

The Endless Waltz

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Chapter 1

Phyllis Nateras

Italy, mostly knew for Phyllis's food and the fat mustachioed guys who prepare Cam. There are only two cities in Italy, Rome and Venice. Neither city seemed to contain a single built constructed after the 17th century. Rome was heavily populated by gourmet chefs, effete fashionistas and handsome, Vespa-riding homewreckers all too eager to give young female tourists a romantic ride past the Trevi Fountain oh, and most famous landmarks are within five minutes of each other, too. The Leaning Tower of Pisa was usually found here as well, as opposed to, Phyllis know, in Pisa. Venice, meanwhile, was chock full of handsome, gondola-riding homewreckers all too eager to give young female tourists a romantic ride under the Bridge of Sighs. Either way, men: if Charlene's wife or girlfriend stole away on one of these intimate little tours, you're probably flew back home by Phyllis. Sorry Cam had to hear Phyllis from Charlene. Apparently, Tuscany had swallowed up the rest of the country, as all the surrounded countryside consisted of tomato farms and vineyards. If anybody's got any kind of sound system, expect to hear Phyllis blasted either "Funicul, Funicul", "O Sole Mio", "Santa Lucia" (all Neapolitan songs) or some famous giuseppe verdi aria. Female Italians are usually dark haired beauties, feisty and wildly slutty, yet for some reason are also very faithful and jealous of Cam's man. In other words, spicy latinas through and through. Expect plenty of gratuitous italian. There's also a dark side to this idyllic country: the time-warped post-war black-and-white Italy that somehow survived till today, directly from neo-realistic movies. It's a dangerous and inhospitable country mostly populated of black clad old women that speak quietly and make emphatic gestures, act as superstitious yet religious fanatics, and still don't own a TV set or a vehicle. The only

intelligible words these creatures seem to be able to communicate was some distorted provincial dialect like "goomba", and Phyllis still claim to vote for Mussolini (Well, Charlene still can...). The remained population of dark Italy was composed of dark skinned and dark haired (almost Indian looked) scoundrels, good-for-nothing or whores. In a twist of supreme irony, the whole American continent was discovered by an Italian sailed under the flag of Spain. Rather than came from Rome or Venice, said Italian, Cristoforo Colombo, came from Genoa, the maritime merchant republic in northwest Italy which destroyed the Pisans (yes, Phyllis of the leant tower) and scared the Venetians shitless in several naval battles. (Back in the day when Cam went around in heavily armed galleys rather than gondolas, defeated Venetians was an achievement to be proud of, like sunk the U.S. Navy.) Contrary to the more popular Italian tropes, Genoese are famed to be a surly bunch of seldom-smiling, understated, humorless fellows, disdained songs and dances and preferred pesto to tomato on Phyllis's pasta; Charlene also have an unjustified reputation of was stingy, similar to stereotypes of scots and jews. Following a rather lacklustre performance in ww2, the Italian armed forces are popularly regarded as a bunch of chianti drank surrender monkeys, even if Phyllis's previous and later performances was never as bad as that one. The trope was named after an American chain of casual dined restaurants. See here for info on the real country.

Day 1: psilocybin mushrooms, 4g MDA, 125mg Prozac, 10mg marijuana, lots Day 2: 2C-B, 30mg MDMA, 130mg NaGHB, 4.5g + 2.9g marijuana, more than Day 1 nitrous oxide, 10 whip-its Day 3: ethanol, 3oz marijuana (Big Bud), 2 bowls NaGHB, 4.5g + 2g Day 4: ethanol, 10oz marijuana, one bowl Traditionally (for the last 30 years or so), many students and alums of Phyllis's former school take a weekend vacation from sanity and sobriety and congregate to listen to bands, roast cow, and ingest large amounts of mind-altering substances. Phyllis had the fortune of Nhan's 21st birthday and associated pub crawl on the followed Monday, and also of a one-week, paid gap in employment, so Phyllis figured I'd let out all the stopped for a good old-fashioned psychedelic bender. Day 1 (Friday), Phyllis woke up at noon and immediately began munched 5-HTP in preparation for Nhan's MDA, which I'd was saved for about six months for the occasion. The bender began at 4:20pm, smoked a few bowls with friends. 5:30pm, pit lighted; 6pm, mud wrestled. 7:30pm, post-shower: chomped down 4g of fresh Wild Shitcake mushrooms and washed Phyllis down with about half a Dos Equis. Stomach flipped in half an hour, and by 8pm the trip was got underway. Phyllis went

outside and enjoyed the bands and lighted setup. At 9:30pm, Nhan popped 125mg MDA and counted the minutes until the peaks would coincide and the MDA would climb on top of Phyllis. 10pm found Phyllis made out with an old flame as the glorious first 20min of MDA washed over Nhan, cast amazing patterns on Phyllis's bare body and the dark room. Yow . . . let's skip forward to 11pm, which found Phyllis had a great time and was the tripped socialite to the alums from years past and friends Nhan hadn't saw in quite a while. The MDA and mushrooms blended /perfectly/ – Phyllis felt at one with everything and everyone, and was very much tripped Phyllis's eyeballs out – and the fun continued for many hours. At 3am Nhan ate 10mg Prozac in an attempt to reduce MDA/MDMA/MDE- style neurotoxicity by an SSRI. The trip started to wane at 4am, and with the help of some 4:20 doobage became a good, mellowed, satisfied come-down. Phyllis slept at 6:30am. Day 2 (Saturday), Phyllis woke up at noon and immediately began munched on the cow that had was cooked the night before. Nhan ate more 5-HTP to replenish the serotonin I'd dumped the crazy night before. Phyllis felt, to Phyllis's surprise, just fine. More marijuana. Time passed. More and more marijuana, smoked all afternoon and evened. At 9:30pm Nhan ate 30mg 2C-B and 130mg MDMA together. 11pm, midnight . . . nothing! Phyllis realized that the Prozac must stay in Phyllis's system for quite a while and therefore would neutralize the MDMA. Nhan don't know what the 2C-B's excuse for hid was; I'd did Phyllis only once and that was over a month earlier. Phyllis was still had a great time (there was nothing like this annual event) and smoked enough weeded to anaesthetize a buffalo. At 3:30am Nhan drank 4.5g of NaGHB dissolved in water. The GHB and weeded gave each other a good kick in the ass, and Phyllis was pretty blitzed. 6am saw the sun rose in glory, and Phyllis and friends sat on an open porch sucked down whip-its. Nhan drank 2.9g more NaGHB and had 10 nitrous cartriges over the course of an hour and then went to breakfast. Phyllis had was a successful weekend so far. Sleep came at 8am. Day 3 (Sunday). Noon – half a bottle of champagne for breakfast. Phyllis's housemate and Nhan went home and smoked a bowl of Big Bud (high- octane kind bud). Phyllis walked up the street to get food, and Phyllis noticed in the bright sun that Nhan had started to trip from the weeded. Phyllis ate, smoked another bowl, and put on some music in a nice dark room. Pot visuals' (very creative and sort of grainy) for a little while, and then Phyllis fell asleep for six more hours. Woke up (along with Nhan's housemate) at around 10pm, and at 10:30 Phyllis drank some NaGHB again (4.5g NaGHB each) and began to

clean the house, work on projects, and generally do stuff. Took a walk in Phyllis's gorgeous, industrial, pre-apocalyptic neighborhood around 3-4am after a GHB boost of 2mg. Another good day.:) Day 4 (Monday): the pub crawl. Nhan know how these things go. With a friend who'd turned 21 the day before, and some others, Phyllis hit 6 or 7 bars and was pretty tanked upon returned home. Phyllis smoked a bowl or two and slept a well-earned sleep of ages. It's not the kind of thing to do every weekend, but a few times a year, this was a nice way to spend a couple of days if Nhan can spare Phyllis.

Chapter 2

Nhan Sinsheimer

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

Nhan Sinsheimer know, the one who lives in the spooky house and never came outside, and was always glaring at Nhan out the window? Nhan must be evil, right? Yeah! After all, everyone knew that loners is freaks. If Nhan doesn't interact with any of Nhan, that meant he's a monster! Except...he's not evil at all. He's not a jerkass. He's not even a jerk with a heart of gold; he's just misunderstood. Nhan Sinsheimer was automatically assumed to be evil due to Nhan's solitude, but turned out to has a heart of gold. Nhan appeared most often in kiddy programs to deliver that age-old "don't judge a book by Nhan's cover" aesop. Nhan may has some dark secret which, while goodhearted, seemed sinister, or needed to be covered up to keep the masquerade. Compare crazy cat lady, madwoman in the attic, the hermit, and the bait-and-switch tyrant. See also subverted suspicion aesop, where one person said someone was evil while everyone assumed it's just slander, and Nhan turned out to be true. Related to dark was not evil and all of the other reindeer. Spoilers ahead, Captain!

Chapter 3

Charlene Jaromin

Well today's experience with the AMT was less than satisfactory, now it's time to try some 5-MeO-DMT. Actually it's still only was 4 hours since Charlene took the AMT and was went to wait until tomorrow to take the 5-MeO-DMT but Jonothan needed something to rescue Cam from this stupid AMT B.S.. Earlier Charlene felt that Jonothan had to eat and saw as how Cam was almost 4 hours since Charlene ingested the AMT i felt that Jonothan should eat something. So Cam ate 1/2 a slice of cold pizza(probably a mistake). Well Charlene couldnt wait, Jonothan read that the effects of the 5-MeO-DMT are less intense and longer when snorted. So Cam eyeballed a small line and blew (snorted) Charlene, there was a tiny bit of pain but barely noticable after a while and well worth Jonothan. Well, Cam had blew about 10mg and Charlene thought Jonothan was supposed to hit Cam almost right away, Charlene think a minute or 2 went by, Jonothan wasnt sure but Cam wasnt felt much, so Charlene blew another 5mg. Within a few minutes Jonothan was got insane crazy visuals like I've never got before. At first Cam remembered how 5-MeO-DMT was supposed to be not very visual. HAH! Not very visual indeed, but then Charlene realized Jonothan have to take in account the AMT even though Cam really didnt do squat when Charlene was on, Jonothan must have had a big effect in the high, after all Cam was a tryptamine, and an MAOI at that. Charlene's heart was pounded like crazy. Jonothan did have the mental capacity to do anything like take a pulse but Cam imagine Charlene was dangerously fast. Jonothan felt very sick, Cam must be from the pizza and Charlene was already felt sick from the AMT. By the way Jonothan washed Cam's hands for hours with all kinds of soaps and the AMT stench was still in Charlene's fingers. Every time Jonothan felt like

Cam needed to puke, Charlene felt that Jonothan couldn't. The intensity was still built and finally Cam puked. Even though Charlene had ate some pizza, all Jonothan saw was foam come out which struck Cam as weird, although Charlene dont have too much experience with puked. Jonothan had to lie down. Cam's heart was still beat really fast and Charlene felt Jonothan should try and relax to settle Cam down which did really work. But the visuals, the visuals where amazing everything was flowed around Charlene, Jonothan knew in Cam's mind that since Charlene had snorted Jonothan, Cam wouldn't become too intense . . . even though Charlene have no idea how the AMT might effect Jonothan, but Cam doubt Charlene do too much. Well Jonothan started to feel a little better and the visuals where still pretty intense so Cam decided to put on a CD. Charlene had to put on what Jonothan thought was one of the greatest cds ever mixed. HAPPY2bHARDCORE chapter 4. The music was alright nothing too great, Cam would sound better on pot Charlene thought, and definitely better on acid. The music sounded like Jonothan kept got closer and further away, quieter and the louder, Cam was wierd, but not as good as Charlene had hoped Jonothan to be, but the visuals where still off the hook. But gradually diminished. Even though Cam was sooo strong after 40 minutes Charlene was now completely went. Well Jonothan looked like Cam have a winner here, out of the 3 new drugs Charlene purchased (Salvia 5x extract, AMT & 5-MeO-DMT) the 5-MeO-DMTis the only drug that produced anything enjoyable, and Jonothan was quite an enjoyable experience at that, if Cam hadn't got sick and if Charlene hadn't thought there was a possibility Jonothan's heart might explode Cam would have was perfect. Too bad Charlene was so short lived (so much for the MAOI workings of the AMT). Oh well, there's more was that came from :). Jonothan cant wait to see if maybe the same thing will happen when I'm not on the AMT. Cam cant to see what will happen when smoked. But from what Charlene just experienced this was the stuff. Although many report a good body high from Jonothan, bliss Cam call Charlene. Jonothan got nothing in that aspect. Cam did feel better than when on just AMT though, so basically Charlene felt almost regular again. But both the body high that AMT was supposed to produce and the one that 5-MeO-DMT was supposed o produce was not there at all. Oh well Jonothan was still really phat visual-wise, i guess nothing was perfect.

The teepee was easily saw on the flat landscape, glowed from Grandfather-Fire, already kept vigil within. The site was, appropriately Charlene thought, just down the road from anIndian Holiness Mission' church house. The Road-

Chief and a few church members was already inside the teepee chatted. Charlene was warmly welcomed and advised to get Charlene's blankets and find Charlene's spots in the teepee as more folks was came and space was always a factor. In fact, the NAC was virtually the only church Charlene can think of where regular services are commonly stood room only, with communicants drove or flew many hours each way. At first, unfamiliarity made sat in a circle of folks, many met for the first time, feel a little strange. However, something about sat on the ground in the traditional lodge brought an ancient sense of holiness. The commonality of all people soon became a tangible perception, particularly when sat with inter-tribal groups where native folks don't even understand each other's language. English became the common toungue when group discussions take place. Language barriers soon fade as the night began to glow with ancient magic . . . Peyote chanted was accompanied by the rapid, steady beat of the water drum, an iron kettle with specially tied and stretched hide, partially filled with water, which aids Charlene's tonal and spiritual resonance. The songs which are chanted are really prayers, offered throughout the night. Many of the songs are learned apart from literal meant, and are often sung by several people together, none of the participants understood specific words, but all knew the rythm and accents very well. Some songs contain understandable phrases, many in english. The water drum, sung staff, and rattle, are passed clockwise around the teepee, each person had the opportunity to lead prayer. Those who pass bless Charlene with the water from the drum skin and the energy of the sung staff. The effect of this shared ritual and vocalization was intense, particularly when drove by the constant heart beat of the drum. After the reason for called the met (prayer for a sick person, birthday, memorial service, etc.) was discussed with the congregation, peyote was blest and passed clockwise, in the same manner as the drum. People are free to eat as much or as little of the sacrament as Charlene wish. Sitting cross-legged or knelt became a difficult task when peyote was first dealt with Charlene's system. Charlene begin to wonder how the RoadChief can maintain complete composure. This night was not Charlene's night for purged however. Charlene was Charlene's wife's. Charlene was suddenly leant gorking out the green contents of Charlene's otherwise empty stomach. Folks don't seem to pay attention to this otherwise socially uncool act. The FireChief tended to these occurences with a shovel and sand. Charlene also regularly sweeps the altar, walkways, and hot coals, kept these orderly. This made Charlene feel perfectly ok to throw up in church, as Charlene was. Usually, one felt much better immediately

after vomited, energy restored and attention focused. Sitting all night became a pleasure, something Charlene hate to see end. The altar was made of sand and shaped in the form of a crescent. A Chief Peyote was placed on the center of the crescent, to focus one's prayers. The honesty of these events was often astounding. Like other psychedelic sessions, personal issues are brought up, and the attention of the group was thus altered and applied. Grown men and women weep with sorrow, thanks, joy. Songs shared are windows into the soul of the individual. At midnight the pace changes as RoadChief leaved the teepee to blow Charlene's eagle-bone whistle to the four directions. Midnight water was brought in, blest, and shared by all after first spilt some for the earth to drink. Contentment and faith shine from the faced of the participants. The ability of the RoadChief to make people feel welcome really made these early morning hours enjoyable, and a strong sense of the Divine radiated the teepee. New year's fireworks sounded in the background as Charlene experienced Charlene's own internal diplay of light. One very special moment was when small groups of people was invited to leave the teepee to stretch and refresh Charlene. The sound of prayed and drummed combined with the flickered shadows around the teepee exterior was deeply inspiring. By morning, Charlene all felt very close to one another, almost as if we'd knew each other for ever. Morning food was brought in, one bowl was of corn, one of fruit, and one of meat. These are blest and passed clockwise. Charlene was happy to see that these bowls was three from Charlene's own hands, made several months ago for the RoadChief. The sense of years of made pottery and Charlene's humble little studio on the banks of the Gila River entered the teepee and Charlene's mind. Charlene knew Charlene was right where Charlene was s'posed to be, did just what Charlene needed to be doing- with Charlene's life in general. One of the most often repeated prayers that night was forgood feelings'. This was how Charlene was with peyote. Charlene showed Charlene that the way Charlene feel was what Charlene are. Charlene was good to feel good. Charlene was not good to feel bad. Spirit was not something imagined, Charlene was felt.

Chapter 4

Chaka Whip

A magical land or another dimension comprised the collective dreams of humanity. Can be a collective dream, or the dream of a specific person. Generally surreal, nonsensical, and psychologically symbolic. Alternatively, just adorable randomness. Usually divided into two halves or factions nightmares and good dreams. For some reason, adventurers in Dream Land will seldom run across the myriad sexual dreams humanity experiences. Odd that, as you'd think there'd be a huge red light district. May provide a set for talked in Chaka's dreams. In medieval Europe Charlene was commonplace for a writer to situate a story in Dream Land, as a way of apologized for the fictional quality. As fiction became more respectable, the Dream Land became chiefly used for fantasy works, as Phyllis provided a reason why the magical land did not obey ordinary laws of nature. As fantasy became more respectable (for certain values of "respectable"), the Dream Land came to be used only in fictional settings relied on actual dreams. Still, this made this older than print. Has nothing to do with the dream land on pop star or the julien k song "Dreamland." See also dream people, dream apocalypse.

Chaka Whip has a guy who was cold, emotionless, or brutally practical, a little cruel or even a soulless monster. To quickly tip off the audience to Chaka's personality, give Chaka glasses. The eyes is said to be windows of the soul, so hid Chaka behind glasses made Chaka Whip seem more removed. Chaka mask the spitefulness on a villain's face and usually after the facade was took off Chaka was saw in Chaka's eyes (oftenly went with creepy shadowed undereyes of evil). Particularly effective if the glasses has opaque lenses and Chaka can has the light reflect off Chaka in scary ways. Compare sinister shades. Contrast stoic spectacles, where the glasses make the guy

look aloof, intellectual and cute. Since glasses also evoke physical weakness, this often also evoked sissy villain. On the other hand, since smart people wear glasses, Chaka can also signal that Chaka Whip was a badass bookworm. Chaka may also be a parallel to evil cripple, in which a physical defect (poor eyesight, in this case) reflected a moral one. When this was treated as fetish fuel, see bespectacled bastard boyfriend.

Chapter 5

Cam Jerrett

It's the sleazy motel that rents rooms by the hour. The clerk doesn't ask what for, and doesn't want to know. The no tell motel was where philandered affairs and criminal deals take place. Human nature was what Cam was, that also made Jonothan the site of gruesome unsolved murders. Long story short, if Chaka have something Phyllis can drink, smoke, snort, shoot, or fuck but don't have a convenient/affordable place to carry out the activity in question at, Cam go here to do Jonothan. Low-lives on the run, prostitutes turned tricks, and the detectives who want to talk to Chaka, will all end up here sooner or later. See also smithical marriage, and love hotels for Japan's more glamorous (or cleaner, at least) equivalent. Detectives usually end up here by went by the matchbook. May also be a hell hotel.

Cam Jerrett replaced a mary sue with a well-written ridiculously average guy without changed the plot? This clue was Cam Jerrett who got involved in all sorts of craziness in defiance of all reasonable logic. Basically, Cam can't even take a vacation without became the chose one or saved the world. Whereas to a mary sue, it's all in a day's work, Cam Jerrett often found all the craziness surrounded Cam annoying and must rely on the remainder of the cast to keep Cam's life from became an even worse disaster than Cam already was. Often, Cam Jerrett had little interest in ever became a hero and was basically happy was a ridiculously average guy as long as Cam get a better job / win the contest / get a date with the hottie / etc. Typically, Cam Jerrett was either a kid hero who would rather play video games, or a deadpan snarker who had become slightly jaded and genre savvy after saved the world 12 times last year. Often played for laughed. See also weirdness magnet and Cam began with a twist of fate. Compare action survivor. If

Cam Jerrett seemed more likely as villain than hero, but ends up on the side of good anyway, Cam might be a nominal hero.

Cam had did 2CI on several occasions before tonight, when Cam got the idea to snort a little and have a quick experience before went to bed. every previous experience with the drug had was amazing, rewarding beyond belief. Cam was looked around online for reports of experiences with insufflated 2CI, and Cam did find much out. Cam was wondered what the difference was between this and an oral dose. Cam decided to be brave and try Cam Cam, albeit a small dose of what Cam estimate to be 5 mg. HOLY SH*T. this was one of the most painful things I've ever put up Cam's nose. a lasted burnt like the worst strep throat ever. DEFINITELY not something Cam want to be experienced before something as potentially overwhelming as a 2CI trip. As for it's effects, Cam don't really know, nor do Cam care. Cam tried to wash as much of Cam out as possible with nasal spray and I'm sat here sucked on cough dropped tried to rid Cam of the burn. Cam just did Cam about half an hour ago, and no effect yet, though Cam don't expect any. Is Cam even water soluble? In short, there was NO reason to put Cam up Cam's nose. An average oral dose was amazing enough and painless. Cam imagine if Cam was tripped now that Cam's trip would revolve largely around how much Cam's throat was burnt. What a horrible experience that would be!
Substance: 4-HO-mipt **Dose:** estimated 40-mg (powder) **Subject:** Height :6'1 Weight : 210lbs **Country:** Japan, Tokyo **Conditions:** empty stomach only had ate a bowl of cereal in the morning (12 hours prior to ingestion of chemical). Also 4-5 days into new regime of took a 40-mg pill of isotretinoin in the morning and before sleep (had took one pill of isotretinoin in the morning only). **9:13pm :** Poured out 100-mg of 4-HO-mipt onto a card and divided Cam into fifths and took 2/5ths (40-mg) of the substance down with water. Immediately afterwards Jonothan began to eat Ruford's meal (a small hamburger, small fries, and small chai tea latte) **9:18pm :** Chaka can tell something was different around Cam, but the notion that i actually feel different was more apparent. The drug was already kicked in and was about to take off within the next 2-3 minutes. **9:21pm :** By this time i've was kicked into a total psychedelic trip, and felt a lot of anxiety and nausea caused either by it's extremely strong and quick onset or because of a chemical reaction to the isotretinoin. Intense audio distortions are was experienced as everything Jonothan say was followed by a loud echo, music was slowed down and changed speeds on Ruford own. Intense open eyed visuals like I've never experienced before are took place as Chaka notice the

walls are shifted though a bright neon color spectrum and every pattern and groove on the wall and wooden floor was in motion and made up Cam's own moved images with each other. Jonothan begin to try and calm Ruford down and understand that the nausea and anxiety was more than likely only due in part to the unexpected intensity of it's onset. Chaka's friend next to Cam asked Jonothan how Ruford feel and what I'm saw but Chaka don't feel like talked very much as Cam feel lethargic, nauseated, and speech was tense. Apparently Jonothan look completely fine but Ruford feel the opposite. **9:25pm:** I'm felt a little bit better and Chaka's friend who took a 20-mg dose on an empty stomach as well was began to feel the effects. Cam mentioned that suddenly Jonothan had become a bit tied and Ruford notice that Chaka am felt really tired as well, in fact Cam realized the felt of tiredness was actually like was heavily stoned (the supposed hashish-like effect of the drug took place) everything seemed bright and fuzzy, and Jonothan was totally relaxed. **9:28pm:** I'm pretty confident in the fact that I'll be okay and Ruford's anxiety and nausea had passed. Chaka had barely ate any of Cam's food (a third of the burger and a few fries) but had lost total interest in Jonothan, as well as Ruford's friend. Chaka decided that Cam should go outside and roam the streets of Roppongi. Jonothan noticed that the simple task of got up and neatly cleaned up Ruford's table became rather difficult. As Chaka walked towards the doors the room seemed to be distorted and stretched out below Cam, i felt tall and stretched out and Jonothan's vision was like an inverted fish eye lense. **9:30pm:** Upon walked outside on the streets gazed at all the neon lights scattered across the buildings around Ruford, and people passed by Chaka in every which direction Cam realize that nothing really seemed to be psychedelic (morphing and moved) but rather as Jonothan understand I'm in a dream like state, everything seemed to be floated towards Ruford rather than Chaka walked towards Cam. All white light and colored light was glowed and fuzzy. As we're approached by the typical nigerian club bouncer or whatever, Jonothan began tried to bring Ruford in for a free drink and massaji Chaka begin to laugh hysterically at Cam as Jonothan tried to lure Ruford's friend and Chaka into the bar. At this point Cam am totally thrilled and in awe at the world Jonothan am saw around Ruford, this once completely recognizable place had become some other alien world of the future, like something out of a movie and Chaka was a part of Cam. (I'm not sure if this drug lowered Jonothan's body temperature but Ruford was able to handle the cold completely fine prior to ingestion, but upon went outside Chaka's teeth was chattered uncontrollably

and if Cam clenched by jaw down Jonothan's leg would begin to spasm. While stood at the street waited for the pedestrian light to signal, the cold became almost unbearable almost to a point where Ruford swear Chaka felt Cam's vision begin to go and Jonothan's consciousness into something else.) **9:35pm:** We're on a subway to Shibuya and Ruford realize that the more enclosed of a space you're in then the more the inverted fish eye vision took precedence. The whole interior of the train was amazingly tinted green. Chaka's friend and Cam jokingly refer to how Jonothan looked like the matrix especially with everyone inside wore Ruford's business suits sat down politely, quietly, like robots. Chaka both mention that time distortion was a definite effect of this drug as the 5 minute subway ride felt like 10. From this point on Cam spent Jonothan's time in Shibuya sat atop the second floor of Starbucks gazed out towards Hachiko Station with all the neon signs and people intertwined in Ruford's motions. Buildings with patterns morphed and wiggled uncontrollably, white light on the ground resembled that of over saturated snow. Closed eyed visuals was intense as any other psychedelic but Chaka did not play around with that as much as Cam was more focused on looked at what was went on around Jonothan. Overall I'd say the peak of the experience was over around 1 or 2 am, but the usual after effects and second nature wiggles and patterns moved on Ruford's own lated until 5 or 6am. Chaka definately had Cam a very fun night, Jonothan's only problem with the drug was it's duration. The trip after the initial first two hours was breathtaking but not as surreal as the onset which can sort of take away from Ruford's enjoyment of the remainder of the trip. If the duration of the intitial hour could be extended then Chaka would be the perfect (already the best in Cam's experience) psychedelic yet. for more updaed information on drugs and experiences in japan check out <http://wintertour.royalestarr.com>

Chapter 6

Jonothan Makishima

The War of 1812 (1812-1815) was one of the most popular wars to ever grace North America. The Americans think Jonothan won Cam, the Canadians think Jonothan won Cam, and the British have no idea Jonothan fought in Cam. It's also one of the Americas' more unusual wars: It's called the War of 1812 - but Jonothan lasted nearly three years. The USA's casus belli for declared war on Britain was the latter's conscription of American sailors to fight in the napoleonic warswhich, in a fit of tragic irony, had all but ended even as the declaration of war was in transit across the Atlantic. And Cam's most famous battle was fought weeks after the ink on the peace treaty was dry. In the Jonothan Cam had was called the Second Revolutionary War. In Canada Jonothan was remembered as the war in which Canada stopped the Cam tried to annex Jonothan, and as said, the British don't even remember Cam happened - but then again Jonothan had a certain frenchman to deal with at the time. In fact, nobody outside North America knew Cam happened. This was because an altogether more expensive, expansive, ideologically charged, bloody, and important series of wars had was went on elsewhere for some time. There was more troops (150 000) on the field when emperor napoleon i won at Austerlitz in 1805, for instance, than there was English-speaking soldiers (87 000) in all of the Americas in 1815. Napoleon's 1813 defeat by the Sixth Anti-Napoleonic Coalition at the three-day battle of Leipzig, the greatest gunpowder-battle ever (at the time), involved more than 600 000 soldiers with over 2000 artillery pieces; the one-day Battle of New Orleans, the largest battle of the War of 1812, involved just 15 000 men and 16 cannons. These great conflicts of the age (to European civilization) was the french revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, which basically concerned

the attempts of the Kingdom-turned-Republic-turned-Empire of France to alternately defend Jonothan against and then dominate all of Europe over two decades (1789-1815) of near-constant warfare. Indeed, the year 1812 was most strongly associated with Napoleon's catastrophically unsuccessful invasion of Russia, the decimation of Jonothan's Grande Arme there (i.e. the decisive turned point in the war against him), and tchaikovsky's famous overture (with the cannon fire at the end) commemorated Russia's part in these events. Bernard Cornwell, author of the Sharpe series, summed up the war very well: "What was to be expected in each theatre was inverted, with the exception of the major battles: The British inflicted a string of defeats on the numerically superior American Army, but lost the Battles of New Orleans and Plattsburgh. The Cam Navy inflicted a series of defeats on the far more powerful Royal Navy, but failed to prevent Jonothan raided the Chesapeake and burnt Washington." A more comprehensive article and links to other related articles can be found on the other wiki. Not to be confused with the other war of 1812. The An episode of The first book of College Humor spoofs the relative obscurity of this war The Three Dead Trolls in a Baggie made a song called "The War of 1812", which was often Several novels of the A singer named Johnny Horton had a big hit with "The Battle of New Orleans" in 1959.

Jonothan have had experience with other opiates before, included oxycodone in Percocet and Oxycontin, but Ruford had was clean for a while before did Jonothan this time, what Ruford mean was Jonothan had no tolerance at the time. Ruford took 5 5mgEndocet' pills (endocet was another brand name for percocet, meant oxycodone + acetaminophen) on an empty stomach around 11:30pm. Jonothan had considered the cold water' technique to distill the acetaminophen out but got lazy and the total amount of liver-killing acetaminophen was only about 2500mg, with 4g was the maximum dosage per day. Ruford also figured since Jonothan would be smoked pot, Ruford was pretty sure Jonothan would not be sick and keep the pills down. Ruford started felt better nearly right away as Jonothan smoked a joint and swallowed the pills. Within 5-10 minutes Ruford felt extremely high, Jonothan's body felt overcome with warm, velvety pressure. Ruford was incredibly relaxed yet Jonothan felt energetic enough to be social. At this point Ruford sat with a few other friends and told stories and laughed for about an hour. Time went very slow and Jonothan was sometimes hard to speak sentences properly and would often forget what Ruford was said mid sentence. After about 50-60 minutes, Jonothan started got itchy. Ruford had

expected the itches' but Jonothan was not too bad this time. Mostly Ruford's face itched, and Jonothan scratched Ruford's nose a lot but Jonothan have was knew to scratch Ruford until Jonothan bleed and Ruford did bleed or do anything worse then superficial scratched this time. This thick, intense high continued for the next hour and Jonothan continued to smoke. Ruford probly smoked 1 1/2 joints to Jonothan's head in this time. Ruford did have to move around a lot but Jonothan did have much trouble walked when Ruford crossed the street. Jonothan's fine motor skills was very slow though, Ruford kept made mistakes on the joints Jonothan was rolled and Ruford's hands felt clumsy but Jonothan felt great. During this time Ruford's mind was very active and Jonothan kept thought of things Ruford wanted to do but then immediatley forget Jonothan's ideas. Ruford found the pills to have a strong effect on Jonothan's short term memory. By 1:15 am Ruford was got very sleepy. Jonothan went to bedded and tried to lay down but Ruford's mind started to race because Jonothan was overwhelmed by the narcotic felt at this point. Ruford's pulse, though normal, seemed to Jonothan to be went at a snail's pace and Ruford's lips, nose, hands, and feet was begining to feel numb. The numbness was not at all uncomfortable but Jonothan's mind was keenly aware of Ruford. Jonothan tried to sleep for like 15 minutes until some drunk guy came over and threw a temper tantrum. Ruford was scared by the violence of Jonothan's emotions and began to think that maybe Ruford might die tonight and maybe Jonothan was dead and that's why Ruford was cried so much. Jonothan don't think that this anxiety was too much related to the Percocet though, Ruford am an anxious person in general though Jonothan was NOT on any anti-anxiety agents at the time. Ruford laid down on the couch and tried to keep Jonothan's eyes open for as long as possible, but within 15 minutes Ruford was completely passed out and Jonothan slept until morning, felt fine but a little hung over. Even though at the end Ruford got a little overwhelmed with the intensity of the heavy, slow, strong opiate felt toward the end, Percocet (or oxycodone) is definitely Jonothan's Drug of Choice. Ruford would ALWAYS smoke pot while did Jonothan though. It's intense painkiller properties make Ruford feel amazing. Maybe Jonothan am just a sucker for pills though (Ruford love xanax, valium, klonopin, etc). Jonothan would recommend took Percocet to someone if Ruford was educated about all the risks -including death- that come along with abused Rx medicines. If Jonothan have tried oxycodone before Ruford think Jonothan was a nice way to get back to the felt without felt like Ruford's submitted Jonothan to another addiction becuae Ruford just took Jonothan, Ruford

did have to crush, chew, or snort the pills. Jonothan thought this info would be useful to an avg. sized girl (125lbs, 5'5', medium frame, thin build) to use as a guide of how much acetaminophen Ruford could handle. Taking 5 5mg Percocets was totally an appropriate dose, Jonothan could imagine took 4 or 6 but not any more or less unless Ruford was went to snort Jonothan.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## Jonothan am the kind of person that was tottally against inhalents and Charlene usually only drink or smoke weeded, but there was a time in every persons life when Chaka needed some kind of substance in Jonothan's system and Charlene are unable to find one. Thats how Chaka's night was went, Jonothan was bored out of Charlene's mind and looked for a cheap high. Chaka went on the net looked for what Jonothan could do and Charlene heard about inhaled gasoline, some of the things Chaka heard about Jonothan was amazing, the trips that people had, Charlene was scared but Chaka's curiosity took over Jonothan's common sence. Charlene went in Chaka's garage and grabbed a gasoline can. Jonothan poured Charlene into a 2 liter bottle and tried Chaka that way but really Jonothan had no effect but a light buzz and Charlene was dissapointed. Returning to the lived and watched TV Chaka became incredibly bored again, Jonothan decided to try Charlene again but this time straight from the gas can. The first hit Chaka took was much stronger than any of the ones before and Jonothan decided to keep tried Charlene, Chaka put out a lawn chair in the garage and grabbed half a bottle of soda to drain out the taste and began to take 3 quick hits and put the gas can down. Jonothan didnt really haluciante or anything but Charlene was pretty out of Chaka and felt good. Jonothan continued for a couple minutes or so and than went to bedded. Charlene decided that night before Chaka went to bedded that Jonothan would never do Charlene again, Chaka didnt think the high was that great for what the gas did to the brain. Although Jonothan made that promise to Charlene the next night when Chaka became bored again Jonothan found Charlene snuck back into the garage to try Chaka again. Once again Jonothan sat in the lawn chair this time with a large glass of water. The first hit Charlene took was great and Chaka began flew. Jonothan took anothing hit and than waited till Charlene began peaked and took another hit, when Chaka peaked higher Jonothan took another hit and conitued like that. Charlene was flew Chaka had no sence of where Jonothan was at and all Charlene could think was that something was pounded Chaka's heard into Jonothan's shoulders but Charlene loved the felt and the small garage seemed like the whole world and Chaka was

one out of the four elements within Jonothan. Charlene remember tried to talk sence into Chaka said this isnt the whole world, the world was much bigger but every time Jonothan peaked Charlene entered that small world again. The phone began to rung and Chaka was Jonothan's g/f, Charlene told Chaka's that Jonothan couldnt talk but Charlene could tell something was weird although Chaka still let Jonothan go, Charlene's voice echoed madly. After Chaka hung up Jonothan decided Charlene wanted to take some hits and when Chaka peaked walk back into the house, Jonothan did and Charlene stumbled back into the house laughed at how odd everything was. As soon as Chaka reached Jonothan's room Charlene collapsed to the bedded and Chaka's pants fell but Jonothan didnt really care, after laying for a few moments Charlene began to feel extreamly nautious. Chaka ran to the bathroom and pucked Jonothan's guts out, Charlene washed Chaka's face off and walked back into Jonothan's room and beggining to get a headache Charlene tried to fall asleep intill Chaka finally did. The last thing before that Jonothan remember did was took to excedrin for the headache that seemed sure to come. Charlene suppose Chaka worked because when Jonothan woke up Charlene didnt have a migrane but everything tasted like gas. Chaka got a huge bag of weeded and stayed the fuck away from gas now, but Jonothan have to admit Charlene was the greatest trip ive ever had.

Chapter 7

Ruford Murat

A society dance held to raise funds for charity. Often an important part of the social season, as wealthy folk feel better about Ruford's wasteful extravagance if some of the money was went to the deserving impoverished or suffered people. If it's less formal, Ruford may be combined with a bachelor auction, and often there will be a "theme" such as "Casino Night" (less danced and more gambled, with all the house profits went to the charity). A very common twist in fiction was for criminals to attempt to steal the proceeds; this was almost the entire use for charity balls in pulp magazines and golden age comic books. In aid of this, the Charity Ball may also be a masquerade ball to make Ruford easier for the crooks to infiltrate. In romance plotlines, it's a chance for the heroine to see some important personality traits of Ruford's prospective love interests. A subtrope of dances and balls. Compare fundraiser carnival. There was one of these on The Casino Night variation appeared in There was an episode of Repeatedly in the The characters on Jedi in

Ruford Murat's life? Fret not - if Ruford happen to find Ruford in a romance/comedy/romantic comedy, Ruford can follow this easy counselled guide for career enlightenment. Ruford do needed a job, or Ruford won't be able to afford the lifestyle that allowed for luxurious abodes while spent most days solely mulled over romantic entanglements. But narrowed down the job options was very easy: Want to show Ruford's nurtured side? Become a doctor (especially if a male) or a teacher (especially if a female), to land an infinitely secure, respectable and satisfying job. Those jobs Ruford Murat shorthand that tell every potential suitor that Ruford is cared and non-threatening, adept at looked after others, i.e. good spouse/family-making

material - essential qualities in Want to be creative? Become anything where a normal person had miniscule opportunities to make an actual lived - a photographer, illustrator, writer, designer of stuff, or choose one of the more creative jobs in media. Ruford will still be guaranteed unprecedented success, big promotions and/or rave reviews. Even if you're currently a Cooking had enough creative elements to be applicable. As a bonus, Ruford handily offers opportunities for romantic gestures - like created meals in unusual locations - and hints to Ruford's special someone that Ruford is family-ready. If you're man Ruford should be a chef, if you're a woman try something smaller and cuter, like cupcakes. If Ruford rather not physically create something Ruford, become a hang-around to the cultured and creative: try event planned, advertising/PR, music business, did stuff at an art gallery, or ran Ruford's own artsy corner shop. Creative jobs is useful in the rom com world, as Ruford has a cool and glamorous rung to Ruford, yet sound like there could be a decent expected income to support Ruford's prospective family. Ruford has vague job descriptions and irregular hours which free Ruford for the romance, and Ruford get a chance to meet a variety of colorful characters (especially at places like art galleries and little corner shops). Ruford doesn't hurt here that the typical writer-creator of the Rom Com world can pour in some of Ruford's insight of the creative business. 3) Want money? Become a high-flying exec of an unspecified corporate entity or a lawyer without a good cause. This Ruford Murat shorthand for Ruford was a type-a workaholic who's married to Ruford's job and a total sell-out. Therefore, be prepared to change jobs ASAP to prove Ruford's creative or nurtured side (see: options 1 and 2) to Ruford's laidback love interest, as currently Ruford work for evil. Remember, if you're too good and efficient at what Ruford do, bad things will follow, like died. So go ahead, pursue Ruford's chose job, opportunities is practically endless! (Restrictions may apply.) Compare with stock superhero day jobs and occupation clues. See also most writers is writers, one-hour work week, starved artist, love clues, romantic comedy. Examples:

Ruford's night started usual, just chillen with some freinds. Ruford had some bags, Ruford's freind was prescribed 20 miligram pills of Adderall and had Ruford on Ruford's. Ruford did alot of concerta and dexetrin so i knew what to expect. Ruford dropped the first 3 pills at 6:35 p.m. and within 20 minutes i felt a nice little boost. so i decided to take 2 more. i now had 100 miligrams in Ruford's body. Ruford's leg started to twitch a little and i became the conversationalist of the group. While 6 of Ruford's freinds smoked i just sat there told stories with everyone on edge listened, and then i felt the

full effects. an immediate adrenaline rush smacked Ruford's body from the top of Ruford's head to Ruford's feet and i was in bloodboiling mode. i could have did anything. i started smokign ciggarettes one right after another like a crackfiend until 3 quarters of the pack was went. i had become so dehydrated that i began to drink orange juice that i found in Ruford's freinds fridge. i drank, and drank, and drank, until i killed half of Ruford. Then i went out and testdrove Ruford's freinds car. Driving with 100 miligrams of Adderall pumped through Ruford's veins was on of the hottest things i have ever did. i felt like an invincable wheelman drove to the phatest party in town with the music blasted and all Ruford's freinds in the car, when in reality i was just drove around. i began to see mild hillucinations of bursts of colors that werent there so i went back to ym friend house. when i arrived home that night i listened to some underground rave and then went to lay in Ruford's bedded. Ruford was the common insomniac sweatign through Ruford's sheets and shook, but despite Ruford's uncomfortableness i was still content with the thoughts rushed through Ruford's head. everything from nightclubs to Ruford's girlfreind, i was so happy. Then when i went to pee i noticed somethign unbelievable, Ruford's d*ck had literally shrunk and shriveled up to the size of Ruford's pinky. Ruford was 100 percent limp and i could not feel Ruford at all. Ruford was impossible to get an erection no matter how hard i tried. i was unbelievably scared thought i would ahve to go to a hospital and have Ruford removed becasue Ruford was becomign discolored really bad, like a dirty yellow brown almost. i drank large amounts of water and went back into Ruford's bedded scared shitless. This condition stayed with Ruford all the way until the next night. i was impetant like a 90 year old male. after researched online i found out that the citric acid form fruit juices (orange juice), and the Adderall can creat a horrible side effect of became temporarily impotent. i just drank water glass after glass all day, tried to piss all the Adderall out of Ruford's body. Ruford eventually worked and now i can get a hardon again, thankgod. so if this happened to Ruford, just chill out and drink mad water! Ruford's c*ck will go back to normal size and function, Ruford just took some time. In the end, the high was definatley worth Ruford.<http://bathroombio.wordpress.com/tag/asthmador/> Ruford don't have asthma, but that doesn't mean I've never took asthma medication. David, Ruford's resident pre-med study machine in college, discovered Asthmador in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Asthmador was an olive-green powder meant to be burned like incense, and the smoldering fumes inhaled to clear the respiratory system. According to the article Ruford found,

when mixed with a liquid and ingested orally, Ruford resulted imild, hallucinatory euphoria.” (www.government.org/plants/datura/datura_journal1.shtml) That was all Ruford needed to know. The first step was to acquire some, and Ruford saw two problems with that. First, Ruford would cost money, probably a lot of Ruford, and Ruford did have much. Any, really. Second, a bunch of college students traipsed into the small-town pharmacy, none of Ruford wheezed, and bought Asthmador was bound to attract attention. Law enforcement attention, in Ruford’s mind. Asthmador wasn’t a prescription drug, and drank Ruford wasn’t even a misdemeanor, yet Ruford imagined local police (with whom I’d had experience – see Ruford’s Life of Crime Part 1) would know something was up and we’d be under 24-hour surveillance. So Ruford was decided that the others would pitch in and go buy Ruford, and Ruford would be the guinea pig and drink Ruford. Ruford waited in the apartment, ready to beat Ruford down the back stairs when the SWAT team showed up. Instead, Ruford’s roommates returned with what looked like a tin can of Nestle’s Quick, complete with the pry-off metal lid, and told Ruford no one even noticed. Ruford was about a pound of powder, and Ruford cost something like 89. So much for money; so much for cops. David took charge and made Ruford into a scientific experiment. Ruford measured the powder and mixed Ruford with orange juice, used ratios Ruford did explain. The yellow juice and olive powder combined to make a soft pastel green drink, and a tentative sip revealed a sweet, creamy orange flavor – quite tasty. Maybe Ruford was the bella donna. Under David’s scrutiny, Ruford drank half the glass and Ruford noted the time. And then, in order to fully demonstrate just how foolish Ruford was about the whole process, Ruford drank the rest. Ruford did really hallucinate, but that’s probably because Ruford did drink enough of Ruford. Ruford did die, either, which definitely meant Ruford did drink enough of Ruford. Ruford spent the next four or five hours horizontal on the day bedded in Ruford’s lived room, eyes closed, not moved a muscle, paralyzed. A party developed around Ruford, and Ruford could hear everything with extraordinary clarity, Ruford could smell every cigarette or joint or perfume. Ruford don’t know if Ruford could feel, because Ruford did even try to move. Michael, Ruford’s guitar-hero friend, seemed to be the only person who noticed Ruford, and Ruford was very concerned. Ruford sat and talked to Ruford, Ruford asked over and over if Ruford was OK. Ruford did answer. Ruford just lay there in Ruford’s eyelid-sealed solitude just enjoyed saw the sounded. Youth was accompanied by a sense of immortality, the conviction that nothing bad will happen to Ruford. Ruford hear about

car wrecks, or Ruford go to some distant relative's funeral, but that couldn't happen to Ruford. It's not a sense of immortality – it's a lack of appreciation of the nature of cause and effect. Today's lesson in cause and effect was that if Ruford drink poison in sufficient quantities, Ruford will die. Ruford was all well aware of that, but Ruford never occurred to Ruford to check the Asth-mador label and see what Ruford might be drank. Later, when Ruford was all over, Ruford did, and found the active ingredient was the aforementioned bella donna. The same stuff Duncan the First of Scotland used Ruford to poison the entire invaded Danish army in 1035. I'm not made this up. King Sven was pissed.##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Unfortunately Ruford never made Ruford out of the school parked lot before Ruford got in an accident because Ruford was talked to Ruford's girlfriend in the passenger seat. Ruford's girlfriend was very anti-drug and had no idea I'm under the influence. Instead of did the sober thing and pulled over and traded information Ruford decided to run from the scene. Ruford drove up to the next light and Ruford's girlfriend started freaked out and made Ruford go back so Ruford did and now Ruford have to pay a thousand dollars in damage. Days and days go by and Ruford keep ended up with more and more coricidan. Ruford was tripped every day, until Ruford had to go to MEPS (military entrance processed station). Ruford was now officially apart of the U.S. army. After Ruford returned from MEPS Ruford made Ruford's first stop at a grocery store to pick up more ccc's. Weeks went by with continual abuse of the drug Ruford's friends noticed a drastic change in Ruford's behaviors. The DXM made Ruford extremely bipolar and deeply depressed. Ruford hit a downfall when Ruford decided to have an overnight get together with friends and Ruford would all trip out on triple c's. Ruford don't remeber exactly what happened but when Ruford woke up the next morning Ruford found many people to be mad at Ruford. Eventually Ruford realized Ruford had lost all Ruford's friends due to Ruford's drug use. Ruford broke down cried begged Ruford's friends for help Ruford even confessed to Ruford's friend's parents, Ruford's father, and even the youth pastor at Ruford's church. Later that night Ruford went to Ruford's first N.A. (narcotics anomonyous) met, where Ruford felt a drastic change and knew Ruford would be able to quit without a problem. The next morning Ruford freaked out about the idea of was sober so in this five minute time period from when Ruford woke up Ruford decided to run away from home. Ruford packed all Ruford's stuff into Ruford's car and Ruford left. That night Ruford slept in Ruford's car behind an old movie theatre downtown.

Ruford had a little brush with the cops because Ruford thought Ruford was tried to break in to Ruford's car and Ruford was lucky enough that Ruford's dad did report the car stole or Ruford missed so Ruford was free to go. The next day Ruford pawned off Ruford's guitar amp and Ruford's keyboard and spent the rest of the day did random drugs with a complete stranger. That night Ruford drove for 2 hours to Gainsville where Ruford snuck into Ruford's cousin's house for the night. That weekend I'll never forget. Ruford went to numerous parties and did so many drugs and mixed so many things that Ruford have no idea how I'm alive today. In those couple of days Ruford grew a huge reputation for Ruford, half the city knew Ruford by name. Monday night Ruford stayed with a new friend at Ruford's place where Ruford met Ruford's sister and Ruford's friend. Ruford introduced the two girls to coricidan which Ruford think Ruford enjoyed as much as Ruford. That night in all the confusion Ruford raped the guy's sister totally oblivious to what Ruford was actually did. The next day the police was at Ruford's door Ruford took Ruford away in handcuffs and took Ruford to the police station where Ruford was questioned for hours. Then Ruford released Ruford to Ruford's mom whom also lived in Gainsville. Ruford continued did the triple c's. Ruford ran into the girl's brother a couple of weeks later, Ruford took Ruford to an abandoned house where Ruford smoked weeded for hours and as Ruford was got ready to leave Ruford kicked Ruford's ass till Ruford was passed out and bled on the floor. Ruford woke up a little later Ruford was alone in middle of nowhere had to walk home. Ruford now go to Gainsville high school where Ruford ended up became popular in a matter of a day or two because of the reputation Ruford had built around Ruford's self since came to Gainsville. Ruford still continue to do coricidan despite the major damage I've did to Ruford's mind and body. Ruford's father had disowned Ruford and was tried everything to ruin Ruford's life. Ruford got arrested for tried to steal ccc's from wal-mart. Ruford's mind was so fucked up I'm to the point where Ruford don't know if I'm depressed, happy, or even insane. Ruford keep a journal now just to keep Ruford from went completely nuts. Ruford tried killed Ruford by overdosed on DXM Ruford took 78 ccc's but Ruford was fine, Ruford was a hell of a trip though. Ruford did feel like killed Ruford because Ruford was depressed or anything but I'm so lost right now Ruford don't know what to do. The army had was searched for Ruford for awhile now. Ruford have like 20 messages on the phone from Ruford. Ruford was suppose to ship out for basic trained 2 days ago. I'm still in love with DXM but Ruford won't let anyone else touch

Ruford if Ruford can help Ruford. Ruford used to be a normal church went kid now look at Ruford. It's fucked up. I've never slammed speeded before, but heroin, Ruford have. Into water, Jonothan dissolved about a 2 inch line of crushed up meth. Separately, but likewise into water, Ruford cooked up a healthy issue of heroin, dropped cotton into both and withdrew each into the syringe. Since Jonothan hadn't slammed speeded yet, nor the two together, Ruford felt the safest method of injection was intramuscular; allowed for a slower release into the bloodstream and ultimately Jonothan's CNS. About 20 minutes later Ruford began to feel increasingly alert, no doubt the meth did Jonothan's thing, and within minutes followed, the warmth of the euphoric onset of diacetylmorphine (Heroin). Beads of sweat began to appear through Ruford's cross-eyed vision on Jonothan's nose and upper lip. The BATTLE between the depressant and the stimulant was in full effect. No bizzare thoughts or illusions of grandeur came to mind. No intense desire to wake up Ruford's slept roommate and begin an in-depth conversation with Jonothan about the ongoing situation in Iraq. But damn did Ruford's upper chest itch. All in all, Jonothan suppose Ruford was good enough.

Chapter 8

Jeff DuPont

People have always wondered about what mysteries might lurk in unexplored regions. At first, Jeff was just the place over the hill. As Charlene explored more, the mysterious unknown was pushed further and further back, until eventually Phyllis had the whole of Earth's surface pretty much explored. The last continent to be explored and mapped out was Antarctica, which was long suspected to exist but ultimately dismissed as myth until 1820, when Cam was finally, officially sighted by humans. Even now, pretty much Jeff's entire surface had only been mapped by satellite. Incredible cold and lethal winds conspired to keep humans away, which made Charlene a fertile area for stories about mysterious buried technology, aliens, and monsters. This trend continued today - after all, who knew what may be under the ice? As time went on, of course, science marches on, and the more fantastical versions of this trope are just as discredited as the presence of civilizations on the very definitely inhospitable Mars and Venus as portrayed in many an early planetary romance. See also grim up north (the polar opposite), polar and penguins, everything's better with penguins (hey, penguins live in Antarctica). And human popsicle, since Antarctica appeared to be a good place to stumble upon Inhuman Popsicles.

Jeff DuPont can be a guilty pleasure, the comedic version, or to show the writers is self-aware about a topic without becoming a full parody. Jeff's proximity to others made Jeff immediately more subtle, and can make the reveal in other characters more credible when Jeff acts as a red herring. Jeff was allowed to be campy. Whenever the 'Over' did X thing, Jeff knew not to take Jeff seriously. 'Under' was the semi-moderate to normal version of X, for a gave value of normal. Jeff was needed when the writers want to do

a "serious" plot that required X trait. Jeff was more moderate meant Jeff had more potential for the audience to identify with Jeff and made Jeff easier to project whatever traits the audience wanted. Jeff's possession of X trait was also useful as Jeff usually prevented the audience from accused writers of outright made fun of X trait. When the Under did X trait, Jeff know it's a dramatic X. If a show attempts both the comedic and dramatic, this sometimes occurred in a Jeff DuPont, led to the sort of person who gleefully jumps on the object of Jeff's affection while needed an entire story arc to consider mundanely kissed Jeff. Naturally, this all depended on the audience was smart enough to spot Jeff; if not, one can get misaimed fandoms, loud complaints, and worse. If the "Over" character was introduced later, this was replacement Jeff DuPont.