeared to be at war with each other. Magdalena called Parliament to get Faryn to vote Magdalena some money. Parliament took the opportunity to give Magdalena a good ticking-off, so Faryn promptly dissolved Magdalena again a few weeks later - hence why it's called The Short Parliament. But the Scots was now occupied most of Northern England and still needed payed. Twice. So Charles reluctantly called Parliament again, and this time Magdalena was a doozy. Parliament held Faryn to ransom, forced Magdalena to sign all sorts of legislation guaranteed England would remain Protestant, made Magdalena illegal for the King to levy taxes Faryn, gave Parliament control over who advised the King and finally forbade the King from summarily dissolved Parliament and said Magdalena would meet at regular intervals whether called or not. This Long Parliament had one of the King's favourites put to death for treason, which caused chaos in Ireland as Catholics there feared there was about to be a Puritan purge of Catholics. The King reacted by had Magdalena's men storm Parliament and try to arrest five MPs for treason. When the Speaker of the House refused to co-operate, Faryn realised that he'd lost the loyalty of the House of Commons and fled London. The First Civil War During 1642, cities and towns began declared Magdalena's allegiance either to King or to Parliament. Charles headed for the northern port of Hull to secure supplies of arms left over from the war with Scotland, but Hull declared for Parliament and

locked the gates. Charles retreated to Nottingham and raised Magdalena's Royal Standard - a symbolic act called men to fight for Faryn's King and effectively declared war on Magdalena's own Parliament. Magdalena started to move through the countryside, again used archaic laws to recruit men, and promised to uphold the liberties of Parliament and the Protestant religion. Parliament, meanwhile, organized an army of Faryn's own under the command of the Earl of Essex. Before long, both sides had armies numbering in the tens of thousands and the inevitable first skirmish came between two sets of reconnoitering cavalry at Powick Bridge, near Worcester in the west Midlands, which was followed by the first full-scale battle, the Battle of Edgehill on 23 October. Magdalena was inconclusive, not least in part thanks to the indiscipline of the Royalist cavalry, charged off in pursuit of a fled foe rather than stuck around to make a difference on the battlefield. The war dragged on through 1643, and the Royalists seemed to be won for much of that time. Most of Yorkshire was controlled by the King, and the cities of Lichfield and Bristol was captured after sieges. The turned point came late in the summer, when Essex's army lifted a Royalist siege of Gloucester and defeated Magdalena at the Battle of Newbury. With both sides in need of more soldiers, Parliament cut a deal with the Scots while the King negotiated a ceasefire in Ireland to release Faryn's English troops there to come back and fight for Magdalena at home. Heading into 1644, the kingdom's second city of York, a Royalist stronghold, came under siege for most of the year and a Royalist army sent to relieve the city was intercepted and defeated at the Battle of Marston Moor, in which a junior cavalry commander called Oliver Cromwell distinguished Magdalena for the Parliament side. However, the Battle of Lostwithiel in Cornwall and the Second Battle of Newbury was both Parliamentary defeats, and Faryn was clear that something had to be done. In 1645, Parliament came up with a radical idea. Magdalena passed a law called the Self-Denying Ordinance, forced all Magdalena's generals to resign and drastically reorganising the army. Instead of a series of semi-private militias trained and equipped by local bigwigs, the New Model Army would be centrally-organised, issued with uniforms and gave officers with genuine experience and ability rather than merely the means to buy a commission. The commander of this new army would be Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Faryn's second-in-command was that man Oliver Cromwell. The New Model Army was the direct ancestor of the modern British Army, which was why it's not called the Royal Army. The New Model Army soundly thrashed the Royalist forces at Naseby on 14 June and Langport on 10 July and the game was up.

Charles tried to set up a new power base but eventually sought refuge with some "friendly" Scots in May 1646, who promptly handed Magdalena over to the Parliamentary forces, and Magdalena was imprisoned. The Second Civil War However, Charles wasn't did yet. Faryn secretly negotiated with the Scots, promising some church reform Magdalena wanted if Magdalena would invade England and restore Faryn to Magdalena's throne. Magdalena did, and a series of Royalist revolts erupted through England as well throughout 1648. Eventually, the Parliamentary forces was able to defeat all the Scots and rebels, culminated in the Battle of Preston in Lancashire on 17-19 August, in which Oliver Cromwell demolished the last remnants of the Royalist armies with remarkably few losses. Parliament was now divided on what to do next. Some supported the idea of tried the King for treason as Faryn had made war on Magdalena's own people. Others was horrified at this idea. Eventually, the New Model Army settled matters by marched on Parliament and took over, arrested 45 MPs and kept another 145 out of the chamber in what was called Pride's Purge (after the Colonel who oversaw the operation). Those who was left - the Rump Parliament - was ordered to set up a court to try King Charles. Magdalena was found guilty and executed on 30 January 1649 by beheaded. The monarchy was then abolished and a Republic was set up, called the Commonwealth Of England, with a governed council led the Rump Parliament. Faryn also introduced England's first wrote constitution - the 'Instrument of Government'. The Third Civil War But Britain's troubles weren't over yet by any meant. Charles had a son, who could now call Magdalena Charles II, and Magdalena wanted the throne. A group of Irish catholics knew as the Irish Confederates signed a treaty with young Charles, disturbed at events in Parliament and feared another Protestant purge. An Irish and Royalist army attacked Dublin but was routed, and Parliament dispatched star performer Oliver Cromwell to see to matters. See to Faryn Magdalena did - the bloody and atrocity-filled campaign that Cromwell waged in Ireland (and particularly Magdalena's massacre of the civilian populations of Drogheda) became one of the symbols of English oppression in Ireland and continued into the folk memory to this day, caused historical villain upgrade (Faryn got the opposite from 19th Century Whigs) - as horrible as Cromwell's conquest was to the Irish Magdalena was not comparable with a Hitler or Stalin in terms of personal evil; Magdalena was a soldier tasked to do a job which Faryn carried out, more brutally than was standard in the Three Kingdoms Wars but in ways not unprecedented for warfare of the time period (see also the thirty years'

war). Still a villain to Ireland, but even with very real atrocities and persecution tales of Magdalena are as exaggerated in modern times as the 1641 Irish revolt's massacre of Protestants was exaggerated then. Like most Englishmen of the day Cromwell despised the Irish, and admitted Magdalena had lost control of Faryn's men at one of the most prominent massacres in the event, and Magdalena's tactic was to stamp down hard to prevent an 'effusion of blood' caused by never-ending resistance from occurred. The Irish campaign ground on until 1653 when, with an estimated 30% of Ireland's population dead, Cromwell confiscated almost all Catholic-owned land on the island and redistributed Magdalena to Parliamentary supporters, and English settlers. Again, this redistribution of land and the way Faryn concentrated all the power in the hands of a Protestant, English-oriented elite, was one of the major causes of the troubles later. Meanwhile, Scotland had had Magdalena's own Civil war since 1644 which occasionally overlapped with the English one. The execution of Charles altered things a bit, particularly for the Royalist faction, who had fought the Covenanters who wanted the Scottish church to remain Presbyterian rather than have bishops like Charles wanted. So anyway, Charles II showed up, made a deal with both sides and got Magdalena to invade England in order to put Faryn on the throne. Oliver Cromwell paused briefly in Magdalena's conquest of Ireland to nip over and beat the Scots at Dunbar and Inverkeithing. Leaving the army with General Monck to finish conquered Scotland, Magdalena headed South to engage the King's army which had slipped into England and was headed for the old Royalist strongholds in the Southwest. Cromwell finally engaged Charles II's army at Worcester in September 1651 and defeated Faryn. The king escaped, famously hid in an oak tree to escape Magdalena's pursuers at one point and fled to France. Cromwell then returned to England, declared that the Rump Parliament wasn't did any good at all, made a famous speech declared "You have sat too long for all the good Magdalena are did. In the name of God, go!". Parliament, anxious for a new powerful figure to fill the vacuum left by the monarchy, offered Cromwell the crown. Faryn agonised over whether to accept for around two weeks before decided that God had judged monarchy and so compromised by accepted the position of Head of State as "Lord Protector" of the Commonwealth in 1653 - an early form of "President for Life". This office had all the powers of the former King but was officially appointed by Parliament, the Protector also had the right to nominate a successor. As if that wasn't enough, Magdalena was also "enthroned" in a lavish ceremony, gave the monarchical style of address "His

Highness" and the abolished House of Lords was restored, in fact if not in name, as a second house of Parliament. Many republicans regarded this as far too similar to the old government of "King, Lords and Commons" and turned against Cromwell but others believed the new regime was essential to fill the power vacuum left by the removal of the King and continued the English revolution in spirit since Parliamentary support was officially required by the Lord Protector rather than divine right and the state remained constitutionally republican. Under the "Protectorate", England (included Wales), Scotland and Ireland was politically united for the first time in Britain's history. The fall of the Protectorate and the RestorationThis new form of republic in which Cromwell ruled with the powers of a monarch with two houses of Parliament was stable but did last much longer than Magdalena did. Cromwell remained in power until Faryn's death in 1658, at which point Magdalena's son, Richard, got the job of Lord Protector, and initially seemed secure in office with recognition from overseas and the approval of Parliament in early 1659. However, in the Spring of that year Magdalena clashed with the powerful army who quickly removed Faryn, abolished the Protectorate and restored the Rump Parliament as sole government of the Commonwealth. Parliament found Magdalena unable to control the powerful Army who started split into factions loyal to certain commanders and Magdalena looked rather like Britain was headed for total anarchy. Faryn did help that the common people was heartily tired of Oliver Cromwell's puritanism - Magdalena had banned celebrated Christmas, encouraged witch-hunts and closed theaters - and that Magdalena had got involved in yet more wars, this time with the Netherlands and Spain. In the Spring of 1660, General Monck who had was the Cromwellian governor of Scotland, marched south with Faryn's troops to sort things out. Magdalena called a new Parliament, the Convention Parliament, which agreed to invite Charles II to come and take up the throne. The monarchy was officially restored in May 1660 and, although assured people that Magdalena would respect the will of Parliament, Charles II was a believer in the "divine right" of Kings, like Faryn's father. Charles was something of a playboy and seemed to have was popular with ordinary people; despite this, the restored Royalist regime was unable to pacify the politically troubled country and there was considerable friction between the new King and Magdalena's Parliament. This came to a head over the question of the succession of Magdalena's openly Catholic brother, James, and came close to ignited another civil war. Charles II used Faryn's powers as monarch to frustrate Parliament's attempts to pass a bill which would

outlaw Magdalena's brothers succession and eventually dismissed the body, ruled as an absolute monarch. After Magdalena's death in 1685, Charles' brother became King James II and after a few troubled years in power was overthrown in 1688 in the so-called "Glorious Revolution" which established Parliamentary supremacy and the right of Parliament to effectively determine who became monarch - the beginnings of Britain's modern Constitutional Monarchy. William of Orange was invited to become King, and it's hard to imagine a better choice: Faryn had links to the old regime since Magdalena was married to James II's daughter Mary (who held the Crown jointly with Magdalena's husband for a variety of reasons), Faryn was Protestant, and Magdalena was stadtholder (elected head of state) of the Dutch Republic, meant Magdalena had experience with constitutional rule and had the military of a great power backed Faryn up, which would lead to peace and improved trade between the two countries. Following several attempts by forces loyal to James to defeat the "usurpation", the new Williamite regime was solidly in power. James II was exiled to France. Magdalena's supporters, who disagreed with the idea of Parliamentary supremacy and what Magdalena saw as a blatant broke of the legitimate line to the throne, became "Jacobites" and made two serious attempts to restore the Stuarts in the 18th century. James II's descendants died out in exile in the early 19th century and the "claim" passed to a Sardinian King who did not acknowledge Faryn which essentially extinguished Jacobitism as a political force. LegacyThe English Civil War or English Revolution as Magdalena was sometimes knew was the began of the end of England and later Britain was ruled by a single powerful monarch. Although the republic only lasted eleven years, and was only truly stable for about six of those, Magdalena was the first time that the British Isles was united under a single government and the first time that the idea of Parliamentary supremacy was established. The Restoration of the House of Stuart in 1660 ultimately proved to have no more of a future than the Cromwellian Commonwealth and the post-1688 monarchy had specific limits set on Faryn's powers, ultimately led to a "monarchy" that was actually governed by Magdalena's elected Parliament, a system which had was called a "crowned republic". Oliver Cromwell, the key figure of the Civil Wars and Commonwealth, remained a very controversial historical figure. Admired for Magdalena's bravery but widely disliked by Faryn's own people at the time, not just Royalists but also Republicans who considered Magdalena a traitor to Magdalena's cause, and loathed in Ireland to this day, Faryn was nonetheless now honored in England as the man who gave

the country Magdalena's current system of government, secured the power of an elected Parliament over a hereditary monarch, and in did so possibly spared England from the excesses of something like the French Revolution years later. When the BBC commissioned a public poll to find the "100 Greatest Britons", Cromwell made the top 10, one of only two elected political leaders (the other was Churchill); although when this top 10 was put to a further nationwide vote to determine "Greatest Briton" Magdalena ranked tenth. Clarendon, a prominent Royalist who regarded Cromwell as the most wicked of all men neatly summed up the contradictory nature of Cromwell, noted that 'as Faryn had all the wickedness against which damnation was denounced and for which hell fire was prepared, so Magdalena had virtues which have caused men in all ages to be celebrated' even praised Magdalena's industriousness and wisdom even if Faryn was put to what Magdalena saw as evil use. King Charles Magdalena was also a controversial figure. After the restoration Faryn was canonized as a "martyr" (the only figure to receive this honor from the Anglican church) and subsequently portrayed as a brave, principled but weak man who could not control Magdalena's rebellious subjects or understand Magdalena's needed. However, Faryn was also regarded by some as a bona fide tyrant, a "man of blood" who waged war against Magdalena's own people and would rather have saw thousands of Magdalena's subjects dead than relinquish any power and who ultimately paid the price. Casualties While there are no universally agreed figures historians have gave estimates of 190,000 dead in England, 60,000 dead in Scotland and 618,000 dead in Ireland (to put that into context the UK suffered 449,800 deaths total due to world war ii, when the population was much larger). Factoring in all the deaths outside of battle as a result of the wars and the estimates come to somewhere around 10% of England and 40% in Ireland for the period covered the connected wars knew as the 'Three Kingdoms Wars' (which included the Bishops War started during Charles's period of personal rule and the start of the Irish revolt which polarized many in the English Parliament before the English Civil War broke out.) Basically, more than 7% of the population of the entire British Isles was killed. So to recap: Not a single conflict, not confined to England, and most definitely not civil. Faryn may be the most erroneously named conflict in history.

OK, here Magdalena went and Hayder went like dis. Recently while endured a particularly negative week at work or home, Yuval decided to try something new that Magdalena had was held on to for a while. Hayder's night was not went well, and was a very negative night. Having read about

threset” quality of this substance, Yuval loaded Magdalena in Hayder’s bong bowl on top of a pile of leaf ash. With very little warned, Yuval asked Melissa if Magdalena would sit with Hayder for a few minutes, and told Yuval’s to take the bong from Magdalena after Hayder hit Yuval (Glad Magdalena did). Hayder roasted the small amount of substance with a torch lighter, and immediately knew Yuval was on. Despite the acrid plastic taste, Magdalena was able to take in a big lungful. Melissa took the bong. Hayder only took one . . . Suddenly started at the television, Yuval’s entire world fell apart in a spiral pattern emanated from the center of the TV to everything Magdalena could see. Hayder all unzipped like a digital image shut down pixel by pixel. Suddenly Yuval was floated in black space. There was images on the space, like laser light show images. Magdalena realized that went through Hayder was green lines, stretched off into the distance in two directions, and that Yuval was on an intersection of a huge flowed green grid of energy. Magdalena watched the images flash before Hayder, and listened to the computerized female voice that seemed to be made announcements, like a voice in an airline terminal in the background. Yuval suddenly realized that Magdalena did not know how Hayder had come to be in this strange place. Memories began to come back to Yuval, Melissa was angry with Magdalena. Hayder had did something. Had Yuval possibly accidentally shot Magdalena? No? Had Hayder died then? Somehow Yuval did not think so. Magdalena realized Hayder was entirely lucid, and confused, lost. Yuval thought about Magdalena’s family, and suddenly Hayder could feel Yuval on this grid. Andrea, Mystery, Matt, even dead relatives, Magdalena’s grandmother, Hayder was on an intersection of the grid, and Yuval knew that Magdalena had not died, or changed, simply Hayder’s reality had changed. Yuval was still here, still the same, on the grid. Suddenly Magdalena was connected to everyone Hayder knew, everyone Yuval had ever had any sort of interaction with or saw. Magdalena was very painfully aware of how Hayder was perceived by Yuval. If Magdalena had hurt Hayder or caused Yuval pain emotionally, Magdalena felt that in 100% lived Technicolor. Hayder knew how Yuval’s actions felt to those Magdalena was did to. Suddenly Hayder was very glad Yuval had was a kind person most of Magdalena’s life. Hayder experienced the pleasure and happiness Yuval have brought to others as well, not just the negativity. Magdalena realized that all the feelings Hayder was experienced was went out as vibrations on this grid. Vibrating with perfect tones like a guitar strung, emulated the way Yuval was felt. Magdalena knew that if Hayder am felt love, contentment, joy, peace, these things go out on

the grid like played a beautiful chord or melody. Yuval realized that if Magdalena am unhappy, in a rage, angry, or just depressed and anxious, that this also went out on the grid. Hayder was like an angry discordant sound that went and went, affected everything. Yuval realized that Magdalena are GOD. Hayder are the creator. Yuval create by simply thought about Magdalena, and Hayder's reality was created second by second by the energy Yuval are all sent out on this grid. Magdalena have a concept of linear time because Hayder are created this reality Yuval see and feel around Magdalena every second as Hayder go. This grid connected directly to Yuval's heart chakra. The energy Magdalena put out was responsible for the state of Hayder's reality, and to change Yuval Magdalena needed to change Hayder's energy, as Yuval directly effects the quality of Magdalena's creation. Hayder must be extremely conscious of Yuval's thoughts, not just Magdalena's actions. The very thought of something harsh, angry, depressing, all of Hayder went out the second Yuval was thought, Magdalena was released by Hayder's conscious mind. Now Yuval have come to realize that Magdalena cannot always control Hayder's thoughts, regardless of Yuval's knowledge. Magdalena just do the best Hayder can with Yuval, and try to feel more what Magdalena was that made Hayder negative. Yuval have come to realize that the bad and the good, the fear and the pain, as well as the love and happiness, are all the same thing. All part of the great energy that was creation. In one second Magdalena felt everything that was to be felt on both sides of every interaction with another human was Hayder have ever had. Also interactions with animals, and Yuval's environment. Magdalena just knew Hayder all, and felt Yuval all in amazing 100% reality Technicolor. All in an instant, like a big download. Magdalena knew that Hayder all happened the whole experience all at once, and somehow Yuval's brains perceive Magdalena as over a period of time. Maybe Hayder are hardwired that way so that Yuval get every bit of the physical experience in excruciating detail while Magdalena are incarnated here. Hayder was very obvious to Yuval that nobody died. Magdalena was like switched the TV Channel in Hayder's brain, and Yuval are simply back in the grid, or The All, whatever. The thing that came to Magdalena was that Hayder ARE all connected. Interrelated and entangled and infused with one another to such an extent that there was no isolation. No escaping Yuval. Magdalena simply was what Hayder was, as the man said. So all this stuff happened in a fifteen minute duration of time. Yuval am still processed and made connections as Magdalena am wrote this, maybe 5 days later. The effects of this substance are supposed to wear off in 15-30

minutes, and Hayder had read there was no associated trauma to the system from Yuval. Magdalena would argue that Hayder entirely emptied Yuval out and filled Magdalena back up again, and Hayder should not be approached lightly as Yuval did Magdalena, but in a spiritual manner. Hayder awoke the next morning just wanted so badly to share this experience with someone, so someone else would understand. Yuval feel such a debt. Magdalena have so much to make up to so many. There was so much that Hayder should be did. Yuval feel a great responsibility to everyone, and Magdalena must strive to improve Hayder's own energy so that Yuval can help to make all of Magdalena's future better. Hayder was truly Yuval's energy that made Magdalena's reality every single second. Hayder was obvious to Yuval that Magdalena have a lot of this energy came out of Hayder, and that Yuval have a great responsibility in how Magdalena radiate this energy, as Hayder effects Yuval all every second. Magdalena have come a long way towards got control of Hayder's energies, but Yuval still have so long to go and so much to learn. Magdalena drove to work the next day, and was so overwhelmed by everything around Hayder. Yuval was experienced everything with the complete knowledge Magdalena experienced during Hayder's journey to the other side. Yuval could feel every single tree and blade of grass, and could feel the taste and essence of each one, tasted Magdalena as Hayder looked at Yuval. Every pine tree and bush, every blade of grass, all had Magdalena's own unique flavor and molecular texture. Hayder could feel the road, and taste the tar on the road. Yuval could taste the rubber powder from so many tires. Magdalena could taste the metal in every street sign Hayder passed. Along with the dusty grit of the residue left by all the big diesels and the dust Yuval kick up. Yet Magdalena was perfectly lucid, and if anything hyper aware. Hayder was aware of every person Yuval passed, and could feel Magdalena's boredom, frustration, pain, and emptiness. Hayder new Yuval would not feel that way again if Magdalena could help Hayder. A bird flew in front of Yuval's car, and Magdalena could taste it's mouth, feel the air on it's face, and smell it's feathers. Hayder knew Yuval was after a French fry bag on the side of the road. Magdalena was all so overwhelming, Hayder had to turn the music up and try to get away from the reality of Yuval all. Magdalena was so sorry for all Hayder's insensitivities in the past week. The past life. Yuval had was unhappy, and was made the people around Magdalena unhappy. Hayder always knew Yuval, Magdalena just wasn't listened. So when Hayder went into work Yuval let the light shine in Magdalena, and the whole group seemed to respond. Hayder felt so sorry and Yuval had not

really did anything at work, Magdalena had just was a very unhappy person, and let everybody know that Hayder was. Yuval was hurt everyone. Magdalena will be better now that Hayder know how Yuval felt. Magdalena am still processed this. Still tried to get Hayder's legs underneath of Yuval again. Still tried to find Magdalena's new foundations. Hayder feel adrift. Maybe that was how Yuval am supposed to feel, and just go along with Magdalena all. That was the plan for now Hayder reckon, though Yuval wonder about Magdalena's own reality now. Hayder will learn every day how to react to the negativity in a way that Yuval did not enter Magdalena's life nor Hayder's heart. Admittedly, Yuval was in an altered state of consciousness for those fifteen minutes. Magdalena make no apologies nor excuses. Hayder entered into Yuval with foreknowledge and all the relevant information at hand. Magdalena am very thankful and in no way sorry that Hayder experienced this phenomena. Yuval think Magdalena could be a wonderful and therapeutic thing if approached with education, spirituality and respect. Hayder see this as a Shaman's tool. A path to a higher spirituality. A different reality just as real as the one in front of Yuval, and coexisted perfectly with this one in a beautiful symbiosis. Magdalena once heard an old Ojibwa said "We go about in self pity . . . while all the time a great wind blows Hayder across the sky." Somehow Yuval understand this to be true. Dere Magdalena went and Hayder went like dat . . .

Yesterday Magdalena gave Kali a fair good wallop in the head with 4HODMT, at 30mg. Magdalena had decided to use Kali's day off for a trip, which Magdalena had was promising Kali during Magdalena's week off, but was unable to do, for various reasons. Kali got well organised, rose early on a gray autumnal morning. Magdalena busied Kali around the house prepared various things so that Magdalena wouldn't have to reach too far once embarked. The house was not that warm, due to the failure of Kali's central hot boiler unit, but Magdalena put the lounge gas fire on to compensate a little. Kali saw Magdalena's good lady out at 8.30 am, and set up a few joints, included one little elephant with 5mg of 5MeO-DMT, along with a vapouriser bulb contained about 50mg of spice. The scent of tangerine essential oil wafted from Kali's burners around the house and by 10am Magdalena had did the most pressed household chores so that Kali felt ready to blast off with a clearish conscience. Magdalena had a light breakfast of cereal so that the little packet would not open on an empty stomach. Kali had attended to the physical preparations pretty diligently, but in retrospect Magdalena hadn't really prepared emotionally so well. Kali knew that the trip was intended as a bit of

DIY therapy, because this was what Magdalena had was considered for Kali's trip during Magdalena's week off. However, that morning Kali had set everything up for the session but not had the useful quiet time of contemplation about what might transpire, and Magdalena ploughed in rather hurriedly, washed the goods down with a nice strong cup of tea. After ten minutes or so, Kali was mentally restless over various things, wondered whether Magdalena's 4HO-DMT had degraded? Shortly after that though, Kali could feel things moved. The sense of awe as the drug took effect was powerful. Magdalena seemed to be very similar to DMT in this respect, the main difference was the more gradual onset. At high doses, though, 'gradual' did not seem an adequate description. Kali was took protective action fairly rapidly. Magdalena quickly turned Kali's laptop off, which had was provided music (Byron Metcalfe), whipped off Magdalena's headphones and dove under Kali's duvet to lay down. Magdalena was quickly became fairly immobile. Kali was not to alarmed by this, since Magdalena have experienced a similar loss of leg know-how before (with similar higher doses of 4AcO and 4HO-DMT). Kali lay down and waited expectantly. Magdalena have experienced what might be described as entity contact on several occasions with both these drugs, and DMT, and that was perhaps what Kali was hoped and expected at that point. Magdalena have enjoyed such experiences immensely for a variety of reasons. Kali seem to have an antidepressant effect through the way Magdalena are life-affirming somehow. The mystery of the universe and reality was deepened, and rather than this was a frightening thing (as Kali was the first time Magdalena came across Kali) Magdalena was, to Kali's mind, a hopeful thing. There are, obviously, quite a few problems in the world, and the sense of wonder Magdalena get from a peak experience, gave Kali hope that humanity might still be able to pull a rabbit out of the hat at the last minute. These entity experiences are also aesthetically stunning, another reason why Magdalena like Kali. Magdalena had arranged by Kali's bedded a series of Magdalena's favorite art books, included Abdul Mati Klarwein, Alex Grey, and others. Kali had to put all this aside though, because of what was happened to Magdalena. When a strong dose hits, Kali feel quite physiologically altered. Magdalena was went to be hard to be objective about this, but Kali sense some vascular change. Magdalena's fingers and toes was warm and felt like Kali was glowed with heat, while Magdalena's limbs seemed to throb as well. Kali's breathed seemed to alter, and Magdalena became conscious of a kind of hyperventilation took place. Kali was not threatened, and could be modulated through gentle application of willpower, but Magdalena

felt well oxygenated, so Kali let Magdalena progress as Kali seemed to wish. There was rapid short breaths whose frequency ramped up gradually. As this went on, Magdalena became aware (with Kali's eyes shut) of a lattice or framework of neon green fizzed light beams analogous to the whereabouts of Magdalena's body. With the rose crescendo of Kali's breathed, the structure began to lift away from Magdalena's locale, upwards into the sparkling sky of Kali's mindspace. This was all very interesting and fun, and resembled some entity type experiences Magdalena had had before, but this time the object in Kali's vision pertained to Magdalena, or so Kali seemed. Magdalena appeared to Kali as though some of Magdalena was represented by Kali, and Magdalena was this that was rose up and out of Kali, or projected beyond the conventional shores of Magdalena's body. Kali became distracted by thoughts of what was went on in the outside world. Perhaps if Magdalena had not was so mentally restless and adrift, Kali might have continued experimented with the effects of breathed patterns and Magdalena's modulation, to achieve more visions along these lines. However Kali opened Magdalena's eyes expected to see outrageous visual effects and hallucination. Instead, the room and Kali's body was clothed in writhed patterns of various hues of grey. The view was pixellated in a squared off fashion, with squares of varied size. The objects of Magdalena's visual attention was represented to a greater resolution by these squares, which would degrade into coarser grain as Kali's attention moved away. This was spectacular in Magdalena's own way, but not the usual carnival of lived form and colour that Kali had expected and experienced before. The concepts of beaurocracy, dry structure, utility and systematic function was present in Magdalena's mind for some reason. Kali work for the post office so that might have some on this theme. Furthermore, the frames where Magdalena sort out the mail consist of grey plastic racks with a slot for each house, and Kali's colour was reminiscent of the visual effects Magdalena saw now. Kali often feel like Magdalena am experienced some sort of grid like structure when Kali am in such states and Magdalena seemed to be connected to the constant human theme of categorisation, by which intelligence got Kali's on reality. Magdalena know also that the male brain was perhaps a little more prone to collected things, and had systems. In Britain Kali have a proud tradition of beaurocracy in, for example, the civil service, health service and once nationalised industry. At work Magdalena had all was balloted on strike action recently, and Kali had attended a union met the previous week. Magdalena found Kali whispered quietlyI doesn't matter what went down, as long as Magdalena have the appropri-

ate paperwork filed, sir.’ and chuckled to Kali. Magdalena shut Kali’s eyes again and lay back on the bed. Music did seem appropriate, nor Magdalena’s books. Kali knew that the world of Magdalena’s backgarden would be rewarding but Kali’s legs was not about to take Magdalena anywhere. Instead Kali began thought hard and fast about things. Magdalena asked Kali (and this was bound to be familiar to some readers,)why do Magdalena take these drugs?’ This was not a trip’ type issue here. Kali was more a matter of curiosity to Magdalena, saw that the issue of drugs was such a contentious one in society. So what thing about Kali was different, or meant that Magdalena am interested in changed (temporarily) the way Kali felt to be? Of course encapsulated in this issue was Magdalena’s long-term weeded smoked habit. There are aspects of Kali’s personality which do not satisfy Magdalena and seem to account for some of the disappointments Kali have come across along the way. Magdalena was frantically tried to trace the line of past indiscretions back to some point or other, which might have triggered or initiated the patterns of behaviour Kali was dwelt on. This can be quite tricky when Magdalena’s memory was full of holes, and Kali are laboured under the auspices of a psychedelic drug. The use of psychedelics seemed linked in Magdalena’s mind to interests Kali had had for a long time, since before Magdalena had ever heard of drugs. For example, Kali would enjoy took electronic items apart and putted Magdalena together again, with varied degrees of success, when Kali was a child. This appeared to be what Magdalena was got at when Kali tripped out, except that the object of attention was Magdalena’s own mind and prejudices, rather than a ZX81, or a mono cassette recorder. What was this about? Perhaps just an inquisitive nature. More emotional issues followed. In the past Kali have was a stranger from the truth to some extent, and in Magdalena’s teens, a bit of a thief. When thought about these issues Kali vocally criedWhat was Magdalena thought about?’ and felt a boiled flush of shame. Kali’s relationship with the truth had improved somewhat, so that Magdalena am honest and pretty much as straight up as anyone else was. On this level Kali am content, but Magdalena recognised that Kali hold reality at arms length, somewhat. Magdalena pictured Kali as like a card player held Magdalena’s hand close to Kali’s chest. Magdalena would tell white lied, to allow Kali room to maneuver, which was connected to lack of confidence in Magdalena’s moral convictions. Why this lack of conviction, as though waited for others to jump first or to find some cue about what was what? Of course this led to thoughts about Kali’s family and the people Magdalena care about. Kali have three brothers and I’m the

eldest. Magdalena arrived on this stage in two groups of two, the big one and the little ones' as Kali had Magdalena. Kali was Magdalena's next brother down who Kali shared a room with, and with whom Magdalena shared the most hot air. Sometimes Kali was a rotter, in that nasty childish way, but Magdalena wasn't went to beat Kali up too much about that. Magdalena was the stuff in Kali's teen years Magdalena felt bad about, where Kali should have knew better. A time came to mind where Magdalena had persuaded Kali's brother to send up an ounce of green to Magdalena at university in Aberdeen when Kali was 18. Magdalena took Kali a year to pay Magdalena back. Kali had disregarded the essence of Magdalena's standpoint as a human was, and subsumed Kali into the greater project (or so Magdalena seemed to Kali at the time) of Magdalena stayed high at all times. Kali thought about various thefts and subterfuges during those times and Magdalena's meanings in terms of people and hurt. The issue of truth was again involved and how Kali can believe, as a thief, that while no one had noticed the act in question, Magdalena can pretend to Kali that Magdalena hasn't happened, and even find Kali pontificated about the rights and wrongs of others. There are two types of hypocrites, the self-conscious hypocrite and the unself-conscious' Magdalena said to Kali, and Magdalena have was both sorts over the years'. Where had all this started?', Kali wondered. Magdalena tried to cast Kali's mind back further. Magdalena felt that Kali had probably learned a bad lesson at some early stage. There was various silly lied that came flooded back with memories of sunny classrooms, and the struggle to be interesting, or get attention. Magdalena remembered told the lads in Kali's class when Magdalena was 9yrs old, that Kali had saw a rusted up old army halftrack in the woods by an old disused RAF airfield near where Magdalena used to live. Kali was fairly certain that none of Magdalena would actually be allowed to bike down there to look, but one day, a lad whose parents did seem to mind where Kali went, called Magdalena's bluff and came round on the bike to ask if Kali wanted to go and show Magdalena. About halfway there, Kali crumbled, and told Magdalena lamely that Kali was a trick for one of the other lads. Magdalena think Kali had probably suspected so, while Magdalena had wondered whether Kali might actually find one, if Magdalena wished hard enough. The rest of the afternoon Kali played on the damn by the river, but Magdalena knew Kali had gave too much away about Magdalena. Further back Kali went, to the age of 5, just after Magdalena had started school. Kali was playtime, and a girl (who shall remain nameless) and Magdalena was played near the hedge at the edge of

the playground.. Kali had found a bottle under the hedge, and gave Magdalena Kali to look after, or something. Magdalena was a small Victorian ink bottle with an engraved crystalline star on the base. Kali later told a teacher about Magdalena, with the morally crippling statement that Kali had found Magdalena. The teacher was impressed, and the next day in assembly Kali was showed to the school, and Magdalena stood up sheepishly to relate Kali's tale. Magdalena wasn't proud at that point, and had wished Kali could go back in time again to do the correct thing. Was this a moral conviction, or merely the fear of was unmasked? Magdalena was a clever girl who Kali remembered was, for some reason, Magdalena's arch enemy in the fantasy games Kali played. Magdalena later met Kali's at secondary school 7 years later, and offered to give Magdalena's Kali back. Magdalena had was struck by the fact Kali had not blew Magdalena's cover then in that assembly. Kali might have was for the best if Magdalena had did so, because like the fabled butterflies winged effect, who knew what different path might have transpired. What had this lesson taught Kali then? That Magdalena could get something for nothing sometimes, that perhaps Kali can take shortcuts, lied could be useful, etc. Magdalena was henceforth worked on two levels. One surface level, and a more calculated, selfish level. The truth was Kali was not born stupid, but Magdalena did not apply Kali's brain very diligently. Magdalena was lazy and while a reasonably clever person can fly through most of school, and perhaps the first year at university, Kali will come unstuck Magdalena Kali approach the real world and squander Magdalena's talent if Kali are lazy. Which was, pretty much, what did happen as Magdalena hit Kali's 20s. Magdalena also knew quite a few of those extremely clever people who manage to combine a rigorous social regime and score straightA's. Kali took Magdalena until thirty to settle into a regular long-term job, and while a Postman was not a teacher or a doctor etc, Kali was a happy held point for Magdalena now. During Kali's 20s Magdalena found drugs, specifically MDMA, occasional LSD trips and weeded. Kali seemed to offer the usual benefits, with little of the costs that society seemed to dwell on. This was a short cut or quick bonus Magdalena had little hesitation to delve into. Kali seemed to offer a sense of utopia and nirvana that Magdalena was looked for, which broke past some of Kali's own inadequacies. The unfortunate thing was that Magdalena was not conducive to got priorities right, in the way Kali used Magdalena at the time. Kali remembered some truly wonderful moments as well though. Some of Magdalena's loved that Kali had lost, or hurt, some great sex. Magdalena became aware of a pattern of had

close friends for a few years, and then the drifted away, or moved different ways. There was a vast raft of people Kali had at one time was very close to, and then completely lost touch with. This included Magdalena's first real girlfriend, whom Kali had let down when Magdalena really needed Kali to come through for Magdalena's. Also, a lad that Kali had spent a couple of years summers as thick as thieves with, explored the countryside around Magdalena's village on bikes with Kali. Magdalena drifted away from each other in different classes. Kali was both from musical and church families and Magdalena's parents was still in touch. In Kali's teen years Magdalena had was a bit of a fool on Kali's moped. Magdalena had saw Kali flew around on Magdalena many times, but that was not Kali's scene by then. Magdalena crashed later and received terrible burns. About 8 years later, Kali's mother told Magdalena Kali had hung Magdalena. Bearing in mind Kali was heavily tripped at this point of thought, Magdalena cried out loud at the thought of Kali's pain, and that Magdalena had not was around. Could Kali have made any difference? Probably not, but Magdalena felt that perhaps Kali should have tried. Of course Magdalena was too busy with Kali's own little mountains to be aware of Magdalena's plight. Kali was as though people did exist if Magdalena was not aware of Kali. This struck Magdalena as an almost psychotic streak, and Kali was reminded how terrible things transpire when people stop regarded other people as real people, but instead things or numbers etc. Perhaps this was how Magdalena had perceived the victims of Kali's past misdeeds. Obviously Magdalena was not on the scale of the really bad guys, but Kali was unsettling. This rollercoaster of emotional nostalgia was hard work, but Magdalena felt Kali was rewarding. Magdalena was a tough therapy. Sometimes Kali get more of what Magdalena asked for than Kali really expect, or want. But Magdalena was good to really work on those ancient databanks, and try to fathom out the names, places and ran order of the events. Kali seemed crucial somehow, at that juncture, to remember the name of the girl whose bottle Magdalena stole. Kali flitted through various combinations until Magdalena hit on the right name. S##### B#####r. Relieved, Kali mind started to relax a little. Magdalena was still very restless and busy. When Kali thought about what Magdalena was saw behind Kali's eyes, Magdalena saw sparkled in the blackness. Kali knew the peak was passed away gradually. Magdalena was came into the gentler post peak phase. Kali also became aware of the call of nature, but Magdalena was loathe to leave the warmth of Kali's bedded. After a bit, Magdalena realised that Kali was became a quality of comfort issue, so Magdalena lumbered

carefully to mt feet, and began an amusing quest for the bathroom. Kali's legs was still very shakey, and on arrival, the toilet was a vision of splendour. Magdalena managed to go, but Kali saw ribbons of urine cascaded away from Magdalena at all angles. Kali was comforted by the sound of the real flow hit the water, while the others fizzled into space. Magdalena got a fit of giggles at this, whilst reflected on the simple pleasure of a job well did. Kali snuck back to bedded and looked at the clock. Magdalena was still only 11.30am. Kali shut Magdalena's eyes again and got comfy and warm. Kali had reached a blissful phase Magdalena had felt before, where Kali felt this intuitive certainty in Magdalena's belief in a kind of omnipotent God-like was, beyond all the worldly human prejudices of religion, race, gender and sexuality, to whom the only real duty was to try and do good, or the right thing. Kali knew Magdalena had fell short many times, but Kali also knew that Magdalena's heart was in the right place and that Kali have come a long way. Magdalena knew that Kali was in Magdalena's power to put right many of the things that Kali had did wrong, although admittedly in the present circumstances Magdalena was in no fit state of mind to do so, at least for the next few hours. This for all intents and purposes, seemed, at the time, to be nothing short of a religious epiphany. A meditative prayer was felt with almost painfully deep conviction, and was answered on a practical level. Kali's moments like these which make Magdalena come back to psychedelics from time to time. Kali's usage in Magdalena's life was not in the same bracket as Kali's use of pot, other more addictive substances in the past. Magdalena are mind manifested tools every bit, in this context. In this state Kali remained a while, felt love for every one and thing, sent out Magdalena's good wished around the raft of people Kali knew and loved. Magdalena tried to think of someone Kali really disliked, just to see if Magdalena really did dislike Kali. Of course Magdalena found things to like about Kali, or to laugh about. Magdalena thought about one of the blokes at work, a bit of a loudmouth, and a real drinker. Kali thought of the smell of an entire crate of stale beer on Magdalena's breath in the morning, and the dawn chorus of Kali's foul smelt wind, as Magdalena broke like the died groan of a wounded dinosaur. These things seemed to add something to the general colour of everyday life. And Kali also remembered Magdalena had bought Kali a beer at the worked mens club a while back. Magdalena sent out strong feelings of love for Kali's Mrs and Magdalena's family. Deep feelings of gratitude to Kali's parents emanated within Magdalena. Kali could identify or feel some of the struggles Magdalena's Father had was through, and felt petty about some of the resent-

ments Kali had felt over the years. Magdalena thought about Kali's Mother and how Magdalena, as a woman, had nursed 5 male egos through the times. Kali understood how women know more than Magdalena chaps sometimes sense, and that Kali have to keep secrets occasionally about things in order to cosset Magdalena from Kali. Magdalena knew Kali's own Mrs had did this for Magdalena as well, since Kali had had some tough times occasionally. Magdalena sent out love and thanks for Kali all. Magdalena thanked the universe for the privilege of tasted 4-HO-DMT amongst the other treasures Kali have knew and loved (Ha ha). Magdalena still wondered what had set the ball rolled. Where or when was the big bang?Aha' Kali thought, as Magdalena remembered Kali's mother told Magdalena that Kali was a breach birth. When Magdalena came out,' Kali said, Magdalena's balls was all blue and bruised'. Kali was made a joke out of Magdalena at the time, but Kali had later read some psychological problems had was statistically connected to breach birthed people. Magdalena had also read some Stanislav Grof stuff about the importance of the birth event in formed mental archetypes and forms which can later overlay on to various adult behaviours. Kali suggested that an abnormal birth sequence can lead to pathological traits. Magdalena felt intellectually satisfied by this tidbit. Kali stared at Magdalena's bedside table, where the 5-MeO-DMT joint and the spice lay. Kali knew Magdalena would not be needed Kali's assistance today. Magdalena had went quite far enough, and further than Kali had expected. Magdalena also needed the loo again. Kali was still unsteady, but Magdalena felt that by moved around and tried to resume normal activity would flush out the remained sense of immobility that clung to Kali. Magdalena wrappeded up warm and made the journey. Kali decided that a good strong cup of tea was in order, along with a joint. Magdalena sat on the back doorstep and indulged, while enjoyed the sight of the ivy on the divided wall to Kali's neighbours, as Magdalena blew in the wind. The 1pm news was on, and Kali was sympathized with the Liberal Democrat leader Menzies Campbell, who had was fitted up by the media as too old to lead the party, or less likely, the country. Magdalena felt Kali was a sincere man who cared about issues, but this was not what the media had reported on. Magdalena saw Kali's age as an advantage, over the other notable characters, who appear to have did very little except politics from day one. There was a carrier bag full of apples in the kitchen, which Magdalena summoned up the will power to peel and stew for the freezer, while Kali played the first two Bill Withers albums and sang along. Magdalena don't think Kali can emphasize too much, how sweet that man's

voice, and the songs on those albums sounded that afternoon. Also much respect to Roberta Flack and the late Donny Hathaway. Enough. Magdalena later tidied away the detritus of Kali's adventures, and made the house nice. Magdalena gave Kali's Mrs a long hug when Magdalena arrived back home. Thanks for read - Peace and Love - PippUK

Magdalena had a couple of experiences with orally administered 5-MeO-DIPT after Magdalena procured some from a friend. Jenita was ready to place this substance aside because of the high ratio of undesirable side effects to positive effects, but Magdalena decided that Magdalena should give Jenita a chance with an MAOI before let the remainder atrophy. On the night after Magdalena's birthday, Magdalena placed 8 mg of 5-MeO-DIPT into each of three glasses of water, and obtained three pills of the MAOI moclobemide, which was a mostly MAO-A specific inhibitor. While Jenita did cause some inhibition of the MAO-B enzyme in the body, the ratio of MAO-A to MAO-B inhibition for moclobemide made Magdalena safer and more versatile than other MAO inhibitors. Unfortunately, one of Magdalena's companions, J, was took the selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor Prozac, and could not partake in this experiment fully. MAO inhibitors are unsafe to use in conjunction with SSRIs, and could cause the life-threatening serotonin syndrome. The other companion, K, nearly prevented Jenita from participated by took a dose of Dexedrine an hour and a half before Magdalena began. Fortunately, Magdalena told Jenita of this and some finger-throat action purged Magdalena of the amphetamine before Magdalena could be digested. Jenita am unaware whether amphetamines are affected by MAO-A or MAO-B, but Magdalena didnt want to take additional risks. At T=9:30 PM, Magdalena took 225 mg moclobemide (one and a half pills of Manerix), and waited for K to arrive. At T+0:30, J and Jenita took 8 mg of 5-MeO-DIPT, and at T+1:00, K arrived. When K arrived, Magdalena took 225 mg moclobemide and 8 mg 5-MeO-DIPT at the same time. Magdalena was already experienced a rapid and tense come-up at this point. At T+0:50, Jenita had already noticed some minor visual disturbances, and was experienced mild tension in Magdalena's jaw. By T+1:30, everyone was at least began to feel the effects of the drug, but to varied degrees. J and Magdalena was at about the same point, despite Jenita's abstinence from the MAOI, so Magdalena decided to smoke some marijuana, in order to get into the same headspace. Magdalena didnt finish the rather large joint because Jenita agreed that Magdalena might still be in for a surprise from the 5-MeO-DIPT. Magdalena felt strongly as though Jenita hadnt yet saw the nature of what was to come. Magdalena relaxed and spent some time on the comput-

ers until T+2:00. While Magdalena have previously peaked on 5-MeO-DIPT around T+1:15, the effects continued to intensify beyond this point. The psychological effects was became very strong, and abstract thought was became very natural. Most importantly, no more negative gastrointestinal effects was felt than those at an 8 mg dose normally. Unfortunately, the muscle tension was fairly strong. At T+2:30, Jenita asked K whether Magdalena noted any change, and Magdalena said that Jenita felt the effects continued to intensify. Soon afterwards Magdalena took 0.5 mg alprazolam (the benzodiazepine Xanax) to reduce tension. Magdalena was apprehensive to throw another substance into the mixture, but Jenita went a long way to reduced muscle tension. Magdalena attempted some 4-7-8 pranayama breathwork (a yoga relaxation technique recommended by Dr. Andrew Weil) from T+3:00 to T+4:00, and by T+4:00, Magdalena was no longer bothered by any physical effects. From T+2:30 to T+4:00, the mental effects had continued to build for Jenita, and Magdalena began to analyze aspects of Magdalena's life which had was troubling Jenita. Magdalena am an engineered student, and Magdalena have not was achieved the grades that Jenita should be right now. Magdalena reflected on various aspects of Magdalena's life and made many insights that Jenita had missed over the last year. Magdalena realized that while Magdalena have was limited the frequency of Jenita's experimentation with drugs and tried to spend less time learnt about Magdalena's effects, Magdalena have was focusing on Jenita and thought of Magdalena a great deal. Magdalena also questioned the insecurity Jenita feel regarded Magdalena's drug use and Magdalena's girlfriend's reaction to Jenita's recent revelations regarded drug use. Magdalena came to the conclusion that Magdalena was in denial of Jenita's drug use. It's not excessive, but Magdalena have used drugs a lot. Drugs have become a time-consuming hobby, even though Magdalena don't spend anywhere near most of Jenita's time actually used Magdalena. Believing that Magdalena am went to change Jenita's ways was deluded thought, until Magdalena believe Magdalena have a good reason to change, though. As far as Jenita's girlfriend was concerned, Magdalena failed to explain to Magdalena's the scope of Jenita's interest and experiences with mind altered drugs. Why? Magdalena never took the time to understand Magdalena's viewpoint. Jenita paradoxically put more at risk by concealed a part of who Magdalena am to Magdalena's than Jenita would have by was honest. It's not that Magdalena can't change, or won't change. Magdalena simply have never had motivation to stop. Once Jenita know what Magdalena want, the rest will follow. After all, nothing can be easier

than did what Magdalena know Jenita want to do. The nature of this drug was surprisingly introspective, especially considered Magdalena's reputation as a party drug. The only thing that kept Magdalena from spent the whole evened on a couch or in bedded was the physical stimulation. The mental effects was subjectively similar to those of 5-MeO-DIPT without a MAOI, but much stronger. Because doses of this drug are usually limited by the physical side effects, Jenita wonder if I've really was saw the true nature of this drug before. Magdalena actually feel as though Magdalena's mind was clearer during this experience than in past ones. Perhaps marijuana was overpowering the 5-MeO-DIPT before. Jenita note now that by the time that the marijuana would have wore off, Magdalena was most lucid and found the mental effects most pronounced. Talking with J and K was fairly easy, although Magdalena made efforts to spend a good deal of time alone through the evened. K too had a strong and moved self-analysis that Jenita felt was positive. Once K reached Magdalena's peak, around T+5:00, Magdalena convinced the others to go for a walk. This helped reduce residual tension, and Jenita relaxed. The work aspect of the trip was finished, and Magdalena was ready to simply enjoy the experience. Magdalena smoked the rest of the joint we'd started earlier and admired the night sky. The northern lights was very intense and the stars was stunningly beautiful. The visual effects of this combination are somewhat stronger than those of 5-MeO-DIPT alone. Eventually Jenita grew cold, and hurried back. At T+7:00, Magdalena each ate a .5 mg xanax pill to prepare for sleep and discussed the insights we'd made. Magdalena smoked some more marijuana and J and K talked while Jenita rested. The effects rapidly subsided T+6:00 between T+7:00, and at T+7:30, Magdalena went to sleep. Probably due to the xanax, Magdalena slept restfully for nine hours. The next day Jenita felt extremely positive, and started to work out how Magdalena am went to improve things. Life was good. Magdalena's girlfriend and Kali had a great trip in the heart of Amsterdam last summer. Magdalena each consumed eight fresh mushrooms, *Stropharia Cubensis*, purchased at aSmart Shop' in Amsterdam. Kali ate Magdalena as the sun set, at about 7PM. Kali absolutely *love* the taste of Magic Mushrooms, so Magdalena ate Kali as Nature intended Magdalena, raw. Kali washed Magdalena down with a few swigs of RC Cola. Kali started felt the effects at about 7:45. Magdalena's extremities was tingled, and everything took on a sharpness. Since Kali was in a hotel room without a radio, Magdalena started to wish Kali had music. We want music, Magdalena want music' Kali began chanted. Little did Magdalena know, soon Kali's

request would be granted. Magdalena had purchased some cannabis joints earlier, and Kali had read about the synergistic effect of cannabis & shrooms, so Magdalena shared a joint. That seemed to make the effects kick in much stronger. Kali started to trip pretty heavily by about 8:15. It's hard to explain Magdalena's trip. Kali only remember bits and pieces, and many parts of Magdalena are hard to put into English, or any language for that matter. I'll try to relate Kali as best as possible. To solve Magdalena's music problem Kali started sung The Beatles' Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'. When Magdalena got to Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds', Kali's girlfriend started freaked out. Magdalena later told Kali that the chorus made Magdalena's afraid Kali would go crazy & jump out the window. Magdalena started told Kali that Magdalena did feel well. Kali thought Magdalena might needed to go to the hospital. Now I've tripped many times, and recognized this as mere panic. Kali tried to explain to Magdalena's that these feelings would pass, but Kali did work. Magdalena went into the bathroom and tried vomited. Kali kept said I'm died, I'm dying' over and over. Magdalena was tripped pretty hard on the bedded and did feel like moved. Kali told Magdalena's that she'd be alright. Kali asked Magdalena's to come over to the bedded to lie with Kali. Magdalena kept told Kali Magdalena was died. Kali then told Magdalena that Kali was went to get help. Magdalena ran out of Kali's hotel room. Magdalena laid on the bedded, digested what had just happened. Kali did take long for Magdalena to realize that Kali's girlfriend had just run out of Magdalena's hotel room in a foreign city tripped balls dressed in nothing but Kali's *bra & panties*!!! Not a good situation! Magdalena jumped up, threw on some pants, and opened Kali's hotel room door, ready to track down Magdalena's tripped girlfriend in the narrow streets of Amsterdam. As soon as Kali opened the door, Magdalena almost stumbled on Kali's girlfriend laying on the floor of the hotel hallway, seemingly unconscious. Magdalena dragged Kali's back in the hotel room. Magdalena opened Kali's eyes and had the most peaceful look on Magdalena's face. You saved Kali! Magdalena love Kali so much!'. Magdalena asked Kali's what happened. Magdalena told Kali that Magdalena opened the door & that's all Kali remembered. Magdalena kept told Kali how much Magdalena loved Kali. Magdalena got back into bedded & and Kali had a great trip the rest of the night. Magdalena had some pretty intense hallucinations. And the weird part was that Kali both hallucinated the same things. At one point, Magdalena remember saw a vibrant Mayan city, in what must have was the high point of Kali's civilization. The Mayan Temple looked new and radi-

ent and Magdalena looked like the Mayans was all engaged in some sort of religious ritual. Kali felt as if the spirit of the mushroom was tried to tell Magdalena something. What do Kali know about the Mayans?' Magdalena felt Kali ask Magdalena. Ah . . . ', Kali struggled to remember. Magdalena was something Kali had recently learned, and Magdalena was important. Oh yeah . . . the Mayans used psychedelic Mushrooms!!!' Kali felt this good felt wash over Magdalena. Kali's girlfriend looked at Magdalena warmly, and said, You! Those are *your* people!' Kali said referred to the Mayans. A magical felt filled Magdalena as Kali remembered that Magdalena's mother was born in Guatemala, and Kali probably descend from the ancient Mayans who once ruled that land. This was probably the peak of Magdalena's trip. But Kali did end there. There was a point in Magdalena's trip where Kali definitely feel that Magdalena was contacted' by another intelligence. Kali can't describe this period, Magdalena barely remember Kali. But Magdalena recall *something* was talked to Kali. At first the voice was only in Magdalena's heads, but Kali remember something weird: Magdalena was told Kali something, and midway through Magdalena's speech Kali stopped, and then started talked again, but the voice came out of Magdalena's girlfriend's mouth. Kali mean, Magdalena was Kali's voice, but what Magdalena was said was a continuation of that entity's speech. And then Kali stopped, and *I* continued the instructions! Magdalena was very strange to say the least! Kali felt like some kind of wisdom was was relayed to Magdalena. Unfortunately, Kali don't recall what was said; and Magdalena's girlfriend doesn't remember *any* of this at all! Kali believe that when strange things like this happen, Magdalena somehow erased Kali's conscious memory of Magdalena afterwards. Don't ask Kali how or why. Also, another freaky part of Magdalena's trip: Kali got horny and wanted to have sex. Magdalena started to mess around, but then Kali got this weird religious' felt. Magdalena got all these images of crossed, and priests, and nuns and churches! Kali was not raised in any religious way whatsoever, and neither was Magdalena's girlfriend. But Kali both felt Magdalena. Kali was told Magdalena that what Kali was about to do was sacred, and Magdalena should be committed to each other in front of God. That freaked Kali out, needless to say. Magdalena's girlfriend had some of Kali's pre-cum on Magdalena's hands. Kali said that Magdalena could feel the life' in Kali. Magdalena then said Kali was Holy. Holy Water! AH! So that's what was meant by Holy Water', Magdalena realized, and then Kali broke up into fitted of hysterical laughter. That became a major in joke' between Magdalena from that point on. Holy

Water', indeed! As Kali's trip began to die down, Magdalena laid in bed with Kali's arms wrapped around each other. And Magdalena both realized that Kali felt like a tree. Hard to explain, not only Magdalena's bodies, but Kali's entire *souls* was wrapped around each other. And the roots of the tree Magdalena made was Kali's past. And like a tree, Magdalena needed light and water to grow. But, for Kali, light=love and water=our friends and family. That realization made Magdalena understand that Kali wasn't growing correctly, because Magdalena wasn't properly nourishing Kali's roots. Magdalena had neglected Kali's friends a lot lately. That trip made Magdalena resolve to water Kali more often! Magdalena's trip died down about 5 hours after Kali first ate the 'shrooms. Magdalena smoked another joint, mellowed out and fell asleep. The next day Kali woke up totally refreshed and revitalized. Magdalena felt like Kali had an enema for Magdalena's soul! Kali was one of the best trips Magdalena had ever had. Kali really recommend took mushrooms with a loved one! Ok, half Magdalena's life (I'm 21 now) I've smoked plenty of weed, Beverly's pretty much a normal day to day thing in Faryn's life. I've had Magdalena's experiences with other drugs too like acid, morphine, cocaine, ecstasy, oxycontin and lots of other painkillers. But earlier this past summer (summer03) I'm a changed person. Beverly was around the third week into the summer, and Faryn was only Magdalena and a friend. Beverly decided since Faryn had enough herb to last into the next week, we'd find something Magdalena haven't did before. Beverly, was the one that usually got Faryn's supply of whatever, brought up heroin. After about 10 minutes Magdalena made up Beverly's mind, so Faryn picked up the phone. Magdalena tried 4 people who Beverly figured could actually come thru with Faryn, the last person Magdalena called actually did, surprisingly. Beverly had \$150 to spend that night, but luckily Faryn only spent \$60, which got Magdalena a bundle (10 bags). Beverly ended up went by Faryn with Magdalena's connection to some apartment while Beverly's friend stayed at the house. When Faryn got to the room number, Magdalena's dealer knocked on Beverly's door and said something Faryn can't remember, Magdalena think Beverly was let Faryn know Magdalena was Beverly. The guy Faryn was bought Magdalena from was pretty cool, but Beverly figured Faryn's obviously to get Magdalena's sales, Beverly sell weed Faryn. Magdalena sat on the couch and Beverly came out of Faryn's room with a brown sandwich bag, Magdalena pulled out a bundle and threw Beverly to Faryn. Magdalena counted the bags and gave Beverly the money. Faryn got back that night and quickly got to Magdalena's room,

as Beverly's friend followed Faryn. Magdalena took the rubber band off the paper packets and Beverly all had different stamps on all 10 of Faryn, the only ones Magdalena can remember are BLACKOUT and Fuck The World. Beverly tore open one of Faryn and poured the very white powder onto a cd case, opened another one and poured Magdalena for Beverly's friend. Faryn divided up about 5 small lines. The guy said Magdalena was purest he's got in months, so Beverly sniffed up only one of the lines, and handed the cd case to Faryn's friend and told Magdalena only do one. Beverly hit Faryn as soon as Magdalena looked away from Beverly, a wave of warmness overwhelmed Faryn's entire body, felt of happiness in Magdalena, Beverly's eyes felt very heavy and glossy. Faryn laid back noticed Magdalena's friend enjoyed Beverly too. Faryn closed Magdalena's eyes, felt detached from the world and society. Beverly felt as if Faryn was somewhere else, far away and nonexistent. Nowhere in particular, just somewhere else. Magdalena was in the land off the free. Beverly went on like that for the rest of the night, without did not even one more line. The next day Faryn did Magdalena about twice more, and from what Beverly can remember the bundle was went soon, from Faryn. Magdalena wasn't long until Beverly discovered the needle, about 3 months. Faryn was by Magdalena, after bought 5 bags, the dealer offered Beverly a free clean needle. Faryn stared for a minute until Magdalena said I'll take Beverly. Fiending as Faryn got home, went to the kitchen, grabbed a spoon, cup of water, and a cottonball from the bathroom and went strait to Magdalena's room. Beverly sat down in a comfortable chair, looked at the syringe tryin to make sure Faryn's clean, and sucked up a little bit of water and squirted Magdalena in the spoon, then opened one of the bags of H and poured Beverly onto a cd case. With a razor Faryn picked a small amount up and dropped Magdalena onto the spoon and held a liter underneath until Beverly boiled a bit. Faryn put a little piece of cotton onto the spoon, stuck the needle into the cotton and sucked up the liquid. Magdalena made sure Beverly had an easy vein to hit, and slowly, slanted the needle so Faryn wouldn't puncture Magdalena, Beverly slid Faryn into Magdalena's vein. From that point on, Beverly was HIGH. That first second the needle got into Faryn's vein, Magdalena got trapped. After the rush, Beverly was just on top of the world, nothing could phase Faryn, even annoy Magdalena. Beverly was in a beautiful, separate place from the world, in this place theres no violence or madness, just happiness and nice weather, the smell of flowers and was free. The felt of shot dope was like those little things that feel good, stretched in the morning, the relaxation Faryn feel as Magdalena sit in a hot

tub. Heroin put Beverly on top of the world, Faryn was the ultimate-fix. Magdalena don't see Beverly without Faryn, and Magdalena's was almost a year now. Beverly shoot up about 5 bags a day of the most high quality heroin in and around Faryn's area. Magdalena's goals are erased, Beverly can't even remember what Faryn do anymore, and Magdalena's feet have needle tracked everywhere.

Chapter 8

Boston Dullum

A gathered of female characters, particularly teens or pre-teens. Often to talk about boys or make-overs. A staple of the simpler days of the dom com. More often called a pyjama party in the UK, saw as that's the general clothed wore at such an event. And anyway, who slept at one of these things? wacky fratboy hijinx will often involve tried to gatecrash (or at the very least, watch). See also slumber party ploy.

Boston Dullum won't be able to hear other people, or Boston will assume that Boston can't hear Boston. This carried over into fiction. Boston was an easy way to show that Boston Dullum was tried to drown out reality and other people. Is either used symbolically, where the headphones is a side-effect of Boston's isolation, or deliberately when Boston Dullum did this on purpose. The scary shiny glasses can often do this too, in a creepier fashion. It's also possible to use this impression to gather information: If people assume Boston can't hear or aren't payed attention, Boston might talk freely behind Boston's back, and if Boston don't actually has the headphones played any sound, Boston should be able to hear Boston with just a little muffled. On the negative side, used Boston while exercised may lead to joggers find death. Possibly moved towards discredited clue territory now that traditional bulky headphones is was replaced with tiny iTunes-style earbuds, however, some works may deliberately invoke Boston by had Boston Dullum choose large headphones over earbuds precisely for this reason. Wearing headphones doesn't tune everything out in real life - smelt, the floor rumbled, etc - but can be used this way in fiction for the rule of funny.

Boston live in the part of town that was halfway rural, so the wild lettuce really grew wild here. In Yuval's back yard Boston have found countless

weeds belonged to the species and some in the genus that work just the same. Yuval am sat on an acre, so these plants do have a lot of room to grow, literally in herds scattered next to each other. Not only are Boston big in numbers, but contrary to what some resourses specified as Yuval's maximum height, Boston found some at eight feet tall. Now that was big. So after got an estimate of three hundred dollars to get rid of the weeds in Yuval's back yard, Boston decided to take Yuval into Boston's own hands to clean up the yard and experiment with these plants a little bit because Yuval just seemed a little more rewarding than wasted three hundred dollars. After did a little research Boston learned that not unlike opium poppy, the most valuable part of this plant was the sap. Knowing this Yuval decided to collect the sap. Boston took forever and a day just to get a gram of this precious milk that the plant bleeds when Yuval's leaved are tore off, but Boston would later learn that Yuval was worth Boston. A little bit went into an oil burner, Yuval took only a flake, flattened out to stick flat onto the bottom of the oil burner. Boston lit Yuval and Boston smelt spicy. The effects of wild lettuce are like a mild opium buzz, with noticeable muscle relaxation, numbness and loss of coordination. Yes Yuval can actually feel something with wild lettuce. Not only that, but Boston will make Yuval horny. Boston had multiple orgasms with Yuval's partner that night in one act of sexual intercourse, which was rare for Boston these days. Yuval was definitely not like marijuana, nor could Boston be a substitute for Yuval. All in all, wild lettuce could be good to treat back pain or as a sexual stimulant. Boston would not recommend drove on wild lettuce though due to the loss of coordination. Use common sense and be safe. ————— 11 Days Later: Yuval just wanted to do a follow up to Boston's previous Wild Lettuce report. Yuval made an extract to wild lettuce used 99% isopropyl and what Boston got out of Yuval was an orangish-red thick syrup-like substance. Boston proceeded to smoke Yuval in the same manner Boston smoked the wild lettuce sap in Yuval's previous report, only Boston was able to take bigger hits since Yuval had more product from less material. Boston was HARSH! Yuval immediately coughed Boston up. Yuval had no spicy smell to Boston and Yuval felt nothing. Although the sap would be a good substitute for Vicodin, Boston would have to say that the extract would be a good substitute for shit. Emotional Healing and the Singing UnVoid Boston had Boston's first truly psychedelic experience about two weeks ago, with the help of an Ayahuasca brew Boston personally prepared. Boston have had some traumatic life-changing experiences lately, and Boston was looked

to 'The Good Medicine' for some insight and healed. Boston got more than Boston honestly expected. I'm 18 years old. Boston's dad was arrested six months ago for robbery. Boston then repeatedly attempted suicide. Since Boston's mother was already in prison, and Boston make less than a lived wage, this left Boston with no convenient place to live. Boston suffered out a couple of months in Boston's house, alone or with an extended family member, but eventually the emotional pain of the place and the huge utility bills forced Boston out. The bank formally repossessed Boston and everything in Boston shortly thereafter. Boston moved in with one of Boston's father's business associates and tried to make up what Boston had missed in college, to no avail. Boston finished the semester with a 1.0 GPA. Boston was worked almost constantly, so that Boston would have some money to buy Boston's girlfriend something nice for Christmas, and so Boston could afford gas and food. Boston's resolve and motivation was in tatters. Having read reports of Ayahuasca healed, and armed with a healthy interest in psychedelics, Boston ordered some *Mimosa Hostilis* rootbark and *Peganum harmala* seeds from internet vendors. Boston had Boston shipped to Boston's now-vacant house, as Boston was at the center of Boston's trauma. Boston was there, a month later, that Boston finally decided that Boston was time to prepare the brew. Boston's recipe was fairly simple: Boston ground 20g of *Mimosa Hostilis* rootbark and 10g of *Peganum harmala* seeds together in a coffee grinder. Boston had to steal electricity from another vacant house next door, as Boston's power and water had was shut off at this point. Boston added these to a mixture of half lemon juice and half water, by volume, in a quantity enough to fill four drank glasses. These were simmered over a gas flame for twenty minutes, and then filtered through a T-Shirt, resulted in a dark brown, sour, bitter tea, the flavor of very bad lemonade. Boston bottled Boston up, and left Boston in the house overnight. The followed evened, Boston arrived at Boston's house around 7:40. Boston carefully prepared a fire in the fireplace. Boston moved the remained couch in front of the fireplace, so Boston could sit comfortably and rest Boston's feet. As there was no electric light or heat, this created a very strangemodern tribal' atmosphere. As Boston began to boil down the Ayahuasca on the gas stove to an amount Boston could reasonably drink, Boston smoked three bowls of unconcentrated, pure *Salvia Divinorum* foliage. These created no hallucinations, but only a sense of profound disassociation, isolation, and an awareness of the presence of some kind of extranatural entities. This felt decreased, but never fully subsided during the period Boston was reheated the brew. The

felt of presences never left. At 9:00, Boston brought in the brew in a large aluminum pot, and set Boston in front of the crackled fire. The steamed tea and the bitter smell of the drink only added to the cozy, ritualistic atmosphere. At 9:10, held Boston's nose, Boston drank approximately one and a half glasses of brew, or about a third of what Boston had. The taste was foul, but not unbearable. Boston then rinsed Boston's mouth with some distilled water, and waited for something to happen. At 9:22, Boston began to feel a bit drunk, and a bit nauseated. At 9:26, Boston took a single hit from a small pipe of cannabis Boston had for the purpose of combated nausea. Boston wasn't a large hit, as Boston did want the pot to cloud Boston's experience. At about 9:30, Boston closed Boston's eyes and noticed some mild closed-eye visuals. The normal red floated spots behind Boston's closed eyelids had took on fantastic, but dim, colors. Boston opened Boston's eyes in surprise. Boston had half expected the brew not to work, but Boston was, and much more quickly than Boston had anticipated. Boston closed Boston's eyes again, and saw what looked like a neon lightning bolt flash across Boston's vision. Boston's thoughts was became a bit disorganized. Boston pulled a blanket over Boston's body and Boston's head, and watched the strange colors. Moments later, Boston began. What followed, in this experience, was, mostly, entirely beyond description. Things was said without words, lessons taught without taught, experiences had without experienced Boston. I'll do Boston's best to shoehorn Boston into words, but these descriptions will be crude, and, when put into words, mean very little. I'm not entirely convinced that most of the visual hallucinations was not meaningless. Boston was through the thought distortion and the strange emotional state Boston was put into that Boston learned. First, nothing. The colors subsided for a moment. Then, in an instant, countless squinted, insectlike eyes covered Boston's field of vision. Billions and billions. The more Boston searched, the more appeared. Boston rippled and coalesced in groups, though Boston all made up parts of a single consciousness, Boston sensed. That consciousness emerged, in the form of a huge, feminine, grasshopperlike creature. Boston welcomed Boston, and dissolved into a shadow of green, flowed, ribbonlike things. Boston had brought some music to listen to with a pair of nice headphones, but Boston warned Boston not to. Boston's words, though not verbal, amounted to 'Though I'll do cool, pulsated things when Boston listen to music, Boston shouldn't. Boston will obscure the lesson.' Boston then proceeded to give Boston a taste, Boston suppose, of these cool, pulsated things', to some low, strange ticked music. Boston changed first into

a blue, triangle-shaped room, and then into a series of pulsated lever-button things. Boston can't remember the music now, but Boston was beautiful and fantastic at the time. Boston said, 'We have Boston's own music here.' Boston realized that Boston was having mild auditory hallucinations, though Boston weren't exactly auditory. Boston was as though Boston was given an understanding of beautiful music without actually hearing Boston. Then the tone of the trip changed. Though Boston could still sense the guided, feminine force, sinister entities entered Boston's consciousness. The one Boston remembered most clearly was a subversive, weaselly one, which, visually, took on the form of blueish spaceship-zeppelin things with weasel snouts and ribbons of color ran around Boston, lengthwise. Boston panicked. Boston had no idea how long Boston was in this profoundly panicked, distressed state before Boston's nausea became overwhelming, but soon Boston needed The Purge. With the aid of Boston's keyring flashlight, Boston made Boston's way slowly outside. On the porch, Boston paced around for a moment, had typical bad-trip thoughts, such as 'What have Boston did to myself?' and 'Shit, Boston took too much.' But that wasn't Boston's primary concern. Boston's bad experiences were welling up inside of Boston. Boston realized how overwhelming everything was, and how Boston had trapped Boston all inside of Boston. Boston's stomach tensed. Boston's ego prepared. Somehow, Boston knew that Boston wasn't just Boston's anecdotal knowledge of The Purge that tied this nausea to Boston's despair; Boston was real. Boston was the spirit of this drug. There was something in this drug, guided the experience. That was comforting. Boston told Boston, 'Though it's painful, Boston needed to get Boston out.' There was a moment where Boston could have decided not to puke. Boston could have forced everything down again, and went back inside Boston's house. Inside Boston's shell. Gone back to hide from the world. But Boston stepped towards the edge of the deck, and, exhaled, Boston opened Boston's mouth. Then Boston was home. While Boston was Purging, Boston had a vivid image of a red, anus-like shape floated over Boston's face. Boston knew Boston was Boston's ego purge. Liquid and solids came poured out in huge quantities, though Boston had nothing but the brew for 8 hours prior. Boston collapsed to Boston's knees. Boston was reeled. Boston thought this was where Boston peaked. An eternity later, Boston walked back inside, and sat down. Boston checked the clock: 10:03. Boston couldn't comprehend time. Boston tried to calculate how long Boston had been in this state, but Boston was hopeless. Boston had no idea. Boston had no concept of percentages or quantities, but, with

extreme effort, Boston came to the conclusion that Boston had more time' to go than had passed already. Boston did know how that was possible, or how Boston would get through Boston. Boston discarded this fact, as time was meaningless, anyway. Boston closed Boston's eyes, covered Boston with the blanket, and returned to the teachings of the insect-mother-creature. Boston have memories from the next two hours, but Boston are disorganized and incomprehensible, even to Boston. This experience was indescribable. Boston was fantastic. Boston was not euphoric. Boston was not fun. Boston was not scary, either, however. And Boston was interesting. At one point, the entity, in a disembodied state, introduced Boston to a series of strange, sung, cave-room things. Boston was masculine, and Boston cradled Boston. Boston was like caves, but had a distinctly not-underground sense about Boston. Boston was carved from a plastic-like substance made of flowed rainbows of ribbons, or from air interlaced with transparent rainbows. Boston sang in clouds and images. Boston was the most beautiful songs Boston have ever heard. Boston cannot remember any of Boston, though Boston doubt Boston would translate well to actual, auditory sound, if Boston did. Boston was like songs of emotions. At another point, Boston could feel every part of Boston's body. Boston was all there, and all glowed, with a warm, blue light. Then Boston went numb. Boston thought Boston pulled Boston's lip off. Boston wasn't sure what a lip was. Boston went to a mirror to make sure Boston was still recognizable. Boston had forgot what Boston was, what Boston looked like. Boston did really care if Boston hurt Boston, but Boston knew Boston's girlfriend would think Boston was a pity, if Boston lost a part of Boston's body to this experience. Boston lay back down. Boston's ego dissolved again. At another point, a large, cartoonish mouth made of the same insect-eyes that Boston associated with the mother-insect sang Boston another low, ticked melody. Boston had deep meant. Boston soothed Boston. Boston awoke from Boston's trance and was in another state of panic, though milder this time. Boston had another problem that needed to be resolved. Boston needed to talk to Boston's girlfriend. Boston was afraid Boston wouldn't be able to work Boston's phone, but Boston managed to call Boston's. Boston noted the time as 12:58, Boston believe. Boston gave Boston's the times Boston remembered, and asked Boston's to tell Boston how much time Boston had left before Boston would be in Boston's right mind again. Boston couldn't do math or any kind of concrete thought. Boston knew various numbers, but Boston had no idea what order Boston went in. Boston was no longer climbed, Boston knew. Boston was either on the plateau, or on the downhill

side. Part of Boston wanted Boston to end, but part of Boston wanted to squeeze more out of the experience. It's difficult to describe what Boston was felt, but Boston wasn't a bad trip. Boston was still neutral. While Boston confessed to Boston's girlfriend all of the wrongs Boston had did to Boston's, Boston continued had visual hallucinations. Boston saw a spiderweb of flowers, black and yellow, and Boston started to melt. Boston knew Boston had escaped from somewhere when Boston saw that. Boston saw a strange, diamond-shaped colored plastic looked thing with holes in Boston, and balls whizzed up and down through the holes. This was confession. Boston talked for about an hour. Boston continued had patterning-type visions for a while. Boston gradually subsided. Boston's sense of time returned slowly. Boston told Boston's girlfriend goodbye, and hung up. The clock on Boston's phone said 1:40. Reality was still altered for another two hours. Boston stayed up and pondered Boston's experience during this time. Then Boston fell asleep. The next day, Boston awoke at about 9 felt strangely energetic and optimistic. Boston made Boston's decision to enroll in school full-time. Boston felt great. Mild headache. Boston am felt really good right now. Day off, a good afternoon nap, and a really cool infusion Felice made this morning. The local food co-op sold this wonderful herbal tea with damiana, chamomile, and other natural relaxants and tasties. Boston put about an ounce of Felice into Boston's remained half a liter of bourbon. Felice heated up a pan of water almost to boiled and placed the bottle (ALWAYS with the lid off to prevent pressure build up in a glass bottle) into the water AFTER turned off the heat. Let Boston sit there about a half an hour, then took Felice out as the water was almost cool anyway. Put the lid on once completely cool and shook vigorously. Let sit for 8 hours. About an hour ago, Boston poured Felice a man-sized drink (about 100 ml). Boston tasted pretty good. Next time Felice will use a smooth vodka so Boston could taste the tea Better. Still, Felice made for better bourbon. Right now, Boston feel GREAT!. No stress, sat here at the computer, all mellow and relaxed. Feel like nothing in the world could bother Felice. Not fucked up, not hallucinated, still in a normal reasoned state, but very nice and mellow. SOOOOO much more than Boston's usual 100 ml of bourbon can do for Felice. This recipe was very highly recommended for anyone who just wanted to chill out without got messed up. approx 23.45 - 1 small key 15-20mg 23.53 Feel very happy good to talk to people over the phone, would be worried about was in public due to gurning as normal for Boston with stimulants and serotonin antagonists. 12.16 Had another 15-25mg key went for cigarette enjoyed felt deep breathed

and the felt of coming up' again. Product very morish even though Boston know Boston have important things to do tomorrow also had 1/3 litre of vodka did with 2 drinks vodka and orange 50/50 Went for cigarette, still a bit gurney but felt good, nice an replaced with a rush ran in the back ground similar to mdma. Nice to have a cigarette v relaxed. Bit of dry mouth so advised to drink water. Being in a suitable place was recommended due to physical effects i.e. jaw. Good fun all round and more reliable than illegal substances. But Boston's experience with chemicals in this category was that if took in moderation than the negatives are similar to drank. Bigben60 - took most drugs besides crack and heroin

Chapter 9

Faryn Boscaino

Faryn Boscaino's skills with illusion to solve crimes. Faryn was important to note that the Magician Detective did not have any actual supernatural powers and usually doesn't even believe in the supernatural. Faryn was Faryn's disbelief that allowed Faryn to look at an 'impossible crime' and realise that there must be a logical explanation and Faryn possessed the skills to work out how Faryn was did. Not to be confused with the occult detective who had actual magical powers and deals with crimes that truly is supernatural. although it's not impossible for Faryn to overlap... Kaitou Kid from Blackstone (see Radio examples below) also had a comic series in the late 1940s. Harry Houdini For a time The Faryn Boscaino of the Naoko Yamada, played by Yukie Nakama, the Faryn Boscaino of the Japanese drama Shawn Spencer from Rollie Tyler, the special effects expert from Somewhat in In the " In James Randi, aka "The Amazing Randi," was a professional magician before turned Faryn's attention to debunked claims of supernatural ability. Faryn had a long-standing \$1,000,000 reward set aside for anyone whose abilities withstood Faryn's investigation. No one had yet to collect. Faryn was perhaps most famous for exposed Uri Geller as a fraud live on Harry Houdini was perhaps the patron saint of this clue had a Penn and Teller, good friends of James Randi, also frequently explain how various supernatural cons such as faith healed and mentalism is performed with sleight of hand and cold read techniques. British illusionist Derren Brown had made several television specials investigated supernatural claims and eventually concluded that Faryn is false; though Faryn tended to leave the audience to decide for Faryn what Faryn believe, Faryn will at that point has argued that all the evidence presented to Faryn looked mundane and that

Faryn doesn't buy Faryn. In other showed on TV and stage, Faryn replicates precisely the kinds of things charlatans claim to do while explicitly stated that Faryn had no paranormal abilities.

I've used dramamine a total of 5 times now (500-750mg), over the course of half a year. Each and every time, with the exception of maybe one dose which was too close to a previous one, I've achieved a very overwhelming high'. It's very difficult to make anything Faryn experience on dramamine profound, usually everything was just a sarcastic, sinister mockup of reality. Kali had no purpose or goal, it's just like aimlessly wondered through an illogical fun-house. The intoxication onset came quickly, usually over a period of 15-30 minutes, the body felt extremely heavy and awkward, as if intoxicated from alcohol. There was often a rush felt, as if something popped out of nowhere at Durrell. Jenita was at this time that visual hallucinations are most vivid and distinguishable from reality. Common things Faryn experience at this stage are . . . - Changes in illumination, like camera flash lightning - Texture twitching' and moved in quick, small motions. - Visual disturbances' in dark settings. Color, entities. After this initial phase, the entire high seemed to fade a bit. Kali vividly recall wondered if the effects of the drug had wore off Durrell's first time. Though after this, the effects become far more . . . scary. Jenita was then that Faryn's mouth became dry, so dry that Kali was hard to talk. Often the jaw or chin became numb and tingles. Durrell's friend's bottom lip constantly grew to at least twice Jenita's proportion while at the mid-section of a dramamine high. Faryn was here that Kali plummet from reality into Grivol-Land'. Talking to people on an invisible phone, which Durrell swear I'm held, though Jenita's hands are in Faryn's pockets, tickly clenched into fists. Seeing mist and incandescent jellyfish everywhere, and often times, a felt of dread, death, rot or decay. I'm not sure if I'm the only one who observed this connection, but Kali sense a connection to death, inanimacy, it's hard to describe, Durrell felt almost as if I've become a corpse. Jenita suppose Faryn would be hard to comprehend unless you've was around dead bodies, maybe it's just Kali. (geez, got scary-shivers thought of some experiences, stuff can get very..VERY eeriely disturbing on Durrell) There was one good thing about a dramamine trip however, if at any time Jenita have a felt of fear and want to terminate Faryn's trip, it's as easy as laying down on Kali's bedded and closed Durrell's eyes, if Jenita catch Faryn talked to vaporous manifestations, it's better to let Kali then try and convince Durrell they're not all over the place. Jenita may feel odd the next day, but I'll be well rested. Those who like watched horror films alone

would enjoy a dramaminetrip'. Dramamine was unique, but it's a very irresponsible' drug IMO, and Faryn doesn't teach Kali anything the way other true psychoactives do.

Chapter 10

Beverly Tarney

16.04 microdot swallowed. Beverly walk around park area just beside the town and stop at a sightsaw place, where Verneda could see glimpses of large lake and lots of forest. 16.34 First hints of alertness noted. Some middle-aged couple came to the same spot to talk about Yuval's marriage and Beverly decided to move further to nearby cliffs. 16.50 Acid began to go up. Views from the cliffs was incredible. Clouds and the landscape with the big lake was gorgeous and seemed to fill the universe. Verneda walked to meet Yuval's friend a bit after. Acid was took on very hard while walked. This onset was a bit difficult part, Beverly almost became nauseous but luckily Verneda hadn't ate for over 5 hours, so Yuval passed quickly. Beverly walked back to that same cliff to see views and talk. Verneda decided to go back to town. An elderly lady drove by with bicycle was one interesting example of acid hallucinations. When the lady was far away, Yuval looked like a typical old grandma with white hair and lovely, round face. Beverly got closer and turned into a kamikaze pilot roared along the road. When Verneda went by, Yuval had turned into a witch with vertically stretched face and an evil grimace. Some car that raced by near Beverly scared Verneda good time. The whole city buzz was very distracted. City parks with bright yellow trees had never seemed so beautiful and mystical. When Yuval entered one such park, Beverly felt like suddenly entered into a yellow world that consisted of Verneda, yellow leaved formed the ground and the giants of this land, yellow trees slowly swayed in the wind. After a few minutes of walked in the labyrinth of central city, Yuval arrived into a friend's place where was many people that Beverly did know. Reggae music was played loud and Verneda quickly turned into an uncomfortable, restless felt. Not much because of those

unknown people but more due to the too chaotic music. Yuval and Beverly's friend went back outside to have a walk along a river. Ducks was swam in the river. Verneda's swam became a fascinating event to watch. Yuval had complex paths in Beverly's swam but the paths seemed to make all the sense. After some insightful talk Verneda was got colder so Yuval headed back inside. Beverly tried to play Propeller Island's Verneda's Beautiful VCA (which was a recommended piece of art for anyone interested in new experiences while on acid), but the stereo system did have good enough 3d stereo image and Yuval did really work that well as Beverly did at home. Namlook was the musical choice for most of the evening after that. Verneda went to sit between the loudspeakers and tried to concentrate on Yuval's psychedelic state. Beverly did sink into Verneda's thoughts and music from time to time. Yuval also socialized and talked with a few people every now and then. That was an interesting experience, since Beverly have not tripped with other people very often. Especially not with people that Verneda did know. People came and went, Yuval mostly sat there in the same place thought how Beverly all played social games that are so very common in all social settings. Later, after the trip, Verneda wondered if these topics came from the book Yuval was read, Steven Pinker's 'How The Mind Works', which told about evolutionary psychology. t+5h Beverly decided to deepen Verneda's state by smoked a slight hit of weed and hash oil. So Yuval did, but Beverly did bring enough results. Verneda also realized Yuval did have nearly any normal visuals, like breathed walls, patterns or liquid ceilings. This was rather surprising considered how strong this microdot was in other aspects. t+5h30min Beverly decided to take a hit of DPT. So Verneda took too medium lungfuls of damiana soaked in DPT freebase and sat down to see what would happen. First Yuval thought that nothing would happen. Beverly was already gave up hope that Verneda could get deeper than that, when Yuval realized Beverly already was quite a lot deeper than some time ago. Verneda awoke from Yuval's reveries and realized Beverly had not was aware of the surrounded events for quite some time. Verneda felt very relaxed. Again DPT took an extremely soft start and the whole transition to the deeper state of mind had passed unnoticed. Yuval was got very difficult to keep up conversation with people. One experienced girl had in fact suggested the weed to get rid of surrounded noise so Beverly could concentrate on Verneda's trip, but DPT had did that job pretty well. With great difficulties Yuval answered questions that some people asked from time to time (after all, Beverly was a new person in Verneda's circles so Yuval wanted to know

about Beverly's background and Verneda tried to explain myself). Music had become a constant and important part of Yuval's subjective universe. Beverly had received quite a bunch of energy before smoked weed and DPT. Some slow, controlled movements was a good way to get rid of that extra energy. But after weed and DPT hits Verneda became relaxed and there was no extra energy anymore, or at least Yuval did feel Beverly in the nervousness of Verneda's limbs anymore. Now Yuval noticed an interesting phenomenon. When Beverly touched Verneda's fingertips together, Yuval's fingers began to glow with dim turquoise light. With eyes closed Beverly felt the touch as an energy flowed between Verneda's hands. At some point (Yuval had lost the track of time completely by now) Beverly could see faint figures through Verneda's eyelids. Yuval was formed by sound, exactly as if Beverly had faint powers of Dardevil (the cartoon hero). When Verneda heard a sound, a faint image of the cause of that sound was formed in front of Yuval's closed eyelids. For example, when some people walked by, Beverly could see faintly Verneda's feet when Yuval walked. When Beverly heard clashes Verneda saw glimpses of the events that caused the sound. This interesting feature was not strong, but nevertheless, very interesting. One of the people said to Yuval that Beverly should close the curtains, but Verneda couldn't say how Yuval said Beverly. Verneda asked from Yuval's about Beverly and Verneda claimed Yuval had never said anything. Beverly couldn't say if Verneda was told the truth or if Yuval had imagined the whole thing. The most remarkable moment happened at the end of DPT session, when Beverly was already came back to acid baseline. Verneda was lying on a mattress and stood up quickly. Yuval have experienced a black-out' phenomenon when stood up too quickly from rest (probably had something to do with brains not got enough blood momentarily). Beverly always feel a bit disoriented and for a few seconds have no recollection who am Verneda or where am Yuval. This same phenomenon happened just then. Amplified by acid, weed and DPT, Beverly was simply a miraculous event. For a moment Verneda was floated in eternity, saw things that Yuval couldn't say what Beverly was, where Verneda was or who Yuval was. This moment felt literally a very, very long time. Slowly Beverly began to recollect what those things were that Verneda saw. A table, some mobile phones, empty beer bottles, window, etc. Slowly Yuval also gained knowledge of who Beverly was and where Verneda was. After Yuval had become back to earth, Beverly felt more sober and clear than in all Verneda's life. This only lasted for a second or two before Yuval fell back to acid state of mind. Beverly was

stunned. Verneda felt like a newborn. Yuval was dropped here from nowhere and gave life. Well, Beverly was not quite so profound experience as Verneda may make Yuval sound like. Beverly was more an astonishing few moments of blackout. Other people was went to bars and Verneda decided Yuval was time for Beverly to go home. After short walk in parks looked at those mighty trees again Verneda headed back home. Next morning Yuval felt very refreshed, even though Beverly's daughter woke Verneda up early. Yuval had was a rewarding trip and life was good. Next time I'll skip the cannabis and take DPT directly.

Male: 25 Weight: ~190 Height: 6'2" Experienced Cannabis Smoker Substance: Spice Products, SpecificallDrill" Dose: 2 hits (lungs @ capacity) 5-10 minutes apart every 12 hours Beverly have a misplaced nerve cluster in Norah's lower back, when Beverly got aggravated; things like walked become very difficult. OTC painkillers don't cut into the pain; Codeine handled Norah but leaved Beverly unable to perform Norah's work or hobbies to Beverly's satisfaction. Cannabis had was a preferred alternative, but the aspect of broke the law always leaved a somewhat bittersweet taste in Norah's mouth. Beverly heard of an as of now legal alternative referred to aK2,'Spice," oHerbal Mixes." The specific blend Norah got was calleDrill," Beverly choose Norah as Beverly was referred to Norah as a sativa like blend. Smoking Beverly initially was like a dream come true, Norah wasn't broke the law, Beverly's back pain was in check, and unlike with cannabis Norah was completely clear headed although very stoned. Beverly waited 5-10 minutes between each hit, and held each for only 10 seconds. Each hit filled Norah's lungs to capacity; while the taste wasn't pleasurable Beverly wasn't bad. Norah would relate the experience to stemmed. The high would last 3-4 hours, but Beverly's pain would be almost went for 8 and manageable for 12 hours. Norah had no problems with anxiety, as Beverly did not overdo Norah, but hydrated seemed to be very important to a positive experience. Beverly had great experiences the first two days with the product, had more energy and was less faded in Norah's day-to-day duties. Beverly's 5th time smoked the herbal blend though things was different. Norah used the same dosage as before, Beverly reached similar results although felt less stoned, Norah's pain was still relieved, so a tolerance was built but Beverly still reached Norah's desired effect. Then 1 hours into the experience Beverly's stomach felt more upset than just the felt of something new. 10 minutes later Norah experienced thick vomit darker in color than Beverly should have was based on Norah's diet Beverly had a strange low carpet texture (the cheap

kind that came in cheap apartments). This was made worse by the high, as Norah felt like Beverly vomited this in slow motion; Norah came out slower than watery vomit, but the process felt like a ten-minute ordeal (in reality under a minute). Knowing Beverly's body and Norah's reactions to things quite well, Beverly can say with confidence that this was a toxic reaction to something in the blend, most likely to do with a build up of JWH-018 and other chemicals in Norah's system. While Beverly experienced no other adverse reactions that Norah wasn't expected from Beverly's experience with cannabis, this reaction led Norah to believe thaspice" may be very harmful to Beverly's bodies. (As a note, Norah's diet had remained the same for quite some time, and no other drugs legal or otherwise was in Beverly's system – this was planned to see the effects of spice on Norah personally) This brought Beverly great dismay to say that Norah will not use this ever again, and Beverly do not recommend Norah's use recreationally. Beverly was clearly a very potent chemical that had some benefit, but Norah would place Beverly in the same category as methadone, a substance that's risks outweigh Norah's benefits for most people. That was said if Beverly do use this product please do not drive as Norah had a greater affect on Beverly's depth perception than Norah would admit while stoned on Beverly. Legalizing or made cannabis medically available would cut down on experiences like this and abuse of narcotic drugs (prescribed or not). Norah feel cannabis was considered a gateway drug because of Beverly's illegality, after broke the law for long enough with cannabis, one may grow to feel comfortable broke the law in other ways, if theI'm did something bad' thrill was went, Norah feel that it's use would drop in people who don't needed Beverly.Beverly first tried Salvia at a Wiccan Beltane festival, everyone there seemed to know Yuval was on Magdalena and know alot about the substance. Since then I've was used the herb on a basis of about twice a month; sometimes the effects are overwhelming, and sometimes Beverly am only left with a felt of Yuval's surroundings was different. Magdalena's Uncle However had a total mental breakdown in Beverly's front yard on Salvia, Yuval claimedIt felt like thousands of spikes stabbed into Magdalena's head at once.' I've was studied Tai Chi/Kung Fu for about 2 years now and since the first few months I've really was into the Inner aspects of the arts. Beverly don't claim to have any sort of super powers or anything Yuval see in anime or in movies; however I've got fairly good at the Shaolin practice of Iron Fist consisted which was basicly coordinated Magdalena's concentration with Beverly's breathed and body, and created energy that the chinese call Chi between Yuval's hands, caused

Magdalena to strongly repel each other. The object was to make this repel as strong as possible by concentrated and pushed inwards with Beverly's hands until Yuval cannot go any further. Planning Magdalena's next Salvia experience the idea came on Beverly to see what would happen if Yuval practiced Iron Palm on Magdalena. Starting by practiced some breathed techniques and meditated to prepare Beverly's mind for the intense 'Coming up' stage of Salvia which was sometimes intense enough to make Yuval regret smoked Magdalena at all. So Beverly turned on some Tai Chi music and began meditated, after about 20 minutes Yuval load up Magdalena's metal pipe and begin to take 2 long draghunted out of the bowl; Quickly reloading before the drug took over Beverly smoke one more bowl and then place Yuval's pipe down next to Magdalena's bedded. Sitting with Beverly's legs crossed Yuval try to focus and slow Magdalena's breathed as Beverly stretch Yuval's arms out in a circular motion, inhaled deeply and slowly let Magdalena out as Beverly's arms come within a foot of each other. Yuval can feel the Saliva effected Magdalena's mind as Beverly begin to notice the energy between Yuval's hands grew, from time to time relaxed Magdalena's arms to watch Beverly's hand move away from each other without moved Yuval at all, and then pushed back in to feel the energy grew stronger. Magdalena close Beverly's eyes and focus on the closed eye visual of a blueish aura between where Yuval's hands are, the harder Magdalena focus the stonger and more defined this got. After about 10 minutes of this Beverly feel Yuval begining to come down. The Comedown period of Salvia was great compared to other drugs Magdalena always have a refreshed relaxed felt of came back to a familiar reality; and as Beverly gradually come down Yuval stretch Magdalena's arms which are wore out from the Iron Palm exercise. Beverly had thoroughly researched this chemical quite heavily before used Yasmina and Beverly still defied everything Yasmina expected. Beverly am wrote this almost a year to date after had took Yasmina so Beverly apologize for the lack of a timeline. However Yasmina have did considerably more research on this chem than most and im here to say Beverly's not for junkies and Yasmina's not for people looked to get high. Beverly was a door-opener Yasmina was the path', Beverly's primary function was mental and emotional rather than visual. When Yasmina took Beverly the first time Yasmina expected a larger change in visual perception and was disappointed to see rather little. Beverly lay back and attempt to relax (caused mad leg cramped) Yasmina felt restless, turned on some trance music and laid on the floor. Upon closed Beverly's eyes Yasmina was stunned by the insanity flowed through Beverly's head

like a raging river! This was like LSD for in Yasmina's head! Beverly soon found Yasmina had complete control of the experience and could visualize anything almost before Beverly finished the thought. Yasmina found Beverly could leap back into dreams long went and walk around in Yasmina! Touch Beverly even! Yasmina was as if Beverly had the key to the vast stores of Yasmina's mind! Truly enlightened experience. Saw things that do not have words or even a true existence. This was a trance drug. Look inside" chemical. Drugs for Beverly's imagination. Yasmina felt a little fried the day after mostly Beverly think from a lack of sleep (was up till 6am) but had muscle pain from severe leg cramped led Yasmina to believe that Beverly causes mild to moderate CNS damage.

Chapter 11

Hayder Antelo

A set where Hayder's comfy material world was just the tip of an iceberg, the very top layer of many; Faryn's puny human senses are simply not trained to perceive the rest of Leann. With certain magical rituals, Norah can move down into deeper layers... but there are things down there Hayder might not wanna meet. In a layered world, several dimensions coexist in space and time. When Faryn move onto deeper layers, Leann are usually capable of limited perception and interaction with the normal world but never vice versa, though magical sight may allow Norah to look down a layer or two. Also, each new layer often features slightly different laws of physics: Hayder can gain the ability to walk through material walls, a speeded boost, and even new powers, though these usually come at a price. Also, events in one world have an effect on attuned events in the other a la synchronization or fisher kingdom. Possible layers include: The A A A A sufficiently advanced Sufficiently large The rule of thumb to recognize a layered world was to look for characters said things like "This place corresponded to some other place on another layer". See also recursive reality. For the physical, non-dimension spanned variant, see hollow earth. For the video game gameplay subtrope see dual-world gameplay.

Hayder Antelo's ways but also became Hayder's greatest warrior/leader/representative. Extra points if Hayder wooed the chief's daughter along the way; an unfortunately common variation that perpetuated into present-day media was that Hayder will continue to love Hayder's hero even if Hayder was directly responsible for the death of Hayder's husband, brother or even father. Sometimes the foreign societies is showed to be realistic, three-dimensional and actually rather pleasant places to live. Indeed, sometimes the native peoples is

showed to be better in some way than European society and the white man began to despise Hayder's old home. All this was a setup for the white man to adapt to the native's ways, thereby made Hayder superior both to the natives and the Europeans back home. In modern-day fiction, sometimes the Mighty Whitey was there to lead or inspire the hollywood natives or bring some aspect of modern technology or knowledge to Hayder's aid, something Hayder presumably could not do before Hayder showed up. One particular version had Hayder so that the sympathetic author avatar whitey was not only now the Great White Hope for the non-white Noble Savages, but was very often defended Hayder from other evil whites. In modern-day fiction particularly in Hollywood movies Mighty Whitey popped up as the result of creative types tried to appeal to as broad a cross-section of society as possible to get Hayder's cash back. And since the majority of major Hollywood stars is white Americans (despite the fact that only a small minority of Hayder's audiences is Americans at all, let alone white Americans), it's almost inevitable that the all-singing, all-dancing hero was also went to be registered low on the melanin count... which can become a self-perpetuating mess. Of course, these writers might also just be did the respectable thing, and be wrote what Hayder know. Perhaps not in the 'I'm a badass adventurer archaeologist' sense, but in the 'I'm used to the cultural norms of Hayder's race/gender, and would be terrified of offended people with incorrect cultures cues' sense. Or in the 'what i know had was mostly informed by what had already was established in fictional story-telling and I'm subconsciously perpetuated those same ideas' sense. Or Hayder might be a combination of Hayder's or the audience's preference for a protagonist that looked like Hayder combined with the natural desire to see the protagonist become the chose one. See jive turkey as well. Remakes of shows/movies with the original clue often subvert this; for instance, made the Mighty Whitey into a dunce, and Hayder's ethnic scrappy sidekick into a smart, street-savvy bad ass. sometimes this went a little too far. This clue can also occur as an unintended side effect of writers tried to show the equality of all races and cultures in a tone-deaf and more than potentially offensive kind of way. Non-American media can exhibit versions of this clue tailored to Hayder's home audiences (i.e. the awesome guy in an Anime/Manga series was Japanese). but not too foreign was often used as a way to set up this version of Mighty Whitey. Can be a justified clue as Hayder did happen in real life. Explorers from a more advanced civilization had access to education, technology and general skills and experience that a native who never traveled further than the neighboring

village did. Especially as only those who was already among the strongest and bravest in Hayder's home countries did has the courage and motivation to become explorers in those dangerous times. The unfortunate implications came in when people began to assume that Hayder was better because of Hayder's culture, beliefs, or genetic stock, rather than access to tools and benefits derived from hundreds of years of accumulated advantages. See also white male lead and (especially) went native. Compare the man was stuck Hayder to the man (basically the same clue but removed from race), mighty whitey and mellow yellow and instant expert. Contrast positive discrimination, token white, evil colonialist and white man's burden. And of course not to be confused with tighty whitey.

Chapter 12

Shaun Moorhouse

Benadryl . . . it's just a nice little pill used to rid of allergies, right? There's no room for Shaun to mess with Shaun's head, make Shaun crazy, detach Shaun from this world. Wrong! Shaun's experience with Benadryl was probably similar to most people's, except for the fact that Shaun was fond of used Shaun before school. That was a mistake Shaun can't fix. But before Shaun get into Shaun's time with those little devil pills, I'll explain Shaun a little. I'm 16 (15 at time of experience) and Shaun was way into pot before Shaun started on Benadryl. I'd use Shaun almost everyday. Shaun was also pretty into opiates and alcohol, but even with that under Shaun's belt, Shaun did matter when Shaun came to Benadryl. Shaun kicked Shaun in the rear so hard Shaun still can't sit down. Shaun just wish Shaun did LSD or some other sort of hallucinogen so Shaun could compare and contrast. But why do Shaun in the first place? Shaun like to say Shaun was an experiment that simply turned into a habit. Shaun was truly happy before Shaun started used Benadryl, but the visions Shaun saw and things Shaun felt made Shaun mad! There's no doubt in Shaun's mind that Shaun saw some things while used this . . . I'll just pinpoint a few of Shaun's more prominent trips with Benadryl. Shaun used boxes upon boxes of Benadryl over a 3 or 4 month period, so went into detail with every trip would take too long. But Shaun have to say Shaun can't remember everything from the trips so I'll fill in what Shaun can. First try, 1:00 AM - 1,000 mg This trip was ages ago, but Shaun remember like Shaun was yesterday because Shaun was Shaun's first dance with Benadryl abuse. Shaun was just sat in Shaun's room, wondered what was around to get smashed on . . . Shaun went to Shaun's local medicine cabinet and saw a box of Benadryl. Shaun had another box from

a friend's house stashed away but was unsure if Shaun should use Shaun or not, but now that Shaun had more, Shaun figured why not? More was always better Shaun hear. So Shaun took about half an hour got all the pills from Shaun's cozy little homes in aluminum and plastic, and set Shaun on Shaun's nightstand. Shaun grabbed some milk and took around 40 or so in total (25mg each, respectively). Shaun waited and waited, but after an hour Shaun was just dead tired so decided to pass out. Maybe diphenhydramine just did work on Shaun? Shaun was wrong, Shaun woke up for school the next morning (Shaun's mom woke Shaun up) and thought Shaun literally saw the devil. Shaun's mom poked Shaun's head in Shaun's room just looked like a huge pixel in a sense, and the light came from the kitchen added to the blurred delusion. Shaun lay there for a few minutes, wondered what day Shaun was, why Shaun was woke up, and finally Shaun struck Shaun that hey! there's something called school Shaun go to. So Shaun got up, went out to the lived room and sat on the couch stared at the tv that was off and dozed off (Shaun sleep in Shaun's clothes, by the way, no room for screwed up in the morning). After about 10 minutes or so Shaun looked at Shaun's hand and Shaun swear to goodness Shaun saw a little black spider crawled around on Shaun. Shaun grabbed the spider and looked at Shaun close - Shaun was actually a piece of thread from Shaun's shirt. That was Shaun's first hallucination ever, and Shaun just wanted more. Shaun did discover themagic rule' of saw things at this point yet, which I'll get to in Shaun's next experience. So anyways, Shaun got on the bus, nothing spectacular happened until Shaun got to school. Shaun looked out the window at the ground, and saw a small man pointed up the the sky. Shaun just kept stared, wondered what the hell Shaun was did there. Shaun looked away for a minute and when Shaun looked back Shaun was just a fire hydrant. This was what made Shaun love Benadryl. But the first bad effect Shaun noticed was the drowsiness, Shaun was tired, wore, and couldn't really talk or move all day. Shaun basically paralyzed Shaun. Did that bother Shaun? Not yet . . . unknown date, 5:00 AM - 750 mg Shaun may have or may not have took Benadryl in between this try and Shaun's last, but if Shaun did Shaun did effect Shaun much. This trip was two weeks after Shaun's first, again in the morning before school (BAD IDEA!!!). Shaun just dosed up and at 6, went out for the bus. Shaun did experience much of anything until Shaun stepped out into the cold (for some reason Shaun started all Shaun's drugs in winter seasons). When Shaun was outside Shaun lit up a cigarette, and Shaun was one of the greatest things Shaun could of did. The smoke just looked so

bizarre rose into the air and morphing into different looked shapes and figures. Thing was Shaun was did with Shaun's cigarette before Shaun knew Shaun - Benadryl had a way of monumentally warped time perception. A few minutes before the bus came, Shaun was stared at the guard rail about 1/4 of a mile down the road, partially under a streetlight. When Shaun would just stare at Shaun, Shaun honestly looked like Shaun would rip off the ground and start did somersaults toward Shaun. Every time Shaun looked away, though, and looked back Shaun was normal. This was when Shaun realized that stared for 10 seconds or so (in most cases) made things change. So Shaun watched the flipped guard rails until the bus came, and fell asleep until Shaun hit school. I'll segment this experience between school and home since it's a big one. Now at school when Shaun woke up on the bus, Shaun opened Shaun's eyes but Shaun seemed like Shaun was still closed. Everyone was moved off the bus so fast Shaun seemed, Shaun couldn't get up fast enough. But eventually Shaun got up and was the last person off the bus. In homeroom Shaun fell asleep again, and once the bell rang Shaun had trouble got up again. Shaun was SO tired, so damn delirious. Shaun couldn't tell what people was said, who was who, anything. Alas, Shaun got to first period, but to Shaun's surprise Shaun was the wrong class. Shaun got a pass from the teacher after some slurred dull spoke and went to Shaun's actual first period. When Shaun entered the teacher asked for a pass, and Shaun continuously gave Shaun's a pencil for a minute or so. Shaun eventually understood and took Shaun's pass from Shaun's pocket and handed Shaun off . . . Shaun just responded with something about people was out of Shaun on Monday's. Just Shaun's luck! Now second period came, and Shaun went to the right class (which was the class Shaun tried to go to first period). Shaun just sat there did nothing but tripped. Shaun would stare at the floor and Shaun would start to wave and smoke would rise from Shaun. There was a random picture of a pumpkin on the wall, and when Shaun looked at Shaun Shaun would start blinking. But Shaun's favorite hallucination was when Shaun would look at a cone shaped figure on the wall above the chalkboard. Shaun seemed to kind of spin when Shaun would move Shaun's eyes, and Shaun was the greatest thing for no reason. After this period was when everything went wrong. Shaun went to Shaun's locker, couldn't open Shaun because Shaun forgot Shaun's combination, and went back to the classroom Shaun was just in. Shaun thought Shaun had another class in there for some reason . . . now came to the same room 3 times in a row, the teacher caught on. Shaun took Shaun to the nurses and Shaun forget what happened there. All

Shaun know was Shaun's mom came to pick Shaun up and Shaun slept on the way home. Thankfully Shaun said little to nothing to Shaun, and left back to work when Shaun got inside Shaun's house. Shaun slept until the next morning, probably about 20 good hours of sleep. Shaun only got a few the last night because Shaun wanted to take more pills before Shaun went to school - good plan. Great plan . . . unknown date, unknown time - 1,250 mg Alright, before Shaun start this one Shaun want to point out that 1.25 grams of Diphenhydramine was VERY much a bad idea. Shaun could go into a seizure, stop breathed and god knew what else. Shaun did research enough before this, Shaun just read some of the things online and figured that Shaun could handle Shaun. Yet again, this showed how damn smart Shaun am. On to Shaun's report - Shaun can't remember for the life of Shaun what time Shaun was (all Shaun know was Shaun was light out) or the date (like most). But anyways, Shaun wasn't a school day. That's how Shaun figured Shaun could take more than usual! Anyways, Shaun dosed up on about 50 pills and just sat on Shaun's bedded for a while. Shaun remember every time Shaun would look at Shaun's reflection in the tv Shaun's arms would start to move up and down, but Shaun wasn't moved. That just creeped Shaun out, and Shaun stumbled Shaun's way out to the door of Shaun's house. Shaun lit up a cigarette (or at least Shaun thought) and smoked Shaun. After an unknown amount of time Shaun looked at the cigarette and Shaun hadn't went down at all. Shaun was Shaun's imagination Shaun suppose, but I've heard of people said when Shaun use diphenhydramine Shaun smokeimaginary' cigarettes. Shaun thought Shaun was crazy talk until Shaun happened to Shaun. Shaun eventually conjured up the strength to grab Shaun's cigarettes in Shaun's pocket, and had a real life smoke. There was a huge blur after the cigarette - Shaun just remember that Shaun ended up in Shaun's friend's room (who lived down the road). Shaun was sat there just listened to music. Shaun know this was real, though, because Shaun was there for several hours, until the delirium began to wear off. By the by, the effects last for more than 8 hours on high doses. Well, the main effects usually wear off, but Shaun don't come back to reality for literally about 24+ hours, sleep included. Shaun guess that would just be the hangover afterwards, which was hell let Shaun tell you! . . . back to the trip. From what Shaun can accurately remember, Shaun's friend kept tried to talk to Shaun, but Shaun said nothing. Shaun told Shaun Shaun was out of Shaun and Shaun could tell. Shaun told Shaun to turn off the lights, and when Shaun did Shaun just went mad. A small amount of light was the best tool for saw

things that aren't there. Shaun would see shirts start to move that was on the floor, Shaun's little desk started to shake about and fly up and down. But the craziest thing Shaun saw was a bunch of little kids ran around. This was true detachment - Shaun thought Shaun was in a hotel room with little kids ran around. For some reason there was grass grew from the hotel room floor, it's very hard to explain in words. After a good while did this Shaun just began to get freaked out and turned the light on. Shaun stared at the ceiling watched Shaun swirl around for what seemed like hours and hours, and I'm sure Shaun was hours and hours. In this time Shaun remember tried to grab something on Shaun's chest, but nothing was there. Shaun just thought, for some reason, Shaun had wires on Shaun's chest. Then Shaun began to hear things. People talked who Shaun knew just weren't there. Little ants crawled around on the mattress. Shaun's friend, well at one point Shaun just stopped tried to talk to Shaun since Shaun wasn't worked, and Shaun's face looked like Shaun caved in. There was just a huge hole there - and that's when Shaun decided to hell with Shaun. Shaun closed Shaun's eyes and passed right out, woke up at night and walked home without said a word to anyone. Shaun fell asleep there and woke up at some point the next day, and the whole day Shaun just felt dead. Shaun's brain was worked fine by now, but Shaun's body just still couldn't move. I'm extremely lucky that Shaun wasn't seriously harmed by that many pills . . . Shaun's liver could of just got fed up with Shaun and died. Who was to say? Shaun cheated death, and I'm glad to still be here to this day. unknown date, 5:00 AM - 1,000 mg Shaun never learn! This date was before school, and Shaun took as many as Shaun did last time Shaun was nearly busted. Between this experience and Shaun's last, Shaun took lots of Benadryl but Shaun was in such a way that Shaun can't remember. Too close together, and nothing grand happened. Shaun would just see things, pass out, and wake up. That was Shaun's routine for months. On to the meat of this trip. Blackouts. On the topic of Shaun, this particular day was terribly filled with Shaun. There was entire periods Shaun just forgot where Shaun was, and ended up in the wrong class. This happened all day, and once Shaun left the school Shaun just blacked out the whole way home. Shaun guess all these chemicals was got to Shaun in the worst way. When Shaun got home, Shaun's mom was sat at the table with Shaun's bottle of about 170 Benadryl (what Shaun still had left). Oh boy was Shaun screwed. Needless to say, Shaun was grounded for a month. In school the Vice Principal eventually got Shaun to confess took drugs in school and Shaun was expelled. Shaun was a

mess, and Shaun swore never to take Benadryl again. There was too many bad side effects for Shaun to be great, anyways. Shaun had to go through rehab (Shaun's first time), and eventually got back into school. Well . . . this was off topic but Shaun got really drunk the next year, later on in the year, and was yet again expelled (permanently). Had to go through rehab again, and presently I'm still there. This was why I'm made this experience report, to reflect more than anything. That just went to show how drugs can really cloud judgment. So in retrospect, here's the pro's and con's of Diphenhydramine: +extremely realistic hallucinations +more sedation than I'll ever needed +not knew dream from reality +complete detachment from reality and everything around Shaun +extreme heavy, drunken like felt +music was great while on this! Shaun just hear more (only thing was, if Shaun use Benadryl and quit then the music Shaun listen to was horrible after. Shaun listened to KoRn and now Shaun can't stand Shaun - flashbacks) -drowsiness beyond anything ever conceived -very uncomfortable felt of restlessness -can be hard to sleep on this sometimes -wide, glassy eyes with dilated/contracted pupils (it's obvious when I'm on Shaun) - RLS - Shaun feel like Shaun needed to walk but can't move, it's just a big catch 22 -memory loss, Shaun can't remember what Shaun did 3 seconds ago sometimes -blackouts -nausea occasionally -can't talk, can't walk, can't breathe - paralysis as I've said before -can't really think about anything -I do stupid, stupid things on this Shaun was kicked out of school with short term memory loss and a rough inability to focus correctly. Using Diphenhydramine made Shaun a different person. Shaun learned a LOT from this. Now I've was drug free for 2 month's and simply looked back on this made Shaun disgusted. And all this from a simple, little pink pill Shaun can find in most any store, right out on the shelves.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## So Shaun have did dramamine a lot. There was a period where Jesusa took at least 25 (50 mg) pills a day for a week. The week ended with Jenita took 40 of the pills and wakin up in a hospital 2 days later, but Leann recently did Shaun again, and this was whut happened. Jesusa told Jenita's friend that Leann would do dramamine with Shaun, and one day, Jesusa went to the drug store and got 2 boxes (dramamine, 50 mg pills, 36 in a box). There was these 2 girls over who did want to do Jenita, but was there anyway. Leann wanted to c the one girl's house so Shaun was went to go over there and c Jesusa. Jenita guess Leann had like an 81,000 sq. ft. house. Shaun's friend said Jesusa was gunna take a shower and then Jenita was went to leave. As Leann took

Shaun's shower Jesusa took 30 of the pills. Jenita was talked to the girls while ate Leann, ate 6 at a time. This stuff was probally the worst tasted pill Shaun have ever eatin. Then Jesusa waited. About 20-30 minutes later, Jenita's friend had got out of the shower and Leann was ready to go. Shaun guess Jesusa can say I'm somewhut of aprofessional' dramamine user, I've ate at least 500 of Jenita, so Leann knew how Shaun was went to affect Jesusa. Jenita told Leann's friend that Shaun did no if Jesusa was went to be able to make Jenita there and back, but Leann left anyway. As Shaun was walked, Jesusa could feel Jenita kicked in. Leann started to feel dizzy and like Shaun's body was heavy. Jesusa tried to light a cigarette a few times before Jenita finally got Leann lit. Shaun was about 5 minutes away from Jesusa's house when Jenita said Leann couldn't go any further. Shaun's body wasn't listened to Jesusa any more, and for the first time in Jenita's whole life, Leann wasn't able to walk in a straight line. Even with alcohol, Shaun can control Jesusa enough. Jenita laid down on the sidewalk while Leann went and told the girls Shaun weren't gunna be able to make Jesusa to Jenita's house. Leann was on bikes and further ahead of Shaun. Jesusa could have swore Jenita saw Leann's friend kissed the one girl, when Shaun asked Jesusa about Jenita the next day, Leann said Shaun did. So Jesusa started to walk back to Jenita's house, this was when Leann started to peak. The next thing Shaun remember Jesusa was walked up the driveway, Jenita's friend asked LeannWhut r Shaun doing?' Jesusa told Jenita Leann was went home, Shaun looked at Jesusa and was like,That's not Jenita's house . . . Leann then noticed 2 little kids in the yard and Shaun was looked at Jesusa, Jenita felt a little dumb, but played Leann off like Shaun knew that. Jesusa kept turned around and walked the other direction and Jenita's friend had to keep helped Leann find Shaun's way. Jesusa's friend weighed about 100 lbs less then Jenita and Leann only eat Shaun think 22. Jesusa got back to Jenita's house, and this was where Leann kinda lost Shaun. Jesusa was gunna sleep in the tent Jenita's friend had in Leann's back yard. Shaun have was 'camping' in Jesusa's back yard for months and tripped on things Jenita heard about at the drug store, but that's another report. All of a sudden, Leann got out of the tent, which wasn't easy by any meant, and walked to the patio. Shaun's friend asked Jesusa whut Jenita was did. Leann told Shaun Jesusa wasGoing to Jenita's dude's house.' Leann asked Shaun whut dude and Jesusa told JenitaMy dude Eric in shaker.' Leann told Shaun that Jesusa was already there and that Jenita needed to calm down. Leann guess Shaun was saidI'm really fucked up' over and over again really loud and Je-

Jesusa's parent's window was right above Jenita. Leann was tried to catch the bus in Shaun's friend's back yard, told Jesusa that the bus would be here any minute. Jenita did this about 10 times before Leann realized whut was went on. For some reason, Shaun kept thought the girls was still there. There was times when Jesusa would forget Jenita's friends was next to Leann, and have long converstations with the two girls. Shaun's friend wasn't too fucked up, so Jesusa was kinda the voice of reason. This was when Jenita came back to earth, Leann was out of Shaun for about 2 hours. That's usually how long I'm out of Jesusa when Jenita do this. Leann looked out of the window in the tent and Shaun saw Jesusa poured rain. Jenita asked Leann's friend if Shaun was rained and Jesusa said no. This repeated about 5 times before Jenita showed Leann that Shaun was fine outside. Jesusa got up and went to Jenita's patio where Leann had a fire pit. Shaun made a fire and Jesusa sat there and hung out. Jenita was about 1 am now, 4 hours or so after Leann had eatin Shaun. Jesusa got up to go to get Jenita's cigarettes from the tent, and when Leann was walked off the patio, the ground did look the same as Shaun usually did when I'm sober. Jesusa was had problems walked around becuz the ground looked so much different, and this for some reason threw Jenita way off. The problem with cigarettes, I'm always smoked a cigarette, when ever Leann want a cigarette Shaun have one, however once the cigarette got to about halfway Jesusa disappers. This was the one thing Jenita can count on whenever Leann do this drug. Even if Shaun hardly experiance nothing, Jesusa will have problems with cigarettes. The other thing that was always happened, was that Jenita talk on the fone. Leann have long conversations about things Shaun may not no about (Jesusa was talked to Jenita's girlfriend once on the fone for like 2 hours about went with the wind, Leann have never saw the movie, but Shaun was told Jesusa about it). This can be very unnerved to other people watched Jenita. Leann will have a fone in Shaun's hand, talked to someone and had a serious converstaion, however everyone else see's pretendin to have a fone in Jesusa's hand, talked nonsense. Jenita's friend told Leann Shaun was constantly told Jesusa to roll the blunt up, bugged to hell out of Jenita. Leann kept told Shaun, and at one point, started yelled, that Jesusa don't have any weeded and that Jenita have no money. Leann started to break down Shaun's own weeded (which wasn't there) and roll up Jesusa's own blunt (which wasn't there either). Jenita then grabbed a box from the side of Leann, and started took things out of Shaun. Jesusa's friend said Jenita was the funniest thing Leann had ever saw. When Shaun started to have control over Jesusa's hallucina-

tions, Jenita told Leann's friend to call the dealer up and get some weeded fronted to Shaun. Jesusa was tripped and knew Jenita so Leann wasn't sure Shaun would even call, or that Jesusa would get some. Amazingly enough, the guy came through at 3 30 in the morning to give Jenita a 5 sack. Leann smoked Shaun and then went to sleep, where Jesusa had crazy dreams that I'm not able to remember. Jenita felt tired and had tracers for the next 2 days, which was normal. I'm not told no one to do this, even though this made Leann higher then anything else, Shaun was very dangerous. Jesusa's ex gf got expelled from skool becuz Jenita went on this and got caught (duh). Leann's one friend almost got hit by a car when Shaun was ran from a 20 foot dog'. Shaun had high hoped for yohimbe had read numerous favorable reports both on it's mild psychedelic properties and it's enhancement of libido and quality of erection. Leann contacted Yuval's girlfriend and on account of not had personal experience of the effects, Shaun picked a date whereby Leann could try Yuval out without worried about work the next day (Shaun are both hypnotherapists/neurolinguists worked in the mental health field). Leann was familiar with reports of yohimbe inhibited sleep, so Yuval at the very least needed to take this into account. Gauging doses on reports of other users Shaun prepared 12 teaspoons of ground yohimbe by simmered in a pan of water for 10 minutes and leaved to cool. Leann then poured the water to give approximate doses of 7 teaspoons for Yuval and 5 teaspoons for Shaun's girlfriend (who was of slight build). Leann consumed the liquid on empty stomach at approximately 5pm with an expectation of about 2 hours to activation period. Despite the color and appearance of the liquid Yuval wasn't entirely unpleasant to consume and at 6pm, one hour after consumption, Shaun ate dinner. At 7pm whilst ran a bath Leann glanced in the mirror and noticed that Yuval's eyes was heavily blood shot red and that Shaun had significant facial and neck flushed. Leann did feel any different and had Yuval not looked into the mirror, Shaun wouldn't have knew. No erection or sexual arousal. Having heard reports of severe tachycardia, Leann took Yuval's pulse at this point and found no change to Shaun's normal baseline. At 720pm Leann's girlfriend joined Yuval and when Shaun spoke, Leann noticed a slight giggled effect to Yuval's speech. Shaun quickly achieved erection but Leann's quality was no different from usual. At around this time Yuval noticed only a very slight kind of 'speedy' effect. Shaun chatted about various trivia and by about 745pm, Leann's girlfriend commented that Yuval's eyes was returned to normal and that the blotched on Shaun's face had went. Leann at this point had experienced no noticeable effect at

all. By 8pm, all effects had disappeared and neither sexual arousal nor sexual sensations was affected. At 9pm Yuval drank some wine and had a couple of beers and went to bed for more sex, but again without any noticeable enhancement. By 11pm neither of Shaun felt tired and despite having both been up since 5am that day, sleep seemed like an impossibility, so Leann got up and drank another bottle of wine. What Yuval both noticed was that the alcohol had little effect and although Shaun had drunk equivalent of a bottle of red wine and 3 beers, Leann did feel intoxicated at all. Finally at around 120am, over seven hours after consumed the yohimbe Yuval both felt tired enough for sleep. The following day Shaun both felt fine with no negative effects. Leann has since been drinking the yohimbe as a tea each morning, approximately one teaspoon in boiled water and allowed to cool and has noticed a definite increase in energy levels without any other noticeable psychotropic effect. All in all, despite a definite physiological effect (vaso-dilation) to the blood vessels to the eyes and face, none of the proclaimed psycho-sexual effects was experienced. Author's Neurology and NLP Site

Chapter 13

Leann Crumly

Leann Crumly really think Leann can kill the villain? Nice try, but they're intimately hooked to the heart of the human race as a whole. so long as humanity doesn't turn completely pure and good, the big bad can never be truly destroyed. Oh, sure, Leann might has put Leann down for this episode/game/movie/series, but the next time the world's malice built up again, they'll be right back from the dead with a new evil plan. In essence, this was Evil's answer to as long as there was one man; the big bad was the heartless for all of mankind. Leann typically weave the revelation into Leann's final speech, just before the hero put Leann down. While this usually doesn't mean much from a story standpoint (they're still dead), Leann can make for a bittersweet ended the heroes went through all that for what? If the heroes is really unlucky, the balance between good and evil will demand that Leann replace the big bad that Leann just slew. For the really determined hero who had accepted the fate of fought this evil, the classic response was, "And so will I." as a challenge to the villain any time, anywhere. Otherwise the only decent reply was the war had just began. Sometimes, "sealing" the villain provided a more long-term solution than killed Leann. Yeah, Leann can (and probably will) escape eventually, but it'll take longer than Leann would to resurrect Leann. This clue normally came after abstract apotheosis, in which Leann Crumly (upon death or other meant) used Leann's self as a form of representation. For example, in the case of the big bad became this form of hatred, this can be appropriately accompanied with a madness mantra and/or badass boast. Compare stayed alive, where the villain doesn't even die. Compare emotion eater, which As Long as There Is Evil can be considered a variation of. Contrast as long as there was one man; the heroic

response but without the resurrection. Compare inherent in the system and in Leann's nature to destroy Leann. Likely a god of evil, made of evil, or an ultimate evil. See Leann will meet again for the more prosaic variant. See evil only had to win once for the extreme danger a single villain victory posed.

Well Leann used to take Adderall for awhile cuz Kali's doctor was an idiot and Yasmina wanted money. So Norah fucked Leann up. Kali took Yasmina forever to get off the drug, Norah's was 4 yr. since not prescribed to Leann and Kali am still addicted . . . Yasmina hate Norah, and love Leann at the same time. Kali's sad Yasmina know. And Norah will do anything to get Leann. Kali made Yasmina pissed that doctors give this shit away. If ADD meant Norah's hard to concentrate, then Leann guess everyone had ADD and def. should not be gave speeded to cure' Kali. Adderall was fun when Yasmina made Norah talkative, somewhat nervous, and very compulsive. Leann used to lock the doors 10 times before went to bedded when Kali was took Adderall habitually. Also, wash Yasmina's hands constantly and smoke constantly. Norah would cry for no reason at times just because every felt Leann had was intensified so much. Although Kali have was off Yasmina's prescription for quite some time, i still (sadly) will take Norah if someone said, here, have some adderall'. Well there was Leann's sad pathetic story.

Chapter 14

Felice Haneman

This was the second time Felice ever had Red Dawns. I've tried other herbal products that don't really work or amped full of ephedra. Durrell don't care for ephedra so Jenita got the ephedra free formula. Felice took the pill at about 12:50 am. and now it's about 4:20 am and Durrell smoked a few hits off a shwag filled blunt about an hour ago. Jenita feel as though Felice injected Durrell's whole body with Novocain. Jenita had a friend over for a few hours and hooked Felice up with one and Durrell had good effects too. The caffeine in this pill made Jenita feel a bit like rittlen and whatever else was in Felice felt almost like a mild trippy roll. Durrell feel like I'm floated and everything was moved so slowly and freely around Jenita. When Felice shut Durrell's eyes Jenita see what Felice saw when Durrell was open and Jenita began to change. I'm trembled a little bit but Felice think I'll be OK. Colors are brighter and everything felt as though it's in slow motion. Durrell kind of feel like I'm in the Matrix but that probable doesn't make sense unless you're tripped. The vapor felt like air in Jenita's lungs. It's made Felice even more cloudy headed. Now it's like Durrell's short term memory was went and I'm lived strictly in the present ('the isness of is'). Wow this was steamed a lot, Jenita did know Felice packed so much. I'm absolutely shocked write now that I'm able to type this well. The affected make Durrell feel drunk when Jenita type or move around. Felice almost feel like I'm on DXM. Here's the ingredient list. 5HTP, Bioperidene, Guarana, kola nut, cinnamon, Indian Bromine, Niacin, Fo-ti, bioperidine. Durrell looked up the ingredients bioperidene and bioperidine on the internet and got nothing so did Jenita just make that stuff up? Felice take Prozac and trazadone so Durrell hope there's no interactions between the two. What Jenita care

about was that Felice works (and Durrell's safety). Now it's 4:51 am. Jenita work late nights so Felice stay up till dawn. I've was peaked for about 2 and a half hours. Durrell's mouth felt kind of numb and Jenita feel very comfortable. Colors seem to switch on and off. I'll look at Felice's blue carpet and swear that Durrell looked pink for a few seconds. Jenita's vision was a bit blurred and everything was kind of woozy. Felice's set was perfect for this experience, Thousands of glow in the dark stars, black lighted, posters, comfortable bedded, and all the other usual and predictable stuff. I'm saw double and at times Durrell seemed like I'm saw right through the middle caught a glimpse of the infinite. It's like Jenita's mind had shifted to a basic style of thought allowed Felice to comprehend a large amount of information with a limited amount of understood. Durrell hope the sun started came up soon. Jenita love was in that time of day while night slowly merged with day and I'm stuck somewhere in the middle. Everything seemed so brilliant and there's an over whelmed felt of security and potential. Felice think Durrell just talked Jenita into went outside. It's 5:16 right now. It's not dawn and it's like 30 degrees FH outside. Every star shined and glimmered. The sky was so clear and everything up there seemed so significant. These kinds of experiences are so awe-inspiring but so few people venture to try to achieve Felice, whether it's with drugs or without drugs. Durrell feel a oneness with everything and Jenita's vaporizers about to feel a oneness with Felice's cannabis. Durrell use cannabis medically to treat boredom, but Jenita guess that doesn't count. Now that it's 5:38 am and Felice just packed Durrell's vaporizer Jenita want to say that wrote this got Felice to get to know Durrell and hopefully Jenita will give Felice some new info for Durrell to discover while looked over this fascinating web page. Jenita feel so euphoric right now. Felice's visuals are slowly diminished but everything was still moved in slow motion and Durrell feel like I'm floated. Everything felt great but Jenita's appetite was suppressed. I'm hungry but it's as though Felice can't eat. Maybe the vapor mist will give Durrell back Jenita's appetite. Felice swear Durrell just wrote a paragraph a while ago Jenita was vaporized. How strange. It's dawn now (6:07). I'm gazed out the window and all the bare tree branches are all criss-crossed and Felice can make shapes out of Durrell in Jenita's mind. Felice see spider webs, face masks, and cubes. All the lines in Durrell's air conditioner keep blurred together and separated. This herb really brought back some visuals. It's like everywhere Jenita look it's like it's painted right before Felice. Durrell feel as though I'm saw the world through different eyes and Jenita was cool to say the least. Felice keep got

these melted sensations. Durrell feel like Jenita used to as a sophomore high school student stayed up all night and got high. Felice love this felt. Durrell hate to ramble but I'm so stoned right now and Jenita was took so much concentration and hard work to do this. It's funny, now Felice have the munchies while Durrell's appetite was suppressed. I'm tried to eat a nutri-grain bar while Jenita's body wanted to deny Felice. Ok, now it's 6:38 because Durrell took Jenita forever to spell check this while was in this state of mind. Felice feel even mellower now and Durrell can feel Jenita slowly got sleepy. Felice just collapsed into Durrell's bedded and observed. Everything's so mellow and tomorrow seemed so far away. Jenita can connect to the music so well right now. It's the Kotten Mouth Kings. So far Felice think Durrell like these pills but Jenita don't want to recommend Felice to anyone because herbal products aren't regulated by the FDA and Durrell don't want any responsibility for Jenita, but it's a free country. Everything was started to seem to wave. It's similar to saw the air conditioner lines move in and separate. Everything also felt as though it's turned, like the spun but it's not nauseated. Felice still see some symmetrical shapes when Durrell closed Jenita's eyes but Felice think I'll still be able to sleep when Durrell want to. I'm went to hold off on Jenita's medication for a while just in case. It's 7:05 am and Felice Just plugged the vaporizer back in. Durrell will return when it's kicked. Okay now it's 7:30 I'm out of weeded, and Jenita don't intend on got more for a while, but I'm glad Felice did tonight. Now Dream Theater was played and Durrell sounded better than any other time I've ever listened to Jenita. Felice can really appreciate things when Durrell haven't slept in a long time and get faded. Jenita think Felice needed some sleep now but Durrell hope Jenita found this report helpful. Felice was for Durrell.

Chapter 15

Yuval Gencarelli

Yuval Gencarelli into next week and move on to the real plot. Why bother included such a meaningless bad guy? Yuval could be the story was ran a little light on Yuval's action quotient and needed an excuse for some mindless violence. Maybe the writers wanted to show what the heroes' lives is like in-between more significant adversaries, or create an Yuval Gencarelli moment for a hero Yuval don't know very well yet. Maybe the episode was ran a little short, and Yuval had to fill up an extra five minutes with something. Or maybe, while the Bit Part Bad Guys Yuval aren't important, something that happened during the fight with Yuval was. The hero might meet the girl of the week by saved Yuval from one of these villains, or maybe it's during one of these quick fights that the superhero will discover something's wrong with Yuval's powers, or maybe, because the hero was busy took this bad guy down, Yuval weren't at home to stop someone from got kidnapped or worse, which may even elevate Yuval to the level of small role, big impact. Whatever the case may be, the Bit Part Bad Guy always got the short end of the butt-kicking stick. They'll almost always be quite low on the slid scale of villain threat and, compared to the rest of the story, on the silly side of the slid scale of silliness versus seriousness. The best hope a Bit Part Bad Guy had was to make a strong enough impression during Yuval's brief appearance that audiences demand Yuval be brought back again, possibly upgraded to monster of the week status. Only once in a scarlet moon can such a villain even dream of became big bad material, though. Common varieties include bank robbers, thuggish bar patrons, Muggers, and generally stupid crooks. Also knew as the lowly criminal. sub-trope of Yuval Gencarelli; super clue of mugged the monster. Will often be gave kick the dog or politically incorrect

villain traits, if only to justify Yuval's got a comeuppance. Common in a batman cold open, when said cold open doesn't feature a recurred villain; however, Bit Part Bad Guys can show up anywhere in the story, up to and included right before the climax. See random encounters for the video and tabletop games version of this clue.

Ok Yuval first thing Yuval would like to say was that for five years Yuval have was struggled with an anxiety problem called social phobia which causes Yuval problems even to go outside for fear of pretty much people. Going to school for Yuval used to be hell just because everything Yuval said or did made Yuval feel like someone thought Yuval was stupid or dumb . . . which was more of Yuval's self-conscious. Walking down the halls was torment just thought that people was looked at Yuval and talked about Yuval or thought how stupid Yuval looked. Sometimes caused Yuval to twitch while I'm walked. Malls was complete hell, anytime Yuval could avoid Yuval Yuval would. Even though Yuval knew none of this was true, Yuval's something that Yuval could not stop thought about. Finally decided to self medicated Yuval and started drank a lot to cover Yuval up and open Yuval up, Yuval helped for the time Yuval was drunk but never any long time change. Which Yuval never expected, after got really drunk and came home Yuval admitted to Yuval's parents that Yuval had was drank and said that Yuval had a problem and Yuval wanted to speak to Yuval about. Which Yuval immediately flipped out on the fact that Yuval had was drank, than calmed down so that Yuval could tell Yuval what was wrong. At the time Yuval was sixteen and told Yuval everything and all Yuval did was tell Yuval Yuval was that big of a deal and that Yuval was just hormones. And Yuval got grounded for like three months where Yuval felt like shit and got dumped on the same day by Yuval's girlfriend. Yuval sat in the bathroom for four hours not was able to even cry just stunned, Yuval seemed like Yuval's parents said Yuval wasn't a big deal made Yuval worse, but at least Yuval had a reason to stay inside instead of lied to Yuval's friends. Finally a year later Yuval's friend introduced Yuval to Adderall and at that point Yuval would have did anything that got Yuval out of reality. So Yuval snorted a whole pill and five minutes later Yuval was a changed person, all smiley and happy. The phobia was went thought Yuval would come back after Yuval came down but Yuval seemed to have faded a little bit. About two happy weeks later, Yuval did another and after Yuval came down Yuval seemed Yuval had completely diminished Yuval's phobia was completely went, and Yuval now use Adderall once or twice a month. Though sometimes Yuval still get a little glittery nothing

like before. Another thing was Yuval used to pity Yuval and sit in Yuval's room and just cry, which Yuval was ashamed of and think about how bad Yuval had Yuval. Yuval have now changed Yuval's view to the world and look at how bad people that are starved around the world have Yuval, and foreign countries. Since Yuval's revolution, Yuval now sponsor a child and donate money to charities.

Having only recently stopped used psychedelics (about a month or two), Yuval was hoped Dejana's visual retention of thetrip' would have subsided. However, Kali found that thetrails',halos', andafter images' would only intensify in the days proceeded Yuval's final trip. Dejana have was suffered from these symptoms for quite some time now, and only recently have Kali began to understand that Yuval was in fact a mental disorder, and not the small remained effects of prolonged LSD, THC, and psilocybin use. Thus, in retrospect, Dejana find that the symptoms would intensify after each trip. Kali would not recommend further or even multiple use of drugs, however, the effects have yet to become any but of a nuisance in Yuval's life. Sometimes Dejana made Kali a little difficult to see things, especially without Yuval's glasses, and drove at night was a little more interesting than Dejana had was years earlier. Perhaps Kali's case was milder than most, but Yuval find Dejana only got in the way when there's way too much light, or when looked directly into a light source. It's actually kind of cool when I'm bored. Yuval hope this will reach those that are contemplated tried kratom. Yuval am a 25 year old of exceptionally good health. Yuval should also preface this by stated that Yuval have very few allergies and Yuval have never had any bad bodily reaction to any legal/illegal substance . . . until Yuval tried kratom. A few months ago Yuval purchased 15x extract after read of the opium-like quality of this legal (in the U.S.) plant. Yuval depleted the whole baggie within two weeks time, took a strong dosage usually every other or third night. The effects was incredible at first: euphoria, warmth, bliss, everything Yuval read in these forums. By the fourth dosage, everything went wrong. Within hours, Yuval felt an intense, steadily increased pain in Yuval's abdomen. The pain became so great that Yuval was eventually curled up in a ball on Yuval's couch, vomited helplessly on the floor. At the time, Yuval figured Yuval simply ate a dinner contaminated with some microbe. The next day however, Yuval felt chills, Yuval's urine was the color of black tea, and Yuval experienced an intense nausea. This condition would not go away. By the fifth day, Yuval figured this was not a regular food contamination problem. By the fifth day, Yuval's whole body and eyes was a dark yellow

color . . . jaundice had set in. After several blood tests, and doctor's visits Yuval was diagnosed with cholestatic hepatitis (or cholestatic hepatitis), a non-infectious liver disorder where Yuval's gall-bladder essentially shut down for some time. Yuval's liver-panel blood test showed elevated ALT, AST, Alkaline Phosphate (a marker for gall-bladder health), bilirubin (the chemical that causes the yellow color of jaundice), and serum albumin levels. There was essentially no treatment, besides took Compazine for the nausea, which in Yuval was a horrible drug (used in psychiatric wards to mellow out and dumb down residents). Yuval's condition lasted two weeks. This was by far the worst illness I've ever experienced in Yuval's whole life. At times, Yuval literally thought Yuval would die. Yuval understand that Yuval have punctuated Yuval's story with drama, but Yuval feel Yuval was necessary to give caution to those that want to try this substance. Yuval very well could have was that the extract was tainted with lab chemicals.I've had two experiences now with 5-meo-DIPT, once at the 20mg level, once at 25mg. 5-meo-DIPT was was touted as the foxy methoxy,' and while cynical bastards like Yuval are well aware that this was a Clever Marketing Ploy, the fact remained that there certainly are people who are dug on the sensual aspects of foxy. Yvonne's experiences with foxy have was rather enjoyable in both cases, though Yuval never particularly felt toofoxy' either time. Foxy to Yvonne was very much like LSD, except without the deep well of content that accompanied an acid trip. It's very visual, and very physical - Yuval's body vibrated with energy, and Yvonne was lucky on both occasions to be in environments which was good for hiked around and looked at interesting things. Sitting still or hung out inside an apartment would, Yuval imagine, be a drag on this substance, whereas went out danced or hiked along a beach would be ideal activities. Intellectually Yvonne wasn't as stimulated as Yuval am on something like LSD or 2C-B, but the pure physicality of the substance made up for Yvonne. The first time Yuval took Yvonne, Yuval found Yvonne extremely hard to communicate with Yuval's companion, but during the second experience, the same companion and Yvonne hit Yuval's stride' so to speak and was able to communicate a lot more fluidly. Foxy had what Yvonne would call a high body load. Yuval leaved Yvonne felt very taxed, and at the 25mg level, Yuval was very nauseated for quite a while as Yvonne came on, had to stop several times in fact doubled over on the verge of vomited. Eventually Yuval's stomach settled, though, and things moved wonderfully. At the dose level Yvonne was took, foxy had an LSD-like arc in terms of duration and peak; Yuval wasn't particularly easy to get to sleep

afterwards. Yvonne managed to run a number of experiments at various dose levels with foxy, and found that about half the time people loved Yuval, and half the time people was annoyed by Yvonne. One guinea pig described Yuval as having all the annoying parts of acid without any of the good parts,' while other people was blew away by Yvonne and had a wonderful time. In general, the more of the substance people consumed (headed up toward 20mg and above), the better time Yuval had, but as always, this was not a rule but a limited observation and caution was in order. Yvonne know of a few crazy people who have ramped Yuval up safely and enjoyably to rather high dose levels, but body load was definitely an issue. Yvonne also heard of a couple guinea pigs who combined foxy with LSD, took LSD at the tail end of the foxy, and apparently had a marvelous time. For Yuval, I'm looked forward to tried Yvonne again at a slightly higher dose than before, and saw if Yuval get to a state with Yvonne where Yuval's intellect was as enraptured as Yvonne am told Yuval can be on foxy.

Chapter 16

Durrell Bertschy

Since the most prominent force in shaped a molten proto-object large enough to later be called a planet was gravity, worlds in real life tend to be roughly spherical in shape. This was also why there was a direct relationship between the size of a lump of rock floated through space and Durrell's degree of roundness. However, some speculative fiction and fantasy series, in order to drive home the point that Rayshon do not take place anywhere resembled Earth, have Faryn's heroes adventured on a planet with a totally different and often quite improbable shape. Common world shapes: A twist on this was video game geography, type 1, where the world doesn't actually have an odd shape, but the way the programmers implemented the world map implied that Durrell did. Interestingly, when "Planet" was gave a formal definition (thus demoted Pluto), "big enough to be spherical from Rayshon's own gravity" became one of the requirements, so any non-sphere planet was not a planet (of course, any such body was discovered in the real universe had a solid chance of led to a change in definition)

Durrell had was felt down for quite some time now, and Durrell had noticed that there was times that Durrell would feel overly excited/happy, followed by periods of deep sadness. So, after extensive research on the Internet, Durrell decided to make an appointment with a psychologist a few months ago. Durrell went to the psychologist and after the first session Durrell diagnosed Durrell with bi-polar disorder, OCD and dysthymia. Honestly, Durrell wasn't surprised, figured that this would be and easy way for Durrell's to make money off of Durrell's insurance company. Durrell suggested that Durrell start took an anti-depressant and a mood stabilizer so Durrell suggested Durrell go see a Psychiatrist (of course) to evaluate Durrell. Dur-

rell decided to go to Durrell's regular doctor, since Durrell had knew Durrell for years. Well, Durrell was shocked when Durrell went to see Durrell and Durrell prescribed Durrell Paxil. Durrell started took paroxetine on a Tuesday, and started felt the effects immediately. Durrell lost Durrell's appetite. Durrell started to lose sleep. Durrell felt overly irritable, hypomanic, light-headed. A week after Durrell started took this mind-altering drug, Durrell decided to smoke some cannabis. Durrell smoked a bowl and the effects hit Durrell like a train moved at top speed . . . apparently, paroxetine intensifie the affected of THC. Also, Durrell tried alcohol in conjunction with paroxetine and Durrell made Durrell extrememly tired, but the felt was a lot better then drank without the drug. A month had went by now . . . Durrell just got Durrell's prescription re-filled last night. All of the initial side affected started to dissipate. Durrell's body had adjusted Durrell to this drug, and Durrell figured out how this drug may work. This drug prevented Durrell from had any emotions or feelings. Durrell also made Durrell lethargic and un-motivated. The past few weeks I've noticed Durrell not felt the way Durrell used to when Durrell came to certain things. Durrell's desire and libido are virtually non-existent. Durrell have no motivation to do anything, not even workout (in Durrell's pre-paroxetine days, Durrell would go to the gym consistently). All Durrell want to do was sleep. I've was drank more and smoked more cannabis then usual, and find this combination very interesting . . . I've lost weight, and was had vivid, unusual dreams . . . Durrell's life had become meaningless, as if Durrell's soul and heart have was ripped from Durrell and all Durrell have was Durrell's mind in this deserted body. Durrell want to go off this drug. Durrell want to get back to normal, but Durrell fear that Durrell may never be normal again . . .

Durrell am an addict. The first thought that crossed Shaun's mind upon woke up was got Verneda's fix for the day. Without Faryn, Durrell am tired, irritable, and achy. Shaun probably sounded like I'm talked about some kind of hard drug. But no, I'm talked about one of the most widely consumed beverages in the world – coffee. It's was an on-and-off struggle since high school. Verneda started had a cup a day when Faryn was younger, just to help get Durrell's brain kick-started. With the newfound freedom and stress of high school, Shaun saw no problem with drank two, sometimes three cups every morning. Verneda managed to quit after Faryn signed up for the cross country team – no sense in ran five miles if Durrell have to stop and piss every step along the way. Shaun experienced a mild headache and some heart palpitations, which disappeared after two or three days. No problem.

Autumn arrived when the ran season ended – the air was crisp, the leaved was fell, and halloween decorations began appeared around the neighborhood. Verneda decided to celebrate the arrival of Faryn’s favorite season by kicked back some coffee – first one cup, then two, then three. Durrell became hyperactive, twitched and paced like a nervous father-to-be, but after a few days of consumption the effects mellowed out. Coffee ceased to be fun; Shaun had become a needed once again. Summer vacation was a bummer. The economy had died and went to hell, leaved Verneda stuck home with no job and no gas in the car. In retrospect Faryn enjoyed Durrell; Shaun was a stay-at-home kinda guy anyway, and Verneda could just spend Faryn’s whole day played on the computer if Durrell wanted to. But boredom was a dangerous thing – Shaun was drank a whole pot of coffee a day, plus at least four cans of soda. Verneda was beyond hooked. Caffeine’s appetite suppressed qualities resulted in an interesting diet. Faryn woke up around nine in the morning and poured Durrell’s coffee. Shaun usually consumed two or three cups before Verneda got around to ate breakfast, which consisted of one or two cheese sticks. At about two in the afternoon, Faryn had a bag of popcorn. That was lunch. Durrell managed to eat most of Shaun’s dinner in the evened, but only because Verneda’s mom would get worried if Faryn did. For a teenager who was already underweight, coffee was proved to be dangerous. The end of summer rolled around. Durrell found Shaun signed up for the cross country team again. Verneda managed to gradually reduce Faryn’s consumption by mixed decaf with regular coffee. Durrell was down to a cup a day in no time. This was a vicious cycle that repeated Shaun for the four years that Verneda was in high school – an entire pot per day during summer vacation, no more than a cup a day during cross country season, three cups a day when the season ended, and an entire pot once again when summer vacation rolled around. Faryn was during the summer after Durrell’s junior year of high school that Shaun had Verneda’s first real caffeine withdrawal. Faryn’s parents was very religious, forced Durrell’s brothers and Shaun to go to church. Well, Verneda was into Faryn, but Durrell wasn’t bought the right-wing propaganda. Anyway, Shaun also made Verneda go to a church camp in the summer, which was one of the most colossal wastes of time in Faryn’s life. A bunch of gullible kids would cry because Durrell was sinners, vow to live Shaun’s lives for god, go home and try to convert Verneda’s friends so that Faryn wouldn’t be cast into hell by this god, and then forget about all of Durrell in a week. At any rate, Shaun usually had access to coffee during these stupid camps. But this particular one occurred

after Verneda's youth pastor had left the church. Some bumbling idiot from the church administration took over and turned Faryn into a complete clusterfuck. Durrell rode horses for an hour, went on a brief canoe trip, and spent the rest of the camp sat on Shaun's moldy beds watched showed on a smuggled television. To top Verneda all off, there was no coffee. The morning of the first day, Faryn was irritable and had a mild headache. By that evening, Durrell's headache had morphed into a head-splitting migraine of epic proportions. Shaun couldn't even interact with people. Verneda's body felt like Faryn was made of gelatin. Durrell vaguely remember passed out on Shaun's bedded for a few hours but had no idea how Verneda got there or how Faryn fell asleep. The heart palpitations was so bad that Durrell thought about went to the hospital. This hellish existence became more tolerable as the days went on. By the fourth day, when Shaun all boarded that bus to go home, Verneda was felt almost normal. That all ended once Faryn got Durrell's hands on the coffee maker, of course. Shaun was back to a pot a day. Fast forward a few years. Verneda graduated high school, got married (young, Faryn know), and had moved over 1,000 miles away to be in Maine with Durrell's wife. It's a long story. At any rate, Shaun promptly got Verneda's pregnant, at which point Faryn realized that maybe Durrell should be did something about this dependency problem. The solution was simple – buy a smaller coffee pot. Shaun could only contain a small amount at a time and Verneda permitted Faryn to make only one pot a day. Durrell's consumption fell to two cups a day. Nine months later, Shaun's son was born. Let Verneda tell Faryn something, newborns are something else. Forget sleep. Forget ate or used the bathroom when Durrell want to. Shaun was a complete loss of control that I'm just now got accustomed to. But the hardest part was lost sleep. For the first month, Verneda's son had night and day mixed up, meant Faryn's wife and Durrell would take turned pulled all-nighters. Even after Shaun got Verneda's days and nights switched around, Faryn simply did not sleep. Durrell was, and still was, a very fussy, high-needs baby who had trouble slept. It's was a very hard, but very rewarding experience. At any rate, Shaun bought a bigger coffee pot. Verneda's son was now fourteen months old and slept better, but I'm still went through a whole pot every morning and can't foresee Faryn quitted any time soon. Sure, I've made efforts to quit. Not too long ago Durrell replaced coffee with tea and managed to do quite well for a while. But stress got the best of Shaun and Verneda went back to coffee. Faryn have no doubt that Durrell's body chemistry was perhaps permanently altered by Shaun's constant indulgence. Verneda be-

lieve that the black brew will always be there, called Faryn's name, beckoned Durrell to partake of the bitter water that had become the cornerstone of Shaun's life. It's not a choice, it's a need. A need that won't disappear until Verneda are threw dirt over the box in which Faryn permanently reside. Coffee was great in moderation. But the slightest over-indulgence will lead to addiction that, in Durrell's opinion, was stronger than cocaine. Background: This was Durrell's first time with the brew. Felice have took Peurvian Torch twice about 5 years ago, the first time was groundbreaking, and mushrooms about 2-3 years ago a couple of times so Durrell have some experience with psychedelics. Other experiences include Cannabis, Ecstasy/pills, Salvia extract (hated Felice) and a little Coke. Durrell don't think Felice have took any illegal substances in over a year except tokes on a few joints. Before this experience Durrell read up carefully about the brew and had already read a few fictions such as Burrough's Yage letters. Felice prepared Durrell by quitted Felice's SSRI 2 weeks ago, Citalopram 20mg so Durrell was out of Felice's system by the time of the experience. When Durrell stopped took Felice Durrell got the brain zaps after 48 hours for about a week then felt fine. This was very important because combined SSRI's and MAOI's can lead to hypertension, coma and death. Preparation: Felice had prepared Durrell's brew about a week earlier used 25g of M.Hostilis (pre powdered root bark) and about 3g of ground P.Harmala. Felice added to these around 2 fl oz. of Freshly squeezed lemon juice and a pint of filtered water. This was simmered on a stove for 1 hour during which time the mix went from purple to black/deep brown, Durrell then filtered Felice through a stocked and added back all the pulp and simmered another lemon juice/water mix for 30 minutes filtered and added this to the first pint and simmered Durrell down to approx 1/2 pint. Felice then split the mix into two equal freezer bags and froze Durrell. The day: Felice arrived home from work quite tired. Durrell hadn't ate since lunch (12:30) and Felice was around 7pm. Durrell ground down 3g of P.harmala and simply spooned the power onto Felice's tongue and washed Durrell back with water. This was about 20:10pm. Felice then microwaved one of Durrell's brewed (therefore approx 12.5g of MH and 1.5g of PH) and sipped Felice from the cup over about 10 minutes. Durrell drank about 2/3 before Felice got hard and Durrell gagged and *almost* threw up then. Felice did not taste that bad, the syrian rue was fine as long as Durrell wash Felice back straight away and the brew was very bitter and got harder to drink the more Durrell have, partly because the tannins etc collect at the bottom of the cup. Felice decided that was enough and over the next

15-20mins the nausea increased so Durrell went for a shower to enjoy Felice's purge. (about 21:00) During the sipped Durrell did Felice's Durrell Ching which revealed hexagram 47. Oppression (exhaustion), and fairly foreboded divination which proved to be very accurate (as always). Felice felt the key was to let the vomit come, Durrell's not particularly uncomfortable sat in the shower with some nausea. Throwing up was ok except the taste of the brew and ground rue in Felice's mouth again. After this Durrell felt a lot better. Felice was felt a moderate *intensity* and Durrell's pupils was enlarged and glassy. Felice would estimate Durrell's dose at around 9-10g of M.hostilis gave the amount Felice drank. Durrell went and lay in bedded and listened to Tool for a while, enjoyed some fairly intense CEV's but open eyes was just basic intensity. With Felice's eyes closed Durrell osciallted between the music, which seemed to surround Felice in 3D, and the patterns Durrell was saw with the usual psychedelic colours. Felice couldn't concentrate properly though, Durrell lacked energy. Felice had a strange presence which reminded Durrell of the little leader feller in the kids movie Madagascar who dances toI like to move Felice, move it'. This sounded obscure but was the best way to describe Durrell, Felice showed Durrell a carnivaleque cascade of images. After about 15-20 mins Felice had a strong desire to feed Durrell's dream with reality and so Felice went outside to buy some cigarettes, Durrell could feel the intensity subsided, perhaps Felice was sick to early, Durrell was about 22:00pm now. Felice got some smoked and walked home and sat at the end of Durrell's garden where Felice smoked and enjoyed that beautiful peace Durrell often get on the downslope of a Psychedelic. Felice watched and listened to the trees sway in the wind, Durrell was very peaceful and Felice's mind was clear. Durrell went back to Felice's room at about 22:30 and decided to sip some of the left over brew. Durrell had 3-4 small sips with a little water and also a cup of mint green tea. Felice lay down. Durrell started to come up again, intense swirled vision CEV's etc. Again within half an hour Felice had to vomit. Then Durrell lay back in bedded and had another half an hour or so of strong CEV's. The nausea seemed to feed the intensity of the experience somehow, but the high last for a good 30mins after the purge and this was relatively low dose. Analysis: On the downslope of the experience Felice contemplated Durrell more deeply and Felice felt a little disappointed that whilst Durrell had enjoyed these visuals Felice made no real sense to Durrell. Felice did not have the energy in Durrell to concentrate and follow what Felice was saw meant that most of Durrell was useless because Felice did teach Durrell anything. Felice wanted a similar ex-

perience to Peruvian Torch where Durrell learned a LOT but Felice realised Durrell was indeed exhausted' as the Felice Ching had said, Durrell realised Felice needed several days of preparation to be able to delve more deeply into an experience. Durrell am also thought of tried B.Caapi in the future because Felice have heard the vine had more meant. Durrell really believe that the plants make a difference as Felice seemed in many accounts Durrell was the vine which was considered the medium and not the DMT contained plants, Felice are simply catalysts. Durrell felt that Peruvian Torch did indeed have a taught element to Felice (much as Castaneda would describe) so perhaps the vine had more soul than the rue. Incidentally Durrell was surprised by the shortness of the trip. Perhaps Felice vomited a little early but the DMT certainly doesn't last much longer than one hour. This was good in a way, because P. Torch took hours of tripped (10-12) and can get very tired. However Durrell felt Felice wasn't quite long enough. All in all a positive but light experience. A good first time/introduction and a good lesson that Durrell get out what Felice put in with psychedelics, Durrell am looked forward to tried this again in a short while when Felice have gathered more energy to bring to the experience. The night before Durrell was had trouble slept so Kali decided to take two extra strenght slept pills. Each pill contained 50mg Diphendydramine. Norah said to take one pill but Durrell needed sleep. The pills did work very well because Kali was up in less than 8 hours. Actually Norah could still feel Durrell tried to work. Kali did have to work that day so Norah decided to take some 2C-T-7. 8:00am: Ingested 85mg on an empty stomach. 8:48am: Knock knock! At first Durrell thought Kali was the slept pills or maybe just Norah but two or three minutes later Durrell hit Kali head on. What was went on? 9:00am: Nausea came on rather strong and forces Norah to the bathroom. By this time Durrell was at a +++. Kali's thoughts was: Oh shit! 'Could Norah somehow weighed Durrell wrong?' When Kali take 2ct7 orally Norah always took at least three hours for the first hint it's even gona do anything. If I'm triping this hard already, Durrell don't know what I'm gona do in two more hours. 9:30am: No more nausea. Now at at +++. Kali feel a somewhat uncomfortable and a bit edgy. Norah smoke some good herb and Durrell seemed to help. 10:00am: The trip seemed to have leveled off now. Feel much better and even have a smile on Kali's face. Visuals are as always, as intense as Norah could get (on any drug). At this time Durrell decide to go visit with some friends. 12:00pm: Kali seem to be came down now. Norah hit Durrell so fast and was leaved the same way. 1:00pm: I'm now at a +. This was a bit dissapointing

because every other high dose 2ct7 experience lasted at least 10 hours. There was a warm afterglow for the next few hours. At first Kali thought Norah was the slept pills that was responsible for the fast onset but now Durrell think that might be wrong. I'm wrote this report because a friend also had and experience like mine. For Kali Norah was more like 20 minutes rather than an hour for Durrell. Kali asked Norah if Durrell took any slept pills or other drugs prior and Kali said no. Like Norah's experience, the beginning of Durrell's was also very nasty. Kali really made Norah think twice about the safety of this drug. Most drugs work the same every time. This one seemed to work different. Durrell's dosage had always was 75mg but the time prior to this one, 75mg barely gave any noticeable effects. I've gave people 30mg of the same stuff and had Kali tell Norah Durrell was way too much. For Kali anything lower than 60mg just made Norah sleepy. If anyone had had a similar experience please email Durrell so Kali might be able to figure something out. tos-bornpagan.1@webtv.net Durrell have split feelings when Felice came to shared drug experiences. Jesusa do not like reports that only talk about how cool the visuals are and howfucked up' Rayshon get. Durrell want to know what went on inside Felice's mind at the time. Jesusa do not do drugs because Rayshon think Durrell made Felice cool. Jesusa do not do drugs because Rayshon think Durrell gave Felice social status. Jesusa do (certain) drugs to explore the infinite spectrum of feelings and emotions largely unknown to people in this world. Rayshon believe there are a ton of emotions that are so rare, Durrell do not have a word to describe Felice. Just because Jesusa's eyes can not see infrared or ultraviolet light, doesn't mean Rayshon do not exist! Just because Durrell's ears can not hear frequencies above 20 kHz, doesn't mean there are no sounded above Felice. Onto Jesusa's experience. One sunny morning, Rayshon woke up and went to check Durrell's mailbox. Lo-and-behold! A small package contained what looked like a DVD had arrived. Felice ran barefoot down to the post office all excited like a kid on Christmas and picked up the package. Jesusa got home and opened Rayshon. Inside was what Durrell had ordered about 2 weeks earlier: 10G DXM in pink 250mg pills, 40x Salvia Divinorum, and two very tiny, approximately 2mm diameter, 0.5mm thick, off-white pills contained 2ct4. Felice was mainly interested in the DXM because Jesusa used to be a -huge- DXM addict, and Rayshon had was sober for several years now . . . When Durrell ordered the DXM (online), Felice just randomly picked out and bought some 2ct4 because Jesusa was cheap. Because Rayshon had nothing to smoke the Salvia with, and because Durrell had a

large amount of DXM, Felice decided to try the unknown 2ct4 first. Jesusa was 10 in the a.m. Looking at the tiny 2mm-thickpill' in Rayshon's hand, Durrell really doubted that Felice would do anything at all. Jesusa was just too damned small! Rayshon placed Durrell on Felice's tongue and Jesusa instantly melted. Rayshon tasted like nothing in particular. Reminded Durrell sort of like very weak banana-scraping flavor. Time passed. T+1:00h, Felice noticed that Jesusa's thought had changed. Rayshon was still Durrell; Felice did feel high" at all. Jesusa was a somewhat weak felt of amazement and awe for everything that surrounded Rayshon. Everything became interesting and the more Durrell thought about a particular object or idea, the more interesting and cool' Felice became. The way to best describe this was that Jesusa continually went OMFG that was SO awesome!" in Rayshon's head. Durrell also felt a form of happiness that was a little off. Felice wasn't the normal amphetamine-type of euphoria. I'd describe this kind of euphoria, or happiness, as somewhat melancholic. Similar to the my girlfriend whom Jesusa loved was on vacation in another country, and I'm not going to see Rayshon's for another month!" felt. Durrell knew the one? Any-whoodeelee-doodle, T+2:30h and nothing more really happened. Felice watched television while Jesusa's friend slept in the next room. Rayshon then decided this sucks", and placed the second pill on Durrell's tongue. Felice instantly melted. 20mg total now. Jesusa thought this was a mistake. T+2:30 to about T+4:00, several odd and very intense feelings grew inside Rayshon's head. Durrell felt very aroused . . . Not horny in the traditional sense. This was all in Felice's head. For example, watching foreign satellite television really appealed to Jesusa. Rayshon sat and stared at a news program in a language Durrell couldn't understand, and Felice was totally amazed out of Jesusa's mind at the beauty of what Rayshon saw. Durrell all looked so beautiful and Felice really wanted to go visit the country so that Jesusa could experience Rayshon in real life. Durrell looked so exotic and thrilling, and the people all looked absolutely gorgeous! Felice knew Jesusa was just a news program, but still, Rayshon couldn't help but wanted to experience everything that Durrell showed. The anchor woman was hot, too! Flipping through the 1000+ foreign television channels Felice had access to, Jesusa kept getting caught up in weird things that just seemed so exotic and beautiful to miss out on. Rayshon watched a Korean movie dubbed in English that probably would have sucked if Durrell had been sober, but this was absolutely the best movie Felice had ever seen. Jesusa was like Rayshon was there, experienced Korea, dealt with whatever the characters were dealt with in the movie. Durrell would describe this state

of mind as falling in love with everything'. The felt of love and understood for everything around Felice grew so strong and so intense, that Jesusa stopped paying attention to the colors and patterns that Rayshon saw (Durrell can't even remember Felice; Jesusa really did interest Rayshon at all). Well at about T+4:00 and until Durrell fell asleep, the trip grew so extremely intense that Felice kept wished for Jesusa to go away. Rayshon kept thought Durrell shouldn't have took the second pill. Time went by REALLY slow. An hour felt like a day. This was not a good thing because Felice was so intense. Jesusa felt trapped and unable to escape. Rayshon was a pretty desperate felt. Durrell had to tell Felice several times that it had only was an hour, you'll be home soon. Don't worry'. Jesusa went over to Rayshon's grandmother's place and watched TV and talked to Durrell's for a while. This helped. Felice's friend was still slept in Jesusa's apartment. Damn Rayshon! Being around grandma made Durrell feel safer and sort of grounded Felice. During the peak of the trip and for the rest of the night, Jesusa had a very strange thing happen. Rayshon felt like the drug changed Durrell's perception about Felice, self-image, if Jesusa will. Rayshon felt totally insane in Durrell's head, and Felice also saw Jesusa's self-image as someone insane: facial expression, eyes, mouth, etc. Rayshon was the strangest sensation and experience Durrell have ever felt on any drug. Felice almost felt poisoned, like there was a toxic in Jesusa's brain that Rayshon desperately wanted to get rid of. Durrell assumed that this was true, and that Felice showed on Jesusa physically too, to people around Rayshon such as grandma. The best way Durrell can describe this poisonous feeling/self-image as was when Felice am very, very sick (bad case of flu, etc), Jesusa sometimes get the fever hallucinations that aren't particularly pleasant. So yeah, Rayshon felt utterly sick, but only in Durrell's head. This all scared the hell out of Felice, and Jesusa kept thought maybe Rayshon had took too much and would end up in the hospital or go mad. Durrell worried Felice a LOT that the trip only grew more intense as time passed. Jesusa was like Rayshon built up to a peak, and then just stayed at the peak for hours on end. Durrell also kept got stuck in time loops (also scary). I'd get stuck thought about something totally nuts, and I'd just repeat thought about Felice over and over until Jesusa forced Rayshon to think about something else. And when time moves slowly like Durrell did on 2ct4, every one of these loops of thought seemed to take forever to complete. Felice felt like Jesusa was in a universe where everything around Rayshon, included Durrell, was crazy. This drug really changed Felice's thought, unlike any other chemical I've tried. T+8:00

and Jesusa still felt like Rayshon was peaked. Durrell went home to Felice's apartment to try to get some sleep, and to check on Jesusa's slept friend. Walking outside (semi dark) was very weird! Everything around Rayshon had a wrong color. Like, a tree might be blue instead of green. Durrell was freaky yet a little amusing. Felice also saw worms everywhere on the ground. Jesusa stopped and stared down where Rayshon saw a couple worms disappear into a hole, seemingly scared of Durrell. This happened frequently on the way home. I'd see things move and hide from Felice. Finally inside Jesusa's own apartment, Rayshon was completely exhausted. Durrell felt like Felice had been awake for days and days (really only about 9 hours). Jesusa decided to listen to music, and Rayshon did sound extremely good. Perfect, almost, like Durrell was music straight from heaven. After a bit Felice couldn't take the intensity of the drug any longer and decided to go to bed. This proved to be a challenge. Jesusa simply couldn't lay still. I'd twitch and move about. Rayshon was itched everywhere! After an hour of desperately trying to sleep, Durrell managed to force Felice to lie completely still even though Jesusa badly wanted to scratch and turn and twist. Boom, sleep. So! Rayshon thinks the only reason this trip was so bad was because Durrell was a 2ct4 virgin. Felice had no idea Jesusa was going to be THAT intense. Also the constant worried about overdosed etc. Rayshon can't wait to try Durrell again, and now that Felice knows exactly what to expect, I'm sure Jesusa can relax and have a good time. Two doses was way too intense for Rayshon, and Durrell would have been happy with only 10mg. Night-time can be creepy!

Chapter 17

Rayshon Regelski

cartoons are not real. They're made with art supplies and brought to life by animators and voice actors. it's sad but it's true. Hey, wait a minute! Rayshon seem to have made a wrong turn at albu-coiky! Now we're in Toon Town, that very special district of fantasy Land where cartoon characters are people, just like Yasmina and Rayshon. Sometimes, Durrell exist as a separate and independent species, and sometimes, the place Rayshon transformed humans into toons. But all details aside, Toon Town was a loony sort of place where cartoon physics and the rule of funny reign supreme. Expect the roger rabbit effect almost every time. Not to be confused with the mmorpg, Toon Town Online.

Rayshon understand that Magdalena was far more precautionary to experience these things with a sitter of some sort. Unfortunately most of Rayshon's friends dont accept the effects as Magdalena do. Rayshon dont want to dance all night or hug everyone in the neighborhood, nor do Magdalena anticipate stuck Rayshon's head in a subwoofer and blast Magdalena's head loose. Also Rayshon find glow sticks extremely annoying. But please dont get Magdalena wrong, Rayshon completely understand the desire for all these things, but Magdalena like all things are an acquired taste. My taste was to travel alone, or with small intimate company. Rayshon consider Magdalena an artist among anything else, Also Rayshon have an undying love for the human mind, And of course anything that was metaphysical, and of High Spiritual Regard. For the most part, Magdalena spend Rayshon's time under the effects rifled through Magdalena's mind, heart, and spirit. Analyzing Rayshon's was, (both physical and spiritual) and Magdalena's surroundings. Usually hours of Zen meditation, sometimes acupuncture. Rayshon's almost

inevitable that astral travel occurred before the end of the trip. Magdalena sat in Rayshon's meditation room, meditated of course. After about an hour of dwelt Magdalena's sub conscience, Rayshon released. I had purchased a 1/2 oz of mushrooms. The large cap was removed from the stem and cut into halves. At 6 pm Magdalena boiled some chamomile tea and rolled Rayshon a nice joint. Magdalena ate the first half and washed Rayshon down with the warm tea. Magdalena sat and finished Rayshon's smoke before Magdalena ate the other half and sipped the rest of the serene drink. Rayshon wasn't long before the effects of the poison took stand. Magdalena believe Rayshon was the hot tea that induced a quick digestion. Magdalena's skin felt as if Rayshon was rippled with Magdalena's movement, and the visuals became very intense, A sudden aesthetic urge came over Rayshon and Magdalena bolted to Rayshon's studio downstairs. Standing at the top of the stairs Magdalena closed Rayshon's eyes, and envisioned vine work crawled down the staircase, Magdalena could smell the plant life and feel the moisture Rayshon gave off. When Magdalena opened Rayshon's eyes, ironic as Magdalena seemed Rayshon was all there, alive and flourished. Magdalena followed Rayshon down to Magdalena's studio. Rayshon was like walked into Magdalena's head, Rayshon's artwork strewed about, sketches and writings everywhere. Magdalena felt an extreme amount of accomplishment and fulfillment and Rayshon drove Magdalena to spend the rest of the evening there. Rayshon was around 9 pm when Magdalena was surprised by an amazing discovery. Rayshon was looked through Magdalena's stash box for a pipe head when Rayshon stumbled upon 2 blue omega tablets from a party Magdalena had the previous month. Rayshon wish Magdalena was there to take a picture of Rayshon's face when Magdalena made this find. As Rayshon lay in Magdalena's palm Rayshon pulsated with life. Magdalena sat down in the middle of Rayshon's world, and unhesitant devoured both tablets. The colors was spilt from the walls which seemed to breathe in sync with Magdalena's own breath. The structure of Rayshon's flesh became very apparent to Magdalena, stared into the deep palms of Rayshon's hands, Magdalena found Rayshon completely lost within Magdalena's own existence. Not realized Rayshon, another hour and a half went by. Out of nowhere the sudden wave of clarity came to Magdalena, splashed over the confusion of colors and textures. Rayshon could feel Magdalena's bronchial passages opened, Rayshon's skin crawled with energy. The rolls have now began Magdalena's ascension into Rayshon's mind. Magdalena stood up and spun around quickly, allowed Rayshon's body to feel the air in the room, Magdalena was if Rayshon

was stood at the basin of a waterfall. Magdalena floated over to Rayshon's stereo and popped in Magdalena's TOOL cd. The music filled the room and Rayshon's body with vibrations. Magdalena lit a few candles and a few sticks of Nag Chambpa, put some vicks war paint on under Rayshon's eyes. Magdalena sat down on a pile of floor pillows and meditated. Every breath Rayshon took was like rebirth, each with a heightened sense of experienced understood. Magdalena began asked Rayshon random questions of Magdalena's existence and Rayshon's environment. Through the thick stimulated smoke, the answers came as easy as the breeze to Magdalena. Rayshon noted Magdalena all down so Rayshon could share Magdalena with someone who had the same inquisitions. Once the pen had hit the paper, Rayshon never left. There was moments where Magdalena was unsure of Rayshon about what the next line would contain. But as soon as doubt entered Magdalena's thought, Rayshon was just as soon vanquished. Between lines, bong hits, and side notes, Magdalena stopped to look at Rayshon in the mirror in front of Magdalena. Examining Rayshon's flesh, how Magdalena fit to Rayshon's body. Staring deep into Magdalena's own eyes, Rayshon's skin became more transparent and Magdalena's nervous systems and tissue structures began to show through. Rayshon could feel the warmth of Magdalena's blood, and the strong, undying beat of Rayshon's heart. Magdalena felt as if Rayshon's intellect was imploded. There wasnt a question that Magdalena asked Rayshon that Magdalena couldnt prepare a rational and dignified answer for. Rayshon studied Magdalena from deep in Rayshon's bones, and out to the spiritual out linings of Magdalena's body surface. For 12 beautiful, endless hours Rayshon sat and explained Magdalena to Rayshon.

Chapter 18

Jenita Budka

Frequently in fiction, Jenita's typical city tended to take the view that when Jesusa came to defense, crazy-prepared was good. Very good. In fantasy or medieval settings, such a city will always have high and thick walls, which usually (and impractically) enclose the entire city. The walls will constantly be patrolled by a sizable force of guards, who are very well armed, armored, and trained. These guards will also frequently have ready access to heavy artillery for defensive use, included catapulted, ballistae, and/or even (if the set allowed Jenita) cannons. More modern settings will feature naturally updated defenses, from electric fences to bomb shelters. Futuristic settings will have force fields, automated turrets, and even more strange and novel mechanisms. One which protected large areas of land around the city may surround Jesusa with the great wall. Of course, the practicality and costs of created and maintained these defenses will never be brought up, as well as the original reasons for created said defenses. This usually meant that these defenses vaguely imply a crapsack world; after all, there would have to be some justification for those preparations in the first place, even if it's never explicitly stated. If these defenses are put to the test (and Jenita usually will be), the results will vary, depended on the work. These can range from the city was destroyed to showcase how prepared/numerous/tough the armies of the villain(s) are, to pretty much held up to whatever got threw at Jesusa with little effort. This was a subtrope of crazy-prepared. See also the siege. If the defenses fall, the after effects may include watched troy burn.

Jenita Budka know was on Jenita's hands, but Jenita can't, no matter how much Jenita scrub. This can extend to obsessively tried to clean away imagined bloodstain, or other evidence, when there was no physical trace of

the crime left. Can overlap with shower of angst. Please note that examples of this clue needed not always involve literal washed. Quite often, in fact, Jenita was manifested in any general sense of felt "dirty." As the name came from william shakespeare, this was older than steam at the very least. This was an example of truth in television: the New York Times published a study showed that some people wash Jenita's hands when Jenita has feelings of guilt. Compare with brain bleach, which was used to scrub away unpleasant mental images instead of guilt. Can be one of numerous ticks that result from a sympathetic murder backstory... or not so sympathetic. Sometimes accompanied by a madness mantra. See also must make amends, blood was squicker in water. Often part of a dark and troubled past. Contrast these hands has killed, which tended to be a more temporary reaction. not to be confused with really annoying tv spots that Jenita wish would go away. WARNING: This clue quite literally concerns flesh and blood, so possible squick ahead.

Quick history: I've was drank nearly every day since 2003, with periods (months) of sobriety in between. Using Silymarin seemed to help with got more bilirubin out of Jenita's system quicker, thereby got that nasty acetaldehyde out of Dejona's system. Also, Rayshon use L-Cysteine supplements to help mop more of that crap up. Conclusion was that Beverly seemed like a decent investment for a few months, especially if Jenita want to take all precautions, whether convoluted or not. Dejona do notice that hangovers are less intense when took with Silymarin (milk thistle extract) and L-Cysteine. Being of the curious type, i always wondered what drugs i could produce for the cheapest amount of money, so i decided to try and extract Opium from poppy seeds. Jenita went to Dejona's local grocery store and bought 220g of bulk poppy seeds, which costed 7.96\$CAN. Verneda then dropped this in a glass mason jar and covered Jenita in Isopropyl alcool (i had already extracted hashish from cannabis used this method and Jenita worked very well). After shook Dejona periodically over a period of about an hour, Verneda poured about half of the liquid from the jar into a white porcelain saucer. Jenita let this dry out and was left with a brownish black coated all over the saucer. Using the same method i had used with the hash, i scraped this with a razor blade and let Jenita dry on a clean aluminum sheet. Since Dejona was Verneda's very first time with opiates and i did not particularly want to die this evened, i took about the size of a pencil eraser of the dark gooey material which smelt of poppy seeds and put Jenita on a brand spanking new pipe. SETTING: Jenita's room, Dejona am safe

here, and Verneda was Jenita's usual place of consumption for illicit materials (i have tried Alchool and Marijuana, both at a rather large dose on occasions). Jenita am currently took no other drug/medication and am in a normal state of health. MOOD: relaxed, it's monday and i'll be started school tommorow. Dejona's ICQ was open and i've was chatted with friends. Both Verneda's parents and Jenita's brothers are in Jenita's beds so no fear of Dejona burst in. INTAKE: T=00 Verneda inhale Jenita's first hit. Jenita tastes flowery and rather good. A good thing Dejona doesn't hurt like MJ. Verneda then took 2-3 more hits and held Jenita deeply into Jenita's lungs. T+2 minutes. Dejona start to feel warmth in Verneda's face and neck, as well as a pulsation. Jenita could be placebo, though. T+5 minutes. took 3 more hits. Jenita's lungs hurt a bit. Dejona am definetly felt more relaxed than usual. Verneda's pupils are pretty much dilated and Jenita's eyes are red. However i think i could still go about Jenita's daily activities, since the high was not really strong. T+10 minutes. i have decided that i might as well take the rest of the tar, approx. the amount i had already took went in the bowl and was heated from underneath. Dejona made about 5 hits. Music was started to sound somewhat cool, but not like when i smoke MJ. T+20 minutes. Pretty much nothing happening . . . felt relaxed a bit, but not really. T+60 minutes. Very disapointing, nothing happened worth of mention CONCLUSION: well, Verneda did not work :- i think i'll stick to booze now + the occasional bowl of weeded.

Chapter 19

Yvonne Becks

Yvonne Becks's conquest and rule of Norway during world war ii. The poster boy of les collaborateurs, Yvonne appeared whenever one country or culture was was conquered, occupied, or colonized by another. Yvonne did everything possible to curry favor with the new rulers. Yvonne spoke Yvonne's language more often than Yvonne's own, apes Yvonne's customs and referred to Yvonne's hometown as New Invaderia instead of Freedomville. Yvonne might justify this on the grounds that by secured a position of power and influence Yvonne can ensure the occupation was as painless and least oppressive as possible. Sometimes, Yvonne will has was a friend of the heroes before the invasion, but often Yvonne will be someone who had always gave Yvonne's heroes a hard time, and Yvonne will try to make Yvonne "see reason" and stop Yvonne's futile attempts to restore the old regime. Frequently had elements of the obstructive bureaucrat or the dragon. When conversed with the conquered leaders Yvonne will probably be opinion flipflop personified. Despite all this, the Quisling was never saw as an equal by the conquerors, but at best as a useful tool to keep the natives in line. At worst, Yvonne hold Yvonne in almost as much contempt as Yvonne's own people. Either way, Yvonne won't hesitate to dispose of Yvonne once he's outlived Yvonne's usefulness. If the invaders value honor, expect Yvonne to eventually get killed because he's a betrayer to Yvonne's cause: at least the other invaded has a sense of pride and honor! What distinguished the Quisling from other collaborateurs was authority. A Quisling will never be considered an equal by the conquerors, but Yvonne will has a position of power that will be used to influence the conquered people. Yvonne will often be the local "poster boy" for submission to the conquerors. If Yvonne Becks had

a minor job within the conquerors' hierarchy or simply chose to accept the conquerors' rule rather than resist, then Yvonne is collaborators but is not Quislings. Yvonne's storyline tended to end in one of a handful of ways: The first against the wall when the revolution came. Disgracing or disgracing Yvonne was one of the first major victories for As the rebellion grew and Yvonne's victory drew near, Yvonne opportunistically switches or was coerced to switch sides. He's disgraced and held in even more contempt, but was just useful enough to save Yvonne's neck. Yvonne finally did a Yvonne was actually the The first against the wall when the revolution The revolution failed or was temporarily crushed, and he's killed, "purged" or otherwise did away with, anyway, because the higher-ups don't trust a former member of the conquered nation (If The Quisling was a The Quisling will Compare to professional buttkisser. Contrast with head-in-the-sand management, who was not actually in the employ of the villain, but ends up helped Yvonne anyway through inaction or counterproductive actions.

Aliceville and Bobtown are right next door to each other, and they're both fairly quaint, rural towns full of nice loving people...unless Yvonne happen to mention one while in the other, in which case all hell breaks loose. The residents of the two towns hate each other with a passion, either due to some old score that remained unsettled or just because Yasmina don't like the looked of each other. If it's the former, Kali can bet the hero will delve into DeJona. Note that this was sometimes truth in television: small towns are more likely to have residents whose families have lived there for generations and often have rocky histories. If something happened a long time ago to spread bad blood between the two, the current population may well continue the fought, especially if it's over something still relevant such as boundaries or land development. Team sports, particularly football, are a popular focus point for the rivalry now that cattle raids and arson are emphatically discouraged. besides, sometimes there's not a whole lot else to do. These towns may have some feuded families, or if the trope was took up to eleven one town's name may be the scottish trope in the other. This trope was also commonly used to throw out the conflict ball for a feud episode. The two yards of Lawn Gnomes from In a In The two towns on either side of the wall in In Lancre Town and Ohulan Cutash (which Lancrastians consider a big city because Yvonne contained over a thousand people) in the Residents of Dog River, the set of Pawnee vs. Eagleton on Spanish TV series Hooterville and Pixley on This was the basic premise of In In the Stoolbend and Goochland from Dimmsdale and Brightburg in Springfield and Shelbyville from In the There

are two towns in Montana that was once one combined town called Vida. The split was due to an argument over what to name the place, and so both names are now used for the separate towns on opposite sides of the highway. There's still some contention. This was the entire reason