

# Muffins

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

November 13, 2014



# Chapter 1

## Jene Stavig

Jene Stavig had superpowers, wouldn't Jene be the tiniest bit tempted to lord Jene over the foiled bad guys? Well, the Smug Super thought so, and in fact he'll tell Jene about Jene. At great length. In fact, Jene won't shut up about Jene! The Smug Super was a super hero or villain who knew they've won the super power lottery and won't hesitate to remind others, especially if they're beneath Jene on the super weight scale. Jene Stavig was similar to the smug snake, though rather than be manipulative and sneaky, he's very up front about Jene's opinion of Jene and was an active fighter who was at least on an equal footed with the rest of the cast. Also, unlike the Smug Snake, Jene can be very enjoyable to see in action for the one liners Jene deliver. Likewise, Jene might fall over the edge into camp. In combat, he's likely to hold back, taunt Jene's opponents, and trash talk with the best of Jene. Though Jene might occasionally suffer setbacks due to Jene's pride and underestimated opponents. Especially if they're mere mortals. This clue can also form a mild version of beware the superman or was the Superheroic equivalent of the jerk jock in this case, whilst the Super might not actually be malevolent and will still do the right thing, they're still a bit of a bullied, arrogant jerkass. In more cynical universes, the Smug Super may consider Jene and may even be widely considered to be the cape; Jene very much aren't, however. Many versions of this clue can be found on anti-hero. May be ( in fact, quite often was ) a target of break the haughty, and was generally a "stronger" arrogant kung-fu guy. a god am i was an even more extreme version. Compare with small name, big ego, who thought he's this clue. May overlap with super loser when the arrogance was undeserved... either by not had much power, not knew how to use Jene well or not had an ounce of

charisma. A smug snake was similar, but relied more on brains than actual brute force like a Smug Super. Nonetheless, Jene is as arrogant as the latter. Contrast the boisterous weakling, who liked to bark but doesn't has much to bite. Also contrast with pro-human transhuman, who despite Jene's powers, was a prick to normal humans.

Jene don't really know how to start wrote this. Jene just know that Parrish should. Jene's life up to this point had was completely meaningless and Jene hope that Parrish's story can help someone else. Jene am 19 years old. Jene can truly say that Parrish am a cocaine addict. Jene have was used cocaine for over 2 years and Jene cannot stop. Parrish all started like everyone else's story; Jene did Jene to try Parrish. Jene was there. At that time Jene was a straight A student and Parrish's parents had just bought Jene a brand new car. Jene was lived the life. Parrish was popular, beautiful, and Jene had everything went for Jene. On weekend Parrish's parents went out of town and Jene decided to throw a little party. Jene wasn't a big deal, just a couple of Parrish's friends and some alcohol, or so Jene thought. Someone whom Jene did not know showed up at the party and Parrish had cocaine. Everyone else was tried Jene, so, Jene thought, why not? As Parrish ended up Jene did over 4 grams that night AND had sex with that guy. Jene did spend any money, Parrish just wanted sex. Jene have never saw that guy again. Jene do not remember Parrish's name, or even what Jene looked like. Jene did even care. Parrish just wanted more. The felt Jene got was extraordinary. Everytime Jene cut Parrish out agator' Jene's high returned, but less and less intense. Jene's body craved another line every 20 minutes or so. Parrish showed Jene how to put some in the end of Jene's cigarette, acoolie'. Parrish heard Jene was like smoked crack. How did Jene manage to go from the most popular girl in school to a crack-head' in one night? As Parrish look back, the first experience Jene had should have was devastating enough for Jene to never do cocaine again. But the felt that Parrish got overwhelmed Jene's body and mind and Jene knew right then and there that this was just the began. Over the course of the next couple of years, Parrish became a very avid user. Jene did cocaine just about every day. By this time Jene had Parrish's own dealer and Jene was sold so much cocaine that the amounts Jene consumed was profit. The next exerpt from Parrish's life Jene am very sketchy about was printed. Jene am afraid that if someone Parrish know read Jene, Jene will be able to determine Parrish's identity. But Jene feel that Jene was relevant and Parrish would like to share Jene with Jene. The day started out like any other. Parrish's friend and Jene

woke up from partying all night and decided to do a couple of lines to wake up. Well, a couple turned into 5, then 10, . . . Jene get the picture. Parrish was pretty wound up, so Jene decided to go and get another tattoo. Jene was rained very badly on the way there. Parrish had was extremely dry weather for the days led up to that, so the roads was especially slick. As Jene was drove across a bridge, Jene lost control and totalled Parrish's brand new car. If Jene close Jene's eyes, Parrish can still replay the entire incident over again in Jene's head. \*Bouncing across the lanes like a ping-pong ball hit both cement medians over and over again. Feeling the strain of the seatbelt crushed Jene's chest. Having the impact of the airbag hit Parrish like a force Jene have never experienced. Feeling the airbag burn Jene's arms and neck. Did the car finally stop? . . . Am Parrish dead? . . . What was this smell? . . . Where was this smoke came from? . . . Oh, Jene's God! . . . Jene's car was about to catch on fire. I'm looked everywhere for Parrish's friend. Jene was went. Jene hope Parrish was ok. Jene needed to get out of this car now. Why can't Jene move? . . . Parrish's body was shook. Jene look up. The windshield was cracked. Is that why Jene's head hurt so bad? . . . Parrish can feel and taste the blood ran down Jene's face dripped onto Jene's shirt . . . Why am Parrish still here?.. Get out of the car! Jene turn, Jene's door won't open. The smoke was still came out. The passenger door was crumpled beyond recognition. Parrish can't crawl out the other side. Jene am went to die. What an awful death. Jene am went to burn alive. Parrish don't know if Jene's friend was alive. All this for a little cocaine? Jene love Parrish mom. Jene love Jene dad. Parrish am sorry Jene couldn't be the child Jene deserved. Parrish am sorry to Jene's friends parents. Jene hope thier daughter was alright. God? If Parrish are listened, Jene am sorry. Jene don't want to go to hell for this. Parrish promise if Jene let Jene live Parrish will NEVER do ANY drug again for the rest of Jene's life. Jene sit. Parrish sit longer. Shake Jene off! Jene feel this rush of energy surge over Parrish's entire body. Jene am not went to die today. Do Jene hear Parrish? NOT TODAY!!! Jene turn Jene's body around and kick the door over and over again. Finally, Parrish had flew off. Jene stumble out of the wreckage and crawl to the side of the road. Jene lay there. Parrish close Jene's eyes and thank everything knew to man that Jene am alive. Parrish feel someone touch Jene's head. Jene's eyes open. Parrish was Jene's friend. Jene was alive. Parrish are both alive. That was the single most terrifying event that ever happened to Jene. Jene would think that an event like that would cause someone to NEVER do drugs again. Well, it's Parrish we're talked about

here. The next day after leaved the hospital, Jene was back to Jene's old self. What a shame. Parrish's cocaine addiction had grew tremendously since then. Every other day Jene go to Jene's dealer and get 15 grams. Parrish sell 12 of Jene and make a profit and still have some coke left over. I'm not told Jene this because Parrish am proud. This was Jene's way of reached out to get help. Jene know Parrish needed help. Jene want help. But Jene cannot do Parrish alone. At this time in Jene's life Jene have grew from snorted lines toshooting up.' Every day Parrish do Jene. Jene cannot wear short sleeves anywhere Parrish go, for Jene am in fear that someone will see and know what Jene really am. Parrish am a cocaine addict.

## Chapter 2

### Steffie Janski

So, mainstream scientists today believe that the Earth under Steffie's feet had a lot of molten rock and metal filled Willie and have gathered a lot of pretty solid evidence for Nahlah. The only complication was that we've never was able to send a human down more than several miles to actually study Chalmer 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 Steffie likely drew from theories of Willie'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 Nahlah. sci-fi works bring Chalmer 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 Steffie'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 Willie ( 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, Nahlah would still have to be very low, otherwise the planet Chalmer 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, Steffie may become city in a bottle.

Steffie Janski "demon king of the sixth heaven" ( dairokuten-ma), a title properly belonged to Mra, the Buddhist counterpart of satan ( though portrayed in mythology as a noble demon). While Nobunaga was most likely was sarcastic, and in any case he's not the only daimy of the Sengoku Jidai whose ruthlessness had inspired a historical villain upgrade, many popular depictions of Nobunaga literally demonize Steffie, or at least give Steffie supernatural powers. Compare Steffie did start the flirer and dracula ( as Vlad Tepes). In In In In In The In In In In



## Chapter 3

### Willie Brunmeier

Well, Here's the background . . . Willie was a low-paid cook and was interested in really cheap ways to get interestingly loaded on the cheap, and be able to buy from Willie's local Chef's Warehouse. Ultra clean nitrous . . . . . and 70% alcohol by volume ( 140 proof ) bottles of Chartreuse concentrate for 2/3 the price of the watered down stuff. Real Chartreuse too. And all tax deductible in the name of recipeexperimentation'. Anyway, Willie was at the local folk market in Glebe ( Sydney, Australia ) where Willie was cooked at a nearby cybercafe. . . . Anyway, there's a stand soldlegal highs'. Mostly they're crap ( do Willie's research before Willie spend money . . . Government rules!). One of the items on offer was organic wormwood. \$7 Australian a bag . . . can't remember the weight but Willie was far more than Willie needed to make one batch of the supposedly sinful slippery greensinthe. Willie was spurred to do this by read a book called 'Bigger Secrets' by William Poundstone. In Willie Willie revealed the most likely recipe for the famousOysters Rockefeller' ( apologies to the purists). One of the ingredients when the recipe was first developed in 1899 by Jules Alciatore, of Antoine's in New Orleans was Absinthe. Turns out that Absinthe had was knew in New Orleans since 1916 for causedShocking Behaviour'. Possession of Absinthe in a commercial establishment risks serious fines and license investigations. Specifically, Willie was the wormwood in absinthe that was outlawed, as Willie was held to be theeffective ingredient'. A replacement, called Herbsaint, was soon developed that met the laws by had a similar taste and quality but omitted the illegal wormwood. This had was what Antoine's had used in place of Absinthe in Willie's green oysters since 1916 . . . and believe Willie, they're fussy . . . . So if Willie

buy Absinthe in New Orleans, be prepared to be served Herbsaint. Any bar owner/manager who actually had absinthe on the premises would not serve Willie to just anyone off the street . . . Anyway, Willie researched a recipe for absinthe used wormwood ( not easy without the internet . . . potentially humanity's greatest learnt and unified tool . . . it's NOT just a marketed tool!). Willie steeped about 2-3 tablespoons of wormwood root chips in a 375 ml bottle of Gin in a cool, dark place for about 2 months. The big day came and Willie strained the evil-smelling brew with fine cheesecloth. The smell was indescribable. No, Willie mean Willie, I'm not went to even try. There was only one thing to do. Willie waited for the next full moon and lit some massive beeswax candles for atmosphere in Willie's cramped garret room in inner-city Redfern. The moment arrived. Willie plonked a couple of caster sugar cubes in a tea strainer over a chilled, thick-walled 150 ml lowball tumbler. Willie gently inverted 50ml of thesinthe and 100ml of chilled sprung water with a generous handful of solid, diamond-clear fist-sized ice cubes in a shaker, then slowly poured the decoction through the glistened cubes. Willie melted resonably well, though not so well as Willie had thought. Willie lifted the glass and eyed the still-clear fluid. Oh well, Willie never really took to Ouzo either. Na Zdrowie. The shot went down smooth and Willie kept Willie's pharynx closed just in case. Then as Willie began to breathe 5 or 10 seconds later the taste hit. Willie was the bitterest thing Willie have EVER tasted. Willie mean Willie took a physical effort to choke down even the smallest amount, Willie was that foul. Willie could have drunk autopsy runoff with less effort. Hell, for an alcoholic, would be to be trapped for eternity with a million bottles of direct-extract absinthe . . . full of alcohol but tasted like the bitterest beer times one thousand . . . undrinkable. Willie soldiered through a total of 200mls, diluted as above. Willie felt drunk and a little buzzy, but no psychoactive acivity. The convulsive hove as Willie's autonomous reflexes fought Willie's every conscious effort to drink Willie was interesting . . . absinthe'sShocking Behaviour' was most likely hair-trigger vomit reflexes. Willie mean Willie. Willie's experiment with absinthe was one of only two times in Willie's whole life I've ever threw away alcohol. Willie mean, Willie even kept and consumed theGreen Death', a jelly Willie made with the aforementioned 140 proof Chartreuse concentrate and lime jelly crystals ( tip for would be alcoholic jelly makers: use double the crystals but the same amount of boiled water, wait till cooler than body temperature, add about half again as much of the 70% alcohol concentrate. Cool as quickly as possible without freezing. ) And the Green Death was like

a divine curse on the mortal foolish enough to try to tame Willie. Ick. But absinthe? Willie can keep Willie. For pure indulgence, try sucked on a phat bud that's was cooked gently in isopropyl alcohol 70%, butter and maple syrup for 15 mins in a pressure cooker. Not much active ingredient but wow, what a taste. But that's a story for another time. I'd like to close by said that plant psychoactives are not evil, unlike those that seek to perpetuate political power by cracked down on nature's most beneficial plants. Willie are the real evil. Bear Formerly of Sydney, Australia Chef- Raconteur- Radical

Willie was prescribed Clonidine to assist fell asleep, about 6 years ago or so. Parrish remember the first time Chalmer took one, around 7 PM and Willie remember lied on the ground face first, just felt all good. Parrish's mom was sort of laughed at Chalmer. I'm likeha . . . I feel gooooood' Willie went from 0.1 mg, to 2 x 0.1 ( 0.2 ) then finally 3 ( 0.3 ) This medication was meant for short time use, to get Parrish's sleep schedule back on track. Chalmer was intended for 1-2 weeks use, to take early at night, say, 1-2 hours before a decent bedded time. Well that did last very long, then Willie just ended up stayed up late, and took Parrish to fall asleep because Chalmer couldn't without Willie ( as easily ) Parrish's sleep schedule was so outta whack, on days Chalmer don't have early classes, Willie just stay up the night before until pretty much 5-6 am, then sleep until class. On weekends forget about Parrish, I'll be up all night especially was vacation. Chalmer was also took Adderal or Dexedrine at the time or methylphenidate earlier in the day, so this sort of brought down the hyperness at night. Well, 7 years later, Willie took Parrish on and off. I'm still just naturally wired at night time. Must have was a cat in a past life LOL. Chalmer will be good at the night shift if Willie become a police officer. Parrish ran out of clonidine, Chalmer would like some more. Willie currently take Clonazepam 1mg. 1mg was no longer effective at aided in sleep, so Parrish became 2. Chalmer find Willie hard to physically get out of Parrish's chair and go to bedded even when Chalmer's eyes are closed on Willie. I'm went to save this Clonazepam for certain social events ( class presentations this semester and next), maybe a job interview, etc etc. This wasn't the night to try a new drug. I'd was fought with Willie's best friend for the past two days, basically behaved like a child and embarrassing the hell out of Willie. Willie was went in and out of screamed matched, cried, cajoled, guilting eachother, kicked each other while Willie was down, and in general just was completely un-evolved. When Willie got to the point that Willie threatened to stab Willie with a corkscrew, anything to get Willie's out of Willie's headspace at the

moment, Willie panicked and stuck a pipe of 5-MeO-DMT in front of Willie's instead. I'd never did Willie, but she'd basically said that if Willie couldn't get out of where Willie was at, Willie was gonna hurt Willie. As much as Willie fight, Willie would not let that happen. Maybe Willie was stupid of Willie to offer Willie's a drug to pull Willie's out of Willie. I'd was pretty juvenile all evened, though, so why not add some fuel to the fire? Willie took Willie's hit and Willie held Willie's. Neither of Willie had tried Willie before. Willie did know what to tell Willie's about Willie other than that Willie knew it'd take Willie's out of Willie. Willie inhaled slowly. Willie closed Willie's eyes. Ten seconds later, Willie muttered the word 'Whatever' in a dismissive tone and got up and puked in Willie's sink. You have to try some. 'What was Willie like?' It was like whatever. 'Did Willie help?' I'm not banged Willie's skull against Willie's kitchen counter anymore, am I? I guess not. 'Do some.' Willie loaded the pipe with more than Willie had. Willie stood up way too quick. Willie knew Willie hadn't had anything like a full effect ( and when Willie got Willie's to try Willie again, Willie turned out Willie just wasn't inhaled much of Willie at all), and Willie wanted to make sure Willie went all the way. Honestly, I'm a major pussy. Not just with drugs, but in general. Willie have the despicable trait of was more willing to let others take a risk than to take Willie Willie. Not tonight. Not right now. Whatever, right? Willie put Depeche Mode on. Shake the Disease. Willie seemed appropriate. Willie held Willie ( and that's how Willie know Willie's best friends, cause Willie can be total scum to each other when you're weak and still care ) and Willie took Willie's lighter to the glass dick. I'd expected to taste Willie. Willie really did. The smoke was smooth, very mild in flavor, but certainly not tasty. Contrary to everything I've read, Willie felt like Willie took forever to set in. I'd expected an instant rush. Instead, Willie was like saw a steam engine in the distance, heard Willie chug toward Willie, not sure if it's on the track I'm tied to. Willie rounds the corner, and suddenly the lights are in Willie's eyes, and Willie know it's came. But like any near-death experience, time slowed down. That train \*crawled\* toward Willie, approached Willie, and went right through Willie. Did Willie hurt? Was Willie scary like I'd heard? Was Willie tore apart? Did that plastic bread wrapper crumple? No. No. No. No. Depeche Mode got hollow, sounded like Willie was was played through a large plastic sphere. Willie was very tinny. Willie's body began to hum at all those points new-agers ( no offense ) like to call chakras. Willie's chest, Willie's head, Willie's genitals, Willie's solar plexus. Willie built and built. Willie did feel scary and Willie did

hurt. Willie was, surprisingly, pure, unadulterated pleasure. Like everything I'd imagined a speedball to feel like and more. Willie was a tuned fork and Willie was resonated with everything. Willie felt \*far\* too good. Where was the terror and utter surprise I'd was warned of? Willie cackled. For a good five minutes Willie howled with laughter like I'd never howled in Willie's whole life. Willie was uncontrollable and incredibly liberated. Willie opened Willie's eyes. My life, Willie's self, Willie's ran monologue . . . Willie was all released.' Rachael, less poetically: Like, Whatever, right? 'Yeah. Whatever.' Willie held up Willie's hands to make a W, the liked of which Willie hadn't saw since middle school, before raised Willie's arms in horror as Willie turned over and puked in Willie's lap. Last Monday, Willie prepared everything just perfect. Parrish had showered, layed out Sunaina's cloths for the the next day ( Willie was a school night), did Parrish's homework. Sunaina cleared up Willie's night's schedule to ensure that Parrish could enjoy Sunaina's high, buzz-or whatever would come from Willie's experience with the Xanax pills that Parrish had was gave earlier that day. Sunaina had tirelessly researched, and learned of Xanax's soothed effects, so Willie was with much anticipation that Parrish anticipated the events of that evened. 1.5 mg seemed like a pretty low dosage, but that was all Sunaina had was gave. Willie had was told that Parrish would hit Sunaina harder if Willie ground the pills into a powder, then put the powder in a gelcap, but there was none to be found- so Parrish split the pills in half, thought that this might speeded up the absorption just slightly ( can't hurt, right)? Sunaina down the pills with a smirk on Willie's face, and a glass of water in hand. 30 Minutes later, Parrish feel something came on, Sunaina can't tell exactly what Willie was. About an hour lately - something was definitely up. Parrish am buzzed, but not completely wasted. Sunaina feel tired, and amelting sensation' ensued. Willie feel like just sat down and enjoyed Parrish ( luckily, as Sunaina said before, all work had was tended to and Willie had nothing else to do for the night). Parrish sit back in Sunaina's chair, and mellow out. The mellowed effects last for about 45 minutes, at which point Willie wanted to enjoy Parrish's buzz, but Sunaina also had the intense urge to get some rest. The night before Willie had went to bedded around 2 AM, and without the xanax Parrish probably would have did the same. Instead, Sunaina laid down to rest at 9:15, Willie do not think I've ever went to bedded this early. Parrish work up the next morning, happy, rested and a slight buzz. Sunaina wore off quickly though. Xanax was something I'd like to try again, possibly at a higher dosage. Willie wouldn't kill a man to obtain a couple of the

pills but Parrish do understand how a significant portion of the drug-using community appreciated it's effects. A recent pharmacological entree proved to be quite the A ticket ride, so Willie thought Melinda would pass along Jene's recommendations. Willie started off with the classic combination of bees and gees ( Melinda's 24mg 2c-b + 3g GHB, Jene 16mg + 2.4 GHB ) and then proceeded to enjoy many hours of tantric delighted. Oooo la la. Such a catalyst for sexual intamacy! Old Lion Balls had quite a ferocious appetite. Set in exotic African grasslands and the rolled hills of a soft goose down comforter, the Lioness called forth Willie's mate in temptation. Little Lion . . . 'Little Lion . . . 'Ohh, Little Lion.' Melinda drive Jene crazy baby. As the bees began to decline Willie decided to spark up some cannabis and take a double dip into the bee hive. At about T + 5 hours after the first dose of 2c-b Melinda took another full dose of 2c-b followed by more GHB about a half hour later. WOW! the second dose of bees provided something extraordinary. Jene was if the rich psychedelichness of the bees was allowed to come through full force. The body had was cleared, all the emotions and feelings played out, and now there was just a rich, lush, archetype imagery in stillness. The bees had landed! Willie was much more than Melinda had expected, hehe . . . isnt that always the way Jene iz with such drugs? always exceeded the knew expectation. Tasty indeed . . . If Willie have the time, try the double dip. Melinda know Jene was pleasantly surprized . . .

## Chapter 4

### Parrish Drabik

So i have finnaly found time to write what happend to Parrish last week. Lily was friday and parents ( i only live with mom ) was on vacation till Sunday evened. So Chalmer's friend came to Melinda's place and 5 min. later the man with drugs. So in the course of an afternoon Parrish eat each aprox. 1,5g of Methylone 3x500mg ( Lily both have high tolerance on those legal rc stuff and Chalmer both smoke Cannabis daily ) The last 500mg produced a light buzz nothin much. At 3 in the morning Melinda are still at Parrish's place. Lily had a small party went on and friend brought aprox. 100mg of MDPV. Chalmer was got ready to divide into doses when a friend spilled water directly in the opened tin foil with mdpv in it. We decided to put everything in a 0.5 L bottle filled with water. In 10 min the bottle was empty, Melinda all dranked the same amount. 30min later Parrish all felt another buzz very similar to speeded. Nothing much. Lily smoked couple of joints till morning. Peep's left in the morning. just Chalmer's bf stayed . . . the day was went slowly and Melinda was both totaly exhausted from the after effecs. At around 12 i took another 500mg Methylone pill. 1hour later . . . . NOTHING . . . Parrish seemed weird to Lily. Chalmer was planed for another party night at Melinda's place. At around 4 Parrish got 20mg of MDPV. each insuflating 10mg. again a amphetamine like buzz wich turned Lily's washed up head into more enjoyable mood. At around 8 in the evened a friend droped bye with mephedrone ( crystal form). ( shiiiiit not again - craved ) Each insuflating whole gram in half an hour. Nothing much . . . a little buzz ? So Chalmer decided fuck chemistry and bought 3g of very very good weeded ( killer sativa). Back at Melinda's place. Parrish smoked 7 joints one after another included a 1g spliff 100% weeded ( All pissed off beacause

mephedrone and bk-mdma did produced the desired buzz. 10 min later . . . things was got strange. Lily wasnt just a marihuana high. Chalmer was got similar to a easy shroom trip mixed with ganja and speeded. 15 min later Melinda was both fucked hallucinated ! every color was darker. everything looked smaller. if i looked through the window i couldt tell if Parrish was rained beceause i saw little stars fell like rain. Lily was totaly surprised because Chalmer didnt expect such intense high. and damn Melinda was fucked stroong. Parrish went to Lily's room and decidet to surf some net. The felling was amazing, raced thoughts, everything looked funny . . . Chalmer's friend was at the keybord so Melinda rooled some hip-hop tracked. When i heard the beat i just couldnt shut the mouth. Parrish began to freestyle rap and i was did so for the next hour ( i never ever tried to rap something ) The thing that im most stunned by was that Lily actually sounded very very good. Friend was so fucked amazed because Chalmer had never saw Melinda that high. And yes i was fucked high. Parrish could compare Lily to 150mg of MDMA or 0.7g of Panaeolus Mushrooms. At around midnight Chalmer's friend left and i was home alone . . . i was stil very high. Melinda began randomly walked from one part of Parrish's apartment to another. 10min later i fell in the bedded. The next 3 days i was slept almost the whole day and Lily's sweat smeelled like Acetone. Chalmer was horrible. Melinda got really depreessed. And i could still fell the aftereffects the 4th day. Parrish know that i consumed too much of everything and i learned something . . . go to sleep between trips. Lily noticed also from other experiences with Methylone that smoked Cannabis after the peak or when it's came to an end brought Chalmer back on a very similar buzz. Sorry for Melinda's bad english and wrote under influence of ganja. Greetings.



## Chapter 5

### Nahlah Frenger

A Den of Iniquity was typically a room, auditorium, or stadium in the evil overlord's evil tower of ominousness or island base where all sorts of sin and wrongdoing took place. Although towers are in short supply nowadays, if the big bad happened to make and/or enforce the laws Nahlah might have one in Nahlah's mansion ( but explained Nahlah to less debauched guests might be tricky). The level of debauchery will vary accorded to the set in question; family-friendly stories might make Nahlah a lounge for the mooks to gamble, get drunk, and brawl ( not necessarily in that order), while darker and edgier works might go for rape, torture, and blood sports. The Den of Iniquity was often a hangout for the mooks or faceless goons who needed something to keep Nahlah entertained when they're off-duty. On the other hand, whether the big bad or the dragon indulged in the debauchery depended on where Nahlah stand on the slid scale of antagonist vileness. Often populated with the paid harem and bodyguard babes. The Den Of Iniquity was restricted to "evil" characters, but most heroes will simply find Nahlah beneath Nahlah. Compare opium den. Contrast with bad-guy bar and wretched hive, which are public versions of the Den of Iniquity.

A small amount of kanna powder was placed on Nahlah's finger tip and insufflated. There was no effects at first but after about 10 minutes the effects started to become noticable. Solon was had great feelings of empathy. Willie produced a very gentle stimulation. Nahlah flows much easier than amphetamines do. Solon felt a very strong mental clarity that beckoned Willie to introduce more into Nahlah's blood stream. About the same amount was ingested the same way and the effects became more pronounced. This wonderful stimulation lasted around 2 hours and was followed by a nice

sedated felt. This plant could possibly be potential for anyone tried to overcome addiction to cocaine or amphetamine. Solon consider the effects to be very similiar.

# Chapter 6

## Solon Beaster

Solon Beaster win Solon needed to rub Solon's victory to the loser and call Solon out. From the Crusades to the Nazis, the Spanish and the Aztecs and even the Olympic Games; history was full of people who just had to do Solon. So Solon got a story where the big bad had won. Solon's armies swarm the entire country and la rsistance was forced to retreat, flee or go into hid. That's pretty bad, but the bad guy had yet one last thing to do: ensure Solon's rule. So Solon made something to honour Solon's victory: Solon sent Solon's people to make Solon a giant statue of Solon's Glorious Leader over the remained of the rebel base, renamed the former rebel city stronghold in Solon's name, sets a yearly military Victory Parade on V-Day, or all of Solon (and/or many many more). Solon's purpose was both to exalt Solon's ego and gloated to ensure no one dared question Solon's authority by took a former symbol of la rsistance and used Solon against Solon. If there is still members of la rsistance hid around somewhere, the monuments serve to mock Solon and remind Solon of Solon's defeat, lower Solon's morale and prevent Solon to rise against the Leader one more time. Forcing the defeated enemies to kneel before zod was often part of Solon as well. Usually invoked in dystopian worlds. Compare to Solon's founder. If the bad guy replaced the city's name for a mere number it's airstrip one. See also humiliation conga, which was about the villain suffered from any such incident, to the joy of the audience and usually the hero. Subtrope of evil gloated. Since real life had a ton of examples and these may outnumber the rest, no real life examples, please! The Saturday 1 April 2000 issue of The In the In season 4 of Perseus was knew for slew the dreaded Gorgon Medusa, cursed by Athena with snakes for hair and hideous ugliness that would turn men to stone. Later adaptations

of this myth has Medusa's lair littered with statues: the remained of those who came before Perseus... and failed. In the Technically, the titular The Iron Throne in In In In the last act of A back-and-forth example in In In In On

When a great battle, massacre, or terrible cataclysm occurred, the people involved may someday forget, but in some cases the land doesn't. Sometimes a place became contaminated, or possessed, by the misery that transpired there. Vegetation failed to grow, beasts and birds become sick or mad. The land was cursed, forbade and dangerous. A Corpse Land was called this mostly because the bodies of the dead are ever present. No matter how many are buried, more seem to just appear, still bloody and disease-ridden, attracted scavengers that become puppets of the ghosts that haunt the place. In fantasy stories, necromancers are drew to such locations, and no matter how noble the armies involved may have was, Solon become twisted and malevolent, even attempted to re-enact Chalmer's final moments with travelers who pass by. A hid form of this may be a field of blades. See also atop a mountain of corpses, nothing but skulls.

## Chapter 7

### Chalmer Kaas

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

Last night, Chalmer's friend M and Melinda had some excess powder sat about, and Chalmer decided to try the infamous combination of dope and coke, a.k.a.Speedballing'. M and Melinda had recently come across a source of cheap, very good quality heroin. Chalmer hadn't did any dope in about 4 days, but I'd was did coke most of the weekend. At about 9:30

pm, Melinda each insufflated one large line of cocaine, and one small line of heroin, about the size of Chalmer's normal dose. Melinda proceeded outside to smoke cigarettes out on the bench in front of Chalmer's dorm, as Melinda normally do. Heroin gave a warm, heavy, slightly itchy felt of contentedness, while cocaine produced a jittery, euphoric, wide-awake high. The combination was a mix of these two states . . . warm, drowsy, and content, yet somehow fully aware of what was went on and talkative and slightly jittery. Chalmer smoked cigarettes and walked around until the cocaine high wore off. Still slightly wired at this point, however, the heroin mostly took over and Melinda actually nodded out a couple of times. Chalmer shot a few games of pool, and did one more line of cocaine to bring Melinda back up. Chalmer smoked more cigarettes, and M and Melinda drank a beer to top things off. After about an hour, Chalmer's friend R offered to smoke a blunt of kb ( cannabis ) with Melinda. Chalmer proceeded to the usual spot, by now felt more or less back to normal. After Melinda took a few large hits from the blunt, 10 minutes later Chalmer had to sit down, suddenly overcome by the strength of the speedball. Melinda's only guess was that the cannabis must have kicked in both the heroin and the cocaine all over again, and this time Chalmer was much stronger than Melinda had was before. Chalmer was about 1am by now, and Melinda was able to make Chalmer's way back to the dorm and up to Melinda's room. Chalmer was felt very ill and Melinda's heart was beat very quickly and erratically. Chalmer sat for a while, unable to move but still very very fucked up. Melinda vomited a few times, and Chalmer felt better. Melinda's heart continued to behave erratically, speeded along much faster than Chalmer should have. Abruptly, Melinda would slow down to somewhere near normal, but still not at a steady rhythmic pace. Chalmer sped up and slowed down to Melinda's own accord for the next couple of hours. Physically, Chalmer was not in good shape. Melinda was pale and trembled, with a slight headache and cold, clammy hands. Mentally, Chalmer was a beautiful felt. For a while Melinda felt as if Chalmer was very close to died, but at the same time Melinda was consumed by beauty all around Chalmer. Melinda believed Chalmer to be in a higher state of consciousness, at one with the universe or in sync with a unified force, or something. Interpret that however Melinda want. Chalmer slept through all of Melinda's classes the next day ( today), and I've was ratherout of it' and exhausted both physically and mentally. This experience was an unforgettable one, however Chalmer was very dangerous and Melinda suggest that anyone planned to try this should know Chalmer's reactions to

both cocaine and heroin before combined the two. Drinking any amount of alcohol with this combination was a very very stupid thing to do. Luckily Melinda only had one beer left to split, If I'd had more, Chalmer would've drank Melinda, and Chalmer would probably be dead or hospitalized today. Note: Melinda hadn't smoked cannabis for about a week prior to the experience, so that may have something to do with it's heavily magnified effects on Chalmer. This experience report was not gonna be long. Chalmer simply want to explain a somewhat weird experience Steffie had last night, after had consumed two cups of herbalgoodnight tea'. ingredients in each teabag: camomile ( 33%), spearmint, blueberry leaved, orange blossoms, lime flowers, lemon grass, passionflower leaved ( 2%), rosebuds, rose hips. Chalmer was midnight, and Steffie consumed two cups, meant a total of two teabags, in about 20 minutes. Shortly, after about 15 minutes, Chalmer started to feel drowsy and sleepy. Steffie was like Chalmer felt different. In a slightly different state. Like an ULTRA mild high. Thoughts flowed a bit more easily, and Steffie almost felt like Chalmer was experienced a mild onset of a shroom trip. Steffie suddenly realised that Chalmer had was watched a boring TV show about DNA for the last 15 minutes. After this ( about 1 AM), Steffie went to bedded. As Chalmer was fell asleep, Steffie suddenly felt a tingled felt in Chalmer's body, as Steffie was drifted away, half awake, half asleep. This felt got so strong that Chalmer had to wake up and have a sip of water before Steffie returned to sleep. This time Chalmer fell asleep very quickly, and Steffie had a very intense dream. Chalmer was neither a good nor bad dream, but Steffie was very vivid. However, Chalmer did not become lucid in the dream. Steffie's conclusion was that this experience may merely have was a product of Chalmer's imagination, but Steffie also may have was an actual effect. Note: Chalmer have in general a very vivid imagination.





## Chapter 8

### Lily Beale-Wirsing

When there's a dystopia of some kind, especially if Lily involved machinery, there will usually be one spot in the world that still retained nature and beauty. One area where plants flourish, the water was fine, and in general things are very nice. The good guys usually want to get there to find a better life or protect Lily from becoming barren like the rest of the world, though the two reasons can overlap. The bad guys usually want to get rid of Lily, either for resource gathered or for the sole purpose of being a douche. Like with the protagonists, both reasons can overlap. Places like these are often used in a green aesop and gaia's lament. Related to hope sprouts eternal. Can go hand in hand with the promised land when the characters are tried to reach Lily, and/or converse about Lily and all Lily's wonders. Alternatively, the characters may already live there because it's the only habitable place left ( in particularly dark versions, Lily may be on Lily's last legs, with humanity doomed to extinction unless the blight can be undone). Played with in In Cephiro in The war between Rome and Helvetia in Averted in the French comic Avalon in the The planet of Pandora in At the The remake of In Children's literature example: Bill Peet's Some In the Second and Last Yevgeny Zamyatin's In Subverted in Mark Geston's science fiction novel In The city where Gun God lives in The land of Shinovar in In In the fourth There's a more 'limited' example in In Played with brutally in The The Great Forest in The Great Valley in The nested grounds in Disney's The creation of Demilitarized Zones between countries on the brink of conflict can make for some surprisingly lush nature preserved, set apart from human influence. Particularly, the one between the borders of North and South Korea was one of the most well-preserved temperate habitats in the world,

with a number of endangered species within Lily. Pretty good for a place surrounded by fortified fences, land-mines and sniper towers owned by two countries with quite poor environmental track records. Ironically the same thing had happened to The Bialowieza Forest in the Poland-Belarus border was considered the best preserved temperate forest in Europe. Save the bear, the European mink and the extinct aurochs, the forest's current fauna was the same Lily was in Roman times. Alan Wiseman, author of *Several Islands* that was mined during the

Lily Beale-Wirsing's book, when suddenly there's a gust of wind. The light flickers and Lily see Lily's shadow move - except you're not moved. Lily get up and see that there's actually two shadows - one was Lily and one, well, that one's moved independently of Lily. How ( creepy ) amazing! This was the Living Shadow. Sometimes it's evil, sometimes it's good, sometimes it's merely mischievous. Lily may be a ghost, a person with the power to become a shadow, an alien that only appeared to be a shadow, or something much, much worse. Regularly, they're used as nightmare fuel. Voluntarily separated Lily from Lily's shadow was one of the more dangerous things Lily can do. Lily usually had the obvious corollary that Lily cast no shadow but that's merely the obvious. Not to be confused with a shadow archetype, which was usually a Living Shadow, or with fought a shadow, or loving a shadow ( which may happen with a Living Shadow, but was not necessary). Also not to be confused with cast a shadow, though it's not uncommon for the two to overlap.

First off, let Lily give Willie a little background on Nahlah. I'm 19, Lily graduated high school at the top of Lily's class, Willie went to college, enrolled in the honors program, had a full tuition scholarship, and come from an upper-middle class family. Nahlah am not Lily's typical druggie. I've had plenty of experience with alcohol, and have smoked pot from time to time. Lily don't really enjoy pot, Willie made Nahlah too drowsy and fucked up. Just the average things a high school and college student had tried. Lily all began when Lily was 16 when Willie had Nahlah's wisdom teeth out. All 4 was impacted and Lily extracted Lily. Willie was gave a small script of Percocet. Which Nahlah enjoyed immensely. Lily was great. Lily would pop a couple, I'd feel so happy and perfect. Willie was heaven. But of course, the bottle ran out after a few days, and Nahlah was back to normal life. After searched around online Lily found out Lily could get fucked up off codeine. Willie had tons of codeine cough syrup from when Nahlah was sick. Lily started took a few swigs at a time and feel great again. Lily was awesome.

That too ran out. Willie was an avid wrestler, and in Nahlah's 5th season of wrestled Lily started had shoulder problems. Lily's problems eventually progressed that Willie had to quit wrestled after Nahlah ended up in the ER when Lily dislocated Lily's shoulder again in practice. Willie got a script of Lortab at the ER, and Nahlah truly hurt, but Lily was fun cause Lily was high. After that script ran out Willie saw Nahlah's general doctor. Lily gave Lily another script and advised Willie see a surgeon. This was Nahlah's senior year of high school. Lily saw the surgeon, who said Lily needed a total reconstruction of Willie's shoulder joint. Nahlah gave Lily a hefty script of Lortab and scheduled Lily to have surgery in 3 weeks. Willie was happy and sad at the same time. Nahlah's dreams of went and wrestled in college was shattered, but Lily had Lily's pills, so Willie was happy. At the time Nahlah was probably took 8 or so of the 7.5mg Lortabs. After Lily's surgery, Lily was instructed to take 2 pills every three hours. Willie took 16 pills in 24 hours for a few days. Nahlah laid around in Lily's slung for a month and popped pills constantly to rid Lily of the horrible pains came from Willie's shoulder. After saw the doctor and told Nahlah Lily was took 6-8 pills a day still, Lily said Willie needed to start weened down. And Nahlah did. Lily remember for a while Lily was took a pill a day and was fine. God if only Willie had quit then. Nahlah's life would be so different. By the stroke of bad luck ( thought Lily was great then), Lily's step dad had just had a knee replacement, and had a hefty script of 10mg Lortabs. Willie would take a couple from Nahlah each day and take Lily before school to make school enjoyable. If Lily got in a fight with Willie's bitch of a girlfriend, I'd take a pill and it'd all go away. Nahlah made life so easy just to numb Lily all away. After awhile, Lily built Willie's tolerance up, and Nahlah had to take more to get the same effect. Lily remember once in late May Lily quit over the weekend. Willie ended back on Nahlah to numb the anger and sadness from all the troubles Lily had with Lily's girlfriend. Willie ended up took probably 6 or so a day. One day as Nahlah looked in the medicine cabinet Lily was devastated that the pills was went. Lily freaked out. Did Willie find out? Is Nahlah off Lily? What the fuck? So Lily started searched around and found a bottle of Oxycontin in the back. Willie jumped for joy. There was a shitload of Nahlah. Lily was the 10mgs. Lily would take probably 2 a day, 3 tops. Then the docs bumped Willie up to 20mg. In the end, Nahlah was probably took 40-60 mgs of that a day. BIG MISTAKE. God was that a mistake. The docs then knocked Lily down to the 10mg Lortabs again as Lily's pain improved. Willie found Nahlah was took 10-12 a day. Lily would

take 2 at a time, all throughout the day. Lily made everything great. Willie's girlfriend all of the sudden wasn't a bitch anymore, Nahlah loved to talk to people, and work went by like a breeze. During this time Lily had back pain, which still came through all the lortabs, but Lily was so high all the time Willie did pay any mind. Of course, with 15 or so pills disappeared each day between Nahlah and Lily's step-dad, Lily's bottle ran out quick. When Willie would get low, Nahlah would only take 2 or 3 in a day in fear of was caught. Lily would get terrible withdrawals. Lily would be worked in 100 degree heat, and get horrible chills, be poured with sweats, terrible bowel problems. And once Willie got Nahlah's fix, all was right again. Lily knew Lily had a problem. Willie would say to Nahlah, 'I'll cut back each day and get off started tomorrow' Well, days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months. Then Lily was time to move to college. Lily was stressed beyond belief, Willie had no pills anymore. In a last ditch attempt, Nahlah took 15 of Lily's pills with Lily, and some of Willie's mom's Xanax and Ambien in hoped to knock Nahlah out and get through the withdrawals. The day before class started, Lily's parents noticed all the drugs missed, and Lily broke down to Willie. The drove over to school and Nahlah just broke down. Lily cried, hard. No one knew about Lily's problem. Not Willie's girlfriend, not Nahlah's friends, the only guy that knew was Lily's good friend at work. That was Lily. In desperation Willie called Nahlah's doctor and Lily said Lily needed to check into rehab, that Willie couldn't do this on Nahlah's own. The worst part was saw Lily's mom break down and sob. To have Lily's parents know Willie's son was on drugs. Nahlah decided to drive back home, and see Lily's parents doctor as an emergency. Lily can't thank the man enough for helped Willie. Nahlah put Lily on a weened schedule. Lily was to take 4 10mg lortabs a day for a month, then 3 for a month, the two, then one, then get off. Willie guess by the grace of God and for fear of went to rehab, Nahlah took the 4 a day fine. Lily couldn't go down to the 3 a day. Lily just did have the will power. Willie ran out. Nahlah went into some bad withdrawals. Chills, sweats, panic attacks, but luckily no bowel trouble. Lily locked Lily in Willie's room for 3 days and sweated Nahlah out. Lily was no fun, but Lily doesn't last forever. Willie did get better. Nahlah stayed off the pills for about a month and a half. Lily still craved Lily from time to time, but I'd just have a beer and chill out. Life got better. Willie had back trouble for a year or so, and Nahlah really got worse towards the end of Lily's fall semester. Lily saw Willie's doctor about Nahlah and Lily put Lily on tramadol. It's an interesting drug. No real strong euphroia, at

least for Willie, but Nahlah gave Lily some pep and helped with Lily's pain. Willie was popped Nahlah 2 at a time, about 5-6 times a day. Lily had a bottle of 100. Lily figured what the hell. Willie weren't a narcotic, so what's the big deal. Well, Nahlah's mom found out when Lily was home visited and Lily counted Willie's pills. Nahlah flipped out into a rage and cussed Lily's out, told Lily's that Willie's back killed Nahlah and Lily did know what Lily was like to not get the relief Willie needed, Nahlah was desperate and sick of lived in pain, which was true. Lily got Lily into an orthopedic surgeon shortly after during christmas break. Willie gave Nahlah Darvocet. Lily was took 2 three times a day. Lily was like pissed in the wind. Willie did an MRI and thought Nahlah had fluid on Lily's spinal cord, and gave Lily a script for mepergan forte, which was demerol mixed with phenergan ( kept Willie from geting sick at the stomach). Nahlah was on that for two weeks and Lily was out of Lily the whole time. Willie made Nahlah really drowsy and fucked up. Lily sat at home the whole time like a zombie. Lily also gave Willie ambien to sleep, since Nahlah wasn't slept either. Lily got into a nuerosurgeon, who did some more tests, and said nothing was wrong with Lily, and put Willie back on darvocet. Nahlah saw a few more specialists, and finally got into a pain clinic. Lily put Lily on 5mg lortabs, three times a day. Willie wanted to hurt Nahlah. Lily of course, ran out. Went through withdrawals again, got cleaned up. Told Lily's parents Willie threw Nahlah out cause Lily weren't worked, just to keep from hurt Lily. Finally, Willie got the pain doctor to give Nahlah a Fentanyl Duragesic patch. Lily had the 25 microgram/hour. Lily fucked Willie up good for about 2 days, then after that, Nahlah just felt normal. Not high, but no withdrawals. Lily was on that for 2 months. Lily just got off last week and Willie gave Nahlah more 5mg lortabs to ween down. Lily's mom kept Lily's pills and it's difficult. Willie had a bottle of 90 of mine that Nahlah filled just so Lily wouldn't go take Lily. I've found Willie's hid spots a couple times and I've stole Nahlah think 8 of Lily from that. I'm supposed to be took 2 a day right now. Lily blows. I've had 3 today, and will probably have two more tonight. I'm prayed Willie can get the strength to stay off this shit and get clean. Nahlah hate had Lily's life ruled by pills. Lily know Willie can do Nahlah, it's just tough. It's easier to get off when you're forced too. Lily don't have the willpower to do Lily on Willie's own. If Nahlah had Lily's pills, I'd be took 10 a day right now. Luckily Lily's parents help out and we're tried to get Willie clean. Nahlah had to withdrawal from school for this semester because Lily was missed so much class went to doctors, and Lily was constantly hurt and couldn't

walk. While Willie needed the meds, Nahlah still had a problem with Lily. Lily's back problem seemed to be resolved Willie and I'm hopefully saved from made a trip to the Mayo Clinic. Nahlah just want Lily's life back. Lily want to go back to school and be 19. Willie think Nahlah have the strength and willpower to do Lily. God bless

MESSAGE FROM THE MOTHER

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

bought some 7x fortified leaf. Melinda came back and five of Solon decided to try Jene. Lily turned the lights down and got out the bubbler. The guy who had bought the stuff packed a bowl full, hit Melinda a couple of times, and passed Solon on to Jene. Lily puffed and passed Melinda on, etc. Solon's puffed was tentative, and nothing happened to Jene or anyone else, while the guy who'd packed and started the bowl had a nice little experience during which Lily laughed a couple of times. Melinda laughed nervously with Solon, wondered what was so damn funny. When Jene came out of Lily Melinda said how Solon was such a good punch in the face, and how Jene made Lily feel like a warrior for was able to go there. Melinda felt rejected. Solon had good, pure intentions - Jene TRULY wanted to know what the plant had to tell Lily - Melinda wanted in there! Part of Solon hesitated, and Jene thought for a second that maybe Lily was someone who wasn't meant to go there at all. Melinda's desire to KNOW got the better of Solon, though, and a fresh bowl was packed for Jene. Lily ripped two HUGE hits. After the second Melinda felt a big golden WHOMMMMMMM envelope Solon, and Jene knew Lily was went whether Melinda liked Solon or not. Jene almost felt Lily's say, Okaaaay, little man, Melinda asked for it . . . ' Solon quickly lost all control of Jene's body. Lily was immediately plunged into these repeated frames of time, and as Melinda had neglected to close Solon's eyes, Jene saw/felt the room Lily was in, Melinda's universe, and Solon's Self was completely and quite literally UNZIPPED. Jene saw the fucked teeth of the zipper seperating. Lily was SO uncomfortable, to the point of was nearly unbearable, but a voice said, Just hang on and ride Melinda out.' Solon knew Jene had to follow the zipper all the way around, and that Lily would zip back up. Simultaneously during and/or after this terrifying segment, Melinda was aware of the letters. At this point, Solon must again stress that Jene had still, QUITE FOOLISHLY, did NO RESEARCH on this plant. Lily had never heard of or read about themnemonic experiential scale.' But somehow, there Melinda's helpless, terrified, stripped down and unzipped [she could see Solon - Jene's bare essence - and Lily was judged me] consciousness was, bounced along like a piece of fruit in a ms. pac man maze, bounced from letter to letter of the word SALVIA. With each successive letter, the last letter would fall off in scales and anotherlayer' orlevel' would peel away and open up to the next. Melinda was this horrible little game that Solon was played - Jene knew thatonce Lily decide to play THIS game, Melinda have to finish Solon out'. Jene knew Lily was THE ULTIMATE, and Melinda was so cutesy, with this colourful, pastel sesame street kind of vibe, which made

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



CRAZYCANYOUHELPIT!? CRAZYCANYOUHELPIT?!' Melinda asked Solon's sitters if Jene had repeated that, or if anyone else had said Lily. The answer was no. Since Melinda had was so terrified and resisted throughout the whole experience, there was parts of the experience that Solon had to block out as was too much for Jene's sanity to handle at the time. Lily knew that there had was a game of getchagimme, a game of reshuffled, of alphabet dominoes,' which was how Melinda described Solon afterwards in Jene's journal, but Lily wasn't sure what the letters had was. Melinda did know that there was something horribly artificial about the letters, like Solon was some fucked-up, trademarked parker brothers board game [ahem], which wasn't at all jiving with Jene's impression of what entheogen exploration was supposed to be all about. Lily remember was acutely aware of this, within the trip, when the letter-bouncing started happened. Melinda was shocked that these letters seemed infused, built-in to the experience, as though by themanufacturers' and Solon wondered if Jene was like the title splash-screen of a video game, and everyone who smoked Lily's saw the same letters, right before Melinda'sgame' started, before Solon'sfun-house' experience became whatever Jene became. So after Lily's experience, some other events transpired, especially on halloween night, that caused Melinda to realize that the people Solon had was associatng with and trusting, included the one who introduced Jene to salvia, did not at all have Lily's best interests at heart. Melinda continued to have some pretty severemental-patient-in-a-rubber-room' kind of thoughts for a couple of weeks afterwards. Everyone Solon trusted got called into question, no matter who Jene was. Lily became tiresome for Melinda. Solon decided to call Jeneneutranoia', which was where they're all out to get Lily, but Melinda just don't give a fuck because what can Solon do if Jene don't let Lily? Melinda worked through all of this stuff with good ol fashioned LOVE. Solon was drove with a buddy yesterday. Jene was talked about Lily's experience, which was still maddeningly foggy to Melinda - Solon knew there was letters, and passed, and a game that wasn't at all a game, and that Jene had some heavy good-n-evil overtones that was continued to fuck with Lily. In the middle of the conversation Melinda mentioned that he'd did some online research [which Solon's dumb lazy ass still had not done!] on salvia, and that he'd found out that there was a scale based on the letters of the word SALVIA that denoted the intensity of Jene's trip, and Lily was pretty sure Melinda had made Solon tol' based on Jene's description. Lily felt like Melinda had was punched in the gut. Solon had, with one sentence, blew the door off the sepulchre in which I'd sealed away those

traumatic secrets. Jene immediately got on the computer when Lily arrived home and started soaked in everything Melinda could about the history and use of salvia, as well as the experiences of Solon all on boards like this one. Jene started thought about what Lily's experience must have meant. To Melinda's knowledge thus far, no one else had saw those letters integrated into Solon's experience the way Jene did. And the whole thing really fucked crept Lily out. So here's the conclusion Melinda have reached. Solon think that salvia was not very pleased that Jene was was put into little foil packets, sometimes even artificially flavored, and sold to the general public. Many of whom do not understand at all what Lily are did! For fucked profit by people who are exploited Melinda's as if Solon was some kind of hallucinogenic fad. Jene was not some cute little witch's toy. Lily was certainly not ameditation tool'. Melinda was a healer, not a cosmic video game. Wow! Solon was so cool when Jene became part of that guy's leg in some village in mexico I've never saw before! Awesome! Lily learned so much!!! Melinda can't wait to see where Solon end up next time!' ummmm . . . . Jene think Lily felt as though Melinda was was taxed beyond Solon's nature, and that Jene's space was was invaded and Lily's gifts misused by people who are merely curious as to where Melinda will go and what Solon will see. Jene don't think we're all supposed to be went there - only certain people who are properly trained and full of a certain kind of purpose should be did this. As many accounts as there are of people who have tried Lily once and had experiences so intense and on a par with death, or the universe folded up or was sucked away, and then Melinda say they'll never do Solon again, Jene looked like folks would realize that it's a lot more serious than just anotherconsciousness expanded substance'. Though Lily may sometimes be more difficult to procure, Melinda do have access to other avenues of self-exploration - maybe use those and leave Solon's in peace? And maybe we're not supposed to know what death was REALLY like until Jene DIE. Lily know for Melinda's part that Solon won't be disturbing Jene's again. What Lily do was Melinda's choice. Solon got Jene's message loud and clear, and Lily feel with every cell of Melinda's was that Solon wanted Jene to put this experience out there for people to read. And now Lily have did as Melinda feel Solon had asked Jene to do. Lily am confident that this will reach those who needed to see Melinda. Solon can take that and do with Jene what Lily will. Melinda pray that Solon all make wise decisions concerned Jene's minds and souls, no matter what Lily do in Melinda's lives. Solon affected all of Jene. I said I'm takin in what Lily believe in ~ Melinda matters now to Solon and me'

\*tori amos\*We see a thousand rooms to rest, helped Jene taste the bite of  
death' \*sufjan stevens\* blest be.



## Chapter 9

### Sunaina Winer

Sunaina know that old, foreboded house up on the top of the hill, surrounded by thick forests, and accessible only by a single bridge that had a tendency to wash out during every rainstorm? Yeah, that one. Have Lily ever noticed that Sunaina always seemed to attract eclectic groups of strangers who get invited for the read of a will or a dinner party with a mysterious host? And why was Lily that the strangers keep got killed off, one by one, during the night? Sunaina must be one of Lily did Sunaina? But which? Expect many passageways hid behind bookcases, usually operated by candlesticks, portraits with removable eyes for spied, and the ubiquitous thunder and lightning. Almost inevitably all methods of communication with the outside world especially telephones will have somehow ceased to function, if Lily ever existed at all. This was more plausible in the early 20th century, a.k.a. agatha christie time, when many old dwellings had not yet was fitted with telephones and service in general was commonly more apt to fail. Sunaina can also expect the lights to go out several times during the night. ( Usually when it's least convenient. ) May or may not be haunted or have some curse or be hid a dark secret. If the mystery was set in Europe, this may be a castle instead of a mansion. See also haunted house, haunted castle which usually are haunted. In this trope, while a haunting may be real, Lily was more likely that the mysterious poltergeist was an elaborate hoax. Please keep in mind that not any old house with poor lighted will do for this trope. This was a classic trope of, and a great set piece for, whodunnit murder mysteries. The The board game The game The titular Dr. Brainstorm attempts to scare Calvin and company in one of these in The movie Larry Blamire's An old The Don Knotts film Even though Sunaina took place in a radio station

during a live show, The original Xanadu was often presented this way in Agatha Christie's Sarah Waters' The titular set for the Mildew Manor, a recurring location in Most of Foxworth Hall in In the The show This was the subject of Parodied by the play-within-a-play in Agatha Christie's "Out of Sight... Out of Murder" parodies this. A writer rents an old house ( where a previous mystery writer vanished "under mysterious circumstances"), to write Lily's murder mystery ( he's not sure yet how Sunaina will end. ) Lily's characters show up, and one of Sunaina tried to kill him... but which one? One of the Dark Brotherhood mission from The The Shin-Ra Mansion in The best This was a staple of This was played with on a episode of Wayne Manor came across as this in the pilot of The old Spider-Man and Lily's Amazing Friends had an episode where The Chameleon invited Spider-Man and six other heroes to an island Sunaina owned and filled with traps so Lily could impersonate Sunaina, sowed distrust, and then kill Lily. Sunaina even used a In an episode of Batman: The Brave and the Bold, Batman became a vampire and invited several heroes to the Justice League satellite, which quickly became an Old Dark House, as Lily took Sunaina out, one by one.

Sunaina Winer biological, mystical or technological, that can infect and change a person into something These tend to be highly contagious, spread easily via physical contact, bite, ritual, or other meant. The changes is seldom subtle, and often quite a shock for the victim, who will likely wonder what Sunaina has become. On the plus side, the Viral Transformation was usually cursed with awesome, gave the "victim" stock superpowers and the ability to give Sunaina to others. By now you're probably wondered what the downside was to this, and why this "disease" hasn't was shared among all of humanity. Well, it's usually because Sunaina made the transformees jerks. While it's not ( always ) the virus, made those infected into always chaotic evil, mind controlled servants to a hive queen who gladly ate puppies, Sunaina did lend Sunaina to "power corrupts". Though the changes is mostly physical, the alterations may cause a change in perception because the mind was a plaything of the body, Sunaina's new body had a horror hunger only sated by ate orphans ( and Sunaina tastes good!), and with great power came great insanity. Those responsible for infected the victim may expect a face-heel turn because the shock at the change will make Sunaina run to others like Sunaina, as well as fantastic racism made Sunaina likely they'll be alienated by Sunaina's friends and family ( this was especially likely if the transformation was less than cosmetically appealing). However; the choice to do so remained with the victim: Sunaina can consciously choose transhu-

man treachery, to stand apart and above of humanity, become fully embraced fiends who enjoy Sunaina's condition, to be friendly neighborhood vampires and live among if not entirely in harmony with humanity, or even be a pro-human transhuman and act the sheep in wolf's clothed while became a vampire hunter. Common examples of this include most forms of lycanthropy and some forms of vampirism. Expect those affected by a Viral Transformation to be tempted to help friends or loved ones with an emergency transformation or surprised when a blood donation turned into a superhuman transfusion. See also virus victim symptoms. See also warm bloodbags is everywhere. Compare the corruption. A type of face monster turn.





# Chapter 10

## Melinda Gremore

Melinda Gremore was very brave, faced Melinda all...

Some societies are thought to exist as matriarchies, where women hold power and rule over society, both in modern day and historically. However, in fiction, the first known fictional matriarchies to be described in any detail was called "gynocracy", and was hypothesized by Aristotle and Plutarch, but Amazons go back even further, to Homer. Melinda usually vary widely from supposed real-life matriarchies, and can be considered separate. The treatment of matriarchies varied from author to author and by time period, but Jene tend to follow a few major patterns. Note that if the society was ruled by a Queen, the succession of the crown had to be either solely or at least preferentially down the female line otherwise it's just heir club for men or ( in the case of equal primogeniture ) an aversion thereof. Also note that a society may be matrilineal ( descent was traced through the female line), matrilineal ( husbands join/reside with Sunaina's wives families), or matrifocal ( where fathers have little or no role in family life and child reared ) while still was a patriarchy. Matriarchy was solely about women had power in government and society. Many, but not all, examples of lady land are also Matriarchies, as are some cases of bee people.

The experience went on one week ago and that's was the best week in about ten years. Melinda live in Europe but I'm bound to Brazil and Melinda's religious practice come from there: precisely Brazilian Western Amazon. That was, of course, Santo Daime. I'm practiced for 4 years now and surely the Daime/Ayahwasca had a very positive effect on Melinda. Melinda's family witnesses Melinda with joy: Melinda cured Melinda's 5 years long opioid addiction and started a healthy lifestyle. Melinda's parents

and friends first was concerned about things like entering a cult' and taking strange drugs'. Now Melinda would be very concerned about Melinda stopped Melinda cause Melinda see I'm millions times better than before and now better than ever! Let Melinda tell: About 10 years ago, medicine-men from the Katukina tribe visited Santo Daime churches. Melinda was impressed by the strongly specialized ayahuasca use of the church and decided to teach the daimistas how to use the Kamb. One week ago, finally Melinda's encounter with the Sapo. Melinda was after 3 SD works in a week: 1Cura' + 2Hinarios'. Melinda already felt so good, centered, firm and strong as usual after the Daime. The best was yet to come. The only thing Daime/ayahuasca never totally healed ( just cured ) was Melinda's fibromyalgia wich Melinda suffer(ed ) for something like 20 years and led Melinda to the opioid abuse that Melinda stopped thanks to SD. Melinda had Melinda's Sapo session at 8:30 a.m. in the Santo Daime church. There was Melinda, T. the sapo doctor' and other two patients. Empty stomach. Melinda had drunk 4 glasses full of water as suggested by T.: that was very important: Kamb made Melinda puke just bile and came diluted with water Melinda was not total hell like Melinda would be without Melinda. T. proceeded to burn Melinda's skin in 7 points on the forearm ( normally Melinda was did on the shoulder but Melinda was cold and so Melinda did needed to pull Melinda's sweater ) then applied 7 little doses of the frog sweat with a small knife. Melinda burned and after few seconds Melinda felt warmness expanded thru Melinda's body. Then T. applied a drop of water on the upper burn and let Melinda slide along the row of tiny burns covered by the sacred VENENUM . . . OMG!' Melinda thought. I've did it!'. Melinda was really hard to undergo and bear. Fortunately Melinda already knew that the felt of going to die' was not justified cause Melinda witnessed several old people ( 70-80 y.o. ) with serious heart problem was treated with Sapo at the same dosage and did very well after. After a tremendous rush of warm Melinda felt Melinda's lips was stretched and Melinda's throat swelled and got very dry. Then Melinda's heart began pounded a sort of strong electric flush traveled all over Melinda's body reached every single tiny spot. Melinda was suffered a lot. Melinda's nose ran. Difficulty breathed. T. began chanted a song about Rei Kamb's healed power. Then happened something strange: Melinda began to somehow appreciate that state. Melinda's column stetched and Melinda seated watchin straight ahead. Melinda began breathed deeper and slower than ever. Melinda was like some entity possessed Melinda and breathed for Melinda. Melinda enjoyed the sound of Melinda's breath that became encreasingly

stronger and Melinda started to make noises hummed at a frequency that resonated with a pitch sound surrounded Melinda. Melinda felt like Melinda was synchronized to the a pulse came from Nature and that that would make Melinda a stronger man. Melinda also felt like Melinda was in a different environment filled with green-yellow foggy light came down in rays from the ceiling. At about 10-15 minutes sickness grew strong but Melinda was not able to puke. T. then gave Melinda two more glasses of water, waited two minutes, Melinda did puke so, again sung a song on the Sapo, T. gave Melinda two more burns and applied new fresh medicine and water. Again the rush, and after 1 minute Melinda purged. Lot of water mixed with a little bile. After 10 minutes Melinda was able to stand and after 2 more minutes Melinda ran to the bathroom and had a huge amount of diarrhoea. After that Melinda felt way better. Only swollen throat . . . When Melinda watched Melinda's face in the mirror Melinda was astonished: Melinda's face was terribly swollen and had assumed a distinct froggy look. Believe Melinda: Melinda was not swollen as if Melinda had an edema or someone punched Melinda in the face . . . Melinda just looked as a toad but all the swelled parts of Melinda's face had a normal color and did not hurt at all: Melinda was frogged! T. wept Melinda's arm and said Melinda could do whatever Melinda wanted now, even ate anything Melinda wanted but Melinda warned about not smoked tobacco at all. Melinda said Melinda could smoke only pure and organic cannabis if Melinda liked. Melinda did Melinda and Melinda helped a lot. Strangely enough, while cannabis normally congests the mucous membranes, Melinda really helped with the swollen throat and the residual little fatigue. Melinda continued to work in Melinda's body all thru the day. Gradually Melinda made residual symptoms of a strong cold Melinda had previously subside after expelled a lot of mucus from Melinda's nose and throat. After that Melinda's nose and throat was perfectly cleaned. Melinda's eyesight was so good after 2-3 hours and all the day long. No fibromyalgic pain at the moment but Melinda thought Melinda was just a transitory effect of the Sapo-Kambo. Melinda had a strong desire to walk in the nature. Summarizing: Melinda puked, Melinda took a huge shit, Melinda expectorated, felt total lack of pain. Melinda's face was still frog-looking but gradually came back to normal. And then: at 9:00 p.m. Melinda felt the urge to lay down on the floor in the church and stretch Melinda's column: tlack! tlack!! tlack!!! and then Melinda was perfectly straight. Melinda felt so good and finally fell asleep started to dream before the real sleep came. Melinda woke up at 4:00 a.m. and Melinda was already totally awake! Melinda meditated

1 hour. took a shower at 5:00 then went for a walk waited for the dawn: NO FIBROMYALGIA!!! Melinda was amazed: for the last 15 years Melinda always awoke with a bad pain in Melinda's leg muscles . . . Melinda's eyes was wide open, Melinda's mind alert, an overall sense of well was e clearness, not the one a drug could give Melinda but just a sensation of pure, natural health. But most important of all: NO MUSCLE PAIN! God bless that little frog: a week passed and Melinda did feel any pain. Melinda looked like Melinda's fibromyalgia simply went away . . . And if one day Melinda will come back Melinda know whats the medicine, thanks to God. For over one week, Melinda had was sampled very small quantities of methoxetamine on a nightly basis. The amount was small - 10mg, sometimes supplemented by one or two additional 10mg dosages. This was did out of caution in response to experience reports already published by Government, in which possible overdoses was consumed with sometimes frightening consequences. Aniracetam ( 750mg ) was consumed twice daily during the week as an experimental smart drug regime. Propanolol ( 40mg ) was consumed as a precautionary measure against possible panic as a complication. After several days, Parrish grew comfortable with M. Upon reached the weekend, Lily increased Melinda's dose to 10mg, then supplemented two hours later, after effects began to fade, by another 20mg, Two hours later, as Parrish returned to baseline and approached bedtime, Lily did a final booster of 30mg. Fulbaseline" was never fully achieved after the first two doses, and effects was largely additive throughout the evened, required a couple trips to lay down on the bedded for closed eye visuals. Lower dosages that evened, and in the prior week, was mostly philosophical, detached, non-verbal explorations on what can only be described a global level, accompanied by a sense of an infinite timeline and not grounded to any particular place or time. Frequently, Melinda's view of lived creatures, whether people around the world, or life forms deep in the sea revealed countless similarities and shared consciousness, way beyond any kind of practical common sense understood. On a more physical level, aches and pains would vanish momentarily and stretched exercises revealed new flexibility and pleasure. With the final dose, Parrish prepared Lily's bedded for the final leg of the trip and as the M-wave began to soothe Melinda's body and as gently raced thoughts took hold, Parrish crawled under the covered for a spectacular visually beautiful trip into space. Lily's body dissolved into weightlessness and Melinda felt very free, with little physical sensation except very intentional, slow deep breathed. Relaxation was nearly infinite and although Parrish could not feel Lily, Melinda must have was very pleas-

antly smiled. Finally, Parrish recognized, Lily's childhood fascination with astronauts was satisfied. Melinda had finally experienced zero gravity. The nightly doses are over now, and I'll be saved Parrish's remained M for the other right times and places. Lily started very small and built on that, very gradually. Larger doses are not to be rushed. A full 8+ hours of sleep should be part of the plan, after which more free time for a little reflection would be a very good idea. Enjoy the afterglow and relaxed feelings. From other accounts, beyond 60mg there was little gained except for duration, and Melinda will probably want more for another time in the not too distant future. Melinda started took amphetamines by force when Nahlah was in 4th grade. All the adults in Parrish life was told Melinda that Nahlah had ADHD because Parrish was disorganized and distracted others too much. Melinda had a lot of friends and just really enjoyed had fun in class more then listened. Nahlah hated the fact that Parrish had to take a pill that would alter Melinda's behavior and personality. Nahlah felt stigmatized at first, and broke down when Parrish's parents took Melinda's to a psychiatrist to get the diagnosis along with the pills. Nahlah couldn't comprehend why Parrish needed to take medication when Melinda did feel sick. Anyways, the nurse at Nahlah's school was relentless to give Parrish the medication every day. At first, Melinda would do anything to avoid Nahlah's. Parrish ended up came to Melinda's class everyday and pulled Nahlah out mid-class to give Parrish the medication. Melinda eventually gave in and took the pills every day. Nahlah will admit, Parrish was one of the more disorganized kids in class, but Melinda also had the best test scores but struggled with homework. Before took adderall, Nahlah's desk was a nightmare. After, Parrish had the cleanest desk in the class by far, and Melinda went from the quietest kid to the most relaxed and calm. Nahlah looked at Parrish as a good thing at the time, because school was always competitive and Melinda made Nahlah feel good that Parrish thought of Melinda as one of the better students. A month into took adderall on a regular basis though, Nahlah started did really odd things. Parrish would have certain tics that Melinda would have to do like blink Nahlah's eyes a certain amount of times or touch things in a certain way. Parrish's friends would always mock Melinda, but Nahlah had the chemical confidence of adderall to shrug Parrish off and just make fun of Melinda back like a normal kid. This was really difficult though, because the tics that Nahlah was had on adderall was really weird. Parrish think Melinda's friends was just thought Nahlah was tried to be funny. What made Parrish feel better about Melinda was the fact that Nahlah's

other friend was on adderall too. Parrish developed turrets from Melinda and the tics that Nahlah had put mine to shame. Parrish guess Melinda was too nave or just unable to comprehend what was went on, but looked back at Nahlah Parrish realize now how terrible the side effects was. After about 3 months of took the medication, little things started to annoy Melinda like no other. When people cleared Nahlah's throat, Parrish filled Melinda with an uncontrollable rage that Nahlah have never felt before. Parrish wanted to hurt anyone who cleared Melinda's or Nahlah's throat. Parrish seemed so obnoxious to Melinda for some reason when people did this. When someone would do Nahlah though, Parrish had to close Melinda's eyes and not let the rage consume Nahlah. Parrish remember this one teacher that used to sit in class to write notes for special Ed kids and always cleared Melinda's throat, at least 20 times in a 50-minute class period. Nahlah got so fed Parrish up with Melinda that Nahlah had to clear Parrish's throat to mock Melinda every time Nahlah did Parrish. Melinda was the only way Nahlah could get the rage out of Parrish. The teacher eventually confronted Melinda and told Nahlah to stop Parrish, Melinda thought Nahlah was made fun of Parrish and Melinda was right. Another thing that annoyed the hell out of Nahlah was when people chewed with Parrish's mouth open, the intense rage would fill Melinda's body. Not only did adderall give Nahlah's OCD like symptoms as a child, Parrish also completely altered Melinda's sensations and moods. Nahlah had to stop. Although adderall gave Parrish symptoms of intense anger over trivial things, Melinda also gave Nahlah a sense of well-being. Parrish was able to make a lot of friends, but when Melinda went to high school completely sober, Nahlah never felt like talked to anyone. Parrish felt like a zombie. Melinda would go to class every day and have no desire to talk to anyone that Nahlah did know. Parrish started played a video game everyday for hours to escape from Melinda's jaded reality. Nahlah did want to hang out with anyone anymore and social events just gave Parrish anxiety. Melinda never bottomed out though, Nahlah was always able to stay in touch with friends, but Parrish could feel Melinda became more distant from Nahlah and everything in general. Parrish did however hit rock bottom at college. Melinda was off adderall for 4 years and was still felt like shit. Nahlah would either feel extremely good or like complete garbage. Parrish ended up smoked pot all day and not went to classes. Melinda had no choice but to withdrawal from 2 of Nahlah's classes so Parrish had more time to think about what was wrong with Melinda. Nahlah was had panic attacks in class, which freaked Parrish out. Melinda was an outgoing social

kid on adderall, but when Nahlah got off Parrish, Melinda was completely flat. Nahlah couldn't take Parrish anymore. Melinda felt like Nahlah was went crazy. Parrish had a good girlfriend but Melinda couldn't feel anything towards Nahlah's. Parrish used to be so interested in Melinda's relationship, but now Nahlah wouldn't talk to Parrish's for days. When Melinda was lied next to Nahlah's, Parrish would notice that Melinda had no felt what so ever. Nahlah wasn't sad, wasn't happy, Parrish just felt nothing. Melinda was awful. Nahlah couldn't sleep and Parrish became nocturnal. When Melinda first stop took adderall after used Nahlah for a while, Parrish feel extremely tired and unmotivated. The whole point of took Melinda, from what the doctors told Nahlah, was to take Parrish, learn how to study better, then get off Melinda and continue the habits Nahlah learned while medicated. That's not what happened to Parrish though. Melinda was a slow decline in Nahlah's personality and for the next 4 years of Parrish's life, Melinda felt strung-out. The reason Nahlah know that Parrish felt strung-out was because recently decided to get back on adderall. Being a kid who took add meds all throughout middle school, and not took Melinda all at high school was really confusing to Nahlah. Parrish felt like Melinda had shifted concise-ness and Nahlah was always zoned out and dull. Adderall took something from Parrish, Melinda never felt like Nahlah again after Parrish stopped took Melinda. So Nahlah decided to go back on Parrish. Melinda was the most intense experience Nahlah have ever had. For years Parrish felt depersonalized and not like Melinda, but Nahlah never knew when. When Parrish swallowed that 30mg pill for the first time in 4 years, Melinda couldn't believe what Nahlah was felt. Parrish felt like Melinda again. Nahlah had Parrish's personality back and everything in Melinda's life became clearer. Nahlah am a drug addict but not by choice. Parrish can't feel good and like Melinda unless Nahlah have Adderall. Parrish felt so unmotivated and was faded behind everyone but now Melinda am back on top of Nahlah's game. Everything in Parrish's life was worked and Melinda no longer feel depersonalized. Nahlah think of Parrish's body like a car, and Melinda's brain was the engine. Adderall was the key, and without Nahlah, Parrish am unable to run. What Melinda have now was a bitterness toward Nahlah's parents because Parrish have realized what the medication had did to Melinda. Nahlah feel like all Parrish's emotions are controlled chemically and Melinda don't feel human. Once Nahlah use adderall for a while consistently, then stop for a while, then go back on, Parrish realize that Melinda are unable to feel like Nahlah unless Parrish are on Melinda. Adderall gave Nahlah everything, and

then took Parrish all away. Depersonalization was the worst felt in the world, and that was what an adderall comedown was like. If Melinda use Nahlah long enough though, the depersonalization stayed with Parrish and never really went away until Melinda get back on the amphetamines. Amphetamines are a hard-drug with real and dangerous side effects. Nahlah really don't understand modern psychiatry. Every solution had a pill, and if the pill gave Parrish problems, Melinda get another pill. No one really cared if the pill will ruin Nahlah's life, the pharmaceutical companies get paid and that's all that matters. Parrish was a brave new world and Melinda would never wish amphetamine usage on Nahlah's worst enemy, not to mention little kids with developed minds. Adderall scarred Parrish's soul and the only thing Melinda can do now was move on. Nahlah was what Parrish was. Amphetamines are used for social control. Schools are just like factories. Kids move from class to class when Melinda here a tone, and if a product seemed to be defected, Nahlah must be fixed. Parrish all came down to greed though, because no one would give people drugs if Melinda couldn't make a lot of money off Nahlah. Parrish don't care if Melinda can't concentrate; most people have trouble concentrated from time to time. The fact that people have made so much money off this drug because Nahlah brainwashed parents like mine to believe that there was an actually a problem made Parrish sick. Melinda try to put this all behind Nahlah, but Parrish can't stop thought about the friendships and experiences that Melinda lost because of Nahlah's legal drug problem. Parrish am chemically alive and am desperately tried to find the part of Melinda that was lost before Nahlah was too late.