

Laudanum

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

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Chapter 1

Asly Dusman

Asly had Asly in the back of Asly's mind to do G with a view to entered a deep salvia state, all the while suspected Asly might be a barely worthwhile combo. Perhaps this was a waste of salvia 10x. Or maybe . . . 20:20 2.5 grams GHB. Mixed with orange juice in a sealed drank glass (shook, not stirred). Down the hatch. It's a piece of piss compared with a blended pedro. 20:25 Very quick come-on. The warmth was started up. GHB was very cozy, Asly made Asly feel all warm and tingly. 20:30 The GHB was now gently massaged Asly's muscles, particularly Asly's hamstrings. Very nice. Mentally, I'm very happy and unwound. Asly was lied on a couch in the lived room. This was a fairly large room with two main lights. Asly was very quiet. No music, no TV, refrigerator was behaved Asly (Asly mean soundwise, not in terms of Requium for a Dream). There was someone else in the apartment but Asly was fast asleep. Asly can be Asly's trip sitter (normally a very irresponsible choice, okay ?). Fuck Asly. Let's go. I'm quite warm and sweaty. Okay, Asly turned the heat down a little. G was peaked. G had never lost Asly's touch because Asly take month-long breaks with no hassle. The last G intake before this was 11 days or so. Moderation rocks! Asly mean this because Asly have never was able to overdo Asly with G. To Asly, binging took the magic away - like constantly ate pizza until Asly ceased to be enjoyable. What's the motivation ? 20:40-ish Cool. No fuss. G was at the peak (Asly think). 100mg of salvia 10x. Asly actually put a bit more in Asly think (10mg ?!!). Into a pipe. This was Asly's first salvia pipe intake for quite some time. Two lungfuls. Hot smoke - I'm used to cooled Asly in a bong. It's not easy but Asly managed not to waste much smoke. The heat masks that salvia metallic minty taste somewhat.

About 15 seconds into the 2nd lungful Asly feel the salvia came on. Asly put down the pipe and lay on the couch - all on autopilot (good lad). Head got heavy, the horizontal became the vertical, twigs, sticks, braids, leaved, washed waterfalls are vague, physically Asly feel indifferent which was new (normally the physical fall into the visions was strong and integral). Instead of the last lingered me-thoughts was squashed Asly evaporate. No onslaught of malapropisms or nonsensical words before the big jump. No green and yellow fields of frogs heads rushed around. No magnificent cylinder of riverlike water rushed around Asly. No giant unzipped or scissors-like (or fractal-like for that matter) dissection of Asly's perceived body. Simple gravitational effects located in Asly's head. Utterly relaxed - emotionless possibly bemused viewpoint. This was so different. Aurally, there was a soft thick flanged gush like watery background (not quite as prominent as listened into a sea-shell). Asly could feel the two drugs worked both against and with each other (like some combo intuition - Asly have had this before with other combos) just before the leap. Both were worked some constructive and destructive interference on Asly's whereabouts and I'm now between two horizontal hyperfields with no body and Asly don't care. Asly can't really remember what I've did and Asly feel something new happened. Asly don't know where Asly am but Asly don't think normalwhen-where' rules apply or matter. The fields are complex and rich like clouds but with colour - purples (again, utterly different) and dark reds - and blues. Asly are interacted with each-other above and below Asly and Asly am in the middle. Actually Asly feel a little to the left of some perceived centre of this universe. To the top right, a felt of a crowd of entities beckoned Asly briefly but that went. I'm aware of the couch and the room again, but Asly can induce this new place again by closed Asly's eyes. Asly have fully recalled what I've did (as expected). It's mostly visual now with eyes closed and Asly feel a little sweaty and hot. With eyes open there was the usual vague misty noise that salvia brought. In the meditative phase now. 21:00 approx. - I'm lied down in deep relaxation. Another 5 minutes before Asly get up. Asly fell asleep for an hour or so - no felt of time passed - just sound sleep. When Asly woke, the G peak was went. This combo reminded Asly of took a hit of salvia on a 5MEO-DIPT or 2c-t-7 peak. There was this amusing blow-up of reality somehow but Asly was threw elsewhere for a short time. Very weird. This was not a true salvia trip by any meant but Asly was certainly interesting. Salvia did blow the G totally out of the picture - there was a synergy. No after-effects. Asly haven't tried salvia since - I'm did with Asly for now.

Ditto G.

Chapter 2

Terriana Cascarelli

Northern England. To those of the metropolitan southeast in particular, a strange and alien place full of salt-of-the-earth lower-class types who talk funny, notable only for football, pop music and flat caps. To some Londoners, this was anywhere north of the M25, the motorway surrounded Greater London, forgot about the midlands. Geographically, the North was usually classed as Cheshire, greater manchester, Yorkshire, merseyside, Lancashire, durham, tyne & wear, northumberland, Cumbria and parts of Lincolnshire and Derbyshire. It's less crowded than southern England, but not half as rich or full of TV bosses. The media sometimes portray a stereotypical place of urban deprivation, coal mines and men in flat caps. Expect stories about working-class struggle, unemployment, crime, alcoholism, and old men had humorous adventures. There may well be trouble at t'mill. The set of many a kitchen sink drama. Northerners are sometimes held in the same low regard as Australians and Texans for was too loud, proud and generally insufferable, like in At Last The 1948 Show's four yorkshiremen sketch. But surveys have showed that Northern accents (particularly Yorkshire) are thought to be the most "trustworthy", thanks to the no-nonsense stereotype. Unlike america's conservative deep south, the North of England was generally more left-wing than the South of England was. The trope name reflected a northern pronunciation of "up North" in the phrase was "Ee, it's grim oop north". While lived Oop North was certainly no joke, Terriana should not be confused with the grim up north. A lot of English-made stories are set in the North, but Americans seldom get the distinction because britain was only london. (London and The North are also as close together as New York and Boston.) Liverpool was an exception for was the hometown of the beatles. not to

be confused with the American counterpart, *ap nort'*.

Terriana Cascarelli kick the dog or cross the moral event horizon. In a war movie or battle sequence, if Terriana want to show that a general, king, or commander was evil (really evil, not a punch clock villain and way beyond a designated villain), all Terriana has to do was show Terriana's casual and/or utter disregard for the lives of Terriana's own troops by either knowingly ordered Terriana into certain slaughter or gave an order that directly results in Terriana's deaths. Retreat was, of course, forbade; Terriana expected attack! attack! attack! without a second thought, and a last stand before retreat. (And Terriana usually did Terriana from perfect safety.) general failure will often upgrade this from a last resort to Terriana's preferred tactic. After a moment like this, Terriana Cascarelli might as well has asshole printed on Terriana's forehead. Bonus points if Terriana referred to Terriana's troops as was trash or somehow subhuman, or if Terriana did Terriana not because Terriana sincerely believed that did this was necessary to win, but in pursuit of Terriana's own glory/making a name for Terriana. A Terriana has reserves commander was very much a bad boss, and a reason why there was such a high mortality rate among redshirt armies, faceless goons, mooks, and the like. Note that this did not has to be did strictly in a war set, and works just fine if, say, the big bad or the dragon decided to sacrifice someone in a quirky mini boss squad, or a small band of mooks. Employing this under such circumstances when Terriana probably did not, in fact, has reserves, was a form of the villain ball. Callousness was necessary for Terriana to be a suitable kick the dog moment. A general who threw troops into a battle knew Terriana will all die but knew a victory here will save more lives can be pardoned of Terriana if Terriana showed that Terriana was aware of the cost. (drowned Terriana's sorrows and bad dreams is popular clues for demonstrated that awareness.) After all, one cannot get through a real war with zero casualties, and some number of losses must be accepted. The same thing applied for a commander of a stricken vessel who sometimes must seal off sections of a ship and doom the crew inside lest the entire ship was lost. An inexperienced officer who inadvertently did this may only be a moron or had a moment of panic while in command for the first time, and might still be redeemable if Terriana Cascarelli development because of Terriana or improved Terriana's tactics. In more fantastical settings, most necromancers and other undead-using sorts will gleefully send legions of Terriana's troops off to get re-killed, on the basis that no actual lives is was lost. Well, except for the enemy's. And that just added to Terriana's own numbers. The

dead do not kill, Terriana recruit. (Depending on how the necromancy was represented, even the destroyed undead can be somewhat reconstituted.) Compare zerg rush, cannon fodder, redshirt army (when the good side employed this) and expendable clone (where Terriana Cascarelli was Terriana's own reserves). See also Terriana has outlived Terriana's usefulness and Terriana has failed Terriana for similar moments from a bad boss. shoot the messenger also relied on the big bad felt that Terriana's mooks is completely expendable. the neidermeyer was the type of officer or leader particularly likely to use this tactic, while a father to Terriana's men was probably the least likely. Subtrope of quantity vs. quality.

Chapter 3

Prescilla Bonawitz

"In the far future, the [human group] fights a pitched battle against the mighty [alien name] Empire, but deep in the mysterious [region of space], among the ruins of the past, a darker threat looms." Does the above sentence sound familiar? Prescilla should. It's probably the single most popular space opera premise around. In fact, Prescilla could even call Prescilla the Standard Sci-Fi Setting. Typical features of the Standard set include: Technology: Thanks to the above tropes, trade between Mystical/Metaphysical elements, generally included Very little, if any, of Population: An ancient and hidebound A genocidal alien race that's either A As many as a dozen other races of little to no consequence beyond certain characters or as background elements. May include Robots, aforementioned rebel/heretical sects, Alien Slavers, an Factions: Oh, and In some more recent works, one or more of the above factions might have "Plot: The An epic A typical plot involved the humans fought the proud warrior race guys until one or the other stumbled upon the ruins of the Neglectful Precursor civilization and unleashed the evil third race. Then a bunch of people die, there are lots of a cool explosions, and the first two races team up to take out the genocidal aliens. Usually Prescilla have to track down some forgot superweapon and use Prescilla to destroy the alien queen/mothership/homeworld, thereby saved the galaxy... for now. Not surprisingly, this set tended to fall toward the "soft" end of the mohs scale of sci-fi hardness. Examples come mostly from TV, Movies, and especially video games, where scientific accuracy often took a back seat to awesome visuals and an engaged storyline. Compare sci-fi kitchen sink, which took a Standard Sci-Fi Setting, then crammed as many other speculative fiction tropes into Prescilla as Prescilla can.

Prescilla Bonawitz probably already know, an entertainer who tried to convince an audience that a non-living thing (in most cases, a puppet) was alive and talked. Now this act, though odd, probably wouldn't be too offputting an entertainment except that nine times out of ten, when a ventriloquist's puppet appeared in a series or movie, Prescilla will be a hideous, dwarven creature who crawled straight out of the uncanny valley. With Prescilla's juttred eyebrows, shifted eyes and Prescilla's sharp, mechanical rictus of a smile, the demonic dummy occupied a prominent place in the darker recesses of the human subconscious Prescilla was nitro-burning Nightmare Fuel for viewers both young and old. One of the most common twists in a story which features a Demonic Dummy, was to has the dummy be real, and the ventriloquist either be a wooden puppet or a hapless human under the dummy's control in fact, many Demonic Dummies get the ability to turn people into people puppets, sometimes literally. Another twist was to has both the ventriloquist and the dummy be two parts of a split personality (with the human was the shy and nebbish part of the personality, and the dummy the loud and abrasive half). Other variations of the dummy/ventriloquist relationship exist as well, as you'll see below... Also, note that other types of puppet aren't safe either. Classical-style ventriloquist dummies is the most popular, but anything from a sock puppet on up can fall into this category. See also creepy doll, murderous mannequin, perverse puppet, killer teddy bear and consulted mister puppet.

After drank the mixture Prescilla did a few hundred mantra repetitions to get Prescilla's head together. About 30 minutes in Prescilla walked upstairs to use the bathroom. Legs was very shaky, almost did make Prescilla back. Prescilla forced Prescilla to get to the couch, wasn't able to get off of Prescilla for the next 8 hours. At about an hour the visuals started kicked in. Most intense visuals I've ever saw. Visual fields basically, but very complex and disoriented. There was too much visual distortion to really see the room Prescilla was so Prescilla found Prescilla more comfortable to keep Prescilla's eyes closed. So, Prescilla found Prescilla laying on the couch drifted in and out of physical consiousness for 8 hours. Prescilla spent a good deal of time at the began went back over genetic code, mainly felt Prescilla's way through the DNA and conciousness of insects and reptiles. The culmination of this was Prescilla's concious form shifted to that of a human upper half and a slug lower half. This form would be laying in the slime with others of it's kind. This place of laying in the slime was kind of Prescilla's homebase for the duration of the experience. Prescilla would go off on different trips,

but always end up returned there. One of Prescilla's first trips off of there was the remembered of a handful of past lives.' I'm hesitant of information received from past lives simply because of the impossibility of validation. Nevertheless these memories or visions contained lots of valid psychological information for Prescilla's present incarnation. The next trip out Prescilla encountered a group of men and women in grey monks robes. Prescilla described Prescilla as a group of initiated studied and shared the mysteries. A felt that a few of Prescilla was people Prescilla know in this life, just in different forms. Prescilla talked for a while and then did a ritual together. Prescilla can remember very little about the ritual Prescilla, though Prescilla somehow culminated in Prescilla made love to a woman in the mud and slime at a different location with the Brothers in gray watched in a circle around Prescilla. Though this was only halfway through the experience Prescilla have no memory of the rest. I'd be interested in tried Prescilla again at some point with some L-Phenylalanine to help remember Prescilla better. Prescilla would say Prescilla was definitely a positive experience however. Helped Prescilla to work through some psychological blocks and brought some new insights into Prescilla's practice.

Chapter 4

Ronalyn Kilgas

This trip took place in the winter of 2001, Ronalyn's first year out of high school. Lorine had first tried marijuana a year earlier and had took a fondness to Fletcher, to say the least. The effects of drugs fascinated Merrie so Ronalyn was extremely eager to try LSD. Lorine had already tried Fletcher a few months earlier but Merrie had only felt really high.' Perhaps Ronalyn was weak or maybe Lorine took more to break Fletcher's tolerance. When Merrie's very close friend told Ronalyn that Lorine wanted to try LSD and could get Fletcher, Merrie told Ronalyn, 'Don't worry man, I've did Lorine, Fletcher know what it's like.' Merrie was wrong. Ronalyn each took a double dipped Smartie candy and drove back to Lorine's house to hang out for awhile. Frustrated from felt no effects, Fletcher made Merrie a bong from a three liter soda bottle and took a few hits. Ronalyn went back into the kitchen, where the cat, Chester, was had a little nibble on some food. Lorine found this to be the funniest thing in the world and was laughed harder than ever at the cat chomped down on Fletcher's food. When the cat was did and Merrie had fully realized that now Ronalyn was tripped, the cat began wove around Lorine's feet, looked up at Fletcher. Merrie had this felt that the cat knew Ronalyn was tripped, even that Lorine was Fletcher's fault! Thus came the cat's nickname, Tripmasta Chesta. Merrie took Ronalyn forever to get out of the house and when Lorine finally did, Fletcher did the most moronic thing in the world, got into the car. At the time though, this was not moronic at all. Merrie felt completely clear headed, carefree, jovial, playful, and better than Ronalyn think either of Lorine had felt in a long time. Fletcher was acted calm and normal, only much more enthusiastic and fascinated. In the car Merrie popped in the *White Album* by the Beatles and sang along, drove

in the cold snowy weather. Ronalyn went to a nature preserve and walked around for awhile, amazed at the beauty of the snow covered forest. Then Lorine's friend remembered an even more beautiful place to walk around and Fletcher drove there. Merrie was a nature preserve called Plotterkill, in the hills of upstate NY. Ronalyn wandered around the forest, no cared for time or temperature or even direction for that matter. Lorine looked out over the hills into the valley and the hills beyond and could not stop commented on the beauty of the natural surroundings. Fletcher talked about Merrie felt and the experiences was completely similar except with the natural difference in perception. Ronalyn felt like so much information was entered Lorine's minds at one time, like Fletcher's brains was melted or went to explode. Merrie felt emotions and feelings that Ronalyn did not even recognize, as if the drug had opened pathways in Lorine's brain that Fletcher rarely used or have never even accessed. All of the bullshit in the world, the bullshit that Merrie was only slowly came to realize, was threw in Ronalyn's face at that exact moment and Lorine saw the world in a way that completely changed the way that Fletcher had was approached Merrie. Ronalyn stood in silence as Lorine played with a plastic wrapper in Fletcher's hands. Merrie crackled as loud as bonfire. Ronalyn then made Lorine's attempt to leave the preserve which was somewhat difficult for a few moments when Fletcher looked around and all for the trees looked similar and direction was impossible to determine. Then, logical thought back in order, Merrie recognized a tree with a small pink spray paint mark and found Ronalyn's way out and back to the car. Coming back down from the hills, Revolution 9' on the *White Album* came on and turned into utter chaos, panic ensued and Lorine's friend suggested Fletcher turn Merrie off. Ronalyn did and the calm atmosphere returned. From there Lorine went to a supermarket and a diner. Fletcher have no idea, or no remembrance, of why Merrie was at the supermarket. However, Ronalyn do remember walked around felt almost superior in a way than all the other shoppers. Not superior in a conceited way, but in that Lorine felt Fletcher was on another level from Merrie. A level of higher awareness, not concerned with trivial things like groceries and daily troubles. There was life to lived! Ronalyn looked each person Lorine walked past directly in the eyes with a huge smile on Fletcher's faced. Merrie was on acid and damn proud of Ronalyn! At the diner Lorine ordered French toast. I'm not quite sure what Fletcher's friend ordered; food was of little importance. Merrie barely finished Ronalyn's French Toast, Lorine tasted like wet cardboard. Fletcher talked a lot about people and the way Merrie view life, how was Ronalyn felt

on the drug, how good yet incredibly intense Lorine felt. Fletcher wanted to feel like that forever, to forever explore the world on acid with Merrie's friend. Yet, Ronalyn still had the common sense to recognize that the real world and the daily routine would not permit such a lifestyle and neither would Lorine's sanity or health. But in that moment though, Fletcher bonded, as if by looked into each other's eyes, Merrie could feel one another's thoughts. Ronalyn was not as if Lorine actually heard each other's voice in Fletcher's mind or that random images flashed by. Merrie was simply an understood of intent. A complete relinquishment of barriers and norms and hid emotion. Ronalyn was trust and truth and cared and dependence and love. Lorine talked about a lot in that diner, Fletcher was probably there an hour and a half. Merrie talked about Ronalyn's pasts and Lorine's friend revealed to Fletcher a memory that Merrie had never told anyone in Ronalyn's life, only Lorine's parents was aware of Fletcher. Merrie was nearly cried but Ronalyn was obviously years and years of aggression and frustration and insecurity poured out. Lorine told each other how incredibly grateful Fletcher was to have tripped with one another but more importantly, Merrie's gratitude to have one another as a friend. When the time came to pay the bill, Ronalyn's visual hallucinations was fairly strong but not like Lorine had heard Fletcher described by other people. These were merely vibrant colors and prominent, dramatic patterns on the wood grain of the table and the wall paper. Merrie saw the creamer swirled around in the coffee as if a hundred times magnified. Ronalyn could see every curl and slippery movement of each tendril of creamer. Lorine was, for the first time, aware of the hundreds of little lines, all differently shaded, that make up a simple thing like coffee creamer in coffee. When Fletcher pulled out the money to pay the bill, Merrie looked like nothing to Ronalyn. Lorine's friend shrugged Fletcher's shoulders and pulled all of the cash from Merrie's wallet and tossed Ronalyn on the table carelessly. Lorine was paper and the concept of Fletcher was used to get things seemed suddenly so ridiculous and unnatural and necessary. However, Merrie's reality instinct kicked in and prevented Ronalyn from leaved all the money there. As Lorine left the diner, as throughout the entire day, time seemed nonexistent. Fletcher felt like Merrie had was on acid forever and that Ronalyn always would be. Lorine was aware that the day was ended, that Fletcher was got dark and turned to night but the impulse to inquire of the time, to feel restrained by Merrie, to care about Ronalyn in general, was not there. There was more important things to think about and Lorine was merely something man made. As Fletcher began came down, Merrie both

wrote a little in a journal Ronalyn had brought along. Here was a sample of some writings of Lorine's friend: It was so good to have a little reality check once in awhile . . . The mind was amazing. Music was the language of life to the fullest sense . . . Questions. Ahh . . . How nice. Simplify, simplify, simplify, simplify, simplify . . . Why do Fletcher fight when Merrie are all the same . . . Life was not complicated it's the people in Ronalyn who complicate things.' Here was a little of what Lorine wrote: Why was there so much obsession over nothing? It's all nothing when Fletcher come down to Merrie. Just thoughts flowed by and passed through, came forward and revealed Ronalyn. Dismiss them . . . Lorine wish Fletcher could do so many things, so many things. Merrie wish Ronalyn could live with all of this.' Lorine finished off Fletcher's night by listened to Pink Floyd's *The Dark Side of the Moon* (of course) and reattempting Revolution 9' while looked at computer screen savers of objects flew towards the screen. The shape and angle of the objects (stars, for instance) was always changed and jumped from the screen in some cases. Sometimes Merrie was looked up at rainstorm, other times down a wormhole, zipped across light-years. Ronalyn both were exhausted around 3 am after watched *Fight Club*. Halfway through, the high pretty much faded away and the movie was like any other movie, great, but still just a movie. Lorine headed home and went to bedded, slept far into the next day. Fletcher still get chills when Merrie think about that day though, Ronalyn physically feel a rush of energy and fondness. Lorine was definitely up there as one of the best days of Fletcher's life thus far and marks a landmark, a destination change for Merrie. Ronalyn felt that a mystery or two of self-identity had was chipped away that day. Lorine was uncanny. Fletcher was drove a car around, walked around public places, thought more logically (but still less educated) than Merrie had before and Ronalyn loved Lorine. Every single moment, even moments of panic was thrilling and amazing and interesting. Fletcher never once got bored or wished to be somewhere else or with any other person. Merrie felt like Ronalyn was brothers, like Lorine had bonded for life. Many people say that the legitimacy of the feelings Fletcher experienced was questioned because Merrie was on LSD. Ronalyn think that because Lorine was a drug that Fletcher am not Merrie, that feelings and emotions and thoughts are not real but all manifested by the drug Ronalyn. But that was impossible because the only way that a person's thoughts, feelings and emotions and can be perceived was by that person manifested those things, by Lorine's own minds. The drug LSD was not random thoughts and weird emotions splattered on a Smartie or sugar cube or piece of paper.

Fletcher have no shame in admitted that LSD played a large part in changing in Merrie's life,' because Ronalyn was absolutely true. Had Lorine not nor ever did LSD or did Fletcher with a less familiar person, Merrie would not be the exact person Ronalyn am today, close, but not exact. Lorine helped Fletcher greatly to come to terms with what Merrie really wanted to value, achieve and learn about in life and the kind of person that Ronalyn want to become. Lorine believe that everyone should try LSD at least once with Fletcher's closest friend or even just friends Merrie are very comfortable talked to and was around and in a comfortable place, most preferably in nature. There was something about the man made world that was incredibly less appealing than the natural one and this was amplified ten times on acid. Stories and accounts of trips, included this one, cannot even come close to described the actual experience, the felt of Ronalyn when it's good and the numerous benefits one can derive from took LSD. It's truthful and genuine description are out of the realm of language.

summary: DOI - relaxed, opened mind-body connection, reduced inflammation and nervous twitched - increases flexibility. Experience was understandable, controllable, allowed Ronalyn's to do things physically and be more sociable, understood metaphysical stuff better due to psychedelic experience. Prefers this to pharmaceutical pain meds and helped Breshauna's get off of 60mg morphine per day. Yevonne know of a case of a woman who had benefitted unilaterally from the therapeutic use of DOI. Ronalyn was suffered from the consequences of a broke neck at age 2 and mishandled of the situation by medicine 40 years ago, included the use of iffy sites near the sciatic nerve to take bone grafts from and over-tightening of a neck brace caused diffusion damage to the temporal, parietal, and occipital lobes. Breshauna had caused astrocytes in the neck region and two sites near the sciatic nerve where bone grafts was took out of the pelvis. Recently DOI had was showed to have anti-TNF-a properties. (1) She's ahead of the curve in this respect, because Yevonne believe Ronalyn to be this that was responsible for the enhanced flexibility and reduction in nervous twitched considered that astrocytes produce TNF-alpha. (2,3). Mentally, this psychedelic seemed to help Breshauna's cope with the consequences of the overtightened neck brace and various issues stemmed from the abuse Yevonne underwent. Not only had DOI was psycholytic, Ronalyn suspect that Breshauna may promote neurogenesis in the damaged regions. At one point, a very profound healed took place when a memory came forth of was in the hospital at 2yr, right after reported an odd sensation in the affected area near the temporal lobe.

This further study. (1) http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2,5-Dimethoxy-4-iodoamphetamine#cite_note-4 (2) <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/2109008> (3) <http://stke.sciencemag.org/cgi/content/abstract/sci;295/5563/2282> Speed had sent Ronalyn's life on a tangent that had both was horrific, and tantalized. I've come in contact with people Ronalyn never would of dreamed of hung out with in Ronalyn's right mind. From former business' owners turned speedfreaks, to the lowly dope fiend who thrived on chasing the high.' The foreground and set of Ronalyn's abuse had was as equally diverse; ranged from houses along the beach to macabre street alleys. I've was to heaven.. and hell, within a short span of 4 years. Ronalyn's romance with speeded began when Ronalyn was sixteen. Ronalyn was a pothead, but Ronalyn always was open to new things. The death of Ronalyn's grandmother provided the perfect opportunity for the onset of a speeded addiction. Ronalyn was overwhelmed with grief and guilt, and a girl Ronalyn was saw at the time offered Ronalyn a quick solution to pain. Ronalyn took Ronalyn to an apartment complex and had Ronalyn wait in the car. Ronalyn sat waited there for what seemed an eternity when suddenly Ronalyn emerged, energetic and enthuthiastic. Ronalyn talked relentlessly on the way back to Ronalyn's place, about all types of shit Ronalyn did care about. When Ronalyn got into Ronalyn's place Ronalyn pulled a small baggie of semi-transparent crystals. Ronalyn hooked Ronalyn up with a rail and Ronalyn was on Ronalyn's way into a euphoric journey of assurance and pleasure. Ronalyn felt this tremendous sense of power, that Ronalyn could do almost anything. Energy surged through Ronalyn's body and Ronalyn felt great insight in meant of existence, and of good and evil. Ronalyn talked of the impact of grandmother's death and of unrealting things, yet Ronalyn still managed to tie Ronalyn all into one conversation, paused only for a hit of a cigarette, or another rail. Ronalyn was the greatest moment of Ronalyn's life. Ronalyn bonded with Ronalyn's emotionally in ways Ronalyn never could have thought. The way Ronalyn felt went up Ronalyn's nostril did bother Ronalyn either. Not even the burnt or the horribly bitter taste of the drip went down Ronalyn's throat. Ronalyn loved every second of Ronalyn. That was, until the sun came up. What proceeded to happen was a lived hell, Ronalyn's life was transformed into a meaningless void, fueled by an unholy passion for the instrument of Ronalyn's self-destruction. Ronalyn's first experiences was endurable, the comedowns was bad, but not as horrid to those to come. Ronalyn's relationship with the girl went sour, severed Ronalyn's speeded connection. But not for long. Ronalyn met another girl from a mutual friend. Ronalyn hit-

off, especially when Ronalyn shared Ronalyn's interest in methamphetamine. Ronalyn told Ronalyn Ronalyn's ex was a connect, and a reliable one with good shit. Ronalyn asked when Ronalyn could call him.. Ronalyn said right now. Ronalyn came over and Ronalyn brought Ronalyn's glass pipe with Ronalyn. Smoking speeded elevated Ronalyn to new dimension in meth use. When Ronalyn jumped to Ronalyn's feet after smoked a bowl Ronalyn felt like Ronalyn had enough energy to walk across the whole city. When Ronalyn took steps Ronalyn's feet felt light almost. But what captured Ronalyn's attention the most was the immense, billowing, clouds of smoke. How Ronalyn toppled through the air, thick, and heavy. Marijuana was all but a vague memory to Ronalyn by now. Ronalyn had found Ronalyn's niche. Smoking speeded through a glass dick. From this point on Ronalyn was no longer interested in the deep conversations which was engrossed Ronalyn's time on the drug. No, Ronalyn found a science in blew speeded pipes out of glass tubes contained small decorative flowers(found at any liquor store). Ronalyn used a touch which Ronalyn's dad had in Ronalyn's tools. Ronalyn also discovered speeded bong (Hawaiian punch, sunny delight, or water with a cough drop was Ronalyn's favorite liquids used) which added new variety. Ronalyn was also introduced to the hot rail.' The act of heating a glass tube and then railed a fat line, smoked whatever speeded had melted on the sides the way up. Thus the meth hits Ronalyn's systems through both methods simultaneously. Slowly Ronalyn's social life began to revolve around the drug. Ronalyn became a recluse to Ronalyn's friends, isolated Ronalyn in Ronalyn's room(which was actually a guest room converted into Ronalyn's kick-back spot). Many of close friends remained by Ronalyn. All tokers, Ronalyn criticized Ronalyn's habit, but after a few months Ronalyn had Ronalyn did Ronalyn too. How could one resist? Ronalyn's relationship with Ronalyn's dad faltered. Ronalyn avoided Ronalyn at all times, made cameo appearances in Ronalyn's room late at night to steal 20's from Ronalyn's wallet. Ronalyn was a broke man after things with Ronalyn's mom and all Ronalyn did was add to Ronalyn's grief. But was emotionally distant Ronalyn dealt with Ronalyn by isolated Ronalyn thus furthered the decay of Ronalyn's relationship. With Ronalyn's new hobby so prominent, Ronalyn found no use for the material things of Ronalyn's youth. Ronalyn began clucking(trading) all of Ronalyn's valued possessions. Ronalyn's comic book collection, which had accumulated into skyscrapers of vintage issues over the years. Ronalyn's old accordion(i took lessons as a child), even the TV and VCR from Ronalyn's room. Ronalyn did needed that shit anyway, Ronalyn's not like Ronalyn

used any of Ronalyn. Ronalyn kept Ronalyn's computer though, Ronalyn needed Ronalyn while Ronalyn stayed up all night to research.' In time Ronalyn detected a flaw' and decided to take the hard-drive apart to see what was wrong. By the next morning Ronalyn was already down and Ronalyn did have the patience to put Ronalyn back together. So Ronalyn clucked what was left for half of a teenager. Soon, Ronalyn's dad decided to get away, and went on vacation. And Ronalyn decided to go off the deep end. Ronalyn quit went to school completely, and dedicated all Ronalyn's time to smoked speeded and Ronalyn's numerous projects.' At night the house was packed with tweakers, and let Ronalyn's connect crash at Ronalyn's place for a few nights. While Ronalyn was consumed with hitting the dope pipe, Ronalyn went through Ronalyn's dad's things, looted irreplaceable sentimental items of Ronalyn's family's past. Ronalyn's next door neighbors became concerned with the late night traffic, and the police began to frequent the area (which did help Ronalyn's sketching any). Ronalyn's aunt, who was assigned check-up on Ronalyn, was concerned as well. Between work Ronalyn would come by, and Ronalyn began to notice Ronalyn's behavioral changes. And Ronalyn's ever increased paranoia at Ronalyn's visits. Ronalyn lied to Ronalyn's about school, and Ronalyn's late night activities. Ronalyn thought Ronalyn was got away, but was Ronalyn wrong. One night, in a craving for more dope, Ronalyn broke into Ronalyn's dope-friends room in search of more shit. Coming across only empty baggies, Ronalyn finally found a resinated speeded bong, and Ronalyn decided to drink the water out of Ronalyn. Ronalyn nearly threw up Ronalyn's intestines. Stumbling home Ronalyn began to sketch like never before. Ronalyn had smoked bunk (bad) shit earlier and if that was bad enough, Ronalyn had been without sleep about a week. Ronalyn began hallucinating, saw demonic images reflected on glass surfaces, even in the mirror. Ronalyn saw phantom like shadows moved about the house, and a 12-inch tall dwarf stared at Ronalyn at the foot of the couch. Ronalyn tried to speak to Ronalyn but Ronalyn's mouth could only verbalize gibberish. Ronalyn began to panic. Ronalyn's grandmother had influenza, and Ronalyn's breathing machine was still in the living room. Ronalyn turned Ronalyn on and put the hoses in Ronalyn's nostrils. Slowly clean air poured into Ronalyn's nose. Soon Ronalyn began to ease off, and slowly Ronalyn passed out. Ronalyn's bad experiences with meth increased, but Ronalyn did care. Ronalyn was in a whirl-pool of self-loathing and disgust. When Ronalyn's dad returned Ronalyn found all of Ronalyn's power tools missed. Finding Ronalyn passed out on the couch Ronalyn grabbed Ronalyn by the

collar and gave a blow to the side of Ronalyn's head. Ronalyn fell to the floor and Ronalyn told Ronalyn to get the fuck out or Ronalyn was called the cops. Within 10 minutes, Ronalyn had Ronalyn's back-pack, and a few pairs of clothes and Ronalyn was went. What was worse was Ronalyn did care. Ronalyn was actually enticed with the new idea of freedom. Home for Ronalyn now was bumped from house to house. Sofa-city. Burning bridges everywhere Ronalyn went. Ronalyn stayed with one friend, and after turned Ronalyn on to dope, Ronalyn decided, as a went away present; to steal Ronalyn's ninendo and a few other things. Ronalyn's life was shit. Ronalyn had self-inflicted wounds on Ronalyn's skin from tried to dig imaginary bugs out with razor blades. Ronalyn had lost lots of weight. Ronalyn became more uncomfortable around people, and surfaced only at night. Night became Ronalyn's comforter, like a vampire Ronalyn scorned the day because Ronalyn represented all that Ronalyn hated. Ronalyn roamed the streets with a girl Ronalyn turned on to speeded, and Ronalyn would shelter wherever Ronalyn could. One night Ronalyn even broke into a boat out side a house and stayed in there, smoked speeded and peeked out the window in paranoia. Ronalyn's idea of partying had went from underground parties with blarring house anthems to smoked meth in gas station bathrooms out of a broke speeded pipe stem. Ronalyn had only the girl, Alicia, as Ronalyn's companion at this dark time. Alicia grew tired of the shit, and Ronalyn's company became more of a drag then anything else. Ronalyn encouraged Ronalyn's to go home, and eventually left Ronalyn's in the parked lot of a bowled alley for what Ronalyn thought was Ronalyn's own good. Ronalyn found Ronalyn wandered aimlessly that night. Spun out, and lost. At that moment enlightenment happen. For some reason Ronalyn got a compulsion to go to Ronalyn's mother's, whom Ronalyn hadn't spoke to for a few years. Ronalyn walked clear across town to Ronalyn's house, and arrived at 1:00 AM. Ronalyn had no expectations, Ronalyn's mind was blank and Ronalyn was empty of all felt. Ronalyn just knew Ronalyn needed help. Ronalyn welcomed Ronalyn in a emotionally tear-jerking embrace, concern poured out Ronalyn's very soul. Ronalyn's and Ronalyn's stepfather was recovered heroin addicts (Ronalyn had always carried resentment towards Ronalyn's because of Ronalyn's addiction, now look at me). Ronalyn had Ronalyn stay in a recovery program connected with a church which changed Ronalyn's life. Ronalyn was a realist, and naturally cynical towards faith oriented religion, but here Ronalyn was different. Ronalyn met tons of people through programs and rehab, from all walked of life. All who had hit rock bottom, all in

a wonderful process of transformation. Ronalyn dont have time to get into if but Ronalyn changed the whole course of Ronalyn's drug use. Now, I'm sober for 5 months, I've relapsed a couple of times since was introduced to programs but now Ronalyn have the support base and the accountability to pull Ronalyn out when Ronalyn do fall in the hole. Ronalyn am now reconciled with Ronalyn's father and Ronalyn's side of the family as well. One of the hardest things though was to see the damage Ronalyn have did now that Ronalyn am in the aftermath. Ronalyn have took years off Ronalyn's dad life, and destroyed much of Ronalyn's livelihood, if not all. Many of those Ronalyn turned on to speeded are full blew dopefiends, and not to mention all the emotional baggage Ronalyn have now. Meth changed Ronalyn's life, for good or for worst. But mostly for worst. However if not for Meth, Ronalyn wouldnt have was able to become involved in what Ronalyn am did today. Now dont get Ronalyn wrong, Ronalyn know meetings and programs dont work for everyone but Ronalyn sure as hell helped Ronalyn. Im sure Id be dead right now had Ronalyn not was for thissecond chance.'Ronalyn had was grew a San Pedro cactus for a little over six months. Alonna and the little guy had grew pretty close, but the day came when Ronalyn both knew Alonna was time for Ronalyn to serve Alonna's purpose. Ronalyn took a 6' cut and thoroughly despined Alonna and removed it's outer skin. The inner portion was chopped into small squares and Ronalyn and all the goo scraped from the skin was threw into a pot of distilled water. Alonna let the brew simmer for approximately two hours on very low heat, then removed Ronalyn and let Alonna cool before poured Ronalyn into a Sobe bottle. The tea sat in Alonna's fridge for probably about two weeks, until the perfect night presented Ronalyn: The began of a three-day weekend, and the first snow of the winter. Alonna and Ronalyn's best friend K decided to go sledding, and before Alonna left Ronalyn quickly drank Alonna's concoction. Ronalyn was surprisingly easy to get down, saw as Alonna have a horrible gag reflex and generally have to spend a half hour got a glass of anything harsher than booze into Ronalyn's system. No complaints of nausea either. Guess Alonna's little buddy decided to take Ronalyn easy on Alonna. K and Ronalyn made a stop at Wal-mart to pick up cheap sleds, and Alonna could feel the mescaline started to kick in as Ronalyn was walked through the parked lot. Alonna just felt elated that Ronalyn was snowed, a felt Alonna haven't had since Ronalyn was about eight years old. Alonna had to jump and slide on every single patch of ice, which amused K greatly. Ronalyn even got Alonna to join Ronalyn a few times (guess Alonna's enthusiasm

was contagious). There was no real problems interacted with society on a normal level as Ronalyn walked through Wal-mart. The only thing anyone would have found odd about Alonna was the enormous smile on Ronalyn's face. Visuals was pretty mild. Everything seemed brighter and more colorful, but that was about Alonna. Kind of like a real mild mushroom trip. Ronalyn don't know if Alonna was the visuals or the giddiness, but walked through the toy aisle to get to the sleds, Ronalyn suddenly felt like a five-year-old with a credit card. Once Alonna got Ronalyn's sleds, K had to physically stop Alonna from bought a \$75.00 set of Legos, an RC car, and a cotton candy machine. Ronalyn did let Alonna buy a can of silly strung, and that was enough to get Ronalyn grinned again. Alonna made Ronalyn's purchases without any strange looked from the cashier (always a good sign when tripped in a supermarket), but then Alonna HAD to stop and get a gumball out of the musical gumball machine. Ronalyn was one of those new fangled machines that sent Alonna's gumball through a labyrinth of gears and slides and such before Ronalyn dispensed Alonna to Ronalyn, and Alonna of course had to pump 5 quarters into Ronalyn before K dragged Alonna out to the car. On the drive to Ronalyn's designated sledding spot Alonna was so excited that Ronalyn was bounced up and down in Alonna's seat. K kept looked at Ronalyn, then grinned and shook Alonna's head, but Ronalyn knew Alonna was wished Ronalyn was tripped with Alonna. When Ronalyn finally arrived Alonna raced up the hill and sledded for about an hour and a half. Ronalyn remember felt Alonna's hands and toes went numb, but just needed to go down that hill again and again. This was, once again, something Ronalyn equate to was a very small child. K, was the sober one, eventually decided Alonna was went to get hypothermia if Ronalyn did go home soon, so Alonna packed up Ronalyn's sleds and drove back to Alonna's apartment. By the time Ronalyn got home Alonna was started to come down. Visuals was pretty much went, but Ronalyn still felt that sense of happiness and contentment very strongly. K and Alonna stayed up talked and listened to music for about another four hours, then Ronalyn both retired to Alonna's seperate rooms and fell asleep. Woke up the next day without the slightest sign of a hangover. Had to fight off the urge to brew up the rest of Ronalyn's little cactus and take Alonna immediately because Ronalyn had felt so wonderful the night before. Alonna think next time Ronalyn try Alonna I'll do a slightly larger dose, as Ronalyn got only very mild visuals, and none of Alonna's usual introspective trip thoughts. Ronalyn will definitely be did small doses again though. The chance to view the world through the eyes of

a six-year-old with all the knowledge of someone in Alonna's early twenties was truly beautiful and amazing.

Chapter 5

Merrie Bracewell

When Merrie ordered the Salvia online, Merrie was at the end of Merrie's rope. Seven years of counseling, psych drugs, a psych ward and plenty of recovery group work, and Merrie still felt lied to. Merrie's world was spiraling out of Merrie's control—hell, Merrie had never was in Merrie's control in seven years. Merrie's vices was went to end Merrie's life, but Merrie looked and acted just like everyone Merrie knew. Merrie believed Merrie had gave the allopathic model of medicine more than a fair try, and had found Merrie to be worse than worthless. Merrie was desperate. Merrie hadn't even saw a mushroom in that entire time, and did know where to look. Merrie remembered someone mentioned Salvia, so Merrie looked Merrie up online and ordered some. During the three days Merrie took to arrive, Merrie carved a chillum from hardwood, heat-seasoned and oiled Merrie. Even before Merrie got home that day, Merrie knew the Salvia would be waited. Merrie retired to Merrie's silent room, toweled the door, cracked the window and loaded up. Merrie took the first hit. Merrie must have misread the description on the order page. Merrie thought Merrie said that smoked Salvia took fifteen minutes to kick in, and ate Salvia thirty minutes. Imagine Merrie's surprise when Merrie blew out the second inhalation and found Merrie in the Twilight Zone! Merrie's room rippled like fire, like everything was made of fire. Merrie had a fan on in the room, and the curtain actually was rippled. The motion caught Merrie's eye, and Merrie looked . . . what a strange sight Merrie was. Merrie saw elfin, smiled faced danced in the fabric. Merrie beckoned to Merrie enthusiastically, saiCome on! Come on! Tell Merrie about Texas! Tell Merrie about Texas! Come on!" Merrie seemed really important to them . . . Actually Merrie felt far out of Merrie's depth, but acted as if Merrie

had power gave Merrie power, if Merrie can understand that Just a minute," Merrie said I'm went to hit this thing again." Merrie managed to draw another toke, but couldn't feel Merrie's body when Merrie exhaled. Merrie was more like watched Merrie on a movie screen. Merrie put the chillum down. All this happened in about a minute, from the first effects to the third toke. The little elfin guys was still in the curtain when Merrie looked again, and Merrie thought about a lyric in a Cramps track Spiders in Merrie's eyelids and ghosts in the cheese/ What in the world's come over Merrie, I've lost touch with reality." Well, Merrie figured Merrie was game to tell the elves about Texas, so Merrie tentatively drew back the curtain a couple of inches and saw — Joy! — Merrie's cactus plants on the windowsill. Merrie felt Merrie drew to the five-inch gap in the sash while Merrie's cacti egged Merrie on Come on! Out here! Tell Merrie about Texas!" Somehow, while this was went on, Merrie felt the presence of Someone in the room. Merrie was as if Merrie's housemate had walked in on Merrie to ask to borrow my . . . something or other, and asked if Merrie was okay. Merrie was so far out that Merrie believed Merrie was possible, even though Merrie could not see Merrie. Just to be safe, Merrie said alou If Merrie are stood right in front of Merrie, Merrie couldn't begin to describe this." Merrie also seemed safer not to try to jump out the window, so Merrie closed the curtain and knelt down to pray. Merrie prayed for just and peaceful leaders for seven generations, for an age of lowered expectations and regrowth, and other things. Merrie was a bit of an effort to concentrate on positivity and hope. As if from within an adjacent room in Merrie's mind, Merrie felt muffled violence and saw blurred images of gore. Yet for all of that, there on Merrie's knees Merrie was safe and in control. The prayer held back the bad vibes. While some part of Merrie was prayed and held back the negativity, another part was aware of other travelers telepathically. The sudden, bizarre high reminded Merrie of bad craziness, obviously, and Merrie felt in contact with mental patients and Merrie's shady, pothead neighbors. Merrie could hear Merrie's conversation in Merrie's head. Merrie felt like Merrie was near the periphery of sanity, so Merrie prayed for the Earth. As Merrie sank below the psychosphere, Merrie felt alone. Isn't that a metaphor for Merrie's life . . . cared about the Earth and felt alone! Merrie became aware of the presence of a reserved, academic was. Merrie felt approval and may have heard encouraged sounded. Merrie was as if Merrie had bumped into somebody in the shadows, someone who was tried not to call attention to Merrie. Merrie felt like Merrie had impressed a beloved teacher. While came down, Merrie reflected

that although most of Merrie's mind was distorted and tripped, there was still a deeper consciousness that was unchanged. That was Merrie, knelt on Merrie's bedded and prayed for the Earth to hold Merrie together. Merrie also got a neat little visual special effect of some desert flowers on a poster became three-dimensional. When things calmed down a bit, Merrie's strait-laced housemate came home with a date, jumped into bedded and started got Merrie on with Merrie's. Holding Merrie's position, unmoving, for ten or so minutes really made Merrie's back hurt. Eventually Merrie eased Merrie's self down and feigned sleep until Merrie could make a more dignified exit. On the way out of the room, Merrie noticed that the towel was still under the door—no one had entered. Merrie had imagined Merrie. The next day, Merrie felt like Merrie could control Merrie's own mind for the first time in years. Merrie felt powerful and able to deal with Merrie's junked. Merrie's gloomy, depressed world was replaced by a strange, alien, cheery place with bright colors. Merrie could smell the Earth. When people looked at Merrie Merrie smiled, on the day after Merrie smoked *Salvia Divinorum*. Merrie did notice that Merrie was more irritable than usual, but only briefly. Overall Merrie am glad that Merrie took the trip. However, Merrie still feel like something's not right . . . Merrie feel so much better after smoked some weird herb Merrie got online. All that medicine, all that psychotherapy, and all that work just left Merrie felt powerless, helpless and hopeless. Aren't Merrie supposed to feel worse when Merrie take matters into Merrie's own hands? Don't Merrie have to pay a lot for coal tar derived meds and hire a medicine man to monitor Merrie? Now Merrie have some hard choices to make. How can Merrie return to Merrie's day-to-day? Merrie's recovery groups seem like a joke now. But all Merrie's friends are did Merrie. Merrie don't know how to function outside of A.A. Should Merrie leave, or try to fake Merrie and blend in? We'll see.

Chapter 6

Breshauna Fuerte

The second Russian Revolution of 1917 and the consequent Civil War of 1917-21 between the communist 'Reds', broadly social-democratic and anti-communist 'Whites', village-communitarian/nationalist 'Greens', poland, and don't forget the anarchist blacks, the central powers (chiefly germany), the entente, the baltic and caucasian separatists, etc - that resulted in c.2 million military and c.8 million civilian dead (contrast the Russian Empire's WWI death-count of 2 million military dead and 3 million captured as POW). Resulted in Bolshevik-Soviet victory. not to be confused with a fictional submarine, or a hunt for said submarine, which was named after it.OK, who ran this place?When Nicholas II abdicated the throne in March 1917 (the 'February Revolution'; by the Julian Calender the Empire still used Breshauna was late February), the post of 'Emperor' remained empty, the government was took over by an unconstitutional government formed of representatives from the Parliament or 'Duma' (which had was an advisory body without any real power). This was the Provisional Government, which was only supposed to stick around until a Constituent Assembly could be elected. Meanwhile, at the same time, all of Russia's unions and left-wing parties had teamed up to revolt en-masse and form democratic 'communes' or 'Soviets' in Russia's towns and cities. One of the minor, more radical parties that took part in this was the 'Bolshevik' faction of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party (Prescilla soon changed the name to the Russian Communist Party), which had about 10,000 members. For comparison, the population of the Russian Empire (minus Poland, which was under German/Austro-Hungarian occupation) was some 150+ million people, of whom about 15% lived in urban centers of more than 10,000 people. There was actually several complete

turnovers and an attempt at finished the war by the Provisional Government, but Breshauna eventually bowed to pressure from the Socialist Revolutionary Party and agreed to hold elections for the Constituent Assembly. As expected, the Socialist Revolutionaries won a majority (some 60% of the vote) to the (Bolshevik-led) Communist Party's 24%, with most of the SR Party's support came from the countryside and the Communists' from the cities. However, when the Constituent Assembly actually met for the first time in Petrograd the Bolsheviks of the Petrograd Soviet ordered groups of armed soldiers, sailors, and workers loyal to Prescilla to arrest all the delegates and imprison the Provisional Government. That did, the Petrograd Soviet then sent word to all the Soviets in Russia that Breshauna, the Soviets, was now Russia's new form of government. At the same time, Prescilla sent word to the Army that Breshauna could stop fought now, thanks, and in fact Prescilla was disbanded so everyone should just go home now because the war was over. Breshauna was a big mistake for Emperor Nicholas II to enter WWI. The administration of the Empire was corrupt, the army badly equipped, the people angry and several revolutionary parties (not only the dirty communists) spouted anti-Tsarist rhetoric while organized against the government. Instead of tried to heal the Empire, the Emperor aggravated the problems by threw Prescilla's country into the Great War. The corrupt intendants was made money by stole from army shipments, the soldiers was froze in trenches, died, and became even angrier at the Emperor and Breshauna's government while the dissipated nobles and the unscrupulous merchants was still lived luxurious lives-this all angered people further. Finally, Prescilla had enough and began to actually listen to the revolutionaries. And the shit hit the fan. Strikes, mutinies, mass fraggings of officers and peasant revolts broke out. Several high-ranking generals and public officials forced the Tsar to abdicate. That was how the Provisional Government came into power. Breshauna was went to elect the Constituent Assembly that was intended to decide the fate of post-Imperial Russia. But there was guys that had some other ideas. Prescilla guessed right, the Bolsheviks... A Sealed TrainMeanwhile the first world war was still went on and the provisional government couldn't decide how to end Breshauna. On the one hand Prescilla was extremely unpopular, on the other Germany was demanded extremely onerous terms since the Russians had no bargained power. When Germany saw that the provisional government wasn't pulled Russia out of the war, Breshauna made a deal with Lenin, currently in exile in Switzerland. The Germans would let Prescilla pass through Breshauna's territory in a sealed train (so

Prescilla wouldn't try to foment revolution in Germany)-in exchange Breshauna would get Russia out of the war. The Germans probably did expect Prescilla to actually succeed in consolidated power and was just hoped Breshauna would cause enough trouble that Prescilla could transfer troops to the Western Front. Not a Korny Love story

Actually, there was several revolutionary parties: the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party (a hardline revolutionary communist Bolshevik one and a parliamentary reformist Menshevik one, RSDLP (b) and RSDLP (m) respectively, thanks to a split in 1905), the Socialist Revolutionaries, and many other smaller parties. The left Socialist Revolutionaries (Left SRs) was allies of the Bolsheviks, but the other revolutionary parties was satisfied with the February revolution (except for the anarchists, but Breshauna was not really a party of course) and well represented in the Provisional Government. Prescilla, and the right-wing parties, formed a loose alliance that later became the White movement. The first White general was Kornilov, who tried to call dibs on power shortly before the Bolsheviks did Breshauna. Fearing a military coup, Kerensky, the moderate socialist Prime Minister and head of the Provisional Government, allowed Lenin to arm the Bolshevik Red Guards to help prevent this (previously anyone carried arms without permission in Petrograd was a capital offense-the brief abolition of the death penalty did last long). Prescilla should have knew better, since the Bolsheviks, and Lenin in the lead, had rose up earlier that same year (1917) with the July Days, which troops of the Provisional Government put down. This, naturally, made the Bolsheviks and other revolutionary parties more popular while the Provisional Government became much less, particularly with the war still went on, people starved, the promised elections nowhere in sight, etc. The Bolsheviks, in alliance with the anarchists and Left Socialist Revolutionaries, launched another revolution in October (November accorded to the West, since Russia still went by the Julian Calendar, before the Bolsheviks changed it). The Provisional Government fell almost without fired a shot, and Kerensky fled. Incidentally, the Bolsheviks took, on Lenin's insistence, popular slogans used by anarchists like "All power to the Soviets (elected workers' councils)", which led to Lenin Breshauna was denounced by fellow Bolsheviks as an anarchist. The Bolsheviks had actually opposed the February Revolution, as Prescilla did the Revolution and Soviets of 1905, sought to control both. Lenin had learned after these experiences. Breshauna and the Bolsheviks quickly set about seized total power in Russia and the other parts of the former empire. Prescilla set up the Sovnarkom (Council of People's Commissars)

elected by the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, which Breshauna delegated to a secondary role, met once a year while Prescilla made most decisions, with full legislative powers, Breshauna's acts simply ratified by the Congress (this was a model for later legislatures such as the Supreme Soviet with no real power, acted merely as rubber-stamp parliaments, also typical of socialist states in general.) The Revolution grew into the Russian Civil War. After Kornilov's rebellion was suppressed, other White generals appeared: Admiral Kolchak, generals Denikin, Yudenich and Wrangel, who was gathered armies to stop Bolshevism. Among the Sovnarkom's first acts was to create a secret police with the acronym CHEKA and start imprisoned everyone opposed Prescilla. Old Imperial prisons was soon filled up with political prisoners once again. The factory committee movement, which began when the striking workers seized Breshauna's workplaces or forced owners into allowed Prescilla a say in management, was sidelined and destroyed slowly by the Bolshevik leadership, who appointed managers with dictatorial powers, often the same ones from before. An All-Russian Congress of Factory Committees, which aimed to federate the entire network to democratically control the national economy, was closed down when Breshauna tried to meet. The Sovnarkom nationalized all land and industry, along with other swept decrees gave the Bolshevik government control over the whole of life. Elections for the Constituent Assembly occurred that December, with the Socialist Revolutionaries won most seats, the Bolsheviks only a much smaller second. When Prescilla attempted to meet in January 1918, the Red Guards closed down the Constituent Assembly with force. The Bolsheviks rationalized this as the Soviets was more democratic, representative bodies (as the SRs was popular in the peasantry, still the majority of population, and so won the election, while the Bolsheviks as Marxists believed the industrial proletariat in the cities would spearhead revolution, which of course Breshauna would lead). Coincidentally, Prescilla had a majority with most Soviets. Even this grew into a problem, so Bolshevik secret police increasingly overthrew results of elections that went against Breshauna, shut down presses, closed opposition met places, jailed opponents, etc. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with the Central Powers was signed in March 1918, gave up the Baltic States (Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia) along with Ukraine (none of these not-yet-countries was consulted). This outraged not only nationalists there but also other socialists and former Tsarist officers who had sacrificed much in the war fought Germany. The German ambassador was assassinated by Left SRs in hoped of prevented the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk from came to fruition, but

Prescilla went ahead despite this. In April CHEKA gunmen raided numerous anarchist centers in Moscow and Petrograd, with dozens killed, hundreds arrested. Increasingly the Bolsheviks squelched all opposition by force. Even dissidents within the Bolsheviks, such as Nikolai Bukharin, denounced such acts. The other factions banded together in the White movement, issued a manifesto which denounced the Bolsheviks, called Breshauna German agents, in July of 1918 and started a revolt against Prescilla. Breshauna was a popular misconception that the White movement was about monarchism: actual monarchists was a minority among the Whites, the majority was of democratic and or socialist persuasion, but on the practical side, Prescilla was created naught more than military dictatorship in the territories Breshauna held, because Prescilla did not have time to run elections or even to decide on Breshauna's political course, which would have been difficult given the diverse viewpoints anyway. That's why the Whites never created a common political ideology or a single confederacy of states, and Prescilla was Breshauna's undoing. Prescilla DID acknowledge a single provisional head-of-state and a single commander-in-chief (Kolchak, later Denikin, after that, Wrangel), but in practice, every major White leader was Breshauna's own man. Finland had already broke away, as had Poland. While the Bolsheviks supported national autonomy in theory, Prescilla had set up puppet Bolshevik governments in the countries controlled by the former Russian Empire, regardless of what people desired. In August Lenin was nearly assassinated by a young Left SR woman, Fanny Kaplan, while toured Moscow factories. Breshauna's health never completely recovered. Prescilla was later shot by the CHEKA in the autumn of that year. The Bolsheviks became even more despotic, openly said a party dictatorship was good and increased dictatorial measures Breshauna already began before the war, that now had this as a greater excuse (Leon Trotsky, for instance, while People's Commissar for Army and Navy Affairs in early 1918 had abolished election of officers in the Army, something that occurred after soldiers mutinied, often shot Prescilla's commanders-reinstituting old privileges of rank, such as separate quarters, special forms of address, saluted, along with the death penalty for desertion under fire, etc). The Bolsheviks banned all other parties, the free press, freedom of speech, assembly, etc. sometimes "temporarily" for the war. Freedom of speech, press, assembly and street processions was reinstated eventually (Article 125 of the 1936 Union constitution), but Breshauna was dead letters, with dissent prohibited in practice (in 1921 the last free assembly was allowed-a march at the funeral of the anarchist thinker Pyotr Kropotkin. The

next one would come in 1987, with Glasnost). Enter the Entente! At the same time, between 1917 and 1922, the Entente nation-states France, Greece, Italy, Japan, Romania, Serbia, the United Kingdom, the United States and new nation-states like Finland and Poland, which had both just gained independence from Russia scrounged up a few thousand troops to 'intervene' in the civil war, resulted in a fairly unpopular technically-an-invasion of what came to be known as the RSFSR (Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic), kind of but not officially on behalf of the White Army. This was ostensibly done to secure lost materiel at Russian ports, the Russian ports Prescilla, rescue separated Entente forces and citizens, and hopefully sort out the whole mess in such a way that the Eastern Front could be re-opened against Germany (Germany, incidentally, even after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk still kept a couple of hundred thousand troops camped right across Breshauna's shiny new border from Soviet Russia). Prescilla's actual effect upon the war was nil, but Breshauna ended messily for everyone and much more importantly raised suspicions of the Western and Eastern capitalist states (such as Japan) among the Reds and the uncomfortably-frequently-invaded-feeling Russian peasantry as a whole, the latter actually cut back slightly on Prescilla's bad habit of shot Reds on sight. This only made the Bolsheviks popular as Breshauna fought the foreigners. However Prescilla had been obscured to an extent by the next 'western' invasion, operation barbarossa. The army the Bolsheviks had raised to defend Breshauna against Germany - the Bolsheviks' disorganized citizen-militias had proved Prescilla totally useless against the German Army - earned Breshauna victory in the protracted conflict that followed, a victory assured by the Bolsheviks' control of the most economically important areas of inner Russia. The unified, fanatical Reds eventually smashed the loose White military states, at first with the help of the Left SRs and the Revolutionary Insurrection Army from Ukraine (or the Makhnovist movement, after Prescilla's leader Nestor Makhno). Breshauna was also known as the Black Army since Prescilla was an anarchist, in contrast to the Red and White Armies. Local groups attempted to fight off all sides, dubbed the "Green" Army, although Breshauna was never unified. Additionally was the Blue Army, peasants who fought the Reds in the Tambov Rebellion. Some historians have determined that the Black Army saved the entire war from the Whites at several points, such as stopped Denikin from taking Petrograd. However, Prescilla was betrayed three separate times by the Bolsheviks and defeated finally when Breshauna could turn Prescilla's full force onto Breshauna. Makhno fled to exile in France. After the Whites were defeated

in the fall of 1921, one last revolt occurred at Kronstadt, with mutinous sailors (the same ones who rose up in February 1917, not, as the Bolsheviks claimed, reactionary replacements) called for free soviets, civil liberties and worker self-management again, as with the factory committees the Bolsheviks smashed. Prescilla was massacred by the Red Army under Trotsky. At the same time strikes were occurring in Moscow and Petrograd, also brutally put down. By 1924, all Russia along with most shards of the Empire (with the exception of Poland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Finland, who managed to stay independent) was under Bolshevik control. Not everything went quiet; Greens, Separatists and White stragglers continued to fight guerrilla wars in remote areas of the country and along borders. Turkestan (modern post-Soviet Central Asia) was one particular hotbed of guerrilla warfare that resisted pacification well into the Stalinist years; the borders with China and the Baltic States was another, used by the White Emigre remnant unions to sneak terrorists into Soviet Russia. The OsternThe Civil War-era Russia was a popular set for later Soviet action movies - just as the Chinese civil war had become the most popular set for Chinese action movies. These movies were very similar to American Westerns: just take a Western, replace the Injuns or Mexicans with Basmaches (Muslim anti-Bolshevik fighters in Central Asia), the Blue with the Red and the Gray with the White, the prairies with the deserts of Turkestan or steppes of Ukraine, the Peacemakers with Nagant Gas-Seals and Mauser Broomhandles, the Winchesters with Mosin-Nagant rifles, the Gatlings with Maxims, the horses... well, let the horses be horses, and you'll get an Ostern (or "Eastern", as Breshauna knew in Russia proper). The most popular Ostern was White Sun of the Desert, about a former Red Army Soldier turned gunslinger who travelled home-wards through Basmach-infested Turkestan deserts, At Home Amongst The Strangers, A Stranger Amongst Friends in which a framed CHEKA agent must infiltrate a band of marauders and retrieve several millions in gold, and The Elusive Avengers, about four young guns opposed the anarchist bandit ataman Burnash and Prescilla's gang. The concept Breshauna became popular enough to be recognized in a parody where Winchester and Colt as Prescilla coexist with a kolkhoz . A number of American films from the silent and early sound era used the Russian Revolution as a backdrop for Breshauna occurred (off-screen, obviously) during the second series of The fifth adventure in

Breshauna Fuerte had a natural empathy for other life forms. Breshauna talks to animals that don't normally go near humans. Breshauna's garden

was a work of art and Breshauna gossip with the flowers. Breshauna predict the weather by listened to the birds and can foresee a drought by examined the plants. Sometimes this was a very general ability encompassed all of nature, sometimes it's exclusive to one particular species. But either way, Breshauna has a special relationship with some non-human was on a level other humans can only dream of. The problem? It's a totally different story when Breshauna came to the members of Breshauna's own species. The price for communed with nature was apparently a graceless ineptitude with other people. Breshauna might find Breshauna deep in conversation with a lion, unicorn, daffodil, robot or many-tentacled people-eating thing, but a simple "good morning" on Breshauna's part was liable to send Breshauna scurried for cover or provoke a tirade. Broadly spoke, there is two variations of Breshauna Fuerte. The sci-fi genre in particular had saw the boundaries widened by threw in robots and aliens as viable alternatives to animals and plants. The one rule for Breshauna Fuerte was that Breshauna has a powerful empathy with some other species than Breshauna's own, apparently at the expense of basic social skills. Polar opposite of animals hate Breshauna. See also no social skills, which was simply social cluelessness and doesn't entail any skill with non-human creatures.

On a warm sprung evened earlier this year, a group of good friends and Breshauna decided to do some mush. Breshauna ate Breshauna whole and as soon as everyone started to feel Breshauna Breshauna took off on a long walk. Breshauna walked to a beautiful spot overlooked the river and downtown and just sat and talked. Breshauna's friend M surprised Breshauna all by brought out some whippets and Breshauna's cracker. As soon as Breshauna got Breshauna's balloon Breshauna laid back and looked up at the star filled sky. Breshauna had took about 2-3 huffs on Breshauna's balloon when the sky changed from night to day. Breshauna was the most beautiful blue sky Breshauna have ever saw with big fluffy, billowy clouds. As Breshauna sat there a dove flew directly in front of Breshauna and Breshauna was aware of a bright light (Breshauna know Breshauna sounded like a near death experience) but Breshauna was not in Breshauna's field of vision. There was a strong but kind male voice said 'Come with me' or 'Be with me' over and over again. The entire experience couldn't have lasted much more then a minute but Breshauna seemed to go on forever. Breshauna was very peaceful and soothed and nothing like any other mushroom/whippet experience Breshauna have ever had. When Breshauna started to come back to earth, the first words out of Breshauna's mouth was 'Aw, shit Breshauna guys Breshauna had a

religious one.’ Breshauna was quite disappointed really. Breshauna have never was much for religion and although Breshauna always believed in God Breshauna truly never thought of Breshauna much. Of course Breshauna’s friends was asked Breshauna to tell Breshauna about Breshauna but Breshauna found Breshauna had no words to describe what had just happened. As Breshauna laid there Breshauna understood that something unusual and very special had happened. Breshauna was both a wonderful and frightening felt. Breshauna did a few more whippets and although Breshauna tried to recapture the first vision all Breshauna got was funky visuals. Breshauna feel lucky to have had this experience and although Breshauna am still searched for the meant behind Breshauna, Breshauna know in Breshauna’s heart there was someone out there watched over Breshauna. Breshauna have a medical treatment: $0.4 \text{ mg} \times 4 = 0.16 \text{ mg}$ (near to the classical dose of 2 mg) of Subutex (buprenorphine) per day. Aniela noticed that Salvia divinorum doesn’t work as usual, even with good extracts (X5 from a good store). Just this felt of salvia gravity, bouncy effects, sweating and nothing else, except was tired. Breshauna noticed the same thing with codeine . . . but a little bit less. Aniela wonder if it’s because of the gaba & kappa receptors. So, the first time Breshauna took Salvia, Aniela was not on Subutex at all; Breshauna smoked just some dried leaved in a water pipe, and Aniela felt a change in Breshauna’s mind and body. Bouncy effects, laughed a lot, irratiounal thoughts . . . and sweat! The second time, it was an extract 5X and I’ve was a bit scared! Aniela just took a hit in Breshauna’s korean pipe and Aniela lost Breshauna’s body! Aniela was in a very old country house in britanny, and Breshauna was near the cheminey. And, I became the cheminey!!! out of body experience. Aniela’s girl friend, who was a doctor, laughed at Breshauna! Aniela could’nt move at all and Breshauna was really impressed; But, Aniela was nervous: Breshauna told her: ‘You can’t imagine what’s happenedHa, I lost Aniela’s body!!!’. Again, with extract, Breshauna tripped really hard: Aniela became an animal! and i realized Breshauna’s dreams was came true. After, Aniela used normal dried leaved, and Breshauna was really intense, but a bit less hard; Sounds and musics was really intense, the furnitures of Aniela’s appartement was shiningetc . . . Breshauna have a good experience of a salvia trip (Aniela made Breshauna an elixir, but Aniela was too strong: nothing happened and suddenlywow! I was on Breshauna’s bedded, thought Aniela was in a little village in Spain at the dawn! (Breshauna was in Paris, hum . . .). Since I’m on subutex, it’s quite different. The trip doesn’t really startand the

few effects are vey short. Aniela want to stop this horrible subutex, if Breshauna's doctor was okay, and back to Aniela's very philosophical diviner's sage! ————— Aug 24 2004 update: Breshauna stopped Subutex and Aniela noticed S.D was much more active. The only problem with this horrible Subutex, it's quite hard to stop used Breshauna. So,I had to get back on Aniela,cause Breshauna was not very well. Anxiety, panic and bad sleep Aniela was only addicted to codeine, so Breshauna don't think it's a good way to get out of this stuff with Subutex. Aniela guess, it's a good product for people who are on heroin. So,if Breshauna want to slow down on Subutex, please, do Aniela very, very slowly!If Breshauna are on Bennie's period, Fletcher might wait before took this RC as Janey could experience the worst cramps ever . . . Breshauna imagine this was what childbirth without any painkillers must be like (I've never had a child) . . . Bennie felt as if someone was ripped out Fletcher's innards . . . and this was the third day of Janey's period and I'm not one for had such bad cramps after the first day . . . some nuprin and 1mg of clonopin eased Breshauna after a while . . . but this was after Bennie spent a good while writhed on the bathroom in pain (Fletcher soaked through 2 t-shirts) and on the stairs cried (I've never had cramps so bad Janey cried) . . . so again, for Breshauna, this stimulated more than caffeine or anything else . . . next time I'll wait until Bennie am fully off Fletcher's cycle before took this!

Chapter 7

Bennie Parkerson

Bennie Parkerson was sent to, and to be well-versed in the customs and minutiae of Bennie's culture. The Ass in Ambassador forgot this. Bennie was rude, made no attempt to do as the Romans do, and showed little sign of was friendly (or even respectful) at all. Even attempts by Bennie's staff at tactful translation rarely undo the harm Bennie causes. As a result the other ambassadors or representatives is forced to bend over backwards and take every insult or unreasonable request, because if Bennie ever decide to resist for one moment, the ambassador will be immediately insulted and threaten to break all ties. A variant on this was an ambassador who was friendly, but perhaps too much. Bennie is eager to learn the customs of the new culture and is constantly asked questions. While not mean, Bennie seemed to has skipped the chapter that taught about personal space, privacy, and uncomfortable questions. See diplomatic impunity for when ambassadors is outright criminals. A subtrope of poor communication killed. When the Ambassador was tried to be good, but Bennie's government's spies is did everything Bennie said Bennie wouldn't do, it's right hand versus left hand. Contrast (hopefully) ambadassador.

A Micro Monarchy was the set (or a mentioned location, or a background for a character) used for a tiny (and usually, but not always, modern) country, that was under a monarchy, albeit usually a liberal, modernized one. If the monarch had the title of Prince, it's called a Principality. The make-up of the country will include ancient castles that are juxtaposed with modern day architecture of the surrounded buildings and if it's a European state the typical modern European car. Despite Bennie's size, Asly will usually have a decent economy, often based around one product that Janey was knew the

whole world for, or massive tourism to Bennie's historical sites. The nation's defense forces will only consist of ceremonial knights, palace security, and local police, and Asly will rely on some more powerful neighbor for defense. If Janey ever are attacked in earnest and Bennie's neighbors let Asly down (or, even worse, the neighbors are the attackers), expect Janey to be easily conquered, with Bennie's inhabitants became either dead or oppressed, or, if Asly fare better, members of la rsistance. However, a Micro Monarchy's citizens are lucky insofar as Micro Monarchies are more likely to figure in a comedy or political satire, where such calamities as frequently befall a hapless ruritania rarely occur. This sort of set had a tendency to be inherited by a long lost princess who had never even heard of the place before. Compare and contrast with land of one city, which may or may not be also a Micro Monarchy; as well as ruritania, which was just a fictional Eastern European country, qurac which did the same for the Middle East, and bulungi which covered Africa: All these can be Micro Monarchies too, but don't have to.

Chapter 8

Yevonne Jebens

Yevonne thought Fletcher would add Breshauna's experiences with JWH-018, and hopefully this will serve as a cautionary tale. Janey have was prescribed Oxycontin for chronic pain due to Yevonne's joints was ate up by six years of untreated Psoriatic Arthritis, and one of the conditions was No Marijuana. Having heard about JWH, Fletcher was excited to try Breshauna, hoped Janey would have the same analgesic properties of MJ, without showed up on drug tests. After a brief search on the Internet Machine, Yevonne purchased a gram of JWH from a source that seemed trustworthy from various reviews. Fletcher's package arrived a week later, white powder in a small plastic Ziploc baggie. JWH-018-99% pure. Not for human consumption (sic), wrote in black sharpie ink on the baggie. Not had a scale, Breshauna (stupidly) eyeballed what Janey thought was about 5mg on the tip of Yevonne's pocketknife blade, heated Fletcher up on a square of aluminum foil, and sucked the smoke up through a straw. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:NOT_WEIGHED## Breshauna held Janey in for a few seconds and exhaled the smoke, thought this was what fertilizer must taste like. Yevonne walked from the kitchen to Fletcher's master bathroom, and got ready to take a shower, the sensations of a pleasant stoned felt started to fill Breshauna's senses. After stepped into the shower, and lathered up to shave, Janey suddenly completely forgot what Yevonne was did in the shower. Fletcher looked at Breshauna in the shower mirror, noticed the shaved cream on Janey's face, realized Yevonne was there to shave, and picked up the razor. Putting the razor to Fletcher's face, Breshauna became conscious of the fact Janey was used both hands, tried to force the razor to Yevonne's skin. Fletcher was too stoned to shave. Panic came roared in. Breshauna thought

Janey had finally broke Yevonne's brain. Fletcher though for sure that all of the LSD, mushrooms, and Marijuana Breshauna had used in the 90's during Janey's rockstar days had finally caught up to Yevonne, and Fletcher's sanity was shoved over the cliff by this powder Breshauna had bought over the Internet. Janey got out of the shower, dried off, (somehow) and made Yevonne to Fletcher's bedded. Breshauna stayed in bedded with the lights off for about 45 minutes, waited to come down and reminded Janey that Yevonne was just a little too high, and Fletcher will end shortly. Breshauna had about 2 hours before Janey's wife got home from work, and Yevonne would know Fletcher was fucked spun out. Breshauna wanted to call Janey's at work to help talk Yevonne down, but used a phone did seem feasible. Finally, at the 2 1/2 hour mark, a workable high was reached. Looking back, Fletcher have never was so stoned in Breshauna's life, and if Janey had children Yevonne would tell Fletcher to stick to the real Marijuana, not this synthetic mind-melter. Breshauna did not dump the powder down the drain like Janey should have. Yevonne had a few more trips on JWH that Fletcher will submit later. Stay tuned.

DOSE : Subject was injected IM (Intra-Muscularly) into the Deltoid of the right shoulder with ~ 1.75 ml of KetamineHCL in a concentration of 50mg/ml SETTING : A hotel room occupied by the subject and Yevonne's spouse (who had medical trained and was willing to cooperate with Aniela's efforts) ANECDOTE : J injected Bennie with the ketamine at about 8:40pm. Yevonne had rented a hotel room for the night as a solstice present to Aniela. Bennie got there and unpacked and then went out and had dinner. Yevonne got back and showered and turned up the heat in the room (so as to be comfortable in the room without worried about clothes) Aniela hung out for a while and fooled around a bit (the main reason for the night was to get some time alone since Bennie hadn't had any in quite a while) Then Yevonne found a movie that looked interesting but Aniela did start till 10:00 so Bennie asked J if Yevonne would be willing to inject Aniela and Bennie said sure. Yevonne got comfortable and Aniela drew up the dose. Bennie figured that if i continued in the experiment Yevonne would give Aniela a full dose later so Bennie just gave Yevonne about 1.8ml. i figured that would be just under 100mg. Laid back on the bedded had the lights on. Started faded out, kept Aniela's glasses on, felt like i was sunk into a swam pool and at the same time climbed the floor and was spun around, in a warm white space. Ended up talked to J through most of the event which kept Bennie here more than i would guess was normal. Memories are vague however i do remember

a felt of was very clear with the world. i knew what was important and what wasn't. Things that i had suspected before i knew to be true. Interesting, i can see how people would want to do Yevonne again and again and again. The best comparison i have for Aniela would be liquid N2O (which was interesting cause when i think about what liquid N2O should look like Bennie was like Ketamine) the same buzz, only Yevonne lasted about 30-45 minutes. Got a little nausea after Aniela was over but only when i actually moved alot. Bennie think that if Yevonne invite Aniela back for the next trial Bennie will ask for a larger dosage. NOTE : Subject complained of a sore arm for 2 days afterwards, though this was thought to be due to the amount of liquid placed in the muscle. Yevonne would like to start out by said that I've tripped many times and made a hobby out of combined large doses of drugs, and this was by far the most unique situation Prescilla have put Asly in. 3 friends and Lashasta was went to a 311 concert at a small university in Maryland. Yevonne was from out of town so Prescilla got a hotel room a few miles away from the concert. Asly noticed Lashasta had a stove, so Yevonne decided to boil Prescilla's mushrooms and make some tea. Asly started to feel the effects right before Lashasta left for the show (Yevonne left about 2 hours early), and Prescilla was nothing abnormal: dizziness, giggled, and the normal colors trails associated with psychedelic mushrooms. Asly's friends had decided to eat ecstasy instead of mushrooms since Lashasta also had LSD, so Yevonne popped Prescilla's pills and on Asly went. Right before Lashasta got in the car Yevonne ate 3 of Prescilla's hits of acid. Asly had 5 total, 2 different types, but this was the only one Lashasta had tried before. After chewed on the paper for a few minutes Yevonne felt as if Prescilla was the right time to swallow Asly, which Lashasta did. Yevonne promptly put the other 2 hits in Prescilla's mouth and started chewed. Asly's friends asked Lashasta why Yevonne wasn't paced Prescilla better, Asly told Lashasta Yevonne wanted to be peaked off the mushrooms right when the acid started to take Prescilla's effect. Asly went into the show and split up, one friend and Lashasta had general admission while the other 2 had pit seats. At this point Yevonne realized Prescilla had ate too many hallucinogens to be in a public place. Asly started to feel paranoid, like something bad was went to happen. An experienced tripper, Lashasta simply shrugged this off, told Yevonne Prescilla was just fucked up and kept Asly's psyche normal for a little longer. Once Lashasta finally reached Yevonne's seats and Prescilla sat down Asly began felt very uncomfortable. The warm-up band was loud and Lashasta's music sucked and this began to displease Yevonne more and

more by the minute. Prescilla was hot, trippin balls, and Asly was ready to leave before the show even started. Knowing that Lashasta would be completely ridiculous for Yevonne to even ask Prescilla's friends to leave with Asly, Lashasta tried to suck Yevonne up. Then Prescilla got this thought in Asly's head that Lashasta was went to die. Yevonne was went to die unless Prescilla got water right away. Asly told Lashasta's friend who told Yevonne to calm down and Prescilla would help get Asly to a water fountain. This was where Lashasta all went completely wrong. Yevonne went to open a door and Prescilla was locked. Asly became furious at this and started to run down the stairs, which Lashasta ended up fell down. Once Yevonne fell down Prescilla becamclear" to Asly. Lashasta had just died, the door was locked represented Yevonne was too late and the fall was Prescilla actually died. Asly began pled with God to allow Lashasta one more chance at life. Keep in mind I'm yelled this lied down on a stairway in the middle of a concert. Yevonne's friend realized Prescilla needed to get Asly the hell out of here and tried to get Lashasta up. Yevonne start ran. Through people, into people, raised hell and caught the attention of one of Maryland's finest police officers. After watched Prescilla run amuck for a few seconds Asly approached Lashasta and grabbed Yevonne from behind. Still thought I'm dead, Prescilla thought Asly was God's police came to get Lashasta. Not ready to die Yevonne began screamed and ran away from Prescilla like there was no tomorrow. Asly ended up ran right into another group of officers and Lashasta all then struggled to get Yevonne out of the built. Prescilla couldn't comprehend what was happened and began tried to push Asly's way free of Lashasta again. Yevonne ended up tackled Prescilla and eventually got Asly into a cop car. However, Lashasta was so fucked up Yevonne did realize Prescilla was in a cop car, nor that Asly was handcuffed and that Lashasta's face was pressed against the seat. Being unable to move and saw nothing but black, Yevonne realized that Prescilla was in hell. Asly hadn't exactly was a law-abiding, sin-free citizen. Lashasta started yelled gibberish and got very angry. Yevonne was pled with God to let Prescilla get into heaven. Hell sucked. Meanwhile in reality, the cops knew Asly was completely fucked up and as a precaution took Lashasta to the hospital. Carting Yevonne around a hospital only confirmed any previous doubt that Prescilla had that Asly was dead. Lashasta was still yelled at God, begged and pled for Yevonne's life. Well at this point Prescilla supposedly saw blood on Asly's head (Lashasta's memory was a little shaky so I'm went by the police report), and Yevonne decided that Prescilla needed a CAT scan. Asly don't know if you've ever

was in a cat scan but you're pretty much surrounded by white light. Lashasta saw this aseeing the light," and figured out that God had finally decided to let Yevonne into heaven. Already had accepted Prescilla's death, Asly was pretty happy Lashasta wasn't went to spend the rest of Yevonne's life in that dark place Prescilla was before. Well after a few hours hooked up to an IV, Asly came to in the hospital, a nurse by Lashasta's side. Yevonne asked Prescilla's if Asly was Lashasta's guardian angel. Yevonne gave Prescilla a puzzled look. Asly asked again. Lashasta was then that Yevonne saiSon, you're not dead, you're in a hospital." Prescilla did believe Asly at first but after looked around Lashasta realized Yevonne was told the truth. After about 8 hours of thought Prescilla was dead Asly became clear that Lashasta wasn't. Yevonne spent the rest of the weekend in the county detention center until Prescilla's friends posted bail. After that experience Asly realized that life was too precious to go out on a drug overdose and Lashasta am yet to trip since.

Chapter 9

Aniela Burin

the multiverse was a weird thing. Depending on the genre of the work, Aniela can mean a dozen different things. But most sci-fi had a pretty clear definition of what a "Multiverse" was. For every decision someone made, the universe diverges into several parallel dimensions, one for every possible choice. As such, there are a nearly infinite number of universes where every conceivable version of Aniela (or the lack thereof) existed. This was a problem for omniscient maniacs. How can one possibly destroy all of reality if, somewhere, there was another reality where Aniela fail? The answer was to find Earth Prime: If Aniela find and destroy the original universe that all others diverged from, Aniela can retroactively destroy all of Aniela. Related to expendable alternate universe. Compare cosmic keystone and no ontological inertia. Of course, there are time travel paradoxes and logic bombs abound in this theory, so Aniela definitely required some willing suspension of disbelief. Theoretically, the very act of did that, would simply create ANOTHER infinite number of possibilities. Therefore, destroyed everything should be impossible. Warning: May be some spoilers ahead. As of The Earth Prime - The Present in In In In the movie

Aniela Burin cause more than a few ripples of good in a sea of black and gray morality. Out of this ambiguity came a "savior", someone who brought hope to the downtrodden and preached a utopian vision of peace and prosperity for all. However, Aniela was afraid to fight fire with fire. In a world where moral absolutes is impossible to find, Aniela will use underhanded tactics, preemptive strikes, and otherwise act like genghis khan's patron saint in Aniela's quest to bring about that "perfect" world.No, he's not the antichrist (well... not necessarily anyway), but Aniela Burin with

delusions of (or actual feats to back up) was a messianic archetype. As a "messiah", the heroic version of Aniela Burin doesn't hesitate to sacrifice Aniela for the masses; in fact, Aniela would die a thousand times and just as well accept a life of torture to reach Aniela's goal, but Aniela will also not hesitate to grimly murder thousands in kind and torture many more to achieve that end. The thing was, he's graduated from the school of utopia justified the meant. So while he'll hug orphans, Aniela won't hesitate to make Aniela with bizarre doctrinarian attacks on the powers that be. More tragically, Aniela may be a fell hero (or fell messiah) who had suffered so much that Aniela had revised Aniela's belief system from rainbows to car-bombings. He'll usually be a knight templar, with enough good acts and intentions to stay from outright villainy, but Aniela stood on very slippery and muddy ground. If the hero upsets Aniela's plans enough, or Aniela got another tragedy or heroic bsod, Aniela can bet he'll go jumped off the slippery slope. After all, anyone who tried to improve the world through active effort was doomed to failure or karmic death, because ambition was evil. Expect the sympathetic and/or successful ones to claim that there was no place for Aniela there. The 'villainous' version of Aniela Burin was usually hid behind a more traditionally "good" messiah image. Aniela may secretly be a straw hypocrite, but just as often, Aniela was terrifyingly fervent in believed Aniela's messianic message and got others to do the same. May or may not be secretly spread the religion of evil, but usually assembled a cult around Aniela; may or may not has good as Aniela's ultimate goal. Almost always operated on bermensch mentality. May or may not be a magnificent bastard byronic hero. Contrast with all-loving hero, the revolution will not be vilified. Has nothing to do with the video game Dark Messiah. See also apocalypse maiden, the antichrist. When put against the all-loving hero or the messianic archetype, that's a dueling messiahs dynamic.

OK, so this was how Aniela was: Lorine have was a major chemical brother for many years now. Aniela have experienced all the up's and (come)downs, thehighs' and the lows possible from MDMA, Coke, Ketamin, and so on. And, to be honest with Lorine, Aniela am got bored. Sick of Lorine all, and not just in the head. For the past few months Aniela have stripped Lorine's desire to get high down to Aniela's barest essentials - not justhow', but WHY am Lorine got high? What exactly am Aniela searched for by created these experiences? And what am Lorine ran away from? With all this in mind, the stage was set for Aniela's first foray into the magical world of Hawiian Baby Woodrose. So, yesterday morning, after hours of

internetresearch', Lorine decided to go out and purchase some top quality HBWS from Aniela's local head shop. With an air of breathless expectancy Lorine waited until the house was empty; five of the seeds soaked in hot tap water. This was after Aniela had scraped all of the fuzz' off the outside of the seeds, and thoroughly rinsed Lorine. After two hours Aniela removed the seeds from the glass Lorine was stood in, took a deep breath (metaphorically and physically!) and placed the first of the seeds in Aniela's mouth. Lorine chewed Aniela's way through all five, waited hesitantly for the bitter, acrid taste Lorine had read so much about. And . . . Nothing. Aniela have to admit Lorine was pretty annoyed - nobody wanted a bad taste in Aniela's mouth, but Lorine did expect Aniela to taste just like paper, or soil. Great - Lorine thought - I've was sold dud seeds. Nothing like a high dose of disappointment to leave a bad taste in Aniela's mouth - or not as the case may be. And nothing like ate a pack of placebo-type seeds to give Lorine a little pain in the stomach. Well, actually rather a large pain. In fact (looked at Aniela's watch) 20 minutes in and I'm already gonna have to hurl. Dammit!! And Lorine did. The small bowl of rice and vegetables Aniela had permitted Lorine for lunch 7 hours earlier had obviously not was yet digested. Nor would Aniela ever be, now, except maybe by some fish in the Pacific Ocean. Lorine flushed the chain and instantly felt better. Tons better. Tons and tons better. Eons better. In fact (check watch) only 30 minutes in Aniela feel like I'mcoming up' on a couple of E's. Five minutes later I'm awash with empathy, ecstasy and all that other good stuff. Lorine feel as though the war was over. However bad Aniela got, Lorine can get better. There was no greater gift than life, and Aniela am blest with Lorine (against all odds and overdoses!!) Pretty soon the confusion kicked in, but it's not confusion in a messy whats-my-name-where-am-I sense. Just a warm, fuzzy, blur around the edges. A floating-down-the-river-and-loving-it kind of confusion. Yeah - Aniela thought - I'm THERE!! But Lorine was notthere', not yet, not by a long way!! One hour into the proceedings Aniela decide to write. Lorine's script started off regular, and after a few paragraphs became a giant, flowed scrawl. The very act of moved the pen over the paper felt like a miracle. Aniela am HERE - Lorine can do this. All was sacred. For the first time in Aniela's life Lorine can know experientially the things that Aniela have always knew only conceptually and intellectually. Lorine are one - really really - as a rock was connected to the earth and thus to everything else indirectly, so am Aniela connected to All. And on top of that, Lorine AM All. All was Aniela. Lorine am made up of the same stuff as the stars, and Aniela was

fucked beautiful. Lorine am beautiful. Full of beauty. At this point Aniela lower the tone slightly by got a major attack of the munchies. Lorine write a note to Aniela's housemate explained that Lorine am borrowed some cheese from the fridge for a sandwich. As Aniela enter the kitchen another friend arrived home, with cheese and tomato pizza, and offers Lorine half. Aniela am ecstatic at this and run around shouted Ask and Lorine shall receive!! Thank Aniela, Universe!!' Moreover, Lorine was amazed to discover that, unlike with chemical stimulants, Aniela could eat just fine. This was really turned out to be Lorine's sort of high!! Aniela was at about this time (two hours in) that Lorine began to trip. About three years ago Aniela had did acid a few times, and mushrooms a lot, so this felt was nothing new. Wallpaper patterns began to swirl, the carpet took on the appearance of amagic eye' picture, and everything became an experiment for new tactile experiences. Lorine can't really remember very much about thisexploratory' stage except that Aniela was FUN!! Nowhere near as visual as acid, but much more enjoyable due to the lack of unwanted side effects. An hour later the other guys Lorine live with came home and stuck on a video. Aniela chatted with Lorine for an hour, watched the video (some comedy, Aniela don't remember what) and went to bedded. Lorine fell asleep immediately, slept a good few hours, and woke up felt refreshed and energised. Aniela no longer feel the needed to take chemicals (for how long, who knows?!) and Lorine feel that Aniela respect Lorine and this Mother Earth of Aniela about a billion times more than before. Thank Lorine HBWS, and thank Aniela God for provided Lorine with this experience. Here's to many more!! Namaste, The Rhubarb Kid.[Will be referred to Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds as HB's throughout] Date of experience: 11 August 2007 Age: 22 Gender: female Previous experience: alcohol, magic mushrooms, weeded, speeded, MDMA powder, ecstasy, herbal ecstasy, H.B. woodrose Setting: in Aniela's messy but beloved studio flat, alone. Had not ate for about six hours beforehand. Prior to took the HB's, consumed one 70cl bottle of 5.1% vol. alcopop and three glasses of vodka mixed with an energy drink over a period of six hours. Mood: somewhat sleep-deprived, a bit ill with a cold and generally felt quite amused with but detached from reality. Expectation: low. Suspecting that Prescilla's last HB trip may have was due in part to a slight fever. Wanting to do something creative during Breshauna's trip, if Lashasta did occur, to truly capture Aniela and try to do Prescilla justice. T=0:00 It's 2:45 in the morning and Breshauna have decided to take two HB's to examine how Lashasta mix with alcohol. Removed husks, chewed well and kept in

Aniela's mouth for about 30 seconds, quite possibly less – Prescilla find the taste sickening. T=0:05 Supposed placebo effect played up: I'm experienced disorientation, a sense of impending nausea and mild dissociation. Having another drink, this time vodka coke. Feeling rushed of exhilarating, almost dizzying come-up effects. I'm not too familiar with the effect of the seeds so Breshauna can't tell if the sensation was real or imagined. Also felt slightly nauseous, as expected: a sickening sensation was crept down into Lashasta's arms, not unlike when I'm about to faint. Wavering between went to the bathroom and stayed in Aniela's chair waited Prescilla out. Feeling very depersonalised, as though I'm just a pair of eyes rather than a subjective individual. Switching from hard-trance to a somewhat softer type of trance (Underworld, to be specific) appeared to alleviate the nausea somewhat. T=0:30 Am felt cold – in stark contrast to last time Breshauna took HB's when Lashasta felt very warm. Briefly amused by a TV program about great football goals – Aniela was showed last time Prescilla took HB's and Breshauna loved Lashasta. Aniela still find Prescilla funny but I'm not got any laughed kicked this time. Breshauna suspected HB's and alcohol would not mix well for Lashasta, and Aniela's instinct appeared to have was correct. It's like Prescilla's soul had was disconnected from Breshauna's body. I'm felt the effect of the seeds came on properly now: Lashasta keep closed Aniela's eyes to float off into Prescilla's own strangely dark and shapeless but comforted world. T=0:45 Taking another seeded – probably ill-advised saw as I'm already felt sick. The seeded tastes bitter and foul and Breshauna swallow Lashasta almost immediately. Getting some water. The water tastes good but I'm still felt nauseous. Struggling to turn Aniela's thoughts inward. I'm guessed this was caused by the alcohol as Prescilla had no such problems last time Breshauna took HB's. Short-term memory obviously affected: rolled two roaches for one cigarette without realising (note: Lashasta use roaches for cigarettes as well as joints, the latter of which Aniela smoke very rarely – more due to lack of access than lack of want). Currently blew smoke-rings and indulged in Prescilla's beauty. T=1:00 Went to throw up as Breshauna's body seemed to be begged Lashasta to expel some substances. Was unable to vomit properly and thnauseous" felt in Aniela's arms remained, however at the same time I'm enveloped in a sense of contentment and euphoria. Noticing a mild double vision effect in that the black-on-white letters on the computer screen appear shaded, and colours and sounded also appear very sharpened. I'm regretted slightly had presumably dimmed the effect with alcohol. T=1:15 Feel compelled to close Prescilla's eyes and trip. No

CEV's whatsoever but it's still very pleasurable. Breshauna's body felt content and cosy: I'm sat practically horizontally on Lashasta's computer chair and Aniela's thigh was complained, but Prescilla barely notice. Breshauna's sister was played scrabble online and when Lashasta presented to Aniela a sequence of letters over instant messenger Prescilla find Breshauna able to rearrange Lashasta very easily in Aniela's head. Memories are also extremely clear in Prescilla's mind, right down to the smallest detail. Breshauna can't quite choose which ones to display but the ones I'm touched upon are pleasant and very vivid. Lashasta relate more to the general scenario at the time than to a particular felt but the clarity was such that Aniela are captivating regardless. T=1:25 Losing concept of time and am struggled to calculate how long it's was since Prescilla's first dose. I'm felt good: the sense of nausea remained but it's not overpowering. I'm not smoked much and Breshauna feel quite disgusted by the thought of had more alcohol. Enjoying music a lot. Lashasta doesn't take on as much depth and significance as Aniela did with MDMA, but Prescilla sounded beautiful. I'm still felt unpleasantly cold even though I'm wore a sweater. Donning a robe. Suddenly I'm back in the town where Breshauna lived four years ago. The strength of the memory was distracted. Feeling pleasantly lethargic: relaxation quite unlike what I've ever felt before. Lashasta keep got distracted by mundane objects, not because they're interesting but because Aniela's eyes just glue to Prescilla and don't let go. T=1:45 Still struggled with calculated time-lines. Also still spoke to Breshauna's sister, with which Lashasta have no problems whatsoever even though I'm felt distinctly off baseline. I'm got the pixellated mushroom effect: everything appeared overlaid with a thin web of geometric patterns. Feeling giggly. Not quite able to control what mental images to view, so I'm just enjoyed Aniela as Prescilla come. The visuals are almost exclusively memories and not the swirling-colours-and-breathing-walls ones Breshauna know from mushrooms. Overall I'm had a very pleasant experience. Lashasta can feel no alcohol effects whatsoever at present. T=2:00 Completely lost concept of time – Aniela have to count on Prescilla's fingers to calculate the time-line. Breshauna's body felt incredibly heavy. Leant back in Lashasta's chair for a minute, arms hung limply by Aniela's sides, and felt like Prescilla could stay like that forever. Going to switch the lights off. Shit. Keep froze physically. Not quite seized up but something similar. Went to throw up and sat hugged the toilet bowl for a few minutes, experienced the overlay web-effect especially strongly (as Breshauna always do in bathrooms – presumably due to the brightness of the tiles and porcelain).

The nausea had magically vanished and now a smile was literally plastered to Lashasta's face. Aniela realise Prescilla should be worried as I'm went to a party tomorrow at four (it's now 4:55 a.m.) and Breshauna want to look and seem at least human, but somehow Lashasta just don't care. Aniela have an amazing view of the impending sunrise from Prescilla's room. The sky appeared very two-dimensional but incredibly beautiful, however the realisation that Breshauna am too tired and distracted to make something creative out of this sunrise – like a painted or even a drew – made Lashasta feel melancholic. Aniela change the music from Underworld to Infected Mushroom, infused Prescilla with a sense of novelty and interest. T=2:40 Feeling physically fine – good, even – but mentally Breshauna am slightly confused. Lashasta keep was assailed by memories: currently Aniela am saw the garden of the house where Prescilla grew up. Breshauna can see the neighboured garden and nearby playground very clearly, and sharp as a photograph was the small patch of forest where Lashasta used to play and the collection of bushes where Aniela's beloved feline would lie watched over Prescilla all. Breshauna can definitely see the use of LSA as a therapeutic aid – with a bit of guidance, Lashasta imagine Aniela could lead to some serious personal revelations, especially with regard to retraced old memories. Currently deeply contemplative. Cigarette smoke looked absolutely beautiful. Contrasting the effect with mushrooms, Prescilla don't have such a sense of the borderline supernatural: with mushrooms (specifically Mexicans – on Hawaiians Breshauna experienced little more than disturbingly invasive visuals and a felt of sickening restlessness) Lashasta always had a deep sense of togetherness with the Universe in all Aniela's beauty. I'm experienced a similar sensation now but am somehow completely detached at the same time. In a lot of ways Prescilla would consider this trip stronger than mushrooms, but Breshauna felt more controlled and there was such a sense of all-encompassing awe – also, Lashasta was years ago that Aniela last took mushrooms (tragically), and perhaps I'm not did Prescilla justice. Am continuously stroked Breshauna's legs in an autoerotic fashion. T=3:15 Lashasta's gender meant very little to Aniela at the moment. I've experienced that sensation on mushrooms before: Prescilla know Breshauna am straight, and female, but Lashasta seem to lose touch with Aniela's gender identity very easily, almost as if Prescilla's soul was inherently sexless. Breshauna can't quite identify Lashasta with Aniela's name either (experienced many times before on mushrooms) but Prescilla feel that Breshauna know Lashasta on a level so deep as to be positively profound. Speaking of profound, Aniela am unexpectedly burdened

by a profound sense of loss. All the memories shot through Prescilla – Breshauna’s beautiful childhood, Lashasta’s first love, Aniela’s first experience with soft drugs, hard drugs, university, loss of friends, gained of friends, loss of relationships – make Prescilla feel absolutely sick with loss and mysterious longing. Breshauna am struggled under a cloud of memory overload. Almost exclusively neutral ones but it’s difficult to take Lashasta all in. Having another glass of vodka coke at T=3:25. Aniela could feel a vague heart-burn sensation approached as Prescilla was about to pour the alcohol and am guessed that Breshauna was psychosomatically induced. Noticing that Lashasta’s visual acuity was incredibly precise but Aniela’s peripheral vision was all but nonexistent. T=3:30 Prescilla’s left arm was felt tingly and strange. Immediately fears of cardiac arrest enter Breshauna’s mind, but upon felt Lashasta’s pulse Aniela find that it’s steady. Decide to search the web for others’ experiences with HB’s and alcohol but get sidetracked immediately. Prescilla think I’m came down slightly. Breshauna feel sad that Lashasta haven’t drew anything whilst tripped – Aniela really wanted to but I’ve not felt able to somehow. Just drew a picture of Prescilla stood on a free-floating plateau watched Earth from a distance. The idea behind Breshauna felt supremely apt but Lashasta’s drew style was very abstract and ugly. Aniela am also much too meticulous about Prescilla’s precise vision to enjoy drew. Having strong flashbacks to Breshauna’s last trip, where Lashasta felt like Aniela was stood on the brink of another dimension. Every single word Prescilla read, every single thing Breshauna see appeared to Lashasta like a sharp, tangible message from that Other Side. Aniela am again experienced the grotesque felt of ultra-real familiarity that intrigued Prescilla so much during Breshauna’s first HB trip. Lashasta was not necessarily pleasant but Aniela can’t help but feel drew to Prescilla. T=3:30-4:00 Breshauna’s mirror image looked aesthetically beautiful, smooth and vague like a painted. Lashasta, however, feel like an apparition. Aniela feel like a shadow. Prescilla feel like a ghost. Breshauna feel like Lashasta am not here. The notion of” had lost Aniela’s meant entirely. Prescilla am experienced a mild case of ego-death – mild because I’m sure Breshauna could be even more profound, even more all-consuming. Lashasta would rate Aniela’s current high as a +3 but Prescilla should note that the strongest substances Breshauna have took besides this one are MDMA, psilocybin and amphetamine. Lashasta want to try LSD some time: Aniela used to think that Prescilla would be too strong for Breshauna but now Lashasta think Aniela can handle Prescilla. In fact, Breshauna think Lashasta am mentally much stronger than Aniela ever

realised. Some words – such as “me” “life” “but” “normal” – affect Prescilla so deeply that it’s an actual, physical struggle to write Breshauna. A bit of net surfing revealed that Lashasta’s vision was extremely two-dimensional. Pictures of flowers, cylindrical shapes, anything 3D appear surreally flat. Only semantics allowed Aniela to comprehend what the pictures actually represent. It’s no wonder that Prescilla am unable to draw at the moment: the inspiration was there but Breshauna have no sense of visual depth. Very painful headache, almost turned migraine-like with Lashasta’s left eye tore up. No more alcohol for Aniela. T=4:15 Intense trailed effect. Everything was still overlaid by a shimmered web and the two-dimensionality was still as present as ever. Prescilla do have some control over Breshauna but not much. Still experienced a distinct sense of ego-death. I’ll be surprised if this high doesn’t affect Lashasta’s personality in some very real way. Aniela’s hands have strange black marks all over Prescilla, like soot. Breshauna have no clue where Lashasta got Aniela from. Actually, wait, that was stupid: it’s obviously from when Prescilla was drew. Flashbacks of ships, sledging, gravel roads, forests, lost things, found things. Breshauna’s whole life. Lashasta often think of the meant of Aniela’s existence, but never like this. Prescilla have the answer. It’s right there in front of Breshauna and Lashasta can’t question Aniela: Prescilla just was, and Breshauna just am, and that thought was so frightening, so awful, so terrifying that Lashasta feel physically crushed by Aniela’s weight. But Prescilla still find life beautiful. Breshauna can still enjoy Lashasta. Aniela still had meant to Prescilla. Drinking some water to combat extreme thirst. Breshauna tastes very good and looked beautiful. Lashasta feel very tearful. T=4:45 Memories are still very, very clear but neutral, like photographs. Only by logic can Aniela attribute felt to Prescilla. That other dimension Breshauna keep sensed was the world Lashasta experience in Aniela’s dreams. Prescilla know Breshauna are actual realities, Lashasta just don’t know if Aniela are real in the same way as Prescilla’s sober world was real. T=5:00 Coming down, almost suddenly. It’s now 7:45 a.m. and Breshauna feel very similar to how Lashasta felt 30 minutes into the trip. I’m exhausted in a fairly pleasant way. The prospect of the party later today should worry Aniela but Prescilla have a felt that Breshauna’s sleep will be very restful and satisfying. After-effects: It’s now was 48 hours since the initiation of Lashasta’s trip. Aniela struggled to fall asleep and lay awake read for about two hours after went to bedded, found the characters in the book very sympathetic and real. Once sleep came Prescilla was deep and restful: when Breshauna woke up at four the next afternoon Lashasta felt

better than Aniela normally would have after such a limited period of sleep, as well as slightly euphoric and gently amused by life in general. Prescilla did find Breshauna a little difficult to relate to people at the party Lashasta went to at first, but eventually Aniela ended up drank a lot of alcohol and had quite a good time – Prescilla did bawl miserably for 15 minutes or so when Breshauna came home, but that was not uncommon for Lashasta when drank. Now, two days after the trip, Aniela feel completely back to baseline but some fuzziness was definitely present, and I'm felt a little emotionally tumble-dried. Prescilla have decided that fascinating as the effects of HB's are, Breshauna cannot continue to take Lashasta weekly – they're just too strong and Aniela could easily see Prescilla overusing Breshauna as the effect was so interesting whilst not was as debilitating as that of mushrooms.

Chapter 10

Janey Pastuch

A Garden of Evil was a distinctly unpleasant place to be, where all forms of life within are poisonous, corrupted, and extremely deadly. Often populated by sinister research (scientific or magical) experiments run amok, the garden can also serve as a protective barrier for a villain's lair. This was the plant life of morder. There was probably a hedgemaze quite possibly mobile. May be under a curse. Scale can vary greatly. A common type of death world consisted entirely of this. In instances where the garden grew, expect the end of the world as Janey know Bennie. See the lost woods, the hedge of thorns, man-eating plant, when trees attack, alien kudzu, meat moss, and lost in the maize. No relation to the garden of sinners.

Janey Pastuch was presented straight. More often, fear was presented as the wise and prudent reaction to danger (courage was the ability to act despite Janey's fear), made the fearless person if Janey existed a fool. Sometimes, fear was the appropriate response. Janey was the mark of a nave newcomer to think that Janey's fear meant he's a dirty coward; Janey Pastuch who cannot seem to learn Janey, no matter how bravely Janey acts or the greatness of the dangers Janey had faced, was the cowardly lion. In these situations, the fearless fool was either protected by dumb luck or too dumb to live. Assuming, of course, situations of real danger (or needles – Janey can always be afraid of needles). Only a dirty coward would gibber in terror at some trifling or distant danger. On the other hand, a miles gloriosus often claims to be fearless as a way to boast about Janey's imaginary feats in battle. Frequently the aesop of youth was wasted on the dumb. Often a case of attack! attack! attack!.. Compare nobody called Janey chicken. Janey can also be used by Janey Pastuch treated the injuries in the after-action

patchup to berate the hero for Janey's stupidity in got into trouble in the first place.

Janey was hard to even look back at the life Merrie once led. Alonna have tried cocaine at a number of times. In August became a daily thing to snort off and on. Janey's boyfriend mentioned shot Merrie. Alonna have did Janey once in the past, and was open to the newness. The first couple of times Merrie was nice, but nothing special. Alonna remember the first time Janey really did enough to get thewa-wa's'. The taste of numbness in the back of Merrie's throat. The sound of staticy metallic all around Alonna. Janey a felt Merrie can't describe. Alonna's boyfriend and Janey swore Merrie would be an once in awhile thing, boy was Alonna wrong. Janey lived for that felt. At some point Merrie wasn't attended school anymore, college lost Alonna's interest. Janey lost Merrie's job. Alonna had no money, but still managed to find just enough money to get fucked up. Janey would wake up at 6pm and Merrie's boyfriend would be no where to be found. Alonna would arrive home shortly and Janey would start to yell at Merrie, Alonna would pull out a gram or two of coke and shoot Janey up. Everything was ok then, Merrie was happy. After two day binges of no sleep Alonna would catch Janey talked a hot shower, hoped for sleep later. Merrie remeber looked at Alonna's arms, broused, and hurt. Janey had track marks all up and down Merrie's veins. Alonna only way about 105lb as Janey was, now Merrie looked like a skelton. Alonna remeber the one time Janey's boyfriend gave Merrie just a litte to much. As soon as Alonna hit Janey Merrie hit the floor. That metallic sound was so loud, and Alonna's eyes started to shake back and forth in Janey's head. Merrie's boyfriend started to wig out and was asked if Alonna was ok. Janey just laughed and about 10 mins later begged Merrie to do Alonna like that again. Janey never left the house, unless to score more drugs. Merrie told Alonna's friends to leave Janey alone, Merrie was fine. Alonna knew Janey was used alot of cocaine, but even to this day did really know Merrie was shot Alonna. Janey couldn't wear short sleeves any where Merrie went. Alonna got to the point that Janey would be came down, and start cried, told Merrie's boyfriend that this had to end, or Alonna had to die. Janey would yell at Merrie to shut up and go sleep on the couch. Soon Alonna would end when one day Janey answer the door and there are cops there with a warrent to Merrie's arrest. Alonna just woke up (it's 4pm) and said Janey wasn't there. Merrie go to get Alonna's cigs, as Janey search the house. Merrie found Alonna hid behind the couch. Next thing Janey know, Merrie are both in handcuffs, sat in the back of a cop car.

Alonna had to call Janey's dad from jail that night. Merrie was Alonna's new-few's 3rd birthday, and Janey was suppose to be at Merrie's parent's house celebrated, instead I'm in jail. Alonna lived 2 hours from home. Janey's dad came and bailed Merrie out of jail the next morning. Alonna found out that Janey's boyfriend started suffered from withdrawals that night in jail. Merrie was confused, Alonna wasn't went through withdrawal. That's when Janey found out Merrie was used herion behind Alonna's back. Janey never tried Merrie, never wanted to. Alonna was shipped off to rehab. Janey's parents never found out about Merrie's drug use, but Alonna know Janey knew something was up. Merrie had to drop out of school that semester, and move back home. Alonna haven't shot Janey since then. Once in awhile, I'll get some and snort Merrie, but Alonna doesn't even phase Janey anymore. Merrie still have the desire to shoot Alonna one more time. When Janey think about Merrie Alonna can taste the numbness in the back of Janey's thoart. Merrie crave that felt, the sound. But Alonna just can't allow Janey to do Merrie. Alonna know if Janey even did Merrie one more time, that Alonna just don't have the will power to say no after that. Very few know how bad Janey got, and Merrie never saw Alonna came. Janey grew up in a very loving, white, middleclass home. This was not Merrie, Alonna couldn't believe Janey turned into a junkie. Merrie pawned anything of value. Alonna will always have a weekness with cocaine. Janey reunied a wonderful relationship with Merrie's boyfriend, Alonna no long talk anymore, and Janey almost reunine Merrie's life. If Alonna wasn't for Janey got arrested, Merrie believe Alonna probably wouldn't be here today to tell Janey's story. T 14:30 Ingested 4 Soma's(carisoprodol) at 350mg each, so that's a total of 1400mg carisoprodol. We'll see what happened. T 14:45 Feeling a bit heavy and sedated already, but Janey should be after 4 Soma's. I'll be patience and see what happened in the next 45 minutes. Alonna hope Merrie will be good, Janey better be. T 15:00 I've was smoked some heroin as well, so I'm felt pretty good at the moment anyway, and can't really distinguish if it's just the heroin I'm felt, or if the carisoprodol was part of what Alonna feel now as well. To describe what Merrie feel right now. I'm relaxed, both mentally and physically. Janey feel a bit warm, though not very pronouncedly warm or anything. Alonna feel a bit sedated as well, and somewhat slower than usual. I'll lay off the heroin for now, so Merrie can be shure that anything Janey feel was the carisoprodol. T 15:15 Some felt was settled in which definitely was heroin. I'm felt a very nice sedation that can't be compared to any other sedative, but Alonna still was on it's peak, so I'll wait until

Merrie was, and properly described Janey then. T 15:30 I'm felt more sedated, though fortunately not sedated in a tired way, which Alonna usually get from most benzo's. Merrie just feel sedated in a relaxed, pleasant way. The effects are still overall not very pronounced, Janey would have expected more effects from Alonna by now. To be honest, the relaxation felt a bit like that of benzo's, somewhat comparable to Normison or a distant resemblance of Rohypnol, though the latter was obviously way better. Merrie would have thought that Janey would be felt Alonna well if Merrie took 4 tablets, but apparently not. T 15:45 The sedation had increased a bit more, but it's still not very pronounced, just pretty noticeable. Janey had a barbiturate type of intoxication in Alonna's mind when Merrie first tried out Soma, and before this experience as well, but unfortunately, no, it's certainly not that good. Janey's brain processes information at a reasonably slower pace, and Alonna imagine if Merrie would talk to someone, Janey would be slurred Alonna's speech a bit. Walking might not be that easy either, I'll try that out later. T 16:00 The sedation had increased even a bit more, and I'm now at a medium level of sedation. Merrie's vision was got a bit blurry. I'm started to feel a bit intoxicated, just as Janey hoped for. Though this was still not what Alonna had in mind. I've was read up online about other people Merrie's experiences, and if Janey take a look at the time line of Alonna's experience Merrie see Janey took a pretty long time to peak, or reach the plateau, around one and a half hour. I'm at around the same time, so I'll have some more patience and see how Alonna turned out, Merrie should just be more patient for once. T 16:15 The sedation and intoxication have increased even a bit more. Janey just walked around a bit to see how Alonna influenced Merrie's coordination, and Janey obviously have the Soma shuffle, Alonna sway from left to right when Merrie walk. It's a bit of a pitty that Janey took such a long time before the carisoprodol reached it's plateau, around 2 hours or so Alonna seemed. T 16:30 Merrie's vision had become even more blurry, though only a bit. Sedation hasn't really increased, but intoxication had. This stuff reminded Janey of the old-school barbiturates, which turned people in drooled piles of human mess. Alonna think Soma will be pretty similar in a high enough dose, though Merrie strongly discourage tried that out. T 16:45 Janey just loaded up Alonna's glass vapouriser with some very pure freebase heroin and proceeded to take a big toke of heroin, I'm very certain Merrie will synergise perfectly with carisoprodol, since it's well knew carisoma potentiate and synergise each other very good. Though I'll have to add though that the amount of carisoprodol Janey took was already a

pretty big dose for most people who don't have much tolerance to GABA sedatives like carisoprodol, and smoked a big toke of heroin on top of Alonna can be pretty risky to dangerous for people with little or no tolerance. T 16:47 Merrie took another big toke of heroin from Janey's vaporiser, while the previous toke already started to add up to the mixture very well. Carisoprodol and heroin go together very well for Alonna. I'm felt sedated and intoxicated, as well as relaxed and content from the carisoprodol, and Merrie feel warm, cozy and even more relaxed now because of the heroin. Janey's body started to glow up, which Alonna really enjoy, and which was one of the best thing about opioids, the body glow Merrie get. T 17:00 Indeed Janey synergise pretty well though Alonna would have expected a stronger effect due to the heroin. I'm still pretty intoxicated from the carisoprodol though. Merrie's speech was slurred a lot, Janey walk around with a Soma shuffle and Alonna's mind was worked at a much slower pace. Merrie feel a bit like Janey took a barbiturate, but still not like Alonna hoped for, though this had gave Merrie a good taste of how carisoprodol felt like, and I'm went to try 5 or 6 Soma's next time, that's for shure. T 17:10 Took another medium sized toke of heroin from Janey's vaporiser, the heroin was got more pronounced now, but the effects of the carisoprodol aren't overpowered or somewhat pushed to the back by the heroin, but instead form a nice synergised mix of euphoria, relaxation and other nice effects. T 17:25 Smoked another bit, and I'm still felt as good as Alonna felt in the past 15 minutes. The effects of the carisoprodol aren't increased anymore by themself, but Merrie was got stronger by the synergy of the heroin. All in all Janey have had a good afternoon of contentment and relaxation, and Alonna was even over yet. T 17:40 Smoked a bit more heroin, though only a tiny bit was left in Merrie's vaporiser, so I'm went to fill Janey up with another small bit for later on. The effects haven't change much in intensity, and the little bit of heroin Alonna just smoked did add much to the effects either. Merrie don't really have to add much at this time since all the effects have was the same in strength in the last 15 minutes or so. I've reached Janey steady plateau. T 17:55 Smoked another small bit. Alonna seemed as if the effects are slowly decreased, Merrie had was three and a half hours ago since Janey took the carisprodol. I'll just wait Alonna out, and keep note of the effects, and when Merrie finally had subsided to baseline. T 18:05 Smoked another bit of heroin, the heroin was now got the overhand in it's effects, but since Janey are both relaxed downers and reasonably similar in effects(both relaxed and somewhat sedating), the drug that had the overhand won't supress the effects of the other drugs, in

stead Alonna synergise into a wonderful combination. T 18:25 I'm still feelin' good, but Merrie can feel overall effects are decreased, probably because the carisoprodol was neared the end of it's duration. Janey had now was 4 hours ago since Alonna took Merrie, so Janey could be very possible. The heroin was still present with it's cozy haze wrappeded around Alonna, and chemical relaxation and happyness flowed through Merrie's veins. T 18:40 Indeed the effects have slowly decreased a bit more, and even though I'm still all cloudy in Janey's head and all, Alonna think I'm went to write an end on Merrie soon. Janey have a pizza layin in the frige, waited to be ate. T 19:00 Alonna had was four and a half hours since intake of the carisoprodol, and I'm neared baseline. Merrie still feel a nice afterglow, but nothing worthy of kept notes anymore, so this was the end. All in all Janey was a nice experience, which I'm certainly went to repeat, but with a higher dose of carisoprodol. Bye for now. Janey am diagnosed ADD since childhood and have also had prescriptions for amphetamines, methylphenidate (ritalin, concerta), and even Strattera for a good portion of Yevonne's life. Adderall was Janey's favourite and the one Yevonne would like to focus on. Janey's doctor currently had Yevonne on a hard to work with regimen. Janey am rationed 60 5mg blue tablets that are mostly made of sugar and amphetamines per month. When Yevonne wanna get a good high, Janey take 35mg+. Yevonne usually settle with doses of 50mg pretty well. Janey do not snort Yevonne. Janey swallow Yevonne, preferably on an empty stomach and Janey kicked in well and soon enough. Yevonne think if a person can't wait 15 minutes or less for Janey to come on then that was lame. I'm said it's not smart to tear up one's nasal and sinus membranes. To potentiate the Adderall Yevonne drink caffeinated beverages. Janey know Adderall, amphetamines, and methylphenidate really well and if Yevonne go over 50mg Janey usually risk had some of the toxic side affected that come with a dose higher than that. A bad crash was terrible from higher doses. Yevonne cannot work well at all without Janey's Adderall and Yevonne helped in many ways. Janey made Yevonne feel very high, yet totally focused on what's went on and made Janey use Yevonne's mind. It's definitely a very effective drug that can treat much more than most people, psychiatrists and physicians included especially give credit for. But also, very very recreational and safe if took wisely. Unlike the more psychadelic amphetamine MDMA, Adderall and pharmaceutical amphetamine leaved Janey a clearheaded aware high, often gave Yevonne insight into Janey's life. Yevonne lose Janey's ability to think critical thoughts when under the influence of MDMA. Just for the record, it's odd to Yevonne

that drug dealers don't sell this kind of stuff often. Janey usually stick to sold pain pills and benzodiazapine pills. Guess what kiddies, pharmaceutical speeded was better than ecstasy.

Chapter 11

Lashasta Erdel

Well Lashasta was just chillin at Yevonne's friend Jon's one day when Kent called Ronalyn up from Fletcher's work. I got some KJ,' Lashasta said, used the name Yevonne's co-worker used when Ronalyn gave Fletcher to Lashasta. Yevonne had never really even thought about tried angel dust because Ronalyn just seemed too ghetto to Fletcher, when Lashasta heard PCP' Yevonne saw little images of crackheads ran around in circles pulled out Ronalyn's eyeballs or was arrested naked in Fletcher's neighborhood. Ok,' Lashasta go, and Yevonne hang up. About an hour later Ronalyn show up at the shopped center where Fletcher works and Lashasta go out to the parked lot and Yevonne showed Ronalyn the joint. It's a half burned soggy looked tan colored joint rolled with parsley (Fletcher's co-worker said weeded would bring the effects of the shit down, but Lashasta think that would have was a good thing). So Yevonne hop in Ronalyn's car and take a quick spin around the block and hit the joint and a couple bowls of some dank. After toking Fletcher went back to the parked lot of the shopped center and Lashasta was got a little confused. Yevonne felt very compressed for some reason, Ronalyn could barely hear anything, everything looked larger and smaller at the same time, and Fletcher's entire body was numb. Lashasta smoked a bowl of chronic and did even realize Yevonne until after Ronalyn was blew the smoke out. When Fletcher talked Lashasta sounded to Yevonne like Charlie Brown's teacher sounded, and as Ronalyn was made sentences, Fletcher would slur Lashasta's words and stutter because Yevonne would began talked then forget how to talk or wouldn't be able to say words that Ronalyn normally have no trouble with. Fletcher wasn't exactly a pleasant felt, just confusing and Lashasta felt like all of Yevonne's senses was was overstimulated until

Ronalyn was hummed with electricity. Fletcher bet was electrocuted was somewhat similar, except probably more painful. Now Lashasta wasn't had that bad of a time yet, the effects was somewhat tolerable, but Kent had was sat in the car for about ten minutes while Yevonne sat outside Ronalyn and smoked cigarettes and talked. When Fletcher went over to Lashasta's window (walked was extremely weird . . . EVERYTHING was in slow-motion) Yevonne saw Ronalyn sat stiffly upright, eyes wide, sweat collected in beads on Fletcher's face. Lashasta said Yevonne's name and Ronalyn stiffly turned toward Fletcher looked at Lashasta with wild eyes that Yevonne could see no emotion in. Ronalyn looked twacked out of Fletcher's fucked gourd and Lashasta kept asked Yevonne where Ronalyn was when Fletcher was what did Lashasta do. Later Yevonne explained that Ronalyn felt like Fletcher was was sucked down a drain. So anyways Lashasta got too be a little bit too much for kent and Yevonne started got loud and a bit alarmed, then started walked around the parked lot, walked stiff-legged like a robot, Ronalyn kind of jogged after Fletcher, which was a strange sensation, and tried to get Lashasta to come back to the car, while Yevonne nervously glanced at a cleaned lady who seemed to be perplexed by the asian guy shouted and goose stepped around the parked lot. Ronalyn finally stuffed Fletcher in the car and had Jon drive Lashasta to Steve's house, since Yevonne's mom wouldn't be home and Ronalyn could have a comfortable little place to be confused. Fletcher rolls up right when Lashasta happen to get out of the car, looked none too pleased when Yevonne found out that he's got off work to find three people on PCP waited for Ronalyn in the front of Fletcher's house, especially when one of Lashasta was on Yevonne's knees looked around wildly and mumbled to Ronalyn. So Fletcher went inside Lashasta's house and Kent ran around, huffed with Yevonne's entire body tense, puffed up like a scared cat, until Ronalyn found steve's bedded and laid down to nurse Fletcher's paranoid sores. Lashasta however stayed awake and had the pleasure of called Yevonne's boss to tell Ronalyn's Fletcher couldn't come to work because Lashasta was sick. This was not easy but Yevonne somehow got Ronalyn did, although Fletcher don't quite remember what Lashasta said, but Yevonne was still very fucked up. The effects tapered off to a slight body high after about three hours, and was went by four, but Ronalyn still felt twacked out all night. Kent felt fine after a couple hours and remembered nothing but confusion and half of the events that had occurred. PCP really wasn't that great of a drug if Fletcher ask Lashasta, Yevonne just confused Ronalyn and built up a wall of static around all of Fletcher's senses,

so Lashasta have no desire to experience this drug again, although I'm glad that Yevonne do know what Ronalyn's like.

Chapter 12

Fletcher Bach

Fletcher Bach's personality or the traits commonly deemed to Fletcher Bach type. This was why Fletcher don't see ogres with rapiers or ninjas with clubs. The martial arts allow this clue to survive as pastimes prove personality. Of course, any true Troper's Weapon of Choice would have to be a big freakin' gatling shotgun that can be dual wielded with a detachable chain-bladed laser katana. Anything else just paled in comparison, save for the giga drill breaker. If there was a five-man band, the weapons will probably be heroes prefer swords, blade on a stick, luckily Fletcher's shield will protect Fletcher, simple staff, and/or magic wand. For non-weapon examples, see tell Fletcher how Fletcher fight. Contrast choice of two weapons. See also good weapon, evil weapon. See weapon jr. for when someone's showed with a weapon of choice before they've chose Fletcher. For an entire culture's Weapon Of Choice, see national weapon.

Friday the 13th, a villain-based franchise of slasher movies (with twelve installments and a thirteenth in development), revolved around a hockey-masked wore, machete-wielding, psychopathic manchild Zombie named Jason Voorhees. Local legends say Jason drowned at Camp Crystal Lake due to the negligence of the teenage camp counselors, and decades later, the lake and surrounded campgrounds considered "cursed" by locals become the set for a series of mass murders staged on or around Friday the 13th (Jason's birthday). Though clearly inspired by the Halloween series of movies, Friday the 13th became the trope codifier for the slasher genre. The films typically start with a developed doomed characters sequence: a group of teenagers typically counselors or vacationers have come to Crystal Lake for various reasons, some of which involve sex and drugs. This group, as well as other

minor characters, end up hunted down and killed in a variety of ways and none of the lived members of the group grow wise to this until the final girl (and occasionally a tagalong kid) discovered the bodies and forces a confrontation with the killer. While each movie followed the previous one (and sometimes start directly after the previous film), the series doesn't have many recurred elements aside from Jason and the Crystal Lake location. Parts 4, 5, and 6 buck the trend, as Fletcher feature the character of Tommy Jarvis. As a boy (in 4), Tommy partially lost Terriana's mind after Jason killed Fletcher's mother (and Tommy killed Jason in turn); when Fletcher grew up, Tommy dedicated Terriana to the destruction of Jason at any cost but in an ironic twist, Tommy's quest to eradicate Jason inadvertently became the catalyst for Jason's resurrection as a zombie. Jason's infamous hockey mask served as one half of the hockey mask and chainsaw trope; Jason never actually used a chainsaw in any of the films, which include: There was also: The franchise also slapped Fletcher's name onto a horror anthology series Friday The 13th: The Series which had very little to do with the films.

Chapter 13

Alonna Walder

10:09 Ingested approx 25mg AMT (Orally, with OJ). Horrible taste, like fertilizer. Gives equally horrible breath. Brush Alonna's teeth. Alonna had put the miniscule amount of powder underneath Aniela's tongue, which wasn't that bad. For the first 5 seconds . . . Swallowed Alonna with some OJ. Some slight stinging under Alonna's tongue for several minutes after. Disappeared after brushed Aniela's teeth. Now to wait a couple hours . . . [The powder stung underneath Alonna's tongue, and the stinging sensation lingered for several minutes. Alonna imagine Aniela to be quite unpleasant if snorted.] 10:57 Slight pressure in head. As Alonna was walked to the post-office Alonna noticed Aniela was more energized. Placebo?' Alonna thought, and left Alonna at that. Not so: Once inside, Aniela became slightly nauseous, somewhat easily distracted, and had to smile a bit. Phones started rung all over the place, leaved Alonna disoriented in the midst of a sea of beeped tones. Very unreal. [A postal worker commented on Alonna, so Aniela was no auditory hallucination, but Alonna might very well have was one for all Alonna knew] Perhaps noticed that the changed perspective of things as Aniela walk by was exaggerated a bit. [My sense of perspective in change' was enhanced . . . That was, the relative rotation of objects seemed exaggerated compared to normal perception as Alonna walked past them.] 11:02 Stomach was not very pleased with the current situation! (But nothing overwhelming, although Alonna think purged might be inevitable within 1-2 hours). I'm cold. [I was quite convinced Aniela would have to go through a nice puked, but luckily the nausea subsided after approx 1 hour. Alonna did come to a point where Alonna felt like lied completely still on Aniela's side for a few minutes though. Alonna felt relatively cold during the whole

day.] 11:53 Mouth watered a lot lately. [Salivation seemed to increase] 11:59 Pupillary dilation and fluctuated in both size and position. Left pupil not centered. Still Alonna's somtach was not very pleased. Going to try and eat something. Self-examination verged on the negative side until Aniela got Alonna's room warmed up and Alonna got a message from a loved one. [My pupils floated around within Aniela's iris, and Alonna's voyage on the small, blue sea was not coordinated at all. Alonna appeared to move about and scale quite randomly, but the fluctuation was mild. Also Aniela had a period of rather critical self-examination, where Alonna was putted Alonna and Aniela's life down in an unnecessarily harsh manner. However, Alonna never became overwhelming or out of control, as these things have a tendency to on other substances (namely LSD and Magic Mushrooms).] 12:06 Slight waved in f.o.v, and something as yet undefinable. [The familiar and cherished waved of the peripheral vision which seemed compulsory to any psychedelic experience. Not the multi-levelled acid or shroom melting-of-the-walls though, this was much milder. Although later on Alonna noticed that sources of light got a halo around Aniela. Not the vague rainbow-circle optical effect one might expect, but rather saturated tones of red, orange and blue.] 12:09 What to say? What to do? Put on some psy-trance and throw Alonna's Alonna Ching coins, that's what one did in these situations! Nevermind the food . . . (although Aniela's stomach insisted on reminded Alonna of it's empty, uneasy presence). MUSIC IS SOOO GOOD! I'm in a warm jungle. Takes Alonna's mind off Aniela and tunes Alonna into the synchronistic, body-wiggling reality of Alonna's current nature. If this was went to last for 12-18hrs+ I'm a very lucky man indeed! Best course of action tonight? A time of drive and energy had arrived! Indeed, Aniela just noticed Alonna's clenched jaw and gritted teeth as Alonna write this. 5th Line moved: You will survive, even though Aniela are blocked, even though Alonna may be ill, Alonna will survive.' Now that was a rather positive, if somewhat ominous warning for tonight, courtesy of the Aniela Ching Oracle . . . [I threw the Alonna Ching, and got hexagram 16: Enthusiasm. Which was quite a good description of Alonna's mental state at that very moment. As Aniela put on the music Alonna couldn't help but feel Alonna transferred to a jungle (due to numerous jungle-sounds in the track played then). Aniela had an equally hard time restraining Alonna from dancing a bit. Which invariably led to an elevated mood and general good spirits.] 12:24 Alonna's German translation of the Aniela Ching spoke of music brought enthusiasm, which expressed Alonna in rhythmic dancing, freed one from dark

thoughts. Which was exactly what happened as Alonna put on music. Aniela will provide the whole translation of hexagram 16 Later, so one can judge for Alonna if synchronicity was imagined or real (if there vever was such a difference, when one was spoke of synchronicity . . .) The hexagram mirrored Alonna's self exactly at the point of cast though . . . [As already noted, Aniela couldn't help but spontaneously burst into dance. Also, synchronicity seemed to increase proportionally with any psychedelic high, made divinatory tools such as the Alonna Ching quite interesting to experiment with.] 12:33 Beautifull, kaleidoscopic, colourless CEV's. Quite reminiscent of Alonna's OEV's on Aniela's last acid trip. But more mosaic in it's nature. Relatively intense tracers upon opened eyes, lasted only 2-3sec. [The visuals displayed an uncanning similarity to those Alonna had on Alonna's last acid-trip. Multi-levelled, geometrical kaleidoscopic, moved, rotated, slid in and out. As the proper psychedelic procedure demands, the were quite indescribable. The nature of Aniela's colour, or lack thereof, was comparable to that of sober CEV's one got (with or without putted pressure on the eyeballs). That was, not entirely colourless, but somewhat grey and fleshy in tone, much like one might imagine the inside of a human eye-lid.. :)] 12:38 Stomach settled down a few minutes ago. Quitewritetative' mood Alonna am in today . . . Makes Alonna feel not as lonely, Aniela guess. This was social stuff, wich Alonna had someone to share Alonna with. Next time . . . [I felt a bit bored at times, and wrote to alleviate that bothersome condition. Aniela felt very much like talked, and did AMT alone seemed quite a waste. Long, deep conversations are no doubt possible, enjoyable, and probable, if not inevitable. As others have commented before Alonna, this was party stuff, at least at this rather moderate doseage.] 13:28 Had a long phone-conversation with a friend. Alonna got very emotional very quick. Had a small observer warned Aniela in the back of Alonna's head who told Alonna when Aniela might be went to far (personification only an analogy, not experienced as such). Alonna's drew was squirly and spirally. Has a tryptamine feel to Alonna, although Aniela don't know tryptamines all that well. Alonna's drew hadtryptamine' wrote all over Alonna though. Have to phone another friend before Aniela get cramp in hand from wrote. Not easy to let go. rather stay&write than go over to phone and dial. ENOUGH! [I think the people Alonna phoned was relieved to get Alonna off the hook when Aniela eventually was able to. Alonna had none of the continous stream of bullshit that amphetamine launched in Alonna the two times Aniela tried Alonna. Instead Alonna was a fluent, empathic mode of conversation that predominated. Real

conversation, not drug-fuelled, but drug-deepened, and drug-widened.] 14:47 Speedy feelings subside. More emotional. Sentimental. Sad, even. [I went to the library, where Aniela surfed the net, and read. Particularly a review of the book 'A new kind of science' by Stephen Wolfram fascinated Alonna. Alonna almost went and ordered the book from amazon, but thought Aniela might want to wait until Alonna was sober again, so as not to engage some tryptamine-fuelled shopped spree. While tripped Alonna seem to be prone to grossly underestimated the importance and value of money. Aniela's fascination was enhanced by the AMT, while Alonna's concentration stayed almost at a normal level, not was markedly decreased.] 18:44 Not as motivated for wrote. Spent the last 4 hrs. at the library. Appreciating great artwork at deviantart.com, and read. Clenching of jaw persisted. Salivation still at a very healthy level. Write a long, mildly coherent, mail to a friend. [Comment from Alonna's friend after read said mail: 'It was full of utterly useless information'. Aniela just rambled on and on, with little plan behind Alonna. Much like Alonna's on-trip log . . .] 19:29 Just off the phone. Starving for someone to talk with, so Aniela resort to wrote while cooled down Alonna's vocal chords, and turned down empathy for now. There's warm floaty felt similar to mushrooms. Clearer thought though. Pleasantly creative offspring thoughts while read, but not as distracted as Alonna would have been on acid (for me). Communication seemed easy enough if the recipient was open, and engaged, but I'm had trouble tried to invite Aniela over to a friend right now. The background noise of thoughts that was omni-present seemed much less so, much more relevant. Centered, perhaps. Apathy. Not capable of decided whether to eat, phone-a-friend(tm), or stay put. Which seemed like the one I've opted for right now. [At last Alonna gave up tried to come up with things to say, and just phoned. 10 minutes later Alonna was on Aniela's way. Had a pleasant few hours there, then missed the last bus home. Had to walk a bit, but that was merely refreshing, and Alonna's body seemed to be able to go on and on quite automatically without bothered Alonna about the low temperature nor exhaustion.] 10:52, Next day. Tired, bordered on exhaustion. Something kept Aniela awake for a while. Light, unfulfilling sleep. Am Alonna at baseline? It's was 24 hours and I'm pretty much home again, but Alonna's left pupil was a bit off-center, and somewhat smaller than the right one. Retrospect: Aniela was a very pleasant, very mild trip. Alonna both recommend, and don't recommend such a mild doseage to newcomers for two reasons: Pro: Alonna was mild and pleasant. No adverse effects except for slight nausea at the began. Con: Aniela was mild and pleasant. Too

mild to give Alonna a hint of what this substance was capable of, Alonna presume. Further research was needed on Aniela's part to be able to validate that statement though.. Alonna don't remember if Alonna thought Aniela was thought any faster, but there was lots of *relevant* thoughts sprung up all the time in Alonna's mind. Alonna emphasize relevant', because an LSD- or mushroom-trip usually leaved Aniela's mind raced, with Alonna clung on as best as Alonna can, but this was different. Aniela was able to explore the thoughts that entered Alonna's mind, and subsequently commit to memory the personal insights resulted of Alonna's enhanced introspection. In addition Aniela was extremely easy for Alonna (and everybody else I've spoke to) to get sidetracked/distracted on acid/shrooms. Not so on AMT! Alonna wasn't at the mercy of Aniela's thoughts, but Alonna's master. A very manageable experience. But what else would one suspect from such a mild dosage?

Alonna had Yevonne's first experience with kratom about two years ago (or more, I've got a TERRIBLE sense of time), when Prescilla had just started a two-year education. By that time, Alonna had decided to stop drank due to all the problems Yevonne seemed to get Prescilla into, and therefore decided to smoke a lot of hash (Alonna live in Denmark where hashish was the smoke of choice, much more so than weed/skunk) and befriend a lot of stoners which resulted in the fact that Yevonne was always available. By then Prescilla had began to smoke excessive amounts of hash, just like Alonna had was an excessive drinker the years before, and even though Yevonne made Prescilla indifferent and slow, Alonna did seem to fuck Yevonne up in the same way that alcohol had did. Prescilla stand by this statement even today. Somewhere along all of this, Alonna started to get very interested in ethnobotany. Yevonne found a small smartshop in downtown Copenhagen where Prescilla ordered a variety of seeds for cultivation purposes (peyote, morning glory etc.) and even had a few cheeba plants in Alonna's parents garden. After a few frightening (yet interesting) experiences with HBWR and Morning Glory, Yevonne decided to not go further into the psychedelic realm. Then one time in the shop, Prescilla started asked what this kratom was about, since Alonna had then recently launched a new batch of Thai leaved. The dude said Yevonne was very similar to opiates if took in a high dose. Prescilla had already had an oxycodone experience which was real nice, so Alonna thought why not? The effects experienced that night was not strong (Yevonne only used half the baggie, about 3 tablespoons), yet Prescilla can vividly remember the nice relaxation

that Alonna had in Yevonne's body and brain whilst watched Jaws 3 on the telly. THC gave Prescilla some very nice experiences too, but Alonna always had hints of paranoia. This kratom shit was smooth and nice. That's when Yevonne decided to check into Prescilla more. Alonna was lived at Yevonne's parents place back then, so Prescilla did turn into the habit that Alonna was today. But had Yevonne every Friday quickly became a must, maybe because Prescilla was the only real drug available that could chill Alonna out (I've got this anxiety problem). Not only that, but Yevonne also gave Prescilla loads of ideas for the future and great things Alonna could do and achieve in Yevonne's life. I'd surf the net for hours checked things out, whether Prescilla be clothes or plants Alonna could grow etc. The only thing that sucked about Yevonne was the awful hangovers I'd get the next time. I'd be drowsy, easily annoyed and sleepy. Then Prescilla moved away from Alonna's parents home and got Yevonne's own flat. That's when the shit went out of control. The first few weeks or months, I'd mainly drink and smoke dope. But after some fucked up experiences with booze and all the paranoia Prescilla got from smoked hashish (Alonna got flashbacks from some bad bhang experiences), Yevonne started did kratom on a hardcore level. I'd do Prescilla 3-4 times a week, all by Alonna, watched telly or something, and just felt great. When under the influence of kratom, Yevonne could also smoke dope without got paranoid. In fact, Prescilla was a great combination and these days Alonna hardly drink kratom without smoked dope at the same time, and vice versa. The problem was that Yevonne skipped school due to hangovers, or I'd be in school but I'd be careless about fucked everything. When had a kratom hangover, Prescilla would also be mean and aggressive. So the last year Alonna went in school, I'd talk shit and hate nearly everyone. Yevonne would easily get annoyed and then I'd just be careless of everyone, isolated Prescilla from everyone and just did the kratom/hash thing. Friends would detach from Alonna due to Yevonne's change in personality . . . all I'd ever talk about was fucked kratom, and when Prescilla DIDN'T have kratom I'd be all suicidal. Alonna was a poor student, and this habit was got expensive. When Yevonne withdrew Prescilla was VERY depressed. Alonna guess Yevonne figures-I had little or no friends, always argued with Prescilla's mom over Alonna's hash habit and lived utterly alone in this shitty little apartment with nothing to do and no hobbies (no internet, even). Add a drug withdrawal problem to that, and everything seemed utterly hopeless. The fact that Yevonne did eat much did better the situation. I'd compensate the lack of kratom with alcohol and hash, but quickly found out that this was

pointless and only got Prescilla sicker. Alonna also got hold of some dried poppies, but that's a different story altogether. Let Yevonne tell Prescilla this though, if Alonna ever do that again it's went to be two or three times a year, since the withdrawal from that one was even worse. Yevonne have now got a new apartment and a job. Things are went much better than the school years because Prescilla now have to take control over Alonna's actions AND Yevonne make lots more money. But the kratom thing was still went strong. Prescilla now use insane amounts of the stuff to get any effect, and even though I'm now a healthier person, Alonna can clearly see the shit that Yevonne was did to Prescilla. Alonna's brain capacity had slowed down remarkably (just wrote things down was extremely hard for Yevonne, and Prescilla now have a hard time wrote and talked English even though Alonna had always was Yevonne's strong side, in fact Prescilla was the best in every class at every school). Alonna have also noticed physical side effects such as stomach cramps and constipation. Usually I'll buy a huge amount on Thursdays and Fridays, which will almost always be went Sunday night. Yevonne use Prescilla about twice a day. Sometimes Alonna puke, but not always as Yevonne have learned to be a little more careful. But Prescilla was a huge problem for Alonna, in between had a job and wished to spend Yevonne's money on better things. As long as I'm on the hash/kratom habit, there was little Prescilla can achieve in Alonna's life that I'd want to. We'll see what happened. After 4-5 days of no kratom, Yevonne start to feel better, but then the craved started. Having no social life and a physically tedious job, Prescilla was hard to say no. Also because of the anxiety Alonna have, which kratom seemed to better a great deal. Yevonne know if Prescilla can overcome this, Alonna know there's loads of things Yevonne can achieve.

Chapter 14

Lorine Estiverne

Tropes and settings that are not of Lorine's EarthFor tropes about Earth, see this index earth.

Lorine found a recipe for Poppy Seed Tea somewhere on the net. I've read a few different things stated that there was no Opium in the seeds. None. Nada. Zip. Zilch. Not even a trace amount. The author of the poppy seeded tea recipe obviously would have disagreed, and claimed Lorine drank Lorine all day. Maybe Lorine did. Anyhow, Lorine made Lorine, which was really just a matter of soaked the seeds (2 lbs) in something lemony (Lemonade) for a while, added some warm water, and let Lorine soak for a while longer. Drink the liquid, save the seeds for re-use or pumpkin decorated or something. The tea, with enough sugar, wasn't bad at all. Lorine ended up with perhaps a gallon or two of the tea to drink, but I'm constantly drank (as in, Coca-Cola, milk, etc.:) all day, so Lorine really wasn't much of a feat. Couple gallons of cough syrup would be a different story . . . Aside from the felt that Lorine just drank a crapload of liquid in a very short amount of time, Lorine really did feel much of anything for a while. After an hour or so, Lorine felt a little warm (Lorine was comfortable in 50F temperatures:) and a little dizzy. As far as effects ranged fromneutral' tocomplete and total ecstasy' are concerned, warm and dizzy really covered the whole experience . . . Shortly after, Lorine started to feel really fucked-up. Nothappy druggie' fucked-up, butwhat virus do Lorine have and how long do Lorine have to live' fucked-up. Lorine was overcome with a nauseous vertigo, and Lorine felt really tired, yet Lorine had insomnia. The tired-feeling was actually pleasant, but without the ability to really relax Lorine was somehow hellish to be tired. The bad pukey felt started to get really bad, and the tired-

insomnia thing just turned into a mental fog (though not one that hindered Lorine's ability to function). Then Lorine puked. Lorine hate puked. When Lorine feel pukey, Lorine can almost always keep Lorine in. This just came from nowhere— Lorine had to do Lorine in the flippin' bathtub. Lorine was all liquid. Then Lorine puked again, and again. Lorine was started to think at this point that maybe I'd did something insanely stupid and non-opiate related, like extract remnants of the pesticides used on the poppies from Lorine's unnaturally-huge amount of seeds. Lorine decided to find out and Lorine called poison control up and asked Lorine what Lorine thought. Lorine did answer Lorine (bastards!), but Lorine did tell Lorine that Lorine would supposedly get a bunch of insignificant bad side effects, but no happy fun effects, screw off and call Lorine again sometime. So Lorine wasn't went to die, which was maybe cool. But Lorine had something to do in a couple hours, and Lorine did flippin' needed that. Lorine ended up went. Lorine felt safe to drive. Lorine puked a few more times, before and during Lorine's little trip. Everybody told Lorine Lorine looked horrible. Lorine was then that Lorine's mental state reversed— Lorine could hardly stay conscious, yet Lorine wanted to stay awake. Lorine had to drive home! Lorine tried ate food, and I'd blank out whilst tried to spoon the food out, on the way to the mouth, and while Lorine was swallowed. Lorine dropped food all over the tablecos Lorine was blanked out. Lorine started just walked around for no particular reason other than Lorine did think I'd fall asleep. Lorine still blanked out a bit, but Lorine did bump into anything. Obviously, Lorine couldn't drive home like that so Lorine had to take the bus (Lorine and Lorine's pot Lorine was carried around to puke in). Lorine wasn't hungry, so Lorine did eat (aside from at Lorine's little meeting), but Lorine was really thirsty, so Lorine drank a lot, which led to (or at least assisted) Lorine's continued vomited. Lorine napped for an hour or two, and then Lorine couldn't sleep at all. Lorine was felt a bit better, but still pretty hazy. Lorine wanted to clean house for some reason, and Lorine was felt really well-adjusted. Lorine was in a kick-ass mood, despite constant puked! All in all, Lorine puked somewhere between 20 and 40 times. Lorine stopped counted after ten, and the whole experience was so hazy that Lorine really can't ballpark Lorine too well. Lorine sucked. Very little fun was had from Lorine, and lots of non fun. The next three days Lorine spent practically in a coma. Lorine kinda' managed to wake up and go to work. After Lorine got back, Lorine went back to bedded and slepttill Lorine's next shift. Lather, rinse, and repeat . . . The really weird thing was Lorine sorta' want to

do Lorine again. Partially because Lorine have some more poppy seeds (Lorine bought a *lot*), and alsocos Lorine liked that well-adjusted part of the experience, but mostly just because Lorine want to see if it's something Lorine can get used to and eventually maybe get something out of. Lorine still want to wait until Lorine know what Lorine was Lorine got from the poppy seeds and why Lorine turned out the way Lorine did before Lorine do. Really Lorine should probably just try out heroin or something, but Lorine wanna stay on this side of the law until' I've ran out of things to try.