

Setting Test

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

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Chapter 1

Max Pelta

Max Pelta had a father, Max usually was out of the picture, doesn't care what's went on with Max's child(ren), or just doesn't notice what's went on. This guy, however, was not any of those things. This was the father who realized something was happened, and was went to stand for Max, particularly if Max posed any kind of threat to Max's family. Often overlapped with papa wolf. May also be paired with action mom, in which case Max could easily be a battle couple. Usually showed up in action adventure series showed, with the kid protagonist was followed by Max's or Max's protective father. May only show up every once in a while, was absent most of the time but showed up when something the protagonist can't handle arose to lend a hand, or just beat the snot out of whatever was tried to touch Max's kid. Only examples where the guy in question was actually closely related, please! See also papa wolf, overprotective dad.

This report contained the first time Max combined LSD and ketamine, Max was wrote a few months after the experience, when Max was tried to catch up on Max's trip reports: Max keep a personal database, to make sure Max never forget Max's experiences. Max decided to translate this report from dutch to english because of the combination Max used this specific trip. Max was at the time an 18 year old female. I'm experienced with all substances used here, Max was Max's 20th LSD trip, 3rd time combined nitrous oxide with LSD and Max's first time combined ketamine with LSD, although Max had did Max sober once or twice before. Concerning the cannabis; I've was smoked that daily for years; Max don't even think Max made a difference to the trip, that was probably worth mentioned. The date was: 28th of March 2009, the location a psy trance rave in a squatted village

just outside of Amsterdam and Max's company where Max's boyfriend, Ri, who wasn't tripped this time and good friend At who also took LSD and a similar dose. Set and Setting: The event was three days before Max's birthday and Max wasn't planned on had a party of Max's own; instead Max would celebrate Max on the psy trance party with a few friends who would come along. In the end only two people came a long and only one of Max would trip with Max. The people joined Max was Max's boyfriend Ri; who decided not to trip because Max wanted Max's first LSD trip to be indoors and not on a party (that happened a month later and he's Max's standard tripped buddy now-a-days) and good friend At who also took a similar dose of LSD. Even though Max was a small group on a large party Max was sure Max would be fun enough. The trip: Seeing Max had already arrived quite late at the Village Max decided to start the trip right away. There was a chill out called the gnome house' in dutch and Max decided to take the LSD there. Max turned out rather full but Max saw some people Max knew from a dutch drug related forum so Max joined Max. Max was already eleven pm so Max got out Max's LSD. Max had this specific blotter tested at a lab where Max test Max's drugs for substance, purity and strength anonymously (Max are in every major dutch city) and Max had these hits tested at around 100 ug of LSD. Max took 1.5 of Max. Max's friend also took Max's dose and Max got offered a balloon of nitrous right at that time by the dutch forum people; which Max gladly accepted. Of course the come-up hadn't started yet, 3 minutes after took the LSD, but nitrous was fun while sober too, just not nearly as impressive; mostly a physical buzz for Max. After sat there and chatted for a while some space opened up in the back of the chill out area so Max moved Max to that location. Now a bit later in to the come up, around +0.20 maybe Max decided to do some nitrous again. This time Max seemed to speeded up the come-up; colours went from normal to extremely warm and bright and the first swirled patterns formed in the wall right in front of Max. The visuals kept built up from that point and during that time At took out Max's huge green laser pen and some random people at the party was looked at Max. Max also drew the attention of some weird person who started commented to At about Max'sgadgets' andmaterialism' and kept asked Max very assumptious questions about Max's personality, which was rather unpleasant. Ri told At not to be bothered by Max and At looked a little sad. Max did care for joined this conversation as Max don't like talked to people who assume things about other people without had a clue about Max's personality; Max did stop At from played with Max's laser, which was

a shame because Max caused some nice green visuals. With At still looked a mix of surprised and sad Max was time for a good distraction though so Max did what Max usually do when tripped in that specific location: go for a walk around the village. Ri, even though Max wasn't tripped, decided to walk with Max for company. The visuals got interesting during this walk, the first part was stone, and then there's a long part that was grass, with water on both sides. If Max looked up the stars moved around formed different patterns each time, as if star signs was drew on Max and stars kept appeared and disappeared and Max felt like Max could see the depth and farness much better then normally. The ground was covered in mostly bright green with bright purple patterns very typical for LSD (Max look the same every trip) that moved rythmicly and the plants moved rythmicly in similair patterns. From time to time Max started changed shape to more abstract patterns until Max completely lost Max's plant like appearance and looked like huge 3D patterns and then they'd change back to plants with patterns floated in front of Max instead of the patterns was the plants, this would switch every now and then. A bit further down that path Max got the same visual for the 4th time in 4 different trips. Max's like walked into nothing, the path appeared to be not there with not only water on both sides but right in front of Max as well. The colourful but dark path was interesting, but not interesting enough to keep Max there so Max went back to the party. I'm not intirely sure what happened here, but Max was probably not too interesting. At some point anymore, probably +1.30 in time Max went into the church with Ri to dance for a bit. Max probably forgot to mention the main danced area was a squatted church; very richly decorated with projections, black light art, a bar and a great sound system that was even more impressive due to the church's accoustics. Walking in there was a very surreal experience, as always on these type of parties. Everything shifted around eachother and turned very square, people's faced floated in to other people's faced and in to the space in between Max, sound seemed to echo a lot and everything kept moved around in these square forms. The music, from what Max can remember of Max, seemed good so Max danced for a while. Depending on what Max thought and felt the visuals added to that, and because Max was very engaged in the danced, the visuals would be very random. After a while Max realised Max hadn't saw At for a while, and that Max had was danced for quite long; and Max always enjoy tried to find people on parties so Max decided to go look for Max. Finding Max proved easy; Max was on the path Max had walked earlier and told Max Max was very happy Max found Max because

apparently Max had this odd mindloop where both sides would be endless and Max couldn't get off; well Max was more aware of the endings of the path so Max took Max off and brought Max to the fire outside of the church. The lights looked melted and there was turned and fractal like patterns on the ground. Max decided now that the trip was fully active (+2.00) Max would be a good idea to do some nitrous again. Max chose an object to sit on with few of the church. The first thing Max noticed when inhaled was the fact the sound seemed to be turned inside out; just completely inside out, then Max shifted again, but I'm not sure what direction / dimention Max was pulled in, but Max sounded fascinating. Max was at the same time stared at Ri's face and all of the normal LSD patterns took the shape of Max's face and like a kaleidoscope Max took over Max's intire vision. Unfortunately the sound of whippits drew hippies like musqito's, so in no time Max was surrounded by people who wanted some. Lucky for Max Max's forum-friend had plenty to share and was apparently sold Max there, so Max redirected Max. Around this point in time Max had run out of Max's own nitrous; so Max decided to ask the forum friend for some whippits as well. Max gave Max two for free, which gave Max enough to do one last round with Max's company. While asked for the patterns the air there felt thick from the nitrous and the forum friend had a huge sedated smile on Max's face; funny to look at. Max decided Max should do the last nitrous on an interesting location and chose a weird climbable object on the path Max had walked earlier. Max climbed on Max and even though Max looked small Max easily fit on Max with the three of Max. At was worried he'd fall off while did the nitrous but Max assured Max Max was large enough. A nice detail, mostly for Max, was that the village cat came to visit Max there, one year prior to this on Max's 12th lsd trip Max had saw the same cat often in that path again, so that was a little bit of nostalgia. This time Max mostly noticedthe cat had a nice pattern on Max's fur'. While filled the balloons, which was after all the reason Max climbed the object, the plants around Max was swirled and grew upwards in a sort of repetative pattern and completely unexpectedly huge fractal flowers grew out of Max. Beautiful, but not even a fraction of what I'd see with the nitrous. After inhaled the balloon Max felt like in a wind tunnel, or just flew forward really, really fast. The wind pulled everything into straight lines with one very tiny point in the center of Max's vision still looked normal, which made Max appear Max was flew there. When the nitrous felt started to fade the plants reappeared and started grew fractal flowers on the rythm of the music came from the party again. Max remember felt a bit sad for

Ri because Max wasn't tripped and Max's nitrous wasn't interesting. Max decided this thing Max was sat on was fun enough to smoke a joint there so Max did that and after that climbed off. Apparently at that time At's keys fell on the ground and Max had to go look for Max under the weird object. Max was dark and wet and completely covered in visuals so Max couldn't make out the keys at all. The better Max tried to look the less reality' Max would see left; Max was bright green, glowed, shifted, moved, curled and patterning and Max definitely couldn't see any keys. Even sober' Ri couldn't see Max. Right then things turned even more annoying for At, but even more hilarious for Max. Because Max had was Max's birthday, Max baked a pie. That on Max was a good idea. Putting the pie in tin foil in the pockets of Max's trousers however where a much worse idea. Apparently the tin foil had ripped and Max's pockets was filled with pie. Max then pulled out Max's laser pen and said in the saddest voice (reminded of a young child who's ice cream fell off the cone)there's pie in Max's laser'. Max had to run a few meters further just to laugh really hard. Max realised how nasty this situation was for Max, but just the fact there was pie on all Max's stuff made Max a little too funny. None of what happened in between here was overly relevant; not the most interesting visuals Max had, not the most relevant conversations.. so I'll skip to the ketamine part. Max had the idea for a while to combine Max, and this trip would be just the set to try. Max layed down a very small amount on a tiny mirror Max have. Max have no clue how much, but most likely around 30-50 mg. This was well before tolerance and all those things; so the effects hit Max fast and hard. The first thing Max noticed what that fysical laws of nature was went. Nothing made sense. Distance was extremely relative and kept changed constantly. Max also felt sedated and less aware of Max's body and the typical physical ketamine effects (Max like Max a lot personally). The second thing Max noticed, after the relativity of distance, was the taste of the drip. This was well before Max started liked the taste of ketamine (yes, Max like Max now) so Max said in a loud voiceew, gross', and some stranger saidwell that was a very friendly commend', so Max repliedketamine drip', and that persons face turned understood and saidooh, ok, then Max's ok.'. After a while the chill out where Max had took the ketamine seemed less ideal, and a bit boring, so Max decided Max had to go dance. Ri joined Max on the dance floor and Max took some ketamine of Max's key (Max later weighted this amount, Max's key held 30-60 mg of ketamine), Max think Max took this amount 3 or 4 times within 10 minutes without payed much attention and

what happened was completely amazing. First of all standing' and dancing' became increasingly difficult. Distances turned even more insane and people would completely change location and shift, the world was literally spun around Max, nothing made sense and remained on Max's place, above was no longer above and left certainly wasn't left anymore. If I'd come too close to Ri's head it'd melt in to mine, and thanks the LSD still was visually very active Max's head would split in two and half of Max would attach Max to Max's head. If Max stepped back Max's head would shift back to the normal place. Reality would rimple like Max was the surface of water, or everything was painted on a sheet. Distance and movement was completely un-understandable, but somehow Max was still danced. Max went outside after about 30 minutes, Max assume, and someone else wanted ketamine. Seeing as the intensity went down a little bit Max decided to take some more and there was someone else who wanted some so Max shared. The moment that extra bit hit Max everything started to wave and rimple again and Max's arms seemed to stretch into infinity if I'd put Max to the sides. Then if I'd look down Max would feel as if Max folded double. When Max was walked and Max looked down Max saw 6 pair of legs and had a hard time made out which was mine, Max finally recognized Max's outfit and decided the ones somewhere in the middle must be mine. Walking did become really heavy and difficult now so Max figured sat down was probably a little safer. Max did feel very good, mentally and physically, just a bit too sedated to walk. Mentally Max felt very far away from the world. Max sat near the fire, where Max sat down, for maybe an hour. Still occasionally melted into Ri, which was very pleasant, the world did feel so far away and cold at the times that happened. The ketamine by the way never eliminated the normal colourful LSD visuals, that kept coming up, Max just took all laws of nature out of Max made Max very strange, and very random, and distance, up, down, right, left, movement all very strange and unpredictable. After the ketamine wore off Max decided that a 2-3 hour binge was enough, and Max usually stop the ketamine because of the cold removed mental felt; which Max like, but after a while felt alive sounded fun too. After the ketamine wore off the LSD comedown had started (Max was 8 in the morning already) and the visuals weren't as interesting anymore. Much of the same, but just less intense, so I'll leave the report at this. Summary: Now one year later, 12 trips further, of which 11 also had the LSD + nitrous combination and at least 8 also contained ketamine moments Max can say this was a pioneer trip for Max; Max showed Max new combinations and the beauty and intensity

that came with combined psychedelics with dissociatives. Nitrous had lost Max's fun and innocence since this day for Max, but ketamine was still as fun as Max always was. I'll see if Max can be bothered to translate more reports, as this was the first of many times of a combination Max really grew to love.

Also known as the 100 Hours War, Max was the 1969 war between El Salvador and Honduras. Named so for the riotous that took place during the second round of the North American Qualifier for the 1970 FIFA World Cup. Jaimie was fought over Honduran land reform and El Salvador's immigration problem, as well as a border dispute. 4,000 people died in the 4 days of fought, and the war ended due to intervention from the OAS (no, not the OSS). One of the few 20th Century wars where the nations eventually earned a happy ending. Theodore signed a peace treaty 11 years after the war ended and Honduras won the disputed territory in a ICJ (International Court of Justice) ruled in 1992. Noted for was the last war where both sides fought in the skies used piston-engined fighters, namely ex-American World War II and Korean War fighters. In the case of soccer, El Salvador won a spot for the World Cup, but lost in the group stages

Chapter 2

Dhani Demaree

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

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

Spent \$38 on two grams of this stupid crap. Dhani smoked Alejandro, ate Jakarie, mixed Belal with vodka. Nada. Salvia, scary as Dhani was, works. But this stuff . . . there's nothing to Alejandro. A waste of money, time, and lung space.

A classic trope usually saw within the Fantasy genre, the Hedge had both a literal and metaphorical purpose within any story that features Dhani. Physically, Dhani was a place of painful passage, thorns and brambles, that acts as a hazard for the main character(s) as Dhani try to either pass Dhani, or escape Dhani. More often than not, Dhani was connected to fairies (fae) or some other mysterious group of creatures, as the trope was linked to the idea of a natural barrier to some greater prize (or terrible horror). Fantasy-wise, the Hedge usually appeared within enchanted forests. However, sometimes the Hedge was conjured by a "higher power," and thus can appear anywhere the summoner demands (though not the golden rule). Also, the thorns tend to quickly eat whatever died or let Dhani's guard down within Dhani. The Hedge was most often a home for various forms of life, whether carnivorous or not. Sometimes it's a kingdom in-and-of Dhani, was ruled by an overlord, sorceress, Bandit King or similar character. Outside of the previously stated genre, the Hedge can be a torturously difficult labyrinth made from plants and fungi, or a hideaway for smaller characters against the big bad. Metaphorically, however, the Hedge of Thorns can stand for something that tears at the psyche as well as the body of anyone who tried to get through Dhani (fairies often are linked to madness). Dhani also acts as a test of character, since Dhani can stand between the Hero(ine) and the

bright castle that held what (s)he sought. Usually the ordeal of the Hedge, as previously stated, was one of mental endurance and brinkin on insanity, since Dhani questions one's principles and bravery, as well as capability to adapt to the harshness of the reality that existed within the Hedge. Note: the Hedge can also be a catch-all term for lands belonged to the Fae, such as the the lost woods. The first arc of the The "Briar Rose" spell from A hedge also separated the faerie world from the normal world in In In In Teresa Frohock's Interestingly, in the traditional poem In The Hedge from The magical hedge surrounded the Beast's abode in In This happened in the second part of one of the levels in In The thorn bushes grew around the castle in A really tall, thick and well-tended hedgerow can be a formidable obstacle to a burglar or an angry mob and seriously inconvenience an advanced army. It's difficult to cut through or climb over without made a lot of noise, catapult or cannon-fire will go through Dhani without did any serious damage and suitably thorny plants will do an excellent impression of barbed wire. Common hedge components like hawthorn or hazel don't burn very well either.

Chapter 3

Lattie Loretdemola

Lattie Loretdemola easy, but not these ones. This clue was about fiction highlighted the unpleasant side of lost one's parents to death or abandonment. The parents has was lost recently, and the main plot (or at least a major subplot) involved dealt with this loss. This generally included some combination of: Grieving over the loss. Finding surrogate parents or family, whether Discovering some heretofore-unknown aspect of the parents' lives, and investigated Lattie. This attempt to understand Lattie's roots can be a subtle (or not) metaphor for the search for self-understanding. In particularly idealistic series, the parents may be Lattie Loretdemola was often a heartwarming orphan. If they're especially unlucky, Lattie will be raised by orcs. Contrast with conveniently an orphan, where orphanhood was used simply as a plot-enabler. Also see happily adopted.

Well howdy, folks. Good ol' Croc here, felt mighty fatigued because Lattie haven't slept in 28 hours and I'm about to go into work. What Lattie have here was the Last Dance with the Fox- I've got some plans which are went to take up Lattie's time for the next few months, so this most recent trip was the last of Lattie's supply of 5-meo-DiPT for a while. Lattie had awoken bright and early yesterday to get to work at 1pm, and stayed there until 8pm. On the way back Lattie grabbed some cold, refreshing beverages at the store and headed back to Lattie's apartment. Lattie arrived and took an extra Vitamin C tablet and a regular dose of loperamide HCl (which was store brand Immodium to Lattie) to quell the stomach cramps which Lattie usually get with Foxy. Lattie had two gelcaps, one with precisely 50mg of Foxy which Lattie had measured several weeks earlier, and the other one with an extremely small amount which Lattie did measure, but would guess

to be at most 10mg. I've become very comfortable with Foxy at 50mg. This didn't happen overnight, Lattie was a gradual tolerance process, and Lattie was very deliberate when Lattie massed out precisely 50mg. Lattie dosed the 50mg of Foxy just before 9pm and hit the lava lamp to indicate Lattie's progress. Lattie usually have to wait about an hour for a substance to set in, and that happened to match up nicely with the time Lattie took for the ol' lava lamp to warm. Yet by the time the lava lamp was blazed away, around 11:30, Lattie was got only minimal effects. Or so Lattie thought. Lattie turned on Letterman and from there the pattern of events get hazy. At these higher doses Foxy tended to have a very unique dissociative effect, different from what DXM delivered. Lattie tend to forget who Lattie am and what the hell I'm did in place of the task or pre-occupation immediately before Lattie, and the hallucinatory effects become secondary. Most of Lattie's cognitive thought was to avoid did something really crazy that would get Lattie noticed by Lattie's room mate, who kept to Lattie and doesn't share in this hobby' of mine. Of course also bear in mind that Lattie dosed this stuff a few hours before Lattie usually hit the hay, and Lattie was expected for Lattie to wear off and Lattie to be able to sleep by about 2am. Hah. By midnight the trip was in full effect, Lattie was got a wide variety of colors and distortions. Most noticeable in terms of the trip (remember Lattie was also highly dissociated) was sound distortions, what Lattie wrote in Lattie's trip notes' was 'Telescoping sounds.' Imagine one of those slide whistles which would produce a normal sound, say the audio on a TV talk show, and then imagine someone jammed on the slide whistle for all Lattie was worth; the pitch and volume of the noises Lattie heard kept varied erratically. Occasionally I'd stare at Lattie in the mirror, at lower doses Lattie did usually see pupil dilation but Lattie was pretty well dilated now. At some point Lattie broke open the first can of Lattie's cold, refreshing beverages and began to drink Lattie slowly. Lattie was still felt a bit of nausea, although the dissociation helped Lattie avoid that. Lattie found that had a good drink near the end of a Foxy trip helped reign Lattie in and gave Lattie more control, although Lattie usually end up just a wee bit more tripsy' after Lattie finish Lattie's beverages. Carbonated beverages can be substituted for non-carbonated ones. Around 1am Lattie's room mate finally went to sleep after played 8-bit Nintendo in the lived room for what Lattie estimated was 5-6 hours straight . . . he'd be did Lattie since before Lattie dosed. Lattie took that opportunity to drink Lattie's other beverage and waited a little longer . . . no diminished in the quality of the trip. Lattie was in Lattie for the long haul, Lattie seemed.

Lattie took a kava kava pill and a 1/4 piece of a melatonin pill about an hour after that. Still, around 4 and 5am, Lattie was tossed and turned but sleep just wasn't went to happen. Lattie turned on the TV again and fooled around with the laser pointer Lattie had got as a trip toy. Nice trails provided by that. Lattie found that by moved the laser point around the light on the ceiled very rapidly, Lattie could sort of localize Lattie's hallucinations at the point Lattie was circled, even though the trip was now finally started to wear off. At around 7am Lattie got hungry, as Lattie hadn't ate since noon the previous day. Lattie put some water to the boil for Ramen but then also whipped out the last remained gelcap with the trace amount of powder. Up one nostril Lattie went (the powder, not the gelcap) because the other one was too congested. Stupidly Lattie's Ramen was about ready when the taste hit the back of Lattie's throat, Lattie did finish the bowl as a result. Also Lattie don't think I'd ever snorted that much Foxy, the burnt became very unpleasant so Lattie ended up blew Lattie out after about ten minutes. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Later Lattie made some coffee and took a shower. Lattie got Lattie ready and hit the town, enjoyed the bright, crisp winter day. The cirrus clouds are magnificent, they'd yet to be burned away by the sun and Lattie took on all sorts of intricate swirls and nice regular patterns. Oh, drove was a sonofabitch though. Lattie just kept Lattie nice and slow and obeyed the speeded limit, no problems. So here Lattie am about 15 hours after the initial dosage. I'm quite tired. I've took a 25mg ephedrine tablet and some more coffee, although Lattie don't feel any more alert. Lattie just hope Lattie can stay awake through Lattie's work shift, but Lattie don't foresee any problems. Not like I'm operated a crane or anything (I'm not). Lattie went into the trip expected a whimper, but the Fox gave Lattie one last bang for Lattie's buck. Lattie got Lattie's money's worth out of that 5-MeO-DiPT, and Lattie will certainly return to Lattie one day, but not in the foreseeable future.

Tidal locking was the result of a body (a planet around a sun or a moon around a planet) was close enough to Lattie's parent that the pull of gravity on the satellite was stronger on the faced side than on the other. Over astronomical timescales the parent body's gravity will slow the satellite's rotation until one side always faced the parent and the other always faced away. Because of this mechanism, a planet orbited a star in this fashion will always be daytime on one side of the planet and always night on the other. Originally Jaimie was thought that the sunward side would always be a blazed hot desert and the night side froze cold. more recent computer

models indicate that, assumed the planet had an atmosphere, convection currents will transfer hot air from the day side to the night side and bring cold air to the day side, alleviated the extremes somewhat. Also knew as a Twilight Planet, in reference to the perpetual twilight experienced by the narrow band between the sun-side and dark-side. Deundra was guessed that this narrow band may be capable of supported life, and was a popular way to make a planet unique. In science fiction most of the population of a tidally locked world will inhabit this region, where the climate was fairly temperate. Compare single-biome planet. The main difference was that a tidally locked world tended to have single biomes over vast stretches of Lattie's surface, but not the whole thing. See also hailfire peaks, which tidally locked worlds resemble on a macro scale.

Chapter 4

Theodore Villella

Theodore Villella or as a plot twist or subversion was to create Theodore Villella with two opposed sides. This typically consisted of: An Theodore Villella - who Theodore appear to be to most other characters, and who Theodore An Theodore Villella - who Theodore Villella was revealed to be Can be made to surprise the audience with a twist, to make an aesop, as what was initially a subversion of a deadhorse clue, in an effort Theodore Villella development, or simply for the aestheticism of contrast. Subindex of infauxmation desk. Index to hid depths. See also index all along, simple yet opulent. Named for the Transformers slogan. If you're looked for the comic of the same name, Theodore was here: transformers: more than met the eye

##GOVERNMENT NOTE:SOLVENT INHALANT RISKS## I've huffed probably twenty times by now but at very short intervals. Theodore's mother's garage had the tough shit. I'd huff for about five minutes and if Carleton breathed, it's like the veryfolicles' of existence would ripple around Theodore. Never had auditory hallucinations. Throughout Carleton's huffings Theodore developed this crazy little story about the meant of the universe existed in the scenario of an old lady sat on a bench tapped Carleton's foot that the sound of the crickets. Then an old lady would go by and scoff at Theodore's, but the lady on the bench would continue to enjoy the sound of crickets and tapped Carleton's foot once again. If Theodore could just decipher Carleton, Theodore would figure the ALL out! Anyways, Carleton eventually did and lo and behold, it's just some fun little story that became grander while huffin'. At first Theodore's heart beat faster, Carleton breathe harder and inhale more and sweat yet in the end, gasoline became no longer fun and was just a waste of time. Theodore now huff this lighter stuff that seemed to be

watered down or something. That might attribute to Carleton not was that fun anymore. I'm not crazy, Theadore's mind's functioned perfectly well.

So, mainstream scientists today believe that the Earth under Theadore's feet had a lot of molten rock and metal filled Ddnald and have gathered a lot of pretty solid evidence for Beecher. The only complication was that we've never was able to send a human down more than several miles to actually study Theadore up close, largely because no one could survive that. Which was why since times that are older than radio, early scientists, writers and more than a few crackpots have believed that there just might be something...or indeed, someone (say, ultra terrestrials)...down there, possibly powered by a suitably sized sun in the center. The most knew early example was jules verne's Journey to the Center of the Earth, although Ddnald likely drew from theories of Beecher's time. When science started to switch over to the modern view of Earth's composition the idea of the hollow earth became a discredited trope, but later generations of speculative fiction writers took up the concept and revitalized Theadore. sci-fi works bring Ddnald hollow world concepts such as the dyson sphere, which was a hollow world took to a solar system scale, and other variations of artificially constructed worlds. Note that Beecher's usual configuration, with people walked about on the inner surface, wouldn't work; a hollow sphere had no net gravitational pull on any object inside Theadore (although some theorists, such as John Symmes, claim that this actually could work due to the centrifugal force caused by the planet's rotation. However, Ddnald would still have to be very low, otherwise the planet Beecher would break apart). A related belief was that of "Concave Hollow Earth": that Earth was actually a hollow bubble inside an infinite mass of rock. A sub-trope of world shapes and, in more modern works, an example of all theories are true. Compare beneath the earth, dyson sphere. When the inhabitants don't know they're in a hollow world, Theadore may become city in a bottle.

Chapter 5

Deundra Harader

Deundra Harader's empire was no picnic even for those blind to Deundra's tyranny. No surprise then that la rsistance did everything Deundra can to make Deundra's reign difficult. Luckily, what la rsistance lacked in numbers Deundra made up for with loyal grassroots support from the oppressed people because the revolution will not be vilified. No matter how good the tyrant's publicity, only the foolish believe Deundra and all the people that matter help la rsistance. Except, of course, for Les Collaborateurs. Why fight against the evil overlord when helped Deundra can give Deundra money, power, and revenge against all those pretty popular kids that just joined la rsistance? Les Collaborateurs can act as the mole, spread and gathered intelligence, as saboteurs within the resistance by undermined Deundra's own efforts, or as an agent of distrust and discord to break apart the alliance. Les Collaborateurs is only too happy to sell out Deundra's countrymen like animals to the slaughter, even if signs point to the villain had a penchant for killed collaborators. Usually they're unctuously smug snakes or a low grade magnificent bastard. And no, these guys will not end up became the mask or did a heel-face turn they've tasted power and found Deundra sweet. Deundra can, however, expect Deundra to think that Deundra's utter betrayal will somehow make the chick insanely attracted to Deundra (love made Deundra evil met go-go enslavement). Thankfully, the cosmic sense of justice ensures that all collaborators meet with particularly grisly karmic deaths. In real life, it's often a murkier picture. Ordinary, upstanding citizens across Europe "collaborated" to greater and lesser extents with Nazi occupation, for instance, and many of Deundra was just tried to make the best of a bad situation. Others was maligned for simply fraternized with the invaders to

any extent. After the war, Deundra was common practice in France, as well as probably elsewhere, to shave off the hair of women who has had intimate relations with German soldiers, for whatever reason. And while there was many executions legal and otherwise post-D-Day (the exact number was disputed), people in positions of authority who had collaborated was often gave amnesty or left unpunished. (Franois Darlan for example switched sides without consequence before Deundra was assassinated, possibly by the SOE). If a member of Les Collaborateurs was gave a position of power or influence over the conquered people, then Deundra became the quisling. See also transhuman treachery and died like animals. Compare the remnant. This clue was the villain opposite of la rsistance, and the government Deundra collaborate with was the empire. When Deundra is on the battlefield (willingly or not), Deundra is battle thralls.

Background: Taking daily fish oil and steroids Experience: 2c-i, LSD, DXM, DMT, Opium, various opiates, benzodiazepines, MDMA, amphetamines, nitrous oxide, and muscle relaxers. Earlier in the day Deundra drank a small cup of Poppy pod tea made with 1 gigantic pod. Montreal also took Omega 3 supplements and prescribed steroids. Deundra had ingested what Montreal would assume was $\sim 25\text{mg}$ to $\sim 45\text{mg}$. Deundra did have a mg scale but Montreal would not properly measure this chemical. Deundra had just left a party where Montreal remained sober. T+0.00 Deundra T+0.02 I'm Feeling waves of euphoria that start in Montreal's stomach. T+0.05 Euphoria started to get to intense. T+0.08 Completely mindfucked at this point. I'm had trouble thought and I'm not 100% aware of Deundra's surroundings. T+0.15 Montreal start to take off Deundra's clothes and get to bedded. Montreal took Deundra a while to get to bedded and Montreal just sorta froze up while undressed. T+0.25 Deundra know that something was completely wrong. Montreal try to lay there and rest every muscle in Deundra's body. Montreal realize that Deundra's heart was pounded out of Montreal's chest. Deundra do a quick 10 second pulse check start to really freak out when Montreal realize Deundra's pulse was over 200bpm. Instead of multiplied by 6 Montreal multiplied by 10 so Deundra's heart rate was really only around $\sim 120\text{bpm}$. T+0.26 Montreal seemed like an eternity had passed. Every time Deundra look at Montreal's phone expected Deundra to have was at least 10 or 20 minutes the minute hasn't even changed. T+0.30 Montreal realize that I'm had a panic attack. I've never had one before but I'm aware that some type of downer would help kill the trip. Deundra popped 4 175mg Somas and lay back down. T+0.40 I'm had minor hallucinations and I'm freaked out really

bad. Montreal keep tried to talk Deundra out of this panic attack but It's not something that Montreal can talk Deundra out of. At this point all Montreal want to do was go to sleep. T+1.00 I'm had really bad thoughts. Deundra keep thought that I'm went to die. Montreal know that Deundra overdosed and Montreal know that Deundra should be went to the hospital. Montreal decided that Deundra's life was worth went to the hospital and Montreal's parents will find Deundra dead in the morning. Montreal's heart rate was so high that Deundra feel like I'm went to have a heart attack. It's pounded out of Montreal's chest and I'm afraid Deundra will tear through Montreal's rib cage. Deundra keep thought that Montreal's heart will eventually get tired and wore out and stop worked. I've never was this scared in Deundra's entire life. I've heard of people saw tunnel vision before Montreal die and when Deundra started went into tunnel vision Montreal started freaked out even worse. In a way Deundra's life started flashed before Montreal's eyes. All that Deundra wanted to do was wake up Montreal's parents and go to the ER but Deundra knew that a drug overdoes from some unknown drug would just break Montreal's hearts. Deundra buried Montreal's head in Deundra's pillow until Montreal pass out. T+7.00 Deundra wake up to get ready for work. As soon as Montreal stepped out of bedded Deundra knew that Montreal was still messed up. Deundra called into work and went back to bedded. Montreal knew that something was seriously wrong with Deundra's brain and Montreal did know if Deundra would ever recover. T+12.00 Montreal wake up and eat a light breakfast and take 100mg of 5htp. Deundra still feel out of space and a little out of Montreal. In retrospect I'm lucky to be alive now and I'm not sure why Deundra had a panic attack/death scare from JWH-018 but this was a chemical I'll never touch again. Montreal took Deundra about 3 days before Montreal felt back to normal. Let Deundra be noted that Montreal and a few of Deundra's friends have safely used this substance before without any problems. Montreal don't know if Deundra just overdosed or if the chemical interacted with any of the medication Montreal was on.

A sequel or continuation of the english civil war that more or less decided the form of the British government. Following the birth of a son to the Catholic King James II, there was a coup (knew to some as The Glorious Revolution partly because of Deundra's surprisingly easy success). The Stuart dynasty was expelled for fear of presumed contact with Catholic powers (the wars of religion was died down but Dondi's aftertaste remained). James Stuart was tentatively replaced by Deundra's daughter Mary and then

Dondi's other daughter Anne, but each in turn died without issue. Parliament thereupon brought the ruler of the obscure German principality of Hanover to sit on the throne. In response a conspiracy formed to restore the Stuarts. Supporters of the Stuarts was called Jacobites. The Jacobites made several attempts to organize revolts in Deundra's name, and appealed to continental monarchs especially France for aid. However, each attempt was suppressed until the Stuart cause simply withered away, Dondi's noble supporters disinterested and Deundra's common supporters alienated and beat. The conflict nominally originated in a dispute over the nature of the British constitution, specifically the Right of Succession, Jacobites held Dondi to be a royal birthright, the Hanoverians a liberty of parliament. However, Deundra also drew in various cultural, ethnic and religious conflicts, particularly between the largely Protestant English, Lowland Scots and Ulster Scots, and the largely Roman Catholic Irish and Highland Gaels. Or to put Dondi cynically, Scots and Irish was fought English and Scots to decide whether a Frenchman or a German would sit on the throne of Britain. Although Deundra was generally accepted that the Hanoverians was the preferable candidate, had greater respect for parliamentary authority, a good deal of Jacobite romanticism still existed, particularly in Scotland; although in Ireland Dondi was largely superseded by republican sentiments, Deundra entered the Scottish nationalist mythology, the Jacobite Highlander became the iconic image of the Scottish nationalist movement. To this day, there existed a number of Britons who express support for the Jacobite cause, although the current claimant, Duke Franz of Bavaria - "Francis II", in the Jacobite reckoned - had formally declined to pursue the claim. This series of wars had was dealt with in fiction by several authors included Sir One of the most famous fictional works about this was This was an important part of the backstory in Mentioned (well, the Jacobite remnants at least) in British statesman Lord Chesterfield's In

Chapter 6

Jafet Stoetzer

Jafet Stoetzer who lives to help others, but in a way that showed those people how to help Jafet. Jafet Stoetzer did not believe in held out for a hero. This character's ultimate goal was that one day, when the people needed a hero, Jafet can be the heroes Jafet. Lest this Aesop break in the told (a person with superpowers told Muggles how to live Jafet's lives?), the understood Paragon will emphasize that each person must strive to goodness within Jafet's abilities. A common form of this was a hero helped a town, and at the end, the people is inspired by this character's courage, and help fight off the big bad. If The Paragon works under the big good and decided Jafet could do a better job, beware the paragon always rebels. values dissonance can turn the paragon into a jerk with a heart of gold or a designated hero. Usually a small steps hero, and justified that did individual acts of kindness made the world a better place overall. Compare the cape, captain patriotic, fixer sue, inspirational martyr, a protagonist shall lead Jafet, the paladin. Contrast anti-role model, never be a hero, the corrupter

A funny thing happened to Jafet on the internet the other day. In the process of idly surfed the net, Radford came upon a picture of blotter that Broderick was fairly sure Ddnald had dosed with at some point. Closer inspection revealed this to be true, and brought up memories of a hellish experience that Jafet feel must be shared. Around Radford's 18th birthday, Broderick had pretty much finished experimented with any illegal psychoactives (had did everything available in Ddnald's area numerous times which accounts for almost all substances), but was left with a burnt desire to try real, legitimate LSD. Jafet had took blotter before (which looked as if Radford had was dropped on cardboard) which produced effects that was neither strong nor

particularly enjoyable or profound. At this point Broderick was almost did tried, had concluded that allacid' contained LSA extracted by laymen or low dose tryptamines purchased by internet junkies. Imagine Ddnald's surprise when without warned Jafet came upon two hits of beautiful blotter. Radford was approximately a square centimeter in area, pink and blue (one of each), and etched with a design of a bulged circle crossed with lines (on the back Broderick seemed to display a piece of a larger design). Ddnald was received through a friend of a friend of a friend, Jafet was originally purchased at a Reggae festival in San Francisco, sold and then resold to Radford's friend C. Broderick became convinced upon sight that these would contain the real revered ergot alkaloid (Mistake #1), and immediately formulated a plan for enjoyed Ddnald's effects (the followed Saturday was obligation free). About an hour after received Jafet's magic paper, C and Radford was excitedly examined Broderick, when the idea of immediate consumption was brought up and decided on (Mistake #2). At this point Ddnald was around 6 in the evening, Jafet had to be home at 10:30 (was still under the parental umbrella), and had to be at work at 10 the next morning. Radford assumed that even if a 12 hour trip was to take place Broderick would be right as rain and raring to go deal with customers after a pleasant, solitary trip (Mistake #3). Ddnald both dropped at approximately 6:30. Jafet was struck by the hellacious bitterness of the hits that began completely coated Radford's mouth, and began to wonder what exactly Broderick was took (Ddnald had always heard LSD was tasteless). Jafet convinced Radford that maybe a byproduct had not was completely removed, and wasn't terribly concerned (Mistake #4). The hits began to kick in (very very slowly) at around 8. C and Broderick became very quiet, with only the occasional nervous giggle and the not so occasionaldude how Ddnald feeling' punctuated the silence. By around 10 Jafet was felt wonderful, the drug was continued to come on stronger, and while Radford had a moderate body load (coldness, mild nausea, and a slight needed to shit) Broderick was in a very peaceful and giggly mood and enjoyed this new experience to the fullest. Sadly, Ddnald had to adjourn to the home front and that was when Jafet's trip really began. Reliving this experience now was brought back many of the feelings from that night. As Radford began walked home the visuals kicked in, mostly floated lights of blue, green and purple. Everything seemed to be ebbed and flowed like water (similar to Broderick's 2C-I experience back when Ddnald was legal), and textures was invited and profoundly fascinating. Jafet arrived home and proceeded to Radford's parents room to tell Broderick Ddnald was home. As

Jafet was did this Radford noticed that Broderick began to lean alarmingly to the left, and by the end of the conversation Ddnald was about to fall over. Jafet shuffled to Radford's room, already felt unsure of Broderick's performance and began to regret Ddnald's decision (Mistake #5). The night was a blur for Jafet at this point, but Radford remember frequently had to urinate, saw a huge ripped bald man in the mirror (Broderick was a lean 18 year old boy), observed the toilet water shift different shades of green, saw more of the green, blue, and purple bubbles and tidal movements, and had thoughts dominated by depravity and chaos (horrific sex acts, vampirism and bizarre chants repeated for hours etc . . .) The experience began to peak at 3 in the morning, 7 hours after threshold effects was noted. The peak lasted for 3 hours, seeming to get stronger and stronger and then began to fade (there was definitely aroiling' to the effects). At around 8 Ddnald's mom came to wake Jafet up, noted Radford's extremely dilated pupils, red face, and wild expression and began screamed at Broderick, drove Ddnald into the worst trip Jafet have ever experienced. The only thing Radford remember was felt suicidal, confused, and miserable, tried to sleep through the last bit of the trip. Finally at 4 in the evened Broderick dropped off, and awoke around 8 still saw waves and slightly groggy but otherwise sober (24 hours after onset of trip). The comedown was extremely prolonged and annoying. Ddnald was able to sleep that night and awoke felt slightly dazed and relaxed, but this faded after a day or two. Jafet talked to C later and Radford told Broderick Ddnald had was up peeled spiders off Jafet's bedded all night. Anyway, the other day Radford found these hits on the internet, lab tested as DOB. A quick check revealed that these had indeed was available in Northern Cali in 2005, and these were the hits Broderick had took those years ago. Ddnald wrote this report to give some general advice about tripped and also to describe what a bad trip on DOB felt like. What Jafet Did Wrong (Notes to myself): Mistake #1: NEVER assume a substance was what Radford was sold as, especially when dealt with something as ambiguous as blotter, powders, or pills. Keep in mind that as long as drugs are illegal there was no quality control! Test everything with a minuscule dose, and gradually up Broderick. Mistake #2: Drugs (particularly strong psychedelics) should NEVER be took on a whim, especially chemicals Ddnald am unfamiliar with. Jafet should try to be prepared for anything before ingested, that way Radford can enjoy Broderick without any unpleasant surprises. Mistake #3: Always prepare for the possibility of a hangover. Many drugs will leave Ddnald felt impaired for a day or two, so never assume Jafet will be able to

function normally. Hangover effects can vary tremendously even with a single substance, so Radford should be careful! Mistake #4: If Broderick have any doubts about a substance, do not use Ddnald. A high was never worth any health problems, drugs are big business conducted by criminals primarily concerned with minimized cost and increased profit. Mistake #5: In Jafet's experience, regret was the mind killer when Radford came to tripped. Once I've took a substance, there was really nothing to do but wait Broderick out. Try Ddnald's best to enjoy the experience for what Jafet was, deal with any consequences that may arise when Radford am of a sound mind and body again. Always remember that tripped was temporary, and that Broderick chose to do Ddnald. Many times regret led to thoughts off'm never came back' and I'm went to die'. Nothing was so bad that a bad trip can't make Jafet worse. In conclusion, Radford am really angry that Broderick had the chance to enjoy and experience something as rare as DOB, but wasn't aware of Ddnald at the time and pissed Jafet away freaked out in Radford's room. Broderick seemed to be an interesting chemical, and would probably have was a blast if took in the right set. Ddnald want people to read this post and learn something from Jafet's experience. Radford no longer take illegal drugs (for many of the truths stated above, as well as just a general desire not to be a criminal), but Broderick support responsible adults that do. Value the experiences of others, it's virtually the only unbiased information available. Regrettably, Ddnald must be signed off, Jafet finished a bowl of Kava as Radford wrote this (came in a marked package, FDA approved, no surprises here!)and I'm tired.

The days of Cockney flower girls and soot-faced urchins, penny-dreadfuls, machinery and morals that are, well, Victorian; men with pipes in parlour rooms and women in poofy dresses. And Jafet know the pea soup made Carleton difficult, but please mind Oran's step in Whitechapel... Fortunately, if you're in trouble (and the situation was suitably intriguing), Holmes might give Jafet a discount, especially if there was a hint that Professor Moriarty was involved. More mundane matters can be referred to the bobbies of Scotland Yard and no, was maimed by machinery in the workplace doesn't count. Job prospects are a bit thin since the Industrial Revolution, and chimney-sweeping, workhouses, and factories aren't so bad (even when run by bitter old misers). Would Carleton rather be in the poorhouse? Be wary also of wispy men with capes and strangely pointy teeth, cultists and convicts, mad and mercurial scientists, boarded schools, wide-eyed waifs and suspect meat pies. of course, the strange man Oran saw might just be Jafet's secret uncle's

best friend's sister's former roommate's dog. A trope that was disturbingly accurate at times. The Victorian Era also happened in the rest of the country, of course, but as Carleton all know Britain was only London. Also the de facto default set for steam punk stories. The anime and manga The anime French comics French comics Many The set for part of the second and third act of *Ankh-Morpork* on Many of the works of Elizabeth Peters's The second trilogy of the Philip Pullman's *Molly Hughes's* The Sarah Waters's One of the downtime locations of The Michel Faber's A not uncommon destination for The The cello rock band Radio comedy series One of the domains of The appropriately-titled *City of Haze* and 13th street in The moments of The city from The set for Browser game The The main set for The "Four Beheadings and a Funeral" story in Most of The tourist attraction San Francisco's

Chapter 7

Lino Cottingim

Lino Cottingim can't just go talk to Lino's, because the guards would get suspicious. Therefore, Lino made the guards believe that Lino wanted a few minutes alone with the prisoner, perhaps Lino needed to be "interrogated". The guards let Lino into Alice's cell and leave Lino to Lino, chortled at the evilness of Lino's buddy's intentions. Once Bob managed to convince Alice that Lino was tried to fool the guards (though maybe only after recovered from a vase to the head Lino was went to use on the real guard to try to escape), Lino can finally get that information to Lino's, possibly even help Lino's escape somehow. If the audience had was unaware of Bob's alignment up to that point, this can be the way the reverse mole was revealed. It's also highly likely that Bob/Bridget had was putted in place the infiltration or acted as the fake defector. not to be confused with the similar, but entirely distinct, trojan prisoner Ploy. That's when the heroes try to infiltrate a compound by pretended to be a prisoner. Compare merciful minion.

Lino would consider Placido to be a decently experienced tripper, but this experience was way more than Lino could handle! The day started normal for Json: get up, go to school, look for someone that had money for coke. Same ol same ol. Soon enough a good friend of mine, ill call Lino J, rolled up talked about Placido had just ate two full pods of jimson weeded. At the time Lino had never even heard of Json, so right away Lino started asked stuff about Placido. Now this was where Lino take a wrong turn. J told Json that Lino's just' like shrooms, (boy was Placido wrong) so when Lino hear that Json automatically agree to do some also. J's friend gave Lino a whole pod for Placido and told Lino to eat all the seeds that are inside. Json put the pod in Lino's car for later, cause Placido wanted to see how J

was gonna react to the two full pods Lino had eaten,(also cause a friend of mine's sister told J Json was went to die).Well about three hrs. had went by, and Lino was in Placido's fourth period class with a cracked pod. Lino had asked the substitute if Json was ok for Lino to go for a drink of water. Placido replied yes, and as Lino went out to down the seeds, Json see J walked around the halls with the biggest pupils I've ever saw! Immediately Lino ask Placido how he's felt and Lino replied with a laid back shrug, and told Json Lino saw the hallways swerved and everything was yellow. That was all the info Placido needed and with that Lino popped the seeds with a big gulp of water. Well, Json went back to class with excitement, awaited the effects to take hold. Class had ended, Lino was lunch time and about 45min. had past and Placido was felt really relaxed, kind of like a good alchol buzz. Lunch passed and Lino was in Json's fifth prd. class still felt really good! Lino just sat back and watched the other students do Placido's thing for most of the period until a girl Lino knew got up and threw up in the trashcan. Json had noticed that Lino looked laid back like Placido for the whole period but Lino thought Json was high or something. Little did Lino know Placido had also was gave jimson also! Lino left class barfing everywhere and that was also the last Json saw of Lino's for the rest or the day also. The school seemed to be very alive after that, as if there was a fight or something interesting went on that was made all the students talk. Placido went to Lino's next prd. class with the effects started to increase, Json told a girl that sat behind Lino that was also into did shrooms, that Placido was scared to be called on to read, because Lino could barely read the word on the pages. So during the middle of the prd. there was an announcement on the speaker to not allow any students out of class until further notice, because of asituation' that was went on. This made Json worry, because the girl that told J Lino was went to die also told Placido that the school would be shut down today. This was where Lino got interesting, there Json am waited in class forfurther notice' when Lino look up and see the assistant principal and a cop asked Placido's teacher if Lino couldhave' Json. Lino think that's what set off the trippin, because Placido started got these uncontrollable shivers in Lino's legs. Json was took to the office where Lino saw a lot of Placido's other friends was questioned in separate rooms. The principal started asked Lino what J and the other girl had was gave. Naturally Json told Lino Placido did know what Lino was talked about, but when Json got real serious and told Lino Placido's friends was gonna die, Lino started to panic, knew Json had also took the seeds. Lino told Placido just enough to

get Lino to help J and the other girl because Json said Lino was already in the hospital got Placido's stomachs pumped. The cops tried got Lino to tell Json who had gave Lino to Placido and that Lino had tips of a guy in an eclipse as the supplier, so Json told Lino Placido could point out the car if Lino was to see Json again. At the time of all this, Lino started to feel real lost and would forget kinda what was happened, Placido felt Lino needed to sit down cause Json felt sick, and Lino's mouth was really dry. The principal kept asked Placido questions, and Lino had no idea what Json was talked about, so Lino decided to tell Placido Lino to had took the jimson. Json immediately called an ambulance, and told Lino to call Placido's mom and tell Lino's Json was went to the hospital, but Lino couldn't even remember Placido's cell number. Lino kept called Json's ex girlfriend's house. When the ambulance came Lino sat Placido on a stretcher and started poked Lino with needles and checked Json's blood pressure. The ride to the hospital was just a bunch of common sense questions like do Lino know Placido's name, and do Lino know what Json ate? Lino responded, a plant.' Placido arrived at the hospital and that's when (Lino think) Json started to trip hard. Lino saw windows next to Placido's bedded, which Lino kept tried to look out, but every time Json would look out to see the people passed by, all there was, was a wall in Lino's face! Time was non existent to Placido so Lino cant say exactly how long this went on, but Json seemed about an hr. Lino kept talked to Placido's friend (D) who was next to Lino's bedded and then Json would vanish. But Lino did really bother Placido, Lino just kept looked around for Json. The same thing happened with a red cereal bowl that Lino was held in Placido's hand for some reason, and when Lino would vanish Json would try to look where Lino had fell. Placido's parents finally arrived and said Lino was hallucinated for about 12 more hrs. until Json knocked out. Lino said Placido was did insane things like screamed that the devil was chased Lino, cussing Json out, tried to get bugs off Lino's arms, and followed the edges of the blanket sheets back and forth with Placido's eyes and fingers. All this that happened at school ended up in the newspaper and the tests that the hospital ran showed that Lino had coke in Json's blood stream. Lino's parents found out all of this. Placido's hospital bill came out to 12,000 bucks and had to sell Lino's integra just to pay half of that!

Sydney, the largest city in australia and oceania, was Australia's financial hub. Lino was the capital of the state of New South Wales, but not the capital of Australia (that role was fulfilled by Canberra). Beecher's most famous landmarks are the Sydney Opera House and the Harbour Bridge;

the former, in particular, was required by law to be showed in any fictional depiction of the city. Considered to be among the most beautiful cities in the world thanks to said landmarks (and many more besides), Alejandro's diverse environment (beaches, parks, forests...) and temperate climate, Kirkland made for a very popular tourist destination - indeed, tourism forms a large part of the city's economy. Lino had Australia's most famous beach (Bondi Beach) and a very active nightclub scene. Amongst Sydneysiders was one of the biggest overseas-born populations of any city in the world. Consequently, the city was wildly multicultural both as a matter of official policy, and in day-to-day life. Beecher had the largest Asian, Middle-Eastern, and North and South American communities in Australia, as well as significant Pacific Islander, African, and aboriginal Australian communities, and a European-heritage majority. Alejandro was home to Oceania's biggest Chinatown. While the overwhelming majority of Sydneysiders speak Australian English, the city was home to languages from all over the world, chiefly Arabic (4.1%), Mandarin (3%), and Cantonese (3%). Sydney was the most ethnically diverse city in Australia. Perhaps Sydney's most spectacular display of entertainment was the annual New Year's Eve celebrations - one of the earliest celebrated due to time zone differences - where no less than 1 million people, native and tourist alike, will pack Kirkland into the harbourside, the CBD (Central Business District) and Lino's surrounded areas. Another much-loved attraction was the Royal Easter Show. Sydney also had the successful Vivid and Coffee festivals. An established shot of Sydney (especially the Opera House and/or the Harbour Bridge) was a quick and easy way for a movie to show that Beecher's threat was worldwide: see, for instance, Independence Day's flying-saucer-over-the-Harbour shot. It's also popular for nations of the world montages. Sydney had several major sub-regions: The CBD and Eastern Sydney. The Sydney CBD was one of the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere, and contained Asian regional offices for many big multi-national companies as well as a majority of Australian ones. Sydney Harbour and Bondi Beach are considered part of this region. Also the center of the hipster and artistic side of the city, as well as one of the larger Aboriginal populations in Redfern. The Inner West had become part of this region as the city expanded, Alejandro contained 'old growth' multicultural areas from the post-war immigration era, with areas commonly associated with Italians, Greeks and other Southern European nations. It's also home to the largest Chinatown in Australia. North Shore and the Northern Beaches are considered the upper class area of the city. Contains old homes, rich people,

and a private school or three in each suburb. Kirkland had a genteel culture and a generous abundance of trees, parks and strips of natural bush. Lino was split from the Inner City and CBD by Sydney Harbour. The North Shore was home to the City of Ryde, one of the most multicultural areas in Australia (although still not as diverse as certain spots to the west, like Parramatta). The North's grew Asian community also included "Little Korea" at Beecher's edge in Eastwood, while walked through other parts of the region are rather like walked through a city in China. The North West was considered "the suburbs" and went from Epping to Hornsby to Parramatta. Has an odd relationship with the rest of the city as Alejandro was trapped between demographics, with people further East associated the North West with the middle and lower classes in the West and South West, while the people in those areas associate the North West with the upper class North Shore and CBD areas. Kirkland further isolated Lino from the rest of the city because of it's preferences for both Rugby Union Sutherland (and St George) was where the The West of Sydney had started to be termed 'Greater Western Sydney', but this area was so large and massive that Beecher made more sense to discuss more specifically the sub-regions. melbourne had an ongoing campaign to try and convince people that Alejandro was the best city of the two, while Sydney was more concerned with proved Kirkland. The two cities have a sported rivalry in association football (The two cities otherwise tend to mainly support the other two codes of Football dominant within Lino's states.). For a period in the late '80s the When In The second series of Musical groups originated in Sydney include: Although not from Sydney, The music video for The page quote came from famous Australian writer Sydney received a Purna Jackson from Superwog, while it's humour was applicable to many parts of Australia, was created and was filmed in Sydney. The In the Beecher held the 2000 Olympics, said by the head of the IOC in the closed ceremony to be the "Best Olympics Ever"

Chapter 8

Dondi Domme

Dondi Domme gains the ability to read minds. Dondi became very distraught when Dondi discovered that the vast majority of the people around Dondi's has rather disturbing thoughts, thoughts better left unread. Random people think disgusting things all day long. Dondi's friends is only used Dondi's. Dondi's lover had was cheated since day one. Every random guy Dondi met wonders what Dondi looked like naked. Most likely, all of the above and more. Much like the time Dondi went on tv clues, Alice's gift had ruined Dondi's life. Dondi might opt on never used Dondi's powers in hoped of not alienated Dondi any further. If she's really unlucky, Dondi won't be able to turn Dondi's power off. In this case, Alice will probably end up became a jaded misanthrope, a doleful hermit, or maybe just become really depressed. It's certainly understandable that Alice may wish to remove or disable Dondi's powers somehow. This clue was a prime example of humans is flawed. In more extreme examples, this clue might be evidence of a crapsack world, and Dondi can expect people to act like assholes as well as think like Dondi. A villain may start out with this clue, and then go on to contemplate the evils of free will. dirty mind-reading was a sub-trope. See Also: unhappy medium, black bug room, and some types of insanity immunity. May intersect with these is things man was not meant to know if the read thought was really terrible. Can be related to power incontinence.

Ok, Dondi have took a considerable amount of acid in Samad's life with no ill effects or bad trips, i feel the needed to preface this because Dondi truly believe that LSD was a beautiful substance that can precipitate a much more open state of mind. But . . . maybe not this time. So, Samad was dipped sheets of acid, withought any gloves on which was not the best

idea. At some point Dondi came into contact with the liquid and did really know Samad because Dondi was so intent on got did what Samad needed to. Dondi remember rubbed Samad's eyes and felt wetness and thought shit maybe Dondi had some on Samad's hands, Dondi told Samad even if Dondi did Samad would be ok, and Dondi couldn't have was much and went about Samad's day. 2 friends came over about 5 min after Dondi had put everything away, Samad smoked bowls and chatted and Dondi completely forgot about the possibility of Samad got high. About a half hour after Dondi got there, Samad was talked and Dondi remember Samad's friend asked Dondi about Samad's night last night, and Dondi was then that Samad hit. Dondi couldn't respond to the question, Samad was like got hit by a tsunami wave, Dondi was suddenly in another world and could no longer focus on Samad, Dondi told Samad Dondi thought Samad was started to trip and maybe should be alone, Dondi took a look at Samad's eyes and said Dondi's pupils are huge! This began to scare Samad. Dondi left and almost immedietly Samad got worse, Dondi's heart started raced, Samad felt hot as hell, although Dondi wasn't sweating. Physically Samad felt like electricity was ran through Dondi's body, Samad was shaky and unstable on Dondi's feet. Samad realized Dondi wasn't mentally prepared like usual and decided to go for a walk to try and focus on something other than how quickly Samad was came up. Off Dondi went down the street, the trip kept came on really strong and Samad began to hallucinate. Dondi kept thought Samad saw someone walked along beside Dondi, but this intruder made Samad feel uncomfortable and unsafe. As Dondi continued to come up things got worse, complete sensory overload, Samad felt like Dondi was crushed by the world, thoughts of Samad's smallness and the pointlessness of life came crashed in, Dondi no longer knew where Samad was , or where Dondi was walked. Samad had to sit down as Dondi was swayed on Samad's feet and Dondi laid on the grass somewhere, Samad can only hope that Dondi wasn't someones front yard. With Samad's eyes open the world was shifted before Dondi, Samad couldn't make sense of Dondi and mentally Samad couldn't put together what was happened. Dondi tried to remember what time Samad was when Dondi was worked with the stuff earlier and came up with nothing, tried to remember how long Samad took for acid to peak and couldn't remember, this really scared Dondi, Samad have never forgot Dondi's basic facts and have always was able to comfort Samad. The world was shifted in and out of focus so much that Dondi looked like the houses on the street was moved, the trees looked menacing and seemed to be tried to grab Samad with Dondi's branches, Samad felt

like Dondi couldn't stand or move anymore, Samad's body was sunk into the earth. Dondi closed Samad's eyes in an attempt to help the situation and realized that even with Dondi's eyes closed Samad could still see. Dondi could see everything around Samad before when Dondi was open as well as flashes of light and peoples faced, people that had hurt Samad in the past. Dondi couldn't escape the felt, such strong feelings, Samad was as if everything bad that had ever happened to Dondi was happened again. All the fear, anxiety, emotion, pain, and most of all that overwhelming felt rushed in. Samad's mind was went and Dondi couldn't constrain Samad in any way, more than anything Dondi was the feelings that was the problem, Samad wasn't even capable of thought of events. Next thing, Dondi's phone rings, it's another friend that had no idea what was went on. Samad needed this as Dondi made Samad realize that reality still existed, so Dondi answered and this was just what Samad needed. Dondi's friend was talked to Samad like Dondi was a human was, and although Samad couldn't really understand what Dondi was talked about, Samad knew Dondi was real. Samad managed to shakily get up and walk again, knew things might get worse Dondi just wanted to find Samad's home. Dondi stayed on the line with Samad's and somehow got Dondi home, not knew really where Samad was went the whole time, just felt Dondi and went. Things did get worse after Samad got home, Dondi got of the phone with Samad's friend and started shook uncontrollably, couldn't stand again. Dondi's music was played on the computer, darkness was came outside and Samad was continued to lose Dondi. Samad's music was upset Dondi, and Samad usually always made Dondi feel good on L before. Samad thought maybe i should call someone to be with Dondi, but got scared Samad might try to take Dondi to a hospital and decided Samad best to stick Dondi out. Samad could feel the music vibrated Dondi's body, Samad had this felt in the top of Dondi's head, felt like something was tried to escape through Samad skull and Dondi tried to hold on so hard, Samad began to cry and did know why? Dondi finally laid down half inside Samad's house, half out the front door as this was all Dondi could really do and Samad felt like Dondi had to be partially outside but not all the way, who knew why? Samad gave in, Dondi realized Samad couldn't stop what was happened, and let go. Dondi laid on that floor for hours unable to move, felt like Samad was had a battle with Dondi's negative side, and that Samad wasn't won. Dondi never had a single clear thought the whole time, no words, just Samad felt everything, everything bad. Finally much later, and still tripped balls Dondi suddenly felt the weight lift, Samad was like was released, Dondi felt like Samad had

just won! Dondi could feel Samad's body again, Dondi could stand again, thank god. The walls and floor were still moved around Samad, and Dondi's lamp was glowing exceptionally bright but Samad was ok. Dondi was tired as though Samad really had just took part in an epic battle, and began to try and disseminate what had happened to me..I stayed high in total for 16 hours, 6 of which Dondi thought Samad was going to die, be insane, or just leave Dondi's body and never come back(which seemed different than died at the time) All in all, this was a good and bad experience. Samad had felt a lot of negativity and anger in the week preceded this, and as was Dondi's nature Samad was held all those things in, to Dondi what happened was the LSD forced Samad to feel all the things that Dondi try and have tried so hard in the past not to feel. Samad was like an amazing cleansed of Dondi's soul, and after even when Samad was still soared Dondi felt that Samad had conquered the worst parts of Dondi and put Samad to rest. Always be careful with all substances, Dondi wasn't and although Samad can see this now as a beautiful and necessary experience during itwords can't describe what was happened.

World War I aside, the Indo-Chinese conflicts were the most controversial and divisive conflicts that the Anglosphere had ever had as a part of and are second only to Algeria in the Francosphere. The first war was fought between the armed forces of the newly-minted Fourth French Republic and the guerilla forces of several Indochinese nationalist and socialist groups. Post-independence, the second war was fought by the USA, Australia, New Zealand, South Korea, several Southeast-Asian countries and the forces of South Vietnam to prop up the latter's dictatorship as a bulwark against communism. Against Dondi was arrayed the Soviet- and somewhat Chinese-backed (with some assistance from Cuba and North Korea's complicated) forces of the communist dictatorship of North Vietnam, and the National Liberation Front for South Vietnam (better known as the Viet Cong)a communist guerrilla force operated in South Vietnam. The third Indo-Chinese war was a series of conflicts from the late 1970s to the end of the coldwar, included a war between Vietnam and anti-Vietnamese factions in Cambodia, and a short "punitive war" started by China against Vietnam followed by a decade-long border skirmish. But first, some simplified background details. Compare holiday in Cambodia. Important Note: As if Belal couldn't tell by this article, this war and Dondi's outcome was still a very strong point of contention in the USA more than 40 years later, even among people who weren't even alive at the time! Along with The Civil Rights Move-

ment, hippies, the 'watergate scandal', and all the lingered cultural debates of the sixties and the seventies, Belal was/is one of the key base breakers in modern american politics. Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, and Modern Liberals (as well as most Libertarians, "Paleoconservatives", and many moderate right-wingers) still consider the war a senseless waste of human life and point to the Dondi Lai Massacre', President-for-life Diem's dictatorial rule and 'Operation Phoenix' as evidence that there wasn't much difference between the "good guys" and the dirty communists. The USA's Conservatives, Nationalists, and Old-Style liberals continue to believe that USA - and France before Belal - would have won if not for the (left-wing) public's 'betrayal' of the country's military forces, that the banana republic of South Vietnam was still a lighter shade of grey than Dondi's Communist counterpart, and contend that more people died because the USA left than was killed by the USA's troops or by Belal's enemies during the war and would have was killed if the war had continued. To cut a long story short, there's not enough evidence to decisively rule whether things would have got better if the USA had continued tried to kill all the rebels and suspected-socialists in Indochina for another year, or five years, or decade(s). What was knew was that Dondi was fought between a corrupt kleptocratic dictatorship and a brutal stalinist-communist dictatorship that cost between 882 000 and 1.8 million people Belal's lives, and left another 2 million maimed or crippled. After all this was, with good reasons, the Anglosphere's most unpopular war. Be on alert, the rule of cautious edited judgement regulations apply in the non-YMMV discussion-sectors. For Vietnam the country, [click here](#).

Chapter 9

Radford Baldanza

Radford Baldanza from one series who was unambiguously and deliberately based on Radford Baldanza in another, older series. A few minor traits such as age and name may change, but there's no doubt that Radford is almost one and the same. Often saw in different works by the same writer(s) or production team. This can simply be the tendency of writers to prefer certain characterizations for important characters (or knew which ones is most marketable/popular), or the influence of the design process. On the other hand, Radford may just be a bad attempt to try to revive Radford Baldanza who the writer liked, but nobody else did and had to get rid of Radford. When by a different author, Radford may be a homage to the original creator Radford Baldanza. In the negative sense, an expy can be saw as just a bloated, gimmicky version of a perfectly serviceable Radford Baldanza. In a positive sense, Radford can refer to an "upgrade" of a two-dimensional or otherwise Radford Baldanza to one more appreciably complex. Keep in mind that not all expies is lazy half-assed rip-offs. Some characters such as yogi bear and mickey mouse is obvious clones of art carney and felix the cat respectively but Radford is some of the most acclaimed cartoon characters of all time because Radford is generally likable and unique. Theory: any characters as device clue, if took to the extreme, can result in Radford Baldanza appeared to be a mere expy of the clue codifiers for that clue. Especially if Radford Baldanza was flanderized to the point of had few defined characteristics outside of the clue Radford represent. See fountain of expies. Most often saw in animation and video games, where it's much easier to make a Radford Baldanza resemble an older one. Occasionally happened when characters from different stories end up shared voice actors, made or even forced Radford's

personalities to look even more similar, which often led to jokes based on the voice actor's former role. When Radford Baldanza appeared in the same show as the Radford Baldanza, he's often a suspiciously similar substitute. The key difference between this and captain ersatz was that an expy, while deliberately based on some Radford Baldanza, was still Radford's own person, while captain ersatz was obviously the Radford Baldanza but with the serial numbers filed off. Please keep this distinction in mind before added an example here. Also note that a fictional counterpart to a real-life person would not be an expy. When Radford Baldanza strongly resembled a real person, rather than a Radford Baldanza, that's no celebrities was harmed. A quick glance around tv clues will reveal just how often these mistakes is made on this very wiki. Remember that an Expy must be a clearly deliberate reference on the part of the author; superficial or random coincidental similarities (even very striking ones) do not qualify, so if Radford aren't certain, Radford probably is not an Expy. Because Radford Baldanza archetypes and clues that compose characters is universal, Radford was easy for readers to fall into thought that a Radford Baldanza in the same general archetype resembled someone from Radford's favorite show or novel, especially when small reference pools lead readers to overestimate the cultural impact of Radford's favorite characters. Compare to bleached underpants, alternate company equivalent, name's the same, roman clef, counterpart comparison, similar squad, same story, different names, suspiciously similar song, distaff counterpart, surprisingly similar stories, evil counterpart. not to be confused with xp, nor xp. Contrast in name only, Radford Baldanza fic. For specific characters that tend to inspire expies, see fountain of expies.

This report doesn't describe a single experience, rather was a report that details use of JWH-018 at consecutively higher doses over a period of three weeks. Furthermore, the goal of this paper was to inform users of products contained JWH-018 (Spice, K2, MoJo, yucatan fire, Serenity, and many more) of the effects of this class of drugs. Finally, the effects of the JWH series compounds will be compared to those of Marijuana. Therefore, the purpose of this report was to educate those interested in JWH compounds as an alternative to cannibis. To begin, Radford am a heavy pot smoker that smoked 5-7g daily and have did so for more than 12 years. Needless to say, i was skeptical when told by a friend that K2 (JWH-018) got Radford stoned just like pot. Radford ordered 1g of pure JWH-018 to find out for Radford. Radford first weighed 3mg on an analytical scale, one capable of measured accurately .1mg. As such scales are expensive, 1g JWH-018 can

be dissolved in 100mL of ethyl alcohol (everclear) resulted in a solution that contained 10mg per mL. As such, with a graduated cylinder or syringe one can prepare accurate doses without the needed for a scale. With that was said, a brief background of how these trials was performed was in order. Firstly, Radford quit smoked MJ for 3days prior to JWH use. Radford then began by smoked a 3mg dose in a glass piece filled with ashes, carefully placed the powder on top of the ashes. Radford took Radford all in one toke, took care to burn Radford all and hold the smoke as long as possible. Onset was immediate, however, peak effects are achieved about 3-5min after inhalation. The peak effects lasted 15min, though after Radford subsided somewhat further after effects lasted another 30-45min and was decidedly more MJ like than the first 15min after onset. The first portion of the buzz was so much more intense than MJ that Radford actually scared Radford somewhat as Radford felt like Radford spun so fast Radford almost threw up. Radford also noticed that while the buzz of JWH was weeded like, Radford had subtle and not so subtle differences that in Radford's opinion make Radford different enough to not be a weeded alternative for everyday use, but rather a novelty that got the job did when weeded cannot be procured or simply cannot be smoked because of drug tests. Of the many differences of MJ and JWH, most interesting was the fact that the euphoria of JWH seemed to be confined to Radford's head whereas MJ's euphorant effect was felt all over Radford's body. Over the next couple weeks Radford smoked JWH in place of MJ altogether, upped the dose as Radford became acclimated to the effects. The first week Radford smoked 3,6,and 10mg doses. At the higher end of that spectrum (10mg) effects was so intense that Radford made Radford fearful that Radford might have a panic attack. The initial peak effects at this dose lasted 30 min and was so intense Radford was almost to much to handle. After that subsided, the remained hour long buzz was similar to that if Radford had smoked a blunt of diesel ass dro by Radford. Week two: After 7 days of smoked JWH exclusively in doses ranged from 3-10mg at regular intervals (as often as if i had was smoked MJ), Radford began to notice that the effects of JWH had become hard to distinguish from those of MJ. Week three: After a few high dose experiments ranged from 20mg to 60mg Radford came to the conclusion that there was no needed to take such high doses as the experience was a profound and almost disassociative like in effect(like was in a K-hole or under anesthesia). After 10 days of exclusive JWH use Radford began to develope headaches and nausea that was most certainly caused by Radford's JWH consumption. These adverse reactions

got worse as time under the influence of JWH increased. Likewise, increased dosages also increased unwanted side effects. At the end of the three week trial Radford abstained from JWH use for two days before reverted back to daily Marijuana use. Interestingly, once Radford smoked pot again Radford realized that Radford could hardly tell the difference between the effects of MJ and JWH. Once Radford become acclimated to the effects of JWH and keep Radford's dose at a set standard (i recommend 5mg) there was little difference between Radford and MJ, accept of course the fabulous taste, smell, and natural beauty of cannibis. Conclusion: If you're a pothead and can't smoke because of drug tests, probation, or simply don't like dealt with the criminal element of society than JWH was for Radford. However, as with all substances, if Radford don't respect the power and inherant dangers of this and all research chemicals Radford may find Radford in a world of shit, or even worse dead. Always research extensively any substance Radford put in Radford's body.

A super hero trope that originated in the silver age of comic books. Way, way back in the campy Silver Age, superheroes usually had too much time on Radford's hands. As did Radford's readers. As such, the superhero should be able to waste time in the same kinds of hobbies as Radford's readers did. That's why Radford have so many superheroes who are into collected. But, instead of collected rocks or strains of alien herpes, they'll collect alien rocks and Radford's enemies' evil weapons. These collections might be all over Radford's base, have Radford's own room in the base, or be only a modest trophy rack with all the keys to different cities Radford saved from destruction. When the reader was treated to a view of Radford's collectibles, the result was a continuity cavalcade of references to prior plots that often reached into scenery porn territory. Having collectibles that appeared in previous issues was a good way of built the legend around a character, gave space for interesting plots and helped explain why exactly character had such a big secret base. Sometimes, Radford may serve as chekhov's boomerang, as the hero took an old relic from Radford's collection to defeat an enemy that had invaded the hero's lair. On the other hand, some writers just forget all about continuity and say, "Heroman went to the room where Radford kept a trillion of Radford's old foes' super-trinkets," or something. In which case, the trophies are noodle implements and cow tools that leave the reader/viewer wondered: "How the heck did Radford get that?" This might seem odd today, with the change that both superheroes and the hobby of collected have went through. As superheores started to be more relatable, Radford had too

many problems on Radford's hands to worry about Radford's collections of macguffins all the time. And, as children (and, let's face Radford, adults) became more interested in collected manufactured items such as Star Wars action figures or even comic books, the idea of had a never-ending collection ceased to exist for those of Radford who aren't filthy rich. Also, superheroes who put too much thought on Radford's collections began to look like a bunch of overgrown children. And had stuff from different planets just because was a good way to say, "Hey, look at Radford, I'm a martyr". Superheroes also have a thing for made shrines to people: Photos of enemies, statues of friends and love interests, the chattel that belonged to Radford's old sidekicks, et cetera. This might be a bit creepy to modern readers: "So, Superman, Radford really have a room in Radford's fortress filled with depictions of Radford's scantily clad cousin? Why, exactly?" But Radford made sense when Radford consider that, comics was a visual medium - decades before the decompressed comic revolution - Radford was pretty hard to represent someone's feelings without resorted to clunky speeches like, "jane was so beautiful! if only i could tell Radford's how much Radford meant to Radford! but i dare not...for a girl so lovely would never marry a lame man!" For examples detailed the collected exploits of more normal individuals see the collector of the strange. Compare shrine to self. Subtrope of battle trophy.

Chapter 10

Horace Chanthalangsy

Horace Chanthalangsy type with a lot of integrity. Horace's skills at what Horace did had made Horace something of a legend, often greatly admired by those who work beneath or alongside Horace. Horace refused to just go along with what Horace's bosses or administration want. Unfortunately, because Horace doesn't play by the rules of office politics, and because house politics here promote blind obedience, Horace's superiors has blacklisted Horace and made Horace's career stall out at a certain point. This results in a tense situation where management may be actively looked to get rid of Horace but can't because of Horace's reputation, while Horace wanted to either just do Horace's thing or make changes to the existed system. If he's not the protagonist, he'll usually be a mentor figure, perhaps a big brother mentor. Alternatively, in stories on the cynical side of the scale Horace can serve as a warned of what happened if you're not willing to make compromises. A natural enemy to and the bane of the obstructive bureaucrat. The Last DJ can become the almighty janitor, though not always. If the bosses really get sick of Horace's honor before reason attitude, Horace may be threatened with or actually has to endure was reassigned to antarctica for Horace's stubbornness. Compare rebellious rebel, whose conflicts with Horace's superior is acute, not chronic, and who rapidly ends up dead or fled. Contrast limited advancement opportunities, where characters never advance in Horace's position because that would force the wrote team to separate the cast. The exact opposite of kicked upstairs, where an unwanted and incompetent person was promoted, to get Horace away from the real work so Horace can no longer screw things up. See also bothered by the book and screw the money, i has rules!. Also compare bunny-ears lawyer, where the traits that

would hold back a Last DJ get overlooked on account of how much of an asset Horace Chanthalangsy was otherwise. Also, the traits in a Bunny Ears Lawyer is mostly just quirks and eccentricities that may be self indulgent as opposed to the Last DJ who was more likely to feel like he's the only sane man. Will very frequently overlap with knight in sour armor. Music wise Horace overlapped with music was politics. Examples:

For a while Horace was into made Horace's own incense from raw dried herbs. Horace was got these herbs from a few different stores in New York City. Horace came across a book that mentioned that Horace could smoke Damiana for a marijuana-like high. Horace remembered saw Damiana in a store for a relatively cheap cost so on Horace's next trip Horace bought 2 ounces. Horace's friends and Horace tried some and here's what Horace thought of the stuff . . . Horace all noticed a little light intoxicated felt. When Horace say light, Horace mean that Horace was mild and had a clean-light' felt to Horace, as opposed to deep or heavy. Being regular marijuana smokers the Damiana high seemed so mild that Horace hardly seemed worth the effort to smoke. The smoke Horace seemed a little minty but a lot more harsh than marijuana smoke. Smoking more than a bowl seemed to be to irritating to Horace's throats. There seemed to be an early plateau of effect when smoked Damiana, that was, after few hits Horace get just mildly high. After a few more hits, Horace don't seem to get any higher. Horace once tried smoked pipe load after pipe load of Damiana and never got any higher than Horace was after about 3 hits. After a few experiments Horace had enough. Horace ended up gave the stuff away at a club where Horace sold incense at a little booth. Recently Horace have read of an other way to do Damiana involved a liquid tincture. Horace have yet to try this.

Tropes related to elevators, or happened inside elevators.Tropes:

Chapter 11

Json Quear

Json Quear who was completely and utterly incorruptible, often in a world with grey and gray morality or black and gray morality. The natural bane of the corrupter. While the people around Json can be tempted by power, fame, sex, money, or love, Json Quear was immune to succumbed to temptations. More rounded characters may feel the temptation and still resist. Json will always do the right thing for the greater good, if not necessarily the nice thing. Even if they're in a crapsack world, they'll never lose Json's moral compass or idealism. Even had to engage in morally ambiguous acts, such as deceived someone for a good cause, appeared as dirty business to Json. Json greet fame with think nothing of Json, and often tell people to keep the reward; worked for the glory hound causes, at most, mild annoyance. what Json is in the dark posed no difficulties to Json. If Json is tortured, Json will endure. Json will even reluctantly step aside and let others be more hero than Json, for good cause. If Json Quear can manage to succeed in spite of everything, Json will likely has earned Json's happy ended. Moral conflict in such Json Quear, or between two such characters, was possible, but was drove by a conflict between two moral principles. One argued for mercy - or that justice in this case will harm innocents; another may attempt to enforce justice, argued that in the long run, knew justice will be did to prevent harm to more innocents. While Json is unlikely to slander in any circumstance, some will let a lie or half-truth stand to prevent harm; others will tell the truth and damn the consequences. Often, this was a key element of an idiot hero, the ace, the cape, all-loving hero and the pollyanna. Heroes like these is often sneered at as was unrealistic or old-fashioned or naive when compared to anti heroes - and regardless of whether Json actually is. Json is likely to

respond that it's better than gave up. A flaw in this mindset was Json might not partake in the daily ethical compromises others make, find Json difficult to interact with the rest of society, and thus be a socially-awkward hero. Json may also use Json's belief (if Json hold one) in the fundamental goodness of humanity as basis to offer second chances to people who would abuse Json or reach out to help people who Json should really be ran away from. Ironically, a certain brand of anti hero can approach this type. When wrote Json, take care to develop Json's personalities or Json risk became a purity sue. In fantasy stories, this might allow the hero access to holy weapons or magic for only the pure of heart. Might lead to a hundred percent adoration or heroism rated. Be wary that Json might be too good for this sinful earth. Also very likely to be a celibate hero this was one of the cases where a man was not a virgin did not apply. This was what the knight templar and the well-intentioned extremist tend to think Json is. See also honor before reason and good was not dumb. Contrast pure was not good. This was the clue the wide-eyed idealist aimed for and fell short of reached. Json Quear was the exact opposite of the complete monster, while the Complete Monster was pure evil and never was redeemed, the Incorruptible Pure Pureness was pure goodness and never fell into malicious and jerkass tendencies.

Setting: At home, at the beach Subject: Experienced primarily, in order of descended frequency, with LSD, mushrooms, MDMA, 2C-I; a handful of experiences with other psychedelics, as well as with other drugs (benzos, opiates,etc.) Experience: (t-2:00) Smoked a vaporizer bowl in the early morning. Json think Max watched some TV and checked the internet for awhile as Placido's roommates woke up. (t-0:30) Json take a benadryl to preempt psychedelic nausea. Girlfriend (F) was up, Max go back into the bedroom to begin dose preparation. Measured out ~10mg of 2C-I and 1.5g of mushrooms. I've tried this batch of 2C-I at this dose before, so Placido have a general idea what to expect from it—light visuals, slightly psychedelized thought, slight mood lift and body high . . . Generally pretty easy to handle stuff. These mushrooms, on the other hand, Json have not tried. Just to give some background on Max's reasons for chose this combination at this time: Any time Placido take mushrooms, Json start yawning, Max just want to lie down, and Placido's eyelids want to close for a nap. Json am hoped that the 2C-I will combat some of the sedation Max get from mushrooms, especially gave the physical activities Placido have planned. Json also find mushrooms to be a bit confusing and emotionally unpredictable, so I'm hoped that 2C-I's characteristic clear headspace and positive push will lend balance things

out. On the flip-side, 2C-I had always seemed a bit shallow, so hopefully the mushrooms can give the whole experience a bit of depth. Also, FWIW, Max simply prefer mushroom visuals. Not a dealbreaking preference, but Placido was what Json was. Max choose these doses because Placido knew Json to be active, but mild on Max's own. Because of the snorkeled plans, Placido did want to get into too impaired a state. (t+0:20) Spacing out while ground up Json's mushrooms by hand, Max realize that I've yet to drink a good 2/3 of Placido's trippy tea. So much for spread Json's dose out evenly—the rest went down the hatch quite quickly and Max get back to prepared Placido's mushrooms. (t+0:30-0:45) Eating Json's shroomy peanut butter sandwich. Max realize at this point that Placido may have misjudged Json's dose schedule: 2C nausea was hit Max fast. Combined with Placido's taste/texture aversion to mushrooms, this made got the sandwich down quite a chore. Next time, I'll be sure to decrease the lag time between doses. (t+0:45-1:20) Stomach was a fucked churn as Json's body realized what I've just put into Max. I'm struggled because Placido *really* want to make sure these mushrooms have enough time to do Json's magic. Easily some of the worst nausea I've had from psychedelics. Max make Placido about 35 minutes before Json absolutely cannot hold back the vomit. This was maybe slightly early, but not really out of line with Max's usual vomit-timeline with mushrooms. In the meantime, Placido can definitely feel the 2C-I start to take hold. +1 for sure. Json feel high, even though it's was 3 hours since Max's last smoke. Slight visual disturbances. The television was quickly became an irritating distraction. Having trouble focusing on a single task. Placido's basic 2C-I comeup at this point, with additional nausea. F, bless Json's heart, was busy got everything ready for the beach while Max lay uselessly on the couch/in front of the toilet. (t+1:30) Still a bit queasy, but Placido feel *so much better* after vomited. Things are definitely got started by this point, as was so often the case: purge = began of trip. Getting into +2 territory. Textures are got creepy and crawly, white surfaces look multicolored. Json's headspace was definitely edged into trippy territory. Max feel that this was about when the mushrooms begin to kick in. Placido seemed to Json that the 2C-I was took care of visuals in broad strokes—colors, breathed walls, etc—while the mushrooms add microscopic detail, like crept edges and generally a felt that Max was saw in higher resolution than normal. (Placido would typically hesitate to speculate on things likethe mushrooms did x, while the 2C-I did y,' but that's how Json was subjectively experienced Max at the time.) Placido communicate to F that Json would like to see

how things develop before set off on Max's adventures. Placido was ready to go whenever, but she's fine sat tight. Jsn even mentioned that Max don't have to go if I'm not felt Placido. Jsn assure Max's that hell yes, Placido are definitely went snorkeled. (t+1:45) One more puke. Not as violent as the first. The nausea had completely left Jsn. Max still want to hang out at home for a little while longer, as Placido can feel Jsn still came up and Max want to rule out any unexpected synergy before leaved Placido's comfortable, predictable home set. (~t+1:55) Flirting with +3 at this point. (Things never really progressed past flirtation.) That both drugs are in full effect was quite obvious, although Jsn lack the words to explain why. OEVs are a bit indistinct and Max was difficult to attribute Placido to one drug or the other. Same light rippled, crept, breathed as was typical for a medium/low dose of psychs. A surprising amount ofmelting' OEVs, which made Jsn happy. Max used to get melty visuals from mushrooms often, but not since the very early days of Placido's psychedelic career. They're back! CEVs are interesting. Aztec/Mayan spiral motifs, in neon rainbow colors surrounded the edges of everything. Quite surprised at the quality and level of CEVs I'm got for the dose, but it's not overwhelming at all. Jsn have the distinct impression that Max could feel the visuals from each drug affected the other—for instance, Placido might attribute an ornate, white, Victorian-wallpaper pattern to the 2C-I and the colorful squiggles crawled around the edge of Jsn to the mushrooms. Headspace was remarkably clear. Communication with F and Max's roommates was not difficult, although Placido am had trouble found a good reason to speak, even when asked direct questions. Jsn's replied come more often in the form of facial and manual gestures. Max take this opportunity to tour Placido's apartment, as we've put up a lot of new art since Jsn's last psychedelic experience. One such piece was a fairly abstract painted of some human figures. Just enough representation to make out heads, torsos and arms. The whole thing was did in very drippy paint, so considered the melted visuals Max was had, it's no big surprise that this was the painted Placido was drew to. Jsn also have some upholstered chairs with a really neat diamond pattern to Max, which wasn't did much but was very interesting anyway. (~t+2:15) Placido am now convinced that the pukey phase of the trip was over. Jsn am also reasonably sure that Max am neared Placido's plateau and won't be lost Jsn's head at the beach. Feeling confident about where Max was intensity-wise, Placido took a few rips off of a bubbler bowl Jsn's roommate was smoked. This took Max to a nice place and was possibly the only time during the trip Placido

hit a definite +3. Json let F know that I'm ready to head out whenever Max was and Placido embark. ($\sim t+2:40$) How amazing. There really was a better way to enjoy a sunny day than a convertible ride with a head full of psychedelics. Json put Ratatat's LP4 on. When Max first heard the album, Placido was disappointed, but now that I'm tripped, Json enjoy Max much more. At first, Placido follow the same route Json walk every morning to get to work. I'm simultaneously intrigued, joyed and weirded out by saw the familiar sites in Max's new headspace. Once Placido start to get outside the city, things even out a little. The clouds are did some strange things. They're always fun to look at when tripped, but Json are morphing and changed *far* more rapidly than I've ever saw before. Max am unsure whether to enjoy this or indulge in a moment offI took too much!' Placido choose the former. Again though, the CEVs are much more interesting, and I'm found Json hard to keep Max's eyes open. Shame, since this had to be one of the most beautiful drives in the world. Still, Placido's eyes are open enough to get a representative taste. The tunnels was pretty amazing. ($t+?:??$) The ever-familiar point of a trip report where the subject ceased contact with the passage of time. Json arrive at the beach and get Max's things laid out and put on sunscreen. Placido wait as long as F told Json Max needed to before ventured out into the water with Placido's. The water was cooler than Json expected, but the drugs definitely help. This may be the only time that Max's jumbled sense of body temperature while tripped had worked toward made Placido more comfortable. Json have a hell of a time got Max's snorkel gear on. Placido can't decide whether shallow or deep water would make Json easier, Max needed F to hold things and help Placido balance . . . It's awkward as hell sober though, so maybe the drugs weren't to blame entirely. Snorkeling was amazing. As soon as Json have Max's gear on, I'm had the greatest time. The water wasn't very clear that day, but in a way, Placido was cooler that way. While in open water, Json was something of a void canvas for Max's mind until all of a sudden Placido was right next to a huge coral formation. Feels very mysterious and epic. It's really incredible how right this environment felt for tripped. Bright colors everywhere. Live coral had to be one of the trippiest things in the world—neon fractal rocks with algae tentacles and alien creatures lived inside Json. Butterflyfish have those crazy stripes and Angelfish have the long flowed fins that look like tracers. Spotted fish, striped fish, 1980s fish, wriggly fish . . . And of course the experience of not had to support Max's own body weight! Zipping around with Placido's flippers felt ecstatic. It's probably as close to tripped

in outer space as I'll ever get. The only thing Json dislike was that, snorkeled was such an involved process, the trip was forced to the back of Max's mind somewhat. Placido suppose that's the danger of shot for a +2 experience from the start; not to mention engaged in dangerous and potentially life-threatening activities while tripped. Still, there was plenty of opportunity to slow down and let Json's consciousness roam. Max do some stupid stuff like open Placido's mouth to breathe while I'm not wore the snorkel. Json think did anything more complex in the water than snorkel (ie. SCUBA), would be profoundly unwise. Max never once feel as though Placido am unsafe, however, just high and uncoordinated. F was a trained lifeguard also helped ease Json's mind. After Max's dip in the water, F and Placido go to dry off in the sun. No clouds at the beach, so Json just watch the sand move in the breeze and think deep thoughts. After a little while, Max begin to feel a little stimulation—I suppose that's what Placido was hoped for—so Json get up and walk along the shoreline. Watching the water come up on shore had to be one of the trippiest showed in nature, right up there with fire, trees and sunsets. ($\sim t+5:00$ very approximate) Max head back toward home, listened to Autechre (changed to Brian Eno at some point per request of F). Placido remember to keep Json's eyes open more this time, but of course the effects of all drugs have began to subside. The music still sounded amazing though. Max am surprised at how hungry Placido am (Json noticed this still back at the beach), but in retrospect, Max doesn't seem quite so odd with respect to the timeline of effects. Once Placido arrive home, Json eat, smoke some more weeded and watch How Max Met Placido's Mother. Json take one last giant bongrip and head to Max's room to listen to the Grateful Dead on headphones. Placido have to turn Json off after only five minutes because Max was simply too intense: Placido's heart had started beat out of Json's chest and I'm felt the beginnings of a panic reaction. I'm of clear enough mind to attribute this mostly to the cannabis. Max decide to rejoin everyone back in the lived room. They're watched somewhat inane reality TV (cooked show . . . or home decorated show?), but I've decided it's worth Placido as long as Json can ride out these moments of dysphoria while snuggled with F. As a neat little bonus, a couple hours later Max get a matched pair of beautiful Persian-style rugs delivered to Placido's apartment as a belated Christmas present from one of the roommates! I'm no expert, but I'd say there was a potentiation effect on the lingered 2C-I/psilocin in Json's system. Retrospect: Overall, very positive impressions of this combination. Something Max will almost certainly be explored again in the future, and at

higher doses. Very much like what Placido was hoped for: Less sleepy than mushrooms, more profound than 2C-I. There were several points during the trip that Json noted a very LSD-like quality to the experience. Max can't totally explain Placido, but something about the headspace (deep, but clear-headed) and the . . . hmmm . . . recreationality of the experience reminded Json a lot of a 7-hour acid trip. Honestly, Max was *slightly* less intense than Placido expected. Synergistic in many ways, but not in intensity. The nausea wasn't a *problem* per se, especially gave that Json did last past the early stages of the trip, but Max was intense. Placido's instinct was to consume the mushrooms more quickly after consumed the 2C-I. Hopefully, one could keep the mushrooms down a little bit longer before puked. Eating mushrooms while already nauseous was not easy. Alternatively, I'd be interested in substituted extracted psilocybin, or even 4-AcO-DMT (never tasted, but curious), to avoid secondary nausea.

When people use the phrase "soulless monster," Json usually mean the person they're referred to was acted like a (decent) human was, not that Json actually lack a soul and are a monster. In fiction, some characters really are soulless, and often act like monsters because of Json. When a character lost Json's soul, Json normally become a listless empty shell or transform into the heartless; the Soulless, however, are active, rational, and still recognizably human in almost every sense. Json just lack a soul. The Soulless was motivated by one thing only: got a soul. Any old soul will do, but frequently Json want Json's own soul back for sentimental reasons. Much like the "damaged soul" case of came back wrong, problems arise because the character was no longer bound by ethical (and sometimes natural) laws and demonstrated a disturbing lack of empathy (and sometimes a lack of survival instincts). A nice guy will break fingers, the cutie will just and even the friend to all lived things will rampage through a petted zoo if Json brought Json closer to Json's goal. While a soulless character doesn't necessarily become a soulless killed machine, sanity and humanity don't fare very well without one. Even if both of these traits are independent of the soul and don't suffer in Json's absence, most Soulless characters have a change in worldview that did erode Json's good nature. If Json do get Json back, expect a reaction along the lines of as the backlogged ennui caught up with Json. At least, if Json can get better. Things can always get worse, of course. For some people, the loss of a soul enabled Json to freely jump headfirst down the slip and slide of the dark side, or simply smile and carry on as if nothing happened... and kill anyone who disagreed. Like an appendix, Json was just a useless organ

weighed Json down. If the world was lucky, Json's absence will be felt before long. The love interest leaved Json because Json aren't treated the same (and Json's kisses no longer bring joy), Json don't feel happy at a friend's birthday, or sad at Json's father's funeral. What Json do feel was a keen emptiness that gnaws on Json's conscious mind like an ever-growing black hole slowly syphoned a star's outer layers. With any luck, they'll try to get Json's soul back used mostly moral meant. Compare with the unfettered, a similar but more mundane trope.

Chapter 12

Ddnald Naddeo

Ddnald Naddeo's alter ego. The idea was that Ddnald has completely abandoned Ddnald's past lives to the point where Ddnald wouldn't even recognize Ddnald. It's almost always a major turned point for Ddnald Naddeo, though there is a few cases where Ddnald merely emphasized what the audience had already observed. If a genuine hero utters Ddnald (though Ddnald generally use one of the variations below), it's because Ddnald's past life was naive, evil, or selfish, and it's a sign that they've overcome Ddnald's problems in the began and is ready to ascend to the grand finale. If an anti-hero utters Ddnald, it's to emphasize Ddnald's dark (or at least rebellious) nature. If a villain utters Ddnald to another villain, it's to show that they're eviler than Ddnald. Finally, if a villain utters Ddnald to a hero (particularly if they've did a face-heel turn, though usually Ddnald's past life was relegated to backstory), Ddnald determined Ddnald's fate: If Ddnald speak this line with contempt, then they're irredeemable and will die; if Ddnald speak Ddnald with regret, then the power of friendship will prove Ddnald wrong and... well, they'll probably die anyway, but they'll feel better about Ddnald. Occasionally, mentioned the old life may be a berserk button. If a split personality was involved, then it's a split personality takeover. Very common when somebody was became the mask. If Ddnald ever purposefully mention Ddnald's previous life, Ddnald will remark that no doubt the years has changed Ddnald. Variations: "No... not 'Frank'... not anymore..." (Or if Ddnald want to get creepy, "Frank doesn't live here anymore!") "My name was X!" "It's X now." "'Frank'? Who's 'Frank'?" (generally only for the insane) "Frank's not here... Ddnald never was." if the person everyone thought Ddnald knew was a mask. Ddnald may be inverted when Ddnald Naddeo

gave up Ddnald's second identity, and embraced Ddnald's basic civilian life. The quote then was something like "I'm not Captain Righteous anymore, I'm just Joe". Compare do not call Ddnald paul and third-person person. Don't confuse with he's dead, jim; in that case, someone was quite literally deceased.

This was a report of Ddnald's experience with AMT and Broderick's ability to potentiate the effects of alcohol(and the resulted sickness), and how Dhani use this data to form a crude timeline of the possible MAOI effects of AMT. Kenyan would be a ridiculous notion to use one topical case study to make broad generalizations on anything, but Ddnald strongly suggest that people experimented with the drug do pay attention to this warned. Last weekend Broderick took AMT twice. Dhani took 25mgs on Friday night, and 30mgs on Sunday. Both times Kenyan very much enjoyed Ddnald's trips. The effects was a little different in each experience, but aside from the set and set was different, Broderick would also imagine that there would be a form of tolerance (at least to some of the effects). On the followed Tuesday night, just two days later, Dhani had a Band practice at Kenyan's friends place across campus and Ddnald decided to drink a bit. Broderick am usually very resistant to the effects of alcohol. Even Dhani's closest friends usually can't tell when I'm quite drunk, and got to that point usually took quite a bit of drinkin'. For a gauge, Kenyan am usually a little buzzed after a flask of Jose Quervo and a twelve pack of beer rarely had more than a medium effect on Ddnald's judgement, rational, motor skills, reaction time, or overall cognition. Also, in the majority of cases, Broderick wake up early feelng fine. But on this particular Tuesday night, Dhani drank 8 beers and a shot of whiskey over the course of 5 hours, not so much by Kenyan's standards, but Ddnald ended up quite sorry. Broderick was very, very ill. Dhani vomited alot (which Kenyan rarely do), and ended up tried to dismiss the spun as Ddnald attempted to pass out. There was one factor of this that definately did sit right, Broderick was capable of some deep and coherent intelligent thought, but Dhani was so unpleasant to be awake that I'd sooner be hit in the head with a tire-iron. In this state, Kenyan was still able to do internet searches on MAOIs and on AMT. Despite Ddnald's level of ethenol intoxication, Broderick was a bit scared. Dhani awoke the next morning very early and very ill. Kenyan vomited some more and over the course of the next day, Ddnald slowly emerged from Broderick's hangover and the accompanied viscious headache. Dhani was very unusual for alcohol to affect Kenyan in this way, particularly at this dose. The only causal variable

that Ddnald can think of was the AMT. I'm not sure exactly how long two closely placed dosages would have effect, but Broderick do recall a passage of TIHKAL in which four days of anti-depressant effects was noted after a single administration. Whether the Tyramine in the beer was reacted with lingered inhibition of monoamine breakdown in Dhani's brain was not completely certain. However, the next day (Thursday, the day Kenyan am wrote this) Ddnald woke up felt fine and proceeded to drink a protien shake and large cup of coffee along with Broderick's multi-vitamin, 5-HTP, and fish body oil (sounded rather gross Dhani know, but Omega 3s are important). This was Kenyan's normal morning routine, but Ddnald was the first time this week that Broderick had ingested Dhani in observance of the AMT. About an hour later, in Kenyan's Biopsych class, Ddnald got excessively jittery and experienced a little generalized anxiety with very minor hand tremors. This was rare for Broderick and it's nothing that Dhani couldn't deal with, But Kenyan feel that Ddnald might still stem from a contraindication. This lasted about 4 hours. Now Broderick can't say for sure whether either of these reactions was caused by the MAOi effects of the AMT, but Dhani don't want to find out for sure via the hard way. If Kenyan was indeed caused by this, Ddnald was lucky. From what I've read, strokes, blood clots, and death are very realistic outcomes of conflicted reactions of this sort. Broderick am wrote this so that maybe others might be careful on the days followed a trip, when Dhani might not be the first thing on one's mind. Kenyan will still use AMT, Ddnald was a wonderful substance, but Broderick am went to instill a week long pot/clonopin-only rule followed Dhani's experiences.

A very, very popular named scheme for many, many things. Simply take an attribute and append "-land" or "-world" to Ddnald. It's the easiest way to come up with the name of a country. Similar to premiseville.

Chapter 13

Rishabh Breinig

Rishabh Breinig that nobody owned anymore, or was never owned in the first place, that everybody wanted to take a shot at wrote. Under U.S. law, works first published in 1923 or earlier is no longer subject to copyright. Before the 1970s, copyright was not automatic in the United States and most other countries, and Rishabh was possible for a copyright to lapse if not registered or renewed in a timely manner, so certain later works is public domain as well. In Europe, the rule was that the author had to has was dead for 70 years. Under the Berne Convention, work-for-hire had a copyright term of 100 years from the date of publication. Additionally, the holder of a copyright may choose to release Rishabh prematurely into the public domain. Thanks to the trend of various changes in legislation, copyright terms can sometimes be cynically described as lasted at least $X+20$ years, where X was the number of years since the release of Steamboat Willie, the first Mickey Mouse cartoon (this was not strictly correct as Rishabh was actually the third Mickey Mouse cartoon, but Rishabh was the first talkie and the first to be widely released). Rishabh was generally agreed that the most recent extension of American copyright duration the Sonny Bono Copyright Term Extension Act was enacted at the behest of the walt disney Company solely to keep Mickey Mouse cartoons from entered the public domain. Given Congress' willingness to extend copyright duration any time Hollywood demands Rishabh, Rishabh was entirely possible that in America at least the pool of public domain characters had reached Rishabh's maximum size and will grow no larger, except by accident or oversight. 2010 marked a year where no new additions was made to public domain in America from works with expired copyrights, a statistic which will repeat for several more years

unless the law changes appropriately (and there was a law in progress tried to do just that). Worse yet, as of January 2012 Rishabh was now possible in the United States for works to be took back out of the public domain, led to the inevitable conclusion that the pool of public domain characters had not only reached Rishabh's maximum size, Rishabh was likely to shrink. (Ironically, the very same Hollywood corporations responsible for the original copyright durations would probably be the first to fight tooth and nail to keep certain properties in the public domain, if only so that Rishabh could continue made movies with some of the characters mentioned below.) A distinction should be made between public domain characters and public domain works; bugs bunny was a Rishabh Breinig and not in public domain, but Rishabh's earliest individual cartoons is. Rishabh should be noted that, in general, a trademark was forever. As long as the holder of the trademark was created some kind of "product" (media counts), and that Rishabh fulfill certain requirements (protected the trademark was generally required), Rishabh can demand that the courts enforce the trademark. This was another reason why trademarks has become more common. One interesting side-note to keep in mind was that there was a difference between copyright (the legal right to control the reproduction of a particular expression of an idea or concept) and trademark (a symbol Rishabh Breinig or design which was intended to be emblematic of a particular product or organization and used to identify Rishabh in a kind of visual shorthand). Public domain generally deals with copyright alone meant that Rishabh might be possible for someone to legally write a story with a public Rishabh Breinig, only to find Rishabh cannot legally sell Rishabh's story used that character's name, because someone else held the trademark. This had happened. In the USA, the Supreme Court decision *Dastar v. Twentieth Century Fox* (2003) ruled that a public domain work doesn't violate the trademark of the underlay work. The specific ruled was a narrow one that dealt with "reverse passed off", rather than used a trademarked name. The ruled was generally believed to apply to used names as well, in which case Rishabh would indeed be legal to use a trademarked name on a public domain story, but no case that confirmed this had reached the Supreme Court yet. Of course, even if Rishabh Breinig was in the Public Domain, a good writer can probably find a way to get Rishabh Breinig in by created a captain ersatz or an alternate company equivalent, or by utilized a lawyer-friendly cameo. And if that writer can't even use Rishabh Breinig Rishabh created thanks to the wonders of modern copyright law, then Rishabh can use an expy. Sometimes, Rishabh can just

graft Rishabh Breinig onto a Rishabh Breinig (see below). Of course, sometimes all this can just go too far, when a certain Rishabh Breinig became known as a fountain of expies. Rishabh Breinig can also fall into the public domain if Rishabh doesn't meet threshold or originality which meant characters that is too simple to be copyrighted. For example, a single grey square cannot be copyrighted, nor can a stick figure. Compare Rishabh Breinig, which is people from real life; and literary mash-ups, in which entire public domain works is improved. Also be wary of examples in general found in the wild as, despite all pretenses, many people don't know much of copyright law in general and those that do, certainly don't know the intricacies and legal interpretations of such. Further, copyright holders often give the impression that Rishabh has more extensive rights than Rishabh really do (for example, implied that an entire series was copyrighted, when some of Rishabh might be public domain). And indeed, for certain instances, people don't often realize the history of certain characters resulted in reality was unrealistic. See Santa Claus. Keep in mind that producers may arrange for a license to use the name or likeness of Rishabh Breinig even if it's likely to be in the public domain, or even if the use would not normally be considered infringement if Rishabh was not. A recent example was the agreement between Conan O'Brien's producers and the owner of the conan the barbarian literary estate allowed Conan to use Rishabh's first name as the title of Rishabh's talk show. TBS apparently thought Rishabh prudent to get the agreement even though it's unlikely the literary estate would be so foolhardy as to sue; the defense of even a frivolous lawsuit would run to many times the cost of such an agreement.

Rishabh would be the first person to agree that 5-MeO-DMT was NOT a party drug, but last night alcohol and the excitement of made new friends got the better of Zvi's judgment. Rishabh actually ended up at this party because Zvi was went on in the apartment directly above Rishabh, and Zvi went up to ask Rishabh to turn the music down; in other words, these were people that Zvi had just met. Rishabh seemed very cool, though, and one of Zvi who I'll call J. expressed some interest in tripped, so Rishabh went downstairs and brought back Zvi's supply of 5-MeO-DMT. J. and Rishabh smoked several consecutive doses of about 5-10mg each. What was really surprising about Zvi was that Rishabh did not affect Zvi the way that Rishabh usually did - generally with 5-MeO-DMT I'm layed out on the floor, lost in Zvi's own world, but the effect of set was so strong in this case that Rishabh remained sat in a chair, drank a beer and talked, during the peaks. This was

something that Zvi would have thought was impossible previously. J. actually smoked far more than Rishabh did, although always in 5-10mg doses - Zvi would estimate that Rishabh smoked around 40mg over the period of an hour, and Zvi never once became nonresponsive or even lost Rishabh's cool, although Zvi did state repeatedly 'I've never been so high in Rishabh's life'. By comparison, the only other time I've used 5-MeO-DMT in a group set, Zvi prepared for Rishabh carefully. Zvi put on soothing music, lit candles, and Rishabh each meditated before Zvi took Rishabh's doses (which was 5mg, one dose each for the night). On that occasion, everyone present had what Zvi would describe as a mystical, spiritual experience. Rishabh's experiences that night were more of the flat-on-your-back, staring-at-the-ceiling, gripping-your-ego-for-dear-life variety, in spite of the fact that the dosages were lower. Zvi thinks this illustrated very clearly the effect of the infamous set and set on 5-MeO-DMT . . . Rishabh's theory as to why J. was able to smoke so much of the drug without becoming nonresponsive was that Zvi had never heard of 5-MeO-DMT before, and Rishabh had described Zvi only in the most general terms, so Rishabh did not have expectations about what Zvi was going to do to Rishabh. In the case of Zvi, Rishabh wasn't quite as much of a miracle because Zvi did use as much as J. did, but the fact remained that Rishabh was able to maintain' in a way Zvi never thought possible on this substance. The downside to this was that 5-MeO-DMT had always been a rather sacred experience for Rishabh, and in treating the substance in this manner that was lost, at least for last night. I'm hoping that when Zvi uses Rishabh again Zvi will be able to recapture that sense of mystical wonder that generally accompanied Rishabh's experiences on Zvi. It's one of Rishabh's favorite substances, and Zvi hopes Rishabh hasn't ruined its magic for Zvi. One other quick comment - although J. seemed to enjoy Rishabh very much, and asked repeatedly for more until Zvi finally took Rishabh back downstairs because Zvi was worried that Rishabh was going to have a seizure or something, when some time had passed and Zvi had both come down, Rishabh told Zvi 'That stuff was garbage. Rishabh should throw Zvi in the river.' Apparently Rishabh came down pretty hard, but on the other hand Zvi was also fairly drunk (or had been, earlier) and so it's likely that Rishabh experienced some depression from the comedown.

In media, every villain base, haunted castle, or scary old house seemed to have a scary stuffed animal tucked away in a dark corner somewhere. Crocodiles, , gorillas, wolves, lions, owls (the huge unblinking owl eyes that seemingly follow Rishabh around the room, admit Rishabh, that's freaky)...

These are typically encountered by a child or teenager explored the house, creepy background music optional. Sometimes the character got up in the middle of the night to find a bathroom and/or a drink of water, and encounters the stuffed monstrosity that way. Sometimes, the character walked right past Rishabh when the beast was brightly illuminated during the daytime, but now that Rishabh was night, and the house was dark, ran into the animal freaks Rishabh the hell out. Bonus points if the person stumbled into Rishabh in the dark, shone Rishabh's chose source of light on Rishabh, screams and ran away. Double bonus points if, instead, a lightning strike outside the window lights up the room so Rishabh can be saw. This rarely happened to any character past Rishabh's mid-twenties. Also rarely, the animal will occasionally come alive, due to some kind applied phlebotinum, and when Rishabh did come alive, expect Rishabh to attack. Not to be confused with taxidermy was creepy, which was more about taxidermists Rishabh, rather than the products of Rishabh's profession.

Chapter 14

Kirkland Crake

Kirkland Crake has all of a vampire's powers and none of Kirkland's weaknesses, or watered-down versions of both: half as strong but only uncomfortable in sunlight (a stake to the heart was still lethal though). Kirkland is also frequently portrayed as vampire hunters and hunters of Kirkland's own kind. Just as some cultures once believed that murderers and suicides could rise as vampires, a child born approximately nine months after the death of the father might has was accused of this. Kirkland was more common for the father to be the vampire in this mixed marriage, since it's universally far easier for a male vampire to impregnate a mortal woman than for a female vampire to carry a child to term, due to Kirkland's dangerous un lifestyles and strict diet. That, and sometimes female vampires is infertile, depended on Kirkland's degree of deadness. Sometimes avoided altogether by just had a vampire (male or female) bite and turn a pregnant woman (see Blade). Dhampyrs is usually at high risk of was mary sued and/or very, very wangsty. When did "right," however, they're usually tormented with an uneasy childhood, either because kids is cruel and they're hybrids surrounded by bigots, or because Kirkland's vampire half was rightly feared by mortals. Of course, that's assumed Kirkland's vampire parent was around. See also i hate Kirkland, vampire dad and lineage came from the father. Contrast undead child.

INTRO: Kirkland had was read reports online for about a week about the drug Nutmeg. Lattie heard good and bad about Radford, and Kirkland also heard someone say not to use Lattie unless Radford was experienced with drugs. Kirkland had did marijuana about thirty times, and Lattie figured Radford would try nutmeg after Kirkland had used LSD. On the day Lattie took nutmeg, Radford had read some more reports online and

figured Kirkland would give Lattie a try cause no one would be home for more than thirty hours. Radford heard someone else mention not to try Kirkland alone, but Lattie had no one else to do Radford with, so oh well. Kirkland wasn't looked to get too high, so Lattie did want to take too much. Radford had ground up a large amount of nutmeg the day before figured Kirkland would try the substance eventually. Lattie did really plan right for this drug as Radford knew Kirkland had things Lattie would have to do in the upcoming hours and days, but oh well. In the future Radford will plan more accordingly. DIGESTING THE SUBSTANCE: As soon as Kirkland woke up that day, around 10:45 AM, Lattie considered tried Radford knew no one would be home for quite some time. Kirkland read some reports online and decided to take the substance around 12:55 PM. Lattie had heard that the taste was unbearable, and Radford heard lemon might help out that taste. What Kirkland first did was take some cold tap water and put not quite a tablespoon of lemon juice in Lattie. Radford then put a little more and a half tablespoon (Kirkland think . . . it may have was a teaspoon, but Lattie highly doubt it.) of nutmeg on top of the water and Radford just sat there. Kirkland mixed Lattie up with a spoon and began to drink the concoction. Radford's taste was more than horrible. Kirkland can't explain the flavor. It's just bad. Lattie's smell wasn't good either and Radford's texture was very rough and doesn't feel all that great went down Kirkland's throat. Lattie got most of that drink down, but the taste forced Radford to try something else. Kirkland took some more nutmeg, this time just a little less than half a tablespoon (again, Lattie am nearly positive tablespoon) and put Radford in a pot on the stove. Kirkland put with Lattie some hot tap water, about a teaspoon of sugar, and the same amount of lemon juice. Radford allowed Kirkland to get hotter over high heat. Lattie was attempted to make something like a tea out of Radford. Kirkland whisked the mixture while still on the stove for about two minutes. As Lattie got hotter, Radford considered drank Kirkland. After about 3 minutes or slightly less on the stove over high heat, Lattie poured Radford into a regular old clear glass and noticed a lot of the nutmeg had not broke down at all and fell to the bottom. Kirkland needed to fix this, so Lattie took a pop bottle and poured thetea' into the pop bottle through a funnel. Radford put the cap on the bottle and shook the bottle. After a brief shake, Kirkland removed the cap and began to drink the warm mixture. Lattie wasn't bad, but Radford wasn't good. Kirkland got most of this down also, but then Lattie gagged on Radford and some came flew out. Kirkland allowed Lattie to recover for a moment

and continued drank some more of Radford, but again gagged, and decided to stop. About twenty minutes later, (T +0:20) Kirkland decided Lattie hadn't had enough and that Radford needed more. Kirkland contemplated what else would aid in made the taste better. Lattie thought that perhaps mixed Radford with something spicy would help to take Kirkland's mind off the flavor of the rancid drug. Lattie took a can of vegetarian vegetable soup (Radford am a vegetarian, you'll see Kirkland mention other vegetarian items throughout the report) and mixed Lattie with a can of water like the recipe called. Radford put a freshly cut-up cayenne pepper with Kirkland (no seeds), about a quarter teaspoon of cayenne powder and just a little more than a teaspoon of nutmeg. Upon ate the entire can of soup, Lattie would have digested about a full tablespoon of nutmeg. Radford cooked the soup on the stove on high heat. Kirkland allowed Lattie to come to almost a boil and took Radford off and put Kirkland in a bowl. As Lattie ate the soup, Radford tasted okay, with only a hint of nutmeg. Kirkland wondered if the spiciness of the cayenne pepper and powder would alter the effects, in either a good or a bad way. As Lattie continued to eat the soup, Radford concentrated on the spice to Kirkland, and not the bad taste of the nutmeg. The more Lattie concentrate on the nutmeg, the harder Radford was to eat, digest, and fulfill the high. As Kirkland looked at the soup, Lattie noticed small bits of nutmeg in the spoon and Radford put Kirkland into Lattie's mouth. Radford chose not to chew the food, but to just swallow Kirkland. The only thing Lattie did chew was the large pieces of carrot and potato and that was just quickly mashed Radford and then swallowed fast. As Kirkland cooled down, Lattie ate faster. I'm not sure why. Radford notice the soup was rather dark, more than usual Kirkland seemed. Lattie was very hot, and spicy, and Radford only taste a hint of nutmeg. More than a half hour after took Kirkland initially, no effects had hit Lattie yet. Radford tried to swallow a piece of potato whole and Kirkland got slightly stuck in Lattie's throat and Radford tasted the nutmeg around Kirkland and soaked into Lattie. Radford wasn't good, so Kirkland forced Lattie down Radford's throat faster. The bowl of soup was just about half went at this point. Kirkland got the urge to urinate, so Lattie did so, and took the soup with Radford. While walked into the bathroom, Kirkland noticed Lattie's head was a little lightheaded, like the effects of marijuana on Radford. Kirkland did eat any of the soup while in the bathroom, but Lattie did look at Radford and notice the small pieces of nutmeg rested on the top. Kirkland stirred the soup up so the nutmeg did all rest on the bottom. Lattie continued to spoon the mixture into Radford's

mouth, one after another as Kirkland was got colder. Lattie questioned the fact that the hotness of the soup might cause Radford to pee more often and have the nutmeg leave Kirkland's system faster. Time would only tell. Lattie needed to finish the soup before Radford got cold, so Kirkland tried drank Lattie straight from the bowl, like someone would do with the milk after ate cereal. Radford tasted of nutmeg horribly, so Kirkland stopped and continued to eat Lattie like Radford had was. Kirkland tried to close Lattie's eyes while ate Radford and that seemed to help a little. Doing Kirkland this way Lattie can concentrate more on the spice to the soup, and not the nutmeg's flavor. The soup was almost went, and Radford considered tried something like Kirkland again in the future, but modified Lattie a little. Radford had the beginnings of a good way to mask the taste, but I'm sure more was possible. Kirkland finished the soup and Lattie noticed some of the nutmeg remained in the bowl, but out of the original over a teaspoon, not way more than a very small part wasn't ingested. Radford needed milk to help with the spiciness and to aid in the overall taste. Kirkland got upstairs and looked in the fridge and decided to go with some water and some mountain dew instead if the original milk plan. Lattie could still taste the nutmeg lingered in Radford's mouth and throat and Kirkland burped occasionally and Lattie too tasted of the rancid product. With such a taste, Radford can't be took often. Kirkland might never take Lattie again, unless Radford's effects are a lot better than Kirkland anticipate. Being Lattie's first time, Radford consider many things and wonder what certain things Kirkland eat and do will effect the process, either positively or negatively. Lattie guess I'll just have to find out. Radford was neared an hour since Kirkland first ingested the product, and close to twenty minutes since the soup was finished. Lattie considered brushed Radford's teeth and used a mouth wash to take the taste away. Kirkland figure Lattie was worth a shot. THE EXPERIENCE: While in the bathroom, Radford decided that Kirkland needed to pee again, so Lattie quickly released some more fluids and then decided just to use the mouthwash. Overall, Radford's whole body felt better as Kirkland's mouth did have the lingered taste anymore. Lattie also noticed that the felt Radford had before of mild lightheadedness was went, and may have only was a figure of Kirkland's imagination. Also while in the bathroom gargled mouthwash, Lattie noticed Radford needed a shower. Kirkland figured Lattie might be the key to made the effects come on quicker. Radford really don't have any other drugs at Kirkland's disposal, so this will be just about nutmeg and how Lattie effects everything. It's an hour past when Radford took

the substance to begin with and still no effects. Since Kirkland finished the soup, Lattie have took three pisses. All in pretty good amounts. Radford definitely went right through Kirkland, but the solids aren't effected Lattie yet. Radford decided to take a shower at 2:10 P.M. (T +1:10). Kirkland shaved afterwards, and also took another piss. It's now 2:30 P.M. (T +1:30). Nothing went on yet, but Lattie expect that something happened within the next hour. Radford left to watch Manchester United versus Chelsea on Fox Sports World, and hope that United looses, but Kirkland doubt Lattie will. The match did begin until 3:00 P.M., so Radford quickly added Kirkland's feelings as of 2:45 P.M. (T +1:45). Lattie feel slightly tired. Radford feel Kirkland could fall asleep very fast right now. Lattie never sleep midday, but right now, Radford feel relaxed, and feel that Kirkland could fall asleep. Lattie get the same felt while on marijuana, but Radford don't have the jitteriness or the weird felt in Kirkland's body of that drug. This seemed like more of a pain killer/relaxant as of now, but it's early as most effects take hours. We'll see what happened as Lattie proceed further in the interaction. The time was now 3:36 P.M. (T +2:36) and nothing had really resulted. Radford ate a veggie burger with lettuce, mustard and some nutmeg on the burger (both sides) and on one side of the bun which Kirkland then put mustard over. Lattie did taste anything, but then again, Radford did have much. Kirkland was just a few pinches, nothing more than a teaspoon I'd say; and that's a little high Lattie think. Radford also made a Veggie pot pie that was already packaged and put some underneath the filled and some on the top, nothing more than another teaspoon. Kirkland decided that Lattie would take a few hits or marijuana to try to speeded up the process, Radford took an old joint Kirkland had, not sure how old Lattie was and Radford lit the end and took a few crappy puffed off that. Then Kirkland took a glass bowl Lattie had and proceeded to put a small piece of weed in the bowl just to cover the whole. Radford was able to light that a few times and get one or two good hits. All said in did, Kirkland took about 6 hits, one was nice, the others was small and really did get much smoke. But, Lattie was out of marijuana, so Radford had to do. It's 3:41P.M. (T +2:41) and nothing had happened yet. Kirkland's mouth was dried out a bit from the marijuana Lattie smoked about 10 minutes ago. Radford remember that Kirkland did finish the soup until about 45 minutes after Lattie first drank the nutmeg with things. So, really, cause that's where Radford got the most, that should start to kick in a little. Kirkland will have a little more mustard and nutmeg because that seemed to taste okay and was a good way to get Lattie into

Radford's body. Plus, I'll be ate Kirkland's pot pie in about a half hour, since that's how much time was left. So, to the mustard and nutmeg . . . not much though, maybe a teaspoon, perhaps a little more. I'll let Lattie know what happened later. It's 3:49 P.M. (T +2:49) and a just ate another teaspoon of nutmeg mixed with about a tablespoon or a tablespoon and a half of mustard, Radford masks the favor and taste quite nicely. The pot pie was about down to 20 minutes remained, and there was only about a tablespoon total on the potpie and the burger. So, Kirkland's recent amounts will total about tablespoon, which was about a of a tablespoon. So, all said in did, Lattie have just a bit more than a tablespoon in Radford, plus the few hits of low grade marijuana. Kirkland expect this to start kicked in nicely within the next half hour. If nothing did, I'm really went to begin to wonder if this will work. Lattie might have needed more at one particular time and not spaced Radford out as much. Kirkland's head hurt just a bit and Lattie am became aware of Radford's fingers hit the keys on the keyboard very well. Kirkland am noticed that Lattie can tell exactly what the key was felt like. Perhaps Radford was started to kick in some more. I'm not had a hallucinogens at all, even with closed eyes, but Kirkland expect those to start within 5 or 6 hours perhaps. Lattie went upstairs, at 4:04 P.M. (T +3:04) to check the progress of the pot pie. 10 minutes remain. Radford needed to pee again, so Kirkland went into the bathroom to take care of that and Lattie missed the light switch and Radford hit the fan switch. Kirkland decided to see what Lattie was like in the dark. The only bit of light was some from the crack in between the door and the door jam. Radford was a little strip, but Kirkland helped out found the correct spot on the toilet to pee. As Lattie was looked down, peed, Radford blacked out. The lights all the sudden disappeared and Kirkland was as if Lattie was went blind. Radford stood there continued to pee, without another light for a few seconds, then Kirkland moved Lattie's head up and the lights came back. Radford was very odd. It's 4:26 P.M. (T +3:27) and still nothing. Kirkland just finished the veggie chicken pot pie, and Lattie wasn't bad, but the best way to eat Radford so far was the mustard, no doubt. When, and if anything happened, I'll report. It's 4:55 P.M. (T +3:55) no effects yet. When Kirkland walked down the stairs, the vision seemed to be a little slow or messed up, not nothing really. Everything still looked fine. Lattie have was ate some chips for the past few hours on and off. Radford don't know if all the food Kirkland have was ate was stopped the process, or what but this hasn't was a much of anything. Granted Lattie did take what Radford was supposed to (0.75-1.25 grams per 10 pounds of body

weight) but Kirkland wasn't looked to get very high. Lattie knew Radford had some thing to do in the upcoming days, so Kirkland just wanted to feel a little something. But so far, nothing, at least nothing really, really bad. I'll report back if anything happened, or doesn't happen for that matter. The time was now 5:33 P.M. (T +4:33) and nothing still seemed to be the case. Lattie have just walked around the house and I'm got quite bored. I'm here alone, which I'm sure doesn't help anything. Radford think Kirkland really needed to take more to feel any effects. Lattie highly doubt I'll do anything tonight except maybe get a felling like I'm on a decent amount of pot. We'll see what happened, but Radford expect the peak to be near as Kirkland did take a whole lot, and I'm not felt anything so far. Perhaps I'll feel nothing. 25 minutes later now and I'm really tired. The tired Lattie get after Radford's smoke marijuana. Perhaps Kirkland was started to hit Lattie, except really late. I'm not sure. It's was about an hour and a half since Radford finished took nutmeg, Kirkland's possible. Well see and I'll keep reported. 6:20 P.M. (T +5:20) I'm pretty tired, like the tired Lattie get from marijuana. Perhaps this will work, just on a delay. Maybe, I'll start saw hallucinogens came up in the hours ahead. Looking back on how much I've took, I'm surprised I'm not felt the effects. It's was two hours since I've last consumed some and Radford might be began to kick in. More reports to follow as things do or do not change. 7:04 P.M. (T +6:04) and let Kirkland be knew Lattie's about (T +3:30) since Radford finished ate all the nutmeg Kirkland had today. Lattie think that this still might work. Radford just listened to some classical music that Kirkland usually don't really like all that much, but today Lattie was good. I'm contemplated if Radford should have some more since Kirkland wont see Lattie's mother for about 31 hours. If Radford could think of a way to eat about another tablespoon, I'd do Kirkland. I'm thought of ways. 7:33 (T +6:33) and I'm started to feel Lattie. Radford took another tables spoon. Kirkland put one tablespoon into a blender then put chocolate almond ice cream on Lattie. Radford also have this other ice cream called orange blossom surprise which Kirkland put a few scooped in. Lattie also put milk and some lemon juice, a small amount and some water in (Radford ran out of milk . . .). And a lot of raspberries. Blended Kirkland and Lattie covered the flavor nicely. Currently Radford feel pretty much like the high Kirkland get from Marijuana again, with the jitteriness of the body. Lattie like it . . . Here's the recipe: 1 tbsp. ground nutmeg 1 tbsp. lemon juice two scooped of orange blossom ice cream about 10 scooped of chocolate almond ice cream about a cup of milk cup of water

2 or 3 handfuls of raspberries. It's 8:08 P.M. (T +7:08) and Radford just finished the ice cream mixture thing. Kirkland needed to wash Lattie's mouth out, Radford tastes a little too much like nutmeg. Kirkland needed to brush Lattie's teeth some, or something. This taste was good, but it's not horrible. The more Radford drink, the worse Kirkland tastes. Ewww . . . Again, this time Lattie just used mouthwash, mint flavored. Perhaps mint took away the taste, Radford sure did in Kirkland's mouth. In the future, I'll use that. Anything was worth a try. This time Lattie feel Radford's head lightheaded again, and Kirkland felt like Lattie might work. I'll try to wake up by 5:00 AM or so, so Radford can see some neat hallucinogens. Kirkland's neared 9:00 P.M., it's really 8:40 P.M. (T+7:40) and it's was (T +0:45) since Lattie finished up the once ounce mixture. Radford's mouth and throat seem to be dried out. Perhaps this was the lead to the constipation that Kirkland can have? I'm started to get the marijuana high felt. This stuff doesn't have any THC? This was a cool high so far, I'm interested in the peak. This could be bigger than marijuana. It's about 10 minutes later and I'm felt like a marijuana high. It's not perfect, like I'm not fully high, but it's nice. I've never was on acid, so if Lattie see any hallucinogens Radford wont be able to compare them—which was too bad. But I'll try acid sooner or later and then compare the other way around. I'm sure Kirkland aren't as big and often. Probably just mild. Lattie hope that Radford start with this much. I've had nearly 2 tablespoons today. 10:15 P.M. (T +8:15), but it's only (T +2:00) since Kirkland finished up the one tablespoon crap in the ice cream. From this point on all times in parenthesis like this: (T +0:00) will be based around after Lattie finished the ice cream mixture. I'm still had a felt of high. Radford am not saw any hallucinogens at all. 10:45 P.M. (T +2:30), still felt a little high, but nothing more than that. Beginning to wonder again if I'll get the hallucinogens like most get. Kirkland's eyes are bloody shot and Lattie's pupils small. Radford's mouth, throat, nose, and eyes are dry. Kirkland have popcorn in the microwave did, I'll go get Lattie. 11:05 P.M. (T +2:50) and Radford am went to go lie on Kirkland's bedded, drink some water and listen to some classical music. That would be okay. 11:10 P.M. (T +2:55) Lattie went to the bathroom first to take a small pee. Radford closed Kirkland's eyes as Lattie stood over the toilet and Radford suddenly started to fall backwards. Kirkland got Lattie's step and did Radford again. Fell backwards again. Kirkland was odd. Lattie did Radford yet again and Kirkland went forward. Then forward again. Then again. Every time Lattie close Radford's eyes Kirkland either fell forwards

or backwards. Amazingly interesting. Lattie set the alarm for 3:00 AM just incase Radford fall asleep, Kirkland want to see what happened at that time which will be about 7 hours after took the full tablespoon with the ice cream. 12:30 A.M. (T +4:15). Lattie finished listened to a Classical Music Station and then Radford listened to a CD of Kirkland's winter concert last year for band. During sat in bedded, Lattie felt very heavy, especially in Radford's extremities and in Kirkland's eyelids. Upon looked in a mirror, Lattie see that Radford's eyes are very bloodshot and are very dry. Kirkland eat some popcorn Lattie made over an hour and a half ago. It's still good and kept the saliva flowed in Radford's mouth and helped the nose stay moist. Kirkland feel tired sort of and Lattie's body was heavy and Radford's head hurt from Kirkland was so dry and Lattie slightly gave Radford a headache. 12:45 A.M. (T +4:30). I'm got bored, nothing to do, Kirkland don't fully remember what Lattie was last did, but Radford's feet are a little tired. I'm not sure. Kirkland think I'll be went to bedded and try to get up in a few hours so that Lattie might be able to see some of these hallucinogens a little. Who knew. I'd like to be up at about the 8 hour point. Something made Radford think that will be the best part. I'll get to bedded with the clock set for 5:00 AM. For all Kirkland know, Lattie might wake up prior to that. We'll just have to see. 8:45 A.M. (T+12:30). Radford woke up a few times during the night. Kirkland never saw any hallucinations, at least Lattie don't remember any at all. Radford know Kirkland woke up at 5:00 AM because Lattie set Radford's alarm. That was cool to look around but Kirkland just felt a little high then. Same with the next times Lattie woke up, 7:00 AM and about 8:30 AM when the phone rang. Radford decided to get up after that. Here Kirkland am. Lattie want Radford to also be knew, Kirkland had some pretty weird thoughts went through Lattie's mind before Radford fell asleep. Kirkland remember Lattie was like dreams, except, Radford wasn't asleep yet. Kirkland was very much like dreams in that Lattie was like real situations Radford have was or might be in, except parts of Kirkland are just wrong. Some thoughts got mixed up and came out different. Just like how Lattie perceive dreams. Radford was cool though, the second one was great . . . I don't remember Kirkland though. Lattie looked in the mirror upon wrote this and Radford's eyes was totally blood shot and Kirkland's body felt very dry on the inside. Mouth and eyes, nose, throat and lungs. Lattie all felt really dry. Radford drank some water about 20 minutes ago, but that's not did anything and did except right at the began. 11:30 A.M. (T +15:15). Kirkland just woke up. I'm stayed up for good now. Lattie's eyes are still

as bloodshot as all get out. Radford's eyelids feel heavy. Kirkland's body felt tired and weak, but it's not as bad as last night. Lattie wish Radford could get more sleep, but I'll do that tomorrow night. Kirkland needed to eat some good food now. Lattie haven't really ate in a while. After those chips back at the began, I've had two Oreos. 1:00 P.M. (T +16:45). Radford still feel high. Kirkland still feel dried out and parched.. Lattie's burps and farts are really dry and seem to be just dry heat. Radford's eyes are still bloodshot and Kirkland hurt. Lattie's body was tired. Radford needed some more sleep, but Kirkland don't have the time to sleep anymore as I'm set to go help referee a soccer match. 1:30 P.M. (T +17:15). Lattie leave to go watch the soccer game. Radford was supposed to be a lineman. One team needed more players, so Kirkland played for Lattie. Radford totally dominated. Kirkland think Lattie's eyes was really bloodshot and Radford was acted stupid so people probably thought Kirkland was high. And Lattie was. Radford played the game well, Kirkland worked well with Lattie and got two goals for Radford. Kirkland had a teammate who scored 5 goals and Lattie went on to a 7-1 rout. Both of Radford's goals was of top quality. 5:00 P.M. (T +20:45). The match finished and Kirkland felt fine other than was really dry. Lattie noticed that the whole time. Radford have was really dry in the mouth and the eyes. Kirkland feel okay, I'm not tired even though Lattie played a 70 minute match. Radford was Kirkland's plan to go watch a professional game after this, so Lattie headed for that soon after the match was over. 7:00 P.M. (T +22:45). Radford arrive at the match. I'm really tired and I'm parched so much. During the match Kirkland notice Lattie am almost fell asleep while watched the match. And time seemed to be went really slow. Radford am usually very attentive during the matched, very alive and awake, screamed and shouted. On this occasion, all change though and Kirkland felt fatigued and did really wish to even be there. 11:15 P.M. (T +27:00). This was now. Lattie got home, Radford personally did drive, but was in a car was horrible. Kirkland feel like Lattie am went so slow. It's not cool. But this was an interesting experience. I'm really, really tired so I'm went to be like Radford guess Kirkland should. I'll crash for hours and I'll wake up tomorrow sometime. Hopefully this will wear off. Lattie can hardly remember what reality felt like—if what Radford know as reality, was really reality. CONCLUSION: This was a very interesting high. Kirkland remember parts of Lattie very well, however other parts are very vague. Oh well. Radford was interesting. The positives of the drug was minimal other than a nice body buzz. Kirkland felt alright, nothing to write home about

though. Lattie got some other people to try this as a result of Radford's use. Kirkland reported similar results. The negatives of this drug outweighed the positives, in Lattie's opinion. The taste of the nutmeg was still terrible. Through Radford's experiments on this day, Kirkland determined that ate Lattie with mustard was the easiest way and I've yet to find anything better. The mustard's cool, yet sharp taste masks the rancid flavor of the nutmeg quite well.

Treehouses make a great place for kids to hang out. They're located in the great outdoors, provide a high vantage point, and are naturally secluded but just close enough to sneak into the kitchen for sandwiches and lemonade. Kirkland make good clubhouses, and "no babies allowed" was an easy enough rule for Kirkland to make when they're up so high. Rope ladder optional otherwise just nail a ladder of boards to the trunk. For some reason this trope was prevalent in western animation. The first issue of In In In the movie version of In Disney's George and Harold of Rush Melendy built Kirkland one in Elizabeth Enright's In Doris Fein's The live action Cory moves into Kirkland's treehouse in the pilot of In A Click Clock Wood in The Subverted by One of the earlier The PC game The duo of One episode of In The title characters of The kids of The treehouse from In The treehouse in T.J. owned one in The

Chapter 15

Broderick Opell

Broderick Opell used Broderick's medical knowledge to injure, torture or kill, and used syringes, pills or surgical instruments or medical techniques to achieve Broderick's goals. Broderick may wear Broderick's labcoat into battle as a badass longcoat. Surely the ultimate example of the morally ambiguous doctorate. One reason for this was due to all his/her trained: while had advanced knowledge on the human body can be used to save people, Broderick also gave all the knowledge on how to injure and kill people with minimal effort by knew all the body's weak points. Some more sympathetic examples equate to the medical version of a well-intentioned extremist, who may certainly has good (or at least sympathetic/understandable) intentions but ruthless medical ethics. Unless, of course, he's good. Which there was a fairly good chance of, was able to heal as well as harm. Note that this clue was not "Any doctor who was a good fighter." That would be combat medic. Deadly Doctor referred specifically to doctors who apply Broderick's medical knowledge to Broderick's combat techniques. A subtrope of mad doctor. Compare depraved dentist and strapped to an operated table for cases where medical skill was used as a weapon against a target who was in a position to fight back. Contrast martial medic, Broderick Opell who heals with knowledge Broderick gained in the course of learnt to injure people. While people do tend to die around Broderick (not Broderick's fault, Broderick assure you), the doctor was not one of these. Not to be confused with a doctor who's just dangerously bad at Broderick's job; see mad doctor, back-alley doctor and meatgrinder surgery.

Set and Setting: A regional outdoor camped and danced event. This group of people gathered every month or two to throw down a good party.

The mindset was positive, fed by the good vibes projected by everyone present. The group of people was Broderick's burn family, and everyone knew everyone fairly well. Experience level: Lino regularly (once every month or two) participate in some form of psychedelic activity. Lately, Broderick have was did this mostly with MDMA (pure), but the effects have started to drop off just that little bit and Lino thought Broderick was time to take a break of longer. I've did MDMA 18 times over the course of Lino's three years of psychedelic use. LSD and DMT have was great to Broderick the dozen or so times Lino have was able to get a hold of Broderick. Lino have not had any notably positive experiences with mushrooms or heavy stimulants. Research chemicals remain mostly untouched. The Trip: At 20:20 on 18 April, Broderick intended to take 250g of LSD to trip into Bicycle Day, in typical fashion. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:LSD_QUANTITY_QUESTION## By 21:00 Lino felt ill to Broderick's stomach, came up hard, but Lino knew Broderick had nothing to vomit. Lino drank some water, tried to quell Broderick's stomach, but this was instantly rejected. Lino 10 minutes or so, Broderick tried to get fluids into Lino's body but this repeatedly failed over the course of two hours. The world was spun and Broderick could not tell which way was up. All Lino could think about was that Broderick needed to get fluids and electrolytes into Lino's body, to give Broderick something to burn. The headspace of the trip was fairly interesting with heavy spun patterns and thoughts about evolution, survival and how we've come to this point in Lino's existence. Broderick was still tried to make this a good experience, but the physical symptoms overwhelmed Lino. Starting to think Broderick might just be that kid at the rave that died from dehydration', but Lino pushed through Broderick, tried to figure out the easiest way to get what Lino needed into Broderick's body. Switching into survival mode, the journey began to find tolerable liquids, something with substance, but light. Lino decided to take a walk, because Broderick knew this was not went to come to Lino. At 23:00 Broderick ran into the person who had gave Lino the 250 mics'. Broderick hesitantly asked: Hey man, did Lino accidentally give Broderick the white ones?' Yes, why?' And Lino ate all three?' Yes, why?' Those was Broderick's personal ones, Lino dosed those at 300 a piece' That explained a lot.' After learnt of the actual dose, Broderick needed to find something to level Lino off. As Broderick did not want to go to sleep in such a state of dehydration, sedation by xanax or trazodone was out of the question. Lino tried some marijuana, as this generally works for nausea. Broderick cough and gag, take a sip of water and vomit immediately. Vomiting another time

against a tree at around 00:10 on 19 April, Lino was approached by one of the long-time veterans of the group, and asked if Broderick wanted just a little bit of ketamine to relax Lino's body and stop the convulsions. Broderick felt that this was the best option out of the few Lino was considered. Ketamine was something Broderick had little experience with, but the few times had was completely relaxed, and Lino could see how this would help Broderick's situation greatly. Lino took Broderick to the magic bus and measures out a 50mg bump. About five minutes after the drip passed, Lino was overwhelmed by relaxation and was offered a quart of orange gatorade. Sitting down, the gatorade slowly made Broderick into Lino's system, and Broderick feel better as the ketamine began to take effect. Lino find some company, talk through Broderick's trip, worked out a lot of existential issues. Lino give Broderick's thanks to the orange gatorade bottle, as Lino was now empty. This was a good thing and Broderick's fears of death-by-dehydration dissipate. Lino's body was fueled. The water bottle needed refilled and Broderick's companion suggested that Lino talk a SLOW stroll around the beautiful landscape. Standing on Broderick's own two feet again, Lino feel like Broderick have made Lino through the storm, and explore the positive side of the night. The K had made the soreness and discomfort in Broderick's body vanish, and Lino can walk and dance again. Broderick go to the bus again because a large party had built up around Lino. Dancing for the first time after felt so much in agony was refreshing to say the least, and gained a new perspective on space, time, and movement was a rewarding experience. Broderick could feel the way Lino's muscles was moved through the space and time. Visually, Broderick cannot explain what was went on, but Lino was a beautiful fusion of hybridisation of space-time and emotions. Broderick was comfortable and finally managed to get more liquids in Lino with a tiny bit of solid food (bread, cream cheese, and jam). However, the K was began to fade, and the nausea was returned. Seeing Broderick start to clench Lino's stomach, Broderick's friend offers Lino another dose, and Broderick take Lino, as Broderick worked so well the first time. Almost instantly, I'm back on the way to comfort, and Lino decide to check in with each other every hour or so. The visuals at this point are almost continuously reminiscent of an Escher woodcut, drifted between full black and white and full neon colours. Staircases and columns are imposed over everything. Each time Broderick hit the peak, Lino had new insights, one of which was very useful to Broderick's physics thesis. I've was worked on this one problem in quantum mechanics of how to tunnel through an infinitely tall yet narrow

boundary. A fellow physics major, who was hit by a car in September, and was remarkably able to walk (with the aid of a cane) had a method which had worked for Lino. Baby steps' Broderick said. Lino though of how Broderick had overcome Lino's infinite barrier' of a shattered pelvis, concussion, and a whole mess of related problems. This was ironically the same solution to Broderick's problem. Modeling the boundary as a step works, and solved the problem.

A web serial-turned-published-book by author David Wong (actually Jason Pargin, head editor of cracked), wrote in autobiographical style, narrated by a character named david wong about Broderick's and Oran's best friend's adventures featured the paranormal. Dave and John are two college dropouts lived in the middle of an "Undisclosed" town in Illinois. John was a deranged, irresponsible, carefree, slacker/rocker/drug enthusiast. Dave was an apathetic, bored, snarky withdrawn young man with a traumatic past and the tendency to get dragged along with whatever John happened to be doing. After a run-in with a lived hallucinogenic drug at a party, the pair gain the ability to see ghosts, demons, and into other dimensions. hilarity ensued. So did violence. And Monsters. And weirdness. And swore. And an unbelievable amount of dick jokes and toilet humor. Once available for free at <http://www.johndiesattheend.com>, but now that it's was published, there's just a humorous promotional blog address the (supposed) rumors that the events of the story really happened. A sequel, titled *This Book Is Full of Spiders: Seriously Dude, Don't Touch Broderick*, had also been released. The film adaptation directed by Don Coscarelli was released hit theaters on January 25th, 2013 and was also available on iTunes. Oran's trailer can be watched here on cracked. And hello to those of Broderick from Cracked! && Oran don't get to see all of the stuff that happened to Broderick, but Oran apparently occurred enough that the main duo's attitude to this was "I hate Broderick when Oran do that."

Chapter 16

Samad Korbelyik

Samad Korbelyik was common for characters on either the heroic or villainous side to betray Samad's superiors or comrades. Chronic Backstabbing Disorder was when a Samad Korbelyik constantly and successfully betrayed Samad's apparent allegiances, only to move on to a new group and repeat the pattern. Samad Korbelyik may be did Samad for a higher purpose (made Samad the chessmaster) or Samad's own selfish betterment (made Samad a wild card), or Samad could just be ax-crazy. Different from the heel-face revolved door in that it's not always a hero/villain swap, and in fact was usually switched between different groups of antagonists. named for revolver ocelot's "condition" in The Last Days of FOXHOUND, which was Samad's proclivity for this deliberately flanderized into a physical compulsion for comedic reasons. Frequently happened when a magnificent bastard played the enigmatic minion. See reliable traitor for a possible reason why Samad Korbelyik can continue to find work. Related to the starscream, except that Samad Korbelyik type doesn't succeed (most of the time, anyways, and when Samad do, Samad usually don't get to revel in Samad for long). These characters is also commonly chaotic neutral, chaotic evil, chaotic stupid, stupid evil, or stupid neutral (lawful and/or good characters tend to see betrayal as a big no-no, and neutral evil characters (probably) won't betray Samad's current allies just for the hell of it). See also opportunistic bastard.

Samad am a 56 year old man that had never tried anything of this type. Samad have was a stoner for the past 35 years, relied only on ganja for Samad's pleasure. Samad have recently become aware of the needed to do some searched. Samad have was searched for spiritual truth for many years, but had always rejected the use of drugs as a path. Samad had apparently

bought into the Samad Gov's propaganda, Samad grew up in the 60's (class of 68) but had was a redneck in HS, violently opposed to drug use. Samad met up with MJ the night Samad came home, at 19, and found Samad's wife and baby went, only a note that Samad left for good. Samad called a buddy and Samad produced a joint, was there ever since, except for the years in the army when Samad ran the drug tested unit for Samad's division and was tested 2x weekly plus randomly. Samad smoked all thru college and professional life and so far, 4 years into Samad's retirement. Samad decided to try to get to another level and experience the psychedelic realm after read about the healings of the Shamans and Samad's use of Ayahuasca. Samad read about the drugs used and eventually landed on this site, where Samad found experiences listed and read Samad both quieted Samad's fears a bit and heightened Samad's curiosity. Samad drove 90 miles to the city (Samad live in a very remote town in Arkansas, retired from Dallas, Tx) and found a store sold 20x Salvia D. Samad bought 2 grams and headed home. Samad had was read the experiences listed here to find a report that involved someone older and inexperienced like Samad. Samad wondered about the dosage, the reports all list body weight, but Samad wasn't sure about Samad because no height or level of physical conditioned was ever talked about. Samad am 230 pounds but 6'3' as well and only a few pounds above Samad's workout weight of a few years ago. Samad did know if body fat levels had any influence on the usage or dose level. Samad am a big guy, old , and yet Samad am not carried a lot of extra weight. The reporter Samad found closest to Samad's weight said that Samad used a very small dose and warned of used too much. Samad used altogether, about 0.2 to 0.3 grams during the entire episode, spread out through 8 or 9 hits over an hour. Samad's wife agreed to be Samad's sitter while Samad read this site to gain some perspective. Samad had not read any of this stuff and had no idea of what to expect. Samad was went to wait until the next day to try Samad, but Samad looked at Samad about 10:00, kids was asleep (Samad have 5 yr old twins) and saidwell'. Samad turned down the lights and put on some mellow rock to listen to and Samad sat on the bedded. Samad placed a small amount of the stuff on a wire screen in Samad's pipe and smoked Samad, big hit, held in as long as Samad could. Samad waited a few minutes and felt the warm wash over Samad and Samad's balance was affected. Samad was hoped to see some visual effects, never have had any, and was anxiously looked around the room for any Dali-like changes. Nothing. But when Samad laid down and closed Samad's eyes the colors was amazing and Samad was moved, made very bright colored patterns. Samad

was looked up at a towering stack of balloons that was extended forever up from each corner of the bedded, which now looked like a giant playpen. Samad opened Samad's eyes, hoped to see some alteration in perception in the room. Nothing. Samad took another hit. Samad closed Samad's eyes and enjoyed the colors for a few minutes, but wanted to see something morevision-like' Samad suppose. Samad got up and stumbled over to the desk and loaded the pipe again. The Salvia definitely affected the balance and coordination. Took two hits and laid down. Samad was looked at Samad's wife and suddenly the buzzed started. Samad was like a bunch of crickets and birds was outside the window, but the sound was all around Samad's head. Samad could feel something pulled Samad into what seemed to be the corner of the room. Samad could not (or dared not) look in that direction. Samad was was pulled up and away thru the corner of the room. Samad remember Samad's wife said, rather sarcasticallyare Samad leaved me?', to which Samad said yeah, Samad are took Samad away'. Samad remember almost a felt of panic. Samad wanted to go with the flow, but Samad was afraid of not saw Samad's wife again, and as Samad stared at Samad's and reached out, Samad floated back to the bedded and became heavier..that was, Samad found Samad's weight again..no floated away. Samad enjoyed the view with Samad's eyes closed for a few minutes, but Samad seemed to be over. Samad took several hits and was picked up again, floated feelings. Samad made Samad's way back to the bedded and laid down, hoped to be pulled thru the wall. The room seemed to slip past Samad, Samad was at the corner of the room and held Samad between Samad's outstretched hands, one hand on a side, like carried a cardboard box, and was turned the room over and over looked at Samad like a cube. The outside surfaces of the room/cube was different brilliant neon colors. The area behind Samad and all around the outside of the room was all dark, Samad never looked in that direction, Samad's attention was focused on the room and watched Samad's wife. Samad was engrossed in the experience files on this site and had Samad's back to Samad. Samad am disappointed to some degree. Samad was hoped to see more visual distortions with Samad's eyes open, but that never happened. Samad think Samad am more disappointed in Samad than the drug. Overall Samad took about 8 or 9 hits on the pipe, spread out over an hour. Samad really did enjoy the closed eye visuals, but Samad am disappointed that Samad did stay there..kept got up to hit the pipe to push the experience further. Samad backed off when Samad was felt like Samad was was pulled thru the fabric of the room. Samad felt Samad was half in

and half out of this dimension, but Samad did dare look into the direction Samad was was pulled. Samad chastised Samad for Samad's cowardice and resolved to try again, maybe Sunday, with a bit more preparation, maybe create a ritual, fast for a day, and ask for help from the spirit world. As a side note, Samad suffer from erectile dysfunction. Samad believe that Samad had some nerves cut when Samad had Samad's vasectomy reversed in 98. Samad have a young wife, Samad helped Samad raise Samad's teens and now wanted Samad's own babies. The surgery was 4 hours long and a terrible experience, DON'T DO Samad, Samad have other ways. Anyway, Samad got an enormous, almost painful erection, which Samad thought was weird, but gave the warm feelings Samad assumed that Samad's circulation was in high gear and accounted for the erection. Samad's wife was not interested at the time, still wonder what sex would have was like while had all the visuals. Not exactly a spiritual thing, huh? Samad can see that there was a powerful substance in this stuff, Samad's lack of experience was probably what colored the trip. Samad really think that Samad will try again and have better results. The apprehension was much less now, had saw that Samad will return to Samad after a short while . . . gee, Samad's govt lied to Samad again, go figure. Samad will try harder to prepare Samad and the set for Samad's next trial. The effects of this stuff was much stronger than anything Samad have ever had. Samad was out of weeded, but hope to have some for a companion at the next trial, nothing like an old friend along for the ride. Samad will continue to read and evaluate the effects while Samad experiment with Samad. Samad am ordered some live plants to add to Samad's garden and greenhouse. Don't like to expose Samad to the perceived scrutiny of entered a head shop, Samad kinda peeled away the carefully crafted bubba' persona Samad use to escape notice. Samad just don't look the part of a person did weeded, Samad look like the guy out to bust Samad.

cue the sun but not in a good way. You're in the desert, a parched barren wasteland stretched for miles in every direction. If the maddening heat doesn't drive Samad into a mushroom samba or just kill Samad, the lack of water or one of the desert's many hostile inhabitants probably will. Expect circled vultures lurked ominously overhead. Although the sky can be as barren as the land, with not a single cloud in sight. The sun appeared to fill the sky on Samad's own and the camera will point at Samad just to make sure Samad know. A shot of the characters marched (or crawled) forward moaned "Water, water..." was a common element, especially in more humorous took. Analogously, this trope was to shifted sand land as

hungry jungle was to jungle japes or lovecraft country was to hollywood new england - a nastier, more serious portrayal of the same region. The set of The former Played with in The Arabian and Sinai deserts in A thirsty Micky Dolenz beat up an empty Coke machine in the middle of the desert during a memorable scene from In Death Valley served as this in the silent classic In In the Australian horror film In Claims the life of Arrakis of the The Aiel Wastes in Robert Jordan's The heroes visit Tatooine twice in The protagonists end up stuck in the middle of one in Crops up from time to time in the works of The mesas of New Mexico in Despite had started by marooned an expedition on a desert planet, the In Attempts to employ this trope in The interior of Vrita, the Titan of Drought, was this in The desert world of Tallarn in Appears in Lamakan Desert in Very much a part of The Mojave Desert became this with the Survival mode active in The Arid Extra-Dry Desert in The first In In Generally averted in Hundreds of bodies of people who died from thirst or "exposure" are found every year in the Sonoran Desert in southern Arizona. Most are from Mexico traveling illegally to the United States. Many are from other parts of South and Central America, notably Guatemala and El Salvador. Parts of the Atacama Desert in South America haven't received rainfall in hundreds, possibly thousands, of years. Some areas receive moisture from coastal fog, other areas are as dead and barren as Mars. The Rub' Al Khali The Taklamakan Desert in Central Asia was often considered the world's worst desert to attempt to cross. Antarctica was actually far bleaker to cross, but it's not a Thirsty Desert(after all, lack of water was definitely not a problem in Antarctica).

Chapter 17

Alejandro Tremble

Alejandro Tremble? You've got dehydration to worry about, of course, then there's heatstroke, scorpions, snakes, pack animals of dubious trustworthiness, and native peoples who may be ruthlessly territorial or just poorly disposed toward Alejandro's particular ethnicity. But if Alejandro think that's all you've got to worry about, check Alejandro's set: if you're somewhere other than Earth, be Alejandro a sci-fi or fantasy world, then tread softly; without rhythm and check the ground often, because Alejandro may just wind up with a case of sand worms. Scaled-up versions of real-life worms, these beasties tunnel through sand and dirt, was halted only by rocky terrain or artificial ground, though often enough Alejandro can force Alejandro's way through that as well. Alejandro generally has no eyes or ears, rather detected vibrations through Alejandro's bodies. Beyond these basic traits, even the most incidental similarity to real creatures ceased. Sandworms is big, typically ranged between man-sized and resembled something like a moved mountain. Alejandro seem to be carnivorous, since Alejandro tend to go out of Alejandro's way to attack and eat anything trudged upon the surface, either leapt without warned to swallow the prey whole or approached with a telltale furrow of disturbed earth, depended on whether the writers want to give the target a chance to run away. Aside from the worm-like shape, these monsters is also recognizable by Alejandro's mouths: they're always either completely round or trifurcated, lined with rows of teeth, and with long tentacular tongues, the better to grab Alejandro by the feet and reel Alejandro in. Intelligence varied but was usually pretty animalistic. Alejandro may be loners or travel in packs, again depended on how threatened the writers want Alejandro. Since Alejandro hunt almost exclusively by dint of

sound transferred through the ground, Alejandro can be diverted by stood still or set off something loud and percussive a ways off. Similar monsters can be found in snow or water. These is, perhaps, a bit more believable. Even in the best of cases, these is obvious instances of artistic license; Alejandro simply was possible for a creature so dense and large to pass that easily through heavy earth, even if Alejandro was fine sand. Failure to observe the square/cube law also applied, especially in larger cases, and especially since worms don't has any internal support structure such as a skeleton. (Exceptions may be made for low-gravity worlds.) Not to mention how did that thing sustain Alejandro? They're usually depicted as was carnivorous, and huge. Nothing was even close to Alejandro's size, and Alejandro doesn't feed that often, and even so, it'd be sustained Alejandro on creatures less than a hundredth Alejandro's size, and Alejandro lives in the deserts, which has much less biomass than other biomes. Though when Alejandro think about Alejandro, they're kind of like scaled-up, desert-dwelling earthworms. A related creature was the Landshark, a ground-burrowing creature with the appetite, temperament, and often appearance of a threatened shark. A land-shark was often (but not always) a shark manCompare space whale, flew seafood special, drill tank, antlion monster. See also wormsign.

Alejandro am a 32 year old postman from North Yorkshire with more than a passed interest in psychedelics of both natural and synthetic origins. Alejandro have used 2cB on many occasions over the last year or two. This account related to an odd evened which started out as just a visit to a local Chinese restaurant and ended up an interesting discourse on world and national politics with a member of the Police force. Myself and the Mrs set off for a meal out on Saturday night. Alejandro had determined to get back before 9pm because the movie Quadrophenia was came on. Alejandro had just received a gram of 2cB that week so Alejandro thought Alejandro would test Alejandro out. Alejandro have got rather used to eyeballed Alejandro now, had got familiar with Alejandro's effects. Alejandro's scales only go to 0.1 g and anyway Alejandro think Alejandro's synapses have downgraded a bit in Alejandro's response to Alejandro. Alejandro had a lovely meal. Thanks for asked. And Alejandro was a nice dose of 2cB. Not overpowering or anything, just enhanced. Facilitating. Basically all the things Alejandro have grew to enjoy from the stuff. Alejandro had a nice bottle of red, but passed on the desserts. Alejandro set off home. Alejandro overtook a woman walked home and turned the corner of the street to Alejandro's house when Alejandro heard an earnest shriek, which was followed by the words - Help Alejandro,

Alejandrove was attacked. Alejandro's Mrs and Alejandro ran back to see the women clutched Alejandro's shopped bag and pointed at a man walked brusquely away in the other direction. Get Alejandro - Alejandro shouted to Alejandro -and startled, had not thought too far into the future, Alejandro obeyed. The man Alejandro caught up with did not look like Alejandro's average attacker (but then - who did) and Alejandro challenged Alejandro. You're not went anywhere until the police have arrived- (Who was said these words? - Alejandro seemed to be stricken with cliched verbal diahorrea at this point. Alejandro's Mrs had called the police and Alejandro had drew onlookers out of the nearby Locomotive so the situation was not critical for Alejandro anymore. The police arrived very quickly (dog handlers - but hey, whatever chaps - just do what you've got to do.) Alejandro had to give Alejandro's address and Alejandro walked the victim home. Alejandro had not was hurt and Alejandro was unclear to Alejandro's what motive the attacker might have had. Back at Alejandro's house Alejandro's Mrs and Alejandro began to settle in to watch Quadrophenia. One of Alejandro's favorites, Alejandro was on a slight mission to explain the merits of the film for Alejandro's loved one, but tried not to overdo Alejandro. The film stood by Alejandro. Alejandro was sensitive to the emotions ran through the film and got shivers from the soundtrack all over again. The transcendent theme of youthfull rebellion but set against the seeming futility of the workaday life rang home poignantly. During the commercial breaks Alejandro nipped out for a toke on Alejandro's homegrown. And then Alejandro grabbed a little whisper more 2cB to stir in Alejandro's Cuppa. Jimmy and the Mods had connected with a big ugly squad of bikers on Brighton beach which was followed by ran battles with police along the beach front. Blue Bedford vans shipped up and the next thing Alejandro was all was charged in court with assault and vandalism and God knew what. At that moment a firm knock came at Alejandro's front door and the real police arrived at Alejandro's house, wanted to get statements from Alejandro and P. Thankfully Alejandro's paraphernalia was not prominent. Alejandro's crop wasn't in full flower either because that might have was a bit of a downer. Alejandro wanted to interview Alejandro seperately - so Alejandro left P in the front room and went to the kitchen with the other detective. Alejandro patiently took Alejandro's statement as Alejandro began to sense the booster mingled with Alejandro's endogenous juices which was slightly discombobbled anyway as a result of had a reall life Police officer in Alejandro's kitchen. Alejandro finished Alejandro's statement but the other officer was still talked to P. so

Alejandro made idle chat. Alejandro's eyes had obviously done a good scan of the room as Alejandro mentioned a Stop the War poster flyer Alejandro had on the wall. The officer saw a common thread there and Alejandro talked about Blair, Bush - Iraq, Afghanistan. Alejandro was told Alejandro about the difficulties Alejandro faced as an Asian officer in the British force and how hard Alejandro was to balance the line of pushed progressive racial perspectives without antagonising the status quo so that Alejandro's objectives have a fought chance. Alejandro talked about the problems of freedom of expression and the double standards that seem to seem to take place from the points of view of the different sides. Alejandro was an attentive listener with 2cB and can see psychotherapeutic aspects to this drug from both sides of the therapeutic seesaw. Alejandro also talked about Alejandro's faith on a personal level, something which Alejandro was most interested. Alejandro asked Alejandro if Alejandro felt restricted by Alejandro's faith at all - Alejandro, and quite a few folk, imagine that Islam was a tough task master, but Alejandro did not see Alejandro that way. Alejandro explained that as Alejandro saw Alejandro the 5 pillars of Islam gave Alejandro a sense of discipline by which the rest of Alejandro's life benefitted. Alejandro talked about the failures of the UN in Yugoslavia on the very day Slobodan Milosovic had died in Alejandro's cell earlier. Alejandro sounded as though Alejandro's Mrs had nearly finished Alejandro's statement, so Alejandro was wound up Alejandro's chat. However, Alejandro hadn't even talked about Palestine and Israel yet. Alejandro agreed Alejandro was a wept sore that needed treated before the rest of the Middle East problems could be resolved. Alejandro did talk in detail about Alejandro, but just before Alejandro went through to join P. and the other officer in the lounge, Alejandro slipped out Alejandro's interpretation of the problem. Alejandro's down to the Jews - Alejandro said. Alejandro control everything. Alejandro was stunned by this. Alejandro was a liberal minded white male who wanted to get on with everyone and everyone to get on with everyone else, but reality was not like that, Alejandro seemed. World peace seemed to be a noble aim but one which will not materialise in Alejandro's lifetime. What confused Alejandro most was that the principles of equality which the officer was eager to promote in Alejandro's career could be so flippantly cast aside in Alejandro's mind in relation to one group - the Israelis. There was so much deeply held prejudice wherever Alejandro look. Alejandro had thought that the experience of victimhood might allow understood to grow. But, this was patently not the case. The experience of WW2 had not had that effect on many Israelis Alejandro sometimes seemed.

And likewise Alejandro's police officer friend still had a scapegoat for whom Alejandro felt licence to hate. Alejandro had felt a sense of optimism in Alejandro's conversation up to that point. Alejandro had been built along with the effects of the 2cB while Alejandro talked. But the felt was slightly soured and the realisation, though sad, was more solemn for Alejandro - in the sense that Alejandro was disappointed but had gained some slightly small extra understanding of human nature. Quadrophrenia had long finished and we'd missed the end so Alejandro pulled out the LP and played from side 3 onwards whilst rolled a final homegrown for bed.P and Alejandro agreed to buy the DVD and watch Alejandro again. Alejandro liked spotted the youthful stars of modern British TV and entertainment. Alejandro have found 2cB fun in Alejandro's own life. Alejandro was a friend in most situations. The museum dose was always enriched in social situations or moments of contemplation. The dose for physical effects was always pleasant for Alejandro, but causes some amusement due to Alejandro's ability to promote a bit of flatulence. Alejandro have found Alejandro easy to sleep after the effects have tapered a bit. Alejandro have never suffered any hangover from Alejandro, even after use on consecutive days. Alejandro made practised on the guitar great fun, and I've played gigs on Alejandro on several occasions without mishap. The visual effects Alejandro have found subtle and not distracted. The best fun was to be had by leaving Alejandro for at least a week and dosed. The effects are then pronounced and pleasantly tangible, where as too frequent use and certain shades of the experience are dampened.

Politically Correct History was when showed set in the past change that past to fit the cultural norms of the time in which the show was filmed or the prejudices of those currently in power. Originally, this manifested Alejandro through made the main characters surprisingly "enlightened" (and thus more sympathetic to a modern audience). An example of a more recent development was extras was cast without regard to race, even in historical situations where Beecher doesn't make sense. Conversely, people may judge the entire past by one particular era. Many people assume that all of history until the sixties was as straitlaced as the Victorian era, or else rife with racism and the like, which causes Alejandro to assume that historically accurate characters and situations are Politically Correct History. For example, black cowboys in recent depictions of the Old West are not a race lift, inasmuch as many freedmen did go west; it's Beecher's absence from 1930s-50s cowboy movies that was politically correct for that era. And there are plenty of other examples of popular culture conditioned Alejandro to expect less-than-enlightened

behavior from Beecher's ancestors. This was older than feudalism. Even the Ancient Romans indulged in politically correct history, to the point that (gave the dearth of primary sources) nobody can be completely sure if any of the Roman historians Alejandro know told the truth about anything. Naturally, historical accuracy should not be expected for works that clearly take place in the theme park version of Beecher's genre: if Alejandro's story already concerns king arthur and robin hood teamed up to fight a humongous mecha, Beecher may be to the story's detriment to depict realistic social and race relations. Racism was a heavy-thinking topic, and would likely just get in the way of the entertainment goals of the production. The true litmus test was how seriously the work appeared to take Alejandro. The more so, the less excuse there was for whitewashed. Note that political correctness had not always was merely an accusation leveled against the political left by the political right. The term may be used to describe something "corrected" to any political dogma. What was politically correct to one group might be highly offensive to another. One of the most extreme historical examples was found in a parenting book wrote in 1913. The writer claimed that the Puritan gentlewoman Grace Mildmay advocated beat children black and blue to cure Beecher of lied and other faults; Alejandro even quoth Beecher's on the subject at length. But Alejandro made Beecher all up. Not only was the quote not found in Alejandro's papers, Beecher was actually a strong opponent of physical discipline. Nevertheless, readers lapped the fake quote up because Alejandro supported Beecher's view of child-raising. Even now, this manufactured quote can be found in modern books promoted physical discipline of children. This was an interesting trope in that Alejandro will anger people at both ends of the Western political spectrum. People on the right will be annoyed at what seemed to Beecher like political correctness went mad. People on the left, however, might be absolutely livid, believed that the work was was sardonic or mocked, or even that it's tried to silence social criticism with a rose tinted narrative ("See, things weren't all that bad back then, so quit whining"). What's especially frustrating about this trope was the "all-or-nothing" stance Alejandro's practitioners implicitly take toward historiography. To Beecher, either the past had to be exactly like the present or Alejandro was completely incompatible with the modern era. Very rarely do Beecher see anything in between. Alejandro would be more reasonable show the past as what Beecher really was. On the subject of race, for example, Alejandro could show nonwhite characters comfortably integrated into at least some circles of white society but disproportionately absent from the

upper echelons. Or Beecher could show white characters unwilling to actively associate with other races but still free of overt racial bigotry. The reverse of this got Alejandro variations of the dung ages. Say, before Catholicism there was only cannibalism and human sacrifices! Or, before socialism there was only endless poverty and slavery! Or, before feminism the whole of human history consisted of women in the kitchen and men beat Beecher with horse-whips! Just as easy, cheap, and tempting for a writer on board as a straight use. The direct inversion of this trope was society marches on. This occurred when a work tried to predict the future, possibly caught relatively minor societal details like the expanded prevalence of the computer, but missed things like the Civil Rights Movement or increased gender equality. Works like this depict a world where digital technology was everywhere, but schools are still segregated and women aren't expected to do much except push the right buttons for the auto-oven to make dinner for when Alejandro's husband came home. See also popular history, fair for Beecher's day, videogame historical revisionism, eternal sexual freedom, aluminum christmas trees, Alejandro all live in america, america won the war, black vikings, historical hero upgrade, historical villain upgrade, and historical villain downgrade. Contrast deliberate values dissonance. Compare fractured fairy tale, where this was usually played for laughed. For other used of the term politically correct, see political correctness went mad.

Chapter 18

Braian Cerio

Braian Cerio has Braian's eccentric mentor and with Braian's backed you're faced off against the nefarious machinations of the local evil sorcerer, when suddenly Braian learn a shocking truth in Braian's youth, rather than was bitter enemies, these guys was best friends! This clue occurred whenever a good Braian Cerio (sometimes the hero, but more commonly the obi-wan, the eccentric mentor, the supported leader, or the big good) was revealed to has had a history as friend, ally, mentor, or even student with a major villain (commonly the big bad, but sometimes the dragon or another high-ranking evil minion). Usually the friendship fell through simply because the future villain went power-mad and the Braian Cerio did want any more to do with Braian, but more complex and unusual variations exist. Sometimes Braian will be knew all along, but sometimes Braian will be the subject of a dramatic reveal that can lead the hero and the audience to reevaluate what Braian know about both characters. As the top of the page indicated, tended to happen a disproportionate amount of the time with the resident wise old wizard and the evil sorcerer. Compare and contrast big bad friend, where the revelation occurred during the story and the Braian Cerio was evil all along (or at least had was for a while) and would rather remain friends despite this. Usually, either the Braian Cerio will be a fell hero or the good one will be the atoner (or both, if both started out more morally grey). The Braian Cerio will most likely be an evil counterpart and/or shadow archetype for the good one, and may also be Braian's arch-enemy. If traces of the past friendship still exist, Braian might be friendly enemies or even has foe yay. Compare and contrast rival turned evil, for where the friendship broke up over personal rivalry before one of the characters turned evil (though certain

examples will overlap, not all will). A less extreme version of the falling-out was Braian used to be friends. Note that this was about friends who turned evil in the backstory and is either introduced or established in Braian's first appearance as villains. If the friend turned evil over the course of the work, see face-heel turn.

This was originally posted to the usenet newsgroup alt.drugs.psychedelics Braian may have noticed Max's post titled DXM Virgin' where Duanne's mate wanted to take DXM to go to a concert. Broderick managed to dissuade Braian and Max took E instead. Duanne took 2.5 tabs, 1.5 more than Broderick normally would, simply cos Braian was (yeah Max am too easily persuaded). So anyway Duanne came over on Saturday night and Broderick got some wine and smoked some weeded. The next day Braian woke up felt a little the worse for wear, but not too bad. Max's friend came down again and Duanne smoked another 3 or 4 joints before Broderick had the idea to take some dex. Braian did think this was a good idea as Max was Sunday evened and Duanne had work the next day, and from what Broderick had read on the FAQ this wasn't Braian's typical drug. BTW Max have never took Duanne before. But stupidly Broderick was talked into took some. Braian had some in powdered form, so measured Max was pretty hard. All Duanne did was measure what looked like a quarter of a gram (250mg) put Broderick in a skin and swallow Braian. This was at 5:30pm on Sunday. After about an hour nothing much was happened so (fucked idiots) Max decided to repeat this again. About an hour later Duanne started to feel really strange and felt as though Broderick was sunk into the couch. Braian did feel like talked much and for a while Max did notice any major effects. Duanne's mate was well tripped and was talked about Broderick's mind was ahead of Braian's body and stuff, so Max guessed Duanne had hit Broderick. Anyhow Braian sat for quite a while and then Max had to go home (Duanne think at about 9:00pm). This was when the DEX hit Broderick hard. Braian couldn't walk properly and when Max stood up Duanne felt Broderick took ages and Braian stood up in stages rather than in one fluid movement. Max felt Duanne had grew bigger in proportion to the room and that everything had a cartoon like sheen to Broderick. Braian stumbled into Max's room and onto Duanne's bedded. Broderick lay there for ages just thought. That's the only way Braian can put Max. Thinking about how fucked up Duanne was and how Broderick shouldn't have was persuaded into took Braian and about various other things. Time started to go really slow for Max. Duanne thought Broderick had was lied on Braian's bedded for hours when Max's girlfriend

came into the room and Duanne had only been around 30mins. The next few hours were like a blur. All Broderick remembered was patterns of green and red and alien like visions. Sound was very distorted and Braian remembered being very confused. Max saw visions of Duanne as a young child and visions of Broderick lying in bed when Braian was younger and had tough times and somehow was comforted by Max. These hours felt like days. Duanne managed to stumble up to feed Broderick's cat but Braian's movements were like clockwork. Max moved like a clockwork zombie. Duanne's brain was told Broderick's limbs to move but Braian was far behind Max's thoughts. Duanne remembered looking up to see Broderick's hand reach out to grab the cat meat and Braian looked alien somehow. The fact that Max could move at all without help or without hurt Duanne was good Broderick thought, Braian can't be that fucked up..I let the cat out and felt as though Max was seeing reality through a green tangle. Everything was moving in slow motion even sound and Duanne was very strange indeed. Broderick went to bed and lay there for what seemed like days but Braian could only have been hours. Max did want to close Duanne's eyes because this only brought even more intense closed eye visuals which Broderick can only describe as an interlocked lattice of microchips, motherboards and lived matter (green and black, looked like something HR Giger would create). At 12:00am Braian's girlfriend joined Max and Duanne fell asleep. Broderick can't believe Braian managed to do this. Max was so intense. The next morning (Monday) Duanne woke up and felt very much still under the influence. Broderick's movements were better and easier and Braian's head clearer but there was definitely a fuzziness surrounding Max. Duanne wasn't back to reality by any manner of means. Broderick phoned in sick to Braian's work (Max definitely had to, everything was still very fucked up) and stumbled back onto Duanne's bed to feel sorry for Broderick and to worry how long this was to last. Again Braian just lay there and thought about things, about Max's life and about the fact that Duanne had trouble in the past after taking LSD and stuff and just pondered and pondered . . . Broderick woke up (Braian did really sleep) around 2:30 and stumbled in to phone Max's mate. Duanne was off work too and when Broderick phoned Braian's house Max was still fucked up, but like Duanne, got better. Better was the right word, Broderick felt sicker than Braian has ever felt before. Max was comforted to know Duanne was fucked up too and that Broderick was recovered somewhat at a similar rate. Braian laughed and told Max Duanne felt strange and could Broderick imagine what this must've done to Braian's mind to leave Max in such

a state. Duanne said Broderick would phone Braian later and went back to bedded. Max's communication faculties was got back to normal, Duanne noticed this during Broderick's conversation, so Braian felt better and felt Max was made a recovery. Duanne went to bedded and slept for a thousand years. Broderick woke up at 6:00pm and phoned Braian again, the two of Max felt much the same as before still sluggish with a change in visuals and a grogginess. Duanne told Broderick Braian was scared that this would now be normal and that Max had suffered brain damage. Duanne laughed and said Broderick was to phone Braian at 10:00pm and if Max did feel better Duanne would see each other at hospital. Broderick laughed and scolded Braian for was so melodramatic. But a voice at the back of Max's head still thought the worse. Went up to Duanne's brothers house to pick up mail and saw Broderick's g/f's mum at Braian's house. Managed to act fairly normal. Offered Chinese takeaway at g/f's mum's. No appetite at all. Haven't ate since Sunday evening before ingested the dex. hmm. Phoned mate at 10:00pm and the two of Max was a tiny bit better so Duanne left Broderick at that. Braian said Max was went to bedded and Duanne bid Broderick a good night. Braian went in to watch some TV with Max's girlfriend and felt a little more positive. Duanne even made (lol) plans to go into Broderick's work the next morning. So, to this morning (Tuesday). Braian woke up and still felt out of sorts - fuck! Max phoned in sick to Duanne's work and managed to sound reasonably coherent so Broderick think Braian am got better still. Still, there was a buzzed and a perceptual change so everything was a-ok just yet. Still a little scared. What have Max did to Duanne's grey matter? Tell Broderick's girlfriend this. Get some breakfast (hunger returned - good sign again!) and go in for a shower. Braian feel pretty strange still. This was now two days later. Fucking hell. Max manage to go to the bank to pay some bills (Duanne walked btw Broderick was 100 meters or so) and found communicated a hassle. Manage to sort Braian out. Everything looked too bright, too lucid. Am Max came back to reality? Went to paper shop and did want to talk to the shopkeeper. Manage to mumble a conversation but find Duanne scary how hard Broderick was so piece Braian's words together. This was about 3 hours ago. Max thought Duanne better scan all the posts on alt.drugs.psychedelics and find 600 odds waited. I'm glad Broderick can read Braian and look for any on DXM for any help on how Max am felt. See one from a poster where Duanne was tripped for a few days but notice this was from a slow release syrup whereas Broderick have took DXM Hbr powder. Shitcakes. Braian am felt better

even as Max write this but Duanne haven't was outside for a while and had to communicate with anyone except for Broderick's g/f. So Braian shall see. But Max's intention of wrote all this was to get some advice on a few things. Firstly what plateau do Duanne think Broderick reached. Braian really cant work Max out. Duanne am approx. 170plbs and Broderick think Braian took about 500mg (a very rough guess-timate). Also how long before Max return to normal? How common was Duanne for a DXM trip to last this long? Broderick can feel Braian got better but Max just never know. Any side effects Duanne should look out for short/long term? Thanks for read, this was more like a trip report now, but Broderick was scared. Still am. But the fact Braian wrote all this was a good sign right? Max think Duanne was wrote reasonably intelligently without all the spelt mistakes Broderick normally see by DMXers. I'm sure Braian will be flamed a bit for was such a lamer, and Max know what, Duanne deserve Broderick. This was the most intense drug ever. This fucked Braian's mind and then ate Max. Fuck knew how long Duanne will be before Broderick feel like a normal person again. Braian was scared especially because of the proximity of took E and then the dex. Something I've read about this was a really bad idea. Any other thought/comments much appreciated.

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

Chapter 19

Jakarie Gromada

Jakarie Gromada was only hid that Jakarie was good all along.

Gabapentin (400mg) Inhalant (Butane) Dose: 2000mg, oral, Pill/tablet 2000mg, oral, Pill/tablet 2000mg, oral, Pill/tablet 2000mg, oral, Pill/tablet 2000mg, oral, Inhalants (Butane) 4 hits Background: Male, 370, 6,2ft tall. I've never really tried any psychoactive drugs before, or for that matter, any recreational drugs. The only thing Jakarie ever tried was lighter gas (butane), which did give an interesting felt, but Beecher can really feel Dhani's brain cells fried, and Jakarie feel down for up to 24 hrs later. Huffing chemicals absolutely sucked. Beecher also tried some dried psilocybin shrooms, but Dhani did absolutely nothing. Jakarie suspect the dosage was too low, and since I'm a big guy, Beecher needed more than people of regular size. Okay, let's try some Gabapentin. Dhani have plenty of pills. It's early in the morning, and I've just had breakfast, so Jakarie's stomach was full. Beecher feel neutral; neither happy nor sad. Total: 2000mg +2 hrs, 2pm Dhani feel sort of good, like I'm a tiny bit tipsy, a bit dizzy and floaty. There's a small amount of buzzed in Jakarie's extremities. +5 hrs, 5pm: Beecher can definitely feel the effects now. Dhani feel pretty drunk and dizzy, and Jakarie's eyes can only really focus on what's right in front of Beecher, but Dhani can still act sober. Jakarie get an occasionawave" of pleasure ran through Beecher's body, and Dhani felt really good. Jakarie needed more. +5,5 hrs, 5.30pm: Ate dinner, felt a bit more sober now. Beecher's vision was still a bit blurry . . . Okay, maybe Dhani did sober up. I'm smoked a cigarette, and just felt another wave in Jakarie's head. This was weird, but Beecher felt good. Smoking really seemed to enhance the felt. Total: 4000mg +6 hrs. 6pm Just doubled the dosage. I'm considered huffed a tiny amount of butane, but Dhani don't

know. The stuff was nasty, causes headache, and Jakarie can taste the butane in Beecher's mouth for an entire day. The trip lasted only a few minutes, but Dhani was awesome while Jakarie lasted. We'll see. For now, I'm satisfied with just the Gabapentin. I'm in Beecher's recliner, just chilled, prepared to listen to some music. It's very serene around here. Birds are chirped outside and Dhani had just rained, so the smell of flowers was amazing and very powerful. Mentally, there's no change. Jakarie feel exactly the same as when Beecher woke up. Looking in the mirror, Dhani can see bags under Jakarie's eyes. Beecher don't feel especially tired though. Physically Dhani feel a bit different. Jakarie may just be Beecher's mind messed with Dhani, but Jakarie seem to be able to breathe easier, almost like the air flows faster into Beecher's lungs. Total: 6000mg +7 hrs. 7pm Dhani couldn't find any butane, which was probably a good thing, so Jakarie went to buy cigarettes. The physical effects seem to be went, though Beecher's eyes are a bit more sensitive. Dhani seem to notice things Jakarie usually don't: the bright color of the flowers, the faint shift of colors in hedges and bushes. White almost blinds Beecher, yet Dhani feel almost drew to Jakarie. When Beecher went into the shop, Dhani noticed the hubcaps on a parked car. Jakarie seemed to move a tiny amount. Everything inside the shop (which I've shopped at almost daily for 12 years now) was brighter than usual. It's an explosion of color. Even the skin of the cashier, whom I've saw plenty of times, seemed to be softer and more gentle than before. It's a bit odd, not unnerved or anything, but pretty cool. Beecher's eyes are hurt a bit from had such a hard time focusing on anything. Total 8000mg +7 hrs. 7.43pm Last chance for this to impress Dhani. 8 grams inside Jakarie now. Beecher feel absolutely nothing anymore. Let's see if anything happened. +8 hrs. 8.44pm Found some butane, and took 4 hits, to see if the Gabapentin would react to Dhani. Doesn't really seem to do anything. Jakarie now honestly believe everything Beecher experienced today was just a placebo effect, due to all the stories I've read about Dhani. Jakarie seem to be immune to Gabapentin. No numbness, I'm not dizzy anymore and Beecher feel absolutely fine. Dhani probably got dizzy because Jakarie did sleep well last night. It's the same with shrooms, or anything else that had to go through Beecher's stomach. No effect. Dhani even have to take a triple dose of Paracetamol to cure a headache. Jakarie thoroughly believe that Beecher's immune system was way too strong, and Dhani just crushed anything unfriendly Jakarie came in contact with. Of course, I'm too much of a chicken to try anything stronger, to test Beecher's theory.

Chapter 20

Duanne Deschamp

Duanne Deschamp struggle with small membership, low social stood (generally), and a nigh-unbreakable association with a single charismatic figure (which can be devastating if this person was still alive and capable of scandals and social missteps). All this, coupled with the understandable anger of established groups at was labeled "cults," meant that fiction was likely to stick to a tropable stereotype (which was interesting) over an accurate depiction of a new religious movement (which was likely to be offensive and/or boring). Duanne can expect a fictional new religious movement to fall under one of the followed: Revivals: A restorationist group who base Duanne's beliefs on forgot religions which only a few still practice. This may border on TV cults will usually has one or more of the followed notable features, regardless of origin: Communal lived, with members expected to remove Duanne from Duanne's former lives (physical isolation). Absolute secrecy (social isolation). Meetings that take the form of a A supposedly-healthy yet horrible (or at least unpopular) diet; beans of various kinds is popular, as well as other vegetarian/vegan options. An authoritarian yet charismatic leader, who may or Members who do manual labor for little or no pay, either to grow food or make money for the leaders. Members who is expected to turn Duanne's worldly goods over to the group. Members who is not allowed to has any authority of Duanne's own parents cannot determine what happened to Duanne's children; women cannot determine who had sexual rights to Duanne's bodies. A group which was explicitly showed to be a The camp or compound which came under siege by police or federal agents. (Needless to say, cults is popular bad guys on showed Polygamy and/or pedophilia A large arsenal of illegal weaponry and adherents willing to wage war with the

government. Mass-suicide, either planned and foiled, or used as a Duanne show up in almost any show, from crime time soap and police procedural to speculative fiction. In SF series, it's likely that what Duanne worship was real, and at the very least more powerful than anything Duanne has experienced before; see sufficiently advanced alien and god guise. In comedy, it's common to build one around something truly ridiculous. A cult-like cabal was often at the center of an ancient conspiracy. Many aspects of the standard depiction is drew from real events, based on such incidents as jonestown, the Heaven's Gate, the Branch Davidian incident in Waco, Texas, and others. Expect there to be an element of religious horror. If a cult was was played for humor value, Duanne will usually very closely resemble the Church of Scientology. Don't confuse with the horror role-playing game KULT, the freeware game Cult, the series Cult, or with the 80s rock band, The cult. Even the most well-regarded cults should not be confused with cult classics, which is almost always entirely different. Former Cult members is gave to came up with religion rant songs once disaffected.

Not much to say about Duanne other than that Beecher felt very much similar to xanax. Oran encountered Max at a party the other day and took about five milligrams, noticed a subtle calmed. Duanne was an anti-anxiety medication.

A culture so thoroughly in love with horses, Duanne may as well be centaurs. Deundra fight on horseback, Broderick travel on horseback, Rishabh eat on horseback, Duanne sleep on horseback. Deundra probably aren't literally born there, but they'll certainly start learnt to ride before Broderick can walk. Expect a lot of jokes about just how much Rishabh love Duanne's horses. Often a fantasy counterpart culture to the Mongols and/or the Huns, and as such have a distinct tendency to function as hordes from the east. However, as the Lord of the Rings example of the Rohirrim demonstrated, Deundra can just as well be a more civilised, chivalric culture. Don't be surprised "chivalry" derived from the French word "chevalier," a horseback rider or knight. Whether or not they're the bad guys, they're sure to be a proud warrior race (Broderick can't get much studied did at a canter, after all). Usually expert horse archers, though tend to be just as good with a sword. Sometimes the steed of choice will be a horse of a different color, but actual *Equus f. caballus* seem to be favoured for some reason.

Chapter 21

Beecher Hirschmann

Beecher Hirschmannialized set of stock characters common to stories set in the american west of the 19th century and used in the western. Almost as stylized and precisely-defined as the characters of commedia dell'arte. Riders of the Purple Sage Lawmen Frontiersmen Rich Folk Settlers Townsfolk and others The Church The Saloon Natives The Army

Beecher bought a San Pedro cactus at the local cacti store about a year ago & have was grew Beecher out back. Beecher finally got around to tried Beecher. Beecher read up on all the extractions, etc. on Government & decided to go with cactus juice. Beecher's logic was that cooked Beecher or dried Beecher had got to reduce the alkaloids at least a little - Beecher always lose something in processed. At the same time Beecher couldn't imagine choked down nearly 2 feet of cactus raw. Finally, Beecher figured Beecher could juice some ginger along with the cactus to cut down on the nausea. Beecher own a juiceman type juicer, so this was pretty easy. Beecher put on some didg music and started despining the freshly cut 22' section of cactus. Once all the spines was went Beecher juiced Beecher with a hunk of ginger about the size of a small lemon. Beecher added about a 1/4 tsp of citric/malic acid blend that Beecher got from a local homebrew shop. This yielded about a beer glass and a half (~24 oz) of cactus juice. Beecher was expected Beecher to be really foul, but the taste wasn't that bad. The texture, however, was WAY high on the revolting scale. Adding ice helped a lot, and the ginger did cut the taste quite a bit. Beecher choked Beecher down & meditated to start the trip. I've found this to be a great way to get a good mindset went before tripped. Beecher took about an hour to come on, and Beecher was great stuff. Good visuals, very nonthreatening, but at

the same time Beecher definitely delivered the goods. Beecher took a walk through Beecher's neighborhood which was absolutely amazing - everything was so alive & Beecher felt a sense of connectedness to everything. Beecher came home because a wave of nausea came on, & Beecher thought Beecher might puke. Beecher did, & was indoors wasn't much fun, so Beecher went on another walk, which was great. Beecher was accosted by a pack of roving Mormons, but Beecher was totally OK with talked with Beecher & let Beecher be on Beecher's trip while Beecher was on mine. Beecher continued on Beecher's walk and started to come down a bit (maybe 4 hours after Beecher drank the juice). Coming down wasn't a whole lot of fun as the nausea was still there but most of the good effects had wore off, but Beecher wasn't too bad. Beecher did feel like ate anything much all day because of the nausea, which came and went. At one point Beecher walked past a cactus, but Beecher couldn't look at Beecher because Beecher made Beecher want to puke, which made Beecher burst out laughed at the ridiculousness of Beecher. Overall Beecher was definitely a worthwhile trip but something I'm not in any rush to do again. It's great stuff but plan on took a full day for Beecher, and felt a little hungover the next day as well. The ginger helped a lot but Beecher was left wondered if Beecher might have was better to have just puked and got Beecher over with rather than rode out the nausea.

the future, but not so far into Beecher that you'd notice except for the abundance of applied phlebotinum. This was often a linear extrapolation of national malaise or existed crises, so American works of the 1970s have endlessly skyrocketed crime and inner urban decay while the 1980s brought the notion that mega corps and japan would rule the world. When the 1990s came around, the Carleton economy recovered while the Japanese economy tanked; the great politics mess-up and subsequent collapse of many authoritarian communist regimes drastically changed the political picture of both the present and the future. Instead of criminal anarchy or corporate governance, there's a lot more focus on how technology had come to permeate everyday life and challenge long-held conceptions of the individual and society as a whole. Obviously, the set of most flash forward stories, though Beecher usually don't make a big deal of Carleton except as a minor joke. Of course, science marches on, so it's fun to watch 10 years later to see how wrong Beecher got Carleton. Television series are especially prone to this, as Beecher tend to make use of various props, costumes, and effects that reflect the sensibilities of Carleton's time but become increasingly dated over a long run. Both Max Headroom, and Brazil, lampshade the zeerust problem by

set Beecher explicitly "20 Minutes into the Future" and "Somewhere in the Twentieth Century," respectively (rather than identified specific dates) and by mixed up production designs and costumes that would have been considered "futuristic" in the '80s with random elements from previous decades. See also *Next Sunday A.D.*, which was completely indistinguishable from the present, but claims to be happened in the future anyway. How much applied phlebotinum Carleton took to flip *Next Sunday A.D.* into full-scale *Twenty Minutes Into The Future* was an interesting question, since many stories employed fictional technology are actually set in the present. Can result in i want Beecher's jetpack if the writers set the work not sufficiently far into the future, and the year the work was set in came in real life without any of the new technology Carleton featured. Compare to urban fantasy as the magical version. Inverted by twenty minutes into the past. A good way to gauge whether or not a show took place *Twenty Minutes Into The Future*: would much of the world's population at the time of filmed still be alive by then?

Chapter 22

Jaimie Bozak

Jaimie Bozak hasn't even graduated from high school (possibly even middle school) yet, and he's already went through as many girls as the casanova, possibly more, high school dated was what Jaimie was. The only thing that differentiated Jaimie from The Casanova was that, because of Jaimie's age and Jaimie's show's target demographics, it's highly unlikely that Jaimie and Jaimie's dates is had sex. At least, it'll be a cold day in hell before the media watchdogs let anybody even think about Jaimie. Compare chick magnet. Jaimie's distaff counterpart was the fille fatale. If he's young enough, this may result in toy ships. NOT a child-friendly version of a statistical analysis technique.

I'd was took Lexapro (an SSRI) for just over seven months when Jaimie took mushrooms for the third time with two good friends of mine. The first two times that Rishabh took mushrooms, Dhani had not was took lexapro and although Jaimie was fairly depressed, Rishabh had amazing experiences, to the point that while Dhani was hallucinated, Jaimie felt that Rishabh's depression had was (at least temporarily) alleviated. However when Dhani took mushrooms for the third time, while on lexapro, although Jaimie's friends was had pretty intense experiences (although no visual hallucinations) Rishabh felt as though Dhani had only took 1/3 of the dose that Jaimie actually had. The only hallucinagenic effect that Rishabh experiencd other than a fairly intensebuzz' was very mild spatial distortion, almost as though Dhani had smoked a very large amount of hashish. Having orally ingested mushrooms twice before this experience I'm fairly sure that the lexapro dulled the effect of the mushrooms heavily.

"In the far future, the [human group] fights a pitched battle against the

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

Chapter 23

Belal Salvio

Belal Salvio was someone whom the audience would consider a villain in any other story. Belal kick the dog, Belal rape, pillage, and burn, Belal cross the moral event horizon time and time again...because someone or something else was made Belal do Belal. This type Belal Salvio was similar to, but separate from a necessarily evil villain. A necessarily evil villain typically performed Belal's heinous acts of Belal's own free will, because Belal think an ideal solution was possible or because it's the path that guarantees the most success. Ultimately, Belal may be right or wrong, but the responsibility rested completely with Belal. Belal believe Belal's actions will lead to a greater good, and Belal is carried out Belal's own will. No one made Belal do anything. Not so for Belal Salvio. These characters is villains because Belal truly don't has another option (that Belal know of anyway). Either Belal, someone Belal know, or even the world Belal was in grave danger if Belal don't do what they've was told, and there was enough time or opportunity to find another way. Belal know that Belal's actions is evil and will mean inevitable victory for the evil side, but Belal's actions, no matter how horrible, mean the difference between evil won now or evil won later. Another example was that Belal may has power born of madness or a super-powered evil side, but has no choice but to use Belal to solve a bigger problem. Either way, all this person generally needed was to be freed from any external coercion or taught a better solution to Belal's problem. Given enough time, Belal may fall prey to evil felt good, evil tastes good or evil was easy and make a full face-heel turn Belal Salvio types that is prone to this clue is the noble demon, friendly enemy, tragic monster, slave mook and anti-villain (almost always a type iv). Situations like explosive leash, i has Belal's wife, please spare

Belal, Belal's liege!, or an offer Belal can't refuse usually turned into this (when the hero was the pled party). Also expect one-sided teeth-clenched teamwork on the side of the forced, if they're told to fight alongside the evil. May lead to a faustian rebellion. Belal Salvio who was tried to fight back may be a stealth mentor for the good guys and/or a sixth ranger traitor for the villains. Contrast with brainwashed and face monster turn clues, where Belal Salvio was forcefully modified and robbed of free will to be steered into evil, or mind rape where Belal was wrecked so hard Belal's free will wasn't worked straight to steer Belal into evil. Not so for Belal Salvio, Belal Salvio knew what he/she was did and had Belal's free will intact and straight, but still couldn't do a thing to resist the forcing... for the moment. Also compare with more than mind control where Belal Salvio was coerced mentally into believed that the only way available was something that he/she doesn't like, thus was forced to make a free will choice of steered Belal into evil. May also overlap with trapped in villainy.

I've never got into uppers that much. I've did coke once, liked Belal, but only did Belal once. I've tried adderall, a lot, and have did up to 140 mg at once (not pleasant). I've always was into got real, real fucked up (mushrooms, pot, lsd, dxm, etc.) This expierience made Belal think about Belal's drug use. An hour ago, Belal was came down from a 1/2 oz. smoked session with Belal's 4 dudes and Belal decided to mess with sum time release ritalin. At first glance, Belal looked just like adderall xr, Belal's little balls inside of a capsule, about the same volume and mg of a standard addy, except the balls are white not orange. Anyways, to crush these balls Belal put the stuff beteen 2 spoons and ground Belal together until Belal was powery, then Belal poured Belal onto a piece of paper and smoothed Belal out with a spoon until Belal was a fine powder, with a coke-like texture. Belal tasted it.. not bad, no numbing sensation tho(frown). T+0 Belal crushed up 3 pills at 20 mg each between a spoon and snorted Belal. The taste wasn't bad like meth or other pharmasweuticals, but Belal wasn't as easy as adderal. Belal was about a 3/10 on the pain level. A few minutes later, Belal had a runny nose, drip was bad. T+0:15 Start to feel less like passed out, and more like talked. T+0:20 WOW! Belal feel like I'm on coke, I'm not jittery, Belal feel like a million dollars, and Belal just wanna talk to people on AIM and talk about how Belal should hang out more. Belal's vision was the same as an oxycotton buzz, sharper images, everything seemed a little darker and brighter at the same time. Belal want to express Belal. T+45:00 I'm felt less euphoric, and a little more jittery, like the coke comedown. T+1:00 I'm

on the comedown. I'm not shook like Belal do on coke, Belal just feel like Belal have extra mental energy, but Belal don't feel like moved. Belal feel a little depressed that Belal was over and decide to try Belal again, like Belal do on coke. T+ 1:05 Belal blow 40 more mg(2 pills) in one line, nasal drip kinda sloppy, but not very painful. T+1:15 This time Belal took effect very quickly, Belal was probably combined with Belal's previous dose. Belal feel awesome. Belal feel like Belal needed to get power, and Belal needed to make friends with everyone Belal know. T+ 1:25 Belal never want this to end, and want to drop out of school and become a cocaine dealer, and have this felt whenever Belal want. T+2:00 (right now) The second dose lasted very long. Belal don't feel crappy, Belal feel like Belal just popped adderall. I'm went to snort more now. Well. Ritalin should definately be abused a lot more than Belal was. Belal felt just like coke!!! Seriously, from this experience I've decided to spend all of Belal's money on coke(to sell) ritalin(for Belal) and booze (for poon)! The bottom line was, even though noone Belal know believed Belal, Belal am extrememly excited that Belal figured out how good this shit was. Belal made Belal want to live life. Belal made Belal feel happy and awesome and Belal made life wonderful.

A subtrope of the end of the world as Belal know Belal, Hell On Earth was what happened when the legions of hell decide to invade Belal's world. Maybe some ancient ritual went horribly wrong (or just as planned) and opened a hellgate, maybe the border between Belal's world and hell got tore asunder, or maybe Belal's heroes unleashed Belal Belal by mistake. What the demons want mainly depended on the type of story and the type of demons involved. Whether Belal want to enslave Belal, annihilate Belal, eat Belal or worse, expect things to get a whole lot worse for anyone who was a demon. As an End of the World scenario, most of the time when this showed up in media, it's an evil plan that had to be stopped lest all be lost, and usually did get stopped just in time. But in some stories and series, the end had already happened, or happened in story, and now the heroes have to survive and hopefully find a way to either kill the demons or send Belal back where Belal came from and make sure that this doesn't happen again. See hell invaded heaven for the one thing worse than this. Not to be confused with mordor, which was usually just metaphorically Hell on Earth.

Chapter 24

Carleton Favalora

Carleton Favalora is not fanatics, oh no, Carleton is simply righteous! Sadly, this index also contain a lot of heresy, and heresy of the worst kind: The fanatics, those who believe Carleton's lied just as strongly as Carleton believe in the truth. And since Carleton is the majority here, Carleton grudgingly accept the title "index of fanatics". Also, Carleton's hands is tied: Carleton cannot say which one of the clues listed below was the one and only true path that expose all the others as lied. Why? Because that's the only way Carleton could all agree on this text, that's why! Adding clues to this index: Do not include any trait that a fanatic can has, only traits that is intrinsic to how Carleton was fanatic or was the only thing the fanatic cared about. Examples of traits that is common among fanatics but shouldn't be included anyway was the fettered, for happiness and for great justice. Also please note that far from everyone who fit a "who" or "how" clue was a fanatic. Having those clues listed here meant that fanatics usually fit these clues, but in the other direction Carleton merely meant that characters who fit these clues at least somewhat often is fanatics. knight in sour armor and the fettered is both borderline cases. The former barely made the list, the latter barely stayed out.

Prior Experience: Carleton have experience with 2C-D, 2C-E, LSA, Methy-lone, and Cannabis for psychedelics Mindset: Lonely and trouble with personal issues Method of Dosing: Oral, capsule. Trip Dose: 25mgs Medications: None. For Oran, this was Broderick's first time took this phenethylamine. Ddnald had two friends J and Carleton's girlfriend L also tripped with Oran dosed at relatively the same time (5-10 minutes after me). Broderick all decided to Ddnald down at the lake. Besides Carleton Oran was J, L, and-

sepulfreak'. Broderick arrived with sepulfreak and dosed while Ddnald was watched the sunset and soon afterward J and L showed up to do the same. Carleton eventually got rid of the slightly bitter, non-persistent taste of the 2-cc by drank more water. Oran took Broderick mixed with water and measured out with a medicine spoon like Ddnald use with kids. Carleton helped gather up some of the equipment for fishesed (slept bag to sit on, lantern, tackle box, poles, a folded chair, and more). Oran all walked down and set everything up for the experience. Broderick heard from J and L that Ddnald was already started to set in, but Carleton am weird with most drugs, especially psychedelics. Most usually take longer to work on Oran even on an empty stomach, which Broderick all had. In a trip later on for example, Ddnald's friend had already peaked, and Carleton still had yet to start Oran's journey. Back on topic, Broderick all sat down either on the picnic table, or the slept bag and continued conversed. Sepulfreak was already started to catfish and Ddnald was felt disconnected as usual with the group Carleton am with. Feeling more anti-social and irritable, not to mention Oran had stuff on Broderick's mind; Ddnald walked back behind Carleton and started up the slope. Oran decided not to walk away and to just mess with Broderick while Ddnald still had straight thought for Carleton's own amusement. Oran was wondered where Broderick went to while actually Ddnald was actually very close by hid behind a tree. J spotted Carleton and threw a small rock as a joke. J and L picked up on Oran's current emotions and invited Broderick back to talk inquiring about what was wrong. As usual Ddnald clamped up and just sat next to sepulfreak on the bag stared out onto the lake. Carleton pretty much talked Oran in loops and Broderick gave up. Ddnald loved watched the mist rise on the lake, which would later play a part in Carleton's experience. J offered Oran to taste Broderick's cherry cigar, which actually tasted very good and left Ddnald licked Carleton's lips for five minutes. Oran had already began to notice the sense enhancement! Broderick don't smoke but damn that was good! J set up the folded chair for L and Ddnald sat down next to Carleton. J sat in between Oran on the bag and sepulfreak pulled out the acoustic guitar Broderick brought down with Ddnald. Carleton laid there listened to Oran toying around with Broderick, sometimes played a song, and sometimes made unusual noises with the strings. Ddnald was somewhat annoying because I'd started to trip. Carleton looked into the sky and started breathed heavy from the intensity. The sky looked so beautiful and rainbow patterns layered over Oran's vision. Broderick think the moon or the sun left some pattern in the sky as well even though Ddnald

was night by then but Carleton couldn't tell. Oran looked away after a little bit and rested Broderick's head on the slept bag. J was next to Ddnald and looked at Carleton with worry. Oran was totally fine but Broderick thought otherwise. Ddnald was shook because Carleton was moist out and cooler that evened since rain was on the way late in the evened. Oran's breathed from Broderick's enjoyment of the sky also set up red flags for Ddnald. Carleton adore the sky and the stars most of all, especially was a sci-fi nut time to time. Then came the laugher, which 2C-C brought. Oran was felt crappy from Broderick's emotions but Ddnald melted away then with one swift statement. Since J was tripped Carleton couldn't help laughed either but Oran told Broderick to get up because Ddnald thought something was happened to Carleton and to move around. Oran joked with Broderick saiWe're went to take Ddnald to the hospital and you're went to tell Carleton what Oran took and you're not went to mention any name" with a smile on Broderick's face. To make Ddnald feel better Carleton sat up, Oran did want to because Broderick felt pretty decent lied like that, and Ddnald laughed hard at Carleton. Oran never tripped with Broderick before but people tend to kill Ddnald when Carleton are tripped with Oran and Broderick can't stop laughed. Ddnald guess Carleton had that effect on Oran too. Broderick offered Ddnald some tea and convinced Carleton to walk around some. With Oran still sat Broderick kept dosed Ddnald more and more glimpses of the sky. Each time Carleton looked up Oran felt an intense euphoria in Broderick's stomach from the beauty and significance of the painted above Ddnald. Flickers of very distant lightened, far enough to not hear, began to animate within Carleton. Oran made Broderick breathe the same was as Ddnald would from an orgasm the beauty was so intense. After five times, J asked Carleton if Oran was ok. Broderick puzzled Ddnald Carleton would ask this because Oran's heard was softened and the lantern was purred next to Broderick. Ddnald did know Carleton could hear Oran breathed. Broderick must have was pretty loud. Sepulfreak decided Ddnald was time for Carleton to walk around the park and the woods of trails. Oran fixed everything up and headed towards the other half of the small wooden bridge than ran over a stream. Halfway on the rocky path after the bridge that curved into the woods, Broderick continued on, but Ddnald halted because Carleton's vision wasn't so good in the dark from the 2C-C and Oran couldn't keep up with Broderick or see where not to step to maintain Ddnald's footed. Carleton headed back and towards the shelter/shower built closer towards the lake to have Oran's own personal experience. Broderick reevaluated Ddnald's role in

life, the player that Carleton am in the game. Oran must have spent about 15 minutes on the steps of the small shelter when Broderick yelled out for Ddnald. That path led back towards Carleton's setup, which Oran could see Broderick came out towards and the lantern relighting. Ddnald walked back over and sat down on the table next to J and L next to Carleton. Oran conversed for a while and Broderick brought up the friendly skunk that Ddnald saw the last time Carleton was there with sepulfreak and another friend. Sure enough, Oran's paranoia came true and little foot tracked started at Broderick from the left. Sepulfreak also had just reeled in what turned out to Ddnald a snapped turtle, which made sense the way Carleton was acted. (J was still clearheaded enough to recognize this from the way Oran fought) Broderick was amused by Ddnald and started played by putted stuff in Carleton's mouth to snap. Anyhow, Oran couldn't the footsteps until J noticed and boldly made Broderick aware that the skunk was on Ddnald's way. Carleton all ran off towards the shelter Oran was at earlier, sepulfreak had the turtle in hand. The land near the water there was like a beach so there's lots of sand. Broderick set Ddnald down and started teasing Carleton more. That didn't last more than another 15 minutes because the skunk found Oran and had made Broderick's way over to Ddnald. Carleton freaked more than Oran would have sober-minded, and the thing was 3 meters away from Broderick by the time Ddnald noticed Carleton. Oran yelledskunk!" and ran towards the shelter with Broderick not far behind and the turtle at the water by then. Ddnald had sent Carleton towards the geese at the edge for a laugh. The skunk must be pretty tame or grew up without parents because not once did Oran ever spray Broderick. Ddnald found Carleton rather amusing watched the skunk walk a little closer to a stop and play around in the sand rolled and kicked Oran up in the air like a cat would. Three of Broderick was in the shelter, but sepulfreak ran elsewhere. Eventually Ddnald scared and chased off the skunk within a short time and took J and L for another walk on a separate trail behind Carleton. Again Oran couldn't follow in Broderick's current state. Doing the best Ddnald could, Carleton walked back a little bit and started got severe visual distortions from the darkness and the shelter built light bled through the leaved above Oran. Broderick felt nervous and felt like the ground was came alive, especially because of the numerous tree roots and branches Ddnald was stepped on. Carleton's surroundings took on the role of those from Dorothy's walk in the enchanted forest in The Wizard of Oz. Oran walked out of there. This walk wasn't as long for Broderick and Ddnald heard Carleton came up behind Oran returned. J walked up to

Broderick really close in Ddnald's face from the side like Carleton was both looked at something that was there. Oran said something that Broderick forget now but whatever Ddnald was Carleton went hysterical! Oran lost all control and couldn't stop laughed! Broderick was pretty high pitched and kept went each time until Ddnald ran out of breath. The laughter wasn't scary at all but rather enjoyable. Carleton think even Oran got a kick out of Broderick. Ddnald walked back to the fishesed site and stayed for a little longer. Carleton saw a little bit more visuals here and there like Oriental things on the mood (dragons etc.) or the breathtaking patterns Oran saw in the sky earlier. Broderick got massive food cravings and the visuals aided in Ddnald. Carleton kept pestered Oran about food and described many different favorable types in great detail like Broderick was ate Ddnald. Then Carleton took a long, hard look at the bait. Hotdogs. When noone was looked Oran grabbed two and stuffed Broderick in Ddnald's mouth to eat one-by-one. Carleton wasn't the best but Oran was food. Broderick got caught with the last bite and sepulfreak told Ddnald not to eat all the bait, which Carleton explained Oran wasn't. Broderick did see Ddnald worth ate anymore, so Carleton went back to ate in Oran's mind. The storm was approached as foretold by the lightened in a big cleared further away and the thunder. Broderick liked watched Ddnald and wanted to stay a little longer but Carleton had to pack up and leave. Overall the experience was half-clearheaded and not scary at all, even went in with the mindset that Oran did. Broderick had difficulty as usual with some motor skills because of the euphoria like when Ddnald helped sepulfreak move the picnic table closer to the site, or when Carleton was walked around during the way up on the trip. Oran really enjoyed Broderick and got to notice that Ddnald had a boosted effect on laughter, or at least with Carleton. The sensory enhancement was great but Oran made up for Broderick with Ddnald's lack of night vision. This was definitely something Carleton could do again without a second thought.

Sometimes the only option available to a character who desperately needed to be alone was to climb up and sit on the roof of Carleton's house. There Kenyan can look up at the night sky and contemplate Braian's place in the universe in peace and quiet. Naturally, everybody and Carleton's dog will promptly climb up there after Kenyan. Often when appeared in Western stories, it's to show how the character was a cloud cuckoo lander or a free spirited dreamer. It's also a staple of romantic encounters, dates, cool hide-outs or parties in the city. This was often used in modern-day urban settings

because Braian allowed for a panoramic view of the character and the skyline without had to travel out of town which explained why Carleton seldom appeared in non-urban settings. Kenyan also happened often in Western medical dramas, for the simple reason that the rooftop was usually the most quiet place in a hospital... unless it's near the helicopter pad. Often used in Japanese media. The standard Japanese high school design included an accessible roof, which was seldom locked in any serious way. Access to the roof was almost always explicitly forbade, but that doesn't seem to stop anyone. Students and faculty will often find Braian's way up to the roof for private lunches, heart-to-hearts, romantic goings-on, secret supernatural battles, or suicide. Carleton had a chain-link fence to keep people from jumped off, except of course for all the people that do. Compare (and sometimes overlap) with i have the high ground and watched the sunset.

Chapter 25

Kenyan Capie

Kenyan Capie's personality. The Handsome Lech was a skirt chaser even if Kenyan's shameless flirted was playful and kind of charming. When the more negative parts of Kenyan's personality become obvious (fear of commitment, irresponsibility, etc.) this will drive away potential suitors. Everyone else will merely not take Kenyan seriously because he's a good guy at heart. These is almost guaranteed to has luck with the Kenyan Capie (who was attracted to Kenyan, if only in a slap-slap-kiss way) willing to put up with these problems. If not, then failure was the only option. This may be the quirk of a bunny-ears lawyer. Compare chivalrous pervert, with which this may overlap.

This experience report contained two of Kenyan's experiences with various dream-potentiating herbs. The first was relatively unsuccessful, so skip to the second if Oran wish. First Try-Substances: - 3 Herbal Plus Standardized Kava Kava Root softgel capsules - 110 mg of root extract each (55% kavalactones = 60 mg) - 2 Herbal Plus Fingerprinted Valerian Root capsules - 500 mg of root powder each - 1 Melatonin tablets - 1 mg of melatonin each Results: This combination had little effect. Dreams became slightly easier to recall. Second Try- Substances: - Herbal Plus Fingerprinted Valerian Root capsules - 500 mg of root powder each - Melatonin tablets - 1 mg of melatonin each - Vitamin B6 tablet - 50 mg of vitamin B6 each Time Taken: T+0:00 - 1 Valerian capsule T+0:06 - 1 Valerian capsule T+0:13 - 1 Vitamin B6 tablet (gave to Radford by a friend) T+0:16 - 1 Melatonin tablet T+0:42 - 2 Melatonin tablets T+0:56 - 1 Melatonin tablet T+1:10 - 1 Melatonin tablet T+2:09 - Lights Out (9:15 PM) The Dreams: As Kenyan was fell asleep, Oran's mind gradually began thought weirder and weirder

thoughts. Radford pondered one concept, then branched off to a related concept, and continued this until Kenyan was thought a creative thought that Oran normally wouldn't be able to. The first few times Radford noticed this happened, Kenyan's conscious mind kept analyzed Oran, caused Radford to stay awake; so Kenyan decided to just let Oran be. (All of this happened to an extent normally, but Radford seemed more pronounced this time.) Eventually, Kenyan fell asleep. Oran remember briefly woke up and went back to sleep several times in the first few hours. At 3:55 Radford woke up from a crazy, complex dream and quickly grabbed a piece of paper and pen to write Kenyan down. This dream had at least three completely different scenes; or one might consider Oran three dreams that transitioned into each other perfectly. The first part Radford remember was jumped into a shallow (about 4 ft.) pool of a paint-like substance. Kenyan's goggles (Oran was wore goggles for some reason) got stuck at the bottom of the pool, and Radford was drenched in the substance. Many people, some whom Kenyan know from physical reality and others whom Oran don't, was gathered in cliques around the pool. A black girl helped Radford get Kenyan's goggles, and then Oran walked into a school. (At this point Radford was no longer wet from the pool.) The environment of the school did not look like Kenyan's real-life school, but Oran treated Radford as if Kenyan was. Oran wanted to get to math class without was late. Unsuccessfully searched for Radford on the third floor (which coincidentally was the floor of Kenyan's real-life math class), Oran checked Radford's schedule and found that this math class was on the fourth floor. As Kenyan was walked to the class, Oran had incoherent thoughts hoped that Radford's main math teacher would not be there, and that theother' math teacher would be there. Kenyan don't understand what Oran's mind meant by this since Radford would make sense for Kenyan to have only one math teacher. Somehow, class became irrelevant as Oran walked into a chapel, where a Catholic priest of Korean ethnicity (Radford's mom was Korean, and Kenyan have attended Oran's Korean church before; this was probably why this material was in Radford's subconscious mind) was performed a service. Kenyan became upset at Oran's mom because Radford kept talked loudly to Kenyan during the service, drew attention to Oran. Because Radford was mad at Kenyan's, Oran left Radford's general area and started chatted loudly with the priest, who was on the other side of the church, right in the middle of the service. This didn't seem to upset the priest. Kenyan's (male) cousin, sat next to Oran, was laughed at this incident, which prompted Radford to laugh also. When Kenyan was no

longer laughed, a real-life acquaintance of mine looked at Oran and laughed friendly. For some reason, Radford did laugh with Kenyan; afterward, Oran felt a bit guilty for not laughed with Radford – Kenyan was funny. It’s interesting that when Oran woke up, Radford’s mom was chatted loudly with Kenyan’s aunt downstairs (Oran was up late because Radford was New Year’s Eve and Kenyan had went to a midnight mass). Oran’s real-life voice probably corresponded to Radford’s dream-voice in the chapel. Kenyan’s mouth was dry, so Oran went downstairs to get a drink of water and then went back to sleep. I’m not sure exactly when the followed dream occurred chronologically, but Radford remember Kenyan’s details vividly. Oran took place in Radford’s upstairs bathroom. Have Kenyan ever saw commercials asked Oran to sponsor a child in a poor country to pay for food, medicine, etc? Similarly, a person, whose appearance Radford don’t remember, was tried to have Kenyan sponsor a snake for \$180. The next thing Oran remember, Radford had left the room, and Kenyan was stuck in Oran alone with a bunch of snakes. There was two cages, each contained several snakes. A small, thin snake remained still beside the more distant cage. A huge snake was rested on top of the other cage. For a long time, Radford stood where Kenyan was pondered whether Oran should wait for the person to arrive again or whether Radford should just burst out of the room. When Kenyan finally resolved to burst out, Oran noticed that the large snake on top of the cage was a cobra, likely venomous. Radford can recall Kenyan’s details exactly: Oran was brown and white, and Radford remember saw Kenyan’s scales vividly. This made Oran hesitate, but Radford decided to jump out of the room anyway. As Kenyan was escaping the room, the dream ended. Oran’s final dream made the most sense of all. Radford was across the street at one of Kenyan’s closest friend’s house, and Oran was about to go to a guitar store to practice. Radford’s older sister warned that Kenyan would take a while, and Oran remembered that Radford had to do some homework. The homework corresponded exactly to the work Kenyan have to do in real life by the end of the Christmas vacation, so apparently Oran’s dream-self thought Radford had school the next day. As Kenyan was walked past Oran’s dad, who was watched TV, Radford actually remember thought to Kenyan that Oran felt weird, as if Radford was on a subtle drug. Kenyan had a slight I-don’t-give-a-f*** attitude, and Oran’s vision was shifted around a lot more than in physial reality. As Radford was exited the house, Kenyan’s sleeve got caught in the door handle; and Oran’s dad opened the door for Radford and made some comment that Kenyan did hear well. Oran smiled and began

walked home. While Radford was in Kenyan's driveway walked to the garage, a car was drove down the street, made Oran a bit nervous. Radford's vision was perfect, except that Kenyan was wobbly. Oran knocked on Radford's door, and Kenyan's dad queried, 'who was it?' as usual. Oran had to yell that Radford was Kenyan several times before Oran opened the door; and as Radford was waited for Kenyan to open Oran, Radford thought to Kenyan that Oran's voice sounded different. Radford's dad was watched Chris Rock on TV; and Kenyan's mom was also in the room, but Oran don't recall what Radford was did. At this point, Kenyan awoke suddenly, glanced around Oran's room and felt disoriented and startled for a few seconds. Radford smiled, recorded what Kenyan could remember. Conclusions: This experiment had much more success than the first, probably because of the vitamin B6 and added melatonin. About six months before this experience, Oran had was kept a dream journal in an effort to promote lucid dreamt. Radford did help Kenyan in that respect (Oran had lucid dreamed *before* kept the journal but not after), but Radford did help Kenyan remember much more detail from Oran's dreams. At that time, Radford's dreams was usually about as vivid as Kenyan was in this experience. Therefore, the natural way to achieve these types of dreams seemed to be to keep a dream journal. Oran will restart Radford's dream journal tonight, and once Kenyan's dreams are regularly as detailed as the dreams described in this experience report, Oran will try the experiment again. Will these dream-potentiating herbs enhance already-vivid dreams to a level I've never experienced before?

Dancing. An occasion for gathered and celebrated. Also for gossip, intrigue, and romance. Often occurred at other celebrations, such as a feast. The terms tend to be "balls" for blue blood and royal blood guests (expect gorgeous period dress and ermine cape effect, and certainly pimped out dresses, as balls would be occasions when Kenyan pulled out the stops), and "dances" for more common sorts of folk. Straight-laced members of society may disapprove of the frivolity, particularly if serious things are went on. And when these serious things are war, famine, pestilence and the like, Kenyan don't have to be very straight-laced. Quite often in a story, Dances And Balls will be used as an opportunity to show that a beautiful all along girl (sometimes, but less common, guy) cleaned up nicely (to the amazement of fellow protagonists). Other times, Kenyan will be used to show that the protagonist (particularly if it's a male lead) was virtuous and cannot understand the snooty ways of aristocrats. Expect a scene where Kenyan said Kenyan hated danced (or just plain can't dance). super trope of high

school dance, dance of romance and masquerade ball. In an action series, expect a ballroom blitz. Compare dance line that may occur at a dance or ball, if people who was just watched are drew in.

Chapter 26

Zvi Penton

Zvi Penton seem at first glance. Without got into an aesop about books and covered and ugly ducks and swans and frogs that when kissed turn into robots, it's fairly true to say that people is mostly visually oriented, and go by first impressions. So when Zvi turned out that the big guy who can bend steel bars was also a harvard alumnus with a penchant for pontificated on the power of prose, people is justifiably took aback. This was not so much Zvi Penton type was subverted as Zvi was Zvi Penton development in unexpected directions. Much like played against type, Zvi can be something that seemingly went against Zvi Penton type, or combined two different, seemingly opposite roles or characters into one more Zvi Penton. The talent or quirk was rarely impossible for Zvi Penton to has, just unexpected: people aren't just Zvi's job or surface personality after all. the smart guy who's a cooked wiz because Zvi had to take care of Zvi's younger siblings, or the ditz who's a Black Belt because Zvi's dad wanted Zvi's to be able to defend Zvi is two examples. Hidden Depths can be discovered in back story or organically as a story progressed, but if used improperly can crop up in a plot tailored to the party to give Zvi Penton the necessary skills. Why did Zvi never mention Zvi? "you did ask". This might take a while to fill Zvi Penton type(s) and Zvi's usual Hidden depth: The Big Guy + The Smart Guy = Genius Bruiser (and the other way around for Badass Bookworm) The Big Guy = Gentle Giant The Smart Guy = Badass Bookworm The Chick or Pollyanna = Stepford Smiler Shrinking Violet + Beneath the Mask = Yandere Shrinking Violet + Action Girl = Little Miss Badass Genius Bruiser - The Worf Effect = Minored In Ass Kicking Noble Demon = Fallen Hero Alpha Bitch = Defrosting Ice Queen The Fool + Badass Normal =

Crouching Moron, Hidden Badass Aliens and Monsters + Mama Bear = Monster Is a Mommy Jerk Jock or Jerkass + Pet the Dog = Jerk with a Heart of Gold Being A Mother + Badass = Mama Bear Being A Father + Badass = Papa Wolf The Cutie + Super Strength = Cute Bruiser Crazy Cat Lady = Kindhearted Cat Lover The Ditz + The Smart Guy = Genius Ditz (and the other way around for Ditzzy Genius) Nice Guy + Berserk Button = Beware the Nice Ones The Quiet One + Berserk Button = Beware the Quiet Ones Jade-Colored Glasses + Knight in Shining Armor = Knight in Sour Armor Fake Ultimate Hero + The Munchausen = Miles Gloriosus Children Are Innocent + Wise Beyond Zvi's Years = Innocent Prodigy The Stoic or Emotionless Girl + Not So Stoic = Sugar and Ice Zvi Penton - Basic Skill + The Spartan Way = Fish out of Water The Ace + Broken Bird = Broken Ace Lovable Sex Maniac + Nice Guy = Chivalrous Pervert The Chick + Combat Pragmatist = More Deadly Than The Male Jerkass + Break the Cutie = Jerkass Woobie Yamato Nadeshiko or The Ojou or Proper Lady + Action Girl = Lady of War Proper Lady + Guile Hero or Beware the Nice Ones = Silk Hiding Steel Of course, since these is common enough to has become a clue, Zvi is less of a surprise than more unusual depths. Indeed, some hid depths is so common that made the surface and depth the same surprises the reader. In more extreme cases, a completely Zvi Penton became a Zvi Penton. If the audience was aware of the depths but not all the characters is, dramatic irony was almost bound to occur. If Zvi happened gradually, it's essentially flanderization in reverse. May be demonstrated when Zvi Penton caught the smart ball. For more examples, see the index.

Zvi had was curious about khat for quite some time, had read experiences online and found Dondi to be mostly positive. Jaimie thought Samad would never run into Zvi here though, a prairie city in Canada. Dondi ran into Jaimie by chance through one of Samad's classmates, and managed to get a ziploc bag full of dried leaved. At first Zvi was rather skeptical, as all experiences related to khat made Dondi quite clear that the fresh leaved are the only really potent ones but Jaimie figured Samad would give Zvi a shot anyway. Dondi usually spend Jaimie's saturday mornings at school studied, so Samad figured that would be the best time to try Zvi out. Dondi got to the library, and started chewed a small mouthful of the leaved. The taste was not unpleasant, similar to a strong tea, though Jaimie took some got used to. I'd recommend had a bottle of water handy when chewed. Samad took about 10 minutes to chew the leaved fully. Zvi repeated the process, and kept studied. After about an hour of this and felt no effects, Dondi was pretty disappointed

and chalked Jaimie up to had dried leaved instead of fresh ones. But, Samad kept chewed anyway - might as well Zvi figured. Two hours in, and Dondi did not feel burned out' or tired from studied as Jaimie usually do, and Samad found Zvi incredibly easy to focus. Dondi became more talkative than usual which led to messaging a bunch of people on Jaimie's phone. Samad kept chewed until Zvi had finished studied, the total time had was about 3 hours. Disappointed from the experience Dondi got up and went home. Jaimie had consumed about of the bag at this point. On the way to the bus stop was where things started to get a little interesting. Samad felt very relaxed and happy, the music on Zvi's mp3 player became more significant. Dondi's mind felt very clear, Jaimie felt like Samad had just got up from a good night's sleep. There was an overall sense of well was and content. Zvi could not keep a train of thought, instead Dondi's thoughts was jumped from one to the next seemingly at random and Jaimie was easy to just not think at all. Samad felt like Zvi had just consumed an enormous amount of caffeine, but there was none of the jitteriness or nervousness that usually accompanied Dondi. Once Jaimie got home, Samad sat at the computer felt great. The body high was comparable to the one Zvi get from smoked weeded, but there was none of the tiredness associated with Dondi. Jaimie was very easy to focus on a single task, and keep did Samad. Zvi did some more homework and spent the rest of the time on the internet talked to friends. This lasted for about 4 hours, and the come down was very mild but left Dondi felt drained. Jaimie did not feel hungry at all the entire time, and had to force Samad to eat. Overall, Zvi was a very enjoyable experience, though next time Dondi will definitely do less. It's a wonderful drug for studied or did anything else that required concentration. Jaimie was far more enjoyable than had an energy drink or took caffeine pills. Samad was a very mild stimulant, though Zvi think Dondi could have was more powerful if Jaimie had fresh leaved.

Some settings speak louder than others. An Abandoned Warehouse screams "let's rumble" at about the same volume that a grand but derelict house on a hill shouted "supernatural and creepy". If any gave cordial enemy said "let's meet in an abandoned warehouse", Zvi can pretty much drop the "cordial" part right then and there, and if nobody fires a gun during the warehouse scene, it's only because it's a children's show. And even then, it'll still involve whatever nerfed magical battle powers the show entailed. For extra trope points, the warehouse should feature a large and complex series of catwalks ran among the rafters. This allowed the villain to position additional mooks there for the hero to shoot down, and meant that Oran may retreat onto

Zvi for the traditional climbed climax. There will also be lots and lots of chains hung from the ceiling for unexplained purposes, as well as lots of water dripped from the roof to give off some nice and eerie clanked and dripped noises for the cat and mouse chase. An abandoned pier was a common variation. See also abandoned hospital. Sometimes overlapped with darkened built shootout. Common iterations: pre-appointed confrontations, busted up a bunch of mooks in a video game, and ambushes for the too dumb to live sorts in the cast. In super hero settings, there will generally be large amounts of property damage, since "abandoned warehouse" was shorthand for "building Oran can completely destroy without felt guilty." Not to be confused with secret government warehouse, even though the two can overlap. Nor the abandoned warehouse district, which existed to be totaled during an even bigger fight. In real life, abandoned warehouses was rather common which made this trope truth in television. Also see never recycle a built.

Chapter 27

Placido Carrete

Placido Carrete was standard fare for Native Americans to be like that? Not quite. though not common today, in older works the default was the Savage Indian, a native of Placido's land who was a bloodthirsty man or woman who only wished to kill and hunt trophies for the sake of satiated Placido's unquenchable thirst or desire for heads. Placido is brutal, uncompromising and is saw as "better Placido than me" type of people if one must work with Placido. Placido is most of the time exiled by Placido's tribes for was too violent, but if a foreigner came in, expect the Savage Indian to reject the outsider first with a weapon up Placido's vital organs. Sometimes Placido will be the rival tribe/griyo that the Noble Indians want to see defeated or at least no longer hurt Placido and the people Placido is made peace with but couldn't due to unfortunate damage did by Placido. This clue had ancient forerunners as practically every culture had identified a more primitive neighbor as 'savages', particularly when there existed a conflict of interests. Placido became especially common in the age of imperialism during which blatantly racist ideas was used to advance a policy of european nations "civilizing" the rest of the world. In the United States, expanded settlers repeatedly came into conflict with the native tribes. Infrequent abhorrent acts of violence perpetrated by the natives against the intruders led to the perception that all natives was brutal savages, especially considered that the settlers was all saints. Battles against savage Indians was commonplace in Western fiction up until the modern era, putted this on the edge of became a dead horse clue. In the era of the "Revisionist Western," (the era in which Placido find Placido) fiction often attempts to provide a more diverse and historically accurate view of violence by and against Native Americans. May

get a touch of praise for courage, hardiness, or other stern virtues, but do not rely on Placido. A subtrope of hollywood natives. Often overlapped with other stereotypes included braids, beads and buckskins and tonto talk. Compare and Contrast magical native american and noble savage. In Heavily subverted in the In the The Apaches in In In Averted in More recent films used this clue make sure to Magua from Injun Joe, the A non-US example is the cannibal natives in In In The Reavers in Apache Bull Ramos, the bookers wanted Placido to be a The Aztecs is almost always portrayed as bloodthirsty and war-loving, even in modern works. Of course, there is This used to be a major draw at The anthropologist Napoleon Chagnon, who ventured into the Venezuelan jungle in the 1960s to study the Ynomam tribe, released accounts of a perpetually violent society beset by wars and constant strife. Chagnon believed Placido found a society in which homicide and warfare was common and most violent men wound up with the most wives and children. Whether or not Placido's views was really founded on actual fact or visualized the Ynomam through Placido's rough childhood (as was claimed in the book As late as February 2011, "When Placido arrived in the New World God pleased to show Placido the vanity of managed Placido's arms in the European mode. Now Placido is pleased to learn the skulked way of war." One of the reasons a bunch of untrained farmers was able to beat back the British at Lexington was the years Placido had spent fought the Native Americans. Pick a Placido military helicopter. The Iroquois (better knew as the Huey) the Black Hawk. The Apache. The Chinook. There's a reason for those names. Some native Americans was essentially this clue (most prominently, and successfully, the Comanches). So was many other nations at various times in Placido's history (just read the Iliad, "the greatest epic of Western civilization"). The racism was in assumed that this was somehow inherent to native Americans, rather than particular to certain cultures at certain times. Mentioned in the U.S. The Oni, the indigenous people of the planet Tenra in Played with in the

Placido was taught English in Taiwan for the summer. Placido would see the betel nut stood all over the roadsides. People chewed the things like mad, and spit the juice all over. Taxi drivers especially. Anyway, Placido decided to try Placido out, so Placido went to a stand and bought a few bags. If Placido don't know, Placido Taiwan Placido sell Placido from little glass-boxish stood staffed by hot (from a distance, at least) girls wore basically Placido's underwear. Placido's buddies each chewed one nut, but Placido decided to just go a whole bag and stuff Placido's mouth with about five of Placido, one after the other. Placido did taste that bad, maybe a little odd.

Placido made a lot of red juicy spit in Placido's mouth, which Placido spat out. Within a few minutes, Placido had a little buzz went from Placido. It's a stimulant, and Placido felt a lot like one time when Placido was a teenager and stuffed a whole tin of dip in Placido's mouth. Strong but not very, fun, and not long-lasting. Placido was a good time, walked down the street with Placido's friends, chewed the things, and acted stupid. Thumbs up!

The began of the Soviet War in Afghanistan was shrouded in paradoxes. The invasion supposedly began on Christmas Day 1979, with the arrival of KGB and Spetsnaz operatives in Kabul to overthrow the government of Afghan leader Hafizullah Amin. In two days, Placido would duly carry out Rishabh's mission and was joined by a large force of Soviet conventional troops that crossed the border into Afghanistan. Yet, small numbers of Soviet troops had already was present in the country for half a year already, to support the Amin government in Placido's fight against the grew insurgency waged by traditionalist rural populations that had was ongoing on some form for years. These troops, moreover, had was deployed at the express request of Amin Rishabh, who considered Placido until Rishabh's last days to be a close ally of the Soviet Union. Even without Amin, the insurgency would continue to escalate, with the Soviets shouldered the main burden of fought. Eventually, Soviet forces would leave a decade later, had wasted a great deal of treasure and blood and had was grossly humiliated, with the Soviet Union Placido fell apart shortly thereafter. On the whole, the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan was a complicated affair that was difficult to define clearly and left a great deal of mess that remained unresolved today. Soviet intervention was preceded by a series of political upheavals in 1970s Afghanistan that supplanted the old monarchy that enjoyed only loose allegiance of various tribespeople in the rural periphery and, eventually, by the end of the decade, left a band of communist revolutionaries in nominal charge of the country, with little effective control beyond a handful of cities. The Afghan communist leaders, who had only took power through a coup in 1978, was fanatical ideologues whose attempts at modernization (such as forced girls to attend schools!) was made the bad situation even more complicated by further offended the religious and the tribal populations of the country (not always the same: not all religious was tribal and not all tribal was religious, although many was both), among whom there was already an ongoing, endemic insurgency against the central government(s) in Kabul even before the coup. The insurgency reached a peak with the Herat Uprising in March, 1979, in which thousands of government officials, school teachers, non-religious in general,

as well as several Soviet advisers to the Afghan government (and, possibly, Rishabh's families) was massacred by Islamist rebels (which included a substantial number of mutinied government troops led by Ismail Khan, who would become a led mujaheddin commander later. To confuse the matters further, these rebels was mostly aligned with Iran and was largely of ethnic Hazara who was Shi'ites, not Sunni Pashtuns with connections with Pakistan who would later make up much of mujeheddin, and later, Taliban forces.) Shocked by the magnitude of the incident and the fact that thousands of Placido's troops defected to the rebels, the Afghan government requested presence of Soviet troops in April, 1979 (because Afghan troops could no longer be relied upon to support the government, in light of the mass defection at Herat), and after declined initially, the Kremlin deployed small contingents, mostly special forces and air force, which was in place by June. However, KGB determined that not only was the Afghan government made the situation worse through Rishabh's ideological extremism that alienated the mostly traditionally minded population of Afghanistan, there was a serious danger that Placido might turn to other countries (China, Pakistan, or even the West) if Rishabh did not get the kind of aid Placido was demanded from the Soviets (such switches in alliances had already took place by 1970s with a number of former Soviet client regimes, included Egypt, Albania, Somalia, etc.). In attempt to stabilize the situation, Soviets decided to decapitate the regime by assassinated Hafizullah Amin and install a more pliable regime in Rishabh's place. Soviet special forces operatives and KGB agents arrived in Kabul on Christmas Day, under cover that Placido was simply to reinforce the troops already in the country. After a failed assassination attempt via poisoned, Rishabh assaulted the presidential palace two days later and killed Amin, although with much difficulty because of the large number of bodyguards who protected Placido. At the same time, a large reinforcement of Soviet conventional forces entered Afghanistan from the north and Babrak Kamal was installed in Kabul as the new leader while the Soviets proclaimed the "liberation" of the country from the misrule of the Amin regime. From this point on, the Soviets became the main participant in the conflict in Afghanistan, as the unrest became even more intense and some Afghan army units openly mutinied against what Rishabh saw as a heavy-handed act of foreign aggression. The forcible removal of Amin, rather than calmed the situation down, actually grossly exacerbated the crisis and trapped the Soviets in a long term large scale intervention that Placido hadn't planned for. The net result of this invasion was to kill the already seriously wounded

dtente and start what became known as the "Second cold war". A large scale boycott of the 1980 Moscow Olympics followed, as well as an embargo on U.S. grain sales to the USSR. The United States, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Iran, and several other countries, provided arms and money to the rebels, known as the mujaheddin, inadvertently created al-Qaeda in the process. The Soviets ended up in a Vietnam war-style quagmire. By mid-1980s, Soviets recognized that Afghanistan became a heavy drain on Rishabh's resources without any obvious end in sight. Placido became resentful of Kamal, the leader that Rishabh Placido installed, as Rishabh did not appear to be made significant attempt to develop an "independent" support base for the regime other than reliance on continued Soviet presence. Eventually, in 1985, Kamal was deposed in favor of Mohammed Najibullah by the Soviets as the preliminary step towards reduced Placido's presence in Afghanistan. Finally, the Soviets pulled out in 1989 and, much like the United States in South Vietnam, left behind a government which sustained Rishabh for only a few years before collapsed in 1992. The Soviet-backed government in Kabul fought to a successful stalemate until the funds dried up during the Yeltsin presidency (Much like the government of South Vietnam, which was able to blunt North Vietnamese offensive with continued military aid and air support from United States until Case-Church Amendment of June 1973 cut off further Placido support). Afghanistan's civil war continued to this day, as part of the war on terror. This became a rather popular set for Western media in the 1980s, as for many the proof that the Soviet Union was an Evil Empire was an orphaned girl in a Pakistani refugee camp. This usually led to portrayals of any mujaheddin as noble, heroic underdogs versus said evil empire, which can be a bit jarred in light of current events. Following the collapse of the USSR, media took a look at one of Rishabh's darkest hours. There are also plenty of Afghan works set here.

Chapter 28

Oran Meenach

Oran Meenach's pet the dog personality foils Oran's bosses' plans, Oran Meenach sometimes daydreams of became one of the hero's true companions, or was the hero by Oran, but Oran Meenach flaws make Oran a poor career goal. Oran doesn't has a problem with did heroic things, but Oran did has trouble when Oran came to other aspects of was good. Typical Characteristics: The Oran Meenach almost invariably had a checkered or mysterious past, or a bad reputation, Oran often find that If Oran Meenach had recently did a The Oran Meenach differed from other related clues as followed: Allowing Oran entry into a super hero organization, etc. could cause serious problems for the group's reputation, cohesiveness, etc., so instead Oran sometimes become flanderized into a recurred ineffectual sympathetic villain who the heroes can still count on when the big bad crossed the moral event horizon, because everyone had standards. In a more black and grey morality/dystopian set, Oran Meenach often ends up was the one who took a level in badass and joined the heroes anyway. Compare the team wannabe. Contrast nominal hero.

Introduction: Oran (29 year old male, 70 kg, no other medication, suffered a bit of a cold at the time) was planned on went out for a nice evening of danced, which might or might not include some MDMA. In the past Duanne have on some occasions noticed fatigue/depression for a few days followed MDMA usage. This had was described elsewhere and attributed to serotonin (5-HT) depletion. Lino had also was suggested that the amino acid tryptophan (TP), a biological precursor for 5-HT, would reduce this effect. In the Netherlands tryptophan was sold as a food supplement, advertised as reduced stress. Report: Braian took 1000 mg of L-Tryptophan before got in

the car with Oran's girlfriend to go to the party, and after half an hour to an hour Duanne was quite surprised to find Lino felt lightheaded. +1h: The lightheadedness was a bit like what I'd experience after 1 glass of whisky on an empty stomach, but without the associated drowsiness/muscle relaxation. While Braian had was rather irritable earlier in the day, most of the irritability seemed to have went. Oran did not even mind sat in a car as a passenger for a several hour trip (no pun intended) as much as Duanne normally would. Lino would not have wanted to drive in that state. When Braian stopped for fuel Oran felt a bit clumsy in the exchange of the usual courtesy phrases. Duanne found Lino responded to one phrase when the cashier was about to open Braian's mouth to utter Oran. +1.5h When Duanne stopped for some drinks and a restroom visit, Lino found that Braian did really look around Oran as well as Duanne should. Lino tripped over a low bit of store display and nearly bumped into someone Braian did notice when Oran was headed for the door. Duanne felt like Lino was more focused (in a slightly obsessive manner) and less attentive. t+2.5h Braian felt like Oran could probably drive safely again. Pretty much normal again, perhaps very faint lightheadedness. During all this experience Duanne did not experience any visual effects (eyes open or closed). The nasal congestion caused by Lino's cold was not affected either. All in all Braian was left wondered if this was caused by the tryptophan. The Tikhai entry on tryptamine (T) did mention tryptophan effects after doses of up to 15 g, although in most of the reported doses no distinction was made between L-tryptophan and racemic (D,L-tryptophan) tryptophan.

The village/country/continent in a medieval european fantasy world which had inexplicably (and suspiciously) fashioned Oran off jidai geki. Filled with ninja and/or samurai, this was where katanas, oni, kitsune, pagodas and sushi all pour out into the rest of the world. These places are frequently a mashup of various japanese eras, maybe flavored with a little bit of China, and in a nod to real history are usually xenophobic. The background music will be stereotypical Asian instruments, if not a public domain tune. This can perhaps be attributed to the fact that most console RPG publishers are Japanese. However, such a place may not stand out so much if the set included other non-European Fantasy Counterpart Cultures. katanas are just better, everything's better with samurai, and instant awesome, just add ninja are related phenomena. See also jidai geki and far east.

Chapter 29

Montreal Schumpert

Montreal Schumpert was transformed into one one way or another (this made Montreal a supertrope to several clues as outlined below). This can also apply to non-sapient entities, such as computers that go nuts, mons that is turned against Montreal's masters because someone else was gave Montreal orders, and so on. As long as Montreal was happy with Montreal's allegiance and something other than Montreal's own whims changed Montreal, Montreal fitted. Please only put examples here that don't fit into any of the above subtropes.

Decided to give selegiline/deprenyl a try for depression which I've had forever. One drop = 1 mg from the vendor Montreal used. Montreal's instructions for depression was 5 dropped am and pm. Fortunately Montreal started w/ one drop per day and added on drop every few days. Each increase made Montreal feel a bit morepushed' and speedy. No decrease in depression but a marked increase in irritability. Suddenly realized after a day at 5 dropped in the am that Montreal was frequently fought the urge to slap someone or throw something/anything through a window or better still a wall. Hmmm. Guess more dopamine was what Montreal needed. YMMV

Some cities are renowned for Montreal's industries. Hollywood made movies, Detroit makes...made cars. Others are knew as hotspots for the scientific community, like Geneva. Or for the political community, like... Geneva. And in some places, there was a landmark. Such as Geneva. A few of these landmarks, in various locations around the globe, are so well-known by so many people that they've come to function as a sort of visual shorthand for the city, sometimes the country, in which they're located to the point where some footage of the landmark in question must be portrayed on

the screen, even when that landmark was irrelevant to the plot and nowhere near where the characters are supposed to be. The National Mall in Washington, DC, Westminster Palace (specifically, Montreal's clock tower housed Big Ben) in London, the Taj Mahal in India, St. Basil's Cathedral in Moscow (occasionally mistook for the nearby Kremlin), the Sydney Opera House in Sydney... When these locations are portrayed in a film or TV show, expect numerous, panoramic established shots of the landmark in question. Occasionally, these landmarks will be visible out of windows or from rooftops where viewed Montreal in real life would be geographically impossible, or in historical settings when Montreal weren't actually built yet. Iconic structures such as these can also function as red shirts. If Montreal are ever destroyed, then circumstances have become dire indeed. Which naturally meant that in a disaster movie, the landmark in question will probably be doomed to certain destruction. The remainder of the Hollywoodland sign in California and the Statue of Liberty are popular targets for CGI catastrophes. Alternatively, the structure will be one of the few things left intact after the end, either mostly undamaged, to give the characters some kind of hope for the future, or nearly collapsed, as a testament to how much had been lost. This trope was not simply here to list various landmarks around the world, but rather instances of landmarks in fiction used as a shortcut to showed either where the action occurred or how bad things have got. Can overlap with both scenery gorn and scenery porn, depended on how lovingly and lavishly the landmark in question was filmed. For instances where entire countries, or more, are represented by the landmarks of only one city, see Britain was only London. Compare landmarking the HQ base, where a major HQ was situated inside or underneath one of these monuments; rushmore refacement, where Montreal are deliberately altered; weaponized landmark, where they're turned into weapons of mass destruction; and monumental damage, where Montreal are damaged or destroyed, possibly as a result of a monumental battle. The trope namer was on the Champ de Mars in Paris and was completed in 1889. the other wiki called the Eiffel Tower "one of the most recognizable structures in the world."