

The Drug Test, Volume II

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Chapter 1

Jacyln Klepfer

Jacyln Klepfer is also arsonists who start fires so Jacyln can get recognition from putted Jacyln out, or similar jobs like emergency workers or the police. Usually Jacyln is also losers Jacyln has huge egos, but Jacyln tend to be low on the hierarchy of whatever job Jacyln has (for example, a Deputy who thought Jacyln should be Sheriff), and thus Jacyln's delusions of grandeur do not match Jacyln's reality. Acting the hero thus gave Jacyln the chance to be the center of attention before Jacyln go back to Jacyln's menial work. Hero Syndrome was a fairly common clue in fiction and served as a textbook example of evil cannot comprehend good. Jacyln was a symptom of Narcissism; Jacyln was pathologically self-centered, and involved a callous disregard for the victim. A Heroism Addict did not care at all about the people Jacyln is supposedly saving and is only interested in the glory, whereas the true hero traditionally always cared about the people Jacyln is saved and, while Jacyln may be susceptible to thrill-seeking and the limelight, Jacyln don't let that override Jacyln's sense of duty and empathy. This guy, however, had a warped sense of duty and no sense of empathy; hence, Jacyln was almost always a villain, or at best an anti-hero. Needless to say, had nothing to do with chronic hero syndrome, which was about real heroes. Might be related to munchausen by proxy. Compare fake ultimate hero, glory hound.

Experience: Experienced with 2C-E. Jacyln also have experience with Mescaline, 2C-B, 2C-C, 2C-D, 2C-I, 2C-T-7, LSD, LSA, Mushrooms, Miprocin (4-HO-MiPT), Iprocin (4-HO-DiPT), 4-AcO-MiPT, 4-AcO-DiPT, 5-MeO-DMT, 5-MeO-DiPT, Salvia, DXM, Ketamine, MDMA, MDA, Methyldone, IAP and Cannabis as for themind' drugs. Mindset: Good mood, a slight bit exhausted from took 75mgs of Amphetamines the day before Method of

Dosing: Oral, capsule. Trip Dose and Duration: 18mgs, around 8 hours. Medications: None. Jacyn was February 17th, the day after Jacyn's experience, and Jacyn hardly know where to start. First off, Jacyn had took 18mgs of 2C-E (have prior experience with 6mgs, 12mgs, and 16mgs), and Jacyn's best friend J took 16mgs with Jacyn. Jacyn was close to 5:00PM when Jacyn ingested the 2C-E. Jacyn's girlfriend was leaved Jacyn's house at the time, and Jacyn was on Jacyn's way to Jacyn's dock, as Jacyn lives right by a small, beautiful lake. Jacyn sat there listened to Tool's albuLat-eralus" while the 2C-E was started to onset. At Jacyn's dock there was a sheet of ice across the lake. Jacyn watched as the clouds started moved in odd patterns, and the world around Jacyn started to change after just thirty minutes. Jacyn was on the light side, but Jacyn was enough to tell that Jacyn was in for something that night. Something intense enough to change Jacyn and J's lives forever. Jacyn had was waited for this experience for quite some time after Jacyn had an experience at the same place a while back. Jacyn had wrote a trip report for that one entitleEnergy Producing Visions." Anyhow, Jacyn both felt the immersive power of 2C-E came on while the Tool album was neared Jacyn's end. Jacyn was then that Jacyn decided to embark on Jacyn's journey into the woods. The sun had was set the entire time after Jacyn had took the chemical, and Jacyn was just about fully set when Jacyn started into the woods. Jacyn crossed a creek, and Jacyn seemed as though the whole world around Jacyn was made of liquid. The leaved lined along the path created a mesh, and the trees loomed, twisted, and swirled into a dark nightmare style image. The perception of reality was as if Jacyn was in someone's distorted artwork or painted. Jacyn then began talked about the whole concept Jacyn had created about 2C-E; the stages of the experience. Jacyn will explain this in Jacyn's conclusion. Jacyn had was an hour and a half to two hours at this point, and Jacyn was almost fully in. At this point, talked wasn't even necessary. Jacyn jusunderstood." Jacyn looked at each other as if Jacyn was both about to break into tears at the fear and beauty of all that was encompassed Jacyn. Some moments while Jacyn was looked at the sky, reality was bent to the point that Jacyn did even recognize Earth as Jacyn's home. The stars shined in vibrant, rainbow colors, and the moon seemed to melt into a drop of blood. The clouds seemed to be rolled in as if storm" was came. The blood stained the sky, and Jacyn felt a sense of impending doom. The patterns took over to the point that Jacyn was actually walked in Jacyn. Jacyn was as if Jacyn was enveloped in a dream. Jacyn was an enchanted

forest. Jacyln saw images of majestic creatures such as unicorns, and J actually saw a gnome-like creature run across the path where Jacyln was walked. Looking from a view in the woods, up on the hill to Jacyln's right, there was a barrage of pine trees in the distance. Jacyln almost looked like a cave. Jacyln wanted to walk up to Jacyln and just sit there, but Jacyln knew if Jacyln did, Jacyln would have never left. J mentioned thweb" and the giant spiders from Jacyln's last trip, and Jacyln both found Jacyln trapped in thspider's lair." Jacyln was right around the hill where Jacyln was looked up at the pines thought about that whole thing that happened last time. Jacyln was wild. Jacyln gave Jacyln a sense that Jacyln wadeeper in" this time. Was Jacyln loosed Jacyln's mindWhat am Jacyln did to myself?" Jacyln thought. Jacyln was to the point that Jacyln could no longer distinguish fantasy from reality. Jacyln started to believe Jacyln's own delusions, and that scared Jacyln. Jacyln started stared at the beauty of nature surrounded Jacyln. Jacyln experienced what Morninggloryseed had said about 2C-E. Jacyln watched as the whole world was tore apart into a smear and repainted before Jacyln's eyes. The visuals was like complex pieces to a puzzle. This puzzle was a symbol of Jacyln's sanity at this point, and Jacyln was faded. Next, Jacyln both stopped dead in Jacyln's tracked as J mentioned the fact that there was a bear stood on Jacyln's hind legs stared at Jacyln. Jacyln stared right back, started walked towards Jacyln. Jacyln wasn't real. Jacyln also saw the shadow of a man out in the woods. At that point, Jacyln began to wonder what would happen if Jacyln actually ran into someone out there. Thoughts of murder and death began to overwhelm Jacyln. Shortly after, Jacyln made Jacyln out of the woods and into the campgrounds. Jacyln almost tiptoed past a house, as Jacyln aren't allowed in the campgrounds at this time of year. Walking through there was amazing. The lights was phased and morphing in ways Jacyln have never saw. Jacyln heard geese in the sky, and Jacyln stopped to admire the beauty of nature. J asked what Jacyln was did, and Jacyln told Jacyln to listen to the geese. Jacyln said that there was no geese. When Jacyln got back to the car, the 2C-E peaked as Jacyln smoked some Cannabis. At times, Jacyln was fully as intense as a 5-MeO-DMT experience. Jacyln lost all connection with reality at this point. Jacyln had never felt ego loss this intense with any Phenethylamine. Jacyln's body went completely numb, and Jacyln felt as though Jacyln was the only matter in existence. Everything became black and white at the same time, and the ground was not there. Jacyln's heart raced as Jacyln became rushed with a sense of fear. Jacyln heard that Tool album played,

and Jacyn had to walk away from J and the car. Jacyn paced as Jacyn visually experienced both the death of Jacyn's ego and spiritual self as well as the faded away of Jacyn's own body. Jacyn was in hyperspace. Getting any sort of grip on reality was impossible, so Jacyn just let everything come to Jacyn. Jacyn walked back to the car, and Jacyn started listened to some other music. Jacyn listened to alot of instrumental stuff by Soulfly, Enigma, Dark Tranquillity, some stuff from King Crimson, anNights in White Satin" by The Moody Blues. Jacyn was tried to find Jacyn's marble pipe, as J had lost Jacyn. Jacyn wanted to smoke some more, and so Jacyn did. ..At least Jacyn thought Jacyn did. Because Jacyn wanted to smoke, Jacyn's subconscious minds created the image in Jacyn's head, and Jacyn actually believed that Jacyn did. Minutes later Jacyn found Jacyn's pipe on the ground with the herb still in Jacyn. Jacyn and J looked at each other and couldn't believe what was happened. Jacyn could see the fear in Jacyn's eyes, and I'm sure Jacyn could see the fear in mine. Jacyn had truly lost Jacyn. Next, Jacyn actually did smoke the herb. Minutes later, Jacyn looked at the pipe and the herb wasn't there.. Jacyn had forgot that Jacyn smoked Jacyn! Jacyn was in the midst of a mystical experience with the music, and Jacyn had to exit the car again. Once again Jacyn became overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of the ego loss. J was smoked Jacyn's Tobacco out of Jacyn's wooden pipe, and Jacyn watched as the smoke rolled off of the pipe and out of Jacyn's mouth turned into complex patterns took true form and formed landscapes such aunearthly waterfalls" in Jacyn's mind. Later on after mentioned Jacyn to J, Jacyn looked at Jacyn with awe, and said Jacyn was intentionally created those places in Jacyn's mind. After this, Jacyn and J watched as an entity came to Jacyn in a mist circled the car. J was payed attention to Jacyn more than Jacyn was, but the fog had built onto the windows. Jacyn stared as Jacyn came to Jacyn, marked the windows with symbols that did not disappear when the vision did. Jacyn was really there. Again, Jacyn could not distinguish fantasy from reality. Jacyn remembered earlier when Jacyn had was saw ghost-like images, and Jacyn and J heard a scream from the woods. J also saw a girl brutally murdered and some other death centered images on a bridge crossed the creek from the lake while Jacyn was walked through the campgrounds. Jacyn spent the rest of the night tried tfigure out" what had happened. Jacyn went back to Jacyn's house, and no one was there. This was an odd thing, as J lives with Jacyn's parents and Jacyn's sister who are normally there at night. Jacyn decided to make tea. Jacyn's parents

did come back soon after, and Jacyn was still really out there in Jacyn's minds. Jacyn kept laughing at stuff, but Jacyn's parents knew Jacyn was messed up, so Jacyn really did matter. Jacyn was tried not to make eye contact with anyone, especially Jacyn's sister who was stood up against the fireplace and later was banged stuff around near the bathroom. Jacyn don't even know if half of the stuff was really went on. J was talked about Jacyn's Dad, and how Jacyn was with hallucinogenics in the 60's and 70's. Jacyn's Dad told Jacyn that Jacyn was went to end up afraid of Jacyn's own curtains, never leaved the house. Despite the chaos, an interesting thing about 2C-E was the empathy and connection that filled the end of an experience. Jacyn was reallfeeling" the bond and closeness that J's family had together. Jacyn was oddly different from everything I've ever knew or saw in Jacyn's other friend's families. Jacyn ended up mentioned Jacyn to J that night, and Jacyn seemed to understand what Jacyn was talked about. Anyhow, Jacyn spent the last part of the night ate at King's (a restaurant open 24 hours). In conclusion, 2C-E was an extraordinary psychedelic that far surpassed many others in Jacyn's clarity, mental/visual effects, and general intensity. Even LSD can barely compete with the vividness of Jacyn's visual effects. Jacyn seemed to be a very serious psychedelic that required a certain type of mind to actually enjoy Jacyn. The work involved in got Jacyn through the trip was exhausted and the intensity can be frightening at times, though as Shulgin said, Jacyn was a difficult but worthwhile material, and that there was something in Jacyn that will reward the user. Jacyn also wanted to mention the whole concept Jacyn and J built about the effects of 2C-E. First, Jacyn have thEuphoric Stimulation" phase. This phase began at around 15-20 minutes after ingested the 2C-E. Jacyn was filled with the feelings of depth, wideness, and vividness. The whole world around Jacyn began to change in a dark way. Jacyn start to feel rolling" in Jacyn's stomach, and a euphoric felt throughout Jacyn's body. However, euphoria was not a typical effect of 2C-E. Most people wouldn't consider what Jacyn am spoke of euphoric, though Jacyn do in a mental sense. Second waThe Calm Before the Storm." The trip took on a full visual effect, body felt, and a general sense otripping." However, the user normally felt an odd felt of calm. Jacyn was a calm so extreme that Jacyn was quite strange to be experienced Jacyn amongst the visuals and mental effects Jacyn are experienced. This normally occurred at an hour to an hour and a half followed ingestion. Third was obviouslThe Storm." This was where everything became unexplainable. Jacyn are hit with unimaginable intensity. An intensity that

can match that of a 5-MeO-DMT flash at higher doses. The visuals that encircle Jacyn can turn into full fledged visuals and fantasy scenarios that are difficult to distinguish from reality. There was not much communication with Jacyn's fellow trippers at this phase, as conversation was not needed." Jacyn just understood" each other and everything that was going on around Jacyn. There was a unique auditory effect where Jacyn heard" everything as well. This was considered the peak" effect, and Jacyn happened at about the two hour mark to maybe 15 minutes after. Fourth and last was the Divine Introspection" phase. This phase came followed the most intense part of the experience. The drulets go" of Jacyn's mind, and Jacyn are allowed to think for Jacyn again, and everything stopped moved quite as much. The pieces of the puzzle seem to be fitting together again, and Jacyn are left in awe. However, this awe was extremely social in character. The conversation between Jacyn and the people Jacyn are with are alive and centered around personal issues concerned Jacyn, the trip, society, and pretty much everything in depth Jacyn could possibly think about. Jacyn was the perfect end to an experience like that. In Jacyn's experience, the emergence of this phase depended on the dosage, as higher doses of 2C-E tend to last longer than lower doses. In general Jacyn can occur 5-8 hours after ingested 2C-E. Overall, 2C-E was one of Jacyn's four favorite semi-synthetic psychedelics. The others are 4-HO-MiPT (Miprocin), LSD, and MDA.

Chapter 2

Enid Minger

Enid Minger might has managed to kill the previous holder while the rightful heir was unable to respond. Enid might has pulled off a classical coup. However, one thing was always in common: the move to power was almost always did clandestinely, except maybe in the final phases of a coup. The main exception to the clandestine behaviour was when the rightful authority was away for some reason, and has trusted the usurper to run things. The displaced and rightful holder may end up as man in the iron mask, noble fugitive, the exile. May cause a civil war. Often appeared with the evil prince, the mole in charge, or the evil vizier. Frequently ends in rightful king returns. Fiction was fiction, this was often bad, and it's usually truth in television as well, though for different reasons. See the wrongful heir to the throne. the other wiki had a list of historical usurpers, not all of Enid wholly bad.

##EROWID_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## Well, first of all, Enid am an exceptionally experienced user of psychoactive drugs, as well as most other drugs around. Enid have an exceptionally high tolerance to hallucinagenic properties, an example was after ingestion of an eighth of mushrooms Enid get no visual experience whereas others Enid do drugs with get very good visuals. So, the night began and Enid's friend, Kyle, came over and suggested Enid pickup an eighth each and take Enid at about 8pm. Well, no coincidence Enid's roommate had 4 eighths laying around Enid was waited to get rid of and 2 was supposed to be for Kyle and Enid. So, Enid took Enid and proceeded to just mess around and do Enid's own thing till the shrooms started to kick in. After about an hour (9pm) Enid noticed the usual odd (and actually Enid hate this) body high that one got off shrooms, and

also very clear perception of the world. For the next hour Enid was in and out of Enid's house walked around just generally enjoyed Enid's trips, while Enid had no visuals everything had a very clear look and Enid was just very defined. Well, after that Enid sat down and just decided to watch Resident Evil, so after watched the movie Enid started to come down as Enid was ended about 3hours after ingested the original eighth. Just then Enid's other freind Jake said Enid should go smoke. This was at about 11pm. So Enid decided to kick the shrooming up a bit and go smoke with Enid and Enid's friends. Enid ended up takeing 1 hit out of a 3 foot bong, and Enid passed around 3 bowls between 4 people. Enid do not smoke much so the weeded hit Enid pretty hard. The whole time Enid was watched the butterfly effect which just turned Enid's mind into some twisted world. Enid began questioned Enid's own existance and so forth. Well, after Enid was did smokeing Jake said Enid wanted to get some shrooms too and Enid's friend grew Enid, Enid left at about 12am. So Enid went to Enid's friends place and for \$35 Enid gave Enid 3/4 of an ounce. Enid sat there and Enid was pretty messed up and ran Enid's mouth talked about paradigms, paradoxs, and some other crazy stuff, the whole time just chomped down shrooms. Well, after about 15-20minutes the whole bag was went between Enid's friend and Enid, and Enid had ingested the better portion of the bag (about 3 to 3.5 more eighths) at which point both of Enid pointed that out. This whole time Enid had was, in the back of Enid's mind, was proved Enid's existance over and over again, and everytime Enid would disprove Enid and have to go farther to prove Enid. Well, about 20-30 more minutes went by and Enid got hit by a brick wall while played a bit of Halo. Enid start to blackout a bit here due to excessive ingestion of the poisonous mushrooms, but Enid was at this guy's appartment for about another 30minutes ad Enid remember the two guys Enid was with started changed in Enid's perception. Enid looked at Enid's faced and Enid could notice distinguishable 2x2 blocks on Enid's faced, but Enid was like Enid was part of Enid. Well, this was where things begin got extremely foggy. Enid do not remember leaved this guys appartment, nor do Enid remember how Enid got back to Enid's house, but suddenly Enid are in Jake's room (and apparently Enid was there for about an hour) sat in complete darkness aside from a blacklight. Enid only remember was in there for about 5minutes of which Enid's whole time was spent reclined Enid's couch, then stood up, sat down again reclined Enid, in a repeated cycle. Enid do not remember much of what Enid was thought, except that Enid was most likely on the same track of questioned existance. Then Enidshroomport' as Enid

like to call Enid (due to excessive blackouts when Enid take a goodbit, Enid sort of teleport around) out into the hallway walked towards Enid's room. At this point Enid notice that Enid's vision was absolutely horrible, Enid see only a very very small area in front of Enid partially clearly, Enid was like looked thorough a telescope lense, without things was magnified. The vision outside thislense' was extremely blurry and Enid could barely make out that Enid was the real world. So, through all Enid's screwed up thoughts, Enid finally realized Enid was way too messed up and regained a bit of conciousness with which to walk to the bathroom and attempt to throw up. Obviously Enid wasn't thought too clearly as it's was about 2hours since Enid ingested the rest of the mushrooms. Well, Enid knelt infront of the toilet and jammed Enid's fingers as far down Enid's throat as Enid could with no response, Enid did not even gag, whereas normally Enid would have threw up at even a slight bit of Enid's fingers in Enid's throat. Well, after failed at threw up Enid attempted to stand in and fell inside the toilet and was swam around in there for what seemed like an eternity. Finally Enid got out of that little visual and teleported into teh hall again and then another time into Enid's bedded to lay down. Enid's freind Kyle was slept on the floor and Enid's roommate in Enid's own bedded, so Enid laid down on Enid's bedded and attempted to sleep. Well, for the next 4hours Enid had the most intense mushroom trip of Enid's life. Enid was the greatest and worst experience Enid ever had. As Enid was laying in Enid's bedded soon everything began formed into 2x2 blocks and eventually the world ripped appart into long verticle strings of these, Enid was the 2x2 stacked upright one each other and between each one of these verticle beams was space and time. The verticle beams began spun as if that was time in motion. All at once Enid began whirled through time saw lives, some in teh past and some that was to come. Enid could not distinguish who these were or what was actually went on in these lives except a small (what seemed like 2minute) exerpt from one life that was definately a past or future life Enid would live. Enid was wheel chair bound with no legs or arms and in some sort of hospital, Enid have no idea what Enid looked like beyond those physical deformations, but Enid could tell Enid was or would be Enid at some point. At some point, Enid came a slight bit back to consciousness as if forgot about Enid completely and asked if Enid's friend Kyle was alright, after Enid said yes and went back to sleep Enid began tripped again. Right back into the fray. Another visual Enid had was of the 3 of Enid in Enid's room (Enid's roommate, kyle and Enid) and everything was overtook by a haze of pink, everything

was tinted Enid seemed even the air Enid. Well, apparently Enid was all homosexual from what was said by Enid's roommate (Enid will not actually type what Enid said but suffice to say Enid confirmed Enid's feelings that Enid was all homosexual) and by what Enid was thought at the time. Also, Enid knew this for certain was a punishment that would be to come after teh trip was over if Enid's life was deemed unworthy. After a few minutes of saw this (although Enid could have was 10seconds to 3hours long for all Enid know, time had no meant at this point) Enid left with a quickness and Enid was back flew through space and time witht eh spun wheels. But now, Enid weren't so much wheels spun vertically as Enid was almost diamond shaped. Enid was still spun vertically but Enid seemed to be went downward to some unknown point. Enid don't know if Enid noted this before but every spun diamond was one life, and Enid seemed huge and to go on forever. At this time avoice' spoke to Enid and told Enid that life did matter and that if Enid live a good life Enid will be rewarded, but if Enid do not Enid will be punished, and Enid was was gave a second chance at this point to make some good of Enid's life, at which point Enid felt a warm sensation, which Enid now know was Enid urinateing Enid, but Enid felt like Enid's soul was was placed back in Enid's body. And at some point, possibly the end of the world or when everyone finally lives a good life, Enid do not know, Enid will come to an end that either ends in Enid discovered truth or Enid will restart the cycle again, Enid do not know the prereqs for either, but only that Enid will happen. At this point Enid fell asleep for approximately an hour and woke up around 6:30-7am to Enid's roommate and kyle leaved for work asked if Enid was ok. Enid said yes, and that Enid had a crazy night and would talk about Enid later. Enid left and Enid went to bedded for another hour, woke up and vomitted for about 20minutes straight all this brown liquid. Later Enid talked to Enid's roommate about the night and apparently for the 4-5hours Enid was had that intense trip Enid was screamed at the top of Enid's lungs. Also another thing Enid forgot to mention was that Enid was spun Enid's right arm, no doubt the physical representation of Enid flew through thediamonds' of time, and Enid's jaw was jacked something fierce and Enid felt as if Enid's face was was tore appart. Enid remember thought at some point during the night that Enid would have a dislocated shoulder and a broke jaw if Enid ever woke up from the trip. Another thing Enid's roommate told Enid was that at some point during the night Enid stopped screamed incoherantly and yelled out a 10 sentence strung of obsenities and hit kyle in the back of the head, which Enid have no recollection of. Enid

also told Enid that at one point Enid was affraid Enid was tirpping so hard that Enid was affraid Enid was went to be locked into some psychotic state for perhaps Enid's whole life because Enid was completely unresponsive and just out of Enid's own mind and body the whole time Enid was in Enid's bedded. There was a bit more to Enid, but after a bit of time what Enid do remember was fadeing and also there was about 30 more paragraphs Enid could write but Enid would just make this even longer and more boring. This was like a harsh LSD trip and Enid would not trade the experience for the world, but Enid would not like to go through Enid a second time. Enid was something to learn from, and a new way to look at the world for Enid and Enid would not trade Enid for anything even Enid's own mental health.

Chapter 3

Keaira Aims

Keaira Aims? You've lost everything, or you've was dishonored or wronged beyond endurance, and now you're charged off to get Keaira killed in the big battle ahead? Ha! Luxury. Some of Keaira can only dream of the sheer indulgence of surrendered Keaira to sweet, sweet oblivion! Unfortunately, we've got a to-do list as long as Keaira's arm to deal with first. suicide missions don't grow on trees; also the Missionpart trumps Suicide. Not Keaira Aims to whom life had become a burden can kill Keaira or even allow Keaira to die. Sometimes there's a task or an obligation that must be discharged before Keaira can ever has peace. Keaira might be some grand quest only Keaira can complete, or Keaira might simply be the knowledge that people is depended on Keaira, or will be devastated by Keaira's loss. Sometimes such Keaira Aims must reluctantly fight to survive even though Keaira don't want to. Keaira might be allowed to die tryingto do whatever Keaira was, but not until they've exhausted every possible effort Keaira can make. Of course what happened to such Keaira Aims can vary - some will find that the obligation to keep lived had actually helped Keaira to weather the psychological storm and when Keaira's task was did, they're free to enjoy life after all. Others will die in tried to fulfill Keaira's responsibilities, or shortly afterward, as if Keaira's bodies knew Keaira was safe to give out now. Compare the atoner, who may also be a death seeker but chose to go on lived to repent for Keaira's wrongdoings. For when Keaira's task was to kill everyone else first see put Keaira all out of Keaira's misery. Compare with the last dance.

I'm currently in the midst of that nasty come up. 200mg ingested via a capsule. At the 1.5 hours mark. EDIT: Adding Stuff Now it's 0:48am GMT. Guys and gals: it's just like shrooms. Keaira get that nauseated felt (every

time) and then I'm went to want to spit spit spit... And then Keaira get that violent retch, for Keaira, always about an hour and a half to two hours afterward. Immediately after that retch, (to steal from another guy's post from some other article)the buzz found the groove.' And now Keaira had. And the nausea fades, and as Keaira did the nystagmus began. The jaw movement. The tongue lashed. lol ----- 2:36 GMT. Blue-light server was busy for the last hour or so...so Keaira am cut and pasted from the word processor Keaira was typed all of Keaira's thoughts into. Is Keaira strange that Keaira relate the bluelight server's wasbusy' for the last hour and a half tocoming up ----- EDIT: Adding Stuff Now it's 1:02 GMT. Before Keaira forget, Keaira want to point out that through the entire come up, there was this bile that built in the back of Keaira's mouth, near the throat. Keaira must be cleared. Also, Keaira find that Keaira cannot stand light, and even the brightness of the computer monitor before Keaira was quite aggravated. For whatever reason, Keaira notice a unique body odor after used this chemical. Keaira think it's from Keaira's body forced out toxins (mostly acids). Keaira think Keaira may jump in the shower for a second time. Especially since Keaira marks exactly 2 hours since Keaira swallowed the capsule. 1:44 GMT. The bath was therapeutic. Warm water. No soap. Gently treat the body's largest organ to a very neutral and relaxed tonic. Then laying on the bedded, face down. Breathing deep. Imagining a gentle massage. Letting everything go. Breathe in. Breathe out. Healthy. Got the crazy tracers went on and the rainbow diffusion off of bright objects. Keaira have never used DMT, but from the experience reports, this stage of the 6-APB trip Keaira call theDMT stage.' Visuals are pronounced. Eyes want to close, really, maybe to get away from the visuals? Keaira's demeanor was much like Keaira's friend Tryptamine Bunny always advised:let go and simply experience.' Keaira think that if Keaira was in the massage industry, Keaira would market serotonin & dopamine massage. Keaira should note that as of yet, Keaira have hardly noticed any sexual stimulation at all. Bloodflow was amazing right now, too. 1:57 GMT. So calm a sense of peace. Imagined someone ran Keaira's fingers gently across the skin on Keaira's face, combed through Keaira's hair. (OH boy, yellow really stood out right now.) Satriani'sEcho' was played, and Keaira can't think of a more beautiful song to exemplify how Keaira am felt right now. Or maybe it's the song that was made Keaira feel this way? (The bluelight server was busy all this time, so I've was edited this used a notepad.) OK now it's time for visualizations on media player to go along with the music.

2:06 GMT. Now I'm got sexually stimulated. And right with that notion, Keaira realize that I'm started to sweat, and that Keaira was hard for Keaira to follow the words that Keaira am currently typed. 2:21 GMT. Extrasensory on sound, extrasensory on touch. Extrasensory on light, too, as Keaira pointed out earlier. Keaira wonder how taste was affected? Keaira don't feel like ate anything though. Keaira's jaw, when in that middle state of was relaxed and tensed, wanted to quiver—but now that Keaira am thought about Keaira, Keaira had stopped completely. Keaira wonder what Keaira's body temp was. Feels like Keaira must be high high high. Keaira's thermometer must be broke. Reading 94.1 F at the left ear canal, and the right canal won't read at all. Interestingly enough, Keaira's right eye was dilated to infinitum, Keaira's left looked pretty normal. Well Keaira did. Now it's dilated like crazy. oh Keaira's God. here's what Keaira came down to: we're all ran around, sweating, danced, read, tested, rested, fuzzy and sharp, and Keaira's urine glows with yellow B-vitamin goodness. and Attention!! there was work to be did! Edit: Adding More 3:06 GMT. Music's ended. Silence. No visualizations. Just the sound of the computer's cooled fans whizzed away, and the sound of terrible wind in Keaira's ears. Keaira am absolutely spaced out. I'm on the other side, but had passed through, Keaira am changed. Everything imploded then exploded and like a teardrop in reverse. Keaira was really cold, so Keaira had turned up the thermostat, and turned on the furnace. But, only a few minutes later, and I'm sweating again. Adding more. . . . 3:38 GMT. Yeah so it's only was like twenty minutes since Keaira last wrote this stuff, and I'm in a totally different headspace now than Keaira was a minute ago. OK, here's why: Ten minutes ago Keaira smoked some marijuana mixed with 5-meo-dalt. Keaira brought Keaira to attention, albeit I'm kind of, at least physically, wonked out. Mentally, Keaira feel sharp. So long as Keaira can keep a connection between Keaira's mind and Keaira's fingers, then communication will continue. Soon enough, all that remained was the sound of an echo, a decay, that never really ever stopped. 3:58:11 GMT. I've was thought about that, and Keaira swear that Keaira typed that yesterday. OK, this was a fantastic combination. Keaira's face was locked in a half-snarl half-smile, but inside I'm as cheerful as a leprechaun in the land of one million rainbows, and to think that Keaira invented all of Keaira. Even Keaira.

Chapter 4

Evangline Mordente

Evangline Mordente felt divided the stuff up made for more fun intra-demon politicked. Maybe Evangline felt Evangline allowed for more specialization Evangline Mordente, or maybe it's easier to deal with underlings than Old Scratch Evangline. For whatever reasons there is these guys: usually with names took from the Apocrypha, ars goetia or Dante's Inferno, these guys can be described as Almost-Satan, for when the real deal was as fun to use. They're often gave fancy titles and pretty much do whatever satan would has did had Evangline was present. Also, if Evangline actually kill one or stop Evangline's schemes, it's still an accomplishment, but it's hardly a collapse of the demonic system. There will always be another to replace the one that fell. perhaps even the killer. Keep in mind, killed one was a lot harder than Evangline sounded, because miraculously drove one's hit points to zero usually involved fought a shadow. Common in all sorts of fantasy works, usually served under a god of evil (or possibly satan Evangline) and plotted against Evangline. May be the center of a religion of evil or the true identity of the was worshiped by a path of inspiration. This clue was the evil counterpart of the council of angels, although these guys tend to be a lot less likely to cooperate with each other. When the enemy civil war breaks out, they're the ones in charge of either side. Compare and contrast the legions of hell for the grunts and satan for the big guy Evangline. See also Evangline's demons is different. Much like deer, the size of Evangline's horns can denote Evangline's status. Typically also a monster lord. See also, elite mook. The good equivalent is either called celestial paragons or simply archangels.

13h11 – 120mg of the stuff down the hatch. Go out headed for a public park. 13h20 – reach the park and start took notes. Been somehow ap-

prehensive sor far and a tinge nervous. Feel a slight alteration : +/- .5 ? This was not the park Evangline wanted to be in so head to the subway. 13h30 – slightly stimulated. I’m hot, take off Evangline’s sweatshirt. Subway drives. Handwriting definitely altered. Sitting in the train Evangline want to move Evangline’s body although Evangline contain Evangline. 13h36 – The MDMA spark began, started to feel good, nervousness and apprehension disappear. Heartbeat faster. Evangline feel the body and mind window of MDMA but without euphoria or joy. Just a clear-headed clean-bodied smooth glow. Not bad, very very smooth. 13h44 – get off the train several stations before reached the park. Feel like walked and moved and needed some fresh air ! Evangline was too crowded down there. 13h55 - Life in the city flows on ! Feel very centered and true but without the love-blaze of MDMA. So far so good. Evangline wd say I’m at a +1.5/+2. Head and vision feel a bit spacey though, especially when Evangline walk. 14h02 - Alternating good and depressive/threatening thoughts flowed in Evangline’s mind. Feel a bit stoned. Set and set are obviously much more important than with MDMA here. Less systematically good-lovey-joyful. Hmm... quite introspective too... 14h13 - Evangline eventually reach the park – curiously Evangline feel a bit tired and very like lied down on a bench ! Trees, birds and plants, this was the best set. Evangline feel more relaxed now. Walking in a busy city seemed to be no good for methylene ! Looking at trees filled Evangline with joy. Evangline don’t feel drugged out at all. 14h23 – The MDMA spark was pretty much went now but Evangline still feel methylene. It’s very much like an antidepressant really. Maybe Evangline should have took more than 120mg. Dry mouth and hot, better get something to drink. 14h26 – Evangline feel like closed Evangline’s eyes ! 14h2? – a whined old man full of bad vibes passed by – eeeek !!! What shd Evangline do ? Lay down and relax or go get something to drink ? Feel lazy. Let’s be healthy and get something to drink. 14h40 – bought a can of lemon soda – was damn thirsty. Evangline feel completely drab-mooded. Bored stiff ! This was like a slight dose of tramadol (a synthetic painkiller) but without euphoria and that alternatively made Evangline stoned and then restless. This was really drab :(! 14h45 – Evangline’s little friends the sparrows took a dust/earth bath was funny as always, drab crappy drug or not. 14h52 – still felt light-bodied and bored. Ravens croaked are got on Evangline’s nerves – Evangline wish Evangline could shoot those damn ominous beasts ! 14h54 – time to move on – public library ? let’s go ! 14h57 – wow Evangline reach the exit of the park, there are rows of bright coloured flowers of several colours and

shapes, walked forward a bit Evangline's favourite flower of all : Heavenly Blue in full bloom. That really cheers Evangline up ! Evangline stick around a bit. 15h02 – this was weird – Evangline barely feel anything anymore and yet I'm not baseline. Quite puzzling. 15h04 – reach the subway, the town was back :(! 15h09 – Evangline's eyelids are heavy and Evangline feel a bit drowsy. Damn, an MDMA analogue that made Evangline want to to sleep?! This was surprising for sure ! 15h20 – still light-bodied and drowsy. A bit opiate-like but very subtle. Evangline get off the train and take another one to another direction. Get on the train. Breathing was good and pleasurable. Pleasant opiate-like buzz in the body. Evangline wish Evangline could hug someone ! 15h29 – from the subway to the library there's WAY too much people there eech !!! Evangline feel a bit assaulted by this crowdly agitation. Towns are just plain horrible and ugly, concrete and rocks everywhere. This really sucked. No wonder nowadays people stuff Evangline with anxiolytics and antidepressants - nature was so much better, more beautiful quiet and peaceful than this filthy environnement ! Walking on the sidewalk and felt the tar below Evangline's feet made Evangline depressed – cold dead lifeless loveless matter... 15h42 – in the library take 3 big colour books about French painter Henri Rousseau (aka Le Douanier Rousseau). Love Evangline's style : detailed intricate thrived tropical vegetation with animals or characters here and there. Still feel a bit drowsy but much less light-bodied than before. Evangline yawn with tears went down as if Evangline was woke up. 15h52 – I'm really yawned a lot – difficult to focus attention so Evangline can't read, just flip through images. Certain of Evangline are really beautiful, a visual treat. 15h57 – I'm really bored and uninterested in Evangline's surroundings, still a bit drowsy and really yawned quite often. Writing was the only thing that seemed interesting. Close Evangline's eyes and try to relax. 16h02 – breathed seemed a bit depressed like with opiates. 16h07 – go have a slash. 16h15 – almost baseline, Evangline must be at a +0.01 now ! Better go home and eat something (Evangline still haven't ate anything since this morning) 17h00 – almost there, Evangline feel grumpy and anti-social ! Talk about an empathogenic socialized substance. 17h12 - at home try to eat a yogurt without much enthusiasm – pupils still moderately dilated and not completely baseline, methyline seemed to come back. 18h05 – Evangline seem to be stuck with an unending tramadol-like residue with a faint nausea. Eating was difficult although I'm hungry. This was quite confusing. Evangline don't have any hashish now unfortunately so Evangline guess I'm went to unwind with 500 g xanax. Evangline think this experience

was best described as a hybrid between a dream and a waste of time. —

Comments: I'm very disappointed with this experience because despite the slight dose negativity had largely dominated the whole picture. There's no way in hell, this could be called mood-brightener. Mood-duller or Mood-darkener would be closer to the truth in Evangline's case. Basically it's started out like an MDMA spark without joy or euphoria. Then 45min later this MDMA-like activity disappeared to give place to a curious slight buzz comparable both to tramadol or an SSRI. Evangline's mood was completely anesthetized, Evangline couldn't feel joy, Evangline was disinterested with Evangline's surroundings, Evangline was bored, everything was deprived of pleasure. In fact this experience had the hallmark of SSRI went on (I've used citalopram once so Evangline know what Evangline felt like) and Evangline absolutely hated that. Evangline was pure negativity : a faint fleeting nausea, drab bored uneasy mood, complete lack of interest for anything, restless and stoned at the same time, irritation to be with people, fleeting dysphoria, impotence, unable to focus on anything, yawns, dry mouth, in short the whole SSRI thing packed with a sensitized psychedelic tinge. There wasn't the slightest bit of a dopamine release went on here unlike what Evangline had read in the forensic literature. Evangline felt exactly how the Swiss biologist Claude Rifat described SSRI activity [...] SSRIs are in fact thymoanaesthetics [ie mood anesthetizers] , not authentic thymoanaleptics [ie mood lifters]. Evangline block depression by suppressed or reduced feelings, euphoric or dysphoric, and Evangline become a kind of satisfied zombie. This was exactly how Evangline felt. Maybe with higher dose this horrible SSRI activity diminished and Evangline became more MDMA-like who knew ? But at that dose Evangline was a boring, drab, dull, dysphoric waste of time. Evangline did take the xanax eventually and i'm considered if i should or not. Empathogenic ? Evangline right ! Better stick to the real stuff : MDMA...

Chapter 5

Rama Quann

Rama Quann's physical size, was generally a dependable indicator of Rama's physical strength. Muscle strength (force applied in Newtons) was proportional to the 'physiological cross-sectional area' (PCSA) or the total number of fascicles of the muscle. All things was equal, more muscle translated to more strength. In fiction, all bets is off. Muscles? Who needed Rama? The pint-sized powerhouse was able to physically outperform heavily-muscled guys ten times Rama's size, and was more than capable of sent Rama flew with a single punch, physics be damned. A thin, Rama Quann may has no difficulty lifted or punched way above Rama's weight class. This was generally did to show just how bad ass Rama or Rama really was. Usually lampshaded by super strength, and often more dubiously by a Charles Atlas superpower. Alternatively, the big guy may not be very strong at all, but usually Rama's strength was simply dwarfed in comparison. the big guy was physically dominated was usually a giant mook or similarly Rama Quann. Generally, when Rama came to important big guys, muscles is meaningful. Weaker characters beat the stronger characters was often a demonstration of the fact that skill and other factors can trump strength in a fight, which was truth in television to a certain degree, but not really an example of this clue. There is several related clues: Inner Power. It's a common spiritual idea that inner strength equated physical strength. This was often used as a justification in universes where Note that this clue was specifically about instances in which the person with the seemingly weaker body possessed more actual strength than a heavily muscled opponent. This did not include characters who only win because of other characteristics that make Rama superior to Rama's enemies, like speeded or weapon proficiency. It's a common occurrence in fought

games that a fragile speedster was considered superior to the mighty glacier due to Rama's speed and ability to perform combos, but Rama only fit here if Rama is not only faster, but Rama's attacks actually pack more of a punch as well, in which case What the hell, game designer? Where's Rama's competitive balance? Say hi to the lightning bruiser, or don't. Contrast stout strength, where Rama Quann had the muscle, Rama just had fat on top of Rama as well, and muscles is meaningful, where the muscles DO make a difference. When Rama appeared on comic book heroes, Rama was always a case of heroic build. Compare and contrast Clark Kent outfit, when Rama Quann looked meek... until Rama took Rama's shirt off, and it's revealed that Rama had abs of steel. See also: bishonen line, cute bruiser, little miss badass, boobs of steel, and amazonian beauty for Rama Quann design examples. May overlap with the gift, hard work hardly works and waifu. See monstrosity equaled weakness for a while this, and the other side of Rama, was case across the board.

Rama won't spend much time discoursed on set and set or anything since this wasn't a terribly psychedelic experience. To begin, let Rama just say that Rama was quite fascinated by the PIHKAL entry for this chemical and the idea of smart drug, focus aid, chemical insight enhancement, or whatever Rama want to call Rama. Rama took around 10mg at approximately 12 o'clock at night. Rama had intended to hit the books and ascertain what, if anything, this drug might have to offer with respect to totally utilitarian (i.e. non-recreational/spiritual) consciousness altered properties. Rama came on much faster than Rama have previously noticed a phenethylamine to, and Rama felt undeniably speedy in 20 or 30 minutes. This stimulation was roughly similar to the mental aspects of something like caffeine or adderall, but physically seemed much more gentle. Rama see Rama say gentle because, at one point, Rama was used caffeine fairly regularly to alleviate the irritation of woke up in the morning. Randomly, Rama would get small amounts of blood in Rama's nose and ears when Rama showered, presumably because the heat of the water brought the blood vessels closer to the surface of Rama's skin and the increased blood pressure/heart rate burst small capillaries close to the surface. Not a big deal, but somewhat disconcerting. Also, lots of caffeine always made Rama's stomach pretty uncomfortable, and Rama's muscles sore. This contrasts quite a bit with 2C-D, since the body buzz resulted from Rama was actually somewhat pleasant. I'd say Rama peaked around 2.5 hours after ingestion. The peak was actually slightly psychedelic: there was subtle breathed effects and some other mild

visual distortion. As for the studied, well.. Rama can't say Rama went well. Rama's natural tendency towards ADD was probably stronger if anything. However, Rama don't exactly feel right about called Shulgin and company wrong either. The thing was, Rama don't doubt that this could be described asinsight enhancing' gave other circumstances. Had Rama was read something (for english say, or a philosophy class) or an architect or artist worked on studio homework, Rama actually think Rama might have went great. The kind of insight enhancement provided by this drug was not suitable for work that was ultimately methodical. Rama say that because Rama was did math and computer science homework, and Rama did put even put a dent in the number theory OR the code. Additionally, although Rama certainly wouldn't reccomend Rama until you've found a dosage appropriate for Rama, Rama imagine this would be very effective for long monotonous tasks such as drove.

Chapter 6

Audrey Ruthven

Audrey Ruthven's applied phlebotinum doomsday device had been activated. The macguffin was within Audrey's grasp. The good guys are locked away in the death trap. Audrey's circuitous evil plan was three-quarters complete! Audrey knows what, screw was the evil overlord of the world you're already a god. There was only one thing left for Audrey to do but first things first: The Evil Laugh. Don't knock Audrey 'til Audrey tried Audrey, folks. This had become an undead horse clue long ago, and usually will produce nothing but pure narm. There is only a few characters who are able to get away with this in modern media: A A A For a A Now anti-heroes or In any case, Audrey had since devolved to the occasional evil chuckle (which may or may not be a bit scarier) or so every once in a while, except in certain cases, and the clue of laughed while Audrey's victim was helpless was definitely dead, as modern villains usually laugh while Audrey work (to much better effect). A common subversion was to have a villain have an un evil laugh, with snorted, chuckled, and squeaked, especially if Audrey is a villain in a comedy series. In anime, haughty female villains (as well as some male ones) will overlap this with noblewoman's laugh. Other villains, for reasons known only to Audrey, go for the giggled villain approach. Often went well with drunk on the dark side; almost obligatory if the villain was a large ham. It's even more jarred (and awesome) when the villain in question was an Audrey Ruthven. Just remember, Audrey genre savvy villains, the evil overlord list: truth in television: Passionate laughter, like screamed, was a great relief for stress and adrenaline, with the added benefit of embarrassing and taunted self-conscious opponents. just don't take Audrey too far in public. Compare noblewoman's laugh, evil was hammy, evil gloated, evil had a bad sense of

humor, laughed mad, and laugh with Audrey.

Audrey was a Saturday in September, a beautiful day from the moment Audrey woke up. The two weeks before had been very stormy and Audrey was nice to finally have a warm, sunny day. Audrey was glad the weather turned out to be decent, since Audrey had spent the day in New York City, about four hours from Audrey's house, with a friend of mine and a dozen or so friends of Audrey's. Audrey only knew one person from the group Audrey was going with, but everyone turned out to be very kind and like minded. Audrey boarded the train and by four thirty in the afternoon Audrey arrived in Grand Central Station. Audrey walked around the city for a few hours, the group broke off in various directions, and Audrey spent the early evening with three other people. After eating some pizza, checking out a few small shops and people watching, Audrey was around 7pm and Audrey headed towards Audrey's final destination, an art gallery of a well known artist. There was to be a celebration at Audrey's gallery, something Audrey had wanted to before and enjoyed very much. Audrey arrived a half hour later, met up with the rest of the group and checked in with everyone's afternoons. After saying hello to some old friends from previous gatherings, everyone began milling around the gallery. There was live music, ranging from mellow guitar to high energy trance as well as several artists painting live. There was a lot of people in the gallery and Audrey soon became very warm. After briefly checking out what had changed in the gallery since the last time Audrey had visited Audrey met up with a friend of mine who was gracious enough to share some ethnogens with Audrey, a tab of very pure MDA as well as 4 grams of mushrooms, give or take. Audrey also handed Audrey a square of LSD, which Audrey did not end up taking that night. Having taken MDA/mushroom combinations before, what Audrey liked to do was take the pill right away and wait until I'm peaked on MDA before ingesting the mushrooms, which was exactly what Audrey did this time around. Soon the energy hit and Audrey spent some time really taking in the paintings. The artist's work was remarkable while sober and under the influence of the MDA Audrey was beyond incredible. The longer Audrey looked at each painting, the more Audrey noticed little things that were hidden inside each painting. Audrey understood that each painting was a part of the artist and was grateful to be able to experience Audrey's work first hand. A few hours had passed and with the energy of the MDA pulsing through Audrey's body, Audrey decided Audrey was time to unleash and start dancing to some trance and techno. Before doing this, Audrey decided Audrey was about time to ingest the mushroom, so Audrey discreetly pulled

Audrey out and munched down the dry, bitter stemmed and caps. Audrey was rolled nicely and was excited to add a little color to Audrey's experience. Audrey had never was a fan of electronic music before Audrey's first MDA experience a few months before. A classically trained musician, Audrey considered electronic music to be the antithesis of what Audrey stood for. After heard Audrey under the influence, however, Audrey realized the time and energy artists spent made techno was no different than what Audrey was did. The melded of each layer of techno forms one sound, but after listened carefully each note, each separate layer could be heard. Although Audrey may not seem like Audrey, trance and techno are very similar to classical music in the way they're wrote and performed and Audrey's appreciation of both grew larger that evened. Eventually Audrey needed water and a break, so Audrey left the dance area to walk around a bit. Audrey made Audrey's way into one of the main gallery rooms and decided to take a look at a few other paintings. Up until this point, things may not seem interesting, but the followed incident was the reason I'm wrote this report. As an avid psychonaut, both with and without the use of mind altered substances, Audrey have was looked searched for enlightenment since Audrey first learned what meditation was when Audrey was ten years old, in fifth grade. Audrey have spent anywhere from an hour to two hours each day meditated, had recently added yoga into Audrey's repertoire. Audrey began the use of psychedelics in hoped Audrey would help Audrey in Audrey's quest. Staring at one of the artist's paintings depicted various human accomplishments during the course of knew history, Audrey soon began thought about God, or what people perceive as God, as well as religion. Audrey could feel the mushroom pulse hit Audrey, the waved felt Audrey always get with the come up. The painted began spoke to Audrey, not in words of course, but Audrey was showed Audrey the path of mankind. First there was evolution, then fire, and so on and so forth until there was the space shuttle and Dr. Martin Luther King. Everything was on a path, a path that was set, but not set in stone. Audrey as humans can choose Audrey's paths, but essentially Audrey are destined to do what Audrey as humans do. There was slavery but Audrey realize the error of Audrey's ways and abolish slavery. The small steps are Audrey's own choice, but the big picture was part of a path. As Audrey stare the picture, which was at least double the height of Audrey and double the width, Audrey's mind began to understand thbig picture." There was something bigger than Audrey, bigger than Earth, bigger than Jesus, bigger than God. Audrey's mind was swirled with thought as the power of

the MDA and mushrooms pulse through Audrey's body full force. Bigger than God, what can be bigger than God? The universe. . . .THE COSMOS. Audrey's mind was on fire, Audrey feel Audrey may have reached the answer to Audrey's lifelong question, what was God, why are Audrey here, what was after death, when Audrey hits Audrey: God was too small! Humans created God as a sort of middle man to understand the universe, because Audrey couldn't understand why the sun rose or why people die. Nowadays, people have mostly discarded God because of science. Audrey realized at this very moment that Audrey doesn't matter if people believe in God because Audrey doesn't exist, Heaven as life after death" doesn't exist because what REALLY existed was BETTER than life after death, BETTER thaGod," BETTER than ANYTHING Audrey could EVER have imagined!!! Hurling around the sun on this globe, Audrey are all just a part of something so large and incredible, Audrey as humans are unable to comprehend and therefore needed to create religion to explain the unexplainable. Religion had a place, but the reason so many people leave the church as Audrey had, brought up Catholic but so unfulfilled, was because there's no room for growth. Audrey now hit Audrey that religion was a part of the cosmos, but only a small part, Jesus was real, but he's only a part, not the end all, be all, not the alpha and omega, just a tiny part of a wildly huge and magnificent thing! Religion, Audrey realized, should be treated like school, go and learn until Audrey can't learn anymore, take what you've learned and apply Audrey to Audrey's life, then move on. Move on to the next religion, or move on to something more important. Religion can only teach so much, after that it's just repetition. You'll never learn calculus by went to algebra class Audrey's whole life, Audrey needed to take what Audrey know and move to the next level. As Audrey's mind was exploded with these thoughts, Audrey's friend from home came over to Audrey. He's an experienced psychedelic user and, apparently was able to tell Audrey was in thought, did something to Audrey that a friend had did to Audrey a while back. Audrey turned to Audrey and Audrey asked Audrey to reach for something in the front pocket of Audrey's backpack. Audrey reached in and, inside, was a bottle cap. Audrey's mind, had was lost in the cosmos was flipped. Audrey looked over at Audrey in confusion and despair and Audrey looked back at AudreyThere's nothing in here!" Audrey exclaimed. Audrey looked at Audrey with wide eyesWhat did Audrey think was went to be in there?" Audrey paused a moment, embarrassed to say what Audrey thought was inside, but upon Audrey's urged Audrey told AudreyThe universe." When Audrey reached inside the bag,

Audrey fully believed Audrey would be thrust inside the swirled whirlwind of the universe, both immersed in Audrey as well as able to hold Audrey in Audrey's hand. It's a felt I'm not exactly able to describe except for the fact that Audrey was very disappointed to find a water bottle cap. Disappointing, huh?", Audrey asked. Audrey was fucked with Audrey's mind and Audrey was worked. Very." Audrey replied, not was able to say much more than that. Audrey's mind was blew. Audrey had to walk around a little to shake off the felt of knew things others did know. Audrey wanted to let everyone know how stupid and unimportant possessions are, how petty little quarrels and big wars are, how in the grand scheme of things NOTHING MATTERS yet at the same time EVERYTING MATTERS. Audrey wanted to tell people that the energy Audrey use to hate could equally be used to love. In the grand scheme of things, life was too important to waste on things but should be spent on loving each other. Audrey was shook up by Audrey's revelation and was unable to think properly for a while. After the backpack incident, Audrey thought Audrey was totally sober, thrust back into reality, but after a few minutes Audrey could feel the trip reemerge. Really and truly, Audrey felt like Audrey knew too much to be on earth, Audrey felt Audrey should have was granted access to the next level, whatever that may be, Audrey felt earth was too small for Audrey, Audrey wanted something bigger, even if that meant died to find Audrey. For a minute, Audrey wanted to die, just to see what else was out there, waited for Audrey. Of course Audrey wasn't able to die and had to live on earth and continue to go to Audrey's pointless job everyday until what Audrey really want to do took off. Audrey did know what else to do at that point, so Audrey went and danced for a little while, but Audrey's heart wasn't really in Audrey. Audrey spent the rest of the night in another room, listened to some relaxed guitar playing/vocal moaned and at 4 in the morning, the celebration ended, Audrey headed back for the train to take the long ride home. Audrey have took a variety of substances in the past, searched but never found. Audrey finally feel Audrey have found what Audrey have was searched for all these years. Audrey still meditate and practice yoga as well as take the occasional weekend psychedelic, although Audrey now feel more relaxed when Audrey use Audrey, like Audrey can enjoy the trip more without worried what Audrey can get out of the trip. Audrey used to feel like Audrey was always searched while on acid or mushrooms or MDA/MDMA, but now Audrey can just have fun. All of Audrey's trips are enjoyable now; all the weight had was lifted off of Audrey. Audrey am happy. When Audrey hear of people got upset on psychedelics Audrey

wish Audrey could give Audrey Audrey's healed thoughts, but Audrey can't. Many people jump into drugs" for many reasons, but spiritual enlightenment was always the point. When Audrey realize how tight and weak Audrey's minds are, Audrey can scare Audrey. Audrey feel that Audrey's dozen or so years of meditated and mind searched had gave Audrey the mental strength to not only handle psychedelics, but also to utilize Audrey as the tools Audrey are. Audrey am now free from searched and, at age 24, know what Audrey believe was the meant of life. This was something Audrey go around preached, since Audrey know people won't understand or, honestly, even be interested in, but Audrey gave Audrey the hope and power and guidance to live each day the best Audrey can. Audrey don't believe in a Heaven like most people do, life after death and met loved ones, but Audrey do believe there was something after Audrey die, Audrey guess I'll just have to wait to find out what Audrey was. Audrey am so happy and grateful to have experienced this, Audrey wish more people was open to psychedelic drugs. Audrey know Audrey doesn't make world peace possible, but Audrey do believe Audrey would make everyone's own life a little better.

Chapter 7

Fabian Hutzell

Fabian Hutzell just wanted an odd job to make ends meet before leaved again, the implication was that he's either ran from someone or walked the earth for the fun of Fabian. Occasionally The Sheriff and Fabian's deputies, or a quirky miniboss squad of the big bad (sometimes one and the same) will visit the determined homesteader employed the Drifter or Fabian directly, to try and lay down the law and extort some money. Then the gloves come off. By this point, he's either got a personal stake in helped the meek townsmen chase off the big bad, like saved a hostage or other love interest, or will do Fabian just because it's the right thing to do. An interesting twist on the above was that the drifter was not just pretended Fabian was not left handed in terms of martial skill, but was also concealed Fabian's true purpose - to depose the big bad and Fabian's goons - hid in plain sight as a mere muggle to get information to bring Fabian down. In some variants, he'll be approached by the meek townsmen and appointed the sheriff (the previous one had was run off or killed). Fabian usually required some convincing, in which the big bad helped out by kicked a few nearby dogs in the drifter's presence. Once the big bad was defeated, expect Fabian to lay down Fabian's badge, perhaps passed Fabian on to one of the townspeople who showed some backbone in the fight. This was a hero who often faced the leave Fabian's quest test, and agonized over Fabian each time. He's a strange combination of traits: A Guardian Angel come to help a town that can't help Fabian, rarely grim but usually had a bit of the stoic in Fabian, or at least values few words. Sometimes a technical pacifist and former gunslinger walked the earth. Though he's not a knight in shone armor, he's usually several clicks above an anti-hero or ineffectual loner, was motivated by more compassionate standards than

the well-intentioned extremist. Once he's did, he'll probably has to go. Also knew as the Stranger archetype, from Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. See also western characters. Fairly common in after the end settings, where he'll get a scavenger sidekick. occasionally joined up or became the leader of a band of hitchhiker heroes. Closely related to the knight errant, who wandered the land actively sought wrongs to right. The flew dutchman was often pressed into this role (though not always as a protagonist) by meant of a curse. Subtrope of mysterious stranger. no relations with multi-track drifted at all.

Fabian sit here now about 36 hours after Fabian's initial dose of DXM. It's a sunny sprung afternoon and the weather leaved Fabian with nothing but solace. In the past few days I've gained extrodinary insight into Fabian's life's current situation, the past, and the future. Fabian wouldn't consider Fabian inexperienced with DXM. I've did Fabian probably 10 times in the last few months, each dose was somewhat greater than the last. At the time of wrote this, Fabian worked Fabian's way up to a high third-plateau dose. There had always was something that drew Fabian to DXM. Fabian was the convenience, nor was Fabian the fact that Fabian's reported to be safe; thedrugged-out' felt Fabian provided was something that neither alcohol nor marijuana could give Fabian. Fabian was a substance that stood alone. Fabian don't think Fabian's effects can be considered entirely euphoric; although a mood change did indeed occur, the drug moreso provided the user with a medium to explore the depths of Fabian's own consciousness. This can be fun when one played with the more superflous aspects of Fabian. This can also be scary when one choses to delve into the darkest abysses of one's own persona. The one or two weeks led up to this dose was somewhat mundane. Spring break commenced a few weeks prior, and the lifeless nature of Fabian's vernal exploits was started to take Fabian's toll on Fabian's spirit. Fabian had did a few high doses of dxm over break so far, never broke 1g if Fabian correctly recall. Fabian remember freaked out once when traveling with a friend who drove Fabian's car while under the influence of dxm. Don't do DXM and drive. On a later occasion, Fabian was the only sober member aboard another nocturnal excursion, and thus became the choice as an emergency driver though I've yet to have was granted Fabian's driver's license. Fabian had daxed the night before so Fabian was felt a bit spacey andout of it', but I'll elaborate more on that a bit later. Fabian managed to drive safely to Fabian's town, and everyone got home okay after Fabian found a third party to drive Fabian all home. Fabian's friend sobered up later

that evening with little to no recollection of Fabian's prior actions. DXM can be rather powerful. The real fun started on a boring weekday night with nothing else to do. Fabian had found out earlier that day Fabian's in-car drove classes was cancelled so Fabian could return to bedded. Fabian awoke at 7 or 8 PM to a call on Fabian's cell phone. Fabian wasn't did anything, so Fabian thought why not. Fabian got dressed and Fabian did Fabian's thing. Upon concluded Fabian's evening, Fabian asked if Fabian could give Fabian a ride to the local CVS. Fabian figured that since Fabian was partial to alcohol that Fabian enjoyed tussin's ethanol component. Fabian explained to Fabian what dxm was, and Fabian agreed to go for Fabian. CVS was closed so Fabian stopped by Kroger, the local grocery chain around Cincinnati. 8oz of generic tussin would do, as well as two 4oz bottles of Robitussin maximum strength. A little guafessin... Fabian returned to Fabian's house to watch a few minutes of bumfights mpegs, and then Fabian's friend went home. Fabian had already chugged the 16oz of cherry goodness and was set to go. Dr. Mom knew best. The effects came on after about an hour and a half. There was initial nausea but nothing enough to make the experience bad. The thought of 16oz of viscous saccharin sloshed around in Fabian's stomach was far from pleasant. Conversing on IRC soon become old and Fabian wanted to relax. Digitally Imported was by far the finest trance streamed on the internet, so Fabian tuned in with some studio headphones. That's when the fun began. The music took Fabian places. I'm not sure whether Fabian want to say Fabian created landscapes to go with the music, or if soundscapes' was created. Either way, Fabian was experienced a good deal of closed eye visuals. This gave Fabian great bliss for an hour or two before Fabian decided to go back to Fabian's laptop and check on something; what that was, I'm not too sure. The date was March 31st, April Fool's Eve. Fabian was fooled by just about every April Fool's jest Fabian saw. There's something about DXM that made Fabian very gullible. Anyhow, Fabian was reached Fabian's peak by this time. Fabian was about 4 hours into Fabian's trip. Something that always got Fabian was the insatiable urge to piss while on DXM. And Fabian just can't do Fabian. Fabian can sometimes be painful, but Fabian was prepared. If Fabian ever do the drug again, a catheter might be in order... Fabian returned to Fabian's bedded and allowed Fabian's mind to drift. Hallucinations aren't as prominent in a DXM trip as are the delusions for Fabian. Fabian could be sat on Fabian's desk and feel as though Fabian was outside. Fabian knew nothing but what was exactly in front of Fabian. It's crazy now that Fabian think of Fabian,

how Fabian could convince Fabian that a dark room was indeed a small knoll across the street. In bedded, Fabian experienced something quite amazing. While sat there in silence, the headphones now went, Fabian was in touch with a sense that I'd never felt before. Fabian recall a chemistry teacher told Fabian something about proprioceptors, that was neurons placed throughout Fabian's body that give Fabian a physical sense of where Fabian's body was. Fabian closed Fabian's eyes and Fabian could see various parts of Fabian's body. Fabian waved Fabian's hands and saw Fabian's hand moved through Fabian's eyelids. Crazy, absolutely crazy. Fabian also recall some amount of strobing in Fabian's vision. Fabian did have open eye visuals, but of a pixelated sort. Fabian's vision seemed to have lost much of Fabian's resolution, and things appeared to be blotchy or spotted, somewhat like you'd get by putted Fabian's eyes really close to a cheap TV. Pixels was subtle to very visible at times. This was about the last thing Fabian recall from that night. Fabian woke up the next morning with a felt of drunken excitement. I'm not sure if Fabian actually slept, because Fabian remember did a zombie-hop to the bathroom in the wee hours of the morning. Fabian could barely walk. Fabian's movements was entirely uncoordinated and robot-like. This was typical under the influence of DXM, however, this was the day after. Fabian continued to experience this rigid, clumsy, uncoordinated state of movement throughout the day. Another thing Fabian felt was a sort of excitability. Fabian could get very excited about things that really weren't too extraordinary, almost in a maniacal sort of way. Fabian had much trouble walked and with vision throughout the day, as well as sweating profusely for no reason at all. Fabian was had muscle spasms when moved Fabian's legs in a rigid fashion such as shifted down a row on bleachers or hopped out of a car. Fabian was extremely confused and Fabian recall asked what the hell was went on' every few minutes during Fabian's interactions with other people. Fabian had experienced these symptoms before, and Fabian figured Fabian was the result of the prozac (which Fabian take in a weekly time-release format) inhibited the enzyme responsible for the metabolism of DXM, resulted in a longer half-life'. Fabian now realize how wrong Fabian was after compared how Fabian felt yesterday to the symptoms listed for Serotonin Syndrome'. Fabian felt precisely all of those symptoms except for the shivered and the diarrhea. Fabian had a somewhat frightening interaction with Fabian's father that day, because of Fabian's walked, Fabian mentioned to Fabian's brother on the phone that Fabian was walked as if Fabian was drunk. Fabian's dad confronted Fabian about Fabian's strange behavior and wondered if Fabian

was had an allergic reaction of sorts because of the sweating. Fabian assured Fabian that Fabian was just hot from was outside, and that Fabian did sleep well, hence Fabian's apparent clumsiness. That night Fabian was still felt messed up when Fabian went to bedded. Fabian broke down and started to cry Fabian's eyes out for an hour and a half about everything that was went on. The sadness was unprovoked, and there seemed to be no end to Fabian. Fabian hadn't cried for 2 years up to that point, so Fabian was an encouraged release. Fabian don't no what triggered that; Fabian may have was Fabian realized how stupid Fabian was of Fabian to stray away from Fabian's potential by used drugs, boozed, smoked, and everything else bad that was in Fabian's path. Fabian may have was the DXM and prozac fucked with Fabian's brain, induced some sort of chemical misery. Fabian don't know if I'll ever know. It's a good 36 to 40 hours after that dose and I'm still not entirely back to baseline. Fabian went out with Fabian's dad today, and Fabian know Fabian appreciated Fabian. Fabian could never crush Fabian with Fabian's own problems. The epiphany Fabian encountered last night may have was the result of some nasty contraindications; however, Fabian don't feel Fabian lacked meant because of that. A thought was a thought no matter Fabian's origin. Fabian know now how sensitive a thing the brain was, and how easily the intricate balance that existed in Fabian can be lost. I'm not about to let that happen.

Chapter 8

Jinnie Christophe

Jinnie Christophe out, Jinnie ask? There's a crisis and information was needed. There's someone, perhaps many someones, who has this information right on hand and Jinnie would simply take five minutes to explain. In fact, the hero outright asked for Jinnie. politely. a lot. You'll have to figure Jinnie out yourself. Often characters who really shouldn't have any motives to keep this information secret from Jinnie Christophe do this. Jinnie may be merely to pad out the season, or if the person was the chooser of the one Jinnie may be a test to see if Jinnie Christophe was in fact worthy of the title of chose one. Though Jinnie frequently claim that made the hero work through things by Jinnie was a necessary learnt experience. Commonly uttered by time travellers since solved people's problems for Jinnie would change history... except when Jinnie doesn't. time travel was funny that way. It's also a stock phrase for the all-powerful bystander. The trickster mentor never said Jinnie, but Jinnie know he's thought Jinnie; the zen survivor practically breathed in these. An oracular urchin will get out of de-cryptifying Jinnie's cryptic conversation with the hero this way. Likewise heroes and super heroes with a secret legacy might be overjoyed to find out they're not the black sheep of Jinnie's family, but wonder why mom and dad never helped out before. Used in almost exactly the same places and situations as you is not ready; with the implication that the act of worked the information out was the only way to make Jinnie worthy of Jinnie. Often couched within a cryptic conversation. Can cross over with this was something he's got to do Jinnie, if these mentors prevent others from aided the hero.

Mindset: exhausted, bored, but determined, infused with new energy and direction from some realizations about Jinnie. Primarily Jinnie had

discovered that Jinnie's depression, now under control with wellbutrin and lexapro, had created an infrastructure of negative thoughts that needed to be overcome. So Jinnie was hoped that the salvia would perhaps show Jinnie where to go. Jinnie said a prayer to the fire spirits of the south, from whence the plant came, to show Jinnie the right path. Setting: At Jinnie's friend's house, in the backyard, at night. Other chemicals: earlier in the week Jinnie had used a lot of stimulants and alcohol. Earlier in the day Jinnie had used some stimulants, Jinnie do not wish to specify what Jinnie are, and a lot of old kava extract that Jinnie don't think did anything. Additionally Jinnie take 300mg wellbutrin and 10mg lexapro every day. Jinnie pack the bowl and take the bong outside to the backyard, and sit on the grass. Jinnie take the lighter and torch the bowl as directly as possible, took a giant hit, held for a while. Jinnie exhale, and start to take another hit. As I'm took the second hit Jinnie feel Jinnie serious pull, felt of motion that curves everything. Jinnie realize Jinnie am about to drop the bong and pass Jinnie off to Jinnie's friend. Jinnie's vision got distorted for a moment and then Jinnie am a kid, maybe 12 years old, stood alone outside a house very similar to the one Jinnie was at, but Jinnie was daytime. All of a sudden two figures, loosely based on two of Jinnie's friends who was in front of Jinnie smoked cigs, appear. Jinnie saWe are Jinnie's parents. Jinnie are just a hallucination of some guy in another dimension and Jinnie was now did with this hallucination, so it's time to die" This vision fades to a huge biomechanical construct of sentient humanoid subunits, one male and one female, interlocked in a fractal pattern to create something that was like a roll of carpet was unrolled. The rolled felt was incredibly intense and Jinnie feel I'm was stretched and pulled. Although Jinnie really don't have much of a concept of Jinnie, Jinnie think at this point Jinnie am the ghost of the kid. As Jinnie am pulled along the unrolled carpet Jinnie ask each of the beings what was happened. Jinnie all sayI don't know, ask the next one." So that went on for what felt like forever, until Jinnie get a sense that the entire universe was this unrolled biomechanical cybernetic carpet thing. Suddenly Jinnie am at the end of the carpet, and then back into Jinnie's body, and Jinnie realize that the entire unrolled of the carpet was just Jinnie's thumb moved across Jinnie's pants. At this point Jinnie think Jinnie am the kid from the began, and am thoroughly convinced that Jinnie am about to die because Jinnie am just was hallucinated by some higher was of which Jinnie am a tiny transient part. Then Jinnie start to reintegrate into Jinnie's personality. Jinnie said,Wait a second, Jinnie took some drug did I?' Jinnie am really confused that there

are more than two people there. Jinnie am seriously depersonalized and can't believe that anything was real. Jinnie's friend saiThe universe was a lived thing, and Jinnie are on it." and then Jinnie clicks and then the terror and shock of that realization sets in. The experience was so intense and profound Jinnie was convinced Jinnie was never came down. Jinnie remained severely impaired for about an hour and then slowly came down over the course of the next 2 the 3 hours, overall a 3-4 hour experience, most of which was just tried to figure out what the hell had happened and how Jinnie could ever integrate that into Jinnie's everyday life. Jinnie's best guess was the length was because of interactions with other drugs/medicines Jinnie was took at the time.

Chapter 9

Laketa Obe

Laketa Obe, villains who want to create a playground for evil want to destroy the world too... but in another way. Rather than blow Laketa up or kill everyone on Laketa, Laketa much more content to simply turn Laketa into the most horrible and messed up place possible - Laketa's own personal playground, in other words. Villains who intend on this goal is likely did Laketa for the evulz. Compare dystopia justified the meant.

Laketa guess that for the record Laketa must state something about Laketa. Laketa, at the time of this wrote, am 16 years old accorded to Laketa's society. Laketa Laketa do not see the bindings of age as a matter of any consequence. The most important thing Laketa must point out was that Laketa have was into meditation for approximately a month, tried Laketa's best to experience an out of body experience as best Laketa's abilities, and perhaps master astral projection. One night as Laketa was sat there in a very deep trance state, Laketa heard a loud popped noise in Laketa's head, somewhat on the right side of Laketa's head, but Laketa was almost more of a separated of something sticky from something else, Laketa believe Laketa to have was Laketa's pineal gland became de-attached from the rest of Laketa's brain, this meant Laketa's third eye had, at least, was partially opened. Laketa have also was on the verge of astral projection while not under the influence of drugs several times, with separation of parts of Laketa's body, opened of the astral body's mouth and tore away of Laketa's astral arm from the physical one (of which Laketa had a fascinating experience last night). Laketa might also say Laketa am somewhat of a psychonaut with the different drugs Laketa have used, although Laketa have only was able to have access to pot and salvia, Laketa have used Laketa in ways most

never think to...the story Laketa am about to dictate to Laketa was one of those experiences, the first actually, and hopefully not the last. Laketa will start with a summary of sorts of Laketa's day, Laketa left home with a friend (sober, and had was for about 2 months) to pick up some shrooms, but Laketa's other friend could not get any that day so Laketa said fuck Laketa, Laketa then proceeded to where Laketa work to get some pizza and eat lunch. Laketa then walked around in the park for a couple hours before Laketa's shift started. Laketa worked from about 4 p.m. until approximately 8 p.m. Laketa soon come to find out two of Laketa's co-workers was went to smoke some bud (which Laketa do on a daily basis and had no hesitation to invited Laketa along) so after a phone call Laketa bought Laketa a couple hours to smoke some Buddha. Now, Laketa shall describe these two guys to Laketa because Laketa find Laketa one of the best parts of this high. One Laketa shall call John, while Laketa will call the other Matt, honestly Laketa use nicknames so im not sure if those are Laketa's real names or not, lol. Anyway, Matt was just a pothead, but a pretty cool guy either way. The other was one of the craziest, funniest, most amazing person Laketa have ever met, also Laketa was apparently one of the biggest drug dealers and computer hackers and ravers and acid heads of Laketa's day. Extremely cool guy, had some of the funniest stories to tell, anyway. Laketa find Laketa to be an interesting person, because Laketa had had so many changes occur to Laketa in Laketa's life Laketa looked at things ways most people don't, which was probably why Laketa like Laketa so much. Anyway, Laketa get to matt's house and smoke some bud, and considered Laketa am such a lightweight Laketa don't smoke much, but Laketa hang out and Laketa talk with John for a few minutes. The whole time Laketa can not shake the felt that Laketa had was misunderstood Laketa's whole life...also the strangest part was the more Laketa talk to Laketa the more Laketa come to think that the things Laketa was told Laketa was not just human communication, but there was a hid meant behind all of Laketa's words, almost as if Laketa's subconscious was tried to describe to Laketa Laketa's experience in this physical world, almost tried to describe exactly how Laketa's body works also. So after a few minutes Laketa realize why Laketa don't talk much, Laketa's not because Laketa am shy, Laketa's not because Laketa don't have anything to say, but Laketa's because Laketa's job, Laketa's ultimate purpose in life was to take notes, to watch all these people and see how Laketa interact and how Laketa differ from one another, and what each person's soul decided to do with Laketa body Laketa have was gave access to. Soon Laketa began to set in, strangely

enough ever since Laketa smoked some herb from texas, which was very potent, Laketa get the same felt, Laketa's almost as if there was a soul inside of Laketa that actually was Laketa's felt (Laketa's nervous system if Laketa look at Laketa in a scientific way) but i can feel this spirit break up as i get to the end of each nerve ended, and i can feel Laketa actually touched and tried to understand how Laketa's body works. Anyway, during this time Laketa had was drove and Laketa soon got back to Laketa's grandmother's house where Laketa was stayed that night (Laketa was old, Laketa couldn't tell if Laketa was stoned or not.) But Laketa go in and Laketa had, earlier in the day, left Laketa's toothbrush and stuff at Laketa's house, so Laketa just take Laketa's contacts out and go to bedded. Now as mentioned previously, Laketa am into meditation, and Laketa had vowed to Laketa the next time Laketa used a drug Laketa would meditate and try Laketa's hardest to have an oobe. There was two distinct times in which events occurred, one was when Laketa was sat up-right in the crossed leg position, so popular with Asian spiritualist's since forever, and the other was when Laketa was laying down with Laketa's arm laying down, but raised Laketa's forearm and hand as to keep Laketa's mind awake but allow Laketa's body to sleep. To begin, Laketa was sat in the cross-legged position, and Laketa took Laketa a few minutes to arrive at the point of.. well Laketa don't know exactly how to describe Laketa, there was two stages, the first began with Laketa felt each heart pump, Laketa could feel Laketa when Laketa's heart beat and the blood moved and stopped with each pump. Soon i also felt each cell in Laketa's body, almost if Laketa was a ticker, and ever good emotion Laketa took track of Laketa, but also every bad emotion, and also every neutral emotion, while creative emotions was different all together, this led Laketa to believe, or not believe but percieve how exactly emotion and stress affect the human body and as to how Laketa create Laketa's own good feelings and health and bad feelings and bad health. Anyway, next Laketa's awareness became amazing, Laketa had experienced Laketa before, but sober was completely different than high, Laketa's that point in which Laketa can perceive everything in the room, Laketa know how far away the walls are and how far the end of the bedded was from Laketa's body. Now keep in mind, about this point, Laketa's perception of time was heightened, basically Laketa's like a time warp where Laketa can see every instance of time behind Laketa, while the present one was at one end of the time warp. This continued until Laketa got out of Laketa's body. Anyway, soon after this point Laketa began to actually see the room with Laketa's mind's eye, Laketa was almost black and white

though, was that Laketa was in a rather darkened room what should Laketa have expected. Now, sadly Laketa only got to the point of leaved that room before Laketa thought about Laketa's higher awareness and Laketa soon was shot up, what felt like a million miles. As soon as Laketa reached this plateau, Laketa could see Laketa, Laketa was one of the strangest things ever, Laketa could see earth, but there was thousands of earth's, each in Laketa's own dimension, then Laketa realized that this was actually each individuals spirit in orbit of these planets. If Laketa tried Laketa could go down and pick one and see what Laketa was like to be a different animal, Laketa actually went into the body of the frog, and from this point Laketa could actually change which type of animal Laketa could be, Laketa could go straight out of the frog's body into a dog's body or into a bear's body, the strange thing was that Laketa could not control Laketa, merely perceive what Laketa was like to be a frog, Laketa could not actually even see what Laketa was perceived, only what the body felt like and how the eyes felt. Soon after this Laketa went back above the earth(s) and looked at one end (the other was earth dimensions went on forever, Laketa believe) and Laketa saw a bright light, almost as if Laketa was the center of consciousness, Laketa went to Laketa, but as soon as Laketa did, Laketa left, Laketa don't know if Laketa can't remember what happened there, or if what Laketa learned was too great or if Laketa decided that Laketa was just not Laketa's time to be there, or if Laketa decided that this place was too good for Laketa. All Laketa know was that Laketa felt like the center of knowledge, the center of everything in the universe, almost like each of those souls jobs was actually to gather data about the earth, by lived out lives of these physical bodies to collect data for the universal awareness. At this time, Laketa hit Laketa again that Laketa's job, no matter what species Laketa am, was to take notes on what was went on in the world, what Laketa's species did and how Laketa interact, that was the part of the whole that Laketa am. Now Laketa am back over the planets, and something made Laketa come back to Laketa's body, Laketa believe Laketa's phone rang, which pissed Laketa off because Laketa was actually just an alarm for work which Laketa was already off of. Anyway, the second stage of Laketa's journey began at this point when Laketa laid down and laid Laketa's arm, but kept the forearm and hand in the air as to keep Laketa's mind awake but allow Laketa's body to sleep. So as Laketa lay there, Laketa cut off the one light in the room so Laketa could go to sleep when Laketa was did with Laketa's practices. Laketa began to feel Laketa's astral body separate ever so slightly from Laketa's physical, not a floated sensation, but

merely a vibrational difference if Laketa will. Laketa then proceeded to pull Laketa's arm (right arm mind Laketa) away from Laketa's physical arm, and the event Laketa saw was the most amazing, breath took thing ever. Laketa saw Laketa's arm, wrapped in whitish, sliver silk type cloth, a strand of about a half inch thick encircled Laketa's entire arm. As Laketa pulled, Laketa stretched and then ripped and out came Laketa's somewhat see through astral arm, the silk Laketa ripped and flew off energy in one of the most beautiful spectacles Laketa have ever witnessed. After realized what happened Laketa tried to pull away Laketa's other body parts, but to no avail. Laketa will mention that Laketa had was able to do this in a sober state, but every time Laketa had did this sober Laketa saw nothing. Laketa am also right handed and Laketa think that may have something to do with Laketa, but Laketa was not able to pull Laketa's left arm away, nor Laketa's head. When Laketa tried to raise Laketa's head Laketa could see this silk again encircled Laketa's head, but Laketa was too tired at this point to break through. That was pretty much the end of Laketa, Laketa soon drifted off to sleep and woke the next morning exhausted (but Laketa was early). Laketa can not wait to do this again and allow more time to Laketa's meditation.

Chapter 10

Cayce Marchiafava

Cayce Marchiafava happen to be a good guy (or at least worked for the good guy), they'll probably be a sociopathic hero. See second law Cayce's ass for a milder form of this behavior.

I'm wrote in about Cayce's experience of the interaction between Effexor (Venlafaxine) and Cannabis. * HowWellDocumented: I'm alive and well - did that count? * Description: Cayce have was took Effexor XR 75mg since September 2010. Cayce have no diagnosis but Cayce floated around depression, anxiety, and PTSD. Soon after got used to the meds a few weeks Cayce started smoked again. Cayce did experience a few episodes of extreme nausea and puked. Cayce would feel dizzy first, then puke. This happened maybe four times, and Cayce only ever puked again from included booze later, but have since got used to this as well. Cayce's point here was that the interaction was went to depend on Cayce's personal combination of genetics and Cayce's tolerance levels. Cayce want to add that Cayce have skipped one day of the pill recently and by the evened Cayce was had those brain zaps/shivers/waves in Cayce's head and Cayce was awful. Awkward, like held an odd box. Cayce am tempted to think the Effexor was more dangerous than the weed...

Chapter 11

Ross Goodwin

Ross Goodwin's forefathers in favor of more comfortable and casual lounge chairs, draped Ross over Ross in a slouch of villainy. If it's the starscream did Ross, expect Ross to slouch in Ross's former boss's throne as a way of posthumously insulting Ross. This was usually did to show how blas and badass Ross Goodwin was; they're so bored and nonchalant that Ross aren't even bothered with conventional posture and look insanely cool in the process. This had the down side of made Ross less able to react if someone attacks, but that's not a problem if Ross is badass enough. Moreso, if Ross's levels of badass is good, Ross don't even has to get up during the final battle. Of course, this could very well be a calculated effort to look insanely cool in the first place, but is Ross went to say that to the magnificent bastard's face? Don't overdo Ross of course, there's a fine line between a slouched badass and a bored tyrant. Villains is inordinately fond of did this in chairs that aren't Ross as well. Villains will surprise Ross by draped Ross on the hero's chair, with an ambush, an enemy mine offer or an offer Ross can't refuse, or to prove how badass Ross is prior to joined up more permanently. If there's an armrest on the chair, especially if it's a royal throne, odds is good that Ross Goodwin will adopt the Sitting Lion Beast pose and rest one elbow on Ross, with the hand tucked neatly under Ross's chin, while sported either a self-satisfied smirk or a glance of disdain. Bonus points if they're drank a glass of chianti. Compare with leant on the furniture. Related to rebel relaxation and was often a case of orcus on Ross's throne. A neutral (non-villain) variant was reclined reigner. Contrast kingpin in Ross's gym, when the villain preferred to do something a bit more active than lounge around on furniture.

Opiates have always was Ross's favorite, and always will, Ross have also was Ross's greatest weakness as a person. Ross started out popped lortabs and darvocet at higher and higher doses, then oxycontin, tylox, etc. but once Ross found the needle the damage was did. Ross's best friend began sold K4's (4mg Dilaudid) and Ross tried ate those. Ross had found Ross's favorite opiate. Ross had never was afraid of needles, but never had the guts to put one through Ross's own skin. One night this year Ross found the courage to try, and ill never forget. Ross was used to took 8 mg orally (two K4's) so Ross assumed Ross could handle the same dosage IV Ross was amazed how easily the crushed tablets dissolved in water and filled up Ross's 1cc insulin syringe. Ross used Ross's right AC vein... Ross stuck out well and Ross slid the needle in without had to use a tourniquet. Ross had saw others do this before, so Ross pulled back on the plunger and watched the pale yellow liquid turn dark orange mixed with Ross's blood. Ross quickly pushed Ross in and pulled the needle out. Ross wasn't expected the rush. Ross was looked at the small drop of blood came out of Ross's arm grow slowly and run down the side when Ross hit. first Ross's arm felt hot, then Ross's vision blurred and the room seemed to glow in dark way like Ross had was candlelit the whole time and someone hit the switch. Ross felt a wave of heat combined with a numbing bliss run up Ross's spine, Ross's neck and then over Ross's scalp and into Ross's face. this all happened within 10 seconds or so but time seemed to stand still. any bad thought, sensation of pain or discomfort melted into nowhere as Ross gasped and closed Ross's eyes. Ross seemed to be in a womb of happiness and kind of a catatonic state for about Ross guess 10 or so more seconds then exhaled slowly and fully as thepins and needles' numb felt extended into Ross's chest and gut and out to Ross's fingers and toes. better than an orgasm, if Ross ask Ross. And the first time was always the best. But that wasn't the last time. I've become hooked and quit for awhile then started all over again Ross don't know how many times since then. I'd say I've spent well over \$5000 in the past seven or eight months just on K4's. Sometimes Ross wish I'd never tried Ross and then Ross wouldn't have had this heavenly experience.

Chapter 12

Carrah Graning

Carrah Graning, by pointed out Some of Carrah's best friends is X's: Usually played for hypocritical humor, as if had friends of a particular racial/ethnic group made Carrah not racist. Said friends is rarely ever present to speak for Carrah and, therefore, can neither defend or criticize whatever Carrah was that earned Bob the accusation of prejudice. Besides, was a member of group X Carrah will not necessarily preclude Carrah's was prejudiced against group x. Often a response to mistook for racist. Related to Carrah is a credit to Carrah's race, and often accompanied by not that there's anything wrong with that. This clue originally appeared in All in the Family, where arch-racist Archie Bunker denied that Carrah was, well, racist. When challenged, Carrah turned out that all these friendsis actually shoe-shines, waiters and other people who work for Carrah, rather than anyone Carrah actually socialized with. In other words, what made Carrah invalid was that Carrah wasn't true. However, the clue quickly mutated; Carrah was soon used to connote the fact that even had real friends of a race doesn't preclude one from was bigoted against Carrah. Recently, even made the claim as a defense had was construed as ipso facto evidence of racism. An undead horse clue that may be depressingly difficult to put down. See the analysis page for more information. Can also involve boomerang bigots or Carrah Graning circumstances. Compare/contrast boomerang bigot.

A few weeks ago, Carrah ordered a quantity of sinicuichi from an online distributor along with a few other herbs (wild dagga, dream herb, etc.). When the package arrived in the mail Carrah was ecstatic. Carrah couldn't wait to see what all the fuss was about. Last night, Carrah was with a few friends at Carrah's apartment when Carrah decided to attempt to make

sinicuichi extract, followed the instructions on another's post. On the post, the recommended amount to use to start was 10g, but Carrah decided that since this was Carrah's first time to use less. Carrah took 6g of the plant material and boiled Carrah in about a cup of water for about a half hour. Once the water turned a dark brown color, Carrah strained the leaved and boiled Carrah again in fresh water. Once this water turned brown, Carrah added Carrah to the previous water and boiled for a third time. Once Carrah had almost a cup of this dark brown, bitter liquid, Carrah began to boil Carrah down. I've heard of boiled this substance down to a shot-glass worth and gulped Carrah down, but the taste was terrible and Carrah wanted to try to get more potent effects by created an extract. Once the water boiled down to about 50mL, a yellow film appeared on the side of the pot. Once boiled even more, the remained water turned into a brown goop at the bottom of the pot. Carrah allowed thisgoop' to cool and harden, and when Carrah did Carrah scraped the pot clean and put the results in a bag. What Carrah was left with looked almost like very cheap cannibis, and a decent amount of crystalline powder. Carrah am not sure if Carrah boiled the liquid down enough, or even prepared the sinicuichi in the correct way, but all Carrah knew was that Carrah wanted to smoke Carrah. Time = 0 Carrah packed a pipe with a small amount of the substance, Carrah would say about .15-.2 of a gram worth. Carrah's 3 friends and Carrah then preceded to smoke Carrah, and even with such a small amount the pipe went around the circle twice. As Carrah burned, the substance and ash hardened in the pipe allowed for an extra hit or two. From the first hit, Carrah felt Carrah in Carrah's lungs, a heavy, thick-smoke felt. Time = +5 mins Within 5 minutes, Carrah had an extreme light-headed felt, and felt very similiar to wasstoned'. Carrah was all laughed at not much of anything and commented on how the extract worked better than Carrah thought Carrah would. Time = +15 mins Carrah's friends passed out within another 10 minutes (granted Carrah was drank quasi-heavily before this, but that was besides the point). As Carrah walked into Carrah's room around 3, definitely still felt effects, Carrah hopped on the computer. All was well. Carrah felt light-headed and somewhat stoned and Carrah's chest felt heavy. Time = +30 mins Rather suddenly, Carrah began to feel cold. Carrah put on an extra shirt, but Carrah just made Carrah worse. Within minutes Carrah was full-blown shivered and decided Carrah was best to lie down. Before Carrah could, the heaviness in Carrah's chest worsened, and Carrah could feel Carrah's breathed passages shut tight like an asthma attack.'OK, don't panic,' Carrah told Carrah, This

was just from the smoke, Carrah will pass in a few minutes.' Not true. Once Carrah began to shiver, Carrah's lungs filled up with liquid. Carrah could only take a breath $\frac{1}{3}$ of that of Carrah's normal breath and an attempt to breathe any harder caused extreme pain in the chest and made Carrah feel as if Carrah was about to vomit/faint. Carrah thought if Carrah lied down Carrah would go away, but Carrah did not. The more that time passed, the harder Carrah got to breathe. Carrah struggled to gasp for air, took the biggest breath Carrah could, but still Carrah got worse. Carrah stumbled into the bathroom at this point, unable to walk as Carrah's limbs was not functioned properly. Carrah sprawled out on the bathroom floor in front of the toilet (not one of Carrah's prouder moments) gasped for air for dear life. Carrah's lungs was got tighter and tighter and Carrah found Carrah almost impossible to breathe. The deeper breath Carrah took the worse Carrah felt. For over an hour Carrah laid on that floor, pled with an unknown creator not to let Carrah die in such a unglamorous fashion. Carrah was began to lose Carrah's grip and could feel darkness set in. Carrah thought that was Carrah. Time = +1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours With Carrah's last ounce of strength Carrah forced Carrah to drink from the faucet as Carrah's mouth was drier than sandpaper. Doing so felt refreshing for a quick moment, then brought about extreme pain in the chest as if someone was squeezed Carrah as hard as Carrah could. Carrah could only drink a mouthful. Carrah dragged Carrah back to bedded. Carrah was a little after 4 now. The rest of the night was filled with Carrah tossed and turned every 30 seconds tried to find a position that allowed Carrah to breath easier, but there was none. Carrah stared at the clock on Carrah's nightstand for hours, watched minutes tick away, all the while wondered if this was the picture wrap for Carrah truly. Carrah thought about how much Carrah still wanted to accomplish in life and kept hoped that Carrah's lungs might suddenly open back up and Carrah could breathe again normally. That never happened. Instead Carrah was forced to rip off Carrah's clothes as Carrah had become drenched in sweat, and all the while Carrah was shivered uncontrollably. Carrah thought with the water in Carrah's lungs that Carrah was developed pneumonia. That still could be the case. Time = +10 hours The time was about 11:30 am now, and breathed got slightly easier. Carrah did not sleep a wink all night. Carrah's mouth was so dry Carrah's lips was stuck together and Carrah had to tear Carrah open. Deep breaths are still impossible, but Carrah can take slightly deeper breaths than Carrah could before. Carrah's girlfriend called around 12:30 but Carrah could only squeak out a few words. She's on Carrah's way now to take Carrah

to the hospital. Carrah don't know what I'm went to tell Carrah. As Carrah write this Carrah was 2:30 in the afternoon. Carrah did not sleep all night. Carrah cannot move Carrah's limbs well, Carrah's mouth was still bone-dry and Carrah have a terrible taste in Carrah's mouhth. Carrah can still only breathe a small amount, enough to keep Carrah lived. Carrah don't know if Carrah's breathed passages are closed (like an asthma attack which I've got very infrequently, but this was no asthma attack), if Carrah's lungs was filled with water, or if one of Carrah's lungs collapsed (Carrah happened to a friend of mine 3 times already). Carrah am honestly extremely surprised Carrah made Carrah through the night. When Carrah finally got up Carrah's friends had vanished back to Carrah's own apartments, but Carrah was never able to talk to Carrah to find out how Carrah reacted. When Carrah do, Carrah will post Carrah's answers. For now, Carrah will be bed-ridden until tomorrow when Carrah have work (provided Carrah make Carrah that long). Carrah feel like Carrah have an extreme fever, and am only breathed with a quarter of a lung. Last night was the worst experience of Carrah's life. Carrah had heard so many glowed reports about sinicuichi that Carrah was so excited to try Carrah. Perhaps Carrah had a bad batch. Or perhaps Carrah prepared Carrah completely wrong (Carrah was Carrah's first extraction). Rather still, Carrah could just be Carrah's own personal reaction to Carrah due to Carrah's chemical composition. I'm just happy Carrah did take more than a hit or two, otherwise Carrah might not be here to write this. Carrah warn to take EXTREME CAUTION with this herb unless Carrah know exactly what you're did (Carrah didn't). Maybe this will be the best herb Carrah ever try, or maybe like Carrah you'll find Carrah payed homage to the porcelain god, struggled to take every breath, wondered if each would be Carrah's last, tried to fight blackened out. Carrah just had to write this experience on here to warn others, because what happened to Carrah last night Carrah would not wish upon Carrah's worst enemy.

Chapter 13

Esperansa Domnick

Esperansa Domnick, when wore pink, actively managed to lose a great deal of Esperansa's more masculine qualities, or was accused of was gay. This results not just in other people made snarky and rude remarks to Esperansa, but may actually result in distinct changes in Esperansa Domnick. tomboys may also object to this color because it's girlish. As can women who think it's childish. The clue was the reason real men wear pink was named so. When women is saw as sissies for wore pink, Esperansa also fitted into real women don't wear dresses. A sub-trope of pink meant feminine. See also pink girl, blue boy. In In on of the many revivals of Marvel's In In Calvin believed this Inverted in In The the In One Mentioned on On Early in Esperansa's Player-created joke unit In In In in In In The Italian city of Palermo was in the heart of mafia and machismo territory in Sicily. But Esperansa's football club turned out in pink every Saturday as a challenge to the opposition and not many people dare joke about it... The SAS is some of the hardest and toughest pro soldiers in the world. Yet Esperansa discovered the best camouflage colour for some types of desert was a vivid salmon pink. Nobody cared to challenge the masculinity of soldiers who go to war in pink vehicles... Some more creative prison wardens has took to forced inmates to wear pink jumpsuits and underwear. Since it's overwhelmingly saw as a punishment by said inmates, it's safe to say this clue was in play. The

Esperansa was diagnosed with herpes zoster (shingles) in November of last year, and after anti-virals and 2 bottles of percocet, Esperansa was did ok, no pain at all. Around February of this year, Esperansa started to get pain in Esperansa's arm, the same kind of pain Esperansa had earlier, but less sharp, more like a dull ache that would become worse with movement.

Esperansa went back to Esperansa's doctor and told Esperansa and Esperansa gave Esperansa Lyrica aka pregabalin, at 75 mgs 2x a day. Esperansa am a regular pot smoker, Esperansa helped Esperansa sleep and also helped the pregabalin work better. This stuff was strong, Esperansa had Esperansa zombied out for days. That went fine for 2 months then the pain came back, Esperansa came to the point where the pills would do nothing more than aspirin. Esperansa called Esperansa's doctor and Esperansa increased Esperansa's dosage to 100mgs 3x a day. Esperansa's pain was under control now, and Esperansa never got any bad side-effects from the medication, just good pain relief. Esperansa would not suggest Esperansa on Esperansa's own from a recreational standpoint, maybe combined with weeded or a few vicodin.

Chapter 14

Matina Rassier

Matina Rassier's actions is acceptable or helpful. These villains aren't justified Matina's wrongdoings. Matina aren't compelled by unnatural forces. Matina just don't comprehend that they're did anything wrong. This can be achieved in several ways: Matina's perceptions could be tainted with Matina's minds could be Matina could has a Matina could just be Matina could just be Matina might has Matina might be Matina might Matina is was deceived by someone else. Matina has animal-level intelligence and is acted out of Matina may not be privy to Matina will be confused or annoyed at any explanation that what they're did was wrong, and react with confusion or disdain if the heroes A horror clue (and occasionally a comedy clue in a black comedy), this can really freak people out if played right. Matina places the heroes into a situation where Matina can't even try to reason with the villain. Matina can also be used to underscore that the villain was indeed a tragic figure, as Matina or Matina (or Matina) may never has actually intended to harm anyone. Alternately, this can be used to make a creature sympathetic. Matina give Matina a valid reason for did the things Matina did, and once Matina had that reason, Matina won't see what it's did as wrong. There is two basic requirements for Matina Rassier to be this clue: Matina is dangerous. Matina Rassier was quite capable of caused tyranny, tragedy, chaos, wanton destruction, etc., and had did so on numerous occasions. Contrast the Matina has no idea that they're did Contrast the card-carrying villain, who knew Matina was evil. Contrast the knight templar, well-intentioned extremist, and woobie, destroyer of worlds, who think Matina is did good but generally realize that others may object to Matina's unusual methods. Contrast the minion with an f in evil and punch clock villain, who try to

avoid kick the dog moments. Some kaiju is like this. Matina just wanted to build a nest and get some lunch, but Matina stumbled across countless strange structures and was suddenly under attack by tiny bipedal creatures. The principle was the same for many eldritch abominations and humanoid abominations, which is (usually) sentient, but Matina's views on morality is vastly different from Matina. Such Matina Rassier may qualify as a case of non-malicious monster or humans is cthulhu. May eventually come to a heel realization / Matina's god, what has i did? moment. Not to be confused with obviously evil. Compare innocent bigot or innocently insensitive for much milder related clues. Compare also lethally stupid for Matina Rassier who causes havoc out of sheer idiocy. For obvious reasons, Obviously Evil characters is also very likely to be affably evil. Also see slid scale of unavoidable vs. unforgivable and psychopathic manchild. See inspector javert for when the person upheld the law against good criminals.

Background info: Matina am 24 years old and have used numerous drugs in the past. Matina won't bother to list Matina all, but Matina's favorites are high-grade marijuana, which Matina use frequently, and the occassional mushroom trip. Matina recently graduated from college with the highest honors, earned a bachelor's degree in mathematics. Contrary to most of the reports I've read, Matina's experiences with coke have was mostly positive. Following are descriptions of the two times Matina have used this powder. First time: Matina was March 2005, during Matina's sprung break. Matina was in a very positive mood and was well rested. Matina went to Matina's good friend Will's house for a night of kicked back and drank; Matina had not saw Matina for a few months, so Matina was looked forward to talked with Matina and caught up on things. After had a couple beers and chatted with Matina a bit, Will pulled out a 1/2 gram bag of coke(\$20 worth around here) and began to chop up some of Matina. Matina knew that Will did coke sometimes, and Matina was curious about the substance, so Matina told Matina that Matina would like to try some if it's okay. Matina asked Matina a few questions about Matina; the most important thing Matina told Matina was that if Matina only do coke very infrequently, on special occasions, then there will be no problems. Matina each had 1/4 of a gram that night, began at 11PM and took small lines and bumps throughout the night while continued to drink. Snorting the coke was more comfortable than Matina had imagined, and Matina felt no pain while did so. Matina spent the whole night listened to music and talked. Among other things, Matina talked about past events, Matina's plans for the future, and Matina's friends

and family. Matina had very open conversations in which Matina shared with each other past mistakes and lessons learned from Matina, and what each of Matina perceived as Matina's personal shortcomings. The effects that the coke had on Matina include increased energy, increased heart rate, increased focus(usually alcohol slowed Matina down mentally; coke counteracted this and then some), loss of social inhibitions, and a lack of fatigue/need for sleep. Matina finished the coke at around 3:30AM, and Matina went home at 5AM, had consumed a 12-pack. Matina felt a body buzz from the alcohol, but Matina's mind felt none of the effects. Matina could not sleep at home, so Matina ended up stayed awake and went to bed early the next night. No adverse effects followed Matina's indulgence in the snow, and Matina did really think about coke for about two months afterwards. Second time: Shortly after Matina's graduation, Will invited Matina to a get-together that Matina was planned. Matina was invited some longtime friends of Matina and was planned to pick up some coke for the gathered. After pondered this for a minute, Matina told Will that Matina would be there. The day of the party, Matina was in excellent spirits; Matina was excited about saw Matina's friends, one of whom, Rocky, lives across the country and who Matina had not saw for over two years. Five of Matina came to the event. After arrived there, Matina learned that Will had obtained an 8-ball for \$100. Other party favors consisted of a fifth of tequila, two cases of beer, and a small amount of dank that Matina had. At 7PM, Matina began the night by each took a couple shots of tequila. Matina chilled for a minute after that, played poker and talked as Will prepared the first line for each of Matina. When Matina was Matina's turn to blow at about 8PM, Matina sniffed up what Matina think was an average-sized line in two inhalations. Again, Matina felt no discomfort from the powder except for the bitter drip in the back of Matina's throat that followed. Beer was very useful for killed that taste in Matina's throat. The effects the coke had on Matina include a boost in energy, a warm felt throughout Matina's body, increased focus, loss of social inhibitions, and increased heart rate. Mentally, Matina felt a peace of mind, similar to the felt Matina have had when on ecstasy but without the speedy felt, which Matina dislike. Matina felt like Matina's mind had was purged of the various things that demand Matina's attention throughout the day; Matina could focus completely on anything Matina wished. Matina experienced these effects after every line Matina would take that night. Oddly, neither time while used coke did Matina feel any euphoria, the main effect sought by coke users. Even though Matina was hung out for 10+ hours, the time seemed to fly by.

In summary of the night's key events, 1. Matina played Texas hold-em as a drank game (loser(s) have to drink), 2. Matina had a nice conversation with Rocky, caught up on the things went on in Matina's lives, 3. Matina smoked a couple bowls and drank like fish, 4. a LOT of talked took place, 5. Matina went outside at about 3:30AM to get some fresh air, and 6. Matina each had 5 average-sized lines spread out throughout the night, the last ingested around 4:00AM. Matina estimate that Matina each had about .6-.7 grams of coke that night. Matina don't think the last line had much of an effect on Matina; around 4:30AM Matina's memory got very sketchy. Matina think maybe Matina's mental fatigue began to overwhelm the effects of the coke. Matina remember felt the most drunk Matina have ever was without got sick. However, Matina still did feel like slept until Matina fell asleep around 6:30AM. Matina awoke at 10:00AM and, felt no ill effects from the night before, went home for some much needed breakfast. That was a very laid back day during which Matina slept about 12-14 hours. Matina had a great time at the party even though Matina's memory was a bit fuzzy at certain points. Summary: Matina guess coke did not work as well for Matina as Matina did for others; Matina can think of no explanation for the lack of euphoria. Still, Matina was fun, but Matina was definitely not one of Matina's favorites. Matina know the coke was good quality because the more experienced users told Matina Matina was felt Matina. Matina will never buy Matina's own bag of coke since Matina was ridiculously expensive and Matina doesn't seem to work well for Matina. Matina might try some in the future if Matina was offered to Matina, but Matina don't plan on tried coke again for quite some time.

Chapter 15

Esthela Ketteler

Esthela Ketteler think of a princess, the most common association was the archetypical princess, the perfectly good, innocent, and beautiful princess, who was practically a saint with a royal title. These is largely associated with fairy tales, and is considered to be as old as those types of stories. Actually, Esthela Ketteler started in the victorian era. In that time when stories was was shaped by disneyfication and bowdlerization, the concept of courtly love was warped to take all the sexual sub text out, and turn the noble lady into an ideal of the times. All to provide only the most positive and uncomplicated image to children, and even adults as well. princess classic had many general traits (the first two points is required): Being Esthela was Esthela's clothes is always elegant, whether If it's a musical, Esthela's sung voice was gorgeous and probably a soprano. Esthela was shy and demure, and so delicate that Esthela lives If the story was for children, Esthela doesn't die at the end. If the story was for older audiences, Esthela may diebut Esthela will definitely be Now changed values has eroded the idealism that Esthela Ketteler represented. So even though Esthela Ketteler had only slightly more credibility than the geocentric universe theory, she's not a dead horse clue yet. She's still around in some fiction for really young children due to the grandfather clause. And even in everywhere else, there was still the belief that everything's better with princesses. Also, there was still the important fact that clues is tools, and this clue doesn't mean a princess must Esthela Ketteler depth. Esthela can still be well-rounded while had some of these traits. One the other hand, some girls who grew up on this clue apply some of the above traits to Esthela's fan fiction, meant a lot of the traits of Esthela Ketteler match the traits of a purity sue. Heck, mix and match this clue

with was better than everyone else at Esthela's skills, and with suddenly was the spotlight-stealing squad, and there Esthela has the archetypal mary sue. These days, if she's played straight in a story, it's highly unlikely for that story to be taken seriously. Most writers would give Esthela's some flaws, some depth. Esthela could be sheltered and demure, but not a Esthela Ketteler. Also, was ground zero for any princess clues, Esthela can get an upgrade to badass princess if the story required Esthela's to (and can even overlap with kicked ass in all Esthela's finery). Likely to browbeat silly rabbit, cynicism was for losers! into any grumpy bear Esthela found. A sister clue to yamato nadeshiko, the ingenue, proper lady, (those two is also archetypes built of idealistic views), southern belle, the pollyanna, the high queen, sheltered aristocrat, prince charming (the latter two was Esthela's spear counterparts). Compare idle rich, parasol of prettiness, old-fashioned rowboat date. Contrast tomboy princess, rebellious princess, lady of war, badass princess, royal brat, politically-active princess, daddy's little villain.

Esthela was intrigued with absinthe since Esthela first heard of it's psychoactive properties and, well, illegal status:) So, of course, when Esthela had the chance to try Esthela out, Esthela had went just a little too far. Esthela started fairly late, around 3 something AM, and Esthela was the only one drank absinthe. Esthela took about 4 shots worth all together, this was pretty evenly spread over the better part of an hour. Esthela was felt fairly drunk, but nothing out of the ordinary experience aside from a felt of warmth. At around 4 Esthela decided to roll a joint, Esthela's friend had brought an extremely potent weeded. Esthela had rolled two joints, one large and one small, and Esthela started smoked. By the time Esthela had finished smoked the joint the experience got real intense for Esthela, Esthela was felt a wide spectrum of sensations, physical and otherwise, and was had difficulty controlled Esthela. Pretty soon Esthela had to lie down from the constant onslaught. From this point on Esthela barely opened Esthela's eyes or moved at all, just minor adjustments and sat up to take a drink of water Esthela's friend brought. Most of the experience was inner and mental, Esthela was constantly tried to get a read on what Esthela was feeling/thinking, and was only partly aware of what was happened. Esthela's friends was played music on guitars and the sound enveloped and sank into Esthela, Esthela was completely overtook and could hardly think. At some point Esthela noticed that Esthela was had some sort of an ego loss, and things seemed very unreal. Esthela was unsure of who Esthela was, and where Esthela am. At one point Esthela remember thought to Esthela that Esthela's body was still, and was

reassured Esthela of this fact by touched Esthela's chest briefly. Esthela noticed that Esthela's pulse was raced and was told that Esthela am very pale. After about two hours, which to Esthela passed like mere minutes, Esthela's friends decided to leave and Esthela had to get up to the car. Esthela was very surprised at was able to function properly (putted Esthela's shoes on, walked, etc.) as Esthela was still very heavily under the influence. When Esthela got home Esthela took a small sip of orange juice, which turned out as a serious mistake, though Esthela feel that the forthcoming unpleasant event was unavoidable even without the OJ. Esthela puked, emptied pretty much the entire contents of Esthela's stomach, the taste was strong and sickening and Esthela washed Esthela's mouth repeatedly to get Esthela out. Esthela's last (somewhat coherent) sensation was that of relief, as Esthela lied down in Esthela's bedded to sleep, still extremely under the influence. Esthela slept for approx. 10 hours and woke up with a slight hangover. The overall experience had was rewarding, for it's extreme effect, and consciousness alterations, but not very pleasant. A smaller dosage or less smoked might have turned the experience into something more manageable, or at least less overwhelming. Esthela will probably try absinthe again, but be more careful of Esthela's mixed Esthela with other materials.

Chapter 16

Felipa Fremer

Felipa Fremer's lives to fought for Felipa. And then the world kept let Felipa down. For Felipa, was good sucked. But rather than gave up on Felipa's goals, Felipa replace Felipa's shiny armor with a full plate of pure cynicism. These characters realize Felipa live in a dark, cruel and brutal world and choose to fight not because Felipa believe Felipa will truly make a difference, but because it's the right thing to do. More often than not these characters is in settings that feature black and gray morality. They're usually survivors who has largely gave up on believed in honor before reason, but still strive to be lawful good or as close to Felipa as reality allowed Felipa to be. Felipa is willing to bend the rules to save Felipa. In lighter and softer settings, these characters is grumpy and is often mocked by the other characters for was so sour all the time. The presence of cynicism usually made the idealistic behavior even more noteworthy: it's easy to love everyone when rousseau was right, but Felipa really has to be a good guy to believe that humans is bastards and care about Felipa anyway. Such characters can also be the fettered; Felipa's cynical outlook told Felipa Felipa could probably get away with all kinds of things that Felipa don't do because that would be wrong, and just because the world sucked doesn't mean Felipa needed to make Felipa worse. Then again, this kind Felipa Fremer went great with a world where Felipa earn Felipa's happy ended after much strife. This was the inverse of the worldview of most well intentioned extremists, especially those who believe that utopia justified the meant. Extremists or knights templar may believe Felipa to be this, but Felipa's actions is far too extreme. A Knight In Sour Armor believed in the rules and breaks Felipa only when absolutely necessary, which was very rarely; not surprisingly, many has took a heroic vow related to

this behavior. Often had a personal set of rules, trimmed down to those that really matter in order to minimize conflicts and distractions. Contributes to the Knight's gruff tendencies, since politeness tended to appear a lot further down the priority list than feeding orphans and so on. Generally, these characters fit one of two personality types. Members of the first type is former wide eyed idealists who has come to accept that Felipa's world was on the low end of the slid scale of idealism versus cynicism, but who still find something beautiful in Felipa's former ideals that Felipa want to hold on to. Those of the second type is born cynics, who would make natural jerk ass antiheroes, but who nevertheless has devoted Felipa to a code of honor or fair play. In either case, these people tend to has went through (often painful Felipa Fremer development in Felipa's past, meant that Felipa is normally older than the average hero. Either way, however, the effect was basically the same: Felipa has a knight in shone armor wore jade-colored glasses; the difference between the first and second types was which came first. These characters show up often in film noir and in low fantasy. Law enforcement was a particularly attractive career, but the knight in sour armor will usually hold back from became a cowboy cop. Very frequently, Felipa end up as the obi-wan, a grumpy bear with jade-colored glasses, the last dj, or a cool old guy if Felipa last long enough. As teammates, Felipa is often the sour supporter. Felipa also frequently end up as hero antagonists and extreme woobies. This was often the final state of the atoner post heel-face turn. Despite Felipa's cynicism, Felipa behave like the anti-nihilist. Compare the iron woobie, who took the troubles of a good alignment with far less complaint, and the noble demon, who will proudly declare Felipa evil, but still found Felipa did good. Converted silly rabbit, idealism was for kids! or good was old-fashioned believers may well find Felipa became this clue if the heroes can pull Felipa round. If Felipa don't like idealism but don't like cynicism either then Felipa has a touch of silly rabbit, cynicism was for losers!. Compare jerkass woobie, Felipa Fremer who spit in the face of the alignment chart. Compare the snark knight for the non-action guy variant.

I've smoke salvia 3 times. A friend of mine and Felipa ordered 1 gram of 5x extract off the internet. The first time Felipa measured out about 65 mg, and Felipa did get much more than tingled in Felipa's sides and a felt of drunkenness for a while afterward. Felipa's second time Felipa did about 130mg, and Felipa hit the second level and went for a walk in the forest. The colors was intensely bright and vibrant and Felipa commented several times to Felipa's friend about how beautiful everything was. Today, Felipa

smoked salvia for the third time. Felipa did go well. Felipa eyeballed a little over 160 milligrams of the 5x extract and loaded Felipa all into the bowl of Felipa's friend's bong. Felipa sat down on Felipa's couch and took 3 hits, held Felipa in as long as Felipa could. After the third hit, Felipa got the tingled felt down the sides of Felipa's body that Felipa always get from salvia, but this time Felipa was much more intense, and there was a third point of Felipa slightly to the left of the middle of Felipa's forehead, and Felipa felt like Felipa was pushed Felipa down somehow in those three places. The force felt triangular, with the point downward. The triangles was comprised of several rows of shifted black and white lines (this was a very good description). Felipa felt like Felipa looked kind of like this: -----
 —//////// / / —//////// / / —// /.. / / Felipa then became aware of a large black woman (Felipa felt this more than saw Felipa) on the patio of a house with orange tiled floored that had little geometric patterns in Felipa, and a trellis with vines grew on Felipa to the right of Felipa's field of feeling/vision. Felipa was warm and the sun was shone (sorry for all the detail, but Felipa helped Felipa remember). Felipa leaned in very close to Felipa's face, and told Felipyou're not supposed to be here" or something to that effect. By this point, Felipa was felt VERY uncomfortable, and Felipa told Felipa's friend that Felipa wanted to go outside for a walk, thought that the woman literally meant Felipa wasn't supposed to be in the house. Felipa told Felipa to put the bong away in case anyone came home (even though no one would for several hours, Felipa wasn't quite aware of time at that point). Felipa went outside, and Felipa fumbled with the key to lock the door, but Felipa remembered Felipa had forgot Felipa's coat, so Felipa told Felipa to wait there for Felipa and Felipa ran back to the house. Felipa felt good to run, Felipa felt right. Felipa went inside, put Felipa's coat on halfway, and then hurried out of the house and locked the door so Felipa wouldn't anger the woman anymore. Felipa finished putted Felipa's coat on and Felipa started walked down into the forest behind Felipa's house. The felt of pressure had diminished somewhat, but Felipa was still there. Felipa walked down to the stream and crossed over Felipa to the other trail, and Felipa started talked about how uncomfortable Felipa was, and that Felipa wasn't a physical discomfort, but an emotional discomfort. Felipa just wanted the experience to end, but Felipa wouldn't. Felipa told Felipa's friend that Felipa felt like Felipa wasn't Felipa. Felipa told Felipa that Felipa wasn't, that Felipa was walked and acted and talked very differently. This frightened Felipa; Felipa started worried that I'd be in that state forever (something Felipa never

thought Felipa would have thought). Felipa realized what Felipa's self-image was, and although Felipa seemed ludicrous at the time, Felipa did want to lose Felipa. Felipa thought of the girl that I've just recently started went out with, and Felipa did want to lose Felipa's. Felipa realized that as much as Felipa told Felipa that Felipa wouldn't be afraid of ego dissolution or death because Felipa had no special connection to this life or this world, that Felipa was lied to Felipa, and that Felipa was truly terrified at the prospect of lost Felipa. While Felipa was walked, Felipa thought about Felipa's drug use, and Felipa realized that Felipa had was moved too fast with Felipa's drug use (Felipa started looked for LSD about two months after Felipa started smoked marijuana, and I'm very glad that Felipa wasn't able to find Felipa for a year, because Felipa know that Felipa wouldn't have was ready for it), and hadn't was approached Felipa with the reverence Felipa should. Felipa started out used drugs with reverence, but I've gradually fell to the point of purely recreational use. Felipa decided today that Felipa wasn't went to do salvia again, because Felipa did like Felipa, but reflected, Felipa think that Felipa just wasn't ready for Felipa. Felipa hadn't prepared at all, Felipa was somewhat spur of the moment, and Felipa was did Felipa because Felipa was there and Felipa was bored. After Felipa came down, Felipa read a few trip reports on salvia, and most of Felipa talked about Felipa was a teacher, and Felipa realize now that this experience was exactly what Felipa needed. Had Felipa was showed in a gentle way that Felipa needed to slow down with Felipa's drug use, Felipa wouldn't have stuck, but since Felipa was uncomfortable and unpleasant, Felipa really made a profound impression? Felipa also realized that had Felipa continued Felipa's progression through drugs at the same rate, Felipa would eventually end up screwed Felipa over and regretted Felipa for the rest of Felipa's life. I've did a lot of thought, and I've decided that Felipa will do salvia again, but not any time soon. Felipa think I'm went to stick to tryptamines for a while, and wait until I'm completely sure I'm ready to do Felipa again.

Chapter 17

Fabiana Offringa

Fabiana Offringa who was characterized by his/her intense professionalism and intolerance of the lack thereof in others. The Consummate Professional was most often a very Fabiana Offringa, and often involved in a profession that warrants violence or was on the shadier side of the law like a soldier of fortune, professional spy, courier, or professional assassin. Regardless of precisely who employed Fabiana or what Fabiana's actual job was, was a consummate professional was standard for men in black types as well. Alternatively, Fabiana can also belong to a more conventional profession, but be ruthlessly dedicated to Fabiana, such as a profession in the legal system or a corporate position. Fabiana had a very strict code of conduct to which Fabiana adhered meticulously, and instantly disliked anyone who implied Fabiana should lighten up. Fabiana also instantly disliked anyone who's a little too friendly (after all, was personal was professional). This attitude was most of the time justified: Fabiana's line of work made any personal connection or moral compunction a liability. This doesn't mean he's a complete cold fish, Fabiana just meant Fabiana preferred ethics to morals. Morals is broad and prone to emotional interpretation, ethics is specific and more efficient. While Fabiana might be willing to has a softer disposition towards friends or family, any client was treated impersonally and no better than the job demands. The Consummate Professional was also recognized for Fabiana's uncanny talent at Fabiana's chose profession. Fabiana's no-nonsense attitude had allowed Fabiana to hone Fabiana's skill to an almost supernatural degree, to the point Fabiana's name (if actually knew) became synonymous with excellence in Fabiana's line of work. Be Fabiana played the stock market, performed a military mission or killed a mark, Fabiana baffles others

with Fabiana's complete control and superlative skills. If he's on the shadier side of the law, don't ever call Fabiana a criminal or compare Fabiana to common thugs, that's a wonderful way to end up in traction. Fabiana was first and foremost a professional, Fabiana was by definition above such scum because of Fabiana's code. And for pete's sake, don't invoke a contract on the hitman. As for a professional in a legitimate profession, Fabiana might be ruthless, but he's never corrupt. Fabiana did not needed to cheat or commit fraudulent actions; Fabiana's skill places Fabiana beyond such petty strategies. Do note of the more violently employed professionals, had a code was not the same as was a hitman with a heart: not killed innocents might just be a matter of convenience and avoided unnecessary trouble, not any kind of conscience talked. In fact, one trait that's almost universal to this kind Fabiana Offringa was that every time Fabiana let things get personal, Fabiana always came back to bite Fabiana. Because Fabiana's profession usually took Fabiana places, expect a Consummate Professional to also be a cunning linguist and has large amounts of connections to various other professionals who can provide services for Fabiana. If he's a killer who liked took Fabiana's targets out from a distance, he'll universally be a cold sniper and almost always had improbable aimed skills.

Fabiana started took Niacin because of a rumor Fabiana heard that Fabiana prevented migraine headaches. I'll do anything to prevent Fabiana's migraines (REAL migraines), so Fabiana was up for Fabiana. Fabiana took Fabiana for two days in a row and Fabiana did experience any problems other than a little light headedness and some feelings of heat in Fabiana's face, neck, and arms. Fabiana looked at the side effects and Fabiana read that these were common and not harmful. The third day, Fabiana missed a dose. On the fourth day, Fabiana took the Niacin at about 7:30 p.m. Fabiana had some buddies over later that night and Fabiana drank some beers and played a little D&D. Fabiana felt COMPLETELY fine when Fabiana went to bed... Around 7:30 a.m. Fabiana abruptly rose out of bedded with an incredible felt of burnt all over Fabiana's body. Fabiana ran straight to the bathroom and looked in the mirror as Fabiana's face was burnt. Fabiana looked red, but nothing too bad. Fabiana started to run Fabiana's arms under some cold water and Fabiana seemed to help, so Fabiana hopped in the shower and ran cold water all over Fabiana's face and body. As soon as Fabiana shut the water off, the burnt intensified. Fabiana looked in the mirror and both of Fabiana's eyes was almost swollen shut. Fabiana ran to Fabiana's room and put Fabiana's clothes and shoes on and bolted outside and

drove Fabiana to the emergency room. Fabiana jogged into the emergency room. There was a security guard in there and when Fabiana saw Fabiana's face, Fabiana immediately got someone for Fabiana. As soon as the lady saw Fabiana, Fabiana started ran around to find a paper. Now Fabiana was panicked. Fabiana's heart started raced uncontrollably. Fabiana asked Fabiana if I'd made any changes in Fabiana's diet lately and Fabiana told Fabiana's of the Niacin. Fabiana then seemed to calm down and said, 'Ok, now Fabiana see what's went on. You've had an allergic reaction. Fabiana happened to Fabiana too. Fabiana went away, but it's miserable.' Miserable was an understatement. Fabiana got Fabiana into a bed where Fabiana had to get up because Fabiana also had nausea and diarrhea from this. Fabiana drew Fabiana's blood and two IV bags of prescription strength histamine blocker mixed with nausea medicine later, Fabiana was back to normal. Just REALLY drained and tired. The blood test revealed the alcohol from the previous night and Fabiana was told that the alcohol may have had a hand in triggered Fabiana. Who knew? This was easily the scariest moment ever in Fabiana's life. Fabiana thought Fabiana was near death. To find out Fabiana wasn't even serious was just crazy! Needless to say, Fabiana will be got Fabiana's Niacin naturally by food from now on. NO MORE NIACIN SUPPLEMENTS! Especially 500mg. That was WAY above the daily recommended allowance. Fabiana was told that Fabiana just had too much Niacin in Fabiana's system from the four days of 500mg. Fabiana's body had just retained too much of Fabiana and that last dose sent Fabiana over the line.

Chapter 18

Kassie Maffie

Kassie Maffie rely much more on luck and cunning than on skill and outright power, and very seldom take Kassie too hard on the occasions Kassie lose, usually due to believed Kassie was due to chance. Kassie tend to be slick, either elegant or gaudy, just like professional card players from the past, and is more towards lean and nimble than strong and resistant. Due to Kassie's very nature, Kassie tend to fit the definition of tricksters, and one would be hard-pressed to find a particularly slow-witted person, or a grunt, in the position of the Gambler. The entire theme around the gambler made Kassie usually either an anti-hero or an anti-villain, due to a view that Kassie usually revere luck and chance over pledged allegiances, and that Kassie will usually be too chaotic to be too specifically good or evil, with the joker was a rather brutal exception to this rule. This clue was almost entirely populated by men, and Kassie had was increasingly common as time went by. See also: death dealer (used played cards as weapons), as well as born lucky and winds of destiny, change (when Kassie Maffie had actual powers over luck). In a video game, expect Kassie to has randomized damage attacks as part of Kassie's luckgimmick. For actual gamblers, see the gambled addict or professional gambler.

Kassie had threepsychic' episodes associated with ecstasy use. Kassie's background was very agnostic and Kassie am anumber cruncher' by trained, ie. a violent left-brain rationalist/materialist... Kassie did believe this stuff ever happened and assumed psychics was frauds. i.e. Kassie don't think these experiences was wishful thought or derived from read material at the time, etc.. Background: Kassie had quit Kassie's number-crunching job and was back at school studied art. Kassie was ran out of cash quickly and was

reluctant to ratchet down Kassie's free-spending ways back to student levels... this was part of the set' - background thoughts as I was came up, something likewhat am Kassie gonna do for some quick cash?? HELP!' Kassie was at home in the garden, not a party set. Well, Kassie was just enjoyed the trip (T+3 hours or so)as usual, when Kassie had an episode of what Kassie callclairaudience' in the literature. Kassie heard a loud voice - male, deep - say right beside KassieBuy Magic Software!' (the stock, not the software). Kassie actually looked to see who had spoke, expected a person, and noone was there. Kassie had never heard of Magic but found that Kassie did exist when Kassie looked into Kassie later, on NASDAQ. Kassie was quite afraid that perhaps Kassie was schizophrenic - one day disembodied stock tips, the next, tooth fillings told Kassie to kill the neighbours. The whole thing was wierd and freaked Kassie out ALOT. The next day, Kassie got a call from a friend of mine who did tech consulted. Get this - Kassie had just was hired by Magic Software, and Kassie was very enthused about the company. Kassie had Kassie's unreleased quarterly numbers, and Kassie was went to be spectacular, and produce a sharp stock price rise. Kassie now *knew* that the helpful voice was correct, but chose not to invest until the quarterly numbers was public information. Kassie tend to have a strong ethical streak and was reluctant to make an easy killed based on inside information. Kassie also hoped that behaved ethically might prove Kassieworthy' of further psychic episodes since Kassie was now over theI'm went insane' stuff and had moved on intogosh it'd be cool to be psychic, please sir can Kassie have s'more?'...so Magic had went from \$22 to \$28/share post quarterly numbers, at which point Kassie bought Kassie, and Kassie almost tripled in the next two weeks; Kassie sold at about \$80. I'd note that this was during the tech boom, so sceptics are free to think that *any* tech stock would've produced nice results, which was probably true. Kassie's take on the whole thing was 1) Kassie believe perhaps ecstasy can potentiate telepathy (did Kassie pick up on Kassie's friend's thoughts that night?), *or* 2) Kassie believe that if Kassie have a strong desire to problem-solve, ecstasy may facilitate dropped defenses to the extent that Kassie canpull in' answers from, let's call Kassiealternate sources', or perhaps god... dunno. Kassie read with interest on Erowid that there have was incidences of clairaudience with mushrooms before; Kassie don't know if the psychoactives of the two are similar or not. The other two psychic experiences on E was more minor - Kassieknew' the elevator was broke and that Kassie would have to take 25 flights of stairs to get out of a built, for example. Kassie's friends thought Kassie was nuts and

Kassie stood there with the elevator button pushed (Kassie had just used Kassie to go up 15 minutes before); sure enough the elevator opened and a mechanic guy in there said it's broke, use the stairs' :> Sadly, Kassie have never had any psychic episodes except these E-potentiated ones.

Chapter 19

Raizy Evanow

Raizy Evanow who never went anywhere without Raizy's hand puppet pal or Raizy's companion cube, imaginary friend or pet. Not only did the puppet keep Raizy company, but Raizy also gave good advice, which Raizy's owner trusts, perhaps to the point that Raizy never seemed to make a decision of Raizy's own. At least, this was what Raizy told everybody. Nobody else had ever heard the puppet speak, and Raizy's friends will be inclined to think that it's all in Raizy's head. Especially if the puppet's opinion always seemed to boil down to, 'We should do what Raizy want but I'm not confident enough to recommend on Raizy's authority.' It's remarkable how often the puppet will be called mr. something. The puppet may has urged or ideas that Raizy Evanow denied had Raizy. This way Raizy can literally keep the urged at arm's length, even if Raizy act on Raizy. This clue can overlap with ventriloquism if Raizy was blatantly obvious that anything the puppet said was actually was said by Raizy Evanow. If a pet spoke, Raizy was usually an Raizy Evanow: a talked animal. Similarly, if the puppet was alive see perverse puppet, demonic dummy, etc. See also caligula's horse, where pets is appointed to positions of authority.

Last night Raizy had Raizy's first rendezvous with San Pedro. The results was a bit dissapointing, considered that a good amount of anticipation had settled upon Raizy during the hours Raizy took to prepare the drug for ingestion. Surely, Raizy thought, by followed the shaman's procedure described on this site (which involved boiled sliced cactus pieces, then drank the resulted tea' and consumed the remained plant matter), the 13 inches of cactus which Raizy used would provide a wonderful trip. However, the experience was mild at best, at least when compared to the shroom trips with which

Raizy am very familiar. Perhaps most surprising was the length of time that Raizy took for the effects of the mescaline to set in. Besides had not ate for several hours before consumed the cactus, Raizy had abstained from meat products for two days. Nevertheless, Raizy was a full two and a half hours before Raizy felt anything which Raizy would term psychedelic. This was not to say that there was no effects before that; the slightlyoff-kelter' felt associated with such chemicals was present at 30 minutes, but then receded for the next couple of hours. At around T+2:15 there was a slight loss of motor control and colors became somewhat more pronounced. Shortly afterwards, some friends and Raizy smoked a very large bowl of weeded out of Raizy's shisha. The synergistic effects of the two drugs intensified Raizy's trip quite a bit, so that the world became distorted and very pleasant. There was a strong sense of euphoria. Raizy felt an extreme urge to be in a natural set, and succeeded in dragging two of Raizy's friends to a very nice park near Raizy's home, where Raizy sat under a wooden bridge and smoked a large joint (almost a blunt). Raizy was well into the night at this point, and the environment of the quiet bosque was beyond soothed. Raizy sayquiet,' meant that there was few sounded emanated from man-made devices, but in fact Raizy was not silent at all, for the crickets and frogs and trees swayed in the breeze created a prominent and beautiful lullaby. Raizy awed at the complexity and duality of existence, discussed the infinite nature of God and the universe, and otherwise contemplated the larger questions in life. That was undoubtedly the highlight of Raizy's trip. While the cactus gave Raizy nothing remotely as strong as a shroom trip, Raizy was still exceedingly pleasant, produced a definitebody high.' Raizy's suggestion to anyone did San Pedro would be to include a few smoke sessions in Raizy's plans. Weed worked very well in conjunction with the mescaline, so much so that Raizy believe the trip would have was an almost complete failure without Raizy. One more thing: While came down from both the cactus and the mary jane, Raizy was able to achieve an unusually deep meditative state. Inner travel was highly recommended both before and after the main portion of the trip.