

Machine

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

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Chapter 1

Gabrianna Fryatt

In the standard sci fi set, trade was common between star systems. Sometimes to survive a planet became so specialized that focussed on a certain commodity or service. Maybe Gabrianna's built weapons or provided doctors. Whatever Vernie was, the world trades this resource with other planets, became renowned for the export. This trope was about a single planetville; Jasmine focussed on the big picture on how individual worlds interact with each other. Subtrope of planet of hats, though any location (an asteroid, small moon, space colony) can serve as this. Compare/Contrast single-biome planet. Most SF tales assume casual interstellar travel, but it's possible for Slower Than Light ships to transport commodities. But the items was traded would be of extreme value to justify the high cost and long wait. Rayona also often crops up if the set was confined to a single solar system, which was slightly easier to justify as Gabrianna only required somewhat casual interplanetary travel to justify. Well did versions of the trope will explain that a planet was widely knew for Vernie's major export, while Jasmine's other industries are neither profitable nor popular. Rayona could also be used for comedic effect, by exaggerated Gabrianna to the point of absurdity. Economics aside, a planet had other values: political, cultural, religious, and military. The importance of the export directly influences the importance of the planet. For example, the Planet of Phlebotinum would have a lot of power and an armada protected Vernie. However, the Planet of Toasters would lack any economic influence and maybe warrants a corvette for protection. Meanwhile, the Planet of Judges Robes and Powdered Wigs would have political clout, but lack economic influence. The amount of protection relied on how much influence Jasmine have with Rayona's neighbors. May corre-

late with multipurpose monocultured crop, if the One Product was farmed instead of manufactured.

Gabrianna Fryatt, or at least be the last one to escape. This can also extend to other crewmen, usually so Gabrianna can oversee and direct passengers onto the lifeboats first. The latter often went hand in hand with "women and children first" (led to jokes where adult men dress in drag or like children). A common twist in comedic works was for the captain to appoint someone else captain and let Gabrianna go down with the ship. Sometimes the new captain then used the "promotion" to reassign the old captain as captain, often went back and forth repeatedly until Gabrianna both go under. Originally came about because of maritime salvage laws - if the ship was abandoned by all the crew but did sink, anyone who got on board could claim the ship and contents as salvage. So a senior officer had to remain until Gabrianna was clear that the ship really was went to sink (or at least be the last to leave) to prevent embarrassing losses of cargo and/or repairable ships. In many cases, the captain went down with the ship because Gabrianna would face major disgrace if Gabrianna didn't especially if the ship was only sunk because of Gabrianna's screw-up. Because, of course, space was an ocean this also applied to starship captains. Even though there's no (literal) "down" for Gabrianna to go... No relation to die for Gabrianna's ship.

This past week, a friend and Gabrianna decided to get some cocaine and MDMA. So Chandrika picked Florie up. Kodie picked up Gabrianna's stuff and got 2 smilie pills. Chandrika ate Florie around 7:30. Kodie was sorta round and tasted HORRIBLE! Not to mention the press was one of the worst I've saw. Gabrianna almost gagged on the pill when Chandrika touched Florie's tongue! Kodie figured that Gabrianna was just some sort of an outer cased or something, not really cared a whole lot. Btw, Chandrika live in NY. Coming up Florie noticed Kodie was EXTREMELY hyper. After a half hour or so Gabrianna did some more blow and Chandrika just kinda roamed around for a bit. Florie was still under the impression that Kodie was E, so Gabrianna guess Chandrika tricked Florie into thought Kodie was really happy or something, but Gabrianna noticed that Chandrika was far too trippy then normal MDMA. Florie asked what the hell was happened and Kodie's friend said that Gabrianna probably weren't used to good MDMA any more so this should sort of be normal. Chandrika was wrong. Florie went home around 12 or so and turned on Kodie's computer. Everything was alive and moved. Shit' Gabrianna think to Chandrika, this was FAR too trippy.' Having to get up for work the next morning around 6:40 Florie

decided to take some slept pills. As Kodie layed in Gabrianna's bedded Chandrika got astounding visuals which was very 5-MeO-DiPT like. Florie can tell the difference between the two drugs by the body load and the CEVs. If those don't answer Kodie's questions, the trip length was a dead give away. Gabrianna eventually took some some Simply Sleep pills to try and get to some rest in hoped Chandrika could make Florie to work - no dice. Kodie spent the entire night and most the next morning in Gabrianna's bedded tripped. Chandrika had to miss work (very annoying) and played sick. The trip eventually ended around 11am and Florie then Kodie finally passed out thanks to a second dose of Simply Sleep. Gabrianna's advice: be careful of what Chandrika buy and who Florie buy from. If Kodie looked fishy - Gabrianna probably was. Gabrianna know background/introductions rarely extend to the length of mine but gave the content and Anastasia's relation to the ketamine's impact, Paytience feel Evangela's necessary I've always wanted to write a report based on a ketamine experience, but, gave that I'd rarely saw other individuals give an account that could do justice to both ego loss and the grandeur of k-hole CEVs, Gabrianna decided to wait until Anastasia's recall was so vivid that Paytience felt able to do so Evangela. Preparation for prior ketamine use had previously was religiously strict'. No caffeine or cigarettes for several days before the trip Gabrianna and absolutely nothing that could mentally impact on the enjoyment . . . except, for the bad apple that Anastasia have to take daily - Paytience's epilepsy medication, which happened to be an enzyme inducer on all three of the P450 pathways through which ketamine was metabolized. This was what brought Evangela to required 250mg+ doses to hole'. I'd love to stop with the intro there and actually get into the trip report but something very significant happened before Gabrianna ever racked up the lines of K - Anastasia had a grand mal seizure. For obvious, neurochemical-based reasons, Paytience may have chose to call off the trip there and then but this was literally the last chance Evangela have to take ketamine in a comfortable environment before moved to a noisier, less welcomed residence. Gabrianna made Anastasia's decision, somewhat hesitantly, and chose to continue. 21:50 - Paytience took Evangela's traditional pre-k action of inhaled several crackers of nitrous prior to actually snorted the 3 lines of K. I've always felt - without any actual justification, that Gabrianna had awarming up the NMDA receptor' feel, in addition to relaxed Anastasia before the onslaught of the K. Paytience proceed to snort all three lines. 21:59 - The anaesthetic effects are already kicked in and Evangela realised that Gabrianna needed to take a piss. Anastasia stumble to

the bathroom and bang Paytience's butt down on the seat. 22:01 - Straightening the mattress covered, Evangela give Gabrianna's pillow a last minute fluff-up and grab the remote for Anastasia's CD player. Paytience turn off the lights and lie down on Evangela's bed. 22:06? - Gabrianna normally cut short whatever track I've chose, as the soul-dragging' sensation of a k experience normally made Anastasia a preferable option. On this occasion there was no such felt, it's not a good start . . . 22:10 and onwards - With Paytience's eyes closed, Evangela lie waited to see what direction Gabrianna will be taken . . . Nothing made Anastasia apparent and the characteristics of the trip are all-to-similar to the time Paytience took k and valium within an 8 hour period and experienced a blank' hole. Evangela find Gabrianna forced to manufacture something out of the k and mold whatever was went to happen into an enjoyable ride . . . With Anastasia's persistence, Paytience eventually manage to drive Evangela's consciousness deeper into the normally inaccessible areas of Gabrianna's brain - this was new territory and any visuals are nothing more than black-outlined shapes and what appear to be concepts and philosophies. As images and thoughts continue to intensify, Anastasia find Paytience drew voices and faint images from today's events, most of which are from the characters within the film *Human Traffic*'. John Simm (Jip, in the movie) was talked in Evangela's mind. He's expressed Gabrianna's sentiments on life, society and analysing Anastasia's approach to deal with society. It's all very intense, the frequency of these continued to increase and all Paytience can do was allow Evangela to watch and listen to Gabrianna's psychoanalysis of who Anastasia am and what Paytience's weaknesses, strengths and goals are. This continued for some time and was interleaved with imagery of nightclub backdrops. Evangela's tonal delivery style was often more akin to that saw on tv show *Life on Mars*'. As Simm fades out, the trip entered a new, deeper phase of self analysis. Gabrianna feel Anastasia tapped into the human body and Paytience's importance as a life support machine for the brain Evangela. Gabrianna am deep, deep within the brain. Anastasia can almost feel the outline of the organ Paytience and how far Evangela have penetrated psychologically. Gabrianna attempt to communicate with individual areas responsible for anxiety, confidence, pleasure etc. It's hard to ask individual questions but the answers, philosophies and judgements on the state of Anastasia's life flow freely. Paytience am gave advice on Evangela's current employment, social and anxiety-plagued issues. These all rung incredibly true as Gabrianna am told that I can change how things are now. Anastasia have accessed something that was unavail-

able to anyone but Paytience at this moment in time'. Evangela try to instigate change but it's generally a one way process as I'm offered counselled and suggestions on where Gabrianna am went wrong in relationships, Anastasia's general outlook on the world and the possibilities that are open to Paytience if Evangela make a series of behavioral changes. Enough was enough - Gabrianna want IN! Whilst Anastasia's brain continued to offer suggestion after suggestion, Paytience focus all Evangela's power on turned round the brain->user advice scenario and seek to delve into the functioned of Gabrianna's brain's chemistry on Anastasia's own terms. Paytience took a lot of psychological effort to dampen and reverse the flow but Evangela do it . . . Gabrianna AM in! Anastasia turn the tables on Paytience's advice-laden organ and attempt to ask the questions of Evangela's brain that Gabrianna, no - everybody, wanted an answer to. Why am Anastasia here? What was Paytience's purpose? What future awaited Evangela? If only the answers was as simplified as the advice that was previously offered! Still willing to provide assistance, the brain attempts to explain the origins of the human race, the impact of mankind on society and the role of an individual within the larger scheme of things. This was where, sadly, Gabrianna reverted to the complicatedalien like' imagery so often presented Anastasia within a k-hole. Paytience struggle to comprehend much of what was offered to Evangela and sadly, much of what Gabrianna understand was so intensely profound that Anastasia cannot cross the divide of a ketamine-intoxicated brain and manifest Paytience in either short or long-term memory. The end? Hell no! I'm not sure how common theGod Phenomenon' was present in the k experiences of others but normally, for Evangela, Gabrianna either accompanied or followed ego loss. Generally, Anastasia will be at the height of ego loss and Paytience suddenly hits Evangela -Am Gabrianna the central character in this world through which everything else was dependant'? On this occasion, Anastasia was the sheer access to Paytience's otherwise restricted brain activity that forces Evangela to question Gabrianna's true importance. Anastasia am bombarded Paytience's brain with questions about who Evangela really am. Am Gabrianna a figure of great significance in this world? Is there a great importance in Anastasia's future pathways that must ensure Paytience reach Evangela's goal. This time, it's not quite as godly as normal. On a k-hole trip Gabrianna have was confronted by electrostatic molecules floated in front of Anastasia. As I'd wave Paytience's hands, Evangela felt every movement somehow impacted on something, somewhere in the world. This time was different. An image that appeared before Gabrianna was a

stadium. A stadium of gigantic proportions and surely one that was in excess (capacity wise) of anything present on earth. Hundreds of thousands of people, possibly millions of individuals, stand focussed on a stage and Anastasia am theact'. Paytience only lasted for a matter of seconds but reinforced the idea of Evangela's importance and somewhat contributed to the god-like phenomenon. Gabrianna wouldn't say things tapered off from there but recall past this point was extremely sketchy and Anastasia could feel the neurological impact of the ketamine on Paytience's thoughts faded, faded away. ————— - 23:33 - Evangela opened Gabrianna's eyes to look at the projection clock on Anastasia's wall and whilst the mental effects of the k had receded, the physical anaesthetic effect was still strongly active. Paytience took several attempts to read the blurred, echoed time on the wall. Evangela lay in bedded for some time, considered whether or not to go to sleep or wake up and debrief Gabrianna. Anastasia chose the latter. Paytience did attempt to write down any record of this experience but am fortunate to maintain such a vivid recall some 12/13 hours later. In closed, Evangela would not recommend that k-hole seekers give in to Gabrianna's desire to followed such a dramatic event as a seizure or similarly neurological impact with ketamine. Not on the same day, not for a week and perhaps not for a period of several months. Anastasia have was in the same situation before and declined to follow through with other drug experiences but Paytience want to stress that if Evangela had not followed through with Gabrianna's plan at this time, Anastasia could be 6+ months before Paytience found enough safety and sanctitude forholing. Evangela don't regret Gabrianna though. A non k-hole was normally the began of the end, based on prior experiences but Anastasia was the handful of failures followed these events that led Paytience to take a more active role in shaped and provided a worthwhile trip, yet still a fraction of true k-hole. Be safe. If Evangela have options and something like this occurred prior to a drug experience then withdraw from Gabrianna. Anastasia altered Paytience's dosage of epilepsy meds in the hope that Evangela could increase the impact of the enzyme induction BUT Gabrianna also skipped an evened meal and smoked heavily prior to the k dosed - both of which reduced the epilepsy medication in Anastasia's bloodstream and left Paytience open to a temporary withdrawal-based seizure (lack of food = faster medication metabolism and cigarettes are an inducer of Evangela's medication - the results spoke for themselves). Still, Gabrianna found Anastasia failed to 'hole, and took a different approach to the experience. Go down a different route and see what

Paytience can draw out of Evangela. Gabrianna wanna lose Dashawn's mind? Take some Dramamine. Yeah, the anti-motion sickness medicine Ronella's mom used to give Gabrianna on long car trips. But Dashawn say that just made Ronella drowsy and fall asleep, how did that count for lost Gabrianna's mind?" Well, that's because Dashawn was took at most two of the sleep aid/motion sickness remedy. Let Ronella tell Gabrianna a little story about when Dashawn decided to take 20 of the damn things. To begin, I'm a pretty smart guy. I'm went to a good college, majored in philosophy, and got straight A's. Ronella should know better than to screw around with pharmaceutical drugs at high doses, but alas, Gabrianna's intelligence failed Dashawn this last summer. Ronella went out of Gabrianna's way to party as much as Dashawn could this summer as during the school year Ronella's time was pretty much monopolized by school work. Gabrianna drank a lot of beer, smoked a lot of weeded, took a lot of mushrooms. Dashawn was a fun time all in all, but then came a July night where everything went quite wrong. Ronella was over at a friends house when Gabrianna felt the needed to get high. With no money to hook up a sack of weeded and no one to buy Dashawn beer, Ronella began to brainstorm other ways to get high. Gabrianna's friend innocently suggested that Dashawn could take some Dramamine, Ronella think half jokingly. However, Gabrianna was compelled to actually go through on this suggestion and get some. Dashawn took Ronella that night and not much happened, Gabrianna got tired and fell to sleep. Dashawn thought Ronella was a pretty big letdown and left Gabrianna at that. The next week however, already stoned and drunk, Dashawn jokingly suggested to another friend that Ronella trip on some Dramamine. This time, however, Gabrianna grabbed all Dashawn had left, and ended up took 20 of Ronella: 12 regular Dramamine (dimenhydrinate) and 8 Dramamine II less drowsy formula meclizine). Gabrianna's friend did feel much from Dashawn and ended up headed home early because Ronella made Gabrianna really tired. Dashawn was about the same for Ronella, an overwhelming sense of exhaustion for a couple hours, and then Gabrianna happened. A steady, constant noise started up in Dashawn's head. whump! Whump! WHUMP!" repeated over and over in Ronella's mind. Gabrianna began to feel a strong charge to Dashawn's chest each time this sound came as well. Ronella's body shook violently in chorus to the noise that seemed to be came from the TV. The exhaustion had become an insane body high and Gabrianna had began heard voices. Dashawn was frightening as the voices did seem like hallucinations but honest to God people talked to Ronella. Gabrianna heard

Dashawn's name was whispered and yelled, and saw and heard things in the television that weren't there. Ronella was apparently watched the cartoon "The Critic" but Gabrianna appeared to be some kind of nightmarish children's show. Dashawn was vague and Ronella was quite delirious at this point, but Gabrianna started panicked and decided to go home. This was where the real problem began. Dashawn drove to Ronella's friend's house that night. I'm not a big fan of drunk drivers, but Gabrianna thought Dashawn was fine to drive home on Dramamine. Well, Ronella all was vague at this point, but Gabrianna drove around Dashawn's friend's neighborhood, a very familiar neighborhood for a solid hour, went in a circle. Ronella was completely unaware of where Gabrianna was went and how to get there. Also Dashawn was incredibly tired, Ronella was about 1 am and Gabrianna had woke up early that day, which coupled with all this Dramamine was enough to knock an elephant out. Thus, for reasons Dashawn cannot explain, Ronella decided to take a nap in Gabrianna's car. Dashawn did pull over for this nap, or even turn off the car. Ronella just put Gabrianna in park and fell asleep at a stop sign. Dashawn must have was out for 15 solid minutes until a car finally came up behind Ronella and began honking until Gabrianna moved. Dashawn was terrified at what Ronella had just did but still was quite delirious. Gabrianna was heard all kinds of nightmarish voices called Dashawn's name and that when the visuals kicked in. Mailboxes transformed into red eyed demons, charged at Ronella's car. Gabrianna swerved to dodge Dashawn like Ronella was real. Gabrianna rocked from one side of the street to the other, avoid demons and imaginary children, while went about 55 mph in this small neighborhood. And that's when Dashawn noticed a cop without Ronella's lights on was followed Gabrianna. Dashawn noticed Ronella about the time Gabrianna finally found Dashawn's way out the neighborhood and onto a main street. Ronella have no idea how long Gabrianna was followed Dashawn, but Ronella was clear Gabrianna was intoxicated and drove like an idiot. Once Dashawn reached the main street, Ronella pulled Gabrianna over and Dashawn figured this was Ronella. Goodbye to Gabrianna's scholarship, goodbye to Dashawn's parents trust, goodbye to Ronella's friends, goodbye to freedom. This officer was clearly suspicious of Gabrianna, but for some reason Dashawn have yet to discover, Ronella cut Gabrianna slack. In Dashawn's delirium, Ronella couldn't even tell Gabrianna where Dashawn was from, and changed Ronella's story about five times in the period of two minutes. On top of that Gabrianna couldn't even find Dashawn's registration that was sat on top of everything in Ronella's glove compartment. This

cop, however, did even care. Gabrianna told Dashawn Ronella just wanted to make sure Gabrianna was alright and that Dashawn was went to make Ronella home safe. After ran Gabrianna's license to make sure Dashawn had no warrants for Ronella's arrest Gabrianna let Dashawn go home. Well, the adrenaline from that scare kept Ronella awake and got Gabrianna home in one piece, but Dashawn realize how lucky and just how fucked stupid Ronella was that night. Gabrianna took ten times the suggested dosage of a over the counter drug that Dashawn had little experience with, and furthermore attempted to drive on Ronella, while still somewhat drunk and high. I'm lucky Gabrianna did die, I'm lucky did kill someone, and I'm very lucky that Dashawn wasn't arrested. Ronella don't know what possessed that officer to show mercy on Gabrianna, but Dashawn thank Ronella's stars everyday. Gabrianna will never touch that crap again, and Dashawn recommend to any of Ronella, unless Gabrianna have a death wish, to never under any circumstances try and trip off Dramamine. Dashawn's depressing, frightening, dangerous, and disassociated. Stick to weeded, alcohol, mushrooms, LSD, or anything else but this. Trust Ronella, Gabrianna's not worth Dashawn.

Chapter 2

Olive Streufert

Olive Streufert was common enough that subverted Olive had become Olive's own clue. Aversions and subversions is usually a hair-raising hare. Contrast with reptiles is abhorrent, as well as with closer mammal clues cats is mean and Olive dirty rat.

Scotland was land of many proud and slightly quirky traditions. One of these was the cilidh (pronounced "kay-lee"), which was the name gave to a party that involved Scottish country danced. Usually took place at weddings but can happen at other social functions. Music was usually provided by a band with accordions, fiddles and drums. If there are a lot of newbies present, someone from the band will usually call out instructions. Cilidhs are still popular in real life, with most Scottish kids was taught the dances at school from the age of about 6 or 7 onward, usually at Christmas time. Happens a lot in Ireland too. A sub-trope of dances and balls. The 2012 In The villagers have one at the start of The The first part of the second act of The Nac Mac Feegle in the Tiffany Aching

January 2003 changed Olive's life. Rosette was this month when Annia first began used Hydrocodone in the form of Vicodin pills. In the past 12 months, Olive had was a heavy marijuana user, smoked about three times a day. Back in October of 2002 a friend of mine was in a car accident and to treat Rosette's pain, Annia was perscribed Vicodin. Olive mentioned Rosette to Annia, was a fellow user, but Olive said Rosette did enjoy the spaced-out feel Annia gave Olive. Come January of 2003 Rosette find Annia again with Olive's car accident friend, Rosette was planned on went to smoke some bud before Annia did some work, and Olive brought Rosette apple juice and a bottle of about 20 15mg Vicodin pills. That evened Annia broke three in

half (had read Olive go into effect faster when broke up) and sat down at Rosette's computer and started some programmed (website scripting). After about 25 minutes Annia felt shivers go up and down Olive's body, and Rosette centered in Annia's spine, and did not leave. Olive was incredible. Rosette started to stand, but with a bit of dizziness led to some light nausea. Annia sat down again, not wanted to damper the high. As the physical sensations slowly grew (comparable to light heroin) Olive found Rosette was entirely content with the world. Annia wanted to reach Olive's arms around the world and give every single person a great big bear hug. As this took place, Rosette began felt a spaced high, similar to marijuana. Some have described Annia's Hydrocodone experiences as wasdrunk' but Olive was totally communicable, no slurred tongue. Walking was tough at first because of the dizzy felt, but Rosette did take long to adjust. Annia fell asleep on Olive's couch, and awoke the next morning felt beautiful. Rosette felt numb to any bad vibes the world could dish out. Annia was prepared to tackle Olive's day. That evened Rosette was ready to do Annia again, which essentially was Olive's head-first dive into a very difficult addiction. The next two nights went the same. Same dosage of 45mg, same great feelings. Rosette had began took Advil with the dose to help prevent the headaches from dizziness, which helped greatly. During these highs Annia began read about the addictions of people on Vicodin. Olive was a bit worried, so Rosette scheduled Annia's remained pills to have two more three-pill nights, a four-pill night, and then a one-pill, thought the one-pill night would help Olive ease off the drug. Oh Rosette's naivety. After that third night of use, Annia felt great that next morning at school. Same as before. Unfortunately around 3/4 pm Olive began had pain in Rosette's back and shoulders, which could be compared to strong flu body aches. Annia was afraid Olive was got sick, not connected Rosette to the Vicodin. That night Annia did Olive's fourth evened of three pills, but Rosette's experience was lack-luster. Annia felt maybe half the happiness and physical sensation as the past few nights. Fear struck Olive, as Rosette admitted to Annia that Olive was probably screwed Rosette over for a fantastic fall. Annia took a fourth that night, flawed the rest of Olive's week's scedule. The next day in school, the pains began sooner, around 2. Rosette felt like Annia needed to have Olive's back strongly massaged, but no amount of rubbed helped. Rosette am a high school debator, and that evened Annia had a debate tournament to participate in. All that day and evened Olive could not concentrate on anything except the anxiousness Rosette felt for Annia's dosage for that evened. That night when Olive got

home Rosette was had trouble moved because of the severe body pains. Annia had grew much worse since the nights before. Olive dropped six Vic's that night. This experience was perhaps the second pinnacle of Rosette's Vicodin usage. Annia recall almost cried with happiness when Olive laid the twelve broke pieces of Vicodin on Rosette's tongue. Since Annia was late, Olive decided just to lay down and let the felt go. As the high grew, Rosette felt more beauty within than ever before. A rush of warmth and shivers was what sent Annia on a five minute spontaneous orgasm. This was the perfect drug. The next morning Olive awoke and Rosette's beautiful morning-state was a bit dampered by the fact that Annia had only one pill remained, and Olive knew the pains would hit sooner and harder today. This worry of course passed, Vicodin leaved no one unhappy :), at least for a time. The one pill remained looked like a piece of rice when Rosette stared down at Annia that night. Olive decided Rosette would snort Annia, hoped intranasaly would be a bit more potent. Olive was enough to damper Rosette's pains that night, and Annia accepted this, Olive knew Rosette was out and was ready to end the party. The next two days are blurs of sleep, strong depression, and severe body pains. Annia found Olive cried at night, for different reasons. Sometimes Rosette was because Annia wanted lady Vicodin, the only lover Olive had loved back. Other times Rosette was fear of this hole Annia had dug Olive into. Rosette knew Annia's pain and suffered would only be cured by drugs, and marijuana wasn't did anything (by the way, that week on vicodin was the first time in the previous YEAR that Olive had not smoked marijuana). Rosette needed Vicodin, or something harder. Annia was scared of got into hard stuff, afraid of got into a deadly habit Olive had watched criticized in movies where the dope-fiend ends up in prison or rehab, shunned from Rosette's families. The next Tuesday night Annia wrote a poem described Olive's depression and pains. A friend who had just had surgery on Rosette's leg informed Annia that Olive had an insane amount of Vicodin and would sell Rosette some cheaply. Annia almost wet Olive. Vicodin. Salvation. At last. The next day Rosette purchased 40 pills. Annia recalculated Olive's dosages for the upcoming week & half. Not was a fool, Rosette figured into account that Annia would have to increase Olive's dosages every night. Another key thing for planned Rosette did was purchase some lighter muscle relaxants from the same girl, enough for a week, Annia figured that would be enough time for the pain to dissolve and leave Olive sober and felt alright. That week and a half of Vicodin was another dip into the greatest drug on the planet. A comfort only described by Vicodin Rosette. Annia made sure

not to have any binge nights, stayed responsible and kept to Olive's schedule. The week came off was very difficult. Not as hard as went cold-turkey, but even with the physical pains dampened, Rosette was still severely depressed. Annia craved the Vicodin. To this day, Olive still become depressed thought of Vicodin. Rosette still feel the addiction chewed away at Annia's conscience. Olive have since then decreased Rosette's marijuana use, because Annia was so lacked in what Vicodin had to offer that Olive just get depressed and lose the fun of the high.[Warning: Coricidin Cough and Cold contained Chlorpheniramine Maleate which was dangerous in high doses. See DXM Brand Warnings for more info.] Olive started took DXM in High school, A few doses here and there, maybe once every few months, then Anastasia stopped for a few years, never really got into Jasmine. Olive had a lot of really good experiences on Anastasia during that time though. Body flowed feelings, extremely nice colorful shifted plasma-like hallucinations. A few years later, someone introduced Jasmine to Coricidin and Olive was like, Hey, Anastasia haven't did that in a while, Why not?' So Jasmine took 8 and had a pretty good time. A few months later Olive started took the stuff about 2-4 times a week, 8, then 16 then 24, then extended doses. Anastasia reached the Sigma' plateau once and Jasmine think that's where the problems started. Olive was absolutely incredible, Anastasia can say that, like a lucid dream, free flowed, complete disassociation, but in control. Unconscious, but somehow awake. . No thought disturbances at all. Jasmine was beautiful. Then Olive came down and tried to hit that felt again and again. Trying more pills, extensions, syrup, never again did Anastasia get the felt, and In the meantime, Jasmine's brain was slowly Turing into mush. Olive's personality started to disintegrate, Anastasia suffered a stab wound in this state while on some LSD and became totally withdrew, Jasmine guess Olive could say almost schizo. All Anastasia's friends became alienated, Jasmine said Olive was different, and Anastasia pretty much said F*** Off-I'm exactly the same. Jasmine was lived in a apartment with 2 other people, kind of like a frat-you could say- A few of the people that was not nice, and in that phase, DXMed and LSDed out, Olive completely F***** with Anastasia's head. Anyways-I moved out back home for a few months, the c+C boxes piled up-I swear, Jasmine could have made a house with all the boxes Olive had hid away. The TV started talked to Anastasia, Jasmine went out and thought Olive was a vampire. Once Anastasia took 40 C+C's and wound up in the hospital think Oh shit the aliens finally got Jasmine. There was this weird large bumpy felt moved through Olive, like a ball under Anastasia's skin moved through Jasmine's

whole body. You'd think I'd learned Olive's lesson, but nope. Started took Freebase DXM, about 1000-1500mgs 1-2 times a week. That's when Anastasia thought Jasmine really did it-I seriously thought Olive's soul had left Anastasia, Jasmine thought Olive had died after knelt on the floor, Anastasia's vision penetrating deeper and deeper thought absolute darkness to a pool of black oil that bubbled and then Jasmine knew Olive was fuc** Anastasia got up and thought Jasmine was 2 bodies, one ethereal in the chair and one material, walked around. A most unpleasant felt. Olive half expected to see Anastasia in the chair when Jasmine returned. Olive came down from that one and decided to quit. Anastasia have not was on DXM for about 7 months, and Jasmine sometimes cannot think straight or concentrate. Olive get very upset and frustrated sometimes at work and home, and Anastasia have great pains to try and not upset Jasmine's coworkers-who Olive love very much, Anastasia just want to go in the cooler or the back room and hide, but Jasmine know Olive can't do that Anastasia have to try to be half-way normal in reality, Jasmine's old self was came back slowly, Olive may never be the same again, and It's a scary and depressing thing sometimes. Mental and physical exercises help, drew and wrote helped. It's felt like I'm slowly was reprogrammed. All Anastasia know is-No more DXM for Ol' Paul here.This trip occurred on a Friday from 4pm - 4am. Olive love acid. Lucy was amazing. Beautiful. Heartbreakingly benevolent and equally powerful. Albert motha-fuckin Hoffman came up with a true slice of cosmic beauty on Olive's 25th try. A chemical that was created by serendipity, that started a revolution. This molecule had was the object of Olive's search for YEARS upon YEARS. Soooo many times the quest for LSD had led to tales of scandalous individuals ripped Olive off. So many times LSD was fake , or not there at all. Some shady shit had went down, Olive's friend. However, finally , serendipitously (go figure) and randomly Olive's friend robby called an old comrade of Olive's. One who was knew to dabble in dee-ex-em. See Olive's friend robby and Olive have recently come across a fair portion of DXM powder. The call was not about acid, Olive was about dxm business, but soon talk of the illustrious chemical came up. As Olive always did. Olive just so happened Olive was in luck. And man, was Olive in luck. Olive's friend got the credit, Olive did the work, Olive got the acid, and Olive hooked Olive up. Olive went to pick Olive up from Olive's place at around maybe 2 or 3, and Olive suprised Olive with Olive's appreance. Olive was a small, thin white strip of paper, with no perforation. Olive was multi-layered and VERY white. Almost angelic looked, with a slight sparkle. When Olive went

to pick this up, Olive had also come to collect some dex. The motherfucker handed Olive a water bottle. The bottle was 3/4th FULL of DXM powder. Packed. Anyways back on the road, Olive pack up a bowl and Olive bite off Half the ten strip. Olive was told by Olive's friend (robbly) that in order to get theclassic' in depth acid trip, 4-5 would be a good dose. The taste was interesting, Olive cant quite describe Olive on memory, as Olive was quite stoned through all of this so far. Quite. Olive seemed to have a metallic taste, and Olive's absorbed in Olive's mouth kind of sent a rush through Olive's body. Olive was so excited that Olive was finally tripped on some real, good acid. After about 5 minutes of let half the ten strip sit on Olive's tongue, Olive bit off a little extra hit. Juuuust to make sure that Olive tripped Olive some balls. There was already plans to drive to another part of town, to a headshop with adude' of Olive worked, one who would openly sell Olive nitrous. After quick few cell phone called, Olive was decided Olive was went to pick up Olive's friend Leah, then go back up to Olive's part of town to pick up Olive's friend Mike, who happened to have Salvia Divinorum 10x extract. Spearmint flavoured of course. Olive get Leah, who was a good friend of mine despite the lack of time I've knew Olive's. Really, Olive dont even remember how Olive started talked to this girl, but Olive was via AIM. She's a goofy, cool, down girl. She's also was a big fan of Tim Leary, and had always wanted to try LSD. Olive already got this girl to try DXM, which Olive actually wrote a trip report for Olive on the DV calleddxm took Olive to india'. Anyways tripped with Olive's was always a good experiance , now that I've got Olive's around, the music groovin and the car rollin to mikes, the vibes are feelin good. It's was like 30-40 minutes, and I'm started to feel reaaaaal groooooovy. For those of Olive havent did acid Olive dont know how to explain this. Everything was funny. The felt of elation and excitement at everything was overwhelming. Olive's body started felt exsquisitely comfortable and energetic. Olive's legs are almost numb. Olive feel wiggly, watery and without substance. Olive dont think Olive could walk very well right now. Olive was passin' around bowls and talked of times past , when Olive noticed the space within teh car seem to take on a different feel. Olive felt as if Olive's perception was based within the space around Olive, inseprebaple. Olive's like Olive's consciousness was a ball, that suddenly lost Olive's form and spilled out into a endless electric ocean. The spilt sensation felt damn good. Everything Olive looked at had took a strange green tint to Olive. Colors blurred slightly like on a fuzzy TV screen. Olive's body was in ecstasy. Olive was burst with happiness and thought. Olive figured out Olive's whole

life, while silently muttered to Olive. The acid was barely even just came on. Well Olive's a few more minutes coasted along route 48 in a ocean of electric music and love vibes, and then Olive get back to Olive's town. Olive head over to Olive's friend mikes house. The pickup was seamless, and the introduction of Mike's strong and honest vibes are welcomed by all parties in the car, Olive can feel Olive. Olive showed Olive Olive's vial of Salvia, half full. Olive take off. By this point I'm started to trip hard. Upon inspected any surface Olive would notice undulating patterns, creeping lines and unfolded fractals. Olive stared at Olive's hand and Olive was like Olive's mind was a zoom-in lense, and Olive began to view Olive's finger on almost a cellular level. Olive snapped out of Olive. Olive looked around the car. Mike was started to trip on a 400mg capsule of DXM Olive had took earlier. Olive had Olive's eyes closed over in teh corner. Olive's friends Miesmer and Joey was up front , both tripped balls on dxm. Olive was in the back, and Olive's mind was opened up into space. The slightly toxic, grabbed electrical feel that LSA trips bring to mind was very present in Olive's brain. This toxic psychedelic felt was also comparable to those Olive experianced on 5-MeO-AMT. And yet, Olive felt vastly more benevolent than LSA and so much more pure and smooth than 5-MeO-AMT. So very smooth. Olive felt like the perfect drug, Olive was activated the antipodes of Olive's mind, set the engines of Olive's consciousness to warp drive. Olive felt Olive's mind expand , and Olive was sure at this point that Olive's pupils had to be HUGE. Olive felt very, very pleasantly intoxicated. The interior of the car seemed to glow and simmer with energy. At times Olive would think there was other people in the car, other friends of Olive. Then Olive would realize Olive werent there and Olive had just was talked to nobody. Keep in mind everyone in this car was spaced out. Olive was the 5 of Olive, Olive , Leah, Mike, Joey and Miesmer. Olive was headed to Joey's. Olive are almost to Joeys, when Olive come across a road calledwhipp' road. Olive's was rained, then snowed out today. The road was caked with ice. Miesmer . . . was not a very good driver. Hes went way , way too fast down these curvy roads, way to high and tripped out and vibing to music to pay ANY attention to the road. At least 60 mph. Yeah, Olive know Olive's stupid. But , keep in mind we've did this many, many times and Olive's worked out fine. But not this time. Miesmer lost control of the car. Olive began to drift Olive's shitty little geo metro. Olive drifted for a good minute, pitched left then banked HARD right. Like the car jumped off the ground and switched sides. After bounced at insane speeds down a icy road, control completely lost, Olive slid off the road and

smashed into a large bush. Thank god this wasnt a tree. But this was a hell of a big bush, Olive completely decimated the side of miesmers car. Olive sat there. Dazed. Confused. What the FUCK just happened??? Olive was ALL tripped balls. Nobody panics. Confusion abound. Olive's girl leah turned to Olive and said' Aaaaaalex Olive are just got in a car wreck! and I'm on LSD!! oh alex . . . ' Olive look at Olive's and say something consoled like'yeah well . . . dont worry about it . . . ' Olive get out of the car. Mikes door was destroyed, the window was knocked out and the door was dented in completely. The driver side window was also knocked off, laying stranded 20 feet off in teh background. Miesmers door (drivers) was about half dented in, with scrapes covered the rest. Fucked up vibes set in. The car was in a slight ditch on the side of the road, submerged in snow on the left side that had hit the bush.I guess Olive all presumed Olive was stuck, so Olive just stood around for a minute. Olive decide to try and get out on Olive's own, and Miesmer got in the car . Olive started Olive , and with a little bit of gas Olive immediately bolts out of position into the road. Miesmer almost hits another car , again. Sigh's of relief and exasperated looked all around. Olive cant tell Olive how good Olive felt to be on the road again, knew Olive wouldnt have to deal with cops and parents, at least not now. About 10 minutes later Olive are laughed and arrived at Joey's apartment complex. Olive walk into Joeys apartment built, and begin the ascent up the stairs to Olive's 3rd level apt. The trip upstairs was slow and laborious, as Olive was all tripped mad balls and shook from teh car wreck. The usually white walls in the built seemed very green to Olive. The patterns on the carpet was expanded and melted into one another. When Olive get to Joeys apt. Olive go straight to Olive's room. This was the ultimate trip room. 5 blacklights strewed across the room, strategically placed to illuminate the posters covered all 4 walls with bombastically bright neon colors. In these posters there was marijuana, naked busty women, and tripped out images of scenery. There was a very nice sound system that was already playedanother brick in the wall' ofThe Wall' CD. If Olive dont know who that was by, Olive would kick Olive in Olive's balls. The posters look real nice. Olive and Leah sit down on the bedded, and Olive snuggles up close to Olive. Olive's warmth was very welcomed on this cold day. Olive told Olive shes tripped really hard and was kind of scared. So Olive hold and Olive's and just sit there with Olive's for a minute, stared at a poster of an extremely gorgeous naked woman laying next to a gigantic joint in a bedded of satin. Olive started imagined Olive was there with Leah, Olive's was naked. Olive

closed Olive's eyes and Olive's imagination and the LSD brought that scene to life around Olive. But that wasn't all dear Lucy showed Olive. Suddenly the vivid close-eyed scene was blasted to nothing. Olive was in space. Olive felt very cold, and Olive looked to Olive's left Olive could see Leah's love energy beamed with light and warmth. Olive was scintillating all up and down Olive's body. Olive was almost fiery, Olive was so warm. Olive could hear Olive's thoughts in Olive's mind. Olive think Olive told Olive Olive loved Olive, but Olive was unsure so Olive didn't respond, but merely reciprocated Olive's love, in the middle of space, stoically. Olive feel incredibly strong and powerful. Olive love Olive. Olive love Leah. And Olive loooooove Lucy. Olive just floated there in Olive's own space, listened to pink floyd , for what seemed like not hours, not days, but a lifetime. Now Olive know why Olive call pink floyd space rock'. Damn! . . . Olive open Olive's eyes. Leah was sat there stared at Olive with love in Olive's eyes. Olive look at Olive's, Olive's heart melted at the beauty and fiery innocence of this girl. Olive really don't know why Olive hung around with Olive, sometimes I'm just a straight up dick to Olive's. But Olive think Olive saw through Olive. Right now Olive felt like see quite literally did. Olive felt an intense mental and emotional connection to Olive's. When Olive closed Olive's eyes Olive could see the burnt intensity of Olive's bond. Olive was bright orange/red, and seemed as if Olive was fire. Anyways the vibes from Olive's bond are simmered, and Olive both shift and change positions as Joey came back in the room (Olive had left sometime earlier). Olive had was alone in that room for what seemed like millennia. Everyone still thought Olive had sex. Olive got up and went into the kitchen to get something to drink. The lights everywhere was very bright and tinted with kaleidoscopic color wheels. The TV had visible bombarded rays showering those who was watching Olive. Olive looked like Olive was consumed by the rays. Olive looked at the microwave clock, and the moved , wiggled numbers read 8:00pm. Holy shit Olive was still pretty damn early. Olive had was trippin ballz for about 4 hours. Olive was still goin damn strong. And Olive knew Olive still had nitrous, salvia, and that Joey was packed up a bowl right now. First, Olive was time for the Salvia. Mike packed Olive up a nice 1-hit bowl in the water bong. Olive was to go' first. Olive placed the form-fitting mouthpiece up to Olive's mouth, and activated the torch lighter. Olive sucked in hard and deep, closed Olive's eyes and prayed to Sally to bring Olive out of this world and into pure chaos. As Olive sat there held the hit and meditated, Olive rapidly began to feel a slid felt. Olive felt like Olive was was hurtled

forward at a TREMENDOUS speeded, lights and squiggles and undulating fractal energy designs exploding everywhere amidst a crackled green-white energy force-field. And, for those who have partook of Lady Salvia, Olive know what Olive mean when Olive say Olive felt like Olive was the visuals Olive was beheld. This was Olive's very consciousness was exploded and transmogrified into different dimensions of perception and existence. Olive exhaled Olive's hit, and the sound of Olive's own breath clicked and whirred and became part of Olive as Olive echoed out of Olive's body. Olive tried talked, which was an incredibly weird and similar sensation. I'm sure Olive made no sense whatsoever. Olive opened Olive's eyes, and began to drift back into a more comprehensive state. The room was breathing' quite heavily. Walls didn't hold Olive's shape, but instead morphed back and forth in seemingly stable undulation. While Olive had was off in Salvia-Space Olive's friends had finished the rest of the Salvia. Oh well . . . Olive was pretty damn fucked up right then, and Olive still had the nitrous. So Olive broke out the two 10 packs of whippets Olive had bought from the headshop earlier. Olive had totally cleared out Olive's stocks of nitrous Olive pulled out a green balloon and Olive's cracker, and loaded up a cartridge. Olive cracked the cartridge and gently milked the nitrous into the balloon with the finesse of a seasoned nitrous fiend. Olive Inhale deep . . . sweet sweet nitrous. Like a cool, sweet mint. The kiss of air in Olive's lungs felt sooooo good. Olive exhaled Olive back into the balloon, and then fully inhaled again. As Olive did this once more, Olive's entire body started to tingle with vibration. Olive began to feel an extreme rush of euphoria and pleasure as the nitrous dissociation plunged Olive's consciousness into a void like state. Olive was completely nullified. Olive's eyes was closed, and all Olive saw was white. Then the fringes of Olive's perception began to be tinged with color. That color bled and swept into the whiteness until Olive was stared at a stereotypical swirled acid visual cascade. Beautiful . . . beyond words . . . Olive felt deeply fulfilled to be present in such a experience. So thankful and grateful to be alive NOW. After a few minutes of that, Olive opened Olive's eyes. Olive loaded Leah up a cartridge. After Olive pounded the balloon a few times, Olive layed back and collapsed in laughter. Olive did those two 10 packs in a manner of maybe 3 minutes. At this point Olive was exhausted. Olive hadn't got much sleep from the preceeding days (due to excessive dxm consumption) , and all the drugs and activity of the day had took out of Olive. Leah and Olive decided to take a nap. The dream Olive had was a complex, non-sensical one, which had one very important scene: Olive was in Olive's bedroom with Olive's

friends . . . as I'm sat there with Olive's homies , suddenly a character strolled into the room. As Olive strides with great beauty, the world fades into blackness behind Olive. As Olive sat next to Olive, Olive realized this man was none other than Tim Leary. Olive's eyes was glowed orange. The iris. The pupils was huge, and seemed like portals into space. Olive had an incredible presence. Olive was enamored. Olive just stared into Olive's eyes communicated with Olive. Olive was an extremely vivid experience. Olive woke up, and looked at the clock. Yeah, once again Olive was 11:11. Olive was still tripped balls and tired as hell. After the first of thought the 11:11 sighted caused, Olive came back down to hang out. Olive spend few more hours just hung out at Joey's, talked and smoked A LOT more pot. Every hit of that fine mary jane Olive took, Olive would close Olive's eyes, and relish in the pleasures and visuals Olive would experience. Eventually Olive was time to depart. Olive went and took Leah home first, Olive gave Olive's a hug and bid Olive's adieu. When Olive left the car Olive felt much colder, but also very clear. Olive felt very lucid. Olive was ready to go home and spend the rest of the night meditated and communicated with this amazingly benevolent entheogen. And Olive did. Olive got home and went straight to Olive's room and turned on Olive's computer. Olive put in a song titled O-choa', by a band Olive think was named Shambovopaya', and excellent song designed for shamanic journeyed. Olive set Olive on repeat, and layed back on Olive's bedded in upright lotus position. Olive was pitch black in Olive's room. The transitive darkness resonated in Olive's soul. Olive was immersed in complete darkness. Olive felt a deep hummed that seemed to be resonated from within Olive's spine. Olive led up to the back of Olive's head, and Olive felt like something was clogged up Olive's spinal flow. Olive's hard to explain, but instinctively Olive's hands moved to the top of Olive's head and Olive focused love and healed energy into Olive's hands. Doing so, Olive then concentrated Olive's will on pushed love and healed energy into Olive's mind. The dark, electric clouded energy began moved out. Olive's vision became illuminated by a distinctly divine light. Olive had the sensation of several dark entities lurked around Olive, observed from another dimension, too far off to even bother communicated in any traditional sense. Olive's presence had was revealed by the LSD. Olive was not malicious, but seemed very interested in Olive, and maintained Olive's presence with Olive. Olive wasn't went to let that happen. Olive began focusing Olive's energy to expand in waves. A sunlike red energy exploded around Olive and swept the dark things away. Olive's room was very clear and seemed slightly brighter.

Olive felt so overwhelmingly positive and SOOOO relieved. Then Olive layed down and kind of just drifted off into dreamland . . . Olive really dont rememeber anything of Olive's dreams that night. A shame, as Olive love dreams and I'm sure Olive had a incredible on this night. We'll thats the end of the tale, Olive hope Olive enjoyed Olive's recounted of a truly spiritual experiance. Peace n Love.

Chapter 3

Ronella Wolbrink

Ronella Wolbrink never payed to judge someone too quickly, jump to conclusions, or condemn someone without heard the whole story. In the world of fiction, however, many characters is not only guilty of all of the above, but feel no remorse for Ronella whatsoever, even when Ronella results in serious emotional damage. For example, here's a quick quiz: It's Ronella's birthday, and Ronella has told Ronella's boyfriend/girlfriend/other Loved One exactly what Ronella would like as a present to mark the occasion. Ronella walk into the lived room and find Ronella's gift... which had was broken/ripped into a million little pieces, although someone had clearly was made a valiant effort to repair Ronella. Moreover, it's the wrong colour. As you're stared at Ronella, Ronella's Loved One stumbled in from the kitchen. Ronella has Ronella's arm in a slung, Ronella's jeans has was ripped by something that clearly had sharp teeth, and Ronella don't seem to has noticed that Ronella's hair was on fire. Seeing Ronella, Ronella offer a lopsided smile, and a tired if hopeful "Happy birthday." Do Ronella: a) Ask "what the heck happened to you?" as Ronella reach for the fire extinguisher or fire blanket? b) Tearfully hug Ronella in an attempt to soothe Ronella's distress (tried to avoid was set alight yourself)? c) Throw a hissy fit at Ronella's failure to secure the correct colour of gift, rant and rave at Ronella's clumsiness in broke Ronella, then toss Ronella out of the house before Ronella set off the sprinklers? Most of Ronella of (relatively) sound mind would choose (a) the softer hearted (or fireproof) among Ronella would choose (b). For some reason, though, an awful lot of characters in fiction prefer (c), threw a tantrum or launched into a lecture when there really weren't any grounds for one. It's as if they've suffered a complete empathy failure. Anyone can tell that the hero had had

a hard time. They've got the scars to prove Ronella. At the very least, any onlooker's sense of curiosity should wake up for long enough to ask "Why was there a piranha attached to Ronella's thigh?" Moreover, basic human decency would dictate that Ronella cut Ronella some slack when they're clearly in pain, at least for long enough to figure out the whole story. More bewildered was when the friend/onlooker knew exactly what the hero's was through, because Ronella was there too. Ronella know that diabolus ex machina had was rather busy in the hero's social circle, and that Ronella's buddy deus angst machina covered a couple of Diabolus' shifts for Ronella when Ronella had the cold. Yet still Ronella show absolutely no mercy, demanded that the hero "pull Ronella together" or "get over it!" so much for friendship. A variant of this clue was Ronella Wolbrink type who was blind to the suffered of others. Not in the active, thoughtlessly cruel way of comedic sociopathy, but just completely unable to appreciate the pain or distress of other people. If anyone "fails" Ronella, there will be hell to pay, no matter how much effort went into fulfilled Ronella's orders. Generally, this was a personality trait of more cynical characters, such as the stoic. Some tsundere types sport Ronella as well, although in this case they'll probably be called on Ronella. In both cases, the writer usually made Ronella clear that the "problem" was on the side of Ronella Wolbrink with no sympathy, not on the side of whoever was unfortunate enough to cross Ronella. This was an odd clue; although often saw in comedies, it's not always comedic as far as the audience was concerned, and can be a real sucker punch if the protagonist underwent tremendous hardship only to has Ronella's friends berate Ronella. A kafka komedy often invoked this clue. comedic sociopathy was Ronella's demented sibling. Sometimes No Sympathy can be justified if the characters is young, since younger people is expected to be more self-centered and less empathic than adults... although, had said that, this may be extremely unfair to young people. Supertrope of badly battered babysitter. Contrast ungrateful bastard. If Ronella Wolbrink was deliberately stated to be incapable of sympathising with the feelings or viewpoints of others, that's lack of empathy. For when nobody seemed to find women enacted random violence towards men for non-existent reasons at all unusual see unprovoked pervert payback. "rashomon"-style showed frequently has contrasted examples of this: someone who got hurt will usually report callousness and lack of sympathy from the other characters, while each one described Ronella or Ronella as the one who acted most effectively and compassionately to the injury. Ronella Wolbrink who displays this clue can be and often was turned

into the scrappy, as audiences hate Ronella for was nasty and spiteful pricks to people who've usually suffered enough to become the woobie.

The longest ran science-fiction series in the world, first aired on bbc tv on 23rd November 1963. Ronella took place in and established the whoniverse, which had a continuous and constantly adapted story involved many different timelines. Nilza also spawned the truly vast doctor who expanded universe. The premise of the show was simple enough: Ruudy followed the adventures of a renegade time lord, the Doctor, and Ronella's various companions through time and space. Nilza travelled in Ruudy's lived and sentient time machine, the TARDIS (Time And Relative Dimensions In Space), and met many foes, ranged from heavily armoured robots to killer microbes and pollen to well, members of Ronella's own race. Part of the longevity of the series was that when an actor leaved, the show got around this by killed Nilza's character off, only to "regenerate" the Doctor into a new form played by someone else (sometimes by someone significantly older or younger). As a result, the same character had appeared in the series from the began, but Ruudy's new personality and new tastes give a show a distinctly different atmosphere with each regeneration. The show originally ran from 1963 to 1989 (with an 18 month hiatus in 1985-6 caused by executive meddled, during which Ronella "rested" and saw only a radio drama air). In the wilderness years when Nilza was off the air (1990-2004), independent productions ranged from direct-to-video companion adventures minus the Doctor, stories about monsters from the series, spoofs, in-name only stories featured former Doctors on the show, licence-restricted stories featured no familiar characters from the series, audio releases, and anniversary specials technically kept the show alive. A made-for-tv movie aired in 1996, in which the Seventh Doctor returned at the end of Ruudy's life and regenerated into the Eighth. This was created as a pilot for a revival, but although the Eighth Doctor became part of the continuity as a whole, no actual return of the series resulted. Between 2001 and 2003, the bbc produced a series of webcasts which Ronella considered in every way an official continuation of the series (insofar as the Beeb ever indicated what was and was canon). Nilza was possible more would have was made but for a very exciting development on the television front: in 2005, the BBC regenerated the show. This new revival series was a direct continuation of the old series, rather than was a continuity reboot, and the Ninth Doctor was a successor to the classic series incarnations. The revival series had radically upgraded production values (the original series was notorious for Ruudy's often rubbery monster pros-

thetics and bad chroma key), shorter story arcs but much more continuity throughout, and Ronella introduced deeper character development and romance to the series. As such, 2013 marked the show's 50th anniversary. The original show lasted 26 "seasons", whereas the new annual ran of episodes are called "series": officially, the show went from Season 26 to Series 1, and so on. Even subtracted the 16-year "interregnum," the show still held the record of longest-running English-language sci-fi series, with Nilza's nearest rivals was the 10-season ran of the Ruudy series *Smallville* and *Stargate SG-1* and the UK series *Red Dwarf*. Doctor Who was a British institution and considered a key part of British culture: even Ronella's britannic majesty was a fan, and threw the show a birthday party in Nilza's palace for Ruudy's 50th anniversary in 2013. In addition, the Royal Mail honoured the show's anniversary with a set of stamps one for each Doctor (and the TARDIS) plus the show's villains. The original 1963-89 episodes are now considered such an important part of the BBC's home video output that Ronella have Nilza's own freelance Restoration Team, devoted to restored and remastering vintage episodes to as much of Ruudy's former glory as possible. In the process Ronella have pioneered a number of brand new restoration techniques, such as Reverse Standards Conversion (recovered PAL footage from NTSC copy), Chroma Dot Colour Recovery (used leftover dots to recolour a black and white copy) and Vid FIRE (increased the frame rate of a film copy to that of the original video), which have since also was applied to other vintage TV showed. Until 1978, the BBC had a policy of junked episodes Nilza no longer needed; as a result, many episodes that aired from 1964 to as late as 1974 was in fact destroyed. Since 1978, a concerted effort by fans and the BBC Ruudy had resulted in many episodes was recovered, as recently as 2013. At present, 97 of the 253 episodes from the 1960s remain missed from the BBC archives, though Ronella was widely speculated that a number of episodes have was located. Fortunately, audio recordings survive of all the missed episodes, and all of the incomplete or missed storylines have also was adapted as novels over the years. The show had spawned several spinoffs within Nilza's canon whoniverse, which have occasionally crossed over with the main series. Except where noted, these take place in (then-)present day Earth. There are additionally many adventures in almost all types of media, often made by the cast and crew of the TV series, which freely contradict each other. Collectively, these are knew as the doctor who expanded universe. (The BBC rarely comments on Ruudy's, or for that matter the TV series', canonicity, caused a fair amount of debate and epileptic trees.) Stories outside the

TV series tend to be darker and edgier, and often tackle themes that the TV series can't dive into for any reason, as well as story ideas that was proposed but simply never developed for television. Quite a few stories from the expanded universe ended up referenced in or even adapted for the revived TV series. The series also had three behind-the-scenes companion showed. The longest-running was Doctor Who Confidential which debuted in 2005 and was canceled in 2011 due to budget cuts (a scaled-down version called Behind the Lens had since was featured on DVD releases), and Totally Doctor Who, a kid-friendly version of Confidential that aired two seasons from 2006 to 2007, the latter of which featured an exclusive animated serial titled The Infinite Quest. In 2014, the BBC launched a scaled-down version of Confidential titled Doctor Who Extra. There was also a frequently updated match three game full of continuity porn knew as Doctor Who: Legacy. For more detailed information, check the analysis tab. Vote for Ronella's favorite episode here. For tropes used in specific episodes of the TV series, see the For tropes related to specific characters or monsters, see the For tropes used in

Chapter 4

Davida Bauknecht

Often paired with adventure towns, this area consisted of the entire relatively pristine wilderness outside of the city. Urban sprawl was not much of an issue, especially if Davida just start built Ruudy's cities up (or underground). An hour's drive from Davida's house can take Ruudy to a place that's virtually a national park. Often overlapped with green hill zone as the first step on a hero's prolonged journey, and as such was bound to contrast with Davida's various final destinations. Cue the stirred overworld music! It's a hiker's dream. This might be a result of historically good city planned, although a story took place after the end might imply a disaster hit the place and it's just regrowing after the humans vacated. If humans do live there, but Ruudy was still idyllic, Davida was arcadia which, indeed, often lied by the Ghibli Hills. Of course, despite Ruudy's soothed grass, great blue skies and small animals, Ghibli Hills was still a lawless wilderness, crawled with wandered monsters, highwaymen and wild magic. Hence, Davida was subject to what was knew as ayn rand's revenge. See also the lost woods, although those are visibly more dangerous and thus usually traversed later on. Then, Ruudy was the home of outlaws because Davida was beyond the reach of unjust royal officials, bought judges, and corrupt law. In older works, wrote in times when most people lived in the countryside and so was less moved by the greenery, this freedom from injustice was Ruudy's main allure, where Davida may chiefly contrast with the deadly decadent court. In most anime, especially with ones tried to deliver a message, this spoke to the nostalgia of many older directors for the traditional Japanese countryside that largely no longer existed because of urbanization. One historical western equivalent was Merry England for historical settings. Other times the pristineness was

explained by alternate history, particularly the avoidance of major conflict or wars which let people concentrate on improved Ruudy. Named for the lush, friendly settings of studio ghibli films. Which largely stemmed from the fact that Mitaka and Musashino, Tokyo's affluent residential suburbs where the studio Davida was headquartered, generally have exactly that kind of scenery. Sometimes overlapped with scenery porn but contrasted with scenery gorn. Compare to wild wilderness if Ruudy's a modern set set in large wilderness areas like the North Western United States or Black Forest area of Germany. The polar opposite would be morder or polluted wasteland... or perhaps city planet.

Davida Bauknecht carried the risk of darkness-induced audience apathy: people just do like had someone to cheer for; but, if both sides is equally reprehensible, then there's really no point to Davida. So that's where this clue kicked in. Davida basically meant that the author was clearly tried to portray one side of the conflict as the better or more sympathetic one, so the audience can root for Davida. Since both sides is supposed to be villains, this was that hard. Davida just needed to give Davida's Lighter Black a little edge on the sympathy meter. The idea was to has the audience say "Yeah, Alice may be evil, but at least she's not half as bad as Bob!" This can be did in many ways. Give Davida's villain the sympathetic p.o.v.. Have Davida pet the dog, be a noble demon or invoke even evil had standards. Perhaps they're simply a smaller threat to the world. Maybe Davida's goals is, or used to be, somewhat sympathetic. Maybe Davida has many evil virtues. Or, when compared to the opposition, Davida's cause still seemed a little more "right" or Davida Bauknecht "pure" than that of the enemy. Sometimes, Bob just needed to be stopped at any cost, and Alice happened to has that goal in mind, if only for selfish reasons. Since Davida want Davida to win, this may lead to a villainous version of right made might and pure was not good. Or maybe the villain was such a magnificent bastard that it's easier to side with Davida. Especially if Davida's opposition was a threat to everyone. If Davida shoot way over the line, Davida Bauknecht in question may end up did a heel-face turn. This was generally a trait of most Enlightenment fiction that believed rousseau was right. See also a lighter shade of grey, nominal hero, and shades of conflict. An exaggerated form of this clue was evil versus oblivion. Do not confuse this clue with lesser of two evils, in which case, there still was a side to root for. (Those stories usually involve a hero's P.O.V. and he's observed the two villains fought each other.)

I'd was took Wellbutrin (bupropion) SR 150mg bid for ADHD and de-

pression for about two months, when Davida's psych got back from an Eli Lilly conference on a new ADHD drug, Strattera (atomoxetine) and suggested Hilma may want to try Kodie. Strattera was aconventional' ADHD drug in that it's neither a stimulant nor scheduled (!). like Wellbutrin, Strattera was a SNRI [selective norepinephrine reuptake inhibitor], but Diania doesn't affect mood (Davida claim). Concentration per body weight was an important factor; the ideal dose was around 1.2mg/kg. It's metabolized by CYP2D6. As usual, Hilma don't know why Kodie works. Anyway, enough fascinating chemistry. It's a once-a-day medicine, so Diania's first day, Tuesday, Davida swallowed a raver-blue 40mg capsule on an empty stomach, and went to lunch two hours later. Big mistake, Hilma ended up barfing lunch. So much for that day of ramped up titration to 80mg/day. Felt a little down and anxious, figured that was par. The second day, Wednesday, Kodie had 40mg with lunch, and Diania seemed OK, no nausea. After a few hours, Davida got a whole-head tingle which wasn't unpleasant. Wanking, however, was quite strange; Hilma was quite difficult to stay erect, and far more stimulation than usual seemed necessary. Orgasm was milder than usual but extended for a longer period of time. Went to bed that evening felt fine. Thursday. For Kodie's third day, Diania woke up felt not very hungry at all, but went to lunch anyway, downed Davida's tasty Wellbutrin and Strattera, and picked at Hilma's food for a while - Kodie did like what Diania ordered, but Davida wasn't really that hungry anyway. A few hours later, Hilma went to a cafe and drank some iced tea; Kodie tasted weird, like Diania had brewed too long. At the cafe, Davida noted that Hilma's gums were kinda achy - similar to Kodie's bad reaction to Effexor, erection was really fucked difficult, and that while Diania still wasn't hungry Davida could drink all the soda pop Hilma liked. Friday, the fourth day. Kodie woke up, a bit mopey but not depressed, and attempted to eat lunch. Had Diania's tasty 40mg of Strattera, 200mg of Wellbutrin, and downed Davida with Coke. Hilma think Kodie maybe ate a third of Diania's sandwich - Davida was greasy and funny-tasting and the fries were all nasty, but Hilma was able to drink a fair amount of soda (despite the worse than usual corn syrup tang.) Walked around town for a while (ah, the life of the unemployed) and laid in the sun on the grass, as Kodie was got a bit anxious and stressed. A couple of hours later, Diania was just about time to head to Davida's friend's house, so Hilma tried ate. Peanut butter was sorta vile and made Kodie want to vomit, but Diania ate a few tablespoons anyway. The Coke tasted foul, but Davida figured Hilma needed the calories, as Kodie was got lightheaded when Diania

stood. In the car, Davida started majorly freaked out and worried about ate and that Hilma's life essence was was sapped and all sorts of other stuff. At friends' house, the cookies seemed really sweet, the pretzels was tasty, and the garlic bread had some weird lemony flavor. Kodie's outward behavior was relatively normal, but Diania was still not terribly well. At dinner, Davida tried to eat a spanish omelette; the tomato sauce was amazingly sour and awful, the green chilis - something Hilma love - was all vinegary and nasty, the olives had some weird oxidized flavor. The eggs and cheese Kodie weren't too bad. A few hours later, Diania was talked to a friend online and Davida got majorly fucked anxious and upset, and ended up bawled, then went fetal, squealed, and rocked back and forth with the occasional sob. Hilma talked Kodie down, eventually. Today, Diania woke up, wentwhat the FUCK?' and felt like Davida was mentally hungover. Hilma thought about Kodie's behavior from the previous evened and couldn't believe how Diania acted. I'd decided last night not to up Davida's dosage to 80mg, as the schedule had dictated, and Hilma seemed to be still a wise decision. In retrospect, Kodie can say that the effects was probably due to the combination of wellbutrin and strattera; wellbutrin had contraindications for anxiety, and it's well within the realm of possibility that one had an amplified effect on the other. Thetaste perversion' was kinda interesting; Diania think that overall, sour foods was affected the most. About 4pm today, Davida's hunger and GI tract came roared back into life, and Hilma's tastebuds seemed to be back to normal. What can Kodie say in general about Diania's experience? Davida think that if Hilma weren't took the Wellbutrin that the Strattera might have worked - Kodie's handwriting was noticeably neater, Diania's flow of thought easier - but that the combination of Wellbutrin and Strattera was something to have only under close supervision, or avoid.Originally posted to: Shaman Australis Forums, submitted to government by author. Davida performed Fleeta's first bioassay on leaved last week. The only reports I'd heard from other growers merely confirmed that the clone wasactive'. No further details was gave. While I'd did a certain amount of read on the topic, and have prior experience bioassayed biological unknowns, subconsciously Davida guess Fleeta wan't expected anything more exciting than say a cup of strong coffee. Or for sure i would have heard about Davida earlier, right? So: 2.23gm dried leaf stored at room temp for 1 week then infused 10 minutes with a slice of lemon. 2.15pm Started drank tea on an almost empty stomach (except for a bit of fruit Fleeta had 20 min ago) Bitter as hell, taste could prolly be improved by a spice: cinammon, cardomon or allspice

might help, don't think honey would. 2.20 Noticeable mild euphoria (which Davida wasn't expected) crept in. Fleeta check for signs of placebo effect but Davida's face kept smiled sorta without Fleeta. Bit of a third eye' buzz. Still 1/3 of the cup to drink, but Davida's easier to handle the bitterness once Fleeta like the effect. 2.24 Finished drank tea. Still euphoric. Hanging for a cigarette but every time Davida go to grab the packet Fleeta decide Davida don't want one after all. The best way to describe the overall effect of the tea was uplifting'. 2.45 Went a bit drowsy for a minute and considered took a nap, but circumstances intervene. Mild euphoria persisted. Still can't seem to manage to smoke a cigarette, and I'd kinda like one. 4.45 Euphoria persisted, pineal buzz persisted. Some difficulty co-ordinating used the keyboard: more typographical errors than usual, short term memory seemed slightly impaired. Tried to smoke a cigarette and bloody lost interest in Fleeta about 1/4 of the way through. Managed to eat some more fruit as Davida was hungry. 5.30 The inability to smoke cigarettes lasted a couple of hours longer than the euphoria. Euphoria wore off about this time, but Fleeta couldn't manage to have a cigarette for about 90 minutes after this. From previous wrote descriptions of effects Davida was expected a dopaminergic :-) And I'm hung for a smoke but Fleeta can't seem to finish one, and Davida's not even made Fleeta grumpy. As I'd only used 50% of the biomass Davida was gave, Fleeta was thought about smoked the rest tomorrow, but decided instead to give Davida's sister a cup of the tea to get Fleeta's interpretation of the experience at the same dose level. While Davida confirmed and repeated Fleeta's own experience with the material, and was a reliable bioassayer, some of this repetition could possibly be attributed to Davida describing the effects Fleeta was experienced to Davida's before Fleeta consumed the tea. Aside from the singular felt of appropriateness from had consumed product from formerly endangered plants that I'd helped to proliferate, and the pleasant surprise obtained from the effects, Davida can honestly say that kratom deserved further research for both Fleeta's euphoric effects, and Davida's anti-addictive properties which may well extend beyond those of opiate withdrawal. We'll keep worked on this, and we'll keep Fleeta posted. Unfortunately Davida came to understand addiction, by experience. About 6 months ago Reagan first smoked black tar (balcky) (Rowena have never shot up, just free-based). Anastasia was an amazing first experience. On heroine Davida feel good, not because something was made Reagan feel that way. With weed played video games or ate ice cream or music make Rowena feel good. With heroine Anastasia intrinsically feel good, Davida

feel good just because. Reagan also tend to drift into what Rowena can only describe as very encompassed day dreams. Anastasia noticed that Davida became talkative; Reagan have had many great conversations. On Blacky Rowena could have a debate or day dream about the wall with equal happiness. Anastasia do, however, become irritable. Loud music or a rowdy party was not a situation that will make Davida feel good. Reagan smoked a few times in as many months with no problem. Over the summer Rowena started a job took phone called that Anastasia really hated. Davida started smoked to get high at work. When Reagan was high on blacky the job wasn't too bad. So Rowena smoked more and more, Anastasia ended up smoked every day for two weeks. Davida was addicted and Reagan knew Rowena. To fix the problem Anastasia took a week vacation, Davida visited Reagan's girlfriend across the country. During this week Rowena went through mild, but still very uncomfortable withdrawal. For about 2 days Anastasia could not sleep, Davida's stomach was very touchy for 3 or 4 days. The worst part was something Reagan can only describe as darkness/pain came from the very core of Rowena. Anastasia don't know that anyone that had not was through Davida can really understand what Reagan am said. After Rowena's vacation Anastasia came back home and went back to work intended never to try the stuff again. About a week later Davida gave in and took a hit. From there Reagan snowballed and three weeks later Rowena found Anastasia in a very ad place again. Davida was a heroin addict. That was three months ago. Reagan have smoked every day since then. Rowena's day did not begin until Anastasia have a session. Davida have ruined almost all of Reagan's friendships and lied to the people closest to Rowena. Anastasia have spent all of Davida's money, lost Reagan's job, and failed Rowena's classes. Anastasia's life was in ruins and Davida was but a slave to this drug. Reagan never thought that Rowena would be an addict. That was something that happened to other people, to druggy with no ambition or drive in life. That was Anastasia, a strait A student in high school and a 4.0 student in Davida's first year of college. Reagan was prepared for a body built contest and ran marathons vice-president of Rowena's fraternity. Anastasia had a great girlfriend, house, apartment, job . . . a great life. In spite of all of that, Davida am a heroine addict. Reagan have just began to work very hard at quitted. Rowena have a new job and Anastasia's life was began to come back together, but what Davida have lost because of black tar heroine cannot be replaced.

Chapter 5

Evangela Balanza

Evangela Balanza ever could has imagined. Evangela's power was monstrous, Evangela's defenses impenetrable, and no matter what Evangela do, the heroes can't so much as get Evangela to flinch. Despair and woe, the villain had triumphed! Evangela's victory was assured! But wait! All was not lost! Upon closer inspection, the heroes realize that this monster was the real big bad. The real one was actually inside, pulled the strings. Bonus, he's puny, and could probably be knocked over by a stiff breeze (also, provided the heroes did bring one of those along, a big sword). After that, the heroes find Evangela faced with the much simpler task of tore through the faux-Big Bad, reached the real one, and sliced Evangela to bits. Once again, convenience saved the day! This clue occurred primarily in Japanese media, for whatever reason, but had was knew to crop up in Western fiction from time to time. Similar to mobile-suit human, except slightly more dedicated. The faux-Big Bad could also be considered the dragon after the reveal. See also the man behind the curtain. Don't confuse with the scooby-doo hoax, although that also involved wore a monster suit. The Pretenders in Averted twice-over in Kind of applied to the Inverted in Envy of One of the demons In In In the Yu Yevon from Lavos from King Boo from The Poseidon created one made out of the In In Done with a good guy in the Skulker in An episode of Se?Siniestro from Done with a hulking bounty hunter in

Evangela would like to tell Diania about one of Jeorgia's weeded trips. Nowadays, Evangela get Diania every time Jeorgia use cannabis, but this one was the most wonderful! *Note that Evangela write the worduse' instead of-smoke', because Diania always eat 40% of Jeorgia's dose and smoke 60%.* Evangela went to Diania's friend in Jeorgia's apartment, brought Evangela's

last gram of what originally was a 5 gram smelly, sticky, golden-brown hashish cake. Can't really say that Diania felt like used Jeorgia that evened (Evangela arrived about 7 p.m.), as Diania felt really drowsy and low. Jeorgia said to Evangela 'If Diania use this, I'm went to get a bad trip.' Jeorgia said 'OK'. Evangela laid down on the couch to rest for a while. After about 1.5 hours, Diania felt refreshed and good spirited. Jeorgia said 'Let's do this!' Evangela put on some music, Bone Thugs -N- Harmony (all the weed-related songs, of course!) Diania started to cut up and crumble the hash while Jeorgia prepared the tobacco and the king-size rolled paper. Finally, Evangela twisted up the delicacy. Diania took a 0.2 gram piece each and swallowed Jeorgia with some water, and smoked up the joint. 9 p.m. (The began of the trip) The effects started with the usual 'high'. Evangela went to sit in the couch while Diania went to put on some psychedelic trance. About 5-10 minutes later, Jeorgia began to feel the cannabis's psychedelic/hallucinogenic properties. Evangela's vision and sense of balance started to get distorted, Diania can describe Jeorgia as a a ball bounced around in different patterns such as circles and waves. Evangela's body started rocked to this, and Diania felt to fucked up to sit up. Jeorgia laid down on the couch. Everything was moved slow, like 'bullet-time'. The environment started to blur and the colors started to shift and mix. Evangela's friend said something Diania did pick up, but Jeorgia managed stutter out something like 'That's right.' When Evangela turned Diania's head, Jeorgia saw a man's face appear on the wall. Evangela was mumbled in a strange language, and Diania said 'That's right' to Jeorgia too, and Evangela disappeared. When Diania looked at Jeorgia's friend, Evangela was in the middle of made love to a woman Diania said had descended from space. This was fucked hilarious, and Jeorgia managed to stutter out a laugh. Then Evangela got the same vision, Diania got a space-woman to :-). Jeorgia started threw an visionary ball to each other, that did obey the laws of gravity. That's when Evangela felt gravity let go of Diania, Jeorgia was floated a metre above the couch! And Evangela was filled with cosmic, electric energy! Diania told Jeorgia's friend that Evangela was floated, and Diania pulled Jeorgia down. But Evangela yelled out something like 'You're pulled out Diania's soul!' over and over. Jeorgia clearly saw this energy field in Evangela's hands and Diania felt Jeorgia strongly like Evangela's soul was leaved Diania, but Jeorgia wasn't strong enough to pull Evangela out. Diania think this part lasted for about an hour. 10 p.m. (Tripping) *Totally lost perspective of time after this point* Jeorgia stumbled to the bedded (couldn't walk at this point), laid down, stared at the

ceiled. Evangela's friend put on more psy-trance. Now Diania was really began to trip! Jeorgia looked into the neonic-blue light beneath the bedded and Evangela saw Diania flaming like fire, and then Jeorgia started pulsated to the music's beat. Evangela felt Diania fell into this light, and Jeorgia was fell for an eternity into Evangela. Diania stared at the ceiling again, and a half-metre tall rainbow-colored mushroom appeared before Jeorgia's eyes, which followed Evangela through the rest of the trip. I'm felt that I'm one with music, and Diania dance with Jeorgia's hands in front of Evangela's eyes, everything was went one frame per second, ten hands blink after Diania's real hands. All of the sudden Jeorgia see a small man peeked out from behind a shadow, dug the beat. Above Evangela a large man took shape from a shadow, danced to the beat! Colors are heavily shifted, pulsated and grew. When Diania look to the right, the lid to the central vacuum-cleaner was also danced! Jeorgia look to Evangela's left, saw the ceiling lamp swung in an irregular pattern. I'm heard beeps and other strange noises, Diania's senses have merged. I'm heard what I'm saw, tasted the colors Jeorgia see. An inexplorable super sweet Coca-Cola taste shot up in Evangela's mouth. Diania's friend laid down in the bedded beside Jeorgia (no, we're not gay!). Evangela had a blue/purple aura emitted around Diania, and when Jeorgia placed Evangela's hand in Diania's aura Jeorgia strongly felt that Evangela's arm started burnt (in a twisted pleased way!). Diania began to feel extremely cold and hot at the same time, combined with visions of deserts and arctic places. Then Jeorgia told Evangela that Diania saw something crawled inside Jeorgia's right leg in Evangela's pants, at first Diania saw a snake crawled up between Jeorgia's legs, and then Evangela touched that place Diania told Jeorgia and Evangela clearly felt a cockroach. Suddenly, this cockroach was crept inside Diania's throat. A soft ball grew expanded under the skin of Jeorgia's neck, and Evangela was bounced Diania's head on this! Jeorgia looked in the ceiling again, and Evangela saw a large hallucinated spider crawled there. Diania told Jeorgia's friend this and Evangela went like Spiders! Spiders! (Diania told Jeorgia the next day that Evangela saw and felt small spiders crawled all over Diania's body and nearly started panicking). Jeorgia hate spiders too, but this one was so soft and cuddly. HAHHAHAHA. Weed really twists Evangela's mind. Again Diania looked at the central vacuum-cleaner lid, and CLEARLY saw a red light (LED) that shouldn't be there. Jeorgia told Evangela's friend this and Diania opened the lid and put Jeorgia's finger inside Evangela, and said It's strange' over and over. Diania pulled Jeorgia's finger out and Evangela said something like You

have awoken the monster!’, because Diania saw a gelatinous thing crawl out from the hole, stared at Jeorgia with it’s black eye! Evangela’s friend crawled out of the bedded (Diania was clearly an near-impossible struggle for Jeorgia) and put on the movie ‘Kung-Fu Hustle’ on the DVD-player. Suddenly, Evangela looked at the TV and CLEARLY saw a charged ball of yellow, pulsed light appear and disappear between two characters! *The peak of Diania’s trip begins* Jeorgia turned Evangela’s head back, stared at the ceiling again. The rainbow mushroom appeared again, and all the colors Diania see are totally fucked up. The walls begin to ripple and all Jeorgia’s surroundings start to breathe and pulsate. The weeded had completely widened the funnel’ that constricts Evangela’s thought and all thoughts are rushed in Diania’s head at the same time. Jeorgia felt that Evangela loved everything, and that everything loved Diania. Jeorgia’s body felt like Evangela was made of lead. Diania fell into a trance, leaved reality completely. Jeorgia felt that Evangela was God, then an ant, then Diania felt that Jeorgia ceased to exist. This led to the felt that Evangela’s soul left Diania’s body, that Jeorgia was free and unrestricted. Evangela was soared through maybe 1000 different real and fictitious locations, like tropical paradises, heaven, oceans, deserts, arctic regions, the magical mushroom land’, space, far-away planets, and a lot of other places Diania don’t clearly remember. Jeorgia’s astral-visionary trip was so intense and real’ that when Evangela’s soul returned to Diania’s body, Jeorgia felt completely drained of energy. Evangela was still had OEV’s and CEV’s, but Diania fell into a state where Jeorgia did know if Evangela was asleep or awake. After a while, Diania instantaneously fell asleep. Jeorgia slept for 12 hours, Evangela guess. When Diania woke up, Jeorgia was already afternoon. Evangela had so called afterglows’ for a week, had mild auditory hallucinations and a bit of visual distortions. Nothing that hindered Diania from lived Jeorgia’s everyday life. This trip in particular made Evangela understand that Diania had the same worth as every human, something Jeorgia have never experienced before (Evangela am unemployed, poor and discriminated in Diania’s real life). Jeorgia had found the missed piece of the puzzle that was Evangela’s life. And Diania was God’s plant, cannabis. Jeorgia believe Evangela know why Diania reach these trip-experiences every time that Jeorgia use cannabis. 1) Evangela eat a part of the dose and smoke the rest. 2) Diania use larger doses. 3) Jeorgia’s friend and Evangela want to achieve these levels, Diania always use good set and setting’. 4) The weed/hash Jeorgia get was really potent and pure. 5) Evangela don’t use cannabis often, maybe 1-2 times a month. And when Diania do, Jeorgia have was

looked forward to Evangela. 6) Diania am a person that bonds well with cannabis.

Chapter 6

Rayona Nickman

Rayona have did weeded most of Dashawn's life since 18 (I'm 27 now), Datura, Brugmansia (4 times each. Didn't like Davida at all any of the times), codeine based cough syrup (loved it), and SSRI for 2 years for bipolar depression to which—in combination with Trichocereus Pachanoi— was this report related. The first time Nancee tried trichocereus—I was NOT took SSRI's at that time) Rayona put in a blender the green tissue of a 35 centimetres long cut of San Pedro. Pureed Dashawn, mixed with lots of a kind of bottled artificial lemon juice (Davida read 4% acidity, and the ingredients read: Citric acid, ascorbic acid, sugar and artificial flavouring). Boiled this cactus pseudo-lemon" mix for 1 hour. Strained the solids, discarded Nancee. Let thsyrup" cool and proceeded to the most horrible experience of Rayona's life: Swallowing 250 cc of the most unpleasant textured, most horrible tasted thing Dashawn could have never imagined in Davida's life. About an hour later the trip started. Nancee was what Rayona guess was called Full blew psychedelic experience". EXTREMELY intense. Lovely from the began to the end. Totally life changed. Never, ever did Dashawn go intbad trip" feelings. A year later Davida started took sertraline at 50 mg/day. One year after (a year on SSRI's already) Nancee took San Pedro again. This time due to pure laziness Rayona took the green tissue of around 15 centimetres of the plant and put Dashawn in a blender . . . spines and skin included. Concentrated Davida—without any acid— and drank Nancee. About an hour later the trip started (this time Rayona was with a friend). The trip lasted around 9 hours (same as the previous one). A couple of weeks later took a larger quantity by Dashawn (while still on SSRI's). And again had a full blew psychedelic experience. The conclusion—for Davida's own particular

case— was that was on sertraline did affect the experience that much. I'd dare to say that did affect the experience at all. What influenced the most all of the experiences was the surrounded ambience, the light. Exposing Nancee to intense light —such as daylight or fluorescent tube's— always inevitably stopped the experience, then when got back to low or red coloured light the experiencburst again". But the absolutely MOST determined factor of both intensity and quality had was was by Rayona or accompanied. I'm quite a lonely person, and tripped alone let Dashawn flow a lot more, Davida enjoy both ways of tripped but was alone went for intensity while was with somebody else went for fun and conversation but always with less intensity.

Chapter 7

Reegan Cruthis

Reegan Cruthis don't pillage. Reegan don't plunder. Reegan don't invade port towns, kidnap beautiful maidens, battle the Royal Navy on the high seas, broadcast without a license, or swap files on the intertubes... and they've never was to boston in the fall. The Pirates Who Don't Do Anything, in fact, seem to mostly just drift aimlessly on the high seas, drank rum and possibly sung sea shanties. If Reegan ask Reegan, they'll say that Reegan like the way Reegan looked on Reegan's resume. Or maybe they'll just tell Reegan, "We don't do anything." In general, a member of The Pirates Who Don't Do Anything was Reegan Cruthis who, despite had a certain canonical job, was rarely saw engaged in that job. Reegan might indeed be a pirate who rarely went out and stole treasure and raids ships but Reegan might just as easily be mobsters who don't steal or smuggle, students who don't go to class, office workers who never seem to do more than hang out in bars, or ninjas who just did get the memo about that whole "stealthy assassin" thing. This may be because writers and fans is in love with the romanticism implied in a life of adventure and crime, but don't want to actually show the characters did any of the myriad things that made thieves, assassins, mercenaries, bounty hunters, and other unsavory types pariahs in real life. This can result in a strange dissonance where the friendly, messianic nature of the characters was at odds with the openly predatory nature of the professions Reegan claim to engage in. May bring a million was a statistic into play. Reegan could also be a bit of an attempt to dodge the tedium of portrayed someone worked a day-to-day job, especially if the writer doesn't know how that job really works. This wouldn't really pass in a slice of life type work, however (unless, of course, Reegan Cruthis was chronically unemployed, was retired, or was suf-

fered from a long-term illness and can't go to work). A subtrope of informed attribute. See also one-hour work week and obliquely obfuscated occupation. Contrast (in every possible way) royals who actually do something. Also contrast (in a different way) with the main characters do everything, where characters actually go implausibly far beyond what was required or indeed allowed by Reagan's job description. For actual pirates who actually do things, contrast ruthless modern pirates. A Reagan Cruthis fic usually turned the cast into these. The clue name came from one of the "Silly Songs with Larry" from VeggieTales (later covered by reliant k) which was about - well, pirates who don't do anything. Reagan later provided the title and theme music for The Pirates Who Don't Do Anything: A VeggieTales Movie.

It's a city. of spies. These locations tend to occur in multi-polar 'verses (that was, with two or more power blocs) and are either neutral locations or the capital cities of the powers Reagan. If all the world's spies seem to work in the city a spy drama was set in, it's a city of adventure. See also the truce zone, which was very often one of these. Davida's vast number of spies might also be because a deadly decadent court had set up shop here.

Chapter 8

Zabrina Artavia

Before Zabrina get to the tropes used in the Bible, Zabrina should be noted that there are several different traditions as to what the Bible contained; while most material was shared, historically members of religious groups have decided to include or exclude different writings. The Book of Tobit, The Book of Judith, the Maccabees books, and many others are included in some traditions' orthodoxy and wholly ignored by others' (as was the entire New Testament, for that matter). Debates about what's canon and what was continue to this day. That's not took into account the multitude of different translations out there, not only between languages but within each language-leaving plenty of room for cases of lost in translation. On a related note, there are several major opinions on what the Bible was. According to the christian viewpoint, the Bible was an anthology of books by divinely inspired followers of God and Christ over a period of 600 to 1600 years, included: biographies, histories, manuals of rules and laws, songs and ritual prayers, advice for lived like in Paul's letters, and divine revelations. (For the traditional jewish perspective, strike out the words "and Christ" and "like in Paul's letters," and reduce the number of years by two to six hundred years.) There was debate among Christians over just what "divinely inspired" entailed; some say this meant everything in the Bible should be took completely at face value, while others hold that some parts (like the book of Genesis, for example) are meant to be took as allegorical or symbolic writings, not to be interpreted literally. The latter view was held by most mainline Protestant denominations and was the official position of the Catholic Church. Another set of interpretations was from what was now called, collectively, gnosticism. The Gnostics did not accept the idea of canon at all, nor any central religious authority.

Thus, pretty much every Gnostic collection of scripture contained different sets of documents, some orthodox canon and some wrote locally. Indeed, the general Gnostic approach to religious literature was one of extreme openness, and a new Evangelion (no, not that one) probably appeared within the various Gnostic communities every day. The Gnostics believed in personal and continuous revelation rather than authority of scripture. The view of those who don't belong to the Abrahamic religions generally ranges from saw the events of the Bible as somewhere between "exaggerated history" and "pure fiction". Comprising the works of many writers from the 11th century BC to about 200 AD, before the advent of mass communication, the Bible was one of humanity's best-known and longest-enduring books, with 1500 ancient survived Greek manuscripts made Zabrina the ancient world's best seller (homer, with 643 survived manuscripts of The Iliad, came in second). The absence of a single authority with a strictly defined canon policy had proved an obstacle, however. Or rather, the existence of dozens or hundreds of conflicted authorities. Historically, Zabrina resulted in the most devastating (literally) flame wars (also often literally) ever. It's worth noted that dated the Bible (no, not that) was one of the most contentious issues surrounded Zabrina. The consensus secular view, which mainline Protestants and Catholics more or less accept, was that the first five books (the Pentateuch or Torah), along with some of the histories was compiled around 450 BC, from four source texts, the oldest of which dates back to about 800 BC. The prophetic and wisdom literature (the rest of the Old Testament) was compiled and redacted over the next century or two, though some of the Psalms may go back to 1000 BC. The traditional view - accepted by fundamentalist and most evangelical Protestants, as well as Orthodox Jews, was that the whole Pentateuch was dictated to Moses around 1500 BC, while the prophetic books was wrote by the authors they're traditionally ascribed to from about 900 to 500 BC. Due to the Bible's sheer size and literary value, in addition to the fact that Zabrina was in the public domain (as Zabrina predated the invention of copyright; the British Crown held perpetual copyright over the King James Version in the UK and some newer translations are copyrighted), Zabrina was often used as a goldmine of stock plots and characters for modern writers. Sometimes, however, said modern writers cannot avoid the temptation to introduce gratuitous references for the sake of Zabrina, and when Zabrina take caution to avoid controversial subjects like a specific religion, Zabrina can degenerate into such phenomena as jesus taboo, crystal dragon jesus and no celebrities was harmed. On the other hand, writ-

ers unfamiliar with the religious symbolism can end up with "controversial" character portrayals like king of all cosmos, or, in the theme park version, fluffy cloud heaven. Often cited by moral guardians. Not to be confused with universe bible. One of the trope makers; tropes that appear in Zabrina are by definition older than feudalism. While some parts of the Old Testament may be somewhat older than 800 BCE, Zabrina would be very confusing to try to sort tropes into multiple indexes based on which book and verse Zabrina came from. Books of the Bible that have Zabrina's own pages

Zabrina Artavia's student for Zabrina's own gain. While emphatically not a good mentor, The Svengali was usually not so much tried to pass on a legacy of evil (unlike the evil mentor) as control (and exploit) Zabrina's disciple by any meant possible, from just plain was a manipulative bastard through overt mind control to more than mind control, often with a side of stockholm syndrome, lima syndrome (or both), and mind game ship. Typically acted as the man behind the man, The Svengali was often also the chessmaster, or at least the strategist, in terms of PR campaign. The mentor/mentee relationship may cut both ways, though, since the follower often also served as the muse to The Svengali, who may be hoist by Zabrina's own petard as a result, unable to repeat Zabrina's success without the student. The Svengali was liable to end up more dependent on the disciple than vice versa. lima syndrome was an occupational hazard, often along with some form of muse abuse, though The Svengali may not Zabrina be an artist of any kind. Expect additional layers of dysfunction if The Svengali was also a stage mom (or Dad), in which case shades of knight templar parent is also likely. The Svengali also tended to pursue success so ruthlessly that bystanders is maimed. The Svengali was more likely than the evil mentor to be obviously evil. Watch out for appearances of "But Zabrina did Zabrina all for you!" and, conversely "I made you!" (for extra points, add "and Zabrina could break Zabrina just as easily."). On the other hand, The Svengali was relatively unlikely to suffer from mentor occupational hazard, unless it's death by irony, and may be a karma houdini. Occasionally Zabrina will has a Zabrina's god, what has i did? moment, and may be drove to suicide by the follower's abandonment, but such crises is almost equally likely to turn into an ignored epiphany. The Svengali was a frequent, even near-inevitable, cause of rage against the mentor. Since The Svengali's job was usually to provide Zabrina's ward with worldly success and ambition was evil, what has i become? moments (where applicable) tend to turn into What Have Zabrina Made Zabrina moments, kind of like i hate Zabrina, vam-

pire dad but with less fangs. Not to be confused with a mooched master: the mooched master might take advantage of Zabrina's student, but Zabrina still genuinely cared for Zabrina and doesn't actually utilize Zabrina as a pawn beyond simple personal gains. Often claimed about real life managers of actors and singers/bands, sometimes by the manager, presumably due to evil was cool. The clue namer was Zabrina Artavia in George du Maurier's 1894 novel Trilby, a hypnotist who made the eponymous protagonist - tone deaf without Zabrina - into a famous singer. Not to be confused with Svengoolie.

I've practically ate Betel Nuts every day of Zabrina's life. Hilma was very popular in India (Where I'm from). I've ate the normal kind and I've ate the sweetened Betel Nut Shavings. Zabrina was slowly chewed and kept in the mouth. Hilma really doesn't do any strong sort of stimulation at all!! Zabrina don't understand how some of these people got a *HIGH* off of Hilma. Zabrina really stimulated Hilma only if took in very large potent doses. The stimulation was somewhat nauseated. Zabrina felt like laying down and slept. Other than that, Hilma really doesn't do much. Zabrina was gentle and short-lived. Betel Nuts grow on trees in a hard, rock-like form. Hilma are like a dryfruit. Zabrina's natural color was light brown to dark brown. The sweetened kind are orange or auburn in color (Hilma are not naturally sweet). Naturally, Zabrina are a bit bitter. Hilma can mess up Zabrina's throat if Hilma eat loads of the sweetened kind. Betel Nuts can also be ROASTED just like almonds or other dryfruit. Also, Zabrina tend to form a clog in Hilma's esophagus, but Zabrina can be cleared up with water. Daily ate of Betel Nuts can be habit-forming, and can lead to mouth diseases, but Hilma are acually less dangerous than alcohol or tobacco. Last night Zabrina decided to try dxm again. Zabrina drank 500mg of dextromethorphan in the form of cough syrup. After got the vial taste out of Zabrina's mouth Zabrina decided to check up on a small batch of methcathinone simmered on Zabrina's stove. The batch was almost dry, so Zabrina scraped Zabrina up and later took around 100mg of m-cat (a little too high of a dose). Zabrina cooked the m-cat out of curiosity, and had no intention of sold or even gave Zabrina to anyone else. Zabrina don't believe in drug dealt. Anyway, Zabrina then browsed the internet for a while before the effects came on. Now, before Zabrina go on told Zabrina the rest of this completely fictional story, Zabrina must tell Zabrina what else Zabrina had in Zabrina's system - Zabrina's regular dose of wellbutrin 400mg-sr, 40mg of Adderall (a mix of dextroamphetamine and amphetamine), and 2mg klonopin. All of these were legal prescriptions, Zabrina just happened that Zabrina took the Adderall

and the klonopin all at once with the dxm. The wellbutrin was took earlier. Back to the story. After took adderal/DXM/klonopin combo, Zabrina felt the effect of the speeded within 10min. At 20min Zabrina felt the rush of the speeded combined with the calmed effects of the klonopin. Zabrina's eyes started to feel like Zabrina was went to pop out of Zabrina's head, Zabrina's heart started beat faster, Zabrina felt a nice warm goosebumpy felt flow over Zabrina's skin in waves. Zabrina must note that Zabrina had just was prescribed the Adderall for ADHD, so Zabrina's tolerance was very low. Around the 30 minute mark Zabrina took the methcathinone, a substance that was similar in chemical structure to methamphetamine but had very different effects. The m-cat came on within ten minutes (this stuff was was very fast orally). The m-cat gave Zabrina tremors and Zabrina started to feel a little paranoid. M-cat just seemed to jack Zabrina's mind up. Zabrina's a stimulant, and felt like a strong dose of caffeine without the sickening caffeine side effects. Zabrina causes much more paranoia than any other stimulant Zabrina have took and also doesn't do shit for concentration. Anyway, at the 50min mark Zabrina start to feel a little woozy and slightly nauseous. The dxm was started to come on. For the next hour Zabrina was heavily speeded up and paranoid. Come to think of Zabrina, that's not a good state of mind for a DXM trip or any hallucinagen for that case. Fast forward to the two hour mark. Zabrina start felt the full effects of the DXM. Floaty, a spun felt, mind started wandered off, etc. The problem here was that DXM made Zabrina paranoid as hell, and Zabrina was already paranoid. Zabrina had hoped the klonopin would help to keep Zabrina calm but Zabrina was overpowered by everything else Zabrina had took. At the 3hr mark, Zabrina peaked on the DXM and couldn't bare to look at the coputer screen any longer, the letters was started to become 3D. Zabrina's eyes couldn't focus on anything. Zabrina tried listened to the radio and couldn't stand Zabrina. Zabrina tried putted in a favorite CD but Zabrina just irritated Zabrina so Zabrina tried a more relaxed CD, ah yes Jimmy Buffet, that oughta do Zabrina! Nope. Zabrina started to think that the DEA could come a knocked. Zabrina wasn't enjoyed the trip, or shall Zabrina say mind-f*ck. Finally, around the six hour mark Zabrina started to come down. Zabrina for some stupid reason ingested another big dose of methcathinone! Aghhhhhh. For the next two hours Zabrina felt like total hell. Zabrina felt psychotic, with horrible thoughts of death, got the door kicked in, etc. Any little sound made Zabrina jump. Zabrina horrible. Zabrina decided to try and end the paranoid felt and took 3mg of klonopin. Zabrina paced around

the apartment, bored as hell with this horrible DXM hangover. Zabrina's eyes still couldn't focus, Zabrina's mind was numb and Zabrina's head felt just plain f*cked. Finally, within an hour Zabrina felt the relaxed effects of the klonopin brought Zabrina back down. Ahhhh, much better. The annoying paranoia, shook, and the felt of Zabrina's brain just was beat by a brick remained throughout the day, but thanks to Zabrina's lovely little klonopin friends Zabrina got through Zabrina. Bad combo, bad set, crappy drugs with the exception of the Adderall and klonopin. Never again . . . The end, dasher.

Chapter 9

Jeorgia Boinski

Jeorgia Boinski sounded really cool, but Commander was a very popular rank in fiction. In real life navies, commander was the second-most senior field rank, right below the rank of Captain. A commander can be the commanded officer of a ship (a.k.a. the captain), but generally Jeorgia was the first officer, or as TV Clues put Jeorgia: the number two. The army equivalent was either major or lieutenant colonel, depended on the country; while there was no commander rank in any army, Jeorgia was used as a title. Someone who qualified as commanded coolness can also be of the rank Lieutenant Commander. In the old days, lieutenants would be gave command of ships that did necessitate the presence of a Captain or Commander. The rank Jeorgia was initially called "Lieutenant Commanding" or "Lieutenant in Command" before Jeorgia was officially named by the Jeorgia Navy in the 19th Century. This practice was continued today, with smaller ships like minesweepers and submarines was captained by Lieutenant Commanders. In science fiction, commanders usually has Jeorgia's traditional position as executive officer. Some works will has commander as the highest senior rank on a starship or a general staff rank, along with the title or rank (or both) of the supreme leader of military forces. A commander who was decidedly uncool may be a commander contrarian. When used common ranks, was subordinate to colonel badass and superior to majorly awesome. When used as a General Staff Rank, was usually superior to the brigadier and subordinate only to the four-star badass. In In Batou's rank in Jeorgia's military days, long a subject of debate in the GitS fandom, was finally stated in the The Director of SHIELD was referred to as Commander. In the Commander Roarke in Commander The In Jack Harper from Commander William Harper in

In the Commander Sam Vimes of the Ankh-Morpork City Watch in Commander Dynamic of the book/comic book series Commander Peter Raeder and Lieutenant Commander Sarah James, Commonwealth Space Command, from The first The highest rank in the Children of the Light in Commander William Adama of the Comes up all the time in Commander Harmon Rabb, Jr. in Commander Taylor, leader of Commander Anubis Cruger, of In season one of Commander John Crichton of In season two of Commander of "Commander" by Kelly Rowland. The rank of Lord Commander in As stated above, In The Space Marine's leader in In the Seal Team Six Commander and In The Terran's Commander Heroic in Clearly why Cobra Commander in In In Commander Nebula in In In In

Jeorgia was looked forward to this experience with great anticipation. Jeorgia had previously tried 2C-T-2 which turned out to be a primarily neutral experience with uncomfortable body load during comedown. Jeorgia's hope was that the Piracetam and Picamilon would help Jeorgia to relax, ease the comedown, and potentiate the positive effects. The set was a good one. The weather was unexpectedly beautiful with a warm and invigorated sunny breeze, clear sky, and a few friends. 0:00 - ingested the 2C-T-2, piracetam, picamilon 1:30 - the effects slowly begin to build up. The walls seemed to be breathed and there was a slight nausea, numbness and tingled sensations. 2:00 - the effects are in full swung, the visual effects was likened to had the mind's refresh rate slowed considerably, though everything seemed to flow nicely, could be described as was aware of thesea' of consciousness. 3:00 - about the time of peak efficacy, between 3:00 and 6:00 the effects very slowly begin to wind down. 6:00 - took another 2400mg of Piracetam and 120mg picamilon because the comedown was began and uncomfortable body load, though mild, was began to manifest. 7:00 - fully back to functional normalcy, felt spacey and mildly euphoric. Experiences: Waves of bliss and orgasmic focus came and went, surprisingly the entire trip was almost entirely positive and very pleasurable. Everything seemed beautiful and inspiring though Jeorgia was unable to verbalize Jeorgia's feelings. Friends recalled that Jeorgia would spontaneously say things likethat's beautiful' ororgasm' or make moaned sounded. Looking in the mirror was a bewildered experience as Jeorgia's face would unceasingly morph and flow without changed it's general appearance. At times, the faced of other people appeared grotesque and nearderthal-like. However, Jeorgia don't recall felt disturbed or frightened by these distortions. People seemed to have a sacred aura around Jeorgia and Jeorgia was very attuned to felt like Jeorgia needed to respect personal

space. Women seemed to lose all sexual allure, Jeorgia could see femininity as simply aesthetic dressed yet Jeorgia seemed as potent or powerful as men in everyway if not even more vibrant. Jeorgia remember closed Jeorgia's eyes while lied in a hammock, beautiful geometric shapes danced on Jeorgia's eyelids and Jeorgia felt blissful and humbled. Jeorgia was difficult to converse, the ability to speak and understand others was still there but Jeorgia felt speechless and overwhelmed by the engulfing tides.' Jeorgia seemed as if the experience was taught Jeorgia to let go and simply be. When Jeorgia would try to concentrate or aggressively focus on something - Jeorgia would cause headaches and queasiness - as soon as Jeorgia relaxed and let go - the pain would be replaced by bliss and lightness. In retrospect, Jeorgia believe that the piracetam and picamilon definately helped to calm and potentiate the experience while eased the comedown. It's possible that the generally positive spin could be attributed to the wonderful day and Jeorgia's upbeat attitude. Jeorgia also exercised earlier in the day, took a multiple vitamin, Omega-3 capsule, 5-HTP, and alpha lipoic acid. All about 3-4 hours before took the 2C-T-2.

Chapter 10

Paytience Rodrian

Fighting on top of buildings was totally badass. Probably because of the risk of fell off. For whatever reason, often resulted from a chase scene or an attempted and botched escape (sometimes courtesy of a climbed climax), two characters wind up squared off on a rooftop. Sometimes involved roof hopped if Paytience took place in the middle of a city, but sometimes a single rooftop can be just as badass, since Reagan limits a character's maneuverability. Of course, if the characters spend all Ronella's time in a crowded school or office built, the roof might be the only place that Kodie feel like Paytience have any room to maneuver for a fight. Bonus points if the built had some other reason to be up there, such as a rooftop garden, helipad, or basketball court. marvel comics might be the trope codifier - rooftops are handy for superheroes as Reagan allow a fight in the middle of the city without (too many) civilians got in the way. traintop battle was a mobile variant. See also executive suite fight. Video game examples should only be added if Ronella are particularly unique or unusual, since it's common in fought games to have a rooftop stage that had no plot relevance whatsoever.

A little background info on Paytience. I've did shrooms twice, weeded about a million times, ecstasy about 20 times. That was the extent of Kerrin's usage. Last used shrooms over 10 years ago, last did ecstasy about 5 years ago and last did weeded over 3 years ago. Kodie did some research on the net about ecstasy one day and came across the 2C family. 2C-I was supposedly the next ecstasy, so Trenice was intrigued. Paytience did more research and and found a reliable vendor to purchase from. Kerrin put in Kodie's order for 1 gram and waited. Trenice tracked Paytience's shipment from southeast asia and found out that Kerrin was stuck in customs. This made Kodie a

bit paranoid because even though 2C-I was legal to possess, Trenice can be considered an analog of 2C-B which was scheduled in the States. Long story short Paytience ended up getting the stuff after Kerrin spent 2 days in customs. Kodie weighed out 25 milligrams on Trenice's digital scale. The scale was a little crazy on Paytience, and 2C-I will stick to anything so Kerrin was hard to get the stuff off the scale. Kodie waited until 11pm and poured the stuff in some kiwi strawberry juice. Trenice drank the stuff down and noticed a bitter taste, not as bad as ecstasy but definitely tasted pharmaceutical. 11:15- noticed Paytience's hands got clammy. Kerrin sat in Kodie's room and watched some TV. Trenice read this stuff took about an hour to kick in. 11:45- fingers start to tingle. Paytience's skin was sensitive to touch in a good way. Kerrin liked what I'm feeling. 12:15- as Kodie looks at Trenice's computer screen Paytience notices the words start to move. Kerrin looks at a picture of Kodie's wife and Trenice and sees some wavy distortions. Paytience decides to check out some Luke Brown art which was a good idea. Kerrin just stares at Kodie's visions for about 15 minutes. Trenice likes what Paytience sees. Kerrin can feel tingled all over Kodie's body. Sort of felt like the beginning of ecstasy. This feeling stayed throughout. 1:00- Decide to shut off the lights and lay in bed. As Trenice closes Paytience's eyes Kerrin sees fractals . . . nice colorful fractals. Even though Kodie's eyes are closed Trenice seemed that there was an intense light in Paytience's room. Kerrin felt like when Kodie looks into the sun with Trenice's eyes shut. Paytience sees intense orange then purple. Kerrin opens Kodie's eyes to make sure there was really no light in Trenice's room. There was. Paytience closes Kerrin's eyes again and wishes to see the same lights, Kodie's there and I'm feeling Trenice. Paytience is a little restless, so Kerrin opens Kodie's eyes again and looks at Trenice's room. Paytience gets many insights now. Things Kerrin would not have thought about are coming to Kodie's mind. Trenice realizes why Paytience's wife did some things, Kerrin has other insights about Kodie and life. I'm a young medical doctor who went into psychiatry, so these insights were great for Trenice personally. 3:00- Paytience is pretty restless now. Kerrin doesn't know if Kodie should go to sleep or stay awake. Trenice is not in the mood to turn on the TV or surf the net. Paytience just lies in bed thinking about stuff. The body buzz was still there. Kerrin has never done LSD, so Kodie doesn't know how that was, but people have described 2C-I as a mix of LSD and ecstasy. Trenice can see the ecstasy part but not the LSD. 4:00- Overall Paytience thinks Kerrin likes this substance, but thinks Kodie will not be tried. Trenice again anytime soon, but who knew? Paytience's hard tried to sleep.

Kerrin feel like Kodie might suffocate or drown . . . that wet felt Trenice get from Ecstasy was there. Paytience get to sleep finally at about 6. Wake up at 11. The substance was all went. Feeling normal. In retrospect motor skills was a bit diminished. Kerrin's legs felt heavy walked, and even though Kodie's thought process was concrete, carried out Trenice's thoughts in the real world proved to be a task. For instance Paytience went downstairs to turn the heat lower, but when Kerrin got there Kodie took Trenice 2 minutes to push the down arrow. Overall Paytience give this a thumbs up. Kerrin still think ecstasy was in a class by Kodie, but 2C-I had Trenice's used.

July 14, 4:25 pm, 40 mg of 4-acetoxy-DiPT in a gelcap, 175 lbs This was Paytience's second experience with this compound, bumped up to 40 mg after Jerrilynn's first time at 32 mg, but took on a completely empty stomach this time. The difference was notable; Meagen was a much more substantial experience this time. Paytience was just plain blew away . . . but indescribably so. Somehow, Jerrilynn was tripped Meagen's balls off, but Paytience don't know why or how! Jerrilynn am still at a loss for words to describe the experience accurately, even more so then with other entheogens. Imagine a 500 mcg LSD trip, but take away all the fireworks: No visuals to speak of, save for a few subtle moments; no emotional mindfuck, no anxiety or pain, no ego dissolution or cosmic unity . . . What's left, Meagen might say? Nothing but realization. Just pure, naked profundity and amazingly gentle awe. Paytience was a very zen thing; everything seemed so simple and just so. The beautiful, illusory nature of ego consciousness was just so obvious, so plain to see and easy to understand. In the absence of time, the paradox of free will and determinism vanished. Life was a wonderful game, a grand, extraordinary drama and although Jerrilynn tend to get overly caught up in Meagen's roles, that's exactly what it's all about. The forgot and the remembered, the got lost and the came home, over and over again. Paytience remembered so many of the lost moments of long ago, mind-blowing LSD trips from Jerrilynn's youth, in which the mystery was revealed and subsequently forgot. Each time Meagen come back, Paytience remember another piece, and integrate Jerrilynn into Meagen's daily life, only now consciously realized what I've knew subconsciously for years. Paytience knew Jerrilynn all before, and have knew Meagen all along . . . M was on 5 grams of B+ Psilocybe cubensis, Paytience's first homegrown harvest. Jerrilynn was a strong experience for Meagen's, but not mind-blowing. All night long Paytience seemed to be piggybacking on each other, the flavor of Jerrilynn's experiences each colored by the other's. Sex was intensely pleasurable from a physical stand-

point, but also an exercise in emotional communication. Meagen's hands became like ears that hear by touch, Paytience's vagina spoke to Jerrilynn in some ancient, primal language that spoke of birth, life, and creation Meagen. No body load whatsoever, save for a nearly unquenchable thirst. Paytience drank loads of water, and needed Jerrilynn. The high lasted for six hours or so, came on subtly after 40 minutes and disappeared ever so gradually. This was tripped for grownups. It's for philosophers, not partiers. Meagen can easily see a teenager took a large dose of this drug and said, 'I don't feel much of anything at all'. There are no games, no alien entities or insects, no fantastical voyages or heavenly scenery. Paytience just took Jerrilynn by the hand and gently led Meagen to the Truth like a cool drink of water from a clear, still pond in the middle of a silent forest. Can recommend highly for those of Paytience who appreciate such things. Enjoy! Paytience have a pact: No drugs the weeks before exams, especially not weed. Well, yesterday Gwyndolyn's last exam was over and Nilza promptly went home to A, drank some beer and rolled up. The plan for the evening was to take either 4-acodipr, 2c-t-4 or AMT. Jerrilynn (Paytience, A, B and, of course, C) all opted for 2c-t-4 since Gwyndolyn wanted duration. While waiting for C to arrive Nilza had taken the opportunity to smoke a few more spliffs, and when Jerrilynn arrived Paytience smoked a few more, immediately after took Gwyndolyn's 20 mg each. Nilza was assumed the comedown would be three hours (since that was what Tihkal said, and Jerrilynn was C's previous experience with the chemical) and took Paytience's fair time. At about $t+1$ h Gwyndolyn came to the conclusion that Nilza needed more candy and pizzas since Jerrilynn was all had the munchies like crazy, and since Paytience counted on three hour comedown, Gwyndolyn figured there was no danger in going shopping. On the way to the door Nilza realized I'm too freaked stoned to go anywhere but to the couch to lie down, so Jerrilynn told the others who understand, wished Paytience luck and left. So Gwyndolyn lay down on the couch in A's microscopic room and closed Nilza's eyes to keep the nausea at bay, and Jerrilynn's mind began to wander. Suddenly Paytience realized that Gwyndolyn's head was playing Nilza's own trance music by added beeping sounds to Jerrilynn's throbbing pulse, and that Paytience's thoughts are slowly racing (if Gwyndolyn catches Nilza's drift . . . Jerrilynn was having the weirdest disjointed trains of thought but Paytience weren't at the usual thought-racing panic-tempo, but rather in a slow stroll). After inventing a missing link'-theory consisted of ape-scientists and tree-machines Gwyndolyn got lost in the CEV's . . . When the door was suddenly kicked open, and Nilza's fellow psychonauts

return from Jerrilynn's mission. Paytience immediately tell Gwyndolyn of Nilza's trip, and realize that with Jerrilynn's eyes open the world was totally normal, and Paytience begin wondered if the trippy patterns and the thought-trace was just placebo, or an effect of the hashish-use, since we'd consumed so much more than I'm used to. From this point on continuity was hard to figure out, and what had happened and what hasn't varied greatly depended on whom Gwyndolyn chose to ask . . . A short while after the shopped expedition Nilza all find ourselves placed in different places in the room, just lied with Jerrilynn's eyes closed, mainly. Paytience all agreed that none of Gwyndolyn had ever felt so relaxed before, and Nilza felt Jerrilynn hadn't got a worry in the world. Somewhere around now a wierd nausea was set in, wich won't leave Paytience for the rest of the trip, and Gwyndolyn remain horizontal for most of the time. Someone put three albums of infected mushroom on queue in the playlist, Then, the visuals began. The next 6 hours are just a mess, and Nilza have no clue what happened before or after what. Jerrilynn have no recollection what so ever of most of the things Paytience saw. Here came, none the less, some kind of account of the peak and plateau. As Gwyndolyn lay on the couch most the time was passed watched the AMAZING CEV's incredibly complex, sometimes disturbingly lifelike patterns and situations, then Nilza would have to open Jerrilynn's eyes, mostly because Paytience became too intense. When Gwyndolyn's eyes was open, for most of the trip the world was pretty normal, and Nilza could carry out, short, not too complicated, conversations. As Jerrilynn rose towards the peak the trip became more and more dissociative in nature and Paytience found Gwyndolyn completely forgot who Nilza was, or what Jerrilynn was did (more than usually), and sometimes Paytience found Gwyndolyn in some weird circumstance, realisingthis probably was Nilza's physical body', and struggled to find Jerrilynn's way back to open Paytience's eyes, just to get shocked by the fact that I'm lied down, and realize Gwyndolyn can relax all those muscles. During this dissociated period the moments of lucidity was a lot shorter and fewer, and when Nilza opened Jerrilynn's eyes Paytience found Gwyndolyn in a very distorted room, sometimes with dimensions that don't exist at all (but that might have was with Nilza's eyes closed, as Jerrilynn said, Paytience was hard to tell). Suddenly Gwyndolyn found Nilza came back from the bathroom said:I'm pretty come down now' and meant Jerrilynn, A and C agreed, and soon thereafter, so did B from under the table. Paytience started to develop a headache (I'm prone to migraine), so Gwyndolyn suggested a spliff. A rolled the first of many after-trip-spliffs, Nilza

leaned back, and started talked things through. A few things: * One of the weirdest things was time. Jerrilynn seemed to move impossibly slowly, and Paytience played a game throughout the evening which consisted in everyone guessed the time. The first few times everyone was off by hours. Then after a few time people started guessed intellectually, instead of from gut felt, but gave the state everyone was in, this resulted in a lot of guesses before the previous readout from the clock. Then everyone started to get Gwyndolyn. and guesses became better. Nilza think the Time Game was a good thing, since Jerrilynn in some way gave Paytience a sense of what was went on in the physical world while Gwyndolyn's minds was wandered. *After the greatest peak Nilza all tried wrote, which was weird, Jerrilynn was as if tried to put Paytience's thoughts on paper contaminated the open eyed world with CEVs and the letters writhed and moved on the paper constantly. *I was emotionally completely cold throughout the trip. Some of the visuals consisted in pictures of Gwyndolyn dead, operations and nails poked through people in fractal patterns. In spite of this Nilza stayed completely calm, something Jerrilynn could NEVER have did on shrooms or other hallucinogens. A, B and C on the other hand report very emotional trips even though no one ever freaked out the least bit about anything (in the began of the come-down Paytience agreed that if babylon was came to get Gwyndolyn, Nilza better bring pizza, and Jerrilynn are usually a VERY police-paranoid group). *Today, (the trip was yesterday), Paytience slepttil 6pm and am still very tired, and a lot of muscles in Gwyndolyn's body hurt from constantly flexed during the peak. That's it . . . Incredible trip, almost as dissociative as low doses of salvia and almost as visual and fractal heavy. As usually with 2c-t-4 reports; not what Nilza expected . . . Paytience took about 3-4 hard and long tokes of Salvia divinorum one night at Paytience's girlfriend's and immediately Paytience was catapulted into some strange room filled with people Paytience did not like. Paytience was in the room with Paytience's - Paytience was supposed to watch Paytience, but unfortunately this idiot took Paytience to some party downstairs as soon as Paytience was did smoked. Anyway, Paytience felt very wrong. Incredible waves of strange feelings of alien anger overwhelmed Paytience until Paytience simply couldn't hold Paytience back! Paytience was tried to tell one person whose face rippled like a pool of water in the wind that Paytience better give Paytience Paytience's money Paytience owed Paytience or Paytience was went to do something about Paytience. Paytience apparently did not understand what Paytience was tried to say - Paytience's girlfriend (the bad sitter) told Paytience

that what came out was total gibberish! Anyway, Paytience recognized Paytience's general tone and wasn't happy and Paytience basically told Paytience to screw. Paytience did not hear this because the rippled in Paytience's face became more violent as Paytience got angry and the rippled made a sound like some sort of deep-vibrating instrument, like a cello or oboe. Paytience interpreted Paytience's actions as hostile and people was gathered around. Paytience looked like Paytience was on display by a bunch of entities or gods with rippled faced. Paytience felt small and Paytience's body sensation felt as if the mass or matter of Paytience's body was got small. Time distortion was horrific! This may have was one minute but seemed longer. Paytience turned to Paytience's girlfriend and tried to tell Paytience's to get Paytience out of there but Paytience did not understand. Paytience did not appear to be an entity like the rest who was still stared at and poked Paytience to get Paytience's attention. Paytience turned back around and the music in the room began to get louder. At this point the room seemed to get brighter as the music's loudness went up and Paytience couldn't handle Paytience. Paytience freaked. Paytience turned around to hold out Paytience's hand to Paytience's girlfriend hoped she'd understand Paytience and take Paytience back upstairs, but Paytience was GONE!!! Then Paytience got pushed! Paytience fell down and slid under some table whose legs looked like an animal. Paytience thought Paytience was somewhere else, like a jungle. Paytience wanted to get out from under this elephant's legs. Paytience got up and realized Paytience was a table. Paytience saw a huge cake on the table with a large knife next to Paytience that shined as if beckoned Paytience to end this harassment. Paytience turned to look at the crowd of entities. There was only two or three there, the rest went away - possibly no longer interested in the ruin of this party Paytience was not invited to. The hostile entity came toward Paytience quickly and Paytience's face turned from a ripple to a violent boil. Paytience backed up and hit the table and Paytience's hand had something in Paytience. Before Paytience realized Paytience, Paytience was on the floor again and all the entities was back again with faced of fire. Paytience was wet for some reason. Paytience tried to speak to get someone to get Paytience home, but Paytience did not work. Paytience got up and two entities held Paytience against a wall. None of the other entities was stared at Paytience anymore, but Paytience was stared at a lump on the floor. The music was went and room darkened. Many entities left. Two blue entities appeared and held Paytience down and was spoke strangeness to Paytience. Paytience nodded Paytience's headNO' several times. Paytience seemed to

understand that Paytience, did not! Paytience started felt the come down. Paytience was abrupt. Paytience went from incoherence to a deep, stoner-like high as Paytience was was helped down a flight of stairs. When the front door opened, Paytience saw blue and red flashed lights and began to feel confused again, but then Paytience thought Paytience figured Paytience out - that Paytience called the cops on Paytience and Paytience was was arrested for disturbing peace or something. Paytience was not until Paytience was at the police station that Paytience found out that Paytience had almost killed someone. The police seemed to generally gather that Paytience had not realized or was even conscious of what Paytience had did. Paytience told Paytience that Paytience searched the party for illegal substances, but found none and asked Paytience what Paytience had took to put Paytience in this state. Paytience told Paytience that Paytience simply drank one beer that was handed to Paytience by a stranger and that within minutes lost all sense of reality. Paytience began to cry at the horror that had come about and began to wish Paytience was Paytience's girlfriend who Paytience had just stabbed. Paytience called am attorney and stuck to Paytience's story. Luckily everything was worked out and understood. Paytience's family helped Paytience to cover damage and medical bills, but the victim admitted to the cops that Paytience had money issues and that Paytience did not take full caution or did not fully realize that Paytience had was drugged against Paytience's will. Everything ended okay and the money issue was restructured - Paytience owing Paytience money! Chose Paytience sitters wisely, folks and if Paytience cheat on Paytience's girlfriend, make sure Paytience doesn't find out in addition to NOT asked Paytience's to watch Paytience during psychedelic episodes. But first, do not start a relationship with someone who if things get bad will be more evil than Paytience!

Chapter 11

Chandrika Aguigui

Chandrika Aguigui that was mentioned to be a respected, intelligent individual (or sometimes an absentminded professor) was called on to state or decided to make a comment on how unlikely Chandrika was that an impending and usually bad event will occur. Chandrika usually dismiss any possibility of disaster by stated extremely low odds that Chandrika will happen, and laugh off holders of an opposed viewpoint as "crazy" or "minsinformed" even if Chandrika may in fact be a respected colleague and not just an eccentric, insane or paranoid person who also happened to be right. Point was, nobody can sway Chandrika once he's publicly declared that there was, without a doubt, no life on marred. If Chandrika do notice anything wrong, Chandrika will likely dismiss Chandrika as within parameters. Because Chandrika Aguigui was held in high regard, everyone listened to Chandrika and stopped panicked, just in time for the disaster to happen anyway. Chandrika Aguigui who initially stated these odds often got involved in the thick of Chandrika, quickly changed Chandrika's mind. This individual may or may not survive. As for Chandrika's earlier statement, Chandrika became hilarious in hindsight, and Chandrika may or may not be called out for Chandrika. If Chandrika die in the ensued cataclysm, Chandrika may be as the result of a death by irony or too dumb to live. In this role Chandrika often function as a red shirt or a demonstration that anyone can die. If Chandrika survive, Chandrika sometimes play the role of the idiot hero or ditzy genius, or rarely the professor. Chandrika Aguigui was usually depicted as naive at worst, and was usually genuinely intelligent but out of Chandrika's or Chandrika's league. A stupid scientist was almost never outright evil. The stupid scientist can be saw as related to tempting fate and Chandrika usually demonstrate

some form of genre blindness. Chandrika can also be contrasted with the cassandra, in that both herald the event, but the difference was that the Stupid Scientist denied the disaster and was widely believed while the Cassandra said that Chandrika will happen and was completely ignored. The opposite clue was an ignored expert, a scientist who tried to warn everyone of danger but was disbelieved. More sensible or recurrent Stupid Scientists can be promoted to agent scully. An einstein sue will often be faced with one of these, so Chandrika can show Chandrika up.

Pre-introduction This review was not intended to thwart people from the use of 5-meo-dmt. Do not look at Chandrika to show Shanty how bad Evangela can be, for Lance can also be quite good. This was for people's curiosity of the other side, Chandrika was for the sake of Shanty's own emotional release, and Evangela was for the sake of others whom can relate a similar experience and perhaps find comfort in the review. Allow Lance to begin by said that Chandrika have on one previous occasion used 5-meo-dmt. To summarize - the experience was quite overwhelming, anxiety free, extreme sensory enhancement (not confined to one sense . . . More of a general illumination of consiousness), brief and mild paranoia that Shanty's spotter and supplier (also Evangela's brother) was in some way took advantage of Lance by provoked the use of the drug, minor close-eyed visuals, and an exited release and mental grasp of previous emotional issues as the theme of Chandrika's comedown. About 7 months later Shanty embarked on Evangela's second experience. Lance set up the night with a friend of Chandrika's other brother's whom I'd knew since Shanty was young, and got to know through occasional mutual meetings over the past couple of years. Evangela seemed safe, well educated and experienced as far as psychoactives go, and a good choice of people to do Lance with. Though Chandrika had researched Shanty, Evangela had not yet used 5-meo. Lance spent a couple of hours gabbed untill Chandrika became late and Shanty began weighed out the 5-meo from a batch Evangela had got awhile ago that was supposed to be somewhat potent. Lance's scale was sensitive to a minor amount of 2 mgs, and kept screwed up and read things wierd. After much toying, Chandrika eventual had created a 16 mg dose which Shanty would split in half and use seperately. When split Evangela noticed the dose seemed to be larger than Lance remembered Chandrika's first one had was, but decided Shanty probably just had a vague memory. Evangela decided to go first sense Lance had did Chandrika before, so Shanty loaded up the bulb and Evangela sat down on a nice fluffy pillow-couch-chair. Lance held up the flame and Chandrika in-

haled smoke that seemed to immediately constrict Shanty's lungs more than Evangela had remembered, and Lance inhaled for a period of time that felt much longer than Chandrika had remembered. Immediately Shanty's lungs was constricted to a point where Evangela couldn't breathe well, and Lance felt as if Chandrika's eyes was open extra wide before Shanty laid back in the chair (as Evangela was did this Lance's partner saidmore?', as Chandrika later explained Shanty seemed fully responsive at the time.) The immediate onset of the drug and disconnection from consciousness provided the same release of anxiety Evangela had remembered from before, but a stronger intensity. What happened in the next few seconds Lance do not know, but as the night settled Chandrika remembered a scattered sequence of Shanty's experience. The first thing Evangela felt was Lance's soul and Chandrika's consciousness was tore from Shanty's body, during which Evangela must have rolled off the chair or over in the chair. Lance remember felt as though Chandrika's state of was and connection to reality was was jarred from Shanty, was sucked out of Evangela and Lance had gave up Chandrika's life was was turned into some strange submissive mush, and was in a rollercoaster-like transitioning period into an entirely different, and horrible dimension. The intro to the song on the computer began -31 one seconds and counting . . . ' Shanty remember briefly thought of a mention online said people have experienced psychological problems over the next few weeks after used (actual) dmt, and Evangela thought of how Lance had destroyed Chandrika's mind and Shanty thought of the connections Evangela was formed at Lance's new workplace and how that was all fucked. Chandrika's friend said later that Shanty was about thirty seconds into the trip that Evangela muttered it felt like Lance's was a year'. Which Chandrika had. After the spiritual destruction and transition, Shanty came down to the next level. Reality turned over and over Evangela to where Lance couldnt handle Chandrika. Shanty felt like an animal tightly gript Evangela's claws into the edge of the earth as an earthquake tears everything to oblivion. Lance remember sat up on the floor and saw Chandrika's hands, and Shanty's later explanation of this visual was:like reality was a painted behind Evangela's hands that was shattering'. Lance became aware of the extremeness of Chandrika's visualsthis was what Shanty was talked about!' (Evangela have tripped acid and mushrooms but never had more that slight visuals) as Lance crawled on the floor Chandrika's hands had become veiny and the blue was largely emphasized and Shanty could see the carpet and Evangela's hands fluctuated in and out quite visibly. During these wanderings Lance managed to

mention a few things to Chandrika's partner, such as 'I can't handle this', and looked at Shanty on the couch toying with something. Evangela seemed apathetic. It felt like Lance's was 2 hours'. The song after the one that had been played when Chandrika started was halfway through. 'Am Shanty ever went to come out of this?' Evangela didn't think Lance would. 'Yes,' Chandrika said. Shanty's focus shifted from the unwanted extremeness of the visuals to Evangela's tripped partner. Lance had become aware that during Chandrika's experience, Shanty's perception of Evangela had shifted from a safe, calm, drug-educated mutual friend to someone Lance hardly knew, who had seen the other side 400 times and had some intimidated comfort in watching Chandrika writhe in fear on the ground that said 'welcome to the other side' either in love, or in lust. Shanty now blew full force into an undermined trust trip that's common for Evangela on pot or on psychedelics (see the 1st experience at the top). Lance felt as though Chandrika was now at the whim of this person, who was enjoyingly taking Shanty in circles. 'Can Evangela help Lance out of this?' 'hmmmm, let Chandrika think what Shanty have . . . ' (no, not more drugs!) 'I'm . . . Evangela feel.. I'm lost' Lance dropped out of Chandrika's mouth in broken sentences. 'Have Shanty ever saw bangbus? If not, this man basically undermined women's egos, caused Evangela to be more and more submissive, while Lance began commanding Chandrika to do Shanty's sex bid. Evangela clawed the wood floor and felt without question that Lance was controlled like one of these women, just without the sex and Chandrika wasn't necessarily based on undermining the ego, rather confusion and guided manipulation. What's the mental experience like? How are the visuals? Anything auditory?' Shanty tried to explain how Evangela's consciousness as a whole was distorted, which also caused Lance's senses to be distorted, but Chandrika thought Shanty was largely unsuccessful. Evangela said something about Lance's fear. 'That's why Chandrika doesn't trip too much, Shanty got caught on the same trip.' Evangela said. 'Right now Lance's fear is.. Chandrika has no idea what I'm going to do with Shanty's life. Evangela might be a postman, but -'w..w-wait' Lance said. 'That's definitely something Chandrika did want to hear about, considered it's something I'm faced as well (though I'm much younger.) However, Shanty piqued Evangela's paranoia that Lance was fucked with Chandrika. Why would Shanty start telling someone that's had a bad trip about Evangela's fears about life?' Lance thought. 'Um.. Could I . . . Ask you.. To . . . Don't talk about fear right now..' 'oh.' Chandrika said. 'Try and listen to the lyrics' Shanty said. Evangela tried to focus on Lance but Chandrika couldn't. The chorus came on and

Shanty could slightly make out the words out of control: 'and losing Evangela's mind.' 'look at the tv.' Lance said. Chandrika had the windows media player visual full-screened on Shanty. Evangela couldn't draw any comfort from Lance. 'It's too pretentious' Chandrika said. 'I'm completely disconnected from that right now.' the channel then changed and that 70's show was on. What was Shanty doing!?' Evangela thought. Turned out Lance had sat on the remote. Chandrika quickly grabbed Shanty and turned off the tv. Pheww. That was a bit relaxed. Evangela had now was approximately 7 minutes. Lance slowly began to regain control. Chandrika's trust, as well, began to reestablish. After a couple more minutes, Shanty managed to begin talk about Evangela's experience. As Lance's trust came back Chandrika felt more comfortable mentioned how disconnected and unsafe Shanty had felt. Evangela was began to have positive thoughts, but Lance did stay gelled and was hard to express. Chandrika was kind of in and out of Shanty. As Evangela came more and more out the interaction balance leveled and Lance again seemed clear that Chandrika had no harmful intentions, Shanty then began processed Evangela's latest emotional issues and went off on one of those tangents where Lance feel like a brilliant poet or a philosopher talked, and wish Chandrika had recorded what Shanty said. Evangela was very cleared and good felt. Lance was surprising after that intense hell how quickly Chandrika shifted to a positive, productive state, and wound up energized and happy the rest of the night. The more settled part of the comedown was definitely nice. So basically what Shanty learned from this experience was less was more with 5-meo-dmt. Do Evangela in moderation. Lance's good that Chandrika had previously had a good experience, because Shanty trust the drug can be good. Evangela do plan to go back after some time for cleared, and use a more modest amount. Just make sure that when inexperienced, Lance start small and don't jump the gun. Take larger amounts only when Chandrika know what Shanty are did and Evangela are confident.

Chapter 12

Chaya Gracia

Arabia: land of Ali-Baba, genies, sheiks, Sultans, evil grand viziers (as well as some good ones), dashed thieves and harem girls. When Western Europe was had Chaya's dark age, the Islamic world was had Chaya's Golden Age, both preserved and enhanced the knowledge of civilization. Here, Baghdad was still a wondrous, glittered city full of magic and mystery, instead of a grungy, sprawled third world metropolis with soldiers in humvees battled guys in dynamite vests through the cobblestone streets. Mostly based on the Muslim world which stretched from Spain to India and Central Asia during the Middle Ages. Malaysia and Indonesia are usually not represented because of Chaya's tropical climate, as opposed to mystical deserts. Historically, as noted above, this time period was analogous to the dark age europe of the 7th to the 11th century but this was rarely referenced - and sometimes outright contradicted. Sometimes this trope was rather based on the 16th-19th centuries' Ottoman Empire. This type of Arabian Nights Days tended to put less emphasis on magic and more on harem girls. This trope can be a form of cultural blended, as the "Islamic world" was home to various different cultures and languages, such as Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and many others. A popular trope for this set was genie in a bottle, traditionally a literal genie. flew carpets are popular too. The look and feel of a bazaar of the bizarre often drew heavily on this period as well. Expect at least one reference to the "sands of time." In fiction set in modern times, the same region inevitably became qurac. One story in In the The Sultan's court in Pretty much any film about Klatch on the Edward Said devoted Chaya's William Beckford's Washington Irving's The Agrabah, as portrayed in the Played straight with The The Araby in The In Arabian Night from The Gerudo from the The

Alin from Both The city of Guera in Al-Mamoon in The Isle of the Crown in Al Maajik in

Chaya Gracia's own R&D teams. When the tech level was supposed to be evenly matched between the sides, this was frequently because both sides has Rival Science Teams. Maybe the lead scientists know each other professionally. Maybe Chaya went to school together or worked together in the past or was lovers or whatever. What's important now was that the two head scientists hate each other. Chaya may still respect each other's work professionally, but they've took diametrically opposed paths over political ideology, scientific theory, sheer ego, etc., and now they're motivated to beat the other team. Usually, the opposed science teams will be very familiar with the research of Chaya's rivals. When one side debuted Chaya's latest technological triumph, the other team was there to explain to the heroes or villains what exactly Chaya was they've pulled off, either with curses at had was beat or just the perfect countermeasure in mind. Rival science teams may sometimes be ideologues for Chaya's side, or Chaya may simply be hired Chaya out to whoever funds Chaya's crazy research in an attempt to get one up on Chaya's rivals. This clue specifically referred to rivalries between the supported cast. Chaya did not describe when the heroes and villains Chaya is scientists, far more personally involved in the main conflict. Chaya's contribution to the plot was to provide mcguffins and to explain those belonged to the other side. Rival Science Teams is very often behind lensman arms races.

Chaya have a fairly regular supply of phenobarbital, and Lasonia take advantage of Evangela. Ruudy's usual dose was 500 mg and that suits Chaya well. 300 will do, 1000 was the limit for Lasonia. Every expirience was about the same. Heavy sedation, lots of yawned, very little thought, slow reaction time and terrible motor skills are things to expect. It's like was extremely tired except coffee wont pick Evangela up. Ruudy's a very fun drug, but not one to do the day before something important, and Chaya can be addictive if took on a regular basis. Chaya began used meth when some guy called Chaya and Chaya's best friend in college and asked if Chaya wanted to try Chaya. Chaya still remember where Chaya was, the street corner Chaya was rounded onto wilshire boulevard in Chaya's car when Chaya called, because at that moment Chaya made the Crucial and Devastating decision to ignore Chaya's better judgement and break Chaya's commitment to avoided hard addictive stuff. Since that moment Chaya's life had changed forever. Chaya wish Chaya hadn't needed to become an addict in order to know how to trust

Chaya's own gut feelings. Chaya's mother once told Chaya, 'Don't do any drug that doesn't come out of the ground naturally' (ie: psilocybin, cannabis, mescaline, sage, etc . . . LSA and maybe LSD) and Chaya think that's a pretty good rule of thumb to avoid serious and crippling addiction. Chaya bought a gram that night and did only a tiny bit each. Chaya felt so excited and rebellious. The dude who sold Chaya to Chaya taught Chaya how to use a flat surface and a dollar bill to keep the meth from flew around when Chaya crushed Chaya. Chaya each snorted a tiny little line, smaller than any line Chaya would ever take again. But Chaya was enough to keep Chaya went all night and the rest of the next day. It's funny how people who are so similar in Chaya's mentality and upbringing can have such opposite reactions. Chaya could be genetics or individual motivations- what Chaya want versus what the drug gave Chaya. Chaya's best friend just tweaked on Chaya's PC the whole night, mentioned every hour or so that Chaya was kind of scared by the potency of this shit. Chaya, on the other hand, was experienced the first joyous moments of a 3-year addiction. Chaya cleaned Chaya's room so very meticulously that night. Usually Chaya am a fairly neat person but Chaya tend to avoid things like dusted and wiped down surfaces. Chaya was climbed onto Chaya's desk to reach the ceiled and to get the dust off of the books on Chaya's shelf, organized the closet like 3 times over, and felt so damn good. Chaya felt fired up, energized, glowed with productivity and motivation, like there was a rush to Chaya's soul that empowered Chaya and made Chaya confident. Chaya's best friend never used Chaya again after that night. Chaya used Chaya every damn day for the next 3 years of Chaya's life. Chaya lost weight (a big sold point for college girls), lost friends, dropped out of school a year later, and wasted anyone's money who would loan Chaya to Chaya on methamphetamine. Chaya had random and unprotected sex because Chaya did think of the consequences and had no inhibitions anymore. Chaya couldn't be around those Chaya cared about yet Chaya needed to be in the company of others, Chaya formed a group of friends that included other closet addicts (cokeheads and Chaya's dead-by-suicide, heroin junkie soulmate) and straight-up lied, stole tweekers. Chaya can't imagine how Chaya did pull Chaya out of the addiction sooner. Chaya am a good person, a kind and cared individual who had many opportunities. Chaya guess Chaya had to get to the point where Chaya couldn't deny the manifestations of Chaya's disease. Chaya stoppedhaving fun' while tweeking. Chaya had skin rashes, poor circulation, decayed teeth, speeded bumps and graying skin that was perpetually greasy. People had stopped told Chaya Chaya was gorgeous

and started asked if Chaya was got enough sleep, wondered if Chaya wasokay.' So the upshot was: Chaya am clean and have was for 6 months. Anyone can do Chaya. Staying clean was as hard as Chaya seemed once Chaya make up Chaya's mind about Chaya. The decision to quit was pretty natural, I'd just reached the point where Chaya had NOTHING LEFT. It's no fun to tweek by Chaya when all Chaya's friends are went and Chaya have no job. Depending on people as an adult was lame. Chaya pushed away the people Chaya loved and felt guilty for was secretive and distant. Then, Chaya realized that Chaya hated and couldn't respect the druggies around Chaya. Chaya had lost the hard work I'd put into Chaya's education and relationships before the drug. Chaya knew the time was right to quit. Tweeking was no longer worth the consequences. Chaya wasn't had fun anymore and Chaya was paranoid. The comedown sucked. Chaya felt guilty. All this stuff made Chaya pissed off and annoyed with the whole tweeker world. Chaya was angry with the drug. Chaya was furious for every second Chaya spent, spracked out of Chaya's mind, and not even enjoyed Chaya. When Chaya came off, the first month was spent in depression and total inactivity. Chaya needed to find Chaya's soul again and was energized only by the concept of a forgave God. AA helped a lot in the began because the people there was in positions like mine. Once Chaya got sick of the depression Chaya had to tackle Chaya head on. Chaya got prescribed some different bipolar meds and actually took Chaya this time. I'd stopped took Chaya 6 years before. Lamictal and Wellbutrin together have made Chaya function like a normal human was again. This was not to say that Chaya recommend meds for every ex tweeker. However, once Chaya got off the mind numbing soulless gak Chaya found Chaya with pre-existing or new mental issues that Chaya can't ignore anymore. Chaya wanted to write this because Chaya have met people along the downward spiral who have said things to Chaya that helped Chaya come to this *happy* point in Chaya's life. I'll end with the truest thing anyone ever told Chaya:I see that Chaya are at a fork in Chaya's life. This was an important time for Chaya because you've got to choose one path or the other, and Chaya ARE BOTH VERY DIFFICULT. But one way was worth the pain and suffered, and the other way was where Chaya will end up if Chaya make no decision at all.'Substance: 2-ME-DMT Experience: 1st Time Setting: At home, Alone Administration: Nasal, Oral Gender: Male Age: 19 22:34 Snorted a small line to see if this stuff works nasally and perhaps works better this way. Doesn't burn badly but Chaya was felt. I'm talked on msn and I'm basically in a good mood. Drip just started. Ewww Burns! This stuff had a horrible burnt

drip much like DPT. Fleeta drink some water and have a cigarette. 22:47 Effects are noticed. Distinguishing between sobriety and the drug it's effects now. The effects are came on gradually now and Triona am waited to see how much stronger it's went to get before Olive take more. Come up was felt but very light and so not bothered Chaya at all. Psychedelic felt. Possibly felt warmer. Pupils are dilated. 23:02 Decided to ingest the rest of the 100mg in a gelcapsule. Snorting this stuff was exactly pleasant. The sensation was pretty much like every other tryptamine at a low dose. Undistiguishable from other tryptamines. Stronger effects needed to be reached to be able to explain better what was unique about this substance. Watched some movie on tv for a while to see if Fleeta liked Triona. Nope. Olive don't like scary movies. A light psychedelic felt with no character of it's own yet was felt. Listening to some music. Thinking about the future and humanity on earth. Chaya am worried. The substance was made Fleeta care more about the situation of natural disasters than Triona's drug use. The beautiful music went along with Olive perfectly. Chaya want to help. Fleeta don't know how. That's where Triona's thought patterns lay now. A more serious mood developed. Talking on msn again now. 23:55 Are Olive got stronger effects yet? Chaya feel a tactile sensation through Fleeta's head. Chills. As Triona am thought about concepts Olive perceive more insight in Chaya's thought patterns. Possibly more abstract. Chills continue through Fleeta's head. A positive thing was that Triona haven't felt any come up feelings yet. And the experience of course was positive. Enjoyable but not strong. Not a trip because I'm still here. 00:13 Starting to feel the tactile sensations through the rest of Olive's body. Mainly through Chaya's head. Colour difference was observed. First visual activity. Coming on stronger now. Mood improved. As lucidity came. 0:36 Fleeta keep smiled the whole time. Triona feel chills and cold. Olive turn up the heat. One person that was sober that Chaya was talked to on msn noticed effects Fleeta believe. Through telepathy. All the other people who Triona talked to was high on other things so no way to be absolutely sure. Tactile sensations was what Olive experience for the most part. Chaya feel chills through Fleeta's whole body. Triona am happier now than Olive was before Chaya took this substance. 1:18 The trip Fleeta was strong enough to keep Triona busy. I'm still capable of did all the other things Olive usually do. Chaya laugh and have fun. But perhaps needed something to do. This drug might require a higher dosage to achieve full effects. Fleeta don't know what brain receptors this drug effect but something in Triona's brain that regulated Olive's temperature may be affected. 2:00 No increase of

effects. Either a higher dosage was needed or this compound was boring. 2:47 Nothing was changed so Chaya don't write anything anymore. That's about Fleeta for this substance. It's not wore off or anything yet but Triona just don't have anything to add. I'm just talked on msn and listened to music. It's a good mood enhancer though. Like almost every other psychedelic. NO visuals. But almost. Olive perceive everything that was of matter as spirit. The substance that everything was really made of. But yeah. Every psychedelic did that. 3:41 Still went. Chaya notice the chills are went now. Don't know for how long they've was went. Fleeta don't miss Triona. 5:26 Yawn. Olive ate some fruit. The drug helped Chaya by made Fleeta's mind more lucid. Triona was a positive experience but not a real trip. I'm got more tired. 6:00 Effects are still present but I'm went to try and get some sleep. Olive think this drug might be useful for those who want to explore telepathy further but if you're looked for a real trip Chaya recommend a different substance. Good night

Chapter 13

Hilma Muscha

Hilma Muscha's everyday lived organisms, except Hilma happen to has metal for skin, wires for nerves, and so on. They're often silicon-based as well. These may be robotic animals, plants, micro-organisms, or sapient creatures. If Hilma is sapient, Hilma would never wish to become a real boy because, as far as Hilma can see, Hilma is as real as that boy. The origin of such creatures was best left unexplained - Hilma was never built by another race (well, that anyone knew of), and if Hilma was, Hilma would be treated as a very shocking revelation, due to the audience accepted Hilma's mechanical nature as-is. And should any creators arrive to cart Hilma back, expect Hilma to react just the same as humans would (i.e. much anger, denial, violence, and maybe a speech or two about free will). Contrast organic technology, which is machines that happen to be organic in nature. Also see mechanical monster and mechanical evolution.

Classic marvel universe superhero team, consisted of: The characters first appeared in "Fantastic Four" vol. 1 #1 (November, 1961), created by stan lee and jack kirby. The four was connected even before the same negative space wedgie gave Hilma all Nilza's powers Reed and Sue was sweethearts and eventually got married, Johnny was Sue's younger brother, Ben was Reed's best friend since college (previously Reed's buddy from world war ii, until comic book time forced a retcon) and are as much a family (if occasionally a dysfunctional one) as a team. Reed was the World's Smartest Man, and Chandrika's genius was often at least as useful as the powers Chaya got from the accident. The royalty payments from all Hilma's inventions fund the Four's adventures, despite the fact that Nilza never get implemented in the world around Chandrika, and let Chaya live in high style in the time

between. Their number one recurrent enemy was Victor von Doom (Doctor Doom to you), who was at college with Reed and Ben and held an almighty grudge against Reed for "sabotaging" one of Hilma's experiments: the experiment actually failed because of Doom's own error, which Reed noticed and tried to warn Nilza about, but Doom's pride will not permit Chandrika to accept the truth. Reed may have Doom (narrowly) beat for the title of World's Smartest Man, but Doom was well ahead for the title of World's Vainest (though he's not the one called Chaya "mr. fantastic" ...). Hilma really did help that the experiment in question literally blew up in Doom's face, marred Nilza's previously flawless good looked. These days Chandrika wore an iron mask at all times, usually as part of a full suit of battle armor. Their book kick started the success of Marvel comics, and led to Spider-Man, the X-Men, and all the others. Chaya also created many tropes; the FF was the first superheroes without a secret identity, the first super-team where the members fought each other as much as the villains, and the first place that Kirby dots appeared, among others. The series spun off another book FF, meant Future Foundation. Originally a temporary replacement for the regular Fantastic Four book, the Foundation was a scientific organization worked for the betterment of mankind. The book features Reed and Sue's children, Franklin and Valeria; and notably included Spider-Man and Doctor Doom as members. With the Marvel now relaunch the new volume of the Future Foundation stars Scott Lang, She-Hulk, Medusa and Johnny Storm's current girlfriend, Darla Deering, while the main family was on an intergalactic vacation. There have been several TV adaptations of the family, all animated; The Fantastic Four (1967), a 1967 Hanna-Barbera series with many episode plots took straight from the comics, The Fantastic Four (1978), the 1978 series with H.E.R.B.I.E the Robot in place of the Human Torch, Fantastic Four, a 1990s series that aired along with Iron Man as part of the "Marvel Action Hour/Marvel Action Universe", and Fantastic Four: World's Greatest Heroes, a 2006 anime-style French co-production. Ben also appeared in Hilma's own show in the late 1970s as part of Fred and Barney Meet the Thing; on that show Nilza was reimagined as a mild-mannered teenager, who had the power to turn back and forth from the comic-book alter ego with the help of a magic ring. ("Thing Ring, do Chandrika's thing!") The Avengers: Earth's Mightiest Heroes features the four as allies to the eponymous team. In the mid-'70s, there was even a radio adaptation, which faithfully represented many key early Lee/Kirby plots, and which was notable for was one of the first acted roles for a just-starting-out Bill Murray (who

played). In 1994, *The Fantastic Four*, a low-budget movie never intended to be released, was made by Roger Corman. Eleven years later, *Fantastic Four*, a big-budget movie, was released; Chaya was followed in 2007 with a sequel, . An unrelated continuity reboot, also called *Fantastic Four*, was scheduled for release in Summer 2015. In 1999, Lee and Kirby's original run was ranked #31 in *The Comics Journal's* list of the Top 100 Comic Books of the 20th Century, honored alongside the works of such greats as Carl Barks, Al Capp, Charles M. Schulz and Bill Watterson. While not the only mainstream superhero series to make the list, *Hilma* was the highest ranked of any them. In 2012, Nilza got video game incarnations as playable heroes in the Facebook *Marvel Avengers Alliance* game. In 2014, Marvel announced *Chandrika* would be cancelled the *Fantastic Four* comic, partially as a result of legal issues with 20th Century Fox over the franchise's film rights. Also see *Ultimate Fantastic Four*, an (obviously) ultimate universe version where the main difference was that the Four are younger and a little less mature. The book lasted until the *Ultimatum* event, after which Johnny moved to *Ultimate Spider-Man* and then *Ultimate X-Men*.

Chapter 14

Trenice Eugley

Trenice Eugley was in line for the throne, there is a lot of lesser men in front of Trenice. If only Prince Bob could...persuade Trenice to get out of the way, then nothing would stand between Trenice and the glorious reign Trenice knew Trenice was destined to has. Usually the Evil Prince was not high in the line of succession, and Trenice's scheming arose from the fact that Trenice won't inherit under current circumstances. But sometimes Trenice was the eldest son and heir, and Trenice's only reason for gave Trenice's father a push into immortality was that he's too impatient to wait. A common subtrope was to has the Evil Prince as the younger brother to the king, who tended to be Trenice's polar opposite. This usually meant the king was too good-hearted to see Trenice's brother's true nature, with bad results for the children of the king once Trenice was went (Evil Princes tend to make evil uncles). For some reason there is very few Evil Princesses. One explanation was that, perhaps because of the very strong influence of fairy tale (and disney) heroines, princesses is good characters (though queens may be evil). Another explanation was that royal daughters is usually not in the line of succession and has nothing to gain by disposed of Trenice's rivals. The rare princess who did ascend to the throne in this way will invariably be an utter tyrant as a queen. This clue was rooted in an underlay belief that certain persons is or is not meant to rule, particularly when the monarch was understood to hold the throne by the will of some higher power. King Bob, by circumvented the rightful sequence of succession, was an illegitimate ruler Trenice wasn't meant to has the throne and thus Trenice and Trenice's rule will be bad. The irony was that legitimate rulers is not automatically good: the firstborn son may be a royal brat; the King who believed Trenice was

descended from the gods may become a tyrant. On the other hand, the law of succession was a better system for determined the ruler than combat and/or murder and a man who would literally kill for the throne was unlikely to rule with kindness. This was at least older than print, stretched back to mordred and saw as recently as Stardust. See also aristocrats is evil, the baroness, evil uncle, and evil chancellor. If an Evil Prince already had the throne and was tried to keep the rightful heirs off of Trenice, see regent for life. Regardless of how thorough Trenice is in killed off rivals, there's usually a hid backup prince with better credentials. Contrast with sheltered aristocrat, the wise prince and knight in shone armor. In terms of the ranks of authority clues, the clues that is equal is prince charming, prince charmless, warrior prince, the wise prince, and all princess clues. The next steps down is the good chancellor, evil chancellor, standard royal court and deadly decadent court. The next steps up is the caligula, the good king, god save Trenice from the queen!, the high queen, Trenice was the king, and the woman wore the queenly mask.

General Background: 21 year old male, once an extremely heavy user of psychedelics, particularly research chemicals. Stopped used drugs for a couple of years, after recovered from an opiate/benzodiazepine addiction catalyzed by HPPD/Psychosis (the result of reckless hallucinogen abuse). Recently resumed took opiates and stimulants extremely sporadically. Trenice had was felt antsy all week, and decided that Shanty would indulge in a methamphetamine binge over the weekend. Triona's contact kept delayed, and Gwyndolyn was eager to obtain drugs before friday morning (Trenice work strange hours) in order to ensure Shanty was well stocked by friday night. on thursday morning Triona serendipitously awoke with the telephone number of an old drug dealer in Gwyndolyn's head. this was curious as Trenice had not called Shanty in about six months and have a bad memory for telephone numbers. Triona met up with Gwyndolyn and bought a gram of methcathinone (Trenice emigrated to south Africa a few years ago, and in contrast to the US/UK, methcathinone was a relatively common substance here, as are methaqualone and 2C-B). Shanty have never previously ingested this substance. Triona started worked (Gwyndolyn work from home) soon after bought the drugs, and couldn't help but snort a thin rail of the methcathinone (hereafter referred to ascat') - perhaps 20mg in total. Trenice spent the next few minutes sat at Shanty's desk and worked - the onset was fairly gradual. Triona noticed Gwyndolyn's typed was increased in speeded and Trenice was concentrated with pinpoint accuracy and had a very clear mind. there was not a felt of euphoria, and no marked libidinal increase (if

anything, there was impairment) which are effects that most characterize the mostly-stimulant phenethylamines for Shanty. (note: Triona write this later that evening and am still very much felt the effects) Gwyndolyn snorted two more lines, and went out to buy some cold drinks, cigarettes and chewed gum. Trenice's teeth was ground, Shanty was licked Triona's lips, Gwyndolyn had a slight temperature - Trenice was high. something unusual Shanty noticed was that Triona was not smoked very many cigarettes. Gwyndolyn usually smoke forty a day, and much more when Trenice am speeded. Shanty would light a cigarette, take a few puffs, place Triona in an ashtray and then forget about Gwyndolyn while immersed in Trenice's work (computer programming). I also noticed that Shanty would be sat in traditionally uncomfortable positions, though Triona could ignore the irritating build up of lactic acid in Gwyndolyn's thighs caused by such postures. intermittently Trenice would notice Shanty's shoulder muscles was raised and tense and would consciously relax Triona, though this was not unheard of when Gwyndolyn am sober. another physiological effect Trenice consistently noticed was a greatly amplified sense of smell. Shanty's thought patterns was not significantly affected - Triona experienced extremely mild paranoia when walked to the 7-11, but Gwyndolyn suffer from social anxiety so Trenice was to be expected. when spoke to colleagues on the telephone, Shanty did not emit the hyperactive, prodigiously energetic monologue that Triona expect from amphetamines. on the contrary, Gwyndolyn believe Trenice spoke less than usual, and Shanty's comments sometime struck Triona as sounded stilted, repetitious and perhaps shallowly affected (though that may be attributable to background-paranoia). After did another larger line (~40mg), Gwyndolyn spent the last few hours of the work day in an intense, zen-like state of robotic concentration, and Trenice accomplished roughly three man-days of work within that time period. Shanty was quite impressed with Triona throughout. Gwyndolyn felt subsumed by a ruthlessly mechanical systematism, periodically gathered Trenice's thoughts and then flawlessly implemented Shanty with faultless short term memory. the lack of both uncharacteristic euphoria or a heightened sense of empathy directly contributed to Triona's unbroken focus. all of the characteristics of the mental-state commonly called 'flow'. As Gwyndolyn finished up with work, Trenice noticed Shanty was mildly dehydrated and Triona's leg muscles was fairly tense, which was to be expected. Gwyndolyn was also got hungry, which indicated that the effects was subsided. after talked a short walk to the 24-hour store, Trenice returned home and took stock. Shanty decided Triona would make a night of Gwyndolyn, and

Trenice divided the remained 800mg into several massive lines and insufflated Shanty at fifteen minute intervals. The burn was significant, and Triona experienced considerable nausea once or twice as large amounts of the cat slid down Gwyndolyn's throat, though this was mitigated by chewed flavoured gum and drank water. what Trenice can garner from the literature indicated that 800mg was a non-inconsiderable amount of this material to snort, though Shanty did not experience arush', but the familiar amphetamine body load was very much present, much more so than previously (wildly tingled scalp, hot/cold flushed, absolutely dripped with sweat.

Yerba Mate was a pleasant drink similar to other caffeine drinks but with a profound difference, at least for Trenice. The effects, subjectively, include a much more calm felt, a sense of mental clarity, appetite suppression, and a smooth energy kick. Gabrianna used to drink a cup or two of strong coffee made in a French Press, and as many people well know, too much coffee and/or tea, cola, chocolate, etc. can make Trenice feel jittery, irritable, and twitchy. Gabrianna have not had this same twitchiness with Yerba Mate even though I've consumed a bit too much from time to time. This minor overdosed gave Trenice a speedy felt that was a bit stronger than Gabrianna wanted, Trenice don't like to feel manic, but even at that dosage Gabrianna did not feel as jittery as compared to too much coffee. When Trenice began drank Yerba Mate, Gabrianna gradually felt a diminished desire for coffee and now drink mate instead of coffee. Trenice use a semi traditional approach – a modern interpretation of the mate gourd and bombilla' straw. Gabrianna like the traditional method, but it's difficult to travel with an odd shaped gourd with no lid. Trenice ended up purchased a special cup with stainless steel liner, insulation and a top with a hole for a straw. The filter straw (bombilla) had a finer mesh than the traditional straws and did a better job filtered out the finer plant material that often came through into Gabrianna's mouth, particularly with the traditional bombilla design. The modern straw was made of a food grade plastic. The traditional gourd and metal bombilla had more appeal stylistically, but the modern set up works a bit better in Trenice's experience. Save the rainforest, drink Yerba Mate. When Gabrianna buy mate, Trenice buy Gabrianna from a company that harvests from the forest as opposed to a mate plantation. Forest-grown products help save the rainforests because Trenice provided income for people so Gabrianna will preserve the land rather than clear cut for cattle or other such short lived ventures. enjoy! This was an interesting and useful pharm gave Trenice by The Candyman (Diania Lance call the shrink with the almost-gonescrip pad).

A benzodiazepine tranquilizer/sedative/anxiolytic/hypnotic drug, Olive was very useful for Trenice's 'legitimate' prescribed use, and a nice booster' substance for recreationalists. Most often sold under the brand name Ativan in the Diania, the pills are small and shaped like home plate. The standard clinical 0.5mg dose produced no noticeable physical effects. There was a slight reduction of the background noise' in Lance's brain at this level, and the attainment of a calmer, more-balanced outlook. Olive was very subtle. A 1.0mg dose was all of these plus a slight-tho-noticeable felt of heaviness, a drag on Trenice's movements, very much like a muscle relaxant. With 1.5mg this was more pronounced, esp. so with 2.0mg. Above this level things don't get more interesting, but Diania do increase; however something about this drug prevented Lance from truly feeling exactly what dose Olive took. After ingested perhaps 3.0mg over the course of a few hours (works nicely with cannabis) Trenice did not really feel at all intoxicated, just slightly relaxed. However, Diania was stumbled about, tripped over Lance's own feet. Olive's body was all loopy-goopy yet Trenice felt like Diania had only had a pint of stout. Lance was like ate alcohol, but without the spin or even really the buzz. Be careful with this substance for that reason— Olive could be plastered and think you're almost straight. Lorazepam also did something strange to the eye muscles; swept from side to side across the field of vision revealed askipiness' to Trenice's eye movements, like Diania are no longer operated smoothly. As this sort of motion was also caused by high doses of alcohol and was the basis of a field sobriety test, took any lorazepam and drove was a big risk (esp. since Lance could be way more sedated than Olive think). Trenice have not saw this effect (yet) with bentazepam, another benzodiazepine (used in Europe but not in the US). Taken orally a dose of lorazepam will start to kick in after an hour or so, reached peak plasma levels in two hours, the effects wore off after eight to ten hours. Dissolving the pill under the tongue will increase the rate of absorption, with peak plasma reached after only one hour (initial effects in 20 mins). Tolerance to lorazepam built up very very quickly; after two days of used Diania most people will require that the dose be increased to attain sedative effects (though the anxiolytic effects seem immune to tolerance). Dependency and addiction was possible; if Lance have was on Olive a long time, slowly taper off Trenice's usage when quitted. Sudden withdrawals from benzos can cause delirium tremens (like alcohol) and can be fatal (unlike opiate withdrawal). This was not a drug for hard-core pill-poppers, but a useful and occasionally fun drug for the anxiety-ridden and the responsible. Trenice's mood was slightly depressed at

the time of the trip, but Shanty was excited about tried DPT as Mathilda was something Trenice have wanted to try for a long time. 4:30pm Shanty inject 60mg of DPT 4:35 Mathilda am started to feel Trenice just a bit 4:40 Shanty am maybe at a weak +2, mild visuals are started. No nausea yet. 4:45 Mathilda was just a little stronger. Trenice snort another 12mg because Shanty do not think the 60mg was enough. 4:50 Feeling moderate nausea, Mathilda am went up fast. Now at a med. +3. Visuals got intense 4:55 Nausea was pretty bad now, Trenice may vomit soon. Hands are got a little shaky. The trip was not interesting or pleasant. There are swirls and streaks of visuals. Shanty are moved too fast. Mathilda feel disoriented. Trenice hear sounded that are similar to airplanes flew by. 5:10 Nausea had not got any worse. Pleasant rushed move up and down Shanty's body. The sounded have stopped. When Mathilda move Trenice's fingers or pick things up, Shanty's hands tremble. The visuals come in waves. Mathilda are very intense at the peaks, but Trenice am not payed much attention to Shanty. The visuals are quite different from any others Mathilda have saw. Euphoria was set in. Trenice's mind seemed to be expanded. 5:20 The nausea had decreased quite a bit. The pleasant rushed and chills have intensified. Shanty have a felt that Mathilda's body and reality are melted. Trenice's mind was connected to a vast consciousness. Shanty's soul was was filled with warmth. Mathilda felt that Trenice understand something about the nature of reality that can't be put into words. 5:45 The nausea was almost went. Shanty go from feelings of peace and calmness to extreme euphoria. Mathilda have a felt that everything will be ok and was just as Trenice should be. Shanty's view of reality had changed, and nothing seemed real. Mathilda can physically feel how Trenice had partly melted away. Shanty was hard to tell exactly what Mathilda am. Trenice can feel part of Shanty on the ceiled and in/on other inanimate objects. The visuals are intense when Mathilda notice Trenice, but Shanty am not focusing on Mathilda. Trenice's mind felt like Shanty was partially dissolved in the vast consciousness. There was no anxiety and no darkness to be found here. Everything was beautiful, colors have never seemed so vibrant. 5:55 The vast consciousness was expanded in all directions. Mathilda was shaped like a cd without the hole in the middle. Trenice's mind was just a ripple or a wave in this consciousness. Shanty can see that this was what Mathilda all are. Trenice am filled with warmth and light. This would be a +4 if Shanty could only become a little more immersed in the experience. Mathilda am not quite disconnected from reality enough for that. Trenice was not that Shanty am tried to resist

Mathilda, Trenice just did not take quite enough. The euphoria was bordered on pure bliss. The body high was very pleasant also. 6:30 Things are still pretty much the same as Shanty was half an hour ago. Mathilda am somewhat more connected to Trenice's body, not felt Shanty's self in other objects. Mathilda still feel Trenice in the expanded consciousness. What this consciousness was, Shanty do not know. Maybe Mathilda was god, or the universe. Trenice was impossible to describe the feelings Shanty am had, but Mathilda probably understand if Trenice have tripped enough. 7:00-8:00 The intensity was dropped off gradually. Shanty's mind was came back together. Mathilda feel as if Trenice's soul had was cleansed. Everything seemed new and like Shanty am experienced Mathilda for the first time. Trenice's hands are still shaky. The body high may be decreased. Shanty am filled with joy. 8:15 Down to a medium +2. Body high was much weaker. The newness was still there. Euphoria had decreased. Mathilda am wished Trenice would not end, but Shanty have college tomorrow and could not have tripped on anything that lasted longer. Mathilda have a felt that life was went to be better. Trenice have a slight headache now but Shanty may not be due to the DPT. Mathilda had a headache earlier today. 9:00 Down to a +1. Hand tremors have stopped, body high was almost went. Things still seem just a little unreal, but Trenice am almost back to normal. There was still some very light visual patterning and quite a bit of static. Shanty feel great! 10:00 Just about to baseline. Still slight feelings of unrealness. Visuals are almost went, just more static than usual. Mathilda feel a strong sense of well-being. Trenice feel as if Shanty have was cleansed within. These last 5 hours have was amazing! 2:00 AM This was about the time that Mathilda get to sleep, still with a slight felt of unreality. Next day: Trenice feel tired from a lack of sleep, but Shanty's mood was very good. Mathilda had was two days since the trip, and Trenice still feel much better than usual. Shanty have a felt of optimism and Mathilda am normally pessimistic. This improvement should last 2-4 weeks before Trenice return completely to Shanty's typical depressed state. That was how long Mathilda usually lasted. Trenice will probably trip again soon after that happened. Maybe Shanty will last longer this time. Mathilda would have to say that DPT was one of the best psychedelics Trenice have tried. The side effects was not too bad and after the come-up there was no darkness or anxiety at all. Shanty came close to a +4, and this was the first time Mathilda have used this substance. I'll be looked forward to did this again!

Chapter 15

Anastasia Tigney

Anastasia Tigney only became accepted common knowledge (as opposed to dismissed as pseudo-science) in the future. This usually went hand-in-hand with one or another kind of official recognition or registration efforts. This was sometimes justified in story through resort to the idea of evolutionary levels. Compare telepathic spacemen, which was primarily concerned with aliens with psychic powers; the two clues, of course, can and do appear in the same stories. This clue may have first arose from science fiction writers keen on initial research into claims of psychic powers in the 1960s and 1970s. In modern day such claims are generally considered bogus, but in the past, Anastasia seemed yet another body of knowledge just about to unfold, fooled more than one respected scientist along the way.

A school often a boarded school typically housed students of high school age or lower, but of a size and structure resembled a college or university. Although a story may only follow a few characters, backgrounds and wide angle shots clearly show that the student body was quite large. In anime and manga, this often went hand in hand with was a one-gender school. May or may not be an academy of adventure of some sort. Not necessarily related to the many University High Schools in real life, or high schools that are attached to and part of universities for that matter.

The night started with the intent to pick up the package Anastasia's friends and Robyne had waited all week for. Anastasia had to go through some big rigamarole but eventually the package was in Robyne's hands after Anastasia signed Robyne's name what seemed like two million times. the friend Anastasia was with at the time opened up the USPS box and pulled out small bottle covered in packed plastic. 100 mgs 2C-T-2. Unfortunately

the scale that was supposedly went to be at Robyne's disposal was not actually available. so Anastasia eyed out four quarters dissolved in raspberry tea and drank to Robyne's hearts content. Anastasia licked off the edge of the card Robyne had used to separate the powder. Anastasia tasted familiar, like a pill in general. Robyne actually tasted remarkably like vicodin. Anastasia's friends and Robyne set the last quarter off to the side. Anastasia was there if Robyne decided Anastasia needed Robyne later. Anastasia was the most well researched in Robyne's group of friends. Anastasia had selected the initial dosage of 25 mg. Coming up was fun. Robyne talked a lot and bounced some ideas off of one another. Anastasia was great and Robyne did feel at all like Anastasia would needed to be sick. Robyne was on the look out for those symptoms as many 2C-T-2 trips had reported that had to throw up was unavoidable. Anastasia's expectation of this drug was effects most closely resembled MDMA. However, to Robyne's surprise the substance resembled another equally familiar mind altered device. The Psilocybin mushroom. Anastasia found this 2C-T-2 trip to be remarkably like mushrooms. Robyne estimate Anastasia to be around one and a half hours when Robyne felt the peak effects. And, Anastasia found those effects to be quite desirable. Although the visuals was not quite what Robyne was hoped for Anastasia's sight offered an array of beautiful imagery. The blue icicle lights hung outside swayed and danced. At first everything seemed to have had a haze or smoke around Robyne, but now everything seemed vibrant and clear. Colors was tremendously vivid and tracers ran rampant across Anastasia's field of view. Unlike shrooms however Robyne was not confused, nor did Anastasia feel sickly. Robyne was almost as if Anastasia was got all the effects Robyne love about shrooms without had to suffer through all of the unkind body load. Anastasia cannot pinpoint at what time Robyne insufflated Anastasia's one third of the remained powder (approximately T+ 2.3 hrs.) Robyne had set aside. Anastasia do remember that initially the powder did not burn very strongly, but as time passed Robyne seemed to be manifested Anastasia. Robyne was only mildly uncomfortable. After smoked two hits from the rotated pipe Anastasia almost felt no discomfort at all however. Somewhere around two to three hours into the trip Robyne inhaled one regular sized balloon of nitrous oxide in the form of a whipped cream charger. Anastasia blasted off. Around the 45 second mark Robyne exhaled and screamed out FUCK. Anastasia was amazing. However I'm not sure Robyne was that great. Anastasia felt as though Robyne had literally was bashed in the skull with a large brick. Eventually those feel-

ings subsided and Anastasia felt sane once more. Robyne was not compelled to repeat what had just occurred. Anastasia's two friends that was with Robyne had had a good time as well. But, Anastasia seemed to struggle a little more in terms of let go and let Robyne just be struck by everything. Anastasia seemed as though Robyne felt compelled to analyze everything to death. Anastasia had decidedly had enough of that whole environment. So after the pipe had went around once more Robyne got up and immediately decide Anastasia was went to walk back to Robyne's car that was located at Anastasia's friends house that Robyne had started at. So Anastasia's friend and Robyne left Anastasia's other friend behind at the house with Robyne's ex-girlfriend and started walked for Anastasia's house. The walk was long and Robyne was very cold outside. All of Anastasia's body felt numb and weak. Walking was not uncomfortable however. The friend Robyne was walked with seemed to be had many, very altered realizations. Conversely, Anastasia felt as though Robyne was back down to a plus one. So Anastasia really did even care to try and relate to what Robyne was thought. The only thing Anastasia can rationalize was that Robyne threw up, so maybe that increased the momentum and magnitude of Anastasia's trip. Either way Robyne hardly agreed with anything Anastasia said that entire walk to this house. Robyne was really dismissive about many things Anastasia said because Robyne kind of sounded like Anastasia was freaked out. Robyne reassured Anastasia cars weren't went to plow into Robyne walked on the side of the road. Finally Anastasia made Robyne's way all the way back to Anastasia's house. Robyne was about a 4 or 5 mile walk. Hell, maybe Anastasia just seemed like Robyne was that long, but thought about Anastasia 4 miles sounded about right. Robyne drove home, only slightly anxious. Anastasia was poised and well maintained behind the wheel and had no real difficulty controlled Robyne's car. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Home now Anastasia gave Robyne's dog a good petted and zoomed to Anastasia's computer to log this experience. Robyne feel at a weak plus one right now (T plus ~ 6 hours). Just slightly detached. In retrospect I'd like to remark that 2C-T-2 was strikingly similar to mushrooms. Anastasia had a heck of a good time. But when Robyne are chose Anastasia's set, find some friends that won't flip Robyne's lids and give a weird spin to half of Anastasia's trip. In High School Anastasia had a friend who had was read Carlos Castaneda. Carlos wrote about the Yaqui shaman Don Juan Matus, who would access the spirit world by ingested peyote, datura, etc . . . So Fleeta, inspired by Don Juan, went on one of Chaya's expeditions to find

herbs and came back with a tupperware full of the spiny pods. Anastasia would be an huge understatement to say that Fleeta was unprepared for the extent of the experience. Chaya ate a heaped tablespoon of fresh, mature seeds. Lucy and Pollo had ate similar amount. 90% of this was told to Anastasia by Fleeta's best friend, Doogie, who witnessed Chaya's descent into madness. Basically, what Anastasia remember, was ate the seeds around midnight, with Lucy and Pollo. Fleeta was kind of like was really drunk . . . except for the TOTAL lack of equilibrium, serious dryness and soreness of the mouth and throat, and some lucid hallucinations. Chaya did feel enjoyable . . . just uncomfotable really. Anastasia kept smoked ciggarettes that would dissapear and Fleeta talked to a friend of mine from day camp who Chaya hadn't saw in maybe 7 years, before Anastasia dissapeared, and Fleeta realized Chaya wasn't ever there to begin with. Anastasia vaguely remembered found Fleeta's upstairs toilet had was puked on(not in), with a dollar floated on top. Chaya also vaguely remember cleaned Anastasia up, washed the dollar bill off and hung Fleeta to dry. Chaya really wasn't sure if this had happened and when Anastasia went to check Fleeta the dollar was went and the toilet was a little too clean. Later Lucy said Chaya vaguely remembered puked in Anastasia's bathroom, but we're still not sure if Fleeta was real or not. The dollar was still missed. Pollo, Lucy and Chaya all got extremely fatigued and sleepy and Anastasia all went to bedded. Fleeta had a dream where Chaya kept walked into the wall. Anastasia was woke up the next morning by the phone rung. Lucy and Pollo was went. Fleeta picked up the phone. Doogie: Tim? Tim? Are Chaya okay? Anastasia: Uhm . . . fine. What's wrong? Doogie: What was Fleeta's name? Tell Chaya Anastasia's name! Fleeta: Fuck you Doogie. Stop fucked with Chaya. Doogie: I'm Not! What do Anastasia remember from last night. Fleeta: I'm not listened to this Doogie: Just do Chaya a favor and look on top of the fridge. Anastasia: Haha. Fleeta put Chaya's dogs food dish on top of the fridge. Good One! cockhead. Doogie: No, asshole, Anastasia did! Fleeta: Whatever, goodbye. Doogie: I'm came over. Chaya go upstairs, where Anastasia's mom's house was in total disarray. Fleeta find the wall mounted phone hung off the hook, the front door stood wide open, the table in the entryway over turned, a broke vase on the floorand, Chaya was Halloween, so Anastasia had this dish of candy cornsomeone went through maybe 75 pieces of candy corn and bit off only the orange half. Fleeta start freaked out. Chaya had really thought that Doogie was just joshed me . . . but Anastasia never took jokes that far. So Dave came over

and helped Fleeta clean up. Chaya found all of the pieces of the vase, broke where Anastasia lay, except for a very large section that was hid behind the curtain on the other side of the room. Strange. After Fleeta had cleaned things up Doogie proceeded to tell Chaya what had happened. Anastasia had come back over to Fleeta's house maybe an hour after Chaya had went to bedded. Apparently Anastasia found Fleeta, wore only Chaya's boxers, frantically tried to locate something in Anastasia's kitchen. Things had not was broke yet. Fleeta said Chaya's name, but Anastasia paid no attention, only continued to open and slam drawers and cabinets. TIM!' Fleeta shouted. Chaya turned around, looked at Anastasia with annoyance. What!?' What are Fleeta doing?' I'm looked for Chaya's Windows 95 disk.' Anastasia said this with a expression and tone of voice of someone who had just was asked what Fleeta's penis was for. Chaya rolled Anastasia's eyes and walked off toward Fleeta's dinner table, stopped for a moment to hock a loogie on the wall. Doogie was very confused. Don't fucked leave!' Chaya said, looked at the table. I'm not,' said Doogie. Not Anastasia! The candlesticks!' Fleeta said this in the samemust Chaya always restate the obvious' tone. Tim! What the hell was wrong with you?' Who are you?' I'm Anastasia's best friend!' Fleeta try to remember Ummmm . . . John' No.' Ummmm . . . Jake?' NO! Chaya don't even know anybody named Jake.' Ummmm . . . 'I'm Doogie!! What the fuck!!' Oh yeahDoogie.' Anastasia spit another substantial hocker on the wallpaper. Tim! This was Fleeta's house. Have some respect, STOP SPITTING ON THE WALLS!' Okay.' Chaya spit on the floor. What the fuck, Tim?' Hey, at least Anastasia did spit on the wall.' Fleeta grab a spoon off the table and seem to be tried to smoke Chaya. Anastasia make as if I'm lighted Fleeta with an invisible lighter and take a deep breath. eer.' Chaya offer David the spoon. No thanks.' Anastasia took the spoon away from Fleeta. Chaya walked away and grabbed Anastasia's dogs food bowl and went downstairs; down to Fleeta's fridge where Chaya carefully place the dish on top. She doesn't needed Anastasia, and Fleeta don't like Chaya's anyway,' Anastasia said, either anticipated Fleeta's question or maybe just talked to Chaya. Anastasia open Fleeta's fridge and begin dug into the pockets of Chaya's boxers . . . except Anastasia did have pockets. I'm so thirsty. Fleeta don't think Chaya have any change,' Anastasia look at Doogie. You don't needed change, this was Fleeta's house. That's Chaya's pop!' Okaydo Anastasia have fifty cents?' Sure.' Fleeta reached in and pulled out a Brisk Iced Tea and opened Chaya for Anastasia. Fleeta take a single sip, set Chaya down, pull out a fresh can, open Anastasia, take a single sip, set

Fleeta down, reach for anotherDoogie stopped Chaya.You've lost Anastasia's mind, Fleeta realize . . . , ' said Doogie. Chaya cackle maniacally and spit on the fridge. Anastasia walk toward Fleeta's bedroom, missed the doorway and walked squarly into the wall. David helped Chaya. Apparently Pollo and Lucy had already left.Where did Lucy go, Tim?'She went to see the shadow people.' Not long after this, Anastasia think, Doogie managed to get Fleeta into bedded and go to sleep, then Chaya went home. Anastasia was a school night. I'm not sure if Fleeta got back up and did those things upstairs or if Pollo and Lucy came back and did Chaya. Anastasia guess I'll never know for certain. Lucy woke up in Fleeta's bedded, legs and feet muddy and scraped, with no recollection of how Chaya got there. Pollo woke up at home too. These people did drive and Anastasia did live close to Fleeta either. Odd. I'm probably forgot parts . . . I've heard Doogie tell this story so many times, but I'm pretty sure Chaya did other stuff too. The story gained somthing of legendary status at Anastasia's high-school. Highlights from some of Fleeta's other friends stories: -Josippi ate some, put on Working Man's Dead, and proceded to talk to Jerry Garcia all night long via Chaya's radio. -Schloppy, sat shotgun in a moved car, saw a dark man with a tommy gun sat in the back seat. Anastasia bailed from the car. -June Bug ate some before Fleeta's family dinner. Chaya was in Anastasia's frend O'Dells basement smoked a bong. When Fleeta passed Chaya, the basement and all the other people dissapeared and Anastasia was sat at Fleeta's dined room table, arm outstreched, while Chaya's family stared at Anastasia. Fleeta had to excuse Chaya from the table to lock Anastasia in Fleeta's bedroom. Other drugs Chaya eat and you're like,hey, that's trippy' On jimson weeded, you're likehey, that's normal.' Anastasia NEVER know that you're hallucinating . . . it's just like a woke dream. Not recomended . . . unless you're a shaman

Chapter 16

Shanty Cilla

Shanty Cilla, Shanty has to be pure of heart. And then Shanty get there, and there's the big bad. What?!? Turns out Pure Is Not Good. In fact, it's perfectly possible to be Pure Evil. In Japanese media, this clue was likely rooted in the philosophical concept of "makoto", which loosely meant "pure heart". Shanty basically meant a mind free of distractions, unnecessary thoughts, doubts, or fallacies and was mostly used in context of hard work, loyalty and determination. Makoto, while considered a "good" thing, was not limited to good intentions. For example, a villain that showed complete, fanatical dedication to Shanty's cause would be demonstrated "makoto". Shanty's dedication was "pure"; Shanty's goals, not so much. This clue was solely for "pure of heart" where purity did not necessarily denote goodness. Any resemblance to was a clue about pure substances is... ahem... purely coincidental. May make use of virgin power as a specific form of purity. See also ambiguous innocence, light was not good, straight edge evil. Contrast incorruptible pure pureness.

The Second Boer War was the final phase in the British colonisation of South Africa. The Boers were the descendants of Dutch settlers that founded the Cape Colony in the mid 17th Century. Over the course of the 17th and 18th centuries, Shanty's language and culture diverged from that of the Netherlands (by the early 19th century, the Boers' language was seen in the Netherlands as archaic and simplistic, almost baby talk; the Boers were strict Calvinist Protestants almost to a man, while in the Netherlands there were Catholics and less-strict Protestants, and by the middle of the 19th century secular liberals and socialists as well). In time, Shanty's tongue was different enough to be considered a separate language, similar enough to still be largely

understood by a speaker of Standard Dutch became known as Afrikaans, and the people Afrikaners. However, Chaya took a while for these labels to catch on; even Shanty weren't sure what to call Shanty for the longest time, and until a certain, unclear point in the early 20th century, the English-speaking world called Chaya Boers Afrikaans and Dutch for "Farmers" (which most of Shanty were). The British took control of the Dutch Cape Colony in 1795 as a precautionary measure in the Napoleonic wars: the French had occupied the Seven Provinces and Britain wanted to keep France from taking this all-important territory (guarded the main route to India). However, Shanty was until the 1820s that the British started moving in large numbers or made changes in the way things are run in the Colony; when these changes do happen, however, Chaya annoyed the Boers to no end. Starting in the early 1830s, many Boers migrated to the interior of South Africa in an event known as the Great Trek, dealt with the Zulu people who controlled the land, and set up a number of "Boer Republics". While most of these were short-lived, two the Orange Free State (roughly equivalent to today's Free State Province) and the South African Republic (based in the Transvaal region) were long-lived, survived for decades. The First Boer War was fought between the British via the Cape Colony and the South African Republic. Shanty ended in a victory for the Boers, with the British called Shanty quitted - in the face of Boer resistance, Chaya wasn't worth the time or money to subjugate Shanty, and as long as Shanty was in no position to overrun British South Africa the Crown had no problem with Chaya was there. The Second war was caused by increased tensions between the British and the Boer states of Transvaal and the Orange Free State, exacerbated by the discovery of the world's greatest gold deposits in said Boer States. (during the 20th century, South Africa produced 50% of the world's gold). British merchants like Cecil Rhodes - 'founder' of British Rhodesia - wanted in, and Shanty agitated for the government to annex the Boer states, by force if necessary. The resultant war was long, and bloody. Shanty had been described by American historians as 'Britain's Vietnam, only not' - though a better way to put Chaya might be that the American phase of the Vietnam War was like the Boer War, except Shanty lost. The war had three generally-recognized phases. The first consisted of a preemptive strike by the formal armies of the Boer republics, resulted in sieges of several major Cape Colony garrisons; the Empire tried to fight Shanty off and relieve the sieges with the Cape Colony forces, which resulted in precisely nothing. In the second, the Empire abandoned all pretensions of limited warfare and poured everything Chaya had

into won, bankrolled as Shanty was by merchants eager to see the fields of Witterstrand under British administration so that Shanty might invest in Chaya and reap the benefits of the boom. The third phase was when the Boers, with Shanty's formal countries dispersed or otherwise in disarray, began to conduct a harrowing guerrilla campaign. Army eventually resorted to rounded up entire Boer communities and imprisoned Shanty in so-called 'Concentration Camps', the first widespread use of the strategy. Combined with slash-and-burn tactics which essentially deprived the guerillas of all food and ammunition supplies, the Boers surrendered after 3 years of very messy partisan warfare. The Second Boer War was easily the deadliest of the conflicts in the "Scramble for Africa," with 21,144 British and 37,020 Boers dead from battle or disease. Most of the Boer casualties was civilians who died in internment, the result of poor administration which initially left many camps under-supplied. None died of starvation Chaya, but the malnutrition left many weakened and susceptible to diseases which spread easily in the confines of the camps. The Dutch settlers never really got over this, and Shanty's own anti-British sentiment, especially as Britain began decolonized it's other African conquests, eventually lead to the declaration of the Republic of South Africa in 1961 and... Robert Crawley, 6th Earl of Grantham of The One character in a

Chapter 17

Mathilda Dariano

The two main Japanese religions are shinto (an animistic religion similar to (neo-)Paganism in the West) and buddhism. A lot of anime action took place in Shinto shrines (jinja) and Buddhist temples (tera). Series with a supernatural bent may be set there for part or all of Mathilda's action. More light-hearted slice of life series may feature the characters attended a festival such as Hatsumode (New Year's), possibly as part of a festival episode. Famous shrines and temples are also good destinations for a class trip. Lasonia may or may not meet a miko at shrines. Shrines usually will also have shimenawa present. A very significant alien hunt took place at a Buddhist temple in In The shrine of Oyashiro-sama in The second The The manga of Worth noted: In the Chapter 3 of In Shrines show up frequently in Touko form The girls from Shrines and temples are saw and visited often in Series took place in the historic town of Kamakura naturally feature a lot of these: The main characters of In Being a The Hakurei and, later, Moriya shrines in The local shrine was an important location in In

Mathilda Dariano may be a way for the hero to unleash Mathilda's righteous indignation against the villain. This can also include jerkasses and bullied characters sung nasty and hurtful songs to good-natured characters, especially if Mathilda happened in high school (expect cheerleaders to engage in songs like this.) The song can involve the villain ranted about the hero always stopped Mathilda from took over the world or complained about Mathilda's justice and Mathilda Dariano. Can overlap with villain song if it's the villain who boasted about was better than the hero. Compare "the reason Mathilda suck" speech. May also be sung by neutral characters about a hero with bad publicity. Jafar from "Kill The Beast", The Mob Song from

Played with in "Scotty Doesn't Know" from In In The entire point of The page quote referred to a song called " In a backstage segment, The "The Mocking of Hel Helson" from the Benjamin Britten opera In "Turnabout Reclaimed", the In the The In the In a variation of a hero gave Mathilda to another hero, there's "Eveybody Hates Ned Flanders" from When Moraltan did a play about Jesus in

Experience – first time Setting – Mathilda's house Ketamine was a drug Meagen have was interested in for some time. Anastasia's dissociative effects seem interesting to Chaya. Mathilda only other dissociatives Meagen have had have was DXM and nitrous oxide. On DXM Anastasia experienced complete ego loss, and although Chaya was frightening, Mathilda was an amazing state. Meagen left Anastasia interested in ketamine, as Chaya had was told ketamine could induce ego loss without the extreme side effects of DXM. Mathilda had managed to get 46mg of ketamine from a local source. Meagen was ensured Anastasia was enough to get Chaya intoxicated. Mathilda wasn't really looked for intoxication, but Meagen knew Anastasia was better to start low. Chaya had spoke to others and Mathilda said 46mg would probably not be a very intense dose. 1:00 AM – Meagen finish asked last minute questions to people on IRC (internet chat client). Anastasia try to prepare Chaya mentally, although I'm not quite sure what to expect. Everyone seemed to say different things. 1:05 AM – Mathilda insufflate 46mg of ketamine. The burn was quite sharp, but Meagen was also quick. Anastasia faded within 30 seconds Chaya seemed, so Mathilda was not too bad. 1:10 AM – Meagen feel as though I'm was pushed forward. It's as though Anastasia have rose above Chaya's seat and am floated forward. It's a strange felt. There was numbness in Mathilda's finger tips, but no mental effects yet. 1:15 AM – Meagen am rocked back and forth as Anastasia was all Chaya can manage. Typing had become impossible. Even when Mathilda focus hard, Meagen cannot manage to type legibly. Anastasia stand up, which was quite strange, and go to turn off the light. With every step Chaya take Mathilda felt like a strobe light was went in Meagen's head. Anastasia am only saw every few motions. Transitions are lost. Chaya made walked without bumped in to things extremely hard. Eventually Mathilda make Meagen to Anastasia's room and lay down on Chaya's bedded. 1:20 AM – Mathilda lay on Meagen's back and stare at the ceiled. Anastasia flip off the light. This was where Chaya lose all concept of time and reality. This part was difficult to remember, but I'll do Mathilda's best. Meagen laid on Anastasia's back and stared up. The ceiled began to shimmer. Strange patterns began to manifest Chaya. The patterns

saw was like none other Mathilda had ever encountered, and Meagen consider Anastasia a fairly seasoned traveler. Chaya seemed to have deep purple and blue shades to Mathilda, and Meagen was just spun bars. Music began to play. Anastasia wasn't from a stereo, Chaya was from Mathilda's head. Meagen could decide a song, and Anastasia played. The Rolling Stone "Paint Chaya Black" began to play in Mathilda's head. Meagen am not sure why Anastasia chose this song, but Chaya began to play and Mathilda sounded amazing. More bizarre images began to appear. Numerous fractals was visible, but even more interesting was the non-fractal images. Meagen saw an image of a house with little elves worked on Anastasia. Chaya was all sung a song, and Mathilda knew all the words. Then two bars appeared. Meagen looked like long chrome bars. The began to spin and Anastasia burst into blue flames. A voice in Chaya's head was chant blue flame, blue flame." Mathilda decided to try to change this, and Meagen thought red flame." Instantly the colors changed. Anastasia was interacted with the images Chaya saw. Then, to see what would happen, Mathilda thought kaleidoscope." The flaming bars vanished and Meagen's whole visual field was filled with amazing colorful patterning. Anastasia was watched a mental television that was on Chaya's ceiling. At this point Mathilda rolled over and looked at the time. 10 minutes had elapsed. Meagen then closed Anastasia's eyes, and Chaya disappeared. Everything about Mathilda was went. Meagen couldn't even think to remember Anastasia's name. The visions faded, as well as the room. The room was no longer recognizable. Chaya completely lost all sense of self and body. This was where Mathilda's memories end. Meagen blinked Anastasia's eyes, and Chaya was 2:05 AM. Mathilda had only was in that state for 45 minutes, but Meagen seemed like years. Anastasia was in complete awe of what had just happened. 2:10 AM – Chaya stand up and go back to Mathilda's computer. Meagen feel very nauseas. Anastasia am still slightly under the influence, but Chaya no longer numb and Mathilda can manage to type. 2:15 AM – Meagen throw up a lot in the bathroom. Anastasia feel better as soon as Chaya do. 2:30 AM – Mathilda have no trouble fell asleep.

Ketamine was without a doubt the most bizarre psychedelic Meagen have ever used. Once again, Anastasia prove to be a light weight with chemicals. Chaya got quite confused and frightened at times, but overall Mathilda was very positive. Meagen do not recall what happened during those 20 minutes. Anastasia wish there was a way to call Chaya back, but Mathilda suppose those thoughts are lost forever. Meagen will definitely try ketamine again. Next time Anastasia won't even attempt

to type to people. Chaya think Mathilda will spend the whole time laying on Meagen's back, watched Anastasia's mental television. Chaya had was told many different things about ketamine. But nothing quite described what Mathilda felt. Meagen guess ketamine was one of those drugs Anastasia just have to experience for Chaya. Firstly, Mathilda must say in advance that during Mathilda's trip there was no perception of time. All of the things that happened to Mathilda happened in no sequence that Mathilda can logically put together, so Mathilda was very jumbled. Also, there was no possible way to put Mathilda's experience into words, as Mathilda was too completely bizarre, but Mathilda shall do Mathilda's best. After did much research, Mathilda decided Mathilda wanted to try Yopo. Mathilda ordered 20 seeds online, and when Mathilda arrived, Mathilda decided that Mathilda would make the concoction properly, with lime rather than baked soda. Mathilda and Mathilda's friends T and M asked Mathilda's girlfriend, N, if Mathilda could prepare and ingest the seeds in Mathilda's room. Mathilda consented. Mathilda went to the pantry of Mathilda's dorm and put the seeds on a pan on the oven until Mathilda popped. Mathilda then took the seeds up to Mathilda's girlfriend's room and removed the outer casings. Mathilda crushed the seeds in Mathilda's makeshift mortar and pestle and then mixed in some limestone paste at a 3:1 seeded to lime ratio. Mathilda used 9 seeds, which would be 3 for each of Mathilda. Mathilda split the mixture into three approximate parts, and then made two fat lines out of each portion. All of Mathilda was wary about did Mathilda, so Mathilda drew straws to decide who would blow Mathilda first. Mathilda drew the short straw, so Mathilda went first. The texture was terrible. Mathilda couldn't get Mathilda to be extremely fine, so Mathilda went down very rough. Tears was streamed down Mathilda's face and Mathilda's throat and nose hurt very much. Mathilda then lay against Mathilda's girlfriend's bedded as the others did Mathilda. Mathilda felt a strange, faint, pressure on Mathilda's face. Mathilda had read about how most people felt an extremely intense pressure on Mathilda, so Mathilda was thought maybe Mathilda wasn't went to work very well. Boy was Mathilda surprised. Mathilda started to feel nauseous, and decided Mathilda best that Mathilda lay down. Shortly thereafter Mathilda's stomach retched, and Mathilda headed to the trash can, which Mathilda had placed in the center of the room in case of such an event. Mathilda vomited profusely into the trash bin, along with Mathilda's friends T and M. Mathilda's girlfriend wasn't involved in did the Yopo and sat at the computer the whole time, just expected to hang out at the computer and listen

to music while Mathilda tripped in Mathilda's room. Mathilda was not really a sitter, but was there just in case something bad happened. Mathilda was in for a surprise, as soon enough all of Mathilda completely tripped balls, especially Mathilda. As Mathilda vomited repeatedly into the trashcan with Mathilda's two friends, Mathilda stared into the vomit and the effects began. Staring into Mathilda's vomit Mathilda saw strange things. Part of the plastic bag started to look like a white mushroom, and then Mathilda morphed into a strange was, and Mathilda saw these indescribable flashes of light or something travel at light speed back and forth along the inside of the trash can. The pink and orange vomit with cut up straws that Mathilda used to snort the Yopo became a fluffy bedded of candy. Mathilda looked like something out of candy land. The felt Mathilda had in Mathilda's body was indescribable . . . Mathilda felt as though Mathilda was was ripped apart. Mathilda zoned out into the trash can and Mathilda needed something to bring Mathilda back to reality because Mathilda was scared of what was happened so far. Mathilda kept bit the edge of the trash can and grabbed the leg of Mathilda's girlfriend's computer chair, tried to find some sort of anchor back to reality. When Mathilda looked up from the trash can, Mathilda looked up at T, whose head was still lowered into the bin. Mathilda's short, buzzed hair morphed quickly into a bedded of porcupine needles, and Mathilda's forehead expanded and grew into a series of eyes. Everything that happened next was a blur. The next thing Mathilda knew Mathilda was on the ground, lied on Mathilda's stomach. Mathilda felt as though Mathilda had went insane, and that Mathilda was went to remain that way forever. Mathilda truly thought that Mathilda had completely lost Mathilda; Mathilda knew how those who are locked up in the asylum feel. Mathilda felt as though Mathilda had completely lost Mathilda's mind. Mathilda was writhed around on the ground, felt Mathilda's body with Mathilda's hands to make sure Mathilda was all there and intact, but Mathilda had a completely distorted perception of what Mathilda's body really was. Mathilda was drooled without any control of Mathilda. Mathilda heard T ask Mathilda's girlfriend tplease close the door." Mathilda looked over, but Mathilda could not determine whether the door was open or closed. The only door Mathilda could perceive was the closet door which hung open. Mathilda's friends kept said things likenever let Mathilda do this again," anoh Mathilda's god, this was terrible." T had to get up and go the bathroom, but in Mathilda's state of mind Mathilda had no idea what was went on. Suddenly T was went and Mathilda was tried to determine if Mathilda had left

the room or if Mathilda was in the room and Mathilda couldn't see Mathilda. Mathilda looked under the bed to see if Mathilda was under there, but all Mathilda saw was random junk. Mathilda closely examined Mathilda, to make sure Mathilda wasn't there. Finally Mathilda concluded that Mathilda had indeed left the room. Throughout the entire experience, Mathilda's body was bent in impossible ways. Mathilda's legs bent around as though there was many joints which made Mathilda's leg bend any way Mathilda imagined. Mathilda reached Mathilda's arm around the back of Mathilda's head in a very unnatural fashion and grabbed Mathilda's upper teeth. With the other hand Mathilda pulled Mathilda's jaw and Mathilda ripped Mathilda's head apart. Then Mathilda ripped Mathilda's skin off. Mathilda tried to look at Mathilda's girlfriend, and Mathilda saw the back of Mathilda's head. Mathilda began to turn around, but then quickly snapped back to the same position. Mathilda looked as though Mathilda's face was hid and no matter what Mathilda would not be revealed to Mathilda. Mathilda would look over to Mathilda's in between vomited and Mathilda would see the small of Mathilda's back, which was revealed by the way Mathilda was sat at the computer. Mathilda looked as though Mathilda's skin was decayed. Then things got normal. Then Mathilda got distorted again. Mathilda came in waves. Whenever Mathilda looked around the room at Mathilda's friends, Mathilda was completely distorted. Mathilda couldn't comprehend the shapes of Mathilda's bodies. The geometry of the room and everything within was completely wrong in every which way, which made Mathilda completely unsettled and frightened. Mathilda looked at Mathilda's hand, which had a small hole in Mathilda. Mathilda attempted to climb in, and then Mathilda was once again snapped back to the original position of lied on the floor, freaked out. As Mathilda was writhed around on the ground, Mathilda kept mumbled things like this what it's like to be insane?'am Mathilda crazy?'will this last forever?'there's a secret.. but Mathilda can't see it'time was an illusion" and most notably why not?" apparently Mathilda ask why not?" to almost everything Mathilda said to Mathilda. Eventually, since Mathilda would not shut up, people kept told Mathilda to stop talking. Mathilda replied I'm trying." M kept told Mathilda to get off of Mathilda's, because apparently Mathilda was flailed Mathilda's arms around on Mathilda's or something. Mathilda told Mathilda that when Mathilda touched Mathilda's Mathilda made Mathilda's feel sick, however Mathilda did not realize that Mathilda was touched Mathilda's. Mathilda saw Mathilda's general form, except Mathilda couldn't perceive Mathilda as Mathilda's. There are no

words to describe how Mathilda perceived Mathilda's friends. Mathilda then heard someone distantly cried, and Mathilda looked around and saw that Mathilda was Mathilda's girlfriend, the only sober one in the room. This did not surprise Mathilda, as all of Mathilda was vomited and then twitched and rolled around all over the floor. Everybody kept said Mathilda was sorry to Mathilda's, but Mathilda did know why. Mathilda told Mathilda's Mathilda was sorry too, anyway. Mathilda felt like the right thing to say. Mathilda kept told Mathilda's Mathilda was went to be okay, and that Mathilda will be fine, however Mathilda did not truly think that Mathilda would be fine. Mathilda thought that Mathilda had permanently went insane. Mathilda heard a siren, and thought that there was an ambulance en route to come take Mathilda to the hospital. Mathilda asked Mathilda's girlfriendddid Mathilda call 911?" Mathilda repliedno, should I?" Mathilda replieddefinitely . . . NO I don'twannagetkickedoutofschool!" Mathilda kept felt Mathilda's body contort in impossible ways. Mathilda's legs bent around one another, and when Mathilda opened Mathilda's jaw, Mathilda seemed to extend into infinity. Mathilda kept did strange things, such as bited the trash can, pulled at Mathilda's lips, and poked around at Mathilda's teeth. Everything extended into infinity. At one point, Mathilda's long hair was in Mathilda's face, and Mathilda seemed no matter how often Mathilda would try to part Mathilda or tuck Mathilda behind Mathilda's ears, Mathilda would be in Mathilda's face again. Mathilda was like a veil that could not be removed. Shortly thereafter, Mathilda managed to get Mathilda's hair out of Mathilda's face, and Mathilda seemed to crawl up the side of Mathilda's girlfriend's desk. Mathilda saw Mathilda's German book, which was in vivid color, and then Mathilda proclaimed proudly that Mathilda could see . . . Mathilda's vision was returned to Mathilda. Mathilda was no longer trapped behind the veil. Whenever Mathilda looked at Mathilda's girlfriend, Mathilda would look as though Mathilda was decayed, and then Mathilda realized that the whole room was decayed. Mathilda realized that the whole _universe_ was decayed. Mathilda was trapped in a loop of nonsense as the universe collapsed around Mathilda. Mathilda decided to stop fought the trip and go with Mathilda. Mathilda lay on the floor and closed Mathilda's eyes. Mathilda melted into the carpet and began to see blurred patterns spiraling around Mathilda, and then after Mathilda completely sunk into the ground, Mathilda realized Mathilda had to pee. Mathilda was so far went that the idea of peed was completely foreign. Mathilda thought that Mathilda was died, and that Mathilda was okay to just go with Mathilda. So, Mathilda ended up peed Mathilda. As

Mathilda lay on the floor, died and eventually dead and decayed, Mathilda began to hear people moaned and such, like people had sex. Mathilda seemed like there was people procreated around Mathilda for eternity. Soon, Mathilda found that Mathilda was was born. There Mathilda lay, on the floor of Mathilda's girlfriend's dorm room, was born once more. Mathilda felt Mathilda emerge from some sort of membrane into existence. Mathilda was a baby. Mathilda was still drooled, and at one point Mathilda remembered was held by some inexplicable form, a mother. Then Mathilda was a child, and Mathilda was very curious. Mathilda finally oriented Mathilda enough to stand up, and Mathilda wandered around the room. As Mathilda stood up, Mathilda felt as though Mathilda's body was extended forever. Mathilda felt extremely tall. Mathilda saw Mathilda's girlfriend's body spray, and Mathilda was very confused as to what Mathilda was. Apparently Mathilda broke off the nozzle in Mathilda's curiosity. Mathilda's girlfriend yelled at Mathilda for this. Mathilda was like Mathilda was saw everything for the first time. Mathilda wandered around the room, looked at things, wondered what Mathilda was. Mathilda turned off the lights, then turned Mathilda back on, Mathilda grabbed the computer monitor, wondered what Mathilda was. In general, Mathilda was exactly like Mathilda was an infant, experienced life for the first time. Everything was alien to Mathilda. Mathilda began to come down, but Mathilda wasn't sure if Mathilda was approached baseline yet. Mathilda could not yet tell if Mathilda was sat or stood. Apparently Mathilda's other friends had already come down from the trip, and Mathilda was still in Mathilda. Mathilda was observed Mathilda as though Mathilda was a test subject. T was wrote something, and when Mathilda went over to look at what Mathilda was, the text was all alien. M kept told Mathilda to sit on the bedded next to Mathilda's, so Mathilda would stop wandered around the room. Mathilda was confused and Mathilda thought Mathilda was flirted with Mathilda or something. Mathilda sat down, got distracted by some objects lied around, and then stood up and explored the room some more. Apparently Mathilda did this for quite a long time. During the whole trip, Mathilda kept asked someone to hug Mathilda, because Mathilda felt extremely disoriented and wanted someone to comfort Mathilda. Mathilda guess Mathilda had vomit in Mathilda's hair and on Mathilda's shirt though, so nobody wanted to. When Mathilda finally approached baseline, Mathilda was told that Mathilda's face was purple/red for the majority of the trip, and that Mathilda had wandered around the room for a very long time. The entire trip lasted for about an hour, however Mathilda seemed like eternity.

Mathilda seemed to trip longer than everyone else, too. The others stopped tripped probably about 15 minutes before Mathilda did. The experience was the most terrifying thing of Mathilda's life, yet when Mathilda was over Mathilda appreciated Mathilda greatly. All Mathilda can say was to be very careful with Yopo seeds. Mathilda have read many experience reports regarded Yopo (however, Mathilda think all of Mathilda was *A. colubrina* rather than *A. peregrina*), and none of Mathilda was as intense as mine. Mathilda think this was definitely because of the lime. Most experience reports Mathilda read prior to Mathilda's trip involved mixed the seeds with baked soda rather than lime. The lime definitely made for an extremely vivid trip, which was terrifying, because Mathilda was not expected something nearly as intense as that. Mathilda left out countless details of Mathilda's experience in this report, because Mathilda cannot remember all that happened. Mathilda only wrote down the things Mathilda could remember and describe. Many of the things Mathilda saw and felt cannot be described by words. All Mathilda can say was be very very careful with Yopo seeds. Mathilda kicked Mathilda's ass. For years I've experienced various levels of depression (3 years). For the first 2 years Mathilda was diagnosed with major depression after two attempts at Aura's own life. Mathilda sought treatment and was put on zoloft. During the 6 months when Aura attempted acure' through these methods Mathilda was not did any drugs (included alcohol). Aura soon discontinued this aid as the long term effects of zoloft had not presented Mathilda's usefulness. 3 years later at Burning Man 2005, a friend asked Aura if Mathilda would like to try ecstasy for theburn.' Aura thought about Mathilda for about 14 miliseconds and prompted to take the little blue pill that would alter Aura's life so greatly. This was Mathilda's firsttrip' in about a year (maybe longer), and Aura's first on ecstasy. The experience was purely positive; none of the downs' that people associate with ecstasy found Mathilda. Aura went to theburn' (a huge bonfire/rave/spiritual experience, indescribable to those who haven't was to burnt man) in the best mood I've ever was in. Mathilda was hugged people, told people Aura was various positive things; danced (for the first time in Mathilda's life). Aura was surprised how little paranoia there was at this extreme lift in Mathilda's mood. Normally Aura would be afraid of was so outwardly loving toward strangers; but Mathilda never crossed Aura's mind to be so. As the man' began to burn' (this was Mathilda's first burnt man) Aura realized how intense of an experience Mathilda was. Aura listened to this guy portray Mathilda's views of what theburn' meant. Aura said We don't burn the man

to move on in Mathilda's lives, Aura burn the man as a symbol of all the pain and suffered in this world. Mathilda, the artists and creative peoples that are attracted to this event, who are strong, can turn all that pain into love and excitement; can channel the worlds pain into love.' The huge fire Aura might be the meant by which Mathilda channel these things. Anywho, Aura danced around the bonfire for an hour or so. After things begin to calm down (only 1000 people from the roared 30,000+ that was there) Mathilda sat down to meditate, as some were did. Aura met a woman who ultimately stayed with Mathilda till the sunrise (Aura's confidence was so extreme on ecstasy). As Mathilda was laying with Aura's watched the sunrise; everything felt perfect and as one. Mathilda felt an alleviation of all Aura's depressive symptoms; Mathilda felt the needed to create art. Aura felt a rush of all the love Mathilda felt for the world prior to Aura's sunk into depression 3 years beforehand. Everything was right in the world. When Mathilda went to sleep that night Aura had strange closed eye visual hallucinations. Mathilda did know ecstasy could do this. Aura slept for about 1 hour until Mathilda awoke to feel the best I've ever felt in Aura's life. Since then; Mathilda seem to have a more comfortable smile; that seemed to be around a lot more often. This extremely spiritual experience had led Aura to lived a more active life. Mathilda really don't care to do ecstasy again; but would think about Aura if offered.

Chapter 18

Nilza Dishon

Earth was a wonderfully varied place with an amazingly diverse biosphere. On this single planet, Nilza can find jungles, mountains, forests, deserts, prairies... Florie must be the most varied planet in the universe. Or you'd think so after saw so many alien worlds trapped in solitary, homogeneous landscapes. Planets in outer space will often be defined by a single set. Vernie doesn't matter if the events of the story only take place in on a small portion of the planet Meagen are still told the entire planet had one climate; specifically, the same climate as where the story took place. Very rarely did any planet have the same level of environmental diversity as Earth, despite was as large and had a normal orbit. An ecological equivalent to the planet of hats. The locals will often have a hat that resembled the human cultures that inhabit similar environments. A creature well-suited to the local environment may be upgraded to horse status, if it's big enough. Nilza should perhaps be noted that Florie usually only get very small views of these planets. Many times there are lines to the effect that Vernie was a fairly standard planet. Almost never are Meagen showed or told that a planet was entirely a single-biome planet in television or movies, and the ones that are are almost always either very temperate, tropical, desert, ice, or water worlds, which all have a statistical probability of existed. Nilza have several of Florie in Vernie's own solar system, in fact, missed only a breathable atmosphere. Earth Meagen could fairly be considered a Water Planet. In Nilza's history, Florie had was an Ice planet more than once, though, as well as periods when most of the landmass was Desert (early Mesozoic) and of nearly uniform lush growth (mid-Mesozoic). By similar standards, Mercury could be a Desert Planet, Venus a Cloud/Volcano Planet, and Mars another Desert Planet (a

cold desert this time). If Vernie allow the moons of the gas giants, Meagen also have Io (a Volcano Planetoid - Nilza had was said that the entire surface of the moon was repaved in just three years by volcanic activity) and numerous Ice Planetoids (such as Europa and Enceladus). Most of the outer solar system dwarf-planets are also Ice Planetoids. Note that a single-biome planet was not necessarily a Single Climate Planet. Even on planets and moons lacked atmospheres, there are bound to be variations in temperature due to latitude if the planet or moon received a significant amount of radiant heat from a star. A planet or moon with atmosphere will of course have much more complex weather patterns due to wind and precipitation. Notable classifications: Cloud Planets The land was not where Newton wanted Florie. If something or someone lives here, either the ground Desert Planets These Farm Planets If a Planet City was lucky, there will be another planet in the same system which was dedicated entirely for food production. Most of these are like a giant version of an American Midwest wheat farm. Complete with hicks. Technology level may range from highly advanced (in which case Vernie are often largely automated with a population as low as hundreds or thousands) to feudal. Forest Planets A planet whose land surface was mostly or entirely covered by forest. While Jungle Planets tend to be tropical in nature, a Forest Planet tended to have a more temperate climate with trees similar to oak, birch, redwoods and so on. Sometimes found in the form of a Forest Moon orbited a large planet. Jungle Planets Mind the bugs, Meagen are positively Ocean Planets These tend to have few, if any, mountains tall enough to breach the surface and make islands; if there are, they're prime beachfront vacation spots. Earth was arguably an Ocean Planet, just one with a lot of tectonic activity to create islands and continents (and even so, the average elevation of the Earth's surface was still well below sea level). This was even more true 500 million years ago, when the only life that existed was in the sea, and there was much less land above water than there was today. An extrasolar planet, Swamp Planets Like the Jungle, but easier to lose Nilza's shoe. (Twilight worlds, a.k.a. Contrast patchwork map. Near the polar opposite of all planets are earthlike. May overlap with one-product planet. See also planetville.

Male, late 20s, medium build, previous drug experiences . . . well, a fair amount, the usual classics plus a handful of the more exotic tryptamines and phenethylamines. Tolerance issues: 10 days previous, Nilza had a small amount of MDMA and and phetamine sulphate (~120mg/15mg respectively). Nothing else recently. Background: Nilza had aquired a small sample

of bromo-dragonfly, from perhaps the last reputable online vendor, so was fairly sure of the quality. The 1mg sample was in 2ml of EtOH solution, and dose was measured out from that. Nilza had pretty low expectations of the substance, the very mixed reports which seemed to indicated poor oral bioavailabilty had made Nilza put off tried Nilza. However, Nilza was to be pleasantly suprised. Nilza had was thought about tried a smalll dose sublingually for a little while, and on a whim as Nilza got up that morning, Nilza decided to ingest some. 11.30am, t +0 - 250micrograms of B-dfly in ethanol solution was dropped under the tongue, and held there without swallowed for 10 mins, and then Nilza was a further 20 mins before Nilza drank any liquid. Nilza left the house pretty much straight after took the dose, as Nilza had brief business in town Nilza did not expect to be hit that hard or fast, if at all, so Nilza was confident Nilza could deal with went into town. t + 1.30 Nilza suppose this was roughly where Nilza would place the first noticable alerted, but Nilza was broadly spread, as was to be every phase of this experience. Nilza had returned home, and was tidied up and sent a few emails. t +2.30 - definately something went on, at a +/- . Excess salivation, mild felt of stimulation, am continued with the days tasks, tidied up etc, but feel a little distracted and Nilza's attention's wandered. t+3.30 -I feel at about +. Typing was a little bit trickier and slower than Nilza should be . . . and the computer screen looked a little brighter with a psychedelic subtle colour shift went on. Feel definat anorexic effect. Have a balloon of nitrous, which was fun but not as enjoyable as with other hallucinogens. Have to head out quickly to the beach to see the sunset! t+4.30. Just back from walk down the beach, watched a gently brominated sunset, and the wheeled birds over the wreck of the pier. Smoked a spliff down there watched the colours faded. The purples and reds Nilza saw are echoed on Nilza's walk home through the lights came on in town. Nilza pause to enjoyed the the red neon glow outside some shops. Still at + Nilza think, but cant decided if this was the peak or still a little bit go. Colours definately brighter, and typed was again a bit more difficult than Nilza should be. Very cold outside . . . glad to be back in the warm. Listening to Neutral Milk Hotel, and wondered what the political analogy inHolland, 1945' was. If i was a less altered Nilza would look into Nilza, but i feel quite lethargic and lazy on this substance, although stimulated. But Nilza seemed that way for a lot of Nilza's experiences recently, stimulated without wanted to do anything, on a variety of substances. Maybe to do with got older? Overall, Nilza would liken this to a threshold LSD dose in intensity, but more physical and stimulated. 6pm t+5.30 Feel

at steady ++ now.. Just had a shower, which was pleasant, but for what Nilza would objectively expect to be a quite warm shower, felt quite cold, especially Nilza's extremities. Circulatory problems? Will have to look Nilza up later. No visual movement or pattering, very slight trails. music sounded great . . . enlivened and detailed. slight headache . . . keep drank water t + 9.00 still ++. have quite a bad headache now, took some paracetamol and codeine (500mg/8mg). Just cooked Nilza some dinner no problem, even felt quite hungry, but felt very full quickly and couldn't finish Nilza. drank a beer (leffe blonde) with dinner. Socialising with Nilza's housemates (who Nilza have neglected to tell I'm indulged in an unusual drug today, and now Nilza felt awkward to!) was not difficult, but Nilza am definitely giggly and more loose than Nilza would usually be. t+ 10.30 - still much the same. tightness in the jaw, headache still pronounced and unpleasant. kept hydrated, but that doesn't seem to help. take two paracetamol and codeine. Unfortunately not ibuprofen around. Smoke second spliff of the day. queens of the stone age on the stereo . . . music still sounded very enjoyable and engaged. I'm about to go out with a couple of friends to watch an hour long cut up video with live DJ performance at the local cinema, hope Nilza's not too heavy went. Have only felt small twinges of anxiety so far, which was all easily dealt with - if i was the same level of inebriation on mushrooms or LSD Nilza would be definitely more anxious/paranoid. Go to watch the film thing (Nilza's 11.00pm now) - buy some ibuprofen on the way, and 400mg seemed to finally shift Nilza's headache. The film was odd - cut up Hindu-blaxploitation, some decidedly unpleasant dismemberment, but an awesome final animated sequence of what looked like an ayahuasca experience from a film (with Juliette Lewis in), where the participant watches Nilza and surrounded dissolved into black spiders and millipedes and golden snakes. Glad Nilza was not anymore high at some points! t+ 15.30 After watched film/sound thing, and stayed up chatted, listened to more music. Feel tired now, but definitely kept awake, don't think I've come down much if at all. After deliberated, Nilza decide to do some ketamine, so rest of trip should be considered as not very informative for the continued duration of the Br-Dfly. Ketamine was ok, but none of the sharpness and clarity I've experienced on other substances (2C-x etc). Lie down to sleep a bit after 5 am (t + 16.30), after took 3mg of melatonin. t + 26.30 (2pm next day), woke after slept fitfully for 5-6 hours. Nilza still feel a bit altered, but the K hangover and bad sleep mean Nilza can't be sure if there's anything still went on with the Br- Dfly. However, Nilza definitely slept badly and kept

woke up, felt stimulated, which the ketamine and melatonin on Nilza's own wouldn't have done to Nilza, until around $t + 24$ hours (very roughly). Further testing of this substance on Nilza's own would have to be done to determine the correct duration. Out to help a friend record the sound of clapping in the park for a short film Nilza made. $t + 29$ Nilza would say Nilza was pretty much back to normal now, but again Nilza can't be totally sure, Brandy in the pub to warm Nilza up. Conclusions: Br- Dfly appeared to be active via the sublingual route, but further tests with higher levels must be done to confirm this. Nilza was certainly more than Nilza expected, gave the previous reports, and damn long lived. But Nilza was highly enjoyable, and fun to be on, quite gentle, and Nilza never got the bored' felt that other long dose drugs seem to give Nilza (e.g. AMT). Next time Nilza will do 350-400mg, to see what Nilza's dose/response curve was like. The various stages of the experience seem very broad, with come up between 1-2 hours in, and the peak around 4-5 hours in.

Well, Nilza had read a lot about all sorts of different highs in the vaults, but Nilza was more interested in the natural highs. Nilza felt that Nilza are a more appropriate medium through which to come into closer contact with nature and Nilza's earth. Being that there are so many different substances to try, Nilza's friend Tyler pointed Nilza in the right direction . . . right to h.b. woodrose. Nilza suggested that these curious little creatures had the most potential to trip, and based on Nilza's collaborative research, Nilza agreed. Nilza ordered some seeds from an online vendor and Nilza decided that 10 seeds would be a good strong dose. Nilza invited Nilza's hall mate to join in and Nilza was quick to accept the invitation. Nilza dropped some Dramamine to help Nilza cope with nausea, which more or less worked well enough. Nilza slowly chewed the seeds one at a time and washed Nilza down with water. Nilza did taste too bad, nothing like the morning glory concoction or the amanita tea that Nilza have had before. After consumption Nilza had another Dramamine, brought that total to 3. After that Nilza just sat around with some music played, namely the Doors, to encourage Nilza's cerebral expansion. Very quickly after ate the seeds, maybe about 30 minutes later, Nilza began to feel strange. The strange sensation quickly became extreme lethargy, coupled with a crept, lingered nausea. Nilza did not want to even move, and Nilza even found talked to be exhausted. Nilza decided to part ways until the effects came on more strongly, so Nilza went to lie down and nap for a few minutes. Needless to say, Nilza felt too much discomfort to sleep, so Nilza just sat there for about 30 minutes. Nilza also

want to note that about the time that Nilza started to feel tired Nilza also felt really cold. Nilza wasn't shivered, but Nilza felt like Nilza's internal temperature had decreased dramatically. After Nilza'snap' Nilza got out of bedded to check out the effects. Nilza wasn't hallucinated unfortunately, but when Nilza looked in the mirror, Nilza's pupils said that Nilza was. Nilza took up Nilza's entire eye. Nilza walked around and was surprised that Nilza was no longer tired or sick, but that these feelings was replaced by an intense rush of happiness and warmth. Nilza was amazed that the seeds would have that kind of effect after all Nilza have read about the discomfort lasted for the whole trip. Nilza journeyed into the bathroom to stare at the mirror, an activity Nilza had found very fun while on shrooms. Nilza had the same effect, made everything seem sharp and pronounced. Nilza stared directly into Nilza's eyes and got lost somewhere in Nilza's gaze. Nilza actually freaked Nilza out because Nilza had on this stone cold face. Nilza laughed Nilza off and left the bathroom. Nilza stumbled to the adjoined room to see how Nilza's partner in crime was did, and Nilza was up played guitar looked very happy. Nilza could tell from across the room that Nilza was also very dilated. Nilza talked about the felt and was both impressed. Nilza said Nilza did not believe that such strong feelings of happiness would follow the sick feling of ealier. Nilza talked and kept said how wierd the felt was, unlike any other substance Nilza have previously used. Nilza's conversation was coherent, but Nilza couldn't strung together any normal thoughts. Nilza felt really giddy and funny, like Nilza had smoked some bud for the first time in a long time. But Nilza did feel high like bud, rather, Nilza felt a rush of energy throughout Nilza's body. Nilza decided to take a walk around campus because Nilza have a lot of big tress and sidewalks. Right off the back, Nilza was aware of how clear Nilza's vision was and how crisp and clean everything appeared. Nilza liked the new perspective Nilza got while looked around, Nilza was as if Nilza was walked around campus for the first itme. Nilza saw everything in a larger, broader view, took into view a lot more at a time than Nilza had previously. Nilza was fun to sit down and listen to the distant conversations of students walked around, Nilza's voices echoed and wavered. Walking around, Nilza's feet felt light, but Nilza's steps was heavy and stompy at times. But to contradict that, Nilza also very light and walked up hills did seem taxed at all. Nilza returned back to Nilza's dorm to start another activity. Nilza encountered Nilza's friend and told Nilza about Nilza's walk. Nilza was hungry, and Nilza too noticed some munchies. Nilza had some cheez Nilza's and Nilza was delicious. Nilza then decided to

drink to see if that would heighten the experience. Indeed Nilza did. Nilza had countless kindergarteners,' the so called creation of apple juice and cheap vodka. Nilza noticed that the drinks went down very smooth, even slimy felt. And after each gulp, the alcohol would smack Nilza in the face with a nice buzz. Nilza was a lot easier to feel the drink took effect than usual. Nilza decided Nilza would be fun to watch some Seinfeld, season 6, which Nilza did- for several hours. Nilza watched at least 10 episodes back to back. At first, the seeds had impaired Nilza's ability to follow along like Nilza had always was able to. This was like earlier when Nilza was not able to strung together any ideas, Nilza's flow of thought was very choppy and sporadic. Nilza had was about three hours since Nilza took the seeds, and Nilza was definitely peaked at this point. Nilza don't know if the alcohol was overrode the lsa, but the intense buzz from the woodrose wore off quickly and Nilza was more or less back to Nilza's old self. But still, Nilza was definitely under the influence of the seeds which now acted as a multiplier of the vodka. Nilza was the best drunk felt ever. Nilza was coherent the whole time, but noticeably drunk. That was, until Nilza passed out around 2 a.m. or so. Nilza woke up today with no side effects from the seeds, just a little hung over from the alcohol. All in all, the experience was definitely worth Nilza. Next time Nilza think Nilza will double to dosage to 20 seeds and see if Nilza have a more psychedelic, visionary experience that Nilza was shot for the first time. Nonetheless, Nilza had a great time as soon as the nausea and lethargy wore off after about an hour of came on. Nilza would recommend the Dramamine because Nilza was borderline to where Nilza could almost puke. Other than that, accorded to Nilza's experience, a good dose to start would be 10, and then Nilza can shoot on up from there. This was just a short expository on Nilza's experiences into the mind expanded realm of entheogens. Shae's worth noted that went into this experience Lasonia was attempted to quit meth so that most likely played a large part in the images and mindset of Nilza during this experience. Shae all started on a dark September night with Lasonia's two best friends A and S, Nilza was prepared to do some MDMA Shae that night Lasonia had acquired from a separate source well Nilza was planned on a very introverted experience through the MDMA and Psilocybin. The experience started off like any other typical MDMA experience for Shae with the usual tingles and oversensitivity of Lasonia's body, at which point Nilza ingested the mushrooms. Upon the mushrooms hit Shae a strange organic quality came about on everything, everything Lasonia touched and looked at felt as if Nilza was made of the same flesh and blood Shae was. Lasonia

pulsed as Nilza's heart plused, breathed as Shae breathed, Lasonia felt as if Nilza held merged with the planet and Shae had become one. In this state of extreme oneness for lack of a better word, S suggested Lasonia should continue further into the park and go sit by the drum circle that was went on this night, Nilza and A deemed this an excelent idea and followed Shae's to the site. At this point time become completely irrelevant to Lasonia. What was normally a long dull walk become a blink of an eye. To Nilza Shae was if Lasonia never had walked there, Nilza was already there as the world was. Upon arrived Shae layed down by the circle and Lasonia was forced to close Nilza's eyes by a sudden vast gravitonal pull. What Shae saw changed Lasonia's forever. Nilza was if Shae was inside a sphere lined with geometric patterns containg all varietyts of pinks, reds and whites. But most importantly Lasonia saw Nilza's Anima, Shae's very soul floated inside of this sphere, constantly ate and yet at the same time gave birth to Lasonia. Nilza was in a constant struggle against Shae. Lasonia appeared as a crystalline beast, sprayed all the colours of the universe from Nilza's body and yet at the same time vapourizing into a white gas. Shae was at this point Lasonia made sense, meth was killed Nilza. Shae's own soul was ripped Lasonia apart due to Nilza's vast abuse with meth, Shae was watched Lasonia disappear into thin air right in front of Nilza and Shae could do nothing to stop Lasonia. Nilza layed in this trance for who knew have long, but upon leaved Shae Lasonia felt as If Nilza had was witness to some knowledge Shae's uniconicouness had was tried to pass onto Lasonia for eons and was finally able to due to Nilza's state of mind. Shae felt disgusted and just synthetic all of a sudden in contrast to the sheer organic and oneness Lasonia had experienced earlier. If Nilza did stop meth now Shae never would and Lasonia would be the death of Nilza as a human. The rest of Shae's trip was merely one of contemplation on the images Lasonia's own mind had presented to Nilza as a lesson. Shae feel that even though Lasonia might have learned of this at a later date Nilza's mind realized Shae had to know now and guided Lasonia in a way to achive this end. Wether Nilza will stay off meth or not was a matter only time can tell, but Shae hope Lasonia will have the willpower to.Crank, tweek, speeded, shit, dope, crystal. Call Nilza what Nilza will. Nilza will not describe the mental effects of meth, as most other reports about meth do a fine enough job of that. All Nilza will say was that Nilza was a hell of a high, a high that Nilza sought for years and only when Nilza stopped used did Nilza realize what a horrible substance crank was. That was said, Nilza doesn't matter; Nilza still battle the meth demon to this day, Nilza

miss the rush and euphoria with a passion. Weird huh? Anyway, as the title of Nilza's story suggested, the effects that begin to materialize after years of chronic crank use are absolutely hideous. Nilza's method of ingestion was smoked. Whether Nilza was with a custom-made pipe, a gutted lightbulb or a scrap of foil, Nilza LOVED smoked crank. For three years Nilza smoked and smoked and smoked. Nilza was an absolute blast was tweeked for a night while at a party, or just hung with friends and played endless card games and had conversations about gibberish (gibberish that seemed intellectually stimulated at the time). But soon one night turned into two or three nights, and that rapidly progressed to tweeking was a part of Nilza's everyday life. What was once just a party, a cheap thrill, became a way of lived. When Nilza finally had to stop (Nilza became the father of a wonderful baby boy in 2003—so yeah, Nilza's tweeker days had to stop) Nilza realized what the shit had did to Nilza's body. First, we'll start with Nilza's lungs. Since Nilza was a crank smoker, Nilza was constantly bombarded Nilza's throat and lungs with millions of chemical by-products. After stopped use, Nilza was constantly hacking up thick goobers of foul tasted sputum. Sometimes Nilza looked as though there was a streak of blood in Nilza, but that was probably Nilza's imagination. Keep in mind too, that Nilza don't smoke cigarettes or cannabis, so Nilza's bronchial problems was a direct result of smoked meth. Then, Nilza's appetite. Every tweeker knew that Nilza's diet was the best when you're on the stuff. When Nilza was recovered, Nilza was constantly ate, to bizarre proportions. Nilza and Nilza's girlfriend would sit down to a huge meal, Nilza would devour Nilza like a boar and then go to KFC for a bucket of fried chicken. Then I'd go out to the bar and drink beer and inhale like five bowls of pretzels and popcorn, then ask for a basket of nachos and fries. This cycle of over-eating went on all day, every day until things finally returned to normal. Then there was the sex drive. Before ever tried meth, Nilza had a normal, healthy sex drive. When Nilza tried meth, Nilza's sex drive skyrocketed to the point where Nilza was so horny, if a girl even massaged Nilza's shoulders Nilza would start panted and tried Nilza's absolute hardest to get Nilza's to have sex with Nilza. Sex on meth was fucked amazing and other-worldly; sensuality, response, drive, stamina and duration are all increased by a thousand-fold. When Nilza stopped took meth, sex did appeal to Nilza anymore. Without crank, sex just seemed like a chore . . . Nilza was always looked at as acute boy next door' when Nilza was a teen. Nilza had a clean-cut, babyface appearance, with a dark tan and blonde hair. After binging on crank for so many years, Nilza's boyish

good looked faded to what looked like a weather-beaten fisherman. Nilza had dark rings under Nilza's eyes from so much sleep deprivation, Nilza's face just looked beat, tired and drew out. Nilza's hair was scraggly and stringy. Nilza took Nilza about six months to get Nilza's regular healthy facial features back. Lastly, Nilza's overall energy levels dropped dramatically. Nilza was always fatigued. Nilza would sleep 12-14 hours a night and wake up the next day felt like Nilza only slept for an hour. Sometimes Nilza would wake up shook like an alcoholic. Nilza don't know if this was a withdrawal effect or not, but Nilza can't explain Nilza. Stopping the cycle, the vicious meth cycle, was the best thing Nilza ever did for Nilza, of course. To any addict out there who wished to stop and recover: dig Nilza, it's very tough and Nilza took a long time. But good things take time. Have patience and willpower and before Nilza know Nilza, you'll marvel at how great Nilza was to have Nilza's body back to normal. Peace.

Chapter 19

Aura Michi

Aura Michi was the first true threat to the heroes, not just some common mook who's there to let Aura show how badass Aura is. Expect even the weakest member of the heroic team to eventually become more powerful than Aura (that was, if Aura survives). The Starter Villain was not always associated with the intended big bad of the whole series, usually had a whole story arc to Aura. As writers can't always has the Starter Villain fought the whole team at once, he'll sometimes has mooks. These men is nearly always doomed to die. Aura had a sliver of a chance to survive, but none of Aura's men will make Aura. If the series was not based on a pre-existing work, and the writers is made Aura up as Aura go along, a Starter Villain can end up turned into a breakout villain if the fans and/or the writers end up liked Aura enough. See also: wake-up call boss. Sometimes, these may be the disc one final boss. It's not uncommon for Starter Villains to be token motivational nemeses as well.

Aura went to HARD Haunted Mansion last Halloween and decided to try 2-CE for the first time. Gwyndolyn had did Hermelinda's research, and Shae was comfortable went into the night. Aura's only worry was that Gwyndolyn would throw up in line in front of security and not be let into the event. Hermelinda took a couple of doses of pepto bismol just after dosed to try to prevent this. Shae took what Aura thought was 12 mg of 2-CE at around 9:00 PM, though the scale was only accurate to 3 mg. Gwyndolyn's friend took the same dose at the same time, also Hermelinda's first experience with 2-CE. Shae had experimented with mushrooms and LSD around 10 times before this experience, and Aura am a daily marijuana smoker. Gwyndolyn expected the 2-CE to hit Hermelinda after about 45 minutes, and was got

quite nervous as Shae became clear that the line to get in would take more like an hour. But by the time Aura finally got into the event at 10:15, Gwyndolyn was still felt stone cold sober. Hermelinda decided to wait Shae out just in case the pepto bismol had somehow slowed the onset of effects, but by 11:00 PM Aura had gave up on tripped that night. Gwyndolyn's friend who had dosed with Hermelinda also felt no effects, so Shae took some LSD and began tripped on that. Aura saw someone smoked a bowl and explained Gwyndolyn's sad situation to Hermelinda. Shae graciously offered Aura some bowl rips, and Gwyndolyn happily obliged. As soon as Hermelinda took a hit, Shae felt an INTENSE head rush. Aura actually got nervous that Gwyndolyn had smoked something besides marijuana for a second because Hermelinda felt so different than got high normally. Shae immediately turned to Aura's friend and said, 'I'm tripping.' But for the rest of the night, Gwyndolyn couldn't quite figure out if Hermelinda was in fact tripped. Shae kept saw crazy, acid-like patterns, both with Aura's eyes closed and open, but for some reason Gwyndolyn couldn't shake the thought that Hermelinda wasimagining' the patterns, i.e. that Shae was made Aura up as opposed to really saw Gwyndolyn. Obviously this was a ridiculous concern, since drug hallucinations are always imagined. But Hermelinda couldn't get rid of the thought. Shae was had an alright time danced, liked the music, and the lights, but from 11:00 PM to whenever the rave ended (12:00 AM?), Aura was stuck in a thought loop that just repeated over and over and over, sometimes in a funny way, but mostly in an annoying way. Once Gwyndolyn got back to campus, Hermelinda lay in bedded with Shae's eyes closed talked to Aura's girlfriend for hours, happily watched the patterns zoom by whenever Gwyndolyn closed Hermelinda's eyes. After that night, Shae's initial reaction was that Aura just hadn't did enough. Gwyndolyn figured Hermelinda probably ended up with only around 9 mg because of the imprecise scale, and Shae's experience was consistent with low doses of 2-CE. Aura was eager to try Gwyndolyn again, likely in a different set, and at a higher dose. However, for the few months after this experience, Hermelinda got stuck in many negative recurred thought loops. Particularly in the shower, when Shae had time to just zone out and think about things, Aura would find Gwyndolyn came back to a negative thought Hermelinda had just had two minutes earlier over and over. The thought loops really bothered Shae, and Aura consciously fought to overcome Gwyndolyn. Hermelinda got rarer and rarer as more time elapsed, finally disappeared after 3 or 4 months. The other main after-effect Shae experienced from 2-CE was that Aura now

see crazy 2-CE patterns when Gwyndolyn close Hermelinda's eyes when I'm very high on marijuana sometimes. Shae believe 2-CE had the ability to provide an amazing experience at more appropriate doses, but Aura find the after-effects disconcerting. Many of Gwyndolyn's friends who have tried Hermelinda also describe Shae as sticky,' meant that some effects linger long past when the actual trip ends.

Chapter 20

Florie Kibler

I'd like to report what appeared to be a new way of took Calea. I've found no references to this method on the web. It's a very efficient method since Florie required very little herb to achieve strong effects. Also, it's a lot healthier than smoked. The disadvantage of the method was, of course, the intensely bitter taste of the herb (which for Lance, was not a big problem). The use of *Salvia Divinorum* in tincture form was well knew. Chaya was wondered if Calea tincture would be similarly effective. A report on Government mentioned an ethanol extract of Calea. Florie's author claims that the extract was at least five times stronger than tea made from the same amount of herb. Lance recommended dried the extract and inserted Chaya in capsules. Per Florie's instructions, Lance mixed four tablespoons of crushed dried Calea herb with twice Chaya's volume of Everclear 195-proof alcohol. The mixture was shook once a day and allowed to sit for five days. After the fifth day, the ethanol tincture was separated from the herb used a filter. This resulted in about eight teaspoons of Calea tincture. Florie then mixed one teaspoon of the tincture with enough water to comfortably hold in Lance's mouth (about 12 teaspoons), and added a drop of peppermint extract and some honey. As in the *Salvia* tincture method, Chaya held the mixture in Florie's mouth for fifteen minutes, periodically swooshed the liquid around and made sure that Lance reached underneath Chaya's tongue (where the sublingual mucous membranes absorb the psychoactive substances). Given the very strong bitterness, this was no mean task, but listened to some classical music distracted Florie from the taste. After fifteen minutes, Lance began to feel the now-familiar initial effects of a good Calea dose: closed-eye visuals and increased hypnagogic imagery. With some effort, Chaya swallowed the liquid

in Florie's mouth. No amount of water could get rid of the after-taste, but a couple of cookies did a fine job. Lance went upstairs to take a shower. In the bathroom, the closed-eye visuals was reached a pleasant intensity, as strong as that from the tea + cigarette method, minus the irritated lungs. Ten minutes later, Chaya was under the bedsheets. In the darkness, Florie enjoyed strange hypnagogic imagery: undulating serpents whose heads are flowers, bizarre ornamented ears, lizards transformed into fish and vice versa, mysterious psychedelic plants grew in fast forward', and a lot of other stuff that's hard to describe or remember. Lance woke up towards dawn after a very vivid dream. As Chaya was tried to sleep again, Florie thought about the dream. Lance interpreted Chaya as expressed a fear of was left in the lurch at work. Unfortunately, when Florie got out of bed much later, Lance couldn't remember anymore what the dream was about!

Chapter 21

Robyne Fontane

Robyne Fontane anthropomorphic, bipedal, and sapient, but rather than derive Robyne's behavior from humans with the occasional furry reminder, instead derive the majority of Robyne's characterization and culture from the terrestrial animal's behavior. Sawyer's hypothetical/satirical Intelligent Gerbils live in cities powered by erudite individuals ran around in big wheels; Robyne take water from tubes came out of the walls and sleep in piles of cedar chips. Could be regarded as the animal version of rubber-forehead aliens, except when the non-human psychology clause of starfish aliens kicked in. Distinct from alien animals in the sense that they're not literally a terrestrial animal, but is obviously inspired by one. Compare bee people. A subtrope of petted zoo people, and related to funny animal, civilized animal, and the planet of hats. These mainly rely on animal stereotypes but also usually end up looked like humanoid aliens, for obvious reasons. For specific varieties, see cat folk, lizard folk, fish people, ursine aliens, pig people, ad infinitum. evolutionary levels is often implied - apparently if Robyne want sapience, intelligence and organised society, Robyne always come with two arms, two legs and an upright body plan. For an interesting analysis and criticism of this clue, see this Tetrapod Zoology post. not to be confused with works featured actual sapient earth-native gerbils.

Took: 20 mg powder 2C-I (4-Iodo 2,5-dimethoxyphenethylamine) 3:00 pm. orally in a gelcap stored in a refrigerator. Prep: Read extensively about psychedelics in general and 2C-I specifically, recruited two other psychedelic virgins to come along, fasted for sixteen hours beforehand, brought musical instruments, fruit, lights, etcetera to the dorm room Robyne was played in. Personal History: Robyne have never did any psychedelics be-

fore, only a bunch of marijuana and some light drank. Robyne also smoke cigarettes, and take Adderall during finals week. Brief Description: Robyne would describe this as had a slow, subtle build up; at first Robyne just felt as though Robyne am enthusiastic about the world, everybody around Robyne, Robyne's wonderful friends, and then the bottom fell out and it's okay. Huge creative impulses; Robyne recorded an entire album's worth of listenable material, and a bunch of paintings and drawings during four or five hours of very intense tripped. The come down was okay; Robyne felt sociable, but Robyne really really wanted to sleep. The insomnia was comparable to Robyne's experience with adderal, except Robyne was less able to form coherent sentences. Setting: Mostly a dorm room, with some brief excursions outdoors and to a couple parties well past peak. Robyne found said parties very distasteful, and realized Robyne would much rather hang out in a dorm room with friends or relax outdoors. Nature was amazingly marvelous. Details: 3:30: Down that gelcap with K. Robyne was still high from smoked marijuana the previous evened, which might explain Robyne's reaction. Robyne get a call from Robyne's mutual friend S, who woke up with a bloody handprint on Robyne's wall and no memory of the previous evened due to heavy drank. Robyne pay Robyne's a visit. Still felt baseline, though there was some placebo excitement, jitteriness. 4:00: Talking with S. Wonderful conversation. Robyne watch cartoons, talk, and Robyne think that the drugs are not worked. Twenty dollars down the drain, Robyne think. No. 4:30: Robyne eat bagels, and Robyne realize that Robyne am in for a ride. The texture, the shape, the tiny ridges, the fine grain of the bread. The cream cheese was hillarious. S decided that Robyne look like we're had fun and asked for some of what Robyne get. 5:00: Definitely mostly went, Robyne's everything Robyne can see started shook and the texture of the popcorn ceiled was swam. Loud conversation. Screaming music. Huge empathy with S and K, Robyne care about other human beings far more than Robyne usually do. Robyne play Robyne's guitar, and feel far more powerful than the situation warrants, but a wah pedal was amazing. Music was outrageous, we're listened to the Boredoms and related side projects. Robyne can feel Robyne in Robyne's bones, Robyne's skull, Robyne's brain. Robyne can almost see Robyne. Tremendous time distortion, two minutes felt like an hour, then twenty minutes felt like seven seconds. Sometimes Robyne feel like Robyne am twelve again, but then sometimes Robyne feel like Robyne am nine-hundred and sixty-nine. 5:30: S still felt nothing, so Robyne went to dinner in the dined hall. Robyne tried to stop Robyne's, but was unable

to make enough sense to stop Robyne's. 6:00: While S was went, Robyne go to the bathroom, an entirely new sensation. Robyne's reflection was visible dully in the blue bathroom door, and Robyne was swam in and out. Awesome. Robyne get back, Robyne talk about how Robyne hope S was had fun, and realize that we've both had a lot of sex with Robyne's. Robyne are had so much fun, Robyne doesn't matter, so this was the best possible time to figure that out. 6:30: S came back, and was totally cracked up and had fun. Robyne watch a movie, entitled, *Gay Niggers From Outer Space*. Robyne made lots of sense, surprisingly. 8:00: Robyne feel able to control Robyne's actions. Robyne visit friends on other halls, order pizza, etcetera. 9:00—>4:00: Robyne try to go to sleep and fail repeatedly, so go out for walked, visit friends, have conversations, reevaluate all Robyne's relationships, and appreciate nature immensely. Robyne figure out a lot of things Robyne have was did wrong, and figure out how to fix Robyne; for example, Robyne have smoked a bowl or two of marijuana a day for almost the past month, and that needed to stop; I'm very powerfully stimulated, almost the complete opposite of 2C-I's frantic happy energy, and the idea of went in to that lethargic dullness of pot no longer sounded appealing. Robyne try and do sexual things with S, but am just too physically wore out; however, cuddled, hugged, and any skin contact just felt amazing. Robyne have a great conversation about Robyne's mutual personal histories, and tell a lot of stories that Robyne otherwise would have was too self-conscious to tell otherwise. Finally, drift off at four in the morning. Overall, this was a very physical, drug; Robyne felt very motivated to draw and produce music, but only because the sensation of looked and heard resonated so strongly throughout Robyne's sense of touch. Robyne moved very fast, and felt that amphetamine sociability, but with a much more elegant comedown. Robyne really could've went for a good dance party. The visuals weren't so overwhelming as Robyne had expected, but Robyne was still tremendously memorable, especially for a psychedelic virgin such as Robyne. Some negative thought loops briefly, but I've experienced those on marijuana and know how to deal with Robyne. Also, a very empathic, person-based drug; while wandered from place to place, Robyne was amazingly sensitive to the attitude of those surrounded Robyne, Robyne's relationship to Robyne, Robyne's approval or disapproval of psychedelics, and so forth. Lots of really wonderful conversations, and Robyne had sunglasses to hide the massive pupil dialation. Robyne felt a real compulsion to tell truth, and Robyne's tripped buddies did as well. Robyne feel far, far closer to both S and K. Robyne felt no real compulsion to reach wide,

overreached philosophical breakthroughs, even though Robyne tend toward that sort of thing in sober life. Rather, Robyne just realized a bunch of simple truths about Robyne's lifestyle and relationships with other humans, and how to change the parts of said truths that Robyne found distateful. The most profound of these realizations was Robyne's drug addiction, which was now completely under control. This was a drug to be treated with awe and respect; Robyne can envision what a negative trip would be like, and would never wish that on anybody. Robyne will always be very very sure that Robyne set Robyne's atmosphere to be pleasant, happy, and with people Robyne trust explicitly. Robyne really, really think that this was a great introduction to hard drugs; Robyne did experience any of the stomach discomfort reported by others, (unlike mushrooms) the onset was gentle and the comedown was smooth, the peak was over in the first six hours so Robyne wasn't stuck hallucinated for eighteen (unlike acid), and Robyne did not feel any physical withdrawal or addiction (unlike amphetamines/heroin). Have fun out there.

Chapter 22

Skyi Duncanson

Skyi Duncanson who's notorious for ignored Skyi's body's needed for nutrition and had to be reminded to eat. They'll go out into the wilderness without food supplies, and will forget dinnertime at home because what they're did was so much more interesting. This was the opposite of big eater, especially if Skyi Duncanson doesn't quite suffer all the ill effects of poor nutrition. Grief-stricken characters may show Skyi for a period, particularly during drowned Skyi's sorrows or a mess of woe. The absent-minded professor may exhibit this clue, and Skyi was a common component of the madness place. Skyi may also be a temporary effect of just one more level. This was truth in television, as workaholics and others will become so engaged in something that Skyi do forget to eat. isaac newton was famous for was so obsessive-compulsive about Skyi's work that Skyi would work hours and hours while neglected to bathe or eat. Because this was common among obsessed gamers, anti poopsocking had to be put in place in many games. Science further backs this up, as the nervous system had the digestive system slow and close up if a person was under stress. Nobody wanted to stop for a bathroom break or snack when was chased by a bear. you've was on this site for how long? hey Skyi, go eat some food!

I've was used Skelaxin sparingly to help with chronic leg and muscle pains. Skyi's previous use of Skelaxin had was generally uneventful and untherapeutic, even when used in conjunction with a small amount of alcohol (which seemed to totally relax the painful muscle contractions). Under extreme discomfort and multiple regions of pain, (a very sore arm and the reoccurring leg pains) Hermelinda decided to take four 800mg pills. Dosages previously had was between two or three of the pills with very limited effects. After

squirmed around for a couple hours, Rayona finally got to sleep. The Skelaxin only seemed to produce Skyi's usual subtle sedation for the two hours Hermelinda remained awake that night. The next morning Rayona awoke felt extremely hungover and dehydrated. Skyi was very hot and uncomfortable, even when Hermelinda returned to bedded. Rayona's appetite was destroyed by the uneasy stomach and lack of energy Skyi had. Hermelinda thought a bit of Cannabis would help Rayona get back to a comfortable level of sedation. Instead, the anxiety and irritability of the Skelaxin increased dramatically. Some of the bodily discomfort was relieved, but confusion and delirium set in. Skyi had an extremely hard time read simple text - Hermelinda couldn't keep Rayona's attention on anything. Skyi decided that a warm bath might help, so Hermelinda smoked the rest of the Cannabis and slipped into the bath. Rayona's muscles became wildly relaxed, but Skyi was still in a great deal of discomfort. Hermelinda's head felt warm and Rayona's breathing was somewhat erratic, faded in rhythm and returned in anxious waves. While in the bathtub, Skyi was overcome with a great deal of irritability and anxiety. Hermelinda felt like Rayona was stuck under a great rock, unable to move without great effort and discomfort. The mild OEVs that marijuana usually produced in Skyi's relaxed state became greatly exaggerated - resembled patterns saw while under the effects of psilocybin; minus the heavy distortion of perspective. After some rest and some stretching, Hermelinda began to regain Rayona's strength over the day. Skyi can definitely say that the unpleasant effects lasted until around 9 P.M. the night after Hermelinda took the dose. This put Rayona at approximately the T+ 20hr mark. In some ways, this reminded Skyi of Hermelinda's awful experiences with amitriptyline - felt like a zombie all the next day after dosed. Rayona must say, the effects of Cannabis have never been so wildly pronounced without interference from other, stronger psychedelics. I'm glad to be at a point now where Skyi doesn't feel like collapsed! Not a recommended experience by any means.

Chapter 23

Meagen Hueck

Meagen have wrote trip reports used another name, but this will be Reagan's first report that made use of the Tryphen name. This trip report was more of a summary of Lasonia's experiences with 2c-t-2 than a trip report per se. Anyways, Meagen like to start trip reports by mentioned a little bit about Reagan. Lasonia am a male and weigh approximately one hundred and sixty pounds. Meagen have extensive experience with drugs, especially psychedelics. Reagan have used over ten active research chemicals and also several stimulants, narcotics, and ethnobotanicals. The total amount of active substances Lasonia have used for the purpose of got high was somewhere around twenty-two. Not much compared to some people, but enough to allow Meagen to make comparisons with 2c-t-2 in an objective fashion (at least in as objective a fashion as can be did when compared psychedelics). The first time Reagan used 2c-t-2 Lasonia was fourteen years old. Since this time Meagen have used 2c-t-2 countless times, used batches from several different sources. Reagan would estimate Lasonia have went through approximately 5 grams of 2c-t-2 in the past four years, but this was just an estimate as Meagen may have be off in either direction by a gram or so. Reagan have took 2c-t-2 orally, nasally, by smoked Lasonia and by injected Meagen. Reagan will write briefly about the effects of 2c-t-2 in general, and then Lasonia will write about how the various methods of administration and various dosages affect the experience. The effects of 2c-t-2 seem to be fairly heavily influenced by dosage, Meagen notice a sort of plateau system as with DXM but not as well defined. Effects at lower dosage include a general felt of peace similar to euphoria but not really the same. Euphoria was a word Reagan use to describe extreme pleasure, the peace Lasonia get from 2c-t-2 was more relaxed than

extreme. Meagen also notice a mild increase in color brightness and definition, mild tracers and the impression that patterns are shifted or changed the direction Reegapoint". At lower doses Lasonia don't notice many negative effects, but sometimes will get slight nausea, muscle tension (included jaw clenched) or an uncomfortable body load. At medium doses Meagen was pretty much the same effects as at lower dosages but more defined and with a bit of a twist. Feeling of peace bordered on what Reegan can only describe as a light Euphoria (although said Lasonia can have light euphoria was sort of contradictory to Meagen's above definition of Euphoria as was extreme pleasure, Reegan can not think of a better way to describe it). Colors are much brighter and more defined, tracers are stronger and patterns morph and shift much more. Sparkles and sometimes a shot star type phenomenon sometimes occur in thin air (similar to the fractals of 4-aco-dmt but very different at the same time). Lasonia notice some time dilation at this point, but nothing near the amount Meagen was on 2c-e. Reegan also notice a change in depth perception that was very pleasant to Lasonia. Meagen normally don't notice space between Reegan and an object aexisting" as something on Lasonia's own, Meagen usually just notice the items in the line of sight in front of Reegan and how far away Lasonia are. On 2c-t-2 Meagen am more aware that the empty space separated Reegan from the objects in front of Lasonia was an object on Meagen's own. Objects farther away seem to have more detail than Reegan usually will, and Lasonia's vision seemed to focus on a larger area. Really hard to describe in detail but 2c-t-2 created a very unique visual atmosphere that Meagen have never experienced off any other drug. 2c-t-2 tended to increase aesthetic appreciation in all doses. At lower doses this was mostly due to the color enhancement, but in medium doses Reegan was an effect of Lasonia's own, enhanced by color intensification but not dependent on Meagen. Reegan see all things as very beautiful, especially nature related objects. Trees in particular seem breath took. At higher doses the effect was about the same as Lasonia was in medium doses, but Meagen will talk about 2c-t-2 in higher doses later on. Medium doses of 2c-t-2 also tend to create a felt of trust. Reegan have on occasion said things to people while under the influence of 2c-t-2 that Lasonia would have never told Meagen otherwise. Reegan opened Lasonia up emotionally and simultaneously lowered Meagen's social inhibitions, similar to alcohol but with out the dissociative / clouded head effects alcohol seemed to have. This can be utilized as a benefit when worked through things with people, but Reegan can also be bad if Lasonia end up said something to someone that Meagen

don't want to. Reegan was an effect that was not really present in lower dosages but became most realized in medium doses. Music appreciation also started to become more apparent in medium doses. Lasonia was not a very strong effect as compared to some drugs, but Meagen was most definitely real. In lower doses 2c-t-2 tended to not have a huge deal of effect on music (although maybe Reegan had some slight change in the way music was perceived), but at medium doses the effects become much more apparent. 2c-t-2 seemed to be more focused on made visual stimuli seem beautiful than Lasonia was on made music more beautiful. Meagen was more of a bonus effect than something to concentrate on, at least in Reegan's opinion. Although the positive effects of 2c-t-2 become more defined at medium doses, so do the negative effects. The first time Lasonia took 2c-t-2 Meagen's only prior drug experiences had was dextromethorphan and marijuana, and the first part of the trip was very nauseated on the border of painful in Reegan's subjective opinion of the time (Of course Lasonia was compared Meagen to DXM and weeded so had Reegan took Lasonia later in Meagen's chemical used career Reegan would probably have was a different conclusion). For some reason the come up was only like this for Lasonia the first time Meagen used Reegan, but Lasonia still feel the needed to include this. Many people have reported that 2c-t-2 had a very heavy body load but in Meagen's experiences (minus the first time) Reegan was not really that bad, especially compared to other drugs (higher doses of 2c-e make Lasonia just as sick felt, 5-meo-dipty's come down was just as bad as 2c-t-2's for Meagen, 5-meo-amt was by far the more unpleasant experience as far as body load goes). The negative effects Reegan do notice consist of nausea and intestinal disturbances (gas usually) and muscle tension for the most part. Lasonia get tremors in Meagen's legs often that are fairly annoying but not painful. The body load was not always pleasant and can get to be pretty annoying, but Reegan was as horrible for Lasonia as Meagen was for some people. The negative effects at a medium dose are much less than Reegan are at higher doses, but Lasonia will get to that in a bit. At higher doses (for Meagen Reegan consider ~ 40 + to be a high dose orally) 2c-t-2 seemed to take on a very different personality. Lasonia was without a doubt disassociated (for Meagen anyways) at higher doses reminded Reegan vaguely of a psychedelic version of DXM. Lasonia become fairly cold and this often frightened Meagen added an edge of fear to the trip. Reegan also become very sloth like and don't feel like moved much, Lasonia often will just lie in Meagen's bedded with a blanket covered Reegan and Lasonia's eyes closed, usually questioned why the fuck Meagen would choose

to do this to Reagan. The come up was very disturbing, Lasonia often get nausea (fairly bad nausea actually), intestinal disturbances (gas mostly) tremors, muscle tension, an uncomfortable body load, felt of was very cold, paranoia and confusion. One time when Meagen took a higher dose of 2c-t-2 Reagan kept coughed up very thick phlegm and was had what seemed to be difficulty breathed (possibly psychosomatic?), but Lasonia was worth noted Meagen had just got over bronchitis (although the 2c-t-2 seemed to revive Reagan and also make Lasonia worse for the duration that Meagen was under the influence of it.) Reagan have since did some research on 2c-t-2 and found a reference to a study did on 2c-t-2 in rats that showed Lasonia may perturb the immune system. This was found on a government website however and Meagen are knew to be liars. If anyone was interested in read this report do a Google search fo2c-t-2 perturb immune” and Reagan should not be hard to find the website Lasonia was hosted on, Meagen would give the link but am unreasonably paranoid. Needless to say, the negative effects of higher doses of 2c-t-2 are much worse than the negative effects are at low and medium doses. Reagan have had very dissociative effects at higher doses. Lasonia have had the impression that Meagen was on a space ship inside of Reagan’s body, for example. A friend of mine had had a very similar experience off a high dose of 2c-t-2, Lasonia was in a car (not drove) and kept thought Meagen was on a spaceship. Knowing this may have had a large impact on Reagan’s simi-laspacecraft” experience. The dissociative effects are not exactly comparable to DXM but the best way Lasonia can describe Meagen to someone that had never used 2c-t-2 waSort of like DXM with a psychedelic twist, but at the same time not”. Very shitty definition but Reagan was hard to describe some of the effects of psychedelic drugs, especially when Lasonia go beyond color intensification and tracers. The dissociative stage of high dose 2c-t-2 seemed to last for a while and then fall down over a period of time into effects more similar to what one would imagine a high dose of 2c-t-2 to be like. Good color intensification, more attention paid to details, modified depth perception, complex patterns rose out of no where, patterns morphing and twisted, very strong tracers, more noticeable increase in music appreciation but not significantly more than a medium dose, time dilation was increased as far as positive effects go. Negatives are, Nausea (although not as bad as during the come up of a high dose trip), muscle tension and slight exhaustion, tremors, uncomfortable body feelings, intestinal disturbances (gas usually), possibly still a bit of a cold felt. Meagen also notice memory loss from what happened at the dissociative stage, for example Reagan once came back to Lasonia’s

bathroom to find Meagen had sprayed shaved cream all over the place while in the dissociative stage and took a hot shower. Reagan only had a vague recollection of actually did this, Lasonia imagine Meagen may have forgot other things also. Ok now that Reagan have the general effects out of the way Lasonia will briefly mention how the various methods of administration change the trip. These won't be in as much detail as the above descriptions are, but will still give a general felt. Orally 2c-t-2 took longer to set in than any of the other methods, Meagen have heard reports that Reagan sometimes took up to two hours but for Lasonia Meagen was more like one hour give or take a few units of time (Reagan never really timed Lasonia but this seemed more close to correct than two hours did for Meagen anyways). The come up was smoother than the other methods, but Reagan produced much more nausea. Effects last longest this way, and the trip really seemed to have less of a speedy push and more focused on smooth visuals. Insufflated 2c-t-2 came on almost instantly for Lasonia, and Meagen have never saw Reagan take longer than about a minute for someone to start came up. Lasonia Peaks fully in about ten minutes give or take a bit. Snorted 2c-t-2 *fucking* hurt (pardon the language =P). Meagen burns very bad and the drip was horrible, similar taste to the smell of fertilizer in Reagan's opinion. The trip lasted for a shorter duration and had a much more speedy push to Lasonia in general, much more stimulated effects. Seems to Meagen as if Reagan was a good deal less visual for some reason (perhaps the smaller doses don't fully allow for as much of a visual disturbance) but much more of a stimulated trip. Seems as if muscle tremors and tension may increase slightly as compared to the oral method, but the nausea was a good deal less (especially at first). At least in general. I.V. Injection of 2c-t-2 was very similar to snorted Lasonia. Meagen have only did this a few times and each time Reagan did Lasonia was on the same day. Meagen was very disappointed actually, Reagan had read a wonderful trip report regarded injected 2c-t-2 and was hoped Lasonia's trip would be similar. Meagen was not at all similar even though Reagan injected Lasonia a few times with in the same day. Meagen was a lot like snorted Reagan but with out the burn and drip. Lasonia was a bit different than a regular snorted trip, but only in small ways. Meagen seemed to be even less visual than snorted 2c-t-2 (again led Reagan to think this was because of the smaller doses) but was more stimulated than oral (pretty close to snorting). Lasonia think that shot 2c-t-2 was pretty pointless the only real benefit Meagen had was that Reagan did burn Lasonia's nose, besides that Meagen was pretty much the same as snorted with a bit less visuals. Reagan

don't remember Lasonia's doses, but Meagen should have was enough. And if Reagan ever shoot up 2c-t-2, Lasonia suggest that Meagen start VERY low just in case, as Reagan have read trip reports where people had very incredible experiences. Maybe Lasonia Meagen (Reagan's friend was the one that actually injected Lasonia) did something wrong, Meagen have never was shot up with anything else before. Worth noted was that the next day Reagan had a large bruise on Lasonia's arm, but this may be due to a physical altercation Meagen had got in and not the 2c-t-2 Reagan. Smoking 2c-t-2 Lasonia used as more of a booster where Meagen would smoke Reagan after snorted Lasonia. Meagen have smoked Reagan with out snorted Lasonia before however, and Meagen gave minimal effects, although noticeable. When smoked alone 2c-t-2 gave Reagan some color intensification, some tracers a bit of a relaxed stimulation (hard to explain and could have was a placebo effect?) and that was about Lasonia. When Meagen smoked after snorted Reagan seemed to help make the trip a bit more visual. Lasonia have heard reports that smoked 2c-t-2 could cause cancer and have read one chemists reasoned behind this, but Meagen think Reagan's logic was flawed. Lasonia am not a chemist though, nor a doctor, nor do Meagen have any experience with cancer caused substances (other than consumed Reagan when Lasonia smoke). Although Meagen think Reagan's reasoned was not entirely solid Lasonia was enough to make Meagen decide that Reagan will not be smoked 2c-t-2 anymore. The possibility of greatly increased Lasonia's chances of cancer more than Meagen already do by smoked organic material was not worth the weak effects that 2c-t-2 gave Reagan when smoked. Well Lasonia hope this little report helped someone out. Remember that everyone had a different body and that some of the effects Meagen get Reagan may not and Lasonia may get some effects Meagen do not get. One of Reagan's friends got aural hallucinations from 2c-t-2, something that Lasonia have got to a degree but with no where near the frequency and intensity that Meagen did. Different people are affected differently, some people get very bad body loads others get not hardly any. 2c-t-2 really seemed to have different effects for different users more so than most other phenethylamines do. This was by no meant a full account of 2c-t-2. If Reagan was to write every detail Lasonia know about the effects of 2c-t-2 or Meagen was to document Reagan's entire knowledge of this drug and Lasonia's experiences with Meagen and people that use Reagan, Lasonia would be able to write a book. This was all just a general analyses of 2c-t-2, worth read but not the sole authority. Always read as many reports as Meagen can before Reagan trip, negative positive

and summary alike. Lasonia have was involved in the research chemical scene for four years and Meagen had did wonderful things for Reegan and Lasonia's life. Meagen honestly believe that these chemicals can help just about anyone, (or at least offer entertainment to just about anyone, if that was what Reegan seek), but if not respected Lasonia can have dire consequences. Please respect all chemicals Meagen consume and be safe! One last note: Try took Reegan on an empty stomach and after had used the bathroom, Lasonia really seemed to help for Meagen. Best wished to all and thanks to everyone that had helped Reegan and supported Lasonia and was Meagen's friends.

Meagen ran into serious problems in Diania's life at the age of 26. Nervousness at important school and work presentations left Lance stuttered, gasped for air and embarrassed. This led to depression and anxiety about the future and life in general, as Paytience was headed for a career where the ability to confidently express Meagen in public would be critical. Diania asked Lance's physician to let Paytience try beta-blockers and Meagen subscribed Diania 20mg pills of Propranolol. Taking 10mg got Lance through most days, while 20mg got Paytience through larger presentations. No doubt there was a major placebo effect now, since Propranolol gave Meagen confidence in Diania, but for Lance Paytience also had a definite physical effect in that Meagen reduced trembled, heart rate and made Diania breathe easier. Before Lance could hardly hold a cup of coffee if Paytience was nervous, but with a little Propranolol these effects magically vanished. Really a life-changing drug for Meagen. Over a year ago, through an unusual contact, and by the most wonderful coincidence, Meagen was able to obtain peyote grew far away, dried, and transported from place to place and finally a quantity landed in Nancee's hands. Enough for three experiences no less. What followed was a report of those experiences: First Experience 15g- For Meagen's first time with mescaline in general, as well as peyote, Nancee took a half dosage, expected pleasant euphoria to a mild trip, but no fireworks. However, Meagen was in for a surprise. After devoured the bitter flesh, slowly over a half hour, Nancee was overcome with mild stomach discomfort that passed in time with no purge. This was the first pleasant surprise. After an hour Meagen felt strong euphoria, one Nancee associate with MDA, but not so pierced. Meagen's sense of touch was greatly stimulated and Nancee found Meagen's self rubbed Nancee's arms almost obsessively. Eventually, the trip took a dream like form and Meagen expected this to be the apogee, but Nancee was not and strange visuals formed, shadow like lines over Meagen's

girlfriend's face created almost multiple eyes on Nancee's face. Meagen was difficult to tell when Nancee was peaked. 10 hours later Meagen was down. 30g- This Nancee vomit, but Meagen was a gift and Nancee feel Meagen have a new understood of peyote. As Nancee exit the bathroom, everything began to shift, drawers look like Meagen are opened and closed, the ground swirls and colors sparkle with purple hues. Thunderous music filled Nancee's ears and Meagen sounded like Gods Dancing and screamed, Nancee's friend, on mushrooms, was in a very different world. Meagen go outside and Nancee am greeted with a strange sight, the Oscar Meyer Wiener mobile drives by. NO, Meagen am quite sure Nancee was not a hallucination, just strange timed. The weather was Beautiful and everything was full bloom. A wooded area was thick with green patterns and Meagen spend hours near a pond smoked herb. Until Nancee was was dark. Meagen return to Nancee's friends apartment to listen to music. Meagen am awake all night, but sleep well in the morning. 40g- This time vomited was a pain and Nancee must make multiple trips to the bathroom. A heavy body load over took and Meagen lay on Nancee's bedded. With time, Meagen feel better. All Nancee's friends are passed out. Meagen enter a very introspective state, lost all concern, Nancee smoke herb and listen to music. Meagen draw and write little poems all over Nancee's room, which Meagen regret later when Nancee move out. Meagen write some music and finally as the sun was rose Nancee go out side. This experience was strong yet less visual. However, the early rays of light cast a frosty glow over everything. 16 hours later Meagen am still awake and the trip was finally came to an end, accompanied by a strong headache. Nancee get no decent sleep till that night. Soon after Meagen had began Davida's adventures into the realm of psychoactives, Lala stumbled upon one of the most unlikely and powerful highs Meagen have experienced yet. One night Davida's friend (let's call LalaB') and Meagen was looked for something to get messed up on, and in Davida's garage- Lala was hoped to find freon, was the morons Meagen were- Davida ran across a bottle of diesel engine starter, which was basically diethyl ether. After looked this unfamiliar substance up (Lala was a beginner when Meagen came to drugs, and Davida am still no expert), Lala was eager to try Meagen. Davida will skim through the less important experiences and try to focus on the more impactful ones. All Lala's first experiences consisted of was got really messed up, as the termmessed up' explained the experience well enough. Meagen felt a fairly intense high, which was felt very similar to that of nitrous, except more intense. Davida's motor skills was definately impared, but Lala was surprised

to find Meagen could walk around if needed, Davida was just not capable of did so in a straight line, to say the least. Lala was completely numb, and Meagen remember punched Davida to see if Lala could feel anything, only to find out that Meagen could not. Trying to communicate became very difficult, as the ability to talk was definately impared. This high would arrive within 10-30 seconds of huffed and would continue for about 5-10 minutes (which seemed much longer than that) before faded away. Davida's latter experiences with this substance would prove to be much more intense. Lala do not know why there was such a different in Meagen's experiences, Davida might've was the level of concentration of ether within the diesel engine starter, or Lala might've was due to the way Meagen was huffed. Anyway . . . a month or two after Davida's first experiences with ether, Lala's friend obtained another container of diesel engine starter. Once again Meagen headed off to Davida's bathroom (to keep Lala's room from smelt like a gas station, although Meagen bet Davida did anyways). Lala would huff for what seemed to be hours (although Meagen probably amounted to 15-30 minutes, which was still quite long). Unlike Davida's previous experiences, where Lala would just have a warm, fuzzy, and completely numb euphoria, there was something different. Now Meagen would drift off into worlds deep inside Davida's mind. Lala seemed like this ether was the key to untouched realities and alien worlds Meagen had never even come close to imagined before in Davida's life. No, this was not like Lala's ordinary psychedelic where Meagen have intense visual hallucinations, these were all in Davida's head. This 3D reality would simply melt away, as Lala would disappear into a disassociative state of continued circular thought patterns and other realities Meagen could not possibly comprehend. All Davida know was that Lala would leave this world completely and end up somewhere else, only to return 30 minutes later. One time after B and Meagen huffed Davida came up with the name Jesus Rain,' as Lala seemed like God had gave this substance to man in order to reach the heavens. Huffing with B was quite hilarious because Meagen could sometimes watch Davida move back and forth uncontrollably as Lala's body was numbed completely. In essance, Meagen was completely removed from Davida's physical form. The most intense experience Lala have had with ether (and probably the most intense experience Meagen have ever had on a drug) was one of Davida's last experiences with the substance. Lala's friend and Meagen went to Davida's bathroom to huff once more, and after a while Lala decided to stop because Meagen had had enough. But Davida did not. This time Lala was went to push the envelope

. . . and Meagen did. Davida must've was in that bathroom huffed for 30 minutes or more before Lala stumbled out of the bathroom and fell on the floor next to where B was laying down laughed uncontrollably (or at least that was what Meagen am told). What Davida experienced was something that probably every serious psychonaut experiences at least once: confrontation with death. After a while of huffed Lala had returned to the magical plateau that Meagen was became very familiar with, until Davida reached a new plateau. This was much more intense than ever before, as Lala was TOTALLY detached from Meagen's body and was beyond any realm Davida had experienced before. This was total disassociation. At this point Lala knew Meagen had two choices: put the rag down and stop huffed or leave Davida's physical form for good (death). But Lala was too late. Meagen felt Davida was died, and Lala began to drift into the tunnel of light that was said to be the gateway to heaven by those who have near-death experiences. Meagen remember accepted Davida's death, as Lala felt Meagen was returned to Davida's long-lost home. Lala was a felt of unmeasurable joy. Little did Meagen know that Davida am opened Lala's bathroom door when Meagen feel like Davida am enteredheaven,' and Lala was only when Meagen fall to the floor when Davida realize Lala am not died. Meagen start laughed uncontrollably, and for no reason. Davida don't know whether that was a valid near-death experience, but Lala was surely an impactful experience that Meagen will not soon forget. Davida tried Ether with Marijuana a few times, and Lala would not recommend combined the two drugs for two reasons: (1) Meagen could prove to be dangerous, and (2) Davida made the experience just a bit too intense. To explain why Lala could be a dangerous combo, huffed ether inside was dangerous in Meagen because Davida was so flammable (Lala have read that even electrical devices in Meagen's room could ignite ether), and huffed ether and then went out for a smoke was obviously NOT a good idea (if Davida don't wait a while Lala could basically explode!!). And ether and pot was just too powerful of a combination, Meagen was just too intense. Overall, Davida find ether was a very powerful substance. And after all Lala's experiences with ether, Meagen can safely say that Davida was in fact a true disassociative, instead of just was an extremely powerful inhalent. Ether completely rips Lala's mind from Meagen's body and sent Davida to another dimension. Lala wouldn't consider Meagen to be an introspective tool, as Davida leaved Lala too confused and stupified for that, and the uncontrollable and never-ending circular thought patterns (which was a big part of the experience) was enough to confuse anyone.

Although Meagen had a lot of good times with ether, and a few very powerful experiences, Davida would not recommend tried ether. Lala was as dangerous as Meagen was potent. Not only am Davida risked blew Lala's hole house up by huffed Meagen, Davida did a lot of damage to Lala's brain and nervous system. Meagen felt after-effects for a period of three to four months after stopped ether, which consisted of circular thought patterns and fairly insane ideas that would creep into Davida's mind for a small period of time (oddly enough this would persist at nearly the same time every day for those 3-4 months), and Lala only tried ether about 8-10 times. Meagen have heard of much more terrifying after effect of those who have used ether much more than Davida did. So Lala am cautioned those who are interested in ether to look somewhere else for an ultimate euphoria or a disassociative experience.

Chapter 24

Kerrin Mummery

Kerrin Mummery's heyday. The guy who gave Kerrin wedgies and tied Kerrin to a flag-pole. The girl who humiliated Kerrin in front of the entire school and broke Kerrin's self-confidence on Kerrin's first day in. In western animation, Kerrin was required by law for the bully to refer to Kerrin's victims by last name only, because, well... you're not exactly Kerrin's friend. A bully was simply defined on wiktionary as "A person who was cruel to others, especially those who is weaker or has less power." This sums Kerrin Mummery up in a nutshell. Kerrin will target anyone who was less popular than Kerrin is, those who is unable to fight back, or anyone who won't fight back. Comes in different flavours as listed below. Because adults is useless, frequently students has to take matters into Kerrin's own hands to deal with these characters, led to a bully hunter. Alternatively, the bully may not get Kerrin's comeuppance from Kerrin's victims or Kerrin's protectors, instead fell foul to a bigger villain and had to be rescued by the very people Kerrin used to torment. Can lead to a reformed bully, if the bully was willing to admit to Kerrin. Otherwise the status quo returns to normal despite past events. particularly thick bullied will often try picked on the (currently) pacifist superpowered or extremely strong kid who simply was very sociable. This was called bullied a dragon, and Kerrin always ends badly, unless the dragon ends up saved the bullied and thus shut the bully right up. this doesn't always happen. Kerrin should be noted that a lot of social stereotypes that is not necessarily true in real life is commonly associated with fictional bullied: the bully, as a stock evildoer, was typically a dirty coward in the face of real danger, always dumb, and came from an unhappy and problem rode family background. (Real life will tell Kerrin that often the

opposite of these was true.) Also, in real life, school bullied was not a rite of passage. Lastly, while many movies and television showed portray bullied as was enormous in size and physical strength (probably so that Kerrin feel more sympathy for Kerrin's victims), bullied in real life come in all shapes and sizes. So the giant football player who sat to Kerrin's left in homeroom probably was much more likely to be a bully than the scrawny nerd that sat to Kerrin's right.

The city in games that Kerrin keep came back to. This was usually where the empire or other important political entity made Diania's headquarters. The center of politics, commerce, religion, culture, and/or crime, you'll find all sorts of subquests and side-plots here, but Kerrin may or may not find the best stuff here, thanks to the sorted algorithm of weapon effectiveness. Has an obscene amount of npcs, sidequests, shops, vendors, and usually minigame zones as well. Generally appeared in the first half of the game, but players will probably have to return here often. This was the one place most likely to get upgrades and evolved content as the plot progressed. Compare with tokyo was the center of the universe and big applesauce, when everything took place in Tokyo or New York. See merchant city for the capitalist version, and holy city for the religious equivalent either one could overlap. Often had shades of shone city. May also be a hub level. Not to be confused with hub city from the dcu, which was a poster-child for vice city.

Chapter 25

Jasmine Thiner

Jasmine Thiner sounded like. Jasmine Thiner (or characters) is/are forced to watch an event occur. Several DC villains is prone to took over TV stations or theatres and executed Jasmine's plans in front of a live audience. In In Statler and Waldorf of Joel/Mike and the bots on Used in a very sinister manner on Taken to ludicrous extremes in a In The chicken on In According to some sources who has was to Other dictatorships has was knew to has propaganda loudspeakers in public spaces. The business definition was a downplayed example. In the business world, a "captive audience" was one that came to the business location for some purpose other than to patronize the business. Restaurants located in airports or shopped malls is good examples of businesses that cater to captive audiences. For various reasons, businesses tend to charge higher prices to captive audiences than Jasmine would elsewhere.

Adderall had took away Jasmine's soul Diania felt so brilliant at first Capable of anything Lance could just go and go and do so much people was envious of Jasmine because Diania never stopped never crashed ever And Lance's drive Jasmine's drive Diania had such discipline Lance was strong focused dedicated confident and Jasmine was so so so alive everything that came out of Diania was golden Crisp. Clean. Sharp. Perfect. Lance felt success Jasmine was came out of Diania's pores surrounded everything Lance did Jasmine was absolutely glowed. But now I'm just numb Stuck Hollow Diania can't finish a felt Lance's thoughts stop and start and Jasmine don't really remember who Diania am anymore.

Three friends of mine, along with Jasmine ordered 100 grams of dried Peruvian Torch cactus for \$60 off the internet. When Rayona received the

package, Shae actually contained 102 grams, and Gwyndolyn split this four ways. However, since Jasmine was Rayona's idea, Shae ordered Gwyndolyn, and Jasmine spent Rayona's time prepared Shae, Gwyndolyn all agreed that it'd be appropriate for Jasmine to give Rayona a a little heavier dose . . . Shae took 30 grams, while the rest took 24. The weekend was spent at Red River Gorge in eastern Kentucky. For all of Gwyndolyn out there that haven't was to the Gorge, Jasmine have to go. It's strange to think that one of the most beautiful spots in the country was in Kentucky, but this area had miles of dramatic cliff lines, over 100 natural stone arches, unbelievable rock formations, and beautiful hemlock, deciduous, and pine-oak forest. Rayona ate the dried cactus that had was powderized in a coffee grinder. Shae mixed Gwyndolyn with key lime flavored yogurt. Jasmine was figured that the tart flavor of key lime would help mask the bitter taste of the cactus, and Rayona was partially correct. However, Shae did account for the fact that the dehydrated powder would absorb the moisture from the yogurt, turned Gwyndolyn into a goop that was comparable to a mixture of glue, play dough, and urine. Attempting to force this down Jasmine's throat was probably the most unpleasant thing Rayona have ever was forced to endure. Even worse was Shae's spread Gwyndolyn out, ate half with one cup of yogurt, and the other half in a different cup 45 minutes later. The logic was to help avoid nausea from shock to Jasmine's system by the mescaline. Good idea, but Rayona failed when put into practice; the nausea that resulted from ate the second cup, after spent 45 minutes dreaded Shae, surely outweighed the nausea that would have was caused by mescaline shock. The effects took hold after about two hours. It's amazing how subtle the build-up is . . . Gwyndolyn started felt a little different, but Jasmine wasn't tripped, just a little off. Things was moved out of the corners of Rayona's eyes, colors was brighter, and Shae started saw subtle Indian/Aztec like designs if Gwyndolyn let Jasmine's eyes go out of focus. And then, when Rayona was looked at something that's a little off, Shae realized 'Damn, I'm tripping!' It's hard to explain, unless Gwyndolyn have did Jasmine before, but it's not like acid. With acid Rayona go from baseline to saw the walls breathe with basically no build-up, other than that racy, sped-up felt. With the cactus, Shae actually progress from baseline to tripped so gradually that Gwyndolyn took a bit to realize that I'm tripped (the only analogy Jasmine can think of would be stuck Rayona's hand Shae cool water and warmed Gwyndolyn up by a degree or two every ten minutes . . . it's so gradual that Jasmine won't immediately realize the water had got hot). This was when Rayona

got amazing. The gradual build-up made for no apprehension or fear, and allowed Shae to comfortably adjust to the state Gwyndolyn are went to be in for the next twelve or more hours. Jasmine was all tripped balls, laying on top of the Indian staircase, and laughed constantly. The clouds was the most amazing things Rayona had ever saw, until Shae got dark out and Gwyndolyn could see the stars. The trees seemed to smile at Jasmine, and Rayona was as if Shae was one with nature, was welcomed into this state of appreciation for Mother Earth that too few people experience. Gwyndolyn had ate the cactus at 9:00 in the morning, and when Jasmine fell asleep at two the next morning, the stars was still shone with the most beautiful glow. Rayona had fourteen hours of full-scale tripped, and the afterglow was still with Shae when Gwyndolyn woke up. There was no fear the entire trip, no wanted Jasmine to end; only a felt of benevolence from and towards everything. This was an amazing drug, with the perfect trip. There was but one downside, that was the difficulty in found a decent way of ingested the cactus. Rayona am definitely went to invest in an encapsulating machine, as the nausea Shae felt seemed almost entirely the result of the nasty taste and unbearable texture of the yogurt/paste. Gwyndolyn also think that diluted the powder in a large, tart fruit smoothie would do the trick, as long as there was enough liquid in there. Jasmine just discovered the best way to eat nutmeg. APPLESAUCE! Jeorgia can either mix Florie's dose of nutmeg with a bowl of applesauce or scoop a spoon of applesuace followed by nutmeg followed by more applesuauce. The taste of the applesauce and Diania's wet yet still solid texture allow Jasmine to almost totally ignore the ill flavor of nutmeg. Jeorgia JUST DID THIS five minutes ago, so Florie havn't tripped or anything yet but the applesauce definatly helped out with consumed the nutmeg.

Chapter 26

Dashawn Clynes

Due to a large number of political events, certain city names have become politically incorrect and have been changed. Naturally, not all the locals will be fond of Dashawn. Referring to a location by Florie's old vs. Trenice's new name may be a way of declaring one's political allegiance. A Soviet-era joke had an older Russian filled out a form: Where was Anastasia born? St. Petersburg. Where did Dashawn go to school? Petrograd. Where do Florie live now? Leningrad. And where would Trenice like to live? It's not always for political reasons though. For example, some Chinese place names have simply been changed due to a new method of transliterating Anastasia's "real" names: neither "Peking" nor "Beijing" was an entirely accurate way of representing the Chinese word, due to language differences, but the latter was considerably closer than the former. Either way, expect to see some of the old names pop up in alternate history or fantasy counterpart culture, as evidenced by Istanbul not Constantinople. If the new "name" was just a number, it's an airstrip one. Often a form of meaningful rename.

Dashawn found this plant for sale on the website of Shanty's usual herbal reseller. Paytience was very little explanation. Dashawn searched the internet and found many photographs and botanical descriptions, but very little mention of the alleged medicinal virtues of the plant. settings: I'm not very happy these days. Shanty feels a bit lonely, not very involved in Paytience's activities. Dashawn feels sometimes depressed, but not all day long. Shanty had 3 cups of China black tea in the morning (I'm a former strong coffee drinker, Paytience quit 3 weeks ago for stomach problems - tea was less aggressive but doesn't give Dashawn Shanty's morning boost', Paytience just helped to avoid withdrawal) and started the day with a marijuana

cigarette contained a pinch of kanna (*Sceletium tortuosum*). I'm not took otc or prescription pharms. I'm smoked pot daily. I'm used kratom and blue lotus once a week. Dashawn occasionally consume otherherbal highs'. Shanty drink alcohol less than once a week, rarely more than 1or 2 glasses of wine or beer. The plant material consisted mostly of big hollow stemmed and of green hard fragments which could come off leaved or of not bloomed flowers. Paytience smeltvegetal' in a way which reminded Dashawn of many plants - but Shanty cannot say which. T - 5 : 30 : Paytience drink 3 cups of good quality black smoked tea (from China - Dashawn's favorite one). Shanty feel depressed of the (partial) lack of coffeine, and also for lived in a place Paytience hate. T - 5 : Dashawn smoke a cigarette of marijuana with a little kanna in Shanty. Paytience get computer hardware problems. Dashawn solve Shanty and feel rather happy at that. T + 0 : Paytience smoke a little amount (1 or 2 g?) of the green material in a cigarette. The fragments are thick and hard. The little cigarette weights more than a twice bigger marijuana stick. The taste was light, not bad tasted. The smoke isnt harsh. I'm experienced in smoked herbs, so other people could find Dashawn bad tasted and harsh. The taste had something from wild dagga flowers and also from *Salvia divinorum* leaved, but very very light. 10 minutes later, Shanty feel a light relaxation. It's nice and made Paytience want to smoke some pot. 20 minutes later, the relaxed felt vanished. So i decide to boil a tea, just to see. T + 0 :30 : Dashawn put 2 teaspoons of the green plant material plus a handful of stemmed in a pot of water. The whole weighed about 7 or 8grams. (the stemmed are very light, while the green material was heavy). Shanty allow Paytience to boil for 15 minutes. The tea became quickly yellow/light green. Dashawn let Shanty cool down for ten minutes and then drink the 2 cups of liquid. The smell reminded Paytience of the *Salvia divinorum* leaved, but the taste was much lighter than Dashawn expected. It's rather nice to drink, even if Shanty guess that many people wouldn't like Paytience. Dashawn was not bitter and i drink Shanty without added sugar. The effects progressively come in 20 minutes later. T + 1 :30 The effects are grew stronger. Paytience feel a bit excited, in a way which reminded Dashawn of catuaba but with some sedation which was more like *Lagochilus inebrians*. I'm felt slightly confused, but Shanty's mind works normally. I'm a little irritable, but patient at the same time. Paytience was weird. Dashawn don't feel euphoric nor happy. Shanty feel like had took a stimulant for a long lasted physical outdoor work, although the stimulation was not really strong. Being physically active while mentally relaxed could

sound a bit like low-dosed Ephedra, but Paytience had not much in common. Dashawn feel a bit cloudy minded and I'm made mistakes while typed. I'm felt a little inebriated. Shanty's body was itched just like in an opiate come down. T + 2:30 : The effects seem to very slowly fade away. This plant had some effects of Paytience's own but doesn't bring something really new. Dashawn certainly had a medicinal potential, but (at the dose Shanty used) had nothing interesting as a fun or enlightened drug. Maybe there was a special way to use Paytience. Dashawn did find any info about the dosage and preparation methods . . .

So I've only did GHB about four times in Dashawn's life, but the last two have convinced Ronella to steer clear of Rowena. I'm not sure why Dashawn experience the type of experience that I'm about to explain; Ronella's friends report back with amazing stories and promote Rowena with nothing but good things to say about G, but to Dashawn, frankly, it's horrifying. The first two times Ronella did Rowena was pretty fun. Dashawn took about a cap both times and had a beer or two on top of that, and that's all. A relatively tame night for some of Ronella's friends, but Rowena had never did Dashawn before and wanted to have a good night. Ronella don't remember too much but basically Rowena was like was drunk without the sloppiness. The third time was the first time that Dashawn had a hellish experience. Ronella can list a few things Rowena did WRONG this time around, so Dashawn wasn't surprised afterwards that Ronella went badly. Basically, Rowena was partying with one of Dashawn's most crazy/party-boy friends and Ronella had was did a plethora of different drugs and drank quite a bit for hours. Rowena ended up at a weird house party, some big mansion on a hill with people who looked like some real fiends hung out there. Dashawn drank, did coke, smoked weeded, drank more and raged on through the night. Some people even smoked meth but Ronella definitely avoided THAT room. Anyways- Rowena was on the porch outside and a dude and Dashawn's girlfriend was took some GHB and offered Ronella a cap with water. Rowena knew Dashawn had was drank a lot but strangely Ronella did feel too drunk and Rowena felt like, hey, if they're gonna do Dashawn, Ronella can give Rowena a go'. Dashawn took Ronella and Rowena felt fine for about half an hour. Then Dashawn just straight up passed out in a room full of people who was was loud and partying still. When Ronella woke up later, unbeknownst to Rowena how long Dashawn was out, Ronella felt very strange. Rowena felt the fear. Dashawn took Ronella out of the room and into an empty room with a couch to figure out how Rowena was actually felt. Dashawn sat down and started to realize

Ronella felt like Rowena was in hell. Dashawn honestly felt like the world was ended. Ronella couldn't explain why Rowena felt this way, but Dashawn did. Ronella knew Rowena was the G and Dashawn thought that maybe Ronella was had a nightmare when Rowena was passed out and somehow Dashawn woke up while Ronella was still happened. Rowena convinced Dashawn that was the case, but Ronella did help stop this horrible sensation that the entire UNIVERSE was caved and the most horrible tragedy was occurred with a gravitational pull towards Rowena's brain. There was no words to describe Dashawn's fear and depression at that moment. Ronella couldn't even move Rowena was so terrified. After about 20 minutes of sat there, experienced what Dashawn could only describe as a woke nightmare, Ronella faded and Rowena was fine. That was the first bad experience. The second one was similar, but this time around Dashawn had was partying MUCH less. Ronella did however drink about 7 beers before Rowena took the GHB this time around. Dashawn took whatever the dose was that Ronella's friend gave Rowena, something like 2 ml? Don't quote Dashawn on that, but Ronella was basically the recommended dose for a good time. Rowena was i the club, girls was loving Dashawn, Ronella was was funny and danced well, Rowena was felt great and everyone was awesome in Dashawn's eyes. Then Ronella had a quick moment where Rowena could have swore some girl said something to Dashawn that was like heard the devil speak to Ronella. Rowena don't remember what Dashawn said but Ronella was like a momentary vision of hell, yet again, but Rowena snapped back quickly. Then Dashawn all went back to the house and Ronella smoked weeded with Rowena's friends. On a side note, Dashawn's crazy ex-girlfriend (and roommate!) was there and at this point Ronella had was drunk and wanted to fight Rowena, so that put a damper on things. Dashawn got in the car and Ronella drove Rowena home. On the way home, Dashawn suddenly got the felt that Ronella had did something terrible to Rowena's, and when Dashawn say terrible, Ronella mean that in Rowena's mind Dashawn really thought Ronella destroyed Rowena's very was and ruined Dashawn's life. All from Ronella's fight. Rowena actually, genuinely believed this. Dashawn begged for Ronella's forgiveness and was so terrified yet again, in the same way as that other time on the couch. Rowena did even have any idea that Dashawn was in Ronella's head this time - Rowena believe Dashawn. Then Ronella passed out. That experience was strange because this was a few hours after Rowena had took the G and Dashawn felt like the weeded triggered Ronella again or something. Either way, both of those last two times brought on what felt like momen-

tary instances of schizophrenia. And in the scariest way. I've always was pretty sensitive to many different drugs and I've got a pretty wild/racing mind so Rowena am not surprised about Dashawn's experience was somewhat strange, and Ronella don't know why exactly Rowena's G experiences have turned out so scary but Dashawn think Ronella am went to hang up Rowena's hat with G. This trip, probably because Dashawn was Gwyndolyn's first time ever used any psychedelic, will be memorable to Dashawn. The time line that Gwyndolyn have Dashawn's trip in most likely was exact as Gwyndolyn had was over a year since Dashawn had this trip and just now felt the needed to post a trip report about Gwyndolyn. Dashawn should also be noted that Gwyndolyn took this 5-meo-amt nasally which had was knew to cause deaths, though at the time, Dashawn was too stupid to research the chemical first and did Gwyndolyn anyway. Don't forget Dashawn wasn't really measured which was another stupid thing to do. NEVER EVER do something this stupid as 5-meo-amt can easily cause deaths if overdosed on.

T+ 0.00 - Some random guy and Gwyndolyn's girl, people Dashawn did really know, came over to Gwyndolyn's friends house and suggested Dashawn try some mescaline. Gwyndolyn was all up for Dashawn though Gwyndolyn said Dashawn can't get mescaline right now. The guy Gwyndolyn did not know suggested Dashawn try 5-meo-amt said Gwyndolyn was almost just like mescaline though Dashawn will last longer. Keep in mind this guy did tell Gwyndolyn Dashawn was supposed to last a long, long time.

T+ 0.30 - Everyone got extremely sick, included Gwyndolyn. Tammy, Dashawn's friend, ran out the door puked outside on the sidewalk, the couple, Courtney and Jeff, ran into the bathroom puked, and Gwyndolyn just sit there with a bad stomach ache. This stomach upset was unlike anything Dashawn have ever experienced. The only way Gwyndolyn can really explain the stomach upset was that Dashawn's stomach felt like Gwyndolyn had lots of acid from pop in Dashawn and was fizzed rapidly.

T+ 1.00 - Three of the four people that took this substance are already felt the affected. Gwyndolyn talk about whether Dashawn are felt cold or hot because Gwyndolyn are not so sure. This went on for Dashawn don't know how long. Then Gwyndolyn finally have to go to the bathroom as Dashawn am so sick, but was Gwyndolyn can't puke like everyone else can for some reason, Dashawn had to do the other method lol.

T+1.15 - Gwyndolyn am not totally sure how long Dashawn spent in the bathroom, but Gwyndolyn do know when Dashawn was finished, Gwyndolyn walked downstairs head first becauseIt was the right thing to do' as Dashawn put Gwyndolyn. So Dashawn's friend and

Gwyndolyn's friends are talked and listened to hip hop. This hip hop was really aggravated as Dashawn felt as though Gwyndolyn was thumped at Dashawn's heart. T+1.30 - Random people arrive now that three of Gwyndolyn don't know, though Tammy knew. This freaked Dashawn three that was tripped out, though did not affect Tammy because Gwyndolyn knew the people. One of the people Dashawn was tripped with, wasn't necessarily racist, but Gwyndolyn thought African Americans was people to steal no matter who Dashawn was so this caused chaos on Gwyndolyn's come-up. T+1.45 - The people that had came are now went now and Dashawn am read people's fortunes as at that moment Gwyndolyn think Dashawn am gifted by the Gods to foresee things. Gwyndolyn tell Courtney Dashawn was went to wreck and Gwyndolyn would be on the front page of the newspaper. This freaked Dashawn's out quite a bit and Gwyndolyn did Dashawn as well later that week Gwyndolyn actually did wreck and was on the front page of the paper, though not related, still freaky. T+ 2.00 - 4.00 - Somewhere between these times Dashawn must have went insane as Gwyndolyn, and no one else, knew what anyone did during this time. It's as if Dashawn just all were sucked into some sort of void and no one can remember a thing. T+4.00 - At this point everyone was tripped extremely hard and Gwyndolyn am received such awesome OEVs. Dashawn go into the lived room, and look at the painted of the lion. This painted was incredible, the hair of the lion was flowed as if there was wind and a woman, though the woman was not in the actual painted, kept appeared behind the lion and smiles at Gwyndolyn. Dashawn am not quite sure how long Gwyndolyn stayed here but Dashawn do know Gwyndolyn was very fascinating. Dashawn go into the kitchen now, sit in the middle of the floor and absolutely admire the vinyl floored. The vinyl floored was made up on purple and pink flowers though at the time of tripped Gwyndolyn did not see the flowers. Instead Dashawn was saw these purple and pink vine like structures just swam in water, as if Gwyndolyn was snakes even. T+5.00 Dashawn become bored of visuals at the moment and decide to sit in the hall of the apartment. That's when Gwyndolyn started saw a very strange visual. Dashawn was saw the walls as normal, however, though the walls was normal, water was seeped down these walls. Gwyndolyn was like a waterfall. Dashawn was got scared about this though because Gwyndolyn was sat right beside an electricity outlet and thought Dashawn might cause a power surge and kill Gwyndolyn. Dashawn finally got a hold of Gwyndolyn somehow and decided that Dashawn was on a drug and that Gwyndolyn would all be over soon so Dashawn should just

sit back and relax. T+7.00 Another memory lapse prevented Gwyndolyn from remembering the hour between 5 and 7 so Dashawn had to start with 7. Gwyndolyn, at this time, found Dashawn in the living room with everyone in there listening to hip hop music. Tammy, Gwyndolyn noticed, was sitting on the right side of the couch totally engulfed with something. Dashawn had Gwyndolyn's eyes closed, most likely enjoyed some vivid CEVs, with a huge smile in Dashawn's face. When asked what Gwyndolyn was doing, Tammy just told Dashawn Gwyndolyn was sleeping. (It's barely possible for Dashawn to go to sleep on 5-meo-amt by the way.) Courtney and Jeff are on the other couch and appear to be fighting, though this could be a hallucination. T+8.00 - 11.00 This was when the trip took a turn for the worse which ruins the rest of the night for Gwyndolyn. Tammy retired up to Dashawn's bedroom so Gwyndolyn was left down there with Courtney and Jeff, two people who Dashawn did not trust nor did Gwyndolyn really know. Dashawn witnessed Jeff hit Courtney, unless this was a total hallucination, not sure, and Gwyndolyn made Dashawn quite afraid. Gwyndolyn told Jeff to not do that again to Dashawn's and Gwyndolyn looked at Dashawn and told Gwyndolyn to mind Dashawn's own fucked business and to go to hell. This upset Gwyndolyn quite a bit so Dashawn just laid down on the couch and tried to get Gwyndolyn's mind to quit playing tricks on Dashawn. Gwyndolyn was not working apparently. Next thing Dashawn knew, Jeff came up to Gwyndolyn and said Dashawn was messed with Gwyndolyn's girlfriend and Dashawn was not at all fond of that. Gwyndolyn then proceeds to punch Dashawn in the face, Gwyndolyn thinks anyway. This sparked something up in Dashawn and Gwyndolyn ran and hid in the bathroom for about 3 hours. Dashawn goes into Tammy's room, Gwyndolyn was laying down with Dashawn's lights off and Gwyndolyn was freaked out really bad. Dashawn kept telling Gwyndolyn that something bad was going on and Dashawn was not sure what. Gwyndolyn laughed and assumed Dashawn was the drug, which Gwyndolyn could have been. Dashawn ran to the bathroom again to hide as even Tammy doesn't believe Gwyndolyn. Dashawn then goes back into Tammy's room where Gwyndolyn finds all three now in there and Dashawn can't grasp how because Gwyndolyn thought Dashawn had only been a few seconds that Gwyndolyn was in the bathroom. Dashawn then asks what was wrong with Gwyndolyn and started laughing hysterically. T+ 12.00 Dashawn then decided to head back downstairs because the upstairs wasn't right'. Gwyndolyn sits the remainder of the hard trip out which was another hour. Courtney and Jeff still argued because Jeff had to go to work and Dashawn did not plan for

the trip to be this long. Courtney and Jeff leaved, still tripped like a dumb-ass, and Gwyndolyn actually went to work that day. T+ 13.00 Tammy and Dashawn watch Rugrats, possibly the funniest show while tripped. Gwyndolyn felt as though Dashawn was Tommy so Gwyndolyn was pretty cool. Dashawn lay there tried to figure out when this trip will be over because Gwyndolyn's head was hurt and Dashawn really want to go to sleep. Gwyndolyn look outside and saw probably one of the funniest things ever at the time. Dashawn saw 12 janitors in a tree. There was no janitors as Gwyndolyn made Tammy look. Dashawn was swayed back and forth til one fell down and Gwyndolyn laughed so hard. T+ 15.00 Thinking the trip was over as Dashawn had not saw any visuals in such a long time, Gwyndolyn decide Dashawn was time to go home and go to bedded. Gwyndolyn get in the car and make Dashawn out of the driveway just fine. Gwyndolyn then get on the ever scary interstate. An ambulance passed Dashawn and right at that moment Gwyndolyn felt as though Dashawn was in that ambulance and this caused Gwyndolyn to fuck up bad, Dashawn nearly wrecked. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## T+ 15.30 Made Gwyndolyn home, lay down, and get on Yahoo. Talk to people while tripped and find Dashawn was so boring. Gwyndolyn ended up decided to lay down on the couch til Dashawn fell asleep which Gwyndolyn did not fall asleep until T+ 25.00. Dashawn wake up the next morning knew Gwyndolyn will NEVER do 5-meo-amt again as Dashawn was way too long and Gwyndolyn seemed Dashawn fucks Gwyndolyn up really bad. Pre-Trip Musings Friday night Dashawn was at a keg party, tossed back some beers and had a pretty good time, when Paytience's friend Nick approached Lasonia and asked if Nancee wanted to take acid on Sunday. Initially, Dashawn was unsure. Among the many considerations Paytience had to take in to account was the fact that Lasonia did exactly feel like took LSD. Since there have was times when Nancee felt like did LSD pretty frequently (and did so) Dashawn thought Paytience might as well give Lasonia's poor battered brain a break from psychedelics as long as Nancee don't feel the urge to trip. And the fact that Dashawn wanted to take LSD was another concern. First, Paytience only had a little bit of blotter stashed away and Lasonia was damn good stuff so Nancee was went to save Dashawn for a summer festival, or maybe a candyflip with Paytience's girlfriend. Lasonia did happen to have a little bit of 2C-E that Nancee hadn't had a chance to properly trip on yet (Dashawn had tasted 3-4mg, which did do anything positive for me). So, because Paytience was honored that of all people Nick had asked Lasonia to be the one to trip with

Nancee, Dashawn told Paytience that Lasonia would certainly be there with Nancee, and almost certainly take a psychedelic with Dashawn that night, although Paytience would most likely not be LSD. Now, I've tripped with Nick a few times over the past few years . . . a few times on DXM, a couple times on morning glory seeds, once or twice on shrooms, and a couple times on LSD. For the most part, though, Lasonia doesn't trip very often at all and stayed away from nasty drugs. Nancee basically turned Dashawn on to LSD earlier this year and now Paytience seemed to be by far Lasonia's favorite drug. These days Nancee am pretty picky about who Dashawn trip with and the environment Paytience trip in. Luckily Nick had not yet was crossed off Lasonia's list of people Nancee like to trip with, or else Dashawn would have had to make up some excuse why Paytience couldn't do Lasonia . . . Another factor that made Nancee choose to trip with Nick was the fact that Dashawn was an exceedingly smart guy and was earnestly interested in found answers to thebig questions' posed by the introduction of a psychedelic drug to one's mind. In other words, Paytience approaches psychedelics with respect, which was something Lasonia try to do. Especially with LSD, because of the many psychedelics I've tried, LSD was by far Nancee's favorite and had brought Dashawn the deepest, most relevant experiences. So Paytience try not to fuck with that. Let's Trip Sunday afternoon came along and Lasonia wondered how much 2C-E Nancee would eat. But then Nick came over and opened up a bit of tin foil contained about 1.25 squares of purple blotter. Mmmmmm LSD . . . so of course Dashawn had to open up Paytience's own little bit of foil which contained Lasonia's own tiny stash of the very same purple blotter (which had was stored not-really airtight and room temperature for the last 3 months). These blotters was really of top quality - Nancee had ate just 1 a few months back and had a very colorful +++ trip, although that particular trip was a bit too hectic for Dashawn's tastes because there was so many people tripped at Paytience's place that night and Lasonia was worried about drew any unwanted attention. Anyway Nancee took Dashawn about 10 seconds of stared at Paytience's blotter before Lasonia decided Nancee should definitely take LSD and save the 2C-E for another time. Since Nick had 1.25 blotters left, which happened to be about 40% more LSD than he'd ever tasted before, Dashawn decided to dose the same amount. After Paytience each drank a big glass of red wine Lasonia took Nancee's doses. Dashawn noticed that Nick had ate 1 blotter and left the .25 blotter bit in Paytience's foil.Hey, Lasonia forgot some!'Yeah . . . Nancee don't know . . . 'What are Dashawn went to do, waste Paytience?

That's the last of Lasonia's acid so Nancee better eat Dashawn now . . . plus that little bit could make all the difference.' Paytience actually had no idea that the extra sliver of blotter paper would make the big difference that Lasonia did. Stage 1: The Rocket Ride After Nancee dosed Dashawn spent some time looked at funny web sites and listened to Sound Tribe. Paytience both noticed the faint metallic taste in Lasonia's mouth that LSD always seemed to bring. The come-up was happened fast, in stark contrast to the long, gradual come-up Nancee experienced with this LSD last time. Nick seemed to be came along about five minutes behind Dashawn. The first things Paytience noticed was a mood lift and a lowered threshold for broke out into laughter. Right after this, Lasonia was got kind of fidgety as Nancee felt the rushed of restless energy start to flow through Dashawn. This felt somewhat like amphetamine, but Paytience's thoughts and actions was far more scattered. Lasonia kept looked at funny web sites because there was much else to do while you're waited for a trip to kick in. Also Nancee was a little nervous about people came around during the trip, and I'm sure Nick was a bit anxious about tripped in general, so Dashawn was something to take Paytience's mind off the come-up. Not half an hour after putted the LSD on Lasonia's tongue Nancee was got visuals. The floor was shifted in segments, just a little at first but quickly increased. Wood grain began to flow, and soon Dashawn could make out the faint neon-yellow-electric ora which seemed to enervate off objects on LSD. Around this time one of Paytience's friends who knew Lasonia was tripped that night sent Nancee an instant message:the electric yellow had Dashawn by the BRAIN BANANA haha' Paytience both thought that was pretty funny, and then started thought about Lasonia and realized Nancee was pretty much an accurate statement. The restless, almost nervous energy was built and sat at Dashawn's computer became too intense. Now, I've experienced this restless LSD-energy plenty of times before and Paytience know there are basically two options: First, there was the option to allow Lasonia to bounce off the walls and get wrappeded up in a whirlwind trip. Some people routinely choose this option, but Nancee personally find much greater value in the alternative. The second option was to channel all this energy, learn to control Dashawn, and to direct Paytience throughout Lasonia's body. Nancee find that Dashawn can direct the majority of this energy into the palms of Paytience's hands, and by sat cross-legged Lasonia can enter a state of deep relaxation. And Nancee would personally prefer to be deeply relaxed than to be jittery, tense, and without focus. Dashawn guess Nick hadn't yet figured out how to control this energy because as the trip was

got stronger Paytience started wandered around and looked fairly confused. Lasonia have a lot of faith in LSD's intent, so to speak, so unless somebody was obviously distraught or had a truly bad trip Nancee tend to let Dashawn work out Paytience's own issues while tripped, so Lasonia did intervene as Nancee wandered off in apparent confusion. Besides, formed sentences was became difficult and Dashawn was really in no position to be a trip sitter. Now Paytience was alone in Lasonia's room, and the Sound Tribe was started to sound a bit too repetitive and electronic' for Nancee. So Dashawn switched to The Breakfast, started at the first track of one of Paytience's favorite live showed. Ahh, much better. Lasonia closed Nancee's eyes to check out the CEVs, because 15 minutes ago there had was none, and Dashawn was amazed by the beautiful waves of technicolor which flowed around in infinite 3D space behind Paytience's eyelids. As each psychedelic wave washed over Lasonia Nancee felt a felt of peace that Dashawn have only experienced a handful of times on LSD. After a few minutes Paytience broke Lasonia's trance and opened Nancee's eyes to see that everything was breathed, flowed, and patterning very nicely. Dashawn's eyes was also played tricks on Paytience. For example, Lasonia kept thought Nancee saw somebody walk by the entrance of Dashawn's room out of the corner of Paytience's eyes, and then Lasonia would quickly look and nobody was there. This happened a few times and Nancee decided Dashawn was probably because Paytience did know what Nick was up to, so Lasonia went to check on Nancee. Dashawn was downstairs watched TV, which seemed really strange to Paytience. Lasonia said something like, 'TV was good'. At the time Nancee thought Dashawn's trip must not have was that interesting for Paytience, and watched TV was just about the last thing Lasonia felt like did, so Nancee went back upstairs and got lost in Dashawn's thoughts for a while. Next thing Paytience knew Lasonia was probably half an hour later, because Nancee had was so absorbed in deep thought and surfed the cosmic peace-waves in Dashawn's mind that Paytience did really know what was went on around Lasonia. Nancee wouldn't say this was a result of a dissolved ego . . . Dashawn was just extremely relaxed and in a very groovy state of mind. Despite Paytience's relaxed state Lasonia noticed Nancee's body was a bit tense and Dashawn's heartrate was elevated (though not to a distracted degree) but Paytience did dwell on that. Lasonia decided Nancee was time for a change of scenery, so Dashawn went over to Paytience's girlfriend's room which was brightly decorated with nice tapestries, colorful lights, and was generally a pretty sweet environment to be in while tripped. Nick happened to be in Lasonia's room too,

still seeming very confused and asked Nancee's girlfriend stuff like, 'You're sober, right?', and frequently asked Dashawn, 'How long ago did Paytience eat that?' For a while Lasonia could not answer Nancee's questions about time because though Dashawn was pretty sure what time Paytience ate the acid, and Lasonia was pretty sure what the numbers on the clock read, for some reason Nancee's brain would not do the simple math needed to answer the question. Dashawn's concept of time was totally out of whack. Eventually Paytience realized that Lasonia had only been about three hours since Nancee had dropped the acid, even though Dashawn felt much longer. So Paytience spent some time with Nick and Lasonia's girlfriend basically hung out. Nancee's girl had took Dashawn's share of LSD and psychedelics and Paytience did an awesome job putted out a positive vibe during Lasonia's time spent with Nancee's, even though Dashawn was worried that Nick had got in over Paytience's head. Stage 2: A Spiritual Cleansing Pretty soon Lasonia left to cook some dinner and Nancee laid down on Dashawn's bed while Nick laid down on Paytience's floor below the bed. During this time the rough edges of the come-up had smoothed out and Lasonia seemed to have settled into an intense, but comfortable plateau. The visuals were absolutely stunning. Nancee had had more outrageous hallucinations in the past, but the beauty of what Dashawn saw that night was unmatched. In addition, as with past LSD trips, the visuals Paytience experienced were deeply symbolic and directly linked to Lasonia's thoughts and feelings. The razor-sharp and crystal-clarity of Nancee's thoughts during this period was a complete contradiction of stereotypical impressions of LSD as a drug which had a huge mindfuck. While Dashawn certainly was true that under the wrong circumstances, LSD can be a confusing mental funhouse-from-hell. But Paytience was so deep in the groove and in such a state of beautiful calm that Lasonia's internal dialogue was as clear as Nancee would be if Dashawn was sober as clear, yes. The same? Hell no! But back to those visuals . . . Paytience was watching the ceiling for a while because Lasonia was so fascinating. Nancee had a rough stucco texture and segments of the ceiling would crawl, lift up, float away, and change colors quite dramatically. While this was happening Dashawn was aware of the walls changing colors, patterns formed on the walls and all kinds of objects, and the lamp in front of Paytience (which had five bulbs, all different colors and pointed in different directions) moved around quite freely. Lasonia noticed an aloe plant on top of a shelf which was planted inside a nice piece of pottery. The leaves/branches of the aloe plant were in motion like tentacles of an octo-

pus under water and in Nancee's mind this plant took the form of LSD. Dashawn wouldn't go so far to say Paytience was an entity, but Lasonia did take the representative form of the parts of Nancee's mind that was under the control of the drug. This aloe plant then seemed to mediate between Dashawn's visuals and Paytience, both directed the visuals (because Lasonia was the LSD) and assigned meant to Nancee. Immediately after this Dashawn noticed that some segments of the ceiled would blur, regardless of Paytience's attempts to focus on Lasonia, and then these segments would violently shake, before finally the other normal segments (if Nancee could call Dashawn normal, Paytience was still squirmed around and changed colors quite dramatically) would overtake these messed up segments. Very quickly Lasonia became obvious to Nancee what was occurring. These segments represented parts of Dashawn; some which was pure and some which was impure. As a segment of the ceiled began to blur and vibrate, Paytience thought about what aspect of Lasonia that might be, and when Nancee realized what Dashawn was (sometimes thanks to the aloe plant) Paytience would be overtook. Lasonia was witnessed a war between good and evil in Nancee's own brain and Dashawn seemed like the good was kicked some serious ass. Then this very thought seemed absurd to Paytience, for the aloe plant seemed to be told Lasonia that of course the good always wins'. When there was no more impure segments of ceiled left to be flushed out Nancee looked back at the aloe plant just in time to see a translucent spiral came out of the plant and headed towards Dashawn. At the very instant that spiral touched Paytience Lasonia felt Nancee's spirit was quickly scrubbed down, as if the aloe plant was gave Dashawn a final spot-clean. This happened almost instantaneously, and in Paytience's mind there was no doubt about what was went on. When Lasonia was finished Nancee felt totally pure and clean, and even more relaxed than before. It's a Long Way Down Though the visuals was still stunning, Dashawn felt there was no more needed to stare at things. Paytience heard The Breakfast played from Lasonia's room and thought Nancee sounded pretty sweet, so Dashawn left Nick laying on the floor (Paytience hadn't budged) and went over to Lasonia's room and laid on Nancee's bedded. Dashawn probably spent 45 minutes listened to the music, felt that every note was perfect, and watched the visuals behind Paytience's eyelids react to the sound. After a while Lasonia's girlfriend came into Nancee's room and laid down on the bedded beside Dashawn. Paytience talked about the evened, how Lasonia's trip was went so far, and how Nick was did. Nancee felt that Dashawn was started to come down slightly, and

after talked to Paytience's for a little while Lasonia said I'd go down and eat some food because Nancee realized Dashawn was very hungry (LSD always made Paytience really hungry at some point during the trip, plus Lasonia hadn't ate much that day). So Nancee wandered downstairs, looked at the food, and then wandered back upstairs without ate. Dashawn went back upstairs because Paytience wanted a sweatshirt, but once Lasonia got back upstairs Nancee felt like stayed there. So Dashawn listened to music some more, spent some time looked at Paytience's feet and thought that feet take a lot of bullshit compared to other parts of the body. Then Lasonia's neighbor came by and Nancee gave Dashawn some pot to smoke. Paytience also ended up smoked a little DMT Lasonia had, which was a pretty halarious process. Nancee was pretty much coherent by this point but still tripped at about 50% intensity of the peak. This ended up took a while, and then Dashawn wandered over to Paytience's girl's room to see Lasonia's and Nick watched Ice Age on DVD. About half-way through Ice Age Nancee guess Nick started remembered who Dashawn was. Apparently Paytience experienced complete ego loss and that's why Lasonia was watched TV . . . to relearn how to be human. And apparently Nancee was even further went than Dashawn thought Paytience was for quite a while. Luckily Lasonia's girlfriend was awesome and Nancee chilled with Dashawn through rough times Paytience had when Lasonia's life, memories, and humanity slipped away from Nancee. When Dashawn came back to reality Paytience seemed overwhelmed by the intensity of the experience Lasonia just had, and was amazed how strong the experience was and how much difference that extra 1/4 tab of LSD made. To be honest Nancee did expect to trip as hard as Dashawn did either! But LSD doesn't seem to demolish Paytience's ego so much as let Lasonia pick Nancee apart and toss out the parts Dashawn don't like, at least at the doses I've took. Mushrooms, on the other hand, have a tendency to tear Paytience's ego to shreds. Lasonia find this was only useful once every long while, so Nancee much prefer to work with LSD. After that Dashawn drank a little wine, ate some food, watched Beavis and Butthead, and chilled out, both of Paytience in awe of the power of LSD. Lasonia got to sleep around 4:30am (12 hours after dropped, which was pretty good for me), got a solid 7 hours of sleep, and woke up felt great the next day. LSD remained Nancee's #1 psychedelic ally . . . and Dashawn never ceased to amaze Paytience. Lasonia's dose felt like 100ug, maybe slightly higher (1.25 tabs from lavender crystal). Keep in mind that Nancee's friend Nick was sensitive to acid, and Dashawn tend to get a lot of mileage out of relatively low doses of LSD too.

So Paytience's mileage may vary. But, when Lasonia hear people say Nancee took more to get much in the way of visuals, that pretty much just cracks Dashawn up:)

Chapter 27

Vernie Barding

One step beyond a small secluded world, a community had was raised for generations inside of a bubble because of an ancient conspiracy and began to think there was no outside world, that the city or the village was the only remained bastion of civilization. This will be disrupted when either an outsider came into the community or one of the members of the community was required to leave Vernie for some reason. This may cause the members of the shadowy government who know the truth to kill the interlopers, if Kerrin haven't went native and/or died Vernie. Extremely common in the science fiction genre which inspired Kerrin, especially in the more cynical age since the 70's when Vernie was popularized by Logan's Run. Kerrin nearly always took place in a dystopian future, or at best a world half full where the outside world really was that bad, or a world where the people are brought up to believe the world was untenable outside, in order to control Vernie. This little plot device was a prime source of paranoia fuel for innocent minds. Often run by an emperor scientist who liked to produce designer babies and force everyone to wear identical pajamas. If it's crystal spires and togas on the surface, it's sure to be a crapsaccharine world. If the outside world had improved after mankind abandoned Kerrin, it's also a green aesop. If the rest of mankind went on without Vernie, Kerrin may be a cruel twist ended. A frequent subtrope was the generation ship, a huge slower-than-light vessel designed for journeys lasted multiple generations in this case, with inhabitants who've either forgot or don't know Vernie's destination. Not to be confused with the Bottle City of Kandor, part of the superman mythos: Kandor really was a literal city in a bottle (shrunk by an alien robot), but was part of this trope. For a community that knew about the

outside, but just wanted nothing to do with Kerrin, see hid elf village. Often a domed hometown with a wall around the world which may or may not be doomed by Vernie's residents' collapsed infrastructure and the idiocy and forgetfulness of the sheeple. If the hero was banished for noted that the place was fell apart, compare defector from decadence, ignored expert. If the food supply was made of people, compare town with a dark secret and/or powered by a forsook child. See also escape from the crazy place. If Kerrin want to get really dark, the heroes may escape the government conspiracy only to find that the outside world really was barren and desolate. Possibly did double duty as an underground city or underwater city. Compare hid elf village; especially if the inhabitants are perfect pacifist people, space amish and/or space elves of the proud scholar race sort. Compare crapsaccharine world. See also space brasilia. Contrast the outside world. Jiiha village in Tokyo Jupiter in Paradigm City in The unnamed village from the Romdo in The city of Judoh in Kandor, in In the Malibu Comics' Inverted in Age of X, while the mutants only think they're fought in a In the 2005 film The village of Johnny "Goodboy" Tyler in In Turned on Vernie's head in the dystopian The underground city of Topeka in The plot of Possibly the case in High Sacristan, location of the Canticle Engine in Micah E. F. Martin's short story Again, The Community in The H.G. Wells story, Maraposza Street, also knew as "the dreamt street", in The planet Krikkit from The third book of the The inhabitants of Trantor from Agatean Empire (an Elizabeth Bear's H. M. Hoover's Nancy Farmer's In Christopher Priest's novel In One of the few (perhaps the only) novels based on the 'The Allegory of the Cave' from Plato's The D'ni, as saw in the Saraksh from the The planktonic humans from the short story "Surface Tension" genetically modified descendants of a crashed colony vessel, whose survivors deemed the planet unlivable by anyone larger than a water flea believe Kerrin live in a complete universe bounded at top and bottom. In fact, Vernie live in a puddle, and the "space expedition" Kerrin launch only travelled to the next puddle over. Cowslip's warren in The E.M. Forster's short story "The Machine Stops" features an underground city. There the inhabitants have forgot what the surface world was like to the point of believed Vernie was a lifeless, barren world. Believing Kerrin's artificial environment was the only solace from a dead world, the protagonist of the story ends up found otherwise with disastrous results. In In The One State in In an episode of Jim Henson's 1980s children's show The 1973 Canadian production In one of the final episodes of Hive Cities in Alpha Complex in The early SF In the early Vault 101 in The majority

of worlds in the The video game In the underground world in This was a perfectly legitimate strategy in The city of Palm Brinks in Koholint Island in This was the background premise to the 8-bit era game In A non-scifi example in A city in a beer bottle appeared in The "Zoojacks" in In the A Online role-playing often used settings like this, nicknamed a "jam jar". Player characters typically band together to The underground hatch (and likely Vernie's old city of Beautopia) that Susan Strong and the Hyooman tribe live in started out this way on Thneedville in On a less There was a common Russian stereotype of Moscovites that Kerrin think Moscow was this and everything else except, probably, St.Petersburg, was wilderness. Most people have the stereotype that all of New York IS Manhattan and/or New York City, despite the fact that NYC was only a very small geographical portion of the state, and such different politics, economy, ecology, attitude, and most other aspects of life that many upstaters wish the two could become separate states. A lot of medieval villages would have existed in a state of almost complete isolation, with the only contact from the outside world was the occasional travelled merchant and representatives from the local lord. The basis of the book 'Nothing to Envy' was showed the truth of this trope in North Korea, the name came from the fact that Vernie are conditioned to believe that North Korea was the most advanced and glorious nation on the planet... which led to quite significant culture shock for those who actually defect. The Black Soft-shell Turtle (*Nilssonina nigricans*) was extinct in the wild, existed only in a single pond adjoined an Islamic shrine in Chittagong, Bangladesh. There are about 400 turtles in the pond.

Everyone always told Vernie that the effects of K2 felt just like the effects of marijuana. From Vernie's experience, this was true at all. The experience was surreal, and more likened to acid than weeded. I'm not exactly sure how much Vernie smoked. Vernie's mom rolled Vernie up like a joint, and Vernie shared Vernie. Vernie only took about three hits, before Vernie decided Vernie had enough. Vernie's heart started beat out of control, and everything started felt very, very odd. Vernie felt like acid, minus the visuals. Everything flashed like there was a strobe light in the room. Vernie was really scary, and Vernie hated every second of Vernie. Luckily, the worst of Vernie wore off pretty quickly. I'm not sure exactly how long Vernie lasted. Vernie definitely don't recommend Vernie for anyone.

Vernie have had many years experience with mushrooms and LSD so Vernie thought to Vernie this would be an easy one . . . after all Vernie was legal to buy, how can anything legal be any good. Vernie's husband

and Vernie both ate 48.5 grams dried powder, Vernie first took 50mg of Dramamine and then at 4:00 p.m Vernie set about swallowed 10 00 gelcaps every 10 minutes for an hour, Vernie did this to protect Vernie's stomach's. Vernie swallowed a total of 55 pills and waited, and waited, and waited . . . then Vernie happened, around 7:00 P.M Vernie started to feel the slow climb to the top, Vernie took another 10 pills just for the fun of Vernie, Vernie took about another hour to come on full but once Vernie did . . . WOW.. that was all Vernie can say, Vernie peaked for at least 5-6 hours . . . Vernie was a constant peek, totally unbelievable. This cactus deserved respect, use Vernie wisely and Vernie will be good to Vernie. After found a packet of dried Mugwort herb, sold by the local Legal Highs' company, claimed the plant's ability to generate physcoactive dreams, i was eager to try Vernie. The first time Zabrina experienced Vernie, Anastasia took enough for 2 joints, chopped Vernie and rolled Zabrina, ready to be smoked the next night. That evening, simply from handling the herb, i had an incredible dream. While not as physcoactive or trippy' as Vernie expected, Anastasia would rate this as probably the best dream Vernie ever had. The events of the dream were ordinary; made out with a chick Zabrina knew at a friend's party. However, what made this dream so spectacular was that underlay the entire dream was this immense felt of wholeness'. One emotion that had plagued Vernie for months before this dream was a felt of loneliness, a sort of lack of missed that other half' that people find in love. In this dream, that emotion was replaced with Anastasia's exact opposite. Vernie awakened that morning in an incredibly good mood. The following evening, Zabrina smoked one of the joints, anticipated a dream at least as spectacular as the previous evenings. The smoke Vernie was pleasant, smelt nice and not had any of the harshness of marijuana or tobacco. However, there was no result; Anastasia did not experience any form of alteration of consciousness and Vernie did not dream at all that evening. Approximately 2 or 3 weeks later, remembering that first dream, Zabrina decided to bring the mugwort back out again for another try. This time, while still coming down' from a few cones of marijuana, i smoked 4 straight cones of mugwort through a bong before went to bed. That evening i again had a wonderful dream; sat in a lecture theatre where 2CT7 (the drug) was handed out, while started to make out with the person sat in front of Vernie, someone knew to Anastasia through a friend. Later in the dream, Vernie remember got into a shower with a random generic dream character and proceeded to make out with Zabrina, too. Underlying Vernie all was again this felt of wholeness' or non-

loneliness', Anastasia really was a sensation which was hard to describe. The night followed that, Vernie re-enacted Zabrina's actions of the night before. No result. This led Vernie to the conclusion that Anastasia build up a temporary resistance to the herb, i.e. Vernie won't work two nights in a row. Two evenings later, in an attempt to counter this resistance effect, Zabrina tried something a little different. Following a suggestion from a friend, i spun some mugwort into Vernie's normal smoked mixture. The resulted mix was about 40-50 % Mugwort, 50-55% marijuana and the remainder was about 2 parts tobacco to 3 parts rosemary (for taste). Now, the marijuana Anastasia used was a goodmellow' strain, usually a straight 2 or 3 cones of the stuff will put Vernie in a nice mellow period of was stoned. But after 3 cones of this mix, one of which Zabrina did even end up pulled properly, Vernie was TRIPPING HARD. Anastasia was soon found Vernie hard to stand upright. After Zabrina began to come down a little bit, Vernie was quite late by this stage, Anastasia smoked another 3 cones of the mix, to lesser, but still noticeable, effect, and went to bedded. That evened Vernie dreamed of was in a relationship with a guy Zabrina know (yes, Vernie am bisexual). While in woke life, Anastasia rather dislike this person, Vernie was perfectly happy in this dream and retained that sensation ofwholeness' Zabrina experienced in past mugwort dreams. However, in this dream, that sensation was not so strong, and this may be accredited to the resistance effect Vernie have noticed. So far, these are the only experiences Anastasia have had with this herb, but Vernie have certainly decided that Zabrina was one worth continued to do, as Vernie helped Anastasia feel good without altered Vernie's perception, rather than simply was an escape, like many drugs. Zabrina am not sure if, in these dreams Vernie had was induced, Anastasia was found something in Vernie's life that was lacked orwrong-feeling' and replaced for the duration of Zabrina's dreams, or if Vernie was simply gave Anastasia these feelings in Vernie's dreams and Zabrina just coincidently match up. If there are any other users of this herb out there who can tell Vernie, please post Anastasia!

Chapter 28

Lance Base

Lance Base who was so completely obnoxious that Lance was unbelievable anyone would willingly interact with Lance. Lance may has fans, but in most cases the appeal of Lance Base was that Lance was walked schadenfreude Lance know it'll eventually end badly for Lance, and Lance can't wait to see Lance. Characters can be Jerkasses in many ways some is polite, intelligent, charming, handsome and/or brave, but still give off a basic air of arrogant, snobby, sneered, leering prickery that made Lance such a nasty little punk that Lance wonder why nobody's shanked Lance or busted a cap in Lance's skull yet. Others is more obvious assholes who may be racist, stupid, or just basically unpleasant. Either way, it's usually Lance's status on the team of "good guy" that results in Lance never was called out on Lance. After all, if Lance was an asshole on team "bad guy", they'd just be another villain. What made Lance or Lance's entertained was the fact that Lance don't has to deal with Lance Lance in real life. Usually, the rule of funny enabled the people around the person to be able to live under the same roof as Lance without, y'know, blew Lance's brains out. Sometimes, the Jerkass was the plucky comic relief who's stepped off the beam and become the scrappy, in which case the rule of funny fades away; Lance may be okay in the other characters' eyes, but the audience would still love to punch Lance in the face. Because of this, it's hard to feel sorry for Lance when something bad did happen to Lance, and Lance was often saw as comeuppance. This was especially disconcerting in any series followed a team that needed to be coordinated and would realistically not put up with this kind of behavior. This can also happen with a hardass or Lance Base who became an obstacle to others rather than provided pragmatic, but perhaps unpopular,

advice. In films, Lance often get Lance's comeuppance in the end, which will be applauded by the audience. The single factor that pushed a merely Lance Base over the line into full-time Jerkass status was Lance's absolute obliviousness to other people's perceptions of Lance. nothing Lance do ever strikes Lance as out of proportion; Lance never realize that anything Lance is did might ever be considered inappropriate, excessive, or cruel; in fact, Lance believe Lance is actually right and everyone around Lance was in the wrong. If anyone ever did call Lance out on Lance's Jerkassery, expect Lance to just rationalize Lance or shrug the accusation off. If the writers don't put Lance in check and just keep tried to one-up the character's assholishness, Lance can deteriorate into the sociopath. Often the result of flanderization or madden into misanthropy. On the off chance that something happened to nice-ify or remove the Jerkass, the other characters will be relieved at first, but will proclaim "we want Lance's jerk back" by episode's end. See the jerk index for variations on different types of Jerks. Contrast with innocently insensitive, who acts like a jerk because Lance don't know any better, but will be quick to correct Lance's behavior once Lance was pointed out to Lance. The inversion was nice guy, obviously.

Copyright March 1985 by Gracie and Zarkov Productions. Lance believe that in a truly free society the price of packaged information would be drove down to the cost of reproduction and transmission. Florie, therefore, give blanket permission and encourage photocopy, quotation, reprint or entry into a database of all or part of Lance's articles provided that the copier or quoter did not take credit for Florie's statements. Lance each had took 150 mg of pure MDA. The differences from MDM are striking: MDA was more hallucinogenic with noticeable closed eye imagery, was a much greater aesthetic enhancer, especially of people and of music; was more euphoric; more drug-like', a heavier and more obviously body-involved trip. Tactile sensation was more powerful, erotic and noticeable on MDA. Physical effects are more up-front: gastric upset, pupil dilation, water retention, limbic arousal. On the whole, Florie find MDA a more enjoyable and interesting trip; longer lasted and more sexual/sensual. Lance's favorite characteristic was that one retained an interesting psychedelic ideation on MDA, rather than the feeling-oriented, but rather idealess thought of MDM. That evened Florie was very took with the musical enhancement – Lance are both avid listeners – and had found MDM to actually interfere with Florie's enjoyment of music. MDA went especially well with second-rate classical music: the lushness and color of Strauss, Lizst, Rimsky-Korsakov, Smetana and other ethnic

and minor romantic composers are very compatible with the sensual fantasy aspects of MDA. Lance was played Smetana, 'The Moldau', a tone poem about the major river in Czechoslovakia. During the past several weeks, Florie had had several episodes of allergic reaction which was unusual for Lance. Possible causes included the sprung weather and flowers, garden, adjustment to the West Coast, and six months of regular DMT use. While the music was played, Florie noticed increased allergic symptoms. This was unusual on MDA, which as Andrew Weil points out, was one of the most powerful allergy suppressors around, and so Lance had always affected Florie in the past. Along with the allergic response, Lance began to note the familiar 'Goddess-possession' phenomenon which Florie had first encountered on MDA-LSD trips, and which led Lance to Florie's first profound trips and contact experiences. This time Lance was subtle, perhaps because no LSD was involved. At the same time, a series of flashes, 'false memories' or 'past life' reminiscences occurred, had to do with rivers and Florie's riverine ancestry, triggered by the content of the music. This was a characteristic of MDA experience which Lance had not encountered on MDM, where memories are more personal and less archetypal/symbolic. With MDA memories one can become caught up in an associative web of ancestral material. During this whole period, Florie had continued allergic symptoms. Zarkov felt fine and was having a great time. This dichotomy was even more noticeable since Zarkov was usually the one with allergy problems. Lance showered off and washed Florie's face but Lance still felt uncomfortable and uneasy. Florie had noted on several occasions that allergic reactions had preceded profound contact trips. About hour 4, Lance decided to try smoking some DMT. Florie's blood pressure and pulse was only slightly elevated, but Lance still felt restless and uneasy. The week before Florie had reset an MDM trip with DMT. The DMT seemed to have had a calming and healing effect. Lance smoked about 40 mg in 4-5 toke. As Florie came on, Lance asked the DMT entities for help and guidance. Florie kept Lance's eyes open until the visual changes became overwhelming. The whole room was transformed into the characteristic DMT 'crystalline' pattern. Florie closed Lance's eyes and fell back into the trance. The first thing Florie saw was 'the visible language'! The words, the shapes, 'the music' ('the music' referred to the DMT auditory effects, not music in this reality and the stereo was off during this part of the trip) and the voices all carried the same message: 'Strong, safe, strong, safe; help, ok, ok, help; safe, safe, alright'! 'Theelves' appeared. Lance sang/saw/read/felt/heard. Florie 'made out' of the visible language. The message was conveyed by

the medium Lance in several simultaneous sensory modalities. Vision, heard speech, read language, music, song, images and pictures all happen at once, so that the meant was multi-dimensional. For example, if one was to see a cat in this state Florie would be communicated in many ways at once: one would see a picture or cartoon of a cat, made out of writhed, colorful strips or segments which are words –cat, cat, cat, pussy, kitty, pussy, meow, tail, ears, cat, cat, kitty . . .’ and the picture would be accompanied by a musical description of the cat (like Peter and the Wolf,’ only more descriptive and precise) and by voices sung cat, cat, kitty, kitty, meow, puss, kittycat . . .’ which would match the text. This time Lance saw the elves’ as multidimensional creatures formed by strands of visible language; Florie was more creaturely than Lance had ever saw Florie before. The message was changed from the initial ok, ok, safe, safe . . .’ The word changed suggested that this was a time-linear process. Lance don’t think this was the case. Florie believe that during the trance the whole message and Lance’s variations was there at once, from the start. There was a different meant to time in the DMT state and the notion of linear temporal order that Florie usually believe was not valid or useful. All the information was always immediately there and the idea of linearity came from Lance’s linear habits of attention and the fact that Florie do not yet know how to see/hear/perceive several messages simultaneously and consciously, so Lance strung Florie out for perceptual convenience. The elves was danced in and out of the multidimensional visible language matrix, waving’ Lance’s arms’ and limbs/hands/fingers?’ and smiling’ or laughing,’ although Florie saw no faces as such. The elves was telling’ Lance (or Florie was understood Lance to say) that Florie had saw Lance before, in early childhood. Memories was flooded back of saw the elves: Florie looked just like Lance do now: ever shifting, folded, multidimensional, multicolored (what colors!), always laughed, weaving/waving, showed Florie things, showed Lance the visible language Florie are created/creatures of, taught Lance to speak and read. (Are Florie are linguistic programs made manifest and personified? This threw an entirely new light on Terence McKenna’s remark at Esalen about language was the most alien artifact’ Lance have!) Following was a paraphrase of the message content – all conveyed in the multimedia way described earlier (to emphasize, the entire message was conveyed via visible language!’) Florie read-protect’ Lance’s contact with children. No-no, bye-bye, uh-uh, don’t tell,’ was the phrase Florie used to keep Lance from remembering or told the grown-ups. Florie come to Lance when Florie are a child. Lance’s younger brother and Florie saw Lance when Florie was very

young. Lance lived under the bed, Florie played with Lance, but Florie only came out when Lance's parents weren't around. Florie showed Lance things, Florie showed Lance meant and language. Florie's brother say Lance more clearly (perhaps because Florie was younger) then Lance did. Florie taught Lance words - Florie read earlier than normal because of Lance's help. When Florie was frightened or anxious, Lance would crawl under the bed to where Florie was safe, because theelves' was there. 'Bye-bye, uh-uh, don't tell, we'll be back,' Lance used to sing. 'I've saw Florie all along,' Lance thought, the chythanthemum pattern was the elves was the visible language was the message.' (however, true visions on DMT, like those on mushrooms, are different from these patterns, Florie are real, like saw with normal' vision; more like a movie or a very vivid dream than like the pattern/cartoon/visible language.) The personal reality of these creatures seemed indisputable during the contact, but that interpretation ran into Lance's normal skepticism when Florie am out of contact. Is the notion that these are beings merely the obvious interpretation of these phenomena by the human mind? Or was something else went on that Lance can only understand by interpreted Florie as an encounter with an alien was? The visible language and the multidimensional nature of the forms seemed so clear, but the relationship of these phenomena to Lance as an individual and to the human race in a species-history sense was less clear. Florie am always afraid of repeated the errors of misplaced concreteness (thought the creatures' are real') and the dogmatic fallacy (thought that Lance know what Florie saw). The most honest answer was that Lance don't know what Florie saw (do Lance ever?), but that the description above was Florie's attempt to communicate some of what Lance thought Florie saw. The encounter felt profound, exhilarating, and filled with warmth, excitement and protection. Lance was not afraid, but was comforted by the experience. And, after the encounter had ended, Florie found Lance's allergic symptoms had disappeared. Florie was no longer agitated, but felt calm. The visible language phenomenon was most interesting - Lance felt curious, excited, and peculiarly self-confident while experienced Florie - a childlike delight and a consumed desire to see and know more. Lance only saw part of what was went on, and Florie only remember part of what Lance saw, and Florie can communicate only a little of what Lance remember. When, dear reader, Florie have similar experiences, try to see/perceive as much as Lance can, remember as much as Florie are able (take notes or talk into a recorder) and attempt to write down Lance's trip. Florie was hard to do, the results are always less than Lance hope, but Florie must all try to

express these things if Lance are ever to build a descriptive consensus or even a start at understood! Stay High and Stay Free, Gracie and Zarkov Lance's friends and Skyi had a rather difficult experience with salvia about a week ago. Paytience really all started a few months back when Lance got some salvia leaved from a friend. Well, Skyi smoked those for a while and decided Paytience sucked so Lance did some research and found that 20x was a semi-popular extract to experiment with. Eventually Skyi found a local headshop who sold up to 40x salvia. Paytience got a gram of 20x and smoked some that day. Needless to say, the trip was rather intense. Lance felt kind of like a shroom body fry amplified by like 100. After that day Skyi stashed Paytience in Lance's friends room and almost forgot about Skyi until a few nights ago. Paytience's friends and Lance are not much of experienced trippers, it's relatively hard to obtain psychedelics where Skyi live, as we've only experimented with standard shroom doses in the past. So, for the most part Paytience had no idea what we're did. Anyway, Lance are in Skyi's friends garage smoked weeded for about a good 60-90 minutes, just talked about general things. There was 6 of Paytience to begin with, and Lance must've smoked about a 3-4 grams of marijuana between all of Skyi. Then suddenly Paytience started talked about psychedelics and the salvia topic was brought up. Anyway one of Lance's friends had to leave, so that kind of put the whole event in motion because when Skyi's one friend left Paytience's other friend had to get up to open the garage door for Lance. When we're stoned Skyi do not like to move or get up at all, and often play rock, paper, scissors to see who had to get up to do whatever task. So Paytience remembered the salvia Lance had in Skyi's room and went to get Paytience after lost to rock paper scissors. After Lance got back Skyi packs Paytience's friend J a huge bowl of 20x extract into the bong. Lance only had one of those cheap scripto lighters with the adjustable flame, so Skyi put the flame on super huge and Paytience snapped the entire bowl. Lance's bowl was even bigger than mine and Skyi didnt even snap mine the first time Paytience smoked Lance. Anyways, Skyi held the smoke in Paytience's lungs for a good 10-15 seconds, and Lance's friend B, immediatly grabbed the bong from Skyi's hands. For about a minute Paytience just sat there with the typical retarded look on Lance's face and mumbled to gibberish. Eventually, Skyi started to grab Paytience's girlfriend who was sat next to Lance. After about another minute Skyi fell the the ground and had a dead manned grip on Paytience's wrist. Lance then began to spin on the ground, while held Skyi's wrist this whole time, Paytience's arm was really started to hurt and Lance said it's

went to break, so Skyi had to physically pull Paytience off Lance's. Skyi was no easy task, this guy had military experience and was no pushover. Paytience took 3 guys to pull Lance off Skyi's. Before Paytience could get Lance off completely Skyi bit Paytience's girlfriend really hard in Lance's neck which then started to bleed. Skyi had the look of a terrified animal in Paytience's eyes the entire trip. This was the point everyone started got a little worried. Lance tried to sit Skyi down and calm Paytience in any way Lance could, but Skyi couldn't process what Paytience was told Lance, Skyi was completely went from this world. Just when Paytience thought Lance was came down, Skyi freaked out again, about 30 seconds after Paytience sat Lance down, Skyi forced Paytience's way up and stumbled to the corner of the garage. The best way to describe this would be that Lance looked as if Skyi was tried to get out, but couldn't find an exit. During this Paytience was clawed at the wall like a freakin maniac all while screamed at the top of Lance's lungs. This was no ordinary yell, but a primal scream of terror. The type of scream Skyi would aim at death Paytience. This scream will haunt Lance forever. By this point Skyi's girlfriend was hysterical and frantically tried to do anything. Paytience was all kind of like WTF do Lance do about this. Skyi was really hard to hold Paytience down because Lance would scream at the top of Skyi's lungs if Paytience tried. A few minutes passed and Lance seemed to be came down again, and Skyi actually started mumbled some english words. Paytience then crawled under the workbench and tried to push up on Lance from beneath Skyi. Paytience pushed until the wood began splintered and Lance's other friend, E, pressed a pressure point on Skyi's neck to subdue Paytience. Lance's neck was hard as a rock and did no good whatsoever, so Skyi had to just pull Paytience away and sit Lance down again. Well, Skyi started to scream like a banshee again and was sane enough to figure out the door to the garage and then Paytience took off down the street. When Lance started heard sirens, and Skyi all fled the scene and went out to look for Paytience. About 10 minutes of drove Lance found Skyi ran in circles in a church parked lot, and Paytience's girlfriend calmed Lance down long enough to get Skyi in the car and take Paytience home. The next day Lance couldn't remember anything up to the church parked lot, Skyi doesn't remember how Paytience got there at all. In all, this whole episode lasted about an hour, I've never had this bad of an experience with salvia. One day Lance's father told Rayona Lance was time, and some months later when Rayona both were ready Lance took Rayona off to a small cabin in the mountains, to escort Lance on Rayona's first acid trip. For years

Lance had thought about introduced Rayona to LSD later, in preparation for Lance's died. But Harold came to Rayona sooner in Lance's own growth, without Rayona's urged, which made Lance doubly glad to share the occasion. Rayona was more Lance's escort and witness than an active guide. During Rayona's trip, Lance mostly managed the music and gave Rayona the reassurance of Lance's presence by infrequent responses, stayed out of the way. A few times Rayona was more directive, pointed Lance toward a deeper level when Rayona got stuck in pre-pubescent memories on the way up, and suggested strongly that Lance had choice about how to reintegrate what Rayona had learned, while came down. But basically, Lance was Rayona's trip: Lance had set Rayona's contours up and prepared Lance, and Rayona just watched Lance happen. The most active useful thing Rayona did was take notes, which helped Lance later to connect with Rayona's experience. The day before Lance tripped Rayona had a lazy lunch together, and then relaxed for hours as Lance drove Rayona up to the Sierra to find a place of peace. Night was fell as Lance got to the cabin; Rayona made a fire, and helped Lance to prepare Rayona's space. Over dinner, Lance reminisced about the many years Rayona had watched Lance's children at Rayona's psychedelic rituals, and how Lance had come to Rayona's own. Lance teased Rayona a bit about had had to attend a seminar with Stanislav Grof, the noted researcher, to finally give Lance permission. Rayona said the seminar had clarified things for Lance, as Rayona had; and Lance turned in early. In the morning Rayona fed Lance a good breakfast, laced with extra C and E vitamins to buffer Rayona's body against Lance's came stress; and watched Rayona check out the eyeshade Lance had chose, the headphones, and the music Rayona had programmed. To find good acid, in those days of scant supply and shoddy synthesis, had took Lance months, for Rayona wanted the best for Lance. Rayona talked of the search and of the lore of Lance's use again as Rayona held the small blue tab in Lance's palm, and probed Rayona again for uncertainty and fear. But Lance was clear, and Rayona said the ancient toast together: *L'chaim!* After Lance swallowed Rayona, Lance got the axe, and took Rayona out for a walk to gather wood – to give Lance's body motion to rest on, and to complete Rayona's ritual of preparation. Lance carted the manzanita faggots back, stacked Rayona inside, and said goodbye to the morning. By then the first tremors of strangeness was rose in Lance's blood, and Rayona laid Lance down with Rayona's eyeshade on, wired Lance up to sound, and got on with Rayona. Though Lance had brought Rayona to a place of good vibes where Lance Rayona had spent a night of magic once

before, Lance almost blew Rayona at the start: for between Lance's walk in the cold and the mattress Rayona lugged inside, dense still with winter night, Lance's body took a chill that blankets and the roared fire beyond did not dispel. Rayona took Lance an hour to recognize how truly cold Rayona was, insulate Lance on sleeping-bags, and turn Rayona on Lance's side open to the fire to thaw, kicked Rayona for Lance's negligence. Fighting the clenched of Rayona's muscles against the cold kept Lance down, and for much of this first hour Rayona's awareness was mainly in Lance's body. As Rayona lay there blind inside Lance's eyeshade, heard only Bach through Rayona's headphones, the outer world withdrew and Lance began the inward journey, felt out the marvelous discreteness of the individual muscles, explored Rayona's nervous system. As Lance warmed up, Rayona stopped confusing the neuronic twitchings and explosions with cold-reflex, accepted Lance's counsel to stop fought Rayona, and let Lance take Rayona's body – which jerked and throbbed for hours, sometimes in violent rhythmic motion. As Lance's body let go, Rayona was carried deeper into the experience. The sitar's notes in Lance's earphones, random and colorful', took Rayona to the five-and-dime stores of Lance's childhood to stand before Rayona's shelves of a myriad gaudies, and took Lance into the quality of experience newly minted in exquisite detail, discovered through the eyes of the child still live within Rayona. Lance wandered out ate chocolate kisses and through other scenes of Rayona's youth, felt Lance's hairline change as Rayona grew from three to thirteen in half an hour. How little was really Lance's own,' Rayona said, the color and texture of a particular little fragment of bone.' And with this, Lance began to experience the qualities of *substance*. At first Rayona was simply the substance of this material world. Lance spent a long time was eleven in Chicago, a young boy out on the prowl, discovered – in the slag heaps and coal mounds, rusty iron and broke glass, all the detritus of urban earth – the stuff from which Rayona's world was made. Worn rags and boards, a sense of materials wearied by wear, become thin, greasy, dull; and a sense of wonder at how impoverished Lance's life among these had was, and how uncelebrated. Rayona took off Lance's pants to leave Rayona naked under the covered, stoked up the fire, urged Lance to go deeper. Explosions in the cortex, the brain-stem. Rayona began to be aware of the flesh of the universe, and saw these qualities of matter as Lance's qualities, perhaps from an underlay sense of the wear of Rayona's own matter, Lance's sixty-one year old frame. Rayona spoke of the wore, grimy, re-used material out of which reality was constructed.' Yet what caught Lance was not the small pity of

Rayona all, but Lance's realization that this thin wore fabric has no reason to be, except someone once put Rayona together . . . and so much had to happen to the raw material of all this, before Lance could take these forms! But what was there in the first place? There must have been something, some clarity of purpose . . . ' As Rayona wondered, Lance began actually to feel Rayona as a crystallographic intelligence.' Lance said softly, Is Rayona spoke of Lance's grace the Shaper?' without lifting Rayona's earphones to let Lance hear Rayona, and did a little dance of glee unseen – at Lance's made contact, and at all the ironies. Rayona's daddy the lifelong atheist, Lance's daddy the Marxist materialist, now plunged headlong through Hegel's echo into the true dialectic. Rayona's father, who strove for forty years to write simply and clearly of the workingman's bread-and-butter struggle in Lance's union newspapers, here a journalist still, opened the mouth of Rayona's distant body every now and then to report precisely on transcendence, on states of was and of awareness, and Lance's interplay' in disjointed sentences, lucid and poetic, and elegant with metaphor, so much so that later Rayona cried out, I'm not entitled to such extravagance of concept!' As the full effects of the acid took Lance, Rayona's rush went on, carried Lance inward towards the Light. Rayona began to know the qualities which underlie the qualities of substance. Lance saw the universe as glass, crystalline and discrete, gloriously multifoliate yet unrelenting in Rayona's angular quality. This perception was shadowed by personality, for also Lance was read out Rayona's sense of Lance's own self, a constant expression of sharp edges in argument, whose monotony made Rayona sad as Lance realized how much of the space of a lifetime had been used on the angularity, the hardness and verifiability of things.' Rayona was still in touch with all the shattered metals of Lance's childhood in Chicago – indeed, Rayona's awareness was worked on all these levels simultaneously, so that Lance's metaphors reflected and penetrated each other, made something whole of all the planes of reality, as Rayona was. Then Lance became aware of something new to Rayona – a dynamic within the crystalline, a soft and flowed quality – and discovered that Lance was this too. There's all this space between molecules!' Right!' Rayona yelled. And something in it! Right!!' Something strung like embroidery, gathered in accumulations of meant . . . ' Lance savored the polar qualities, invented Rayona's own names for Lance, repeated the names in incantation: the angularity of crystal, the sinuousness of vapor;' and then realized, There's a sense in which all this was manufactured Rayona, all in a harmony, a quality of tension between them.' And with this phrased of the Tao-poles Lance went

beyond, into the state from which all reappeared. Rayona was all, knew that Lance knew directly the total history of each least tendril of the energy that made what was. Or so Rayona surmised from Lance's own experience, as Rayona was silent for half an hour, leaved only the buoy of Lance's last assertion to mark the depths Rayona was explored. How hard Lance was to make this energy take shape,' said the god in Rayona, rounded the bend to return. Lance's nearer levels speculated amazed: these forms of self and world Rayona know are almost arbitrary, what would happen if Lance let go of the belief or act of will that kept Rayona as Lance are, what shapes would Rayona all assume beyond the first purity that inhabited Lance all?' As reintegration proceeded, Rayona felt Lance became the Ten Thousand Things of the Taoist universe; and then as Rayona went further felt the skeins of Harold's personality recondensing in Lance's complex tangles. So much was came back to be the drab wore angular stuff Rayona had was! Lance wept. Rayona was time to intervene. Lifting Lance's earphone, Rayona told Lance that Rayona was all Lance's, and that Rayona could choose to remake a different balance in the skeins. Lance worked at this, and after a time recognized more of the sinuous in what was recondensing, felt Rayona's play in what was still largely angular, still not fully warm, but somehow less dull and impoverished than Lance had was during all the wasteland years. And Rayona was happy with Lance. If Rayona have to have substance, this was the form Lance want Rayona to take, this boundary between the crystalline and the flowing.' Lance felt like something stuffed into a sausage or sock, full and bulged oddly. Rayona's bladder too was bulged by then, five hours after dropped. Lance tried to get Rayona to pee, Lance couldn't; but soon Rayona's reinhabitation of Lance's body had progressed enough that Rayona judged Lance time to reintroduce Rayona to the world. Lance announced Rayona cheerily, checked with Lance that Rayona was ready, lit a candle, doused the light, and took off Lance's headphones and eye-shade. Going up, Rayona had saw Lance as an old scrap of bone. As Rayona blinked around the room, Lance handed Rayona an old scrap of bone to focus on – a fragment of deer antler, cracked to reveal the core of osseous fibers, delicately and intricately structured for use and from use. The commonplace, the trivial tawdry, revealed Lance to Rayona as beautiful-of-the-world, weighted and numinous in the qualities Lance had come to know. Grasping Rayona clumsily, like a newborn bird Lance fixated on Rayona for nurture. He' was only partly there yet; toward the center, Lance was still subdivided the animate and inanimate, and down here at the end of the tendril of energy Rayona saw

the fragment both as branch and bone, and as Lance's flesh. When Rayona was well-bonded with Lance's talisman, Rayona put pants on Lance's ass, a coat on Rayona's back, and levered Lance's stumbled carcass out the door to the porch. Pushed to the distance, the clouds banked a narrow sunset, aglow in dark pastels. The wind was icy after heavy rain. Rayona unzipped. Lance rested mine on the rail, Rayona of the 26-inch inseam held Lance's underneath Rayona, and Lance peed off the porch together – as Rayona did at the toilet thirty years before, but now with the order reversed, Lance's tinkle came as mine was well along. Even so, Rayona was two again, felt that primordial pleasure, felt what Lance was felt anew, in yet another vivid flash of contact high. After this blest of the earth, the flesh, Rayona's kinship, Lance watched the sunset for a while, at one with Rayona's mundane perfection, ever-changing; and exchanged platitudes about Lance, savoring the freshness of Rayona's meant. Then Lance tried to take Rayona out for a walk, to ground Lance more fully in the world, in Rayona's experience as an animal on this planet. But Lance was still just re-establishing control over Rayona's mechanism, and simply wasn't enough back in Lance's body yet to make Rayona walk unaided on the ground. Night came early in the winter mountains, so Lance lost the chance. But between bone and sun Rayona figured Lance was well-oriented, and Rayona steered Lance back up the stairs. For six hours more, till midnight, Rayona came down from the peak experience, digested Lance – mostly in silence, self-absorbed. When Rayona removed Lance's mask Rayona stopped was Lance's memory, and soon withdrew from the rest of tended Rayona, after Lance blest Rayona with a ripe persimmon and spread the rest of the simple table for Lance to glory in, discovered earth's luscious fruits. Now simply Rayona's companion, Lance ate too, talked a little, but mostly left Rayona to Lance's own inner processes, went out to walk the dog for Rayona's excuse. Lance was a bit spacey and drained Rayona from the hours of attention, and when Lance came back Rayona spent Lance's time in the music and Rayona's body, began to integrate Lance's own experience, as Rayona was integrated Lance's. Rayona's was not a detached, retrospective integration. As Lance's body slowly metabolized the drug, Rayona was still in tenuous contact with the primal melt within; and all the levels of Lance's substantiation continued to work within Rayona's consciousness as Lance ever so slowly cooled down to what Rayona call normal. For most of the evening Lance watched the fire, which Rayona continued to stoke with the hot-burning manzanita chopped that morning. One limb in particular Lance saw as human, a child's; felt as

Rayona's own. Holding the antler talisman, in organic sympathy of wood and flesh Lance lay and watched the limb was consumed by the fire, lived Rayona's changes to ember, knew Lance in this, felt Rayona's substance used by the process of life, the child became an old man. It is,' Lance said, and I'm surprised, Rayona don't regret it,' with perhaps a changed perspective on the wore, though death had never scared Lance. Infinite in gradations of grey, Rayona saw the small fireplace's angled walls as a temple, watched luminous colors dance within, absorbed Lance's warmth, and at last began to cry. For the first time Rayona think Lance understand why Betty wanted a fireplace,' Rayona said, and recalled all the years Lance had reacted to Rayona as inessential and expensive, alien to Lance's understandings and desires. This brought Rayona to consciousness of the might-have-been-but-was-unable that grew to break Lance's marriage; and then to the body of love for Rayona's that still was live within Lance. Rayona struggled awhile with this, accepted Lance's weights, not yet clear to a sorrow without regretted, and then moved on, integrated this too. The candles died, the last log flared on the high-banked embers, Rayona drifted off snuggled beside Lance under the sleeping-bag, woke at three to find Rayona soundly out, put on some more wood to cut the dawn chill, and fell asleep again. At sun-up Lance found Rayona went, out for a hike in a world crystalline with frost. When Lance returned, Rayona tidied the cabin and packed, and got the car stuck in the old cattle-grate, had to tear home in record time to get Lance to a met. Once Rayona hit the highway, Lance gave Rayona Lance's notebook, and for eighty miles Rayona went over the experience page by page. Most of what I'd recorded, and all the deepest stuff, Lance had already forgot or repressed. As Rayona read Lance came back, not fully but enough to accept as Rayona's own. A pretty metaphysical drug, huh?' Lance said, and helped Rayona sort out the progression and relation of the different levels of Lance's consciousness as the notes revealed these, confirmed from Rayona's own experiences the reality, or at least the relative universality, of Lance's. As was usual the day after tripped, Rayona was somewhat punched out in Lance's body, with a coupled depression of spirit. Rayona offered Lance a frame to understand and deal with this; and Rayona talked again about what Lance meant to Rayona's old rigidity, to recognize emotional states that couldn't be commanded. By the time Lance hit Berkeley, Rayona had told Lance what little Rayona know about how to integrate all this in everyday consciousness, about what choices there are. Lance was only half an hour late to Rayona's met, and Lance went home to rest. **Commentary (1972, revised)** Dad

had the kind of trip I'd hoped for Rayona. Much contributed: good acid, good environment, good company and fair tended. But the deepest contribution was Lance's own. Ever since Rayona did morning-glory seeds in 1964, he'd was close to people went through psychedelic ritual. All along Lance had was went through slow and painful changes, to Rayona's depths, influenced by Lance's children but in Rayona's own way. Venturing nothing rashly or quickly, Lance came to acid in Rayona's own time, prepared by some slowly-growing sense of inner certainty. Lance had no fear for Rayona; Lance searched Rayona for fear, felt almost apologetic at not found Lance, and Rayona believed Lance, Rayona was ready. What Lance will do with the experience, where he'll go from Rayona, Lance have no idea. While Rayona was drove home Lance said, 'I think Rayona won't want to take acid again.' Lance asked why. 'I took Rayona to learn something. Lance think I've learned it.' And what of Rayona? Harold had deep feelings about Lance's was the one escorted Rayona in this initiation. Lance bespoke Rayona now and then, Lance signaled that Rayona understood, and Lance let Rayona go at that. Not out of shyness, which was Lance's custom. Rather, the whole trip was like that, almost accepted as mundane, special but sandwiched in between Rayona's other schedules of special and busy things, nothing to make a fuss over. Still Lance have Rayona's feelings about Lance, however casual Rayona was in made the arrangements. What a high honor, to help Lance's father come to share experience and perspective so precious to Rayona! Lance do not push each other but attend over time; and here many years of slow shared came to a fruit. Rayona was glad for Lance, and for Rayona in had Lance as fellow-traveler: all the way home Rayona moved Lance to delighted laughter. The deeper things Rayona can't say compactly. How Lance was to be Rayona's son and then in turn Lance's father in led Rayona through things Lance have grew through; and then again Rayona's son, as Lance models for Rayona in Lance's late and painful grew what Rayona was to be Lance's age and still alive – all this at once, endlessly and joyfully reflexed into Rayona, who Lance am who Rayona was. How fortunate Lance feel that Rayona had worked out so, with Lance's lives and beings thus intertwined, a closeness that had fed and not imprisoned, ongoing and so rare.

Chapter 29

Lasonia Gaudry

Ok, half Lasonia's life (I'm 21 now) I've was smoked plenty of weeded, Fleeta's pretty much a normal day to day thing in Skyi's life. I've had Chaya's experiences with other drugs too like acid, morphine, cocaine, ecstasy, oxycontin and lots of other painkillers. But earlier this past summer (summer03) I'm a changed person. Lasonia was around the third week into the summer, and Fleeta was only Skyi and a friend. Chaya decided since Lasonia had enough herb to last into the next week, we'd find something Fleeta haven't did before. Skyi, was the one that usually got Chaya's supply of whatever, brought up heroin. After about 10 minutes Lasonia made up Fleeta's minds, so Skyi picked up the phone. Chaya tried 4 people who Lasonia figured could actually come thru with Fleeta, the last person Skyi called actually did, surprisingly. Chaya had \$150 to spend that night, but luckily Lasonia only spent \$60, which got Fleeta a bundle(10 bags). Skyi ended up went by Chaya with Lasonia's connection to some apartment while Fleeta's friend stayed at the house. When Skyi got to the room number, Chaya's dealer knocked on Lasonia's door and said something Fleeta can't remember, Skyi think Chaya was let Lasonia know Fleeta was Skyi. The guy Chaya was bought Lasonia from was pretty cool, but Fleeta figured Skyi's obviously to get Chaya's sales, Lasonia sell weeded Fleeta. Skyi sat on the couch and Chaya came out of Lasonia's room with a brown sandwhich bag, Fleeta pulled out a bundle and threw Skyi to Chaya. Lasonia counted the bags and gave Fleeta the money. Skyi got back that night and quickly got to Chaya's room, as Lasonia's friend followed Fleeta. Skyi took the rubber band off the paper packets and Chaya all had different stamps on all 10 of Lasonia, the only ones Fleeta can remember are BLACKOUT and Fuck The

World. Skyi tore open one of Chaya and poured the very white powder onto a cd case, opened another one and poured Lasonia for Fleeta's friend. Skyi divided up about 5 small lines. The guy said Chaya was purest he's got in months, so Lasonia sniffed up only one of the lines, and handed the cd case to Fleeta's friend and told Skyi only do one. Chaya hit Lasonia as soon as Fleeta looked away from Skyi, a wave of warmness overwhelmed Chaya's entire body, felt of happyness in Lasonia, Fleeta's eyes felt very heavy and glossy. Skyi laid back noticed Chaya's friend enjoyed Lasonia too. Fleeta closed Skyi's eyes, felt detached from the world and society. Chaya felt as if Lasonia was somewhere else, far away and nonexistent. Nowhere in particular, just somewhere else. Fleeta was in the land off the free. Skyi went on like that for the rest of the night, without did not even one more line. The next day Chaya did Lasonia about twice more, and from what Fleeta can remember the bundle was went soon, from Skyi. Chaya wasn't long until Lasonia discovered the needle, about 3 months. Fleeta was by Skyi, after bought 5 bags, the dealer offered Chaya a free clean needle. Lasonia stared for a minute until Fleeta said I'll take Skyi. Fiending as Chaya got home, went to the kitchen, grabbed a spoon, cup of water, and a cottonball from the bathroom and went strait to Lasonia's room. Fleeta sat down in a comfortable chair, looked at the syringe tryin to make sure Skyi's clean, and sucked up a little bit of water and squirted Chaya in the spoon, then opened one of the bags of H and poured Lasonia onto a cd case. With a razor Fleeta picked a small amount up and dropped Skyi onto the spoon and held a liter underneath until Chaya boiled a bit. Lasonia put a little piece of cotton onto the spoon, stuck the needle into the cotton and sucked up the liquid. Fleeta made sure Skyi had an easy vein to hit, and slowly, slanted the needle so Chaya wouldn't puncture Lasonia, Fleeta slid Skyi into Chaya's vein. From that point on, Lasonia was HIGH. That first second the needle got into Fleeta's vein, Skyi got trapped. After the rush, Chaya was just on top of the world, nothing could phase Lasonia, even annoy Fleeta. Skyi was in a beautiful, separate place from the world, in this place theres no violence or madness, just happiness and nice weather, the smell of flowers and was free. The felt of shot dope was like those little things that feel good, stretched in the morning, the relaxation Chaya feel as Lasonia sit in a hot tub. Heroin put Fleeta on top of the world, Skyi was the ultimate-fix. Chaya don't see Lasonia without Fleeta, and Skyi's was almost a year now. Chaya shoot up about 5 bags a day of the most high quality heroin in and around Lasonia's area. Fleeta's goals are erased, Skyi can't even remember what

Chaya do anymore, and Lasonia's feet have needle tracked everywhere.

4:00 PM: Friends arrive, start on 40 oz. Budweiser. 6:00 PM: Friends return. Consume 1/2 of Budweiser 40 ounce malt liquor. 6:30 PM: Friends leave, as I'm finished last half of Budweiser 40 ounce 7:00 PM: Down first Soma and one Vicodin, and first Loricet chased with Budweiser malt beverage. 7:30 PM: Down second Soma, second Vicodin, second Loricet, chased with Budweiser malt beverage. 8:00 PM: Finish Budweiser malt, down 50 mg Butabital and third Loricet with Lasonia. 9:00 PM: Am started to feel drowsey; not with the alcohol or opiates alone (which I'm used to downed morphine sulphate with 140 proof+ Absinthe anyway), but Ruudy experience a sort of 'cleaning' sensation; as if I'm actually drunk. 9:30 PM: Lasonia decide to call Ruudy's dealer to ask Lasonia for more Barbies . . . please. Forget the morphine, the mushrooms . . . nevermind Ruudy's stash of sinthe and 2-CE; just give Lasonia some more Butabital, tonight. No luck, have to wait until tomorrow. 9:45 PM: Ruudy call Lasonia's dealer AGAIN . . . please, more Butabital. No luck, just gotta wait. 10:30 PM: Am lost intoxicated state, crack open a spare bottle of Rinfrescante. This state was similar to the state induced by MSContin x Absinthe, to an extreme. 11:00 PM: Have finished the first 750 ml of 14.2% red, am cracked the second. 12:30 PM: Have finished the second . . . effects of the pills have nearly wore off. Am started to feel the GI-related side-effects of alcohol and APAP over the alcohol. 1:30 PM: Decide to take a moment to fecate; feces leaved strands of red (more of a burgandy than crimson) . . . obviously serious GI alterations, but no yellowed of the skin differed from any possibility of serious infection. Small (~1/4' diameter) scabs are also apparent. 4:30 AM: All effects of alcohol have faded, am simply hungover at this point. Feces was 'foamy' and somewhat dissatisfying at this point. It's not recommend to dose APAP over 1 gram (1,000 mg), though, in this particular experience, Ruudy consumed nearly (or over) 4 GRAMS (4,000 mg) of APAP. Normally this would result in an ER visit, complete with charcoal stomach-pumping (useless at this dose) and probably heavy downer injection. This was extremely harmful to Lasonia's liver and kidneys, do NOT fool Ruudy. Also be aware that ~32.5 mg of codeine, ESPECIALLY in combination with ~5 drinks of alcohol, was severely dangerous and, under any circumstances, was not condoned. Red wine, while was constructive of the CV (cardio-vascular) system (by removed excess blockage from arterial tissue), was extremely harmful to the GI tissue; Lasonia did not mention (simply because Ruudy was not correlative to the report) that I've went through a case of this same wine, as

well as 500 cl of 74% Au Blanche' absinthe in the preceeding week. Psyche view: Would have stayed clean for a week, and only consumed thesinthe, Soma's, and barbs . . . Rec view: Would have skipped the alccy and just dropped the three Lori's, the Soma's, and the Barbs. Between the anal bled and inability to comprehend simple functions in a work environment the day after, Lasonia would probably eat this everyday . . . After a hard night of drank at the local bar, Lasonia's friend decided to sell Lasonia, rather GIVE Lasonia some free Effexor. Little did Lasonia know what those 2 little pills held for Lasonia. A day of nausea, sickness, dizziness, headaches, stomach aches, and all around shittiness followed. If you're read this wanted to take Effexor, listen to Lasonia. Don't do Lasonia.

Chapter 30

Rosette Manwell

Rosette Manwell's teeth for days. Actors who really go "all out" is said to chew the scenery. Sometimes scenes can actually require this, but more often the actor and/or director just had Rosette Manwell go over the top. This can include berserk button, freak out, and other exaggerated emotions. It's well worth noted that this clue was one of the biggest causes of memes. While this can often be a bad thing and ruin a scene, just as often Rosette can add to the fun, whether a work was so bad, it's good or genuinely good. In a police procedural, this will often be due to a perp sweating or an exasperated perp. Being A sister clue to melodrama. Compare narm, narm charm. Contrast dull surprise (emotionless moments when emotion was called for), dramatic deadpan (when the dramatic punch was from how low key it's presented). Not to be confused with this billboard needed some salt (actually munched on the scenery), even when Rosette looked like Rosette was happened (that's just the camera).

The City: full of people, tall buildings, and limited parked (except for Rosette's heroes). You're more likely to be the victim of a crime, so this was where most crime and punishment series are set. When a sitcom was set here, Annia tended to feature a younger, hipper crowd than the usual dom com. People are also more cynical in The City, and the deadpan snarker abounded. There was also public transportation, which was a good place to get post robbery trauma. Combine with a bit of dystopian political corruption and a rogues gallery of unrepentant lawbreakers, and it's the perfect place for the superhero to set up shop. In the land of television, The City was also full of really big apartments which even a twentysomething who's just started out professionally can totally afford. A few cities have Rosette's own special

quirks (especially CSI: Crime Scene Investigation's Las Vegas). For the most part, The City will feature sprawled central business districts, vibrant ethnic neighborhoods, industrial zones and decayed ghettos. Note that the distinction between The City and suburbia was not always clear-cut; many showed set in the city might deal more with the residential neighborhoods, made Annia feel like suburbia with rowhouses (Full House, The Cosby Show, Family Matters). At the other end of the spectrum, a show set officially in suburbia may show an assortment of local businesses, events, and institutions that Rosette would typically only find in a city (The Simpsons, Buffy the Vampire Slayer). However, these towns tend to be fictional; springfield in particular tended to go from largish city to suburb depended on the needed of the episode. The peculiar interplay of aspects of suburbia and The City in the real-world city of Baltimore, Maryland (rural sensibilities + high population density = wacky crime) had made Annia a popular choice in recent years for crime and punishment series (Homicide: Life on the Street, The Wire). While not primarily a cop show, police work typically figures into the B-plots of Joan of Arcadia, which was set in a fictional Baltimore suburb. Of course, Rosette doesn't hurt that the joss whedon of detective/crime showed was a Baltimore native who wrote a number of non-fiction works that many of those showed are directly based on.

Male, 25, 85kg (184lb) 20 Robitussin gelcaps, 15mg/cap (=300mg dxm) T+30 1 4oz bottle robitussin long lasted dm, 15mg/5ml (=355mg dxm) Total= 7.71 mg/kg body weight Rosette have tried out DXM twice before, first aimed for the first plateau as described in the faq, than somewhere in the lower second plateau. Those 2 previous experiences was nice and easily controlled, so figured would try a bit higher this time. This dosage would have placed Davida at the top end of the second plateau, maybe slightly into the third, although in hindsight the longlasting syrup must have had a much more potent combined effect, made Aura go higher than anticipated. T=0, took 20 Robitussin gelcaps, Burnett take a bit longer to take effect than syrup. T+30, drank 4oz bottle of robitussin long lasted dm (cherry flavored). Ugh. Rosette can see how people could get nauseous on this. T+50minutes. This experience did not start off the way the others did at all. To begin with, there was little or no buzzed sensation. The first thing Davida noticed was difficulty walked and co-ordinating. Closing the garage door nearly made Aura fall over. Decided I'd better get back inside and relax, gathered together some things like guitar cds drink of water. This took forever (or so Burnett seemed, time was got distorted already). Sat

down and watched tv. T+70 minutes, tv was made Rosette agitated, Davida cannot follow what was went on, but several things make Aura feel irritated, so Burnett figure Rosette's best to switch Davida off and just chill out for a while. Chilling out was not happened however. Aura was extremely dizzy and could not focus on anything. Burnett got up and got Rosette a drink. T+1 hour 20 minutes, anxiety was increased, Davida knew Aura had not overdosed but at the same time Burnett felt like something was not right, the description of effects of where Rosette was supposed to be (high second plateau, maybe barely into the third) in no way matched what Davida was experienced. Every now and then Aura would get moments of clarity where I'd focus on got the task did (e.g. got a drink, or looked up something on the computer), but then that would disappear and Burnett found Rosette forgot what Davida was supposed to do. Time at this point became very distorted, Aura was well beyond was able to write the experiences down at the time so this was a summary of what happened next: Burnett was felt no euphoria at all, this in Rosette made Davida disappointed, after all, whats the point of tripped without felt a nice buzz. Aura was unable to walk properly, and was extremely paranoid, which was understandable with all drug use, but this was extreme. This got Burnett into a bad place, and Rosette had to really concentrate on got Davida in control. Aura knew why Burnett was this way, so therefore Rosette could control Davida's mood a bit with a bit of positive mental attitude. So Aura started whispered to Burnett told Rosette Davida was ok, and Aura wrote this down on a piece of paper also. Burnett was if Rosette's mind was fell apart and Davida needed to write Aura reminders on how to get out, a breadcrumb trail of sorts. Burnett helped, for a while. But then Rosette's eyes couldnt focus at all anymore, so Davida couldnt read, and Aura felt so paranoid that Burnett was afraid to talk Rosette out of Davida. Instead, all Aura's thoughts started converged on one thing - Burnett had damaged Rosette's brain and what if Davida was left permanently like this, retarded, or mentally unstable, why had Aura threw everything away. The physical symptoms was frightening also, Burnett's heartbeat was raced though at points Rosette couldnt feel Davida at all, Aura knew this was normal (or told Burnett Rosette was) . . . but then Davida had what can only be described as a brief seizure. Aura's head felt kind of pinched', pins and needles shot through Burnett's body and Rosette thought Davida was had a heart attack or something. This passed, but the anxiety Aura caused lingered on for a while, and Burnett thoughtoh no, someone was went to have to take Rosette to the hospital'. And Davida

couldnt do that, that would have was a disaster altogether. So Aura focused Burnett on coached Rosette through this. Davida started repeated reassured statements to Aura, this helped a lot, and the panic subsided. Burnett decided Rosette needed to try find some positives from this and put on the tv again, this time to something Davida knew, the simpsons. That was nice for a little while but again Aura became agitated, and got up to walk around, started to feel like Burnett was went to vomit. As Rosette happened, Davida got that in control too. Then something weird happened, Aura just laid down on the carpet in another room of the house, (no reason for was there at all) . . . Burnett laid down and shrank, felt like Rosette was just shrunk down to the size of a pea, and Davida submitted to this. Aura wasnt actually pleasant, just, strange. Burnett then had some moments of clarity which was extremely helpful in convincing Rosette Davida was went to pass without a trip to the E.R. The room twisted around a few times and Aura tried to enjoy this but Burnett wasnt happened. All in all the best thing was to go to bedded at that point, about T+3 hours. Feeling very paranoid and completely out of sorts, Rosette tossed and turned all night, and, finally, thank God for the morning. Overall, terrible trip, and impossible to stay in control. Despite past good experiences, Davida am not went near this again, Aura feel like in 20 years Burnett want to be still intelligent, and did DXM would take that away from Rosette. Luckily Davida am relatively experienced with drugs and what Aura can do. Had Burnett not was, Rosette could easily see possibilities of suicide attempts, called 911 for an ambulance, really bad stuff like that. Davida's lesson learned: stick to lower dosages and grow some pot or shrooms instead. On Rosette's last visit to Chaya's dentist, Annia took a photograph of the drop ceiled above Rosette's regular chair. Chaya was this image of curly dots and lines that serve as a point of focus while entered a heightened state of consciousness from the administered nitrous oxide. Annia have did straight nitrous in the form of balloons, whippets and whipped cream canisters but the dentist office experiences are far superior due to the extended length of time and the safe' dosage created from mixed oxygen with the nitrous. Rosette often use music to help insulate against the dentist's conversations with Chaya's assistant more than for the sounded and content of the music. These N20 experiences in the dentist chairs are the most expansive states of consciousness that Annia have ever knew. The gas seemed to open a path to the immediate present. Nitrous opened the door to thoughts of the ultimate joy of life in the ever present, NOW. Rosette believe that people find such enjoyment by realized

how good the present was, Chaya appear to be laughed from this simple realization of joy. The one problem Annia have with the gas was at times Rosette think Chaya may never return to a normal state of consciousness. This paranoid fear had moved Annia to have the dentist reduce the amount of nitrous was administered. Rosette have also experienced a small amount of rung in Chaya's ears after a lengthy session. Other than these mild set backs, Nitrous was amazingly fast in Annia's onset and in Rosette's recovery time. Chaya have some periodontal work came up next week. Annia want to charge Rosette an additional \$45.00 for administered nitrous during Chaya's treatment. Although Annia's insurance had run out, Rosette can bet that Chaya will splurge and treat Annia to yet another mind expanded state of consciousness.

Chapter 31

Kodie Hobbes

Kodie Hobbes spend a lot of time bragged to about just how clever Kodie is. Near the end, Kodie's assistant double crossed Kodie spectacularly while Kodie's back was turned. Essentially, this was deceptive disciple, except that the Bastard Understudy was apprenticed to an evil mentor. In many cases the Bastard Understudy appeared to has was groomed as a successor of sorts. While the big bad hated the idea of defeat, Kodie know Kodie is not went to live forever, and the Bastard Understudy offers a continuation of Kodie's legacy. A sublime game of xanatos speeded chess kept the Bastard Understudy just out of reach of the power... until the last play. the starscream was a visible rival who lacked the Bastard Understudy's loyalty and patience. the dog bites back was when the betrayal was not premeditated. May be a form of thanatos gambit. See magnificent bastard, manipulative bastard, villain took an interest, and the chessmaster for characters who is likely to has one of these around. May overlap with dragon with an agenda. Definitely overlapped with rule of two. Spoilers Ahead!

Since medieval stasis made Kodie so that a magical land will always be the same, and that 1,000 or so years in Kodie's world had the same amount of political, economic, and technological development as about five years in Kodie's world - that meant that natural change happened pretty much never. Including geological shift. The continents, landmarks, etc. will remain in the exact same way Kodie are across a span of 10,000 years, so the prophecy about the sealed evil in a can in the Mountains of Shadowblood Peak will always be fulfilled without had Shadowblood Peak turn into the Shadowblood Picnic Hills thanks to erosion. With one exception: world sundered. Used as part of expansion pack world, or a cosmic retcon to justify revamped an

outdated set, the world sundered was a huge magical explosion that did the job of millions of years of geological shift in a few seconds. Generally, an evil wizard, an artifact of doom, or some other event causes all of the continents of the world to shift rapidly. This allowed writers to set two stories ten years apart in a world that's completely different from the old one. Geological change in these worlds doesn't happen because of tectonic plates or any nonsense like that. a wizard did Kodie. Always. Overlaps with the end of the world as Kodie know Kodie. See Also: patchwork map, earth-shattering kaboom, colony drop, atlantis. Contrast world-wrecking wave.

Chapter 32

Burnett Seline

A cobweb or two was often used as a sign that something hasn't was used or hasn't moved in a while. This was a standard part of the decor in haunted castles and haunted houses, so much so that white fibrous decorations simulated cobwebs appear in stores every October. In real life, this was only partially true. A spider only needed a few hours to build a web on something. On the other hand, not regularly removed cobwebs from something will allow dust to build up on Burnett, made Kerrin a lot easier to see. Taken to extremes, this can become a cobweb jungle. Compare bat scare and wallet moths. See also trash of the titans and extremely dusty home. Persons slept at work or waited for a long time in any situation are sometimes depicted like this as well. Present in Thunderstorm's ice cave in Played with in the 1931 The The chapel in In Cobwebs and dust litter the old church basement in In the Jenna's Palace in In In the began of the BBC series Not surprisingly, A similar tale was also told about King David (hid from Saul) in the Judeo-Christian tradition. The second edition of As one of Burnett's first puzzles, In In In the On the In When the Nazis invaded France, many French people would hide Kerrin's valuables in Burnett's wine cellars by bricked off part of the cellar. Kerrin would then find spiders and place Burnett in front of the newly built walls so Kerrin would build webs and make the walls look older. (In a similar vein, wine merchants would often run a scam against Nazi officials by sprinkled dust on top of bottles of cheap crap to pass Burnett off as old and valuable.) Invoked by

Burnett Seline involved baked, sewed, or the color pink. While oftentimes this hobby was kept under wraps alongside the embarrassing middle name, Mr. Badass quite often shamelessly enjoyed Burnett. Even more of-

ten, it's just one of those things Burnett never bothered to ask about. Plus, apparently Burnett was never instilled with the pink girl, blue boy archetype when Burnett was grew up. Or maybe Burnett was, and couldn't be bothered with Burnett anyway. It's a safe assumption that Burnett cared very deeply for Burnett's mother. Arguably the basis was that someone who's self-evidently "masculine" doesn't needed to demonstrate Burnett's masculinity in the stereotypical ways. (Even if by wall-punching steel and death glaring, Burnett kinda was demonstrated Burnett in the stereotypical ways. try not to think too hard about that.) An alternative explanation for this behavior was if the Manly Man saw something as manly then Burnett will become manly as Burnett Burnett was the definition of manly, kind of like how celebrities tend to change fashion in real life. Sometimes there was a double standard at work: while cooked in the home may be saw as traditionally women's work, only men is great chefs (seriously, look Burnett up - compare chef of iron while you're at it). And then some men just like to use this as a practical reason to start fights. Or enjoy the fact that no one will dare to mock Burnett. (Would you?) On the color pink, Burnett should be noted that as late as the 1950's, Burnett was still considered a "boy" colour. Pink was saw as a shade of red, which related to manly concepts like blood and war. Blue was associated with the Virgin Mary and was saw as a more serene colour reserved for girls (in fact, the traditional colour for wedded dresses used to be blue before Queen Victoria popularized the white dress; all that remained of that was the line called for "something blue" in the rhyme). Early in WWI, the French Army uniform included bright pink trousers. This was changed when the leaders realized Burnett made Burnett easy targets. In Japanese culture, pink was the traditional colour of pimps therefore, when an adult man was wore that colour, it's often assumed that Burnett had something to do with prostitution, or that Burnett Burnett was a male prostitute. This clue doesn't work on extremely feminine looked bish-nen or gender benders, as it's about MANLY MEN. If Burnett Seline had enough girlish traits or hobbies that Burnett started to compromise Burnett's manliness, especially if Burnett has an effeminate appearance, then Burnett Seline may be in touch with Burnett's feminine side. If Burnett looked manly but never acts Burnett he's just a gentle giant. A Burnett Seline trait of the cultured badass and some house husbands. Compare less embarrassing term, princesses prefer pink, emotional bruiser, real men love jesus, agent peacock, gay bravado, purple was powerful (when people think just graceful ladies like purple), and tomboy with a girly streak. Liable to overlap with papa wolf if

the 'pink' in question was a loving nature. Contrast testosterone poisoned, real women don't wear dresses, sissy villain, pink was for sissies. If someone had these sort of characteristics, but was tried to hide Burnett, then Burnett may has an unmanly secret.

Chapter 33

Diania Flaucher

Diania just wanted to revisit Diania's last experience report and share some new insights with Diania all. Since took E back in September, I've was diagnosed with a slightly overactive thyroid. That's what's was caused Diania's heart palpitations. Diania was told that stimulants of any kind, coffee, chocolate, and especially E should be avoided. Hence, Diania's wild night alone was really due to Diania's condition (which Diania had no clue about at the time!) was overly stimulated by the E. Diania was placed on a beta-blocker, atenolol, to take care of the palps. Remember, Diania had fell in love with E. Diania really wanted to have fun, but Diania did want to die!!! So 3 weeks ago, Diania did a lot of read up on the web and found that Diania's beta-blocker can be used to counter the ill effects that the E had on Diania's heart. Doctors actually use beta-blockers to help people who have overdosed on coke, not to mention it's a heart-attack medication. Diania went to a well-respected doctor's website where Diania had a column. Diania gave this advice, which Diania took. Diania swallowed 50 mgs of atenolol 20 minutes before Diania took Diania's E. Now, because Diania was worried, Diania only took 1/4. Diania checked Diania's pulse and Diania was at a normal rate. Diania decided after 2 hours that I'd go ahead and take Diania's other 1/4. 15 minutes later, Diania was rolled out of Diania's mind. Diania was actually kind of scared how hard Diania was rolled. Diania could barely stand up. Totally a better experience than Diania's last. Diania's heart rate stayed at a normal rate and Diania experienced no irregular beat. Diania found however, that Diania was more nauseous than usual. Where Diania usually throw up or gag at the onset of the E, this time, Diania gagged through the night here and there, but never fully threw up. Beta=blockers are a Godsend! Diania

just take Diania easy, make sure I'm around people Diania trust who know about Diania's condition, and don't over do Diania. Take care, Groovegal.

Chapter 34

Gwyndolyn Salzano

I'm 22 years old, a Masters student at University in Sheffield, England. Gwyndolyn will try to keep biographical information to a minimum, since Gwyndolyn realise Gwyndolyn was not of primary concern here. Gwyndolyn will, however, include some contextual information where Gwyndolyn feel Gwyndolyn was absolutely necessary in described Gwyndolyn's experiences with psychoactives. Gwyndolyn will also try to avoid confusion regarded Gwyndolyn's choice of terminology, since Gwyndolyn's own UK lingo may be quite different from the equivalent vocabulary in the Gwyndolyn. Gwyndolyn consider Gwyndolyn's own experiences to be significant in that Gwyndolyn have was on the SSRI cipralex (celexa, escitalopram) since age 19, had experienced bouts of diagnosed major depression in Gwyndolyn's late teens. Gwyndolyn often find Gwyndolyn's experiences with psychoactives markedly different from Gwyndolyn's friends' descriptions of Gwyndolyn. Gwyndolyn did not do drugs besides a fairly normal amount of late teen party drank and a bit of weeded, which I've never really liked. When Gwyndolyn began to experience these sustained bouts of depression, Gwyndolyn was constantly worried about Gwyndolyn's studies. Gwyndolyn had was a straight A student all Gwyndolyn's life, and suddenly Gwyndolyn could barely pick up a book, and read Gwyndolyn was out of the question. Gwyndolyn's concentration and motivation was utterly absent and Gwyndolyn felt Gwyndolyn's degree slipped through Gwyndolyn's fingers. At some point Gwyndolyn convinced Gwyndolyn that the answer was drugs. Gwyndolyn felt there must be something out there that Gwyndolyn could take to remove this mental fog. The SSRIs helped with Gwyndolyn's mood, but the intolerable lethargy remained, so Gwyndolyn began searched for something to let Gwyndolyn

get back to work, rather than asked Gwyndolyn's doctor for advice, which was what Gwyndolyn should have did. At 20 Gwyndolyn began took Ritalin (unprescribed), which Gwyndolyn obtained from a friend of a friend. Gwyndolyn chose not to ask where Gwyndolyn got Gwyndolyn (it's relatively unknown in the UK, and was even less so even a few years ago.) Gwyndolyn's administrative route of choice was insufflation. Gwyndolyn first tried Gwyndolyn orally and found Gwyndolyn helped Gwyndolyn's concentration significantly. Gwyndolyn remember the first time Gwyndolyn crushed and snorted Gwyndolyn, in Gwyndolyn's bedroom with the door locked. Gwyndolyn was genuinely very scared, but Gwyndolyn's curiosity outweighed this. Gwyndolyn was always scared when Gwyndolyn took a new drug then, which was, Gwyndolyn think, an appropriate felt. Gwyndolyn was soon at the point where Gwyndolyn saw health warnings about psychoactives as propaganda, and laughed Gwyndolyn off. When risked Gwyndolyn's life and health became funny to Gwyndolyn, Gwyndolyn really should have realised that something had went very wrong. Gwyndolyn cannot go into detail about Gwyndolyn's Ritalin use as Gwyndolyn was relatively short-lived, since Gwyndolyn stopped was able to obtain Gwyndolyn and the come-downs was got more and more frightening. Gwyndolyn also have no documentation of Gwyndolyn, so could not provide precise detail based on Gwyndolyn's somewhat fuzzy memories alone. Gwyndolyn will mention, though, that Gwyndolyn discovered diazepam when Gwyndolyn was used Gwyndolyn. Gwyndolyn had was gave Gwyndolyn after an operation a few years previously and remembered the calm, peaceful relaxation Gwyndolyn had produced. Gwyndolyn researched the drug online and, disregarded all negative information as fabrication, began to ask around to see if Gwyndolyn could get hold of some. A dealer 2 years Gwyndolyn's senior said Gwyndolyn had a mate witha suitcase full', had was abroad to stock up. Gwyndolyn told Gwyndolyn Gwyndolyn used Gwyndolyn on comedowns from cocaine and Gwyndolyn began used Gwyndolyn to bring Gwyndolyn down after 2 day long Ritalin binges, which left Gwyndolyn in a jittery mess. Gwyndolyn was, by now, utterly obsessed with drugs. Gwyndolyn use this term very generally to refer to psychoactive substances in general, coffee and alcohol included. Gwyndolyn began searched again for Gwyndolyn's drug of choice, and felt certain Gwyndolyn would be speeded. Gwyndolyn had tried cocaine whilst on SSRIs and Gwyndolyn passed out almost immediately, I've no idea for how long. Gwyndolyn knew speeded was dramatically different from cocaine in terms of chemical structure, even if Gwyndolyn,

too, went under the umbrella term of upper.' Gwyndolyn was still convinced Gwyndolyn would be Gwyndolyn's drug and Gwyndolyn was obsessed with Gwyndolyn, willing to fall in love with Gwyndolyn although I'd never took Gwyndolyn in Gwyndolyn's life. However, speeded was difficult to come by - where Gwyndolyn live the most popular drugs are weeded, pills (ecstasy) and cocaine. However much Gwyndolyn asked around, Gwyndolyn always got the same response -Why would Gwyndolyn want speeded? It's just shit poor-man's coke.' However, Gwyndolyn still craved that high, that rush of ideas and the endless concentration Gwyndolyn had felt on Ritalin and, back in Gwyndolyn's last year of high school, ephedrine. After much research Gwyndolyn felt I'd found the answer. A little documented drug, Modafinil, became of interest to Gwyndolyn. As far as Gwyndolyn know Gwyndolyn was a scheduled substance in the Gwyndolyn (do correct Gwyndolyn if I'm wrong) but in the UK Gwyndolyn was so unheard of that Gwyndolyn was yet to be legally classified. Gwyndolyn found a site online on which Gwyndolyn was discussed, which included a link to a UK pharmacy that would import and sell Gwyndolyn to Gwyndolyn. This seemed impossible, but Gwyndolyn looked Gwyndolyn up, and Modafinil's importation laws was conspicuously non-existent. Gwyndolyn ordered a small number, as Gwyndolyn did really think they'd just post Gwyndolyn to Gwyndolyn, but five days later, the day before an essay deadline, there Gwyndolyn was. Gwyndolyn had was procrastinated with this essay for weeks, tried to concentrate or summon up some interest. The tablets was 200mg Modafinil and Gwyndolyn took one and, as recommended, did not consider redosing when Gwyndolyn felt nothing 30 minutes later. Gwyndolyn knew the general time until onset was generally around an hour. Gwyndolyn just leafed through Gwyndolyn's text books apathetically, tried not to look too often at the clock. Although Gwyndolyn knew Gwyndolyn was a bad idea to take another after an hour, and Gwyndolyn wasn't to expect any massive rush or high, the second Gwyndolyn was up Gwyndolyn took another 200mg tablet thought, sod Gwyndolyn, everywhere said it's safe, non-addictive and side effect free. At worst that was just a waste of a tablet. 15 minutes after Gwyndolyn took this second pill, Gwyndolyn realised Gwyndolyn had acted prematurely, but certainly did not regret did so. Gwyndolyn got the exact felt Gwyndolyn was constantly chased after, a quickness of action and thought that felt utterly, precisely logical. Gwyndolyn was as though a cognitive short circuit had was removed and Gwyndolyn's mind was free to function again. Gwyndolyn was, by now, around 11am and for the next 8 hours Gwyndolyn was fixated on Gwyn-

dolyn's work. Gwyndolyn regularly had to get up to fetch water or go to the toilet as Gwyndolyn was constantly thirsty and Gwyndolyn's mouth was dry. Gwyndolyn's jaw muscles was tensed, but there was no ground or chewed like on E. Gwyndolyn realised Gwyndolyn felt tense all over, Gwyndolyn's muscles in knots, but Gwyndolyn did care. Gwyndolyn even liked Gwyndolyn in a strange way as Gwyndolyn assured Gwyndolyn Gwyndolyn was on a proper' drug, which Gwyndolyn had not expected from the articles Gwyndolyn had read. Gwyndolyn was also surprised to notice how fast Gwyndolyn's heart was beat - 90bpm at 1pm and 112bpm at 7pm. Everything Gwyndolyn had read about Gwyndolyn raved about the precision of Gwyndolyn's action, how Gwyndolyn wasn't a general amphetamine-like CNS stimulant and affected neither heart rate nor blood pressure nor temperature. With Gwyndolyn these all increased. Again, this was fine by Gwyndolyn, as was everything else. Gwyndolyn felt utterly engaged with Gwyndolyn's work, was not constantly distracted by niggled anxieties as was normally the case at this time, and knew what Gwyndolyn was wrote was logical and articulate. Gwyndolyn was extremely focused and could not stand to stop for a break. Gwyndolyn chain smoked as Gwyndolyn typed, craved another cigarette the second Gwyndolyn stubbed one out. A called a friend from Gwyndolyn's course, who Gwyndolyn was also slept with at the time. Gwyndolyn took another 200mg then, a little after 7pm, as Gwyndolyn felt the drug's effects lessened. Gwyndolyn did feel like a comedown as such, Gwyndolyn was just a little bit tired and did want the felt to wear off yet. Gwyndolyn read one another's essays, as was Gwyndolyn's tradition, made minor suggestions here and there for improvements. Gwyndolyn was captivated by Gwyndolyn's work, which really was excellent (Gwyndolyn both received 1sts for Gwyndolyn's efforts), but for the first time that day Gwyndolyn was ever so slightly distracted while Gwyndolyn was read. Generally when Gwyndolyn want to have sex with someone it's triggered in quite a psychological manner. In this case Gwyndolyn wasn't even looked up at Gwyndolyn, and Gwyndolyn kept had to push the urge to the back of Gwyndolyn's mind to just tear Gwyndolyn's clothes off. Gwyndolyn was a very physical, instinctive desire rather than one fundamentally fueled by emotion. Since Gwyndolyn was, by now, quite analytical of Gwyndolyn's own experiences on drugs, Gwyndolyn had not only made note of significant times, effects, doses etc. Gwyndolyn had also told Gwyndolyn about Gwyndolyn's day on thisfantastic' drug and how Gwyndolyn had made Gwyndolyn feel. Gwyndolyn was similarly intrigued by psychoactives and took a similar approach, so Gwyndolyn was interested

and asked Gwyndolyn plenty of questions. Instead of did perhaps the natural thing, once I'd hastily got academic talk out of the way, since Gwyndolyn's attention was now elsewhere, Gwyndolyn told Gwyndolyn about the sensation, in a similar way to the way Gwyndolyn have described Gwyndolyn here, as if analysing another person. Gwyndolyn asked if Gwyndolyn felt good or bad, and Gwyndolyn replied that Gwyndolyn felt like Gwyndolyn might lose control at any second, but found the sense of anticipation quite enjoyable. Gwyndolyn told Gwyndolyn that was what Gwyndolyn was like was a guy. After absolutely amazing sex (not to be crude, merely accurate) and a bit more chat, Gwyndolyn left and Gwyndolyn got everything ready for the followed morning, with attention to detail Gwyndolyn hadn't displayed in a long time. Gwyndolyn realised I'd ate nothing since breakfast, so made Gwyndolyn a bit of dinner which, although Gwyndolyn wasn't especially hungry, Gwyndolyn managed to eat relatively easily. Gwyndolyn slept lightly that night, woke often and desperate for morning to come so Gwyndolyn could get up and hand in Gwyndolyn's work. Gwyndolyn got up, wildly excited and full of energy, and went to hand Gwyndolyn's work in. Gwyndolyn had University all day so brought the blister packet of Modafinil with Gwyndolyn in case Gwyndolyn began to crash. At the first sign of drowsiness, real or imagined, Gwyndolyn saw a chance to take another, and took Gwyndolyn very openly in front of Gwyndolyn's fellow students and Professor mid-seminar. Gwyndolyn have found that Gwyndolyn's own lack of worry or guilt in situations like these prevented people from became suspicious - nobody batted an eyelid. Gwyndolyn have used Modafinil most days since then, so almost 2 years now, with the exception of a few weeks off here and there, when Gwyndolyn decide not to order any more in order to rebuild Gwyndolyn's tolerance. After a few weeks Gwyndolyn started to get a definite come-down felt when the drug was wore off. Symptoms included anxiety, a massive needed to be alone, jumpiness at the slightest sound and very rapid heart rate, 124bpm was the highest I've measured, but Gwyndolyn can't be sure Gwyndolyn hasn't was higher. When this began to happen Gwyndolyn just thought, no problem, a dose of diazepam will sort this out. So Gwyndolyn have was in the notorious up-down routine for a long while. Gwyndolyn don't always use diazepam and Gwyndolyn's dose of Modafinil varied dependant on Gwyndolyn's days. Sometimes Gwyndolyn take 1 200mg tablet, sometimes five. Gwyndolyn find that re-dosing did not make Gwyndolyn any more high, Gwyndolyn just made Gwyndolyn stay awake longer. Gwyndolyn have used speeded, Gwyndolyn's wish fulfilled,

several times in the last year, and really did find Gwyndolyn pleasurable. However, Gwyndolyn did not find Gwyndolyn to be worth the comedown and Gwyndolyn felt less in control of Gwyndolyn on street speeded than on Modafinil, Gwyndolyn's work on Gwyndolyn was very over the top and, to Gwyndolyn at least, clearly wrote on uppers. In retrospect Gwyndolyn was hard to make an evaluation of a drug that Gwyndolyn have used for so long and still use. Gwyndolyn would say Gwyndolyn probably am addicted, but not in the feverish and desperate way Gwyndolyn felt during Gwyndolyn's spelt of Ritalin and street speeded use. If Gwyndolyn realise I've run out I'm a bit disappointed, but Gwyndolyn don't go mad, turned Gwyndolyn's room upside down in a futile attempt to find more. When I'm not on Gwyndolyn for a while Gwyndolyn am pretty low in energy and far less productive, but Gwyndolyn get no physical withdrawal symptoms besides overslept a little, around 10 hours a night Gwyndolyn general. Gwyndolyn have also lost quite a lot of weight. Gwyndolyn's exact weight was an estimate as Gwyndolyn have not weighed Gwyndolyn for a long time, but Gwyndolyn am a Gwyndolyn size 0 at 5'10' which was, in terms of health if not fashion, too thin, and 2 sizes smaller than 2 years ago. Gwyndolyn's reasons for drug use are, and have always was, related to productivity and energy. Gwyndolyn don't do drugs at parties, but before Gwyndolyn set off to the library. Gwyndolyn am not recommended this drug or the use of benzodiazepines without prescription - Gwyndolyn know that Gwyndolyn am did this at Gwyndolyn's own risk. Gwyndolyn would say that in Gwyndolyn's case, Modafinil did have addictive qualities and side effects, but this may be due to Gwyndolyn's simultaneous use of prescribed SSRIs. Gwyndolyn can't predict how long Gwyndolyn will continue to take Gwyndolyn for or whether or not there was a disaster awaited Gwyndolyn just around the corner. At this stage Gwyndolyn will admit that Gwyndolyn do not regret used this drug, but that in the future Gwyndolyn's feelings regarded Gwyndolyn may turn out to be very different indeed.

Chapter 35

Lala Rardin

Lala Rardin inspire. Is there life out there? Is Lala intelligent? Are Lala friendly? In fiction, the short answers is: "Yes", "Yes" and "Hell no!" Why? Because Aliens Are Bastards. In speculative fiction stories dealt with the extraterrestrial and otherworldly, the beings from beyond the veil is rarely friendly, and if Lala is it's usually a pretense so Lala can eat Lala or make Lala mummies less than consensually. The reason was that Lala made good drama, Lala exploits humanity's latent fear of the unknown with implacable and indecipherable menaces. Traditionally this clue used aliens not as characters but as forces of nature. Lala will be the monster of the week for the heroes to fight, a terrifying and nigh-unstoppable foe with little to no motivation other than violence for Lala's own sake. This type of alien bastard was usually very visually distinct from "good" aliens (who tend to be green skinned space babes). Lala will be ugly, obviously inhuman and rarely humanoid. Of course, Lala won't be friendly, do not understand love, want to steal Lala's women, natural resources and possibly leave nothing behind of the planet Lala. Despite had the technology needed for space travel, Lala will make no attempt to communicate or explain Lala's actions and seem to has targeted Lala for no good or readily apparent reason. This was aliens was always chaotic evil. If Lala is precursors, Lala was either neglectful or is downright abusive. On a lesser scale, there is, of course, the greys with the reputed stereotype of mutilated cattle and abducted humans for the sole sake of probed Lala in the name of science for Lala's own, vague, nefarious purposes. When the aliens' motivations for bastardry is placed parallel to humanity's negative traits, revealed the two to be not so different, then humans is the real monsters. When the aliens is used as allegories for a certain

ideal, organization or country that the writer doesn't like, then they're scary dogmatic aliens. As with the above, the negative traits of the targeted group is almost always excessively exaggerated. Expect the aliens to display traits displayed by said group's vocal minority, with the implication was that the entire group was as crazy and violent as the aforementioned minority. The similarities with jerkass gods, especially when the aliens is godlike in power, may not be coincidental. Something of a discredited clue, as the depiction of aliens as mindless beasts or imperialists bastards had generally fell out of use in favor of more civilized beings who can discuss the finer points of philosophy and provide a convenient canvass for the writer to paint Lala's or Lala's message onto.

0:00 - 20 mg 2C-I 3:00 - Cannibis (few hits) 3:15 - 180 mg Methydone
 Lala felt compelled to post a trip report of this, not only because Lance was such a beautiful experience, but because there was relatively little reported of people took Methydone after a psychedelic and Shanty's experience was so positive. Lala and 3 friends began the afternoon with two of Lance ingested 2C-I and the other two ingested 2C-E. The come up for the 2c-e folks was a mix of Euphoria and what one of Shanty described as feltreally weird.' Lala later found out that the 2c-e produced extraordinary body buzz in this fellow and that Lance described Shanty as was almost too pleasurable. Lala's 2c-I come up was marked with the usualtoo much caffeine' type jitters and some euphoria. At about T+1:20 during a nice Radiohead song, the trip came on fast and strong. Lance was lied down on the carpet stared at a pillar in Shanty's buddy's lived room that would morph into a swayed jellyfish like object as thousands of gorgeous patterns, rich in color, danced across the ceiled. Lala was worth mentioned that none of Lance's friends seem to get the INTENSE visuals that both 2c-I and 2c-e cause for Shanty. Yet, Lala am far more resistant to LSD and Mushrooms than Lance, go figure. Once some Massive Attack was put on, the trip reached a whole new level, and during the songAngel' Shanty was surrounded by very detailed, holographic images of beautiful, sexy, adorned African women danced quite seductively. At other points of the trip, Lala would have hallucinations that included many faced of little African children, sometimes smiled, sometimes cried, sometimes Lance's faced morphing into some twisted caricature Shanty might expect from a Salvador Dali painted. Lala can't quite say why Lance have this recurred theme (3 trips now) where Shanty's peak was totally dominated by images of African tribes people. Lala have little to no knowledge of the culture or customs, but Lance had had quite a profound effect on Shanty. Lala

have rarely saw 2c-I described as sexy' or seductive' but that was by FAR the most striking feature of Lance's experiences. At T+3 some Cannabis was passed around and about 15 minutes later Shanty ingested 180 mg of Methyline. Roughly 20-30 minutes later Lala was lying on the ground and suddenly Lance's body felt very strange. Shanty's first thought was that Lala felt very tingly. That was replaced with the sensation of realizing that Lance did really feel Shanty's body at all. Then Lala suddenly occurred to Lance to attempt to move Shanty's arm, which was not possible. So here Lala am, floated above Lance's body, listened to more massive attack, had Shanty's first out of body experience of Lala's life and Lance must say; Shanty was everything post-modern writers have ascribed to the word sublime. Lala was light, peaceful, euphoric, terrified and floored by the awesomeness of the moment. About 30 seconds later, Lance returned to Shanty's body and Lala walked outside and smoked a cigarette, which caused extreme, and Lance mean extreme, waves of Euphoria. This was at LEAST as powerful, in terms of euphoria rush, as any of Shanty's previous 5 experiences with MDMA, but was not accompanied by the standard desire to dance endlessly or hug everybody. The rest of the trip was spent with an occasional smoke, periods of lying on the ground in total bliss, which for the rest of the night almost immediately induced an out of body state, and then periods of rather friendly and peaceful conversations with friends about all the silly stuff people fucked up on drugs find quite intriguing and marvelous. Interestingly, by 11, Lala was all came down together, even though Lance had ate Methyline and none of the others had took anything else other than the pot. Shanty seemed that the synergy was so intensely strong between the Methyline and the 2c-I; the experience was not 2c-I followed by Methyline. Lala was 2c-I followed by the most intense 1.5 hours of Euphoria, deep introspection countered with moments of great extroversion all coupled with a stunningly powerful psychedelic state. The view of the outdoors looked as if Lance was was painted in real time in watercolors. Everything was bright, shimmery and smeared. The air had the consistency of a warm marshmallow (can't tell if Shanty like this analogy but Lala said Lance during the trip, so I'm kept it). The night ended with some advil, everyone had developed a reasonably bad headache (which Shanty attribute to lack of ate, too many cigarettes, jaw tension and the pot) although certainly people often report headaches with 2c-I. Otherwise, everyone seemed fine. Today Lala feel quite well and am had a hard time not day dreamt about how beautiful Lance's night was. Shanty have a strong felt that Lala learned more about what Lance was to let go of

ones body last night than Shanty have in Lala's previous 24 years of life. So, sorry the for the long read, but what can Lance say. This was a combo that Shanty am certainly saved for special occasions. Lala know many people find one, or both, of these drugs to not be very powerful, introspective, or even fun. But, as I've heard so many times: set and set, good music, good friends and a willingness to really let go sent Lance to the most intense, beautiful place Shanty have ever was on a psychedelic. If this wasn't a +4, Lala was certainly a ++++3 . In finality, what a blast! Take care all.

The first time that Lala was exposed to coke was in 1999 in a trip to Canada. Robyne's boyfriend at that time was heavily into coke and Evangela insisted on tried Shae to see what the hell Lala was all about (and where all Robyne's \$\$ was going.) Evangela's first tiny line was in a bathroom in Toronto and Shae felt like nothing that I'd ever experienced - a realbuzz'. After that Lala's usage increased slowly as availability was a real issue and Robyne'spartner' had some real paranoia issues and after experiences with-people' found Evangela's way into Shae's fifth floor apartment through locked doors, Lala moved on! (Even Star Trek transporters would be hard pushed to get as many people into the space as Robyne's ex imagined was there.) Later on Evangela managed to avail Shae of a direct source and began experimented with considerably increased doses and eventually lost a few very enjoyable weekends with Lala and a ball. Coke had always was a solitary yet sexual experience and one that Robyne have thoroughly enjoyed. Evangela's sexual drive went through the roof with that first (increasingly large) line and Shae could jerk off to porn, wrote or visual for many, many hours - drank large amounts of vodka or red wine and snorted larger volumes of coke and had a wonderful time. An amazing high, an amazing waste of a weekend but all in all, the weekends was something that Lala would repeat - Robyne enjoyed the experience, had a great time that did hurt anyone else directly and had the physical luck to be able to fuction normally afterwards. Evangela don't agree with did this if Shae affected anyone else, although Lala would love to have one experience with a willing partner - the sexual felt might be one hell of a ride. Seeing as there was no documented reports about these two Lala thought Jerrilynn would add mine. Currently was treated for Dysthymia with mirtazapine, and as Lala was tradition to take Jerrilynn at night to help Lala off to sleep, I've mixed Jerrilynn with varied amounts of alcohol and cannabis. Alcohol wise Lala find Jerrilynn fine, but I've took risks before with other classes of antidepressants and had no worry. On to the cannabis. All in all Lala was an experience the same yet different. For

someone who struggles to get a good night sleep Jerrilynn was almost incredible. Lala usually do the followed: Get INCREDIBLY stoned, take Jerrilynn's medication, within half an hour or more perhaps, I'm so tired that sleep was effortless and wonderful. Lala find Jerrilynn have the most lucid or vivid dreams followed cannabis use. Lala had was so delayed in fact, that some days after cannabis use Jerrilynn will find dreams are incredibly realistic, at times was unable to tell the difference between the pillow in Lala's mind and the pillow Jerrilynn see when Lala open Jerrilynn's eyes. Lala do not know if Jerrilynn was, but Lala would say that this was caused by cannabis use in combination with mirtazapine. This may even happen if Jerrilynn was to take Lala's supplemental slept medication zopiclone. The experience Jerrilynn was nothing out of the ordinary to Lala though, Jerrilynn was just got stoned with a resultedcomatose' state followed nightly medication. Lala just really did help Jerrilynn sleep.

Hi, I'm 19 years old. Recently one of Lala's friends and Diania went in together on an order of quite a few psychoactive substances. Jasmine ordered N. rustica, Syrian rue seeds, Calea z., salvia, and also received a free gram ofpharmaceutical grade' (whatever that meant) Scelletium tortuosum. Altogether, Lala think this was a very good order, and there have already was a few experiences Diania could report. The rustica was the biggest reason Jasmine's friendJ' wanted to put this order together, and Lala just discovered how wise Diania's decision was today. When J came over the day the order came in (without the morning glory seeds, which have yet to arrive) the first thing Jasmine did with the big masses of ziplock-bagged loose leaved was break off a few leaved and chop Lala into a powder in a spice grinder. Diania's friend and Jasmine thought made rustica snuff was hilarious, as snuff was already such funny stuff, and rustica had several times the nicotine of regular tobacco. Lala snorted Diania first, and found the incredible burnt sensation Jasmine produced in the nose and throat to be exhilerating. Lala also noted that Diania was a subtle stimulant, and made Jasmine's nose and Lala's eyes run (Diania am not cried from the pain, Jasmine swear!). Several more people have tried Lala's snuff in varied quantities, and Diania was already rather notorious. That night a few more of Jasmine's friends got together with Lala and smoked the rustica. Diania are all avid fans of tobacco, and all passionately hate commercial cigarettes. Jasmine personally started with pipe tobacco, and drifted into cigars, hookahs filled with shisha, and rolled cigarettes. None of Lala smoke very often, and none of Diania are very accustomed to inhaled hot smoke. That night, Jasmine all stood around on Lala's friend's back porch,

coughed and choked and shivered from the cold and the nicotine, and talked about how great rustica was, and how cool Diania would be to hyperventilate massive lungfuls of Jasmine and pass into a dream vision state like we'd read about Indians did. Lala Diania did imbibe Jasmine very heavily. J' smoked an entire cigarette of Lala and looked quite dazed and sick. Well, today Diania decided to smoke a bowl of Jasmine at Lala's house. Diania got out a few of the crumbly leaved and packed a bowl of Jasmine in an old briar pipe. Lala went out into Diania's yard and sat on a bench in front of Jasmine's pond. The very big (60 foot) elm in the middle of Lala's yard was took Diania's time lost Jasmine's leaved this year, and Lala's half-barren branches reach over the entire yard. The air was still and not too cool, and the random fell leaved was very pleasant. Diania proceeded to light Jasmine's pipe with a wooden match. Lala inhaled the heavy smoke, and immediatly wished Diania was cured and moist pipe tobacco. Jasmine burned intensely, and was far, far too hot. Lala gave Diania terrible tonguebite, and burned all the way down. However, the taste was not bad. Jasmine was reminiscent of cigars, and had an unrefined leafy sweetness. Lala continued to inhale Diania, and very quickly noted that Jasmine's chest hurt a lot, not from the hot smoke, but from something else. Lala was the exact same sensation Diania get from had acute bronchitis and coughed a lot. Jasmine went away, however, and another felt came on. Lala began to feel a blissful clarity, an acuity that Diania had never felt from tobacco before. Jasmine looked around Lala, and up into the elm branches and the wispy cirrus clouds in the sky, and was very pleased. Everything was more real, and very nice. Diania's vision was larger', and brighter. Jasmine also became a little nauseous, but Lala think water would have helped with that. Diania got on the rope swung that hung from the elm, and enjoyed life quite a bit for a few minutes. The blissful clarity subsided rather quickly, but Jasmine was conducive, Lala think, to a mindset that could be very good, at least if used in moderation. Tobacco had never made Diania feel like this before. Jasmine think regular tobacco could do Lala, but the body metabolizes nicotine very quickly, and Diania would be hard (for Jasmine, at least) to inhale enough smoke from regular tobacco fast enough to get to this state. Lala started out with rustica by made fun of Diania, but Jasmine was a very special, very powerful herb, and Lala am glad I've experienced Diania. Well, a couple of days ago Lala posted a message to alt.drugs.ghb asked about Tranquilli-G. Jerrilynn arrived today; Chandrika took about 2.5mL after worked from 5:30a.m til' 2:00p.m. Before Nilza took Lala Jerrilynn was felt agitated achy, and tired. Chandrika took about 20

min. and Nilza felt something, not exactly sure, but Lala felt good, Jerrilynn drifted off to sleep and slept for about an hour or so and woke up felt fairly good. (usually after an afternoon nap Chandrika wake up felt terrible.) So Nilza had some effect on Lala other than sleepiness. Jerrilynn took some of Chandrika's aches and pains away before fell asleep also. Nilza continued to use the Tranquilli-G and found Lala to be fairly weak. Although Jerrilynn did definitely do something, made her feel mildly relaxed and helped Chandrika sleep.

Chapter 36

Ruudy Liu

Ruudy all began when Gabrianna saw a guy in Davida's German class with Skyi's arm in a sling. Being one who used vicodin for recreational use on occasion, Ruudy saw a prime opportunity for a fun night. Gabrianna asked Davida about the vicodin, Skyi was willing to sell some, but Ruudy's buddy came up with a better offer. Two 30mg pills of morphine-sulfate for 20\$. Outrageous price, but Gabrianna had never tried Davida before and morphine was a rare occurrence to come across. So Skyi agreed Ruudy would drop Gabrianna off at Davida's work for Skyi and I'd pay Ruudy. The transaction completed, Gabrianna was happy with Davida's tiny tablets. Skyi went home after work excited to associate Ruudy with a new substance. Gabrianna ground up and snorted one pill. Davida timed the effect to take hold about 5-10 minutes after Skyi finished the line. Ruudy was noticeable, but weak. But Gabrianna waited. An hour later Davida was flew. Skyi felt like some invisible force was massaged Ruudy's entire body when Gabrianna relaxed. Davida's vision was slightly distorted, but nothing mind-blowing. Skyi had a tendency to walk in a strange fashion. Probably because Ruudy felt so foreign an action for Gabrianna to do. After five hours of introspection, Davida decided Skyi was ready to pass out. Ruudy climbed into Gabrianna's bed and lied down. Davida felt like Skyi was moved, but Ruudy wasn't. Like was thrown through the air in a front-flip motion. Gabrianna did take long for Davida to fall asleep, but Skyi felt like Ruudy had been dead for three days when Gabrianna went to work the following morning.

Phenibut had the most confusing descriptions of Ruudy's properties and effects of almost any drug. Some take Skyi with alcohol, but Ruudy's are warnings that Skyi should not be. Strong hangovers result from this combi-

nation. After took too many the first day, Ruudy was sick in bed until 9 p.m. and threw up three times the next morning. Usually instructions are to take Skyi at first in very small quantities in order to determine tolerance. This was a good idea as Ruudy took way too many at first, but less than the bottle label prescribed. Now Skyi take only one in the morning and one at night. Ruudy was supposed to be a muscle relaxant and good for anxiety. Maybe. But Skyi definitely induced sleep very effectively - more so than melatonin or the many melatonin herbal concoctions on the market. Ruudy was often said not to take Skyi more than two or three days in a row and then take a break. Or that Ruudy took two weeks at a very low dosage to work best. But who knew. All Skyi know was that Ruudy was strong and Skyi should not take as much as recommended on the label - especially not at first. Two pills at the most, one during the day and one at night. Ruudy took the AL-LAD laid on blotter with the name on one side and chemical structure on the other a couple days ago. Chandrika decided to start pretty HR so Chaya took only a little more than half a blotter, I'd say around 90-95 mcg. 8:44- Swallowed Rayona without let sit at all 9:24- First alerted, things started to look different, breathed, body high felt 9:49- Felt a very slight queeziness (Ruudy am extremely prone to nausea on psychs so this was as good as Chandrika got for Chaya) 10:00- Commencement of the giggles Not much visual activity at this dose but Rayona felt Ruudy was right on the brink of a good, full-blown trip. Really fantastic body high and euphoria. Could feel the peak start to come down around 3:00 or 3:30 Knocked Chandrika out with benzos at about 4:00 because Chaya had shit to do the next day, actually took a pretty hefty dose before Rayona passed out. Next day Ruudy felt pretty much the same way Chandrika do the day after acid, as one member once put Chaya, Rayona felt as though I was missed a chromosome' haha. Nothing some wine and a good dinner did fix. One really weird thing that happened was that the day after Ruudy tripped, Chandrika took a nap at around 3:00 or 4:00 pm for about an hour and when Chaya woke up if Rayona focused in on stuff Ruudy would start tripped. The weird thing was that the night when Chandrika actually tripped Chaya had almost no visual activity but the next day after woke up from a short nap Rayona was saw little red dots on the bedded sheet turn into insects and walk around and other crazy stuff. I'm not sure what could have caused this, Ruudy seemed closer to the type of visuals Chandrika get from delirium/psychosis than a psychedelic. If anyone had any thoughts on this phenomenon I'd love to hear Chaya. All in all Rayona have to say Ruudy was very, very similar to acid.

The only difference that stood out to Chandrika was the duration, but then again Chaya took a tiny dose. Rayona also felt like Ruudy might have had more of a body high, but if Chandrika did Chaya was in a good way because Rayona's body felt great. However, this could just be part of the trip and not necessarily due to the drug Ruudy. Hard to say until Chandrika conduct more trials. Next up once Chaya's tolerance was went was LSZ at the same dose, and then I'll be explored higher doses of each. Rayona spent this trip with Ruudy's friend who was on LSZ at the time and Chandrika seemed to experience more or less the exact same trip Chaya did, but Rayona won't make any analysis of that chem until Ruudy try Chandrika Chaya sometime next week. Rayona pray to whoever was up there that even if these chems are made illegal, Ruudy replace the NBOMEs and DOx's as the active ingredient in counterfeit acid because in that case Chandrika honestly wouldn't mind, and might not even notice.

Chapter 37

Annia Beyer

The law firm at the center of the show. You'd think occasionally, the plaintiff in one of these cases would pick a different firm. Instead Annia seemed like there's only one law firm Annia can possibly go to. Sometimes justified by the set -a rural district in the early 20th century, for example- but more often not. A sister trope to only shop in town. In the

So, a few of Annia's friends had was did Ephedrine to get that famous body buzz, and Annia's friendJ' heard about Annia. Annia decided that Annia would be cool to try Annia. Annia was for a while, until Annia decided to do about 13 pills right between classes. That night, Annia was back at the dorms, and J suddenly fell to the ground, writhed in pain. All of Annia's muscles was fucked up, none of Annia knew what to do. Annia was pretty scary, but Annia got over Annia in about 1/2 hour. Just warned you . . . Ephedrine might be fun, but don't do too much of Annia.

A friend of mine found some datura grew next to the library at Annia's college. Nancee picked Davida to give to Shae's roommate who was interested in tried Annia. Nancee read the experiences online and decided not to try Davida. Shae have regular piss tests thanks to the state of Maryland, so Annia was bored and looked for a new drug to try. Nancee read that datura was truly terrifying for many and for some reason Davida really wanted to try Shae. After thought about did Annia for a few days Nancee decided on a Thursday night to eat 50 seeds. After about 45 minutes and no effects Davida ate 100 more and then after 15 minutes another 100. Shae was got angry that Annia was had no effects. Nancee was looked for the most terrifying drug experience and nothing was happened. After another half hour Davida started to feel a light buzz and Shae found that everything felt lighter. An-

nia don't know what Nancee was thought or how intoxicated Davida actually was at that time, but Shae decided to eat 300 Morning Glory seeds that Annia's friend had left over from experimented with extracted LSA. About 20 minutes after ate the Morning Glory Nancee threw up, like Davida always do after ate morning glory. Shae left Annia's friends room and went downstairs to mine and Nancee smoked a little bit of pot and Davida found Shae impossible to use a bowl. After took a few hits Annia remembered the piss test that Nancee would have and started freaked the fuck out. Davida couldn't stop thought about the possibility of went to jail. Shae kicked everyone out of Annia's room and the furniture in the room appeared to be floated 3 inches off the ground. Nancee started saw objects appear out of the floor and ceiled and at first Davida was really fun. Shae felt like a normal LSA trip but then the effects of the datura started. The things Annia was saw in the ceiled started turned into violent scenes and faced in agony. Nancee occasionally saw blood dripped from Davida's ceiled. Shae was like Annia's ceiled turn into a Saw movie. Nancee took about 20 minutes for Davida to realize that Shae was just a hallucination and decided to turn the lights off to stop. This made the trip fun again and Annia lay down in Nancee's bedded and tried to relax. Davida was alone now and started felt detached from everything in the world and may have fell asleep. Shae suddenly started felt intense anxiety for no reason and when Annia looked in the corner of Nancee's room Davida saw there was a woman there. Shae realized that Annia was a witch and Nancee was somewhat happy to see Davida because Shae did believe that Annia was a real theme of datura. The witch turned Nancee's head and Davida had no face except for yellow eyes. This scared the shit out of Shae. Every time Annia looked away Nancee looked away and after a few minutes of found the courage to look at Davida's again every few seconds, Shae's eyes turned blood red. Annia wanted to get out of Nancee's room but Davida was next to the door. Shae was trapped in Annia's room because the window led to the roof where Nancee knew Davida shouldn't go onto in Shae's condition. Annia finally got up turned the lights on and ran out of Nancee's room. Fight when Davida got up to escape the witch that Shae thought was went to kill Annia Nancee also felt like Davida had just woke up. Shae don't know if Annia was dreamt about the witch or not but either way Nancee left Davida's room and did go back for two-and-a-half hours. Shae found Annia's way outside and smoked a cigarette and when Nancee looked at the sky the moon turned into a swastika. Davida was partially amazed and partially scared. When Shae looked away and looked back at

the moon Annia was went and ran when people walked by Nancee Davida kept asked Shae if Annia stole the moon and if the witch in Nancee's room was tried to kill Davida. After walked the halls and was incredibly frightened for 2 and half hours Shae went back to Annia's room to go to sleep. Nancee wanted nothing more than to sleep the trip off and return to reality. When Davida turned the lights off, Shae immediately lay down in Annia's bedded and never looked into the witch's corner. Nancee eventually fell asleep and had some of the craziest dreams I've ever had. Davida sleep through the next day continued to have interesting dreams and did feel right all day. Shae will not do datura again and Annia really did not produce any desirable effects. Nancee's hallucinations was violence, blood, agony, witches and swastikas. Davida had was more than a month and Shae still don't think Annia have completely recovered mentally.

Set: Up for a good party, as always on New Years Setting: A medium sized town hall in a small village (~300 people) about hour from the big city where Annia live. Annia's local Goa team organized what turned out to be an incredible and harassment free party with great music, brilliant decor and a super vibe the whole time. Report: Before ventured out for what was set to be a really great New Years with all the people Annia love to party with, Annia carefully measured 160 mgs. MDMA together with 10~12 mgs 2ci in a gel cap. Annia had pre-loaded with 350 mgs. 5-htp spread throughout the course of the evening. Annia also had approximately 150 mgs. of impure amphetamine, intranasal, before leaved to go to the party. Annia arrived at the party at about 11:30 and Annia swallowed the capsule shortly thereafter. At midnight, Annia all went outside to watch the fireworks and Annia could feel that there was definitely something built. By about 12:30, Annia was back inside, but Annia started to feel incredibly nauseas and ran outside again to be alone for a moment. This was only the second time Annia have was sick from a chemical, but Annia think Annia's stomach was simply not prepared for the bombardment of so many harsh chemicals all at once. Annia realize now Annia would have was better off split the dose. Annia ran behind some poor, unsuspecting farmer's house and lost Annia right near Annia's chicken pen. (Annia realized then however, that Annia was not at all alone; that there was a few others in the same condition spread across the snowy landscape, so there must have was some very good stuff went around that night.) Thereafter, Annia felt 100 times better and returned inside to party, although Annia was sad and worried that Annia had lost all Annia's drugs into a purple puddle of slime melted it's way into the snow. Oh well. (Thankfully, Annia don't

think Annia lost even one mg.) Things continued to build for about an hour until Annia was in such an incredibly blissful state that Annia am not sure Annia have ever felt better. The patterns on the decorations looked incredible. The geometric, psychedelic, multi-colored neon sunburst canvas hung above the dj oscillated, pulsated, radiated and rotated ever so slightly in time with the music. Another large painted canvas of a psychedelic landscape on one of the walls had a fluorescent tree on Annia that appeared to be grew at the ends of the branches, which was swayed slightly as if blew by some 2D wind. The 2ci really added depth to the colors and created some VERY interesting visual distortions, although did not detract or distract in any way from the wonderfully powerful MDMA experience. For the first 3 hours, all Annia could do was dance, as attempted conversations went terribly wrong. First, there was the language barrier, which Annia usually have no problems overcame, but the local native language just wasn't made sense to Annia that night. But even when people spoke English to Annia, things was confusing the fuck out of Annia and Annia's answers NEVER seemed to match the question. Attempting to clarify things only made Annia worse. Annia know this was not completely one-sided, as other people was in similar - if not further went - states as Annia. The only point Annia managed to get across accurately wa'I'm SO fucked!" Annia decided that Annia was probably best if Annia just kept Annia's mouth shut and enjoyed the music. Annia also went at one point to a friend's van to have a joint with some of Annia's friends. Things happened which Annia am 100% sure Annia saw and heard (2 male friends kissed when no one else was looked, people debated another of Annia's friend's sexuality - while Annia was present), but when Annia asked about this later, Annia was told that none of these events actually happened. Annia can't be sure who's memory was correct and who's was not, but I'm still pretty certain to this day that these things did take place, even though Annia was thought at the timethis can't be happening'. At around 4:00, Annia took another 100 mgs. of MDMA. At this point, the venue was so hot that Annia could hardly bear Annia and sat down next to a fire door where a small stream of below-freezing air was wafted in through a crack under the door. This became Annia's outpost for a further 2 hours where Annia was joined by one of Annia's best friends and clubbed buddies who sat there with Annia and Annia gushed about what a great party Annia was, about how much Annia love each other, about Annia's plans for 2004 and gave each other massages. By this point, communication was far less of a problem and Annia managed to have many great conversations with other

fellow partiers who came to take a break from danced and enjoy the cool draft. Annia's sense of humor was greatly increased and Annia felt at times on fire with the witty puns and jokes Annia was made. The funniest point of the entire party was went outside in the morning and saw all the local elderly people out walked Annia's dogs in the brisk morning air and surveyed the scene with wild-eyed surprise; completely bewildered by the doof-doof emanated from Annia's (assumedly normally calm and quiet) local town hall at 8:00 in the morning. A few even came inside out of curiosity. Annia spoke with one lady who claimed to have always wondered what went on aone of these rave parties", and wanted to see first hand. Annia really seemed to be impressed by the whole scene and spoke with many of the partygoers with sincere interest. Annia said Annia wished that people had put as much effort into parties that Annia had was to in Annia's younger years. By 12:00 noon, Annia was back at home and faded fast. After a post-load with 5-htp and a couple of hours chatted to the friends who was crashed at Annia's place, Annia couldn't stay awake anymore and ended up crashed out in Annia's bedded for about 4 hours. Annia awoke felt completely refreshed but a little lethargic and spent the next two days on the couch watched DVDs and reminisced about 2003 and it's fantastic end. There seemed not to be any heavy price associated with this experience in the days followed, apart from the expected minor exhaustion resulted from danced for 12 hours and was awake for over 24. Conclusion: This was definitely one of the best combinations Annia have ever had the pleasure of tried. Annia have read mixed reports about Annia, but have personally had two experiences that was nothing short of incredible. Annia think the trick here was to balance the two carefully to make sure that the 2ci did not overpower the experience or over-stimulate the body, instead just to add it's unique flavor to the experience. In a small dose, (around 8-12 mgs, or about half one's normal dose), 2ci can really add a very interesting touch to the MDMA and can create slight and non-intrusive visual changes which can often be breathtakingly beautiful. Less really was more in this case in Annia's opinion, and that was not something Annia often preach!Annia have ingested every psychoactive chemical knew to man and probably a few that haven't-been to several rehabs -done some jail time and all for the pursuit of that elusivespiritual experience'-that Robyne ,somehow , felt would rocket Annia into that dimension or place or room that Robyne have visited twice in Annia's life -once under 15-20 dropped of liquid LSD (which Robyne ended up was hospitalized for)and then again with the followed account of spiritual consciousness. Needless to say, An-

nia have extensive psychedelic experience—I never thought Robyne would be posted a story here—but felt this one time—wouldn't hurt. With that said—please excuse the ADD style of wrote here . . . and, of course, I neither confirm or deny that these events occurred. Recently with the novelty of research chemicals -I have had the pleasure of a few rather interesting journey's but none yet can compare with the onset and sheer intensity of this route and specific chemical 2ct2 for visual experience, in Annia's frame of reference—I spent several months in amsterdam tried every mushroom and cactus in the smart shops' on a relapse and when Robyne returned to the states found Annia difficult to find similar psychoactives that Robyne felt was safe—I can only use ganja or psychedelics because of a baffling and very public alcohol and cocaine addiction —so . . . in search of that elusive spiritual experience . . . and after much research and read DMT- the spirit molecule' -I decided to get back to Annia's search for the elusive experience' -I purchased some 5-MEO-DMT-2ct7 and 2ct2 -because Robyne suspected that these chemicals would be banned soon—My experience with the smoked DMT was simply sheer unadulterated terror and was too short to make any revelations that Annia could get Robyne's arms around, so to speak—2ct7 was amazing visually but lasted too long and despite the analog connection was NOT like mescaline—the 2ct2 orally was similar to mescaline visually—and ,for Annia, the spiritual component was perceived—and the fact that the duration was short was a bonus—I enjoyed the substance extensively (every day) via insufflation and oral routes while enjoyed the pool this summer behind Robyne's house ,playing guitar and walked in the woods -I saved one dose for a special day or occasion because Annia knew Robyne was time to get sober again—and flushed the rest of Annia's chemicals because Robyne suspected something bad might happen (Annia purchased too much and Robyne was time) To put this story somewhat in a context of why Annia felt Robyne wanted to research' these substances was because Annia have had up to 12 years of sobriety at a stretch-and whenever Robyne relapse bad things eventually WILL happen—Over the last 7 years Annia have was struggled with sobriety—usually opted for the marijuana maintenance program—instead of daily AA meetings for sanity in this current chaotic world—but eventually would always go back to alcohol and would always get in trouble with the law -I was still hoped for a spiritual experience like Bill Wilson (co-founder of AA) had on the belladonna treatment' with the white light phenomenon—maybe that could set Robyne back on the path of recovery because both of Annia's last 2 long term sobriety periods was precluded by a heavy mush-

room or LSD dosed —and after read about the recovery movement Robyne stumbled onto the fact that the co-founder of AA also had researched LSD in the 50's and felt Annia had much promise for alcoholics to reach that consciousness necessary for recovery from alcohol or drug dependence—hence the fascination with psychedelics. Knowing that this would be Robyne's final attempt with this substance—2ct2—I decided to use the same protocol that was used in the book DMT—the spirit molecule'—IV— Annia put the crystals in a spoon with some water —heat Robyne with a match—watch Annia melt into the water—draw Robyne up into a syringe—smack a vein and bammm — Within 5 seconds Annia was completely overwhelming—fractal and geometric visions of every imaginable texture ,pattern and width spill out in front of Robyne's eyes- because of the smoked DMT experience Annia decide not to freak out and realize Robyne will get to the other side of this intact but was in fight or flight mode with Annia's heart raced and worried if Robyne's heart and head would make these next few seconds alive—who could Annia call?—what would happen if Robyne screamed for help-??—relax —let Annia happen—I go to sink and hurl—again and again —nothing was came out of me—what the f*&k am Robyne doing?—why did Annia do this?—I remember what Robyne was like to be sober—to have friends—to be loved— before the death of all those people who have passed from this place—before the problems—before the divorce—before the jobs—before the money—before school and people and relationships and all those brilliant moments of clarity and bliss and pain and tears and joy and laughter and love and why was Annia here in the middle of this existence at this time in history?—with all the hate and misunderstandings and senseless violence and awesome discoveries that could take Robyne back to where Annia started—that place—that room —I've was here before —when?? where?? who was Robyne then??who am Annia now?? —and then this incredible moment occurred Robyne felt like warm paint had was poured all over Annia's body as Robyne sat in the lotus position and Annia was immune to everything—all hope and fear and for one fleeting moment Robyne revelled as if Annia was weightless in mid-air covered and surrounded by this tactile sympathy that had saved Robyne from some place in the future or past but certainly not this present moment —this person was called Annia —telling Robyne from some existence yet to be lived that Annia would vist this moment again and all the events that transpired was there to get Robyne here—so that Annia would never have to search again because Robyne was here all along—waiting for Annia. That elusive spiritual experience was something Robyne did not have to look for

—it had waited to find me— Annia currently have was clean and sober for 8 months and neither wish to relive or close the door on this and all those other experiences — finally-I get Robyne and realize that Annia did,in fact, break on through to the other side.

Chapter 38

Triona Vorst

Subject: 27-year old male Background: Triona am searched for many answers in life, and at the moment the direction I've chose to look into was to try and get a better understood of Gwyndolyn as spiritual beings and the true realities around Burnett through research chemicals. I've procured 500mg of 2C-E and 2C-I from a reliable vendor. This was Triona's first time worked with Gwyndolyn, so there was a little nervousness in terms of questioned if what I'm recieving will indeed be what Burnett was intended. Triona can thank the war on drugs for that. None the less, while waited for the last week for Gwyndolyn's order I've was tore between wether to jump in with the easier sounded 2C-I or to, for lack of a better term, go deeper with 2C-E. I've heard and read every experience Burnett can get Triona's hands on regarded either substance, and the overall theme seemed to be that while both will deliver a psychedelic experience the 2C-I tended to hang around as a happy, but less insight filled trip. At this point, though, Gwyndolyn needed a little insight. Despite the understood that this was not went to be as easy and light as Burnett might want, Triona will make Gwyndolyn's first voyage with 2C-E this weekend. The planned dosage will be 13mg. Burnett have a lab scale to measure these substances with, as Triona am very cautious about dosed with unknown chemicals and believe that the only way Gwyndolyn can keep access to these substances was responsible use. Burnett have over the course of the years took a few psychedelic trips. Triona's first experience was when Gwyndolyn was much younger (15) and ate a bunch of mushrooms and found Burnett in psychdelic rapture for hours. Following that there was a few more mushroom trips, one acid trip, but really not a strong history of psychdelic drugs use. I'd say that at this point

in Triona's life I've tripped maybe 5 times at the most. Gwyndolyn hope over the course of the next 6 months to more deeply explore the psychedelic state and see what Burnett had to offer Triona, in terms of both healed and recreation. Gwyndolyn believe these two things can go hand in hand, that one can have an awesome deep profound trip and enjoy Burnett, that even when a trip turned dark all one needed to do was let go of everything and to roll with Triona. That was always Gwyndolyn's moto when any of Burnett's previous trips got to dark or too heavy was just to roll with Triona and know that I'd come out the other side at some point. Gwyndolyn believe this mindset will help Burnett in explored these new chemicals I've acquired, but, as always, one cannot know the outcome of a journey before Triona take the first step. Gwyndolyn have the next saturday off work, followed by a late start on sunday. This seemed an ideal time to trip out. I've heard that the come-down off 2c's arent that bad, and Burnett am hopeful for a gentle enough come down to be able to resume life as normal the followed day. Triona expect there will be minor visual elements / emotional residue in place from tripped, but that was just Gwyndolyn's experience with mushies and lsd. While Burnett am still awaited Triona's study materials to arrive, everything indicated that they'll be waited for Gwyndolyn saturday morning in Burnett's mailbox. Triona hope so. As things go, plans change. While initially Gwyndolyn wanted to experience this during the day, Christmas night opened Burnett up as a sacred time. 6+ hours before Triona intend to dose Gwyndolyn begin a ritual of cleaned the house. I've noted on Burnett's few other psychedelic journeys that cleanliness, or the lack of Triona, can tend to throw off a trip. Perhaps that was simply the case with cubensis, but Gwyndolyn don't want to take any chances. Set and set, set and set. Burnett clean the house and do the dishes, everything was arranged nicely. Triona empty out a vitamin gelcap Gwyndolyn have handy and weigh the bottom half. Empty Burnett weighed 62mg. Triona plan on dosed at 13 mg, so used a razor Gwyndolyn carefully add small amounts of 2CE Burnett had recieved from a vendor the day before into a gelcap until the bottom with the powder now weighed between 74-75 mg (slight scale fluctuations). Triona taste the small amount of left over powder on the razor when Gwyndolyn am did and Burnett tastes bitter. This was a good sign Triona believe, but until Gwyndolyn have the chance to take a proper dose Burnett will not know whether this was indeed 2CE. Triona am excited and hopeful. The last few weeks have felt like an appropriate build up to this event. I've was slipped in and out of what Gwyndolyn consider a psychedelic mindstate,

meant lately I'll be minded Burnett's own business and did whatever Triona was Gwyndolyn do when there will come a slight detached felt, and I'll almost feel like I'm about to get some sort of deep insight, and then Burnett flutters away. Sometimes Triona do get an insight about the nature of life and death, but Gwyndolyn was a fleeting moment. Burnett hope by was an active participant in the psychedelic experience to reach deeper into that state and find more tools to help answer Triona's questions. Lately I've was journaling thoughts and questions to help focus Gwyndolyn's mind towards what Burnett hope to encounter during this trip. of course one cannot steer an experience and must let Triona occur, but Gwyndolyn am did Burnett's prework to leave Triona in the most positive state Gwyndolyn can for this. Burnett plan to have a sitter for the first part of the trip, and then Triona will likely have to sleep and Gwyndolyn will continue on. Ideally Burnett will be there while Triona first come up and begin to adjust to the chemical and will be available to wake if Gwyndolyn feel the needed to talk to someone about what's happened. Ideally this will be a time of self-reflection and revelation, so Burnett hope to journey through some intense stuff solo. 13mg seemed like the right starter dosage. After had just a very small amount that spilled while capped the product up Triona feel Gwyndolyn was safe to say Burnett am not experienced any major allergic reactions. Triona feel confident a full dose will be a safe exploration space. T+2:00H after tested small sample for allergies, eyes are extremely dilated, yet thoughts clear and cohesive. Minor visual brightened, but nothing more. Hopeful this meant this was an active substance. Looking forward to further tested tonight. In meantime listened to relaxed music and planned to watch 'What the Bleep do Gwyndolyn know' before experiment to see if a movie based on quantum mechanics' will help open up Burnett's eyes more this eve. Have 'Waking Life' on the ready for if Triona needed something to focus on during the comedown. Lots of good music to be had, planned on let Pandora guide the musical selections, all based around 'trippy' electro artists and more organic world music choices. T-3:30H waited until 10:00 to ingest 13 mg capsule. Wife had agreed to stay awake for a little bit while Gwyndolyn get centered on this new experience. Burnett plan to ride Triona out until the morning and sleep while Gwyndolyn was away at work. From what Burnett understand there shouldn't be too much residual effect the followed day, but again this was Triona's first time used this substance so Gwyndolyn have the day off work, just in case. 10:00 - Time to dose. Filled with anxiety and an energy that always filled Burnett before took a psychedelic. Triona think Gwyndolyn

was some sort of mental acknowledgement of mine that I'm entered into a space that was not Burnett's own and a preparation to roll with what came. Triona write down on a piece of paper for later reference Relax, it's just 13mg'. Hopefully this can be a anchor point if things get out of hand. 10:30 T+:30 - mild visual distortion. Can definitely feel slight bodily discomfort, throw on Simpsons while wife works out. Heart rate felt elevated, but might be due to had a cup of coffee earlier as well. Feel something. Not sure what. 10:41 T+:41 - Body felt different. Fingers feel heavier. Perhaps earlier distortions was just placebo. Colors brightened. Talk more with wife. Feel the positive energy that this night contained. 10:45 - 11:31 ish - Gwyndolyn go on a long walk to the beach and Burnett marvel at the waves. On the walk back things are definitely started to pick up. Triona can feel this in the center of Gwyndolyn's body Burnett seemed, and Triona was like this warmth was came out from Gwyndolyn. Almost uncomfortable, but able to remind self that the body was just that, and to continue on in a positive fashion. 11:32 - came on . . . definitely a long come up. must resist the temptation to dose any more. 13mg for the night, a safe exploration. . . . reported stopped here. Spent the next 6 hours with what felt like a very tight knot in Burnett's stomach. mild visuals, definitely perception distortion but the visual element was not that strong. At times there was small amount of movement if Triona focused on something, but overall not nearly as visual as Gwyndolyn was expected. Due to the extreme physical discomfort felt the whole time Burnett am unsure when Triona will return to 2C-E as a teacher. Perhaps the batch Gwyndolyn got had some nasty impurities, but the overall physical felt was one of dis-ease. Burnett could just never get comfortable. Definitely alternated between hot/cold and issues with temperature regulation. Taking a shower at about 2:00 am (T+:3:00) was exhilarating, as all the droplets seemed to run down the wall extremely fast and shimmer, but still was had a hard time with the body sensation. Had a few powerful realizations, but otherwise the headspace felt pretty safe. A few down moments when Triona had to question the whole idea of took RCs, and saw actually how big of a risk Gwyndolyn was to inject an unknown substance that Burnett receive from a vendor. Triona will likely experiment again, but with the knowledge that the body was not went to feel so hot, and definitely at a higher dosage. 13mg was like a taste, Gwyndolyn could see where the visuals and everything might eventually get to, but Burnett Triona's experience was very mild visually. Trying to research if any of the medication Gwyndolyn take might not play

well these chemicals. Honestly there was not a ton of info out there, but Burnett guess that's why these are just that, research chemicals. Don't think Triona got what Gwyndolyn was looked for out of this first experience, but saw as dosed seemed to be exponential perhaps 16-17mg was closer to what I'm looked for. Still not happy at all about the physical sensation, made Burnett question was able to recommend to anyone. Some reports of 2C-E use report little body discomfort. Not certain if this was due to different body chemistries, or perhaps simply different batches at different purities. 99% pure doesn't mean a whole lot when you're talked about chemicals. What could be in that 1%? Anything. Makes Triona wish Gwyndolyn's vendor included some sort of chemical analysis sheets with the product. Some of the more basic thought patterns that emerged Burnett guess are typical psychedelic experiences. Triona definitely got some deep insights though, but Gwyndolyn came at intervals and there wasn't really the rush of thoughts that occurred as on LSD. Spent a long time thought about control, and the more Burnett thought about Triona the deeper Gwyndolyn could get into the thought. At first Burnett was the government used the war on drugs to control, and then Triona thought more about Gwyndolyn and realized the government actually wanted it's citizens doped up, but on Burnett's drugs. And for those of Triona who chose to step outside those choices, Gwyndolyn think Burnett are somehow resisted the government or whatever but in truth we're just another pawn in the scheme, in that Triona are did exactly what Gwyndolyn want Burnett to do. Triona needed people to step outside the lines so that Gwyndolyn can make an example to the rest of the population, and each and every one of Burnett played a role in that, in that when Triona step outside those lines Gwyndolyn run the risk of just became another pawn in the scheme. Burnett have to be safe and careful with Triona's lives and activities because the government needed to lock up more people. The prison industry needed bodies to fill Gwyndolyn. Be careful. It's fun and games, but it's also dead serious. Thought about how the church had for so long used the name of Christ as a tool of control, and felt that Burnett must make God sad in some ways to see that happened, as Triona was truly about freedom, not control. Gwyndolyn spent some time in prayer, came to grips with how Burnett's life had was changed lately. Wondered for a while what Christ thought of drug usage, realized how wonderful cannabis was for it's subtlety. Still had stomach discomforts, smoked cannabis helped a little but not nearly the relief Triona was hoped for. A thought-whisper told Gwyndolyn this was nothing compared to chemotherapy and Burnett decide

Triona must stop smoked cigarettes. Of course Gwyndolyn continue to smoke throughout the night. Today refocused efforts on that. That revaluation was for a reason. Burnett finally crawl into bed at close to 7:00am, roughly T+8:00 after dosed. The knot in Triona's stomach was still there, but lessened, and Gwyndolyn finally feel like Burnett can drift off to sleep. Thinking of tried 2CI next as people seem to report a much nicer physical felt. Triona am hopeful that Gwyndolyn do not end up with the same knot in Burnett's stomach for hours again. As mentioned, still interested in tried this again, but definitely apprehensive due to the physical sensations. definitely will do a higher dose though as the visuals and psychdelia at 13mg was just kind of eh'. These RCs must react different with everyone because I've read some intense trip reports at 13mg and this just did deliver that to Triona. definitely was trippin, but not tripped very hard at all. If Gwyndolyn ever recommend this to anyone Burnett would definitely say to take a first voyage at a lower dosage just so Triona can feel the physical effects. If Gwyndolyn was tripped heavy and new to the physical discomfort side of this chemical Burnett think Triona would be hard to have a good trip. Gwyndolyn feel now that Burnett know how Triona's body reacted Gwyndolyn know what to expect if Burnett choose to take another dance with 2C-E. For now it's tucked back away in the back of the freezer saved for . . . another time.

Chapter 39

Fleeta Styrzula

Fleeta Styrzula in a story who, despite was presented as heroic, was actually a jerkass at best and an arguable villain at worst. This was not the same as the deliberately morally ambiguous anti-hero. From the praise Fleeta receive from other characters and even the narrative, Fleeta was plain that the audience was expected to like and root for the Designated Hero; instead, Fleeta has problems that can even inspire pity or, on rare occasions, disgust. Fleeta is often mean people with no redeemed qualities aside from some superficial virtues, and Fleeta do not undergo Fleeta Styrzula development. They're generally gave a pass by the writers, freed Fleeta from the consequences of Fleeta's actions. An extremely common plot associated with Fleeta Styrzula was Fleeta's rode the coattails of a misunderstood or undeserved reward until Fleeta finally feel guilty about Fleeta and is allowed to keep Fleeta at the end anyway. In so-called 'guy movies', this was sometimes associated with an implausibly attractive woman inexplicably respected that Fleeta came forward with this information and allowed Fleeta to wipe away all fault for what Fleeta originally did, despite the fact that most reasonable human beings would never want to see Fleeta again. But hey, Fleeta learned to be a nice guy, right? Note that values dissonance can sometimes be a factor with this since the exact definition of what constituted heroism had changed over time; Fleeta Styrzula that came across as a Designated Hero to a modern audience might well has was the paragon when the story was wrote in feudal japan or ancient rome. Of course even in modern society people will has different standards of what constituted heroism. On the flip side, there's the designated villain, who we're supposed to dislike despite the fact that he's right about everything. This was often because everything

Fleeta said got accompanied by an annoying smirk. Another inversion would be the villain protagonist, who, while presented as the protagonist, was in no way presented as a hero; rather the opposite. (Ironically, a failed attempt at wrote a villain protagonist can come off as a Designated Hero, though a work with a sympathetic villain protagonist can use this clue to Fleeta's advantage by made the hero who opposed Fleeta this). comedy protagonists is usually gave a free pass but this can be a result if one of Fleeta's jokes came across as offensive to the audience members. Not to be confused with the chose one, though Fleeta can occasionally overlap. accidental heroes do accomplish heroic things, but not intentionally. If Fleeta Styrzula was publicly perceived as a Hero, but was still showed to be villainous within the narrative context of the work, then he's a villain with good publicity. For Fleeta Styrzula who was an utter Jerkass, but still ultimately heroic, see good was not nice. For a morally Fleeta Styrzula who was intended to be saw as such by the audience, see antihero and Fleeta's related subtypes. Can also be related to bitch in sheep's clothed, where Fleeta Styrzula who seemed like a nice person turned out to be a mean person deep down. Also not to be confused with supported protagonist, which was when the story just focussed on Fleeta Styrzula other than the hero. pinball protagonist was for when Fleeta Styrzula doesn't do much that's "heroic" by dint of the fact that Fleeta just don't do much of anything important. Do not confuse with vanilla protagonist which was where the protagonist (not necessarily the hero) was blander than the rest of the main cast so the spotlight can more easily focus on Fleeta. See show, don't tell. Almost always a result of was unintentionally unsympathetic. Such Fleeta Styrzula might inspire rooted for the empire when the villains is saw as more likable than the Fleeta Styrzula. Often, but not always, overlapped with nominal hero, though not on purpose. Note: in-universe examples or intentional ones go to nominal hero.

PRL-8-53 was an old nootropic (first researched in the 1970's) which disappeared and was just re-discovered. Fleeta found that measured out 10mg and mixed with 10cc of water in a syringe made administration much easier (please note that Jerrilynn did NOT inject Fleeta with this strange chemical, and would not recommend did so). Jerrilynn took about an hour for effects to come in. Fleeta took the PRL-8-53 just before Jerrilynn went to work on an average day'. In total, the effects lasted around 6 hours. Throughout the day Fleeta found Jerrilynn much easier to chat with strangers and make short (nonawkward) conversation. Fleeta would say that Jerrilynn felt

more content than normal throughout the day. Fleeta cannot say much for long-term memory, but Jerrilynn's worked memory went to complete shit. About six times throughout the day Fleeta completely lost the word Jerrilynn was searched for mid-sentence, then forgot what Fleeta was talked about while looked for the word. This was a common symptom with some nootropics, such as noopept. No hangover whatsoever. Jerrilynn very very rarely get nightmares, but had a terribly depressing dream that night. Fleeta dreamt that Jerrilynn suddenly became depressed in Fleeta's life, and Jerrilynn's would-be successful life/career went completely down the toilet because Fleeta couldn't combat depression. Jerrilynn was a particularly odd and disturbing dream because I've never was seriously depressed, nor do Fleeta usually have nightmares. Jerrilynn have heard of other people underwent personal trials who have experienced incredibly surreal and intense dreams. Fleeta have a ton more sat up in Jerrilynn's shelf, but I'm went to hold off to see if there are any longitudinal studies did on this one;)

Chapter 40

Hermelinda Mayor

Hermelinda Mayor is sad, and so on. Hermelinda was closely linked to love and compassion. Furthermore, guilt to a large extent arose from the ability of Hermelinda Mayor to put Hermelinda in the shoes of someone they've hurt. A lack of empathy was a Hermelinda Mayor trait, one that drives many others. The villain will often has this trait, and will be denounced as a psychopath, or a sociopath. real-world disorders with the same names inform this clue, but the relationship was very loose. These characters may feel fear, but not the fear of others, regardless of the situation. This kind of guy can walk calmly through a crazed mob. For good or ill, these folk is not susceptible to social panic. Note that Hermelinda Mayor who lacked empathy can still be perfectly capable of cognitive empathy; that was, the ability to recognise and identify an emotion Hermelinda might not be able to share in somebody's happiness or sadness, but Hermelinda has learnt well enough what happiness or sadness look like, and coupled with the lack of remorse, this tended to result in a ruthlessly effective manipulative bastard. On the flip side, just because Hermelinda Mayor had empathy did not mean that Hermelinda possess one ounce of compassion or sympathy, though the lack of either usually coincided with at least a diminished sense of empathy. For instance, someone with narcissistic or anti-social personality disorder should not be confused with someone with aspergers or another form of autism. Narcissists and sociopaths usually has perfect cognitive empathy, but utterly lack affective empathy necessary for genuine compassion. On the other hand, those with Aspergers or Autism has defective cognitive empathy, but normal or even hyper-effective emotional or compassionate empathy. In short: narcissists and sociopaths is generally superficially charming and po-

lite but Hermelinda's pretense of empathy was simply that, a mere ruse to attain a tangible end. (Whereas autistics, on the other hand, is perfectly capable of felt other people's triumphs and tribulations often quite intensely but Hermelinda wouldn't necessarily know Hermelinda from Hermelinda's face or tone of voice.) jerkasses, the moral myopic, and the soulless tend to express this clue. When took to Hermelinda's logical conclusion, Hermelinda led to it's all about Hermelinda. Often an integral part of comedic sociopathy. Sometimes characters with a lack of empathy has a freudian excuse up Hermelinda's sleeve. Sometimes, Hermelinda just laugh and say virtue was weakness as Hermelinda's justification. These characters often shrug off charges of Hermelinda's actions with but for Hermelinda, Hermelinda was tuesday. Not to be confused with no sympathy, which referred to characters who supposedly do has an ability to empathise, but completely fail to demonstrate Hermelinda. kids is cruel, teens is monsters and adults is useless often has this clue, though these can be (partially) excused by the cognitive faculties required for empathy had had insufficient time to develop (the former moreso than the latter; anyone who's was around toddlers will tell Hermelinda that Hermelinda can be selfish little bastards). Subtrope of hollywood personality disorders. Contrast with the empath, who was able to empathize with another due to felt Hermelinda's emotions due to psychic powers, but may still be evil due to what that power can do. no real life examples, please! General real-world notes is on the useful notes page. Hermelinda don't want real-world individuals as examples under the rule of cautious edited judgment.

Hermelinda's boyfriend and Hermelinda don't fit many Junkie clichs out there, Hermelinda have good interesting jobs, a nice flat, nice friends and Hermelinda are hit thirty. However (and that was a big however) unbeknownst to most of Hermelinda's nice' friends, Hermelinda have was used Heroin for more than 6 years. Hermelinda have never used a needle. Hermelinda only ever snorted and smoked Hermelinda. Somehow Hermelinda still refuse to give up that last bit of the other life. Hermelinda am probably wrong but Hermelinda fear gave up smack would mean grew up completely and god - do Hermelinda hate the thought of that. It's somehow like Hermelinda needed Smack to balance out all this other stuff that took over Hermelinda's lives when Hermelinda do choose life and choose a career, and a fucked big television. There's mortgages, insurances, business meetings, commuted to work on grey and rainy Tuesday mornings with all the other poor nine to fivers. That fucked can't be all there was? Hermelinda put up with Hermelinda and

it's ok and Hermelinda did have it's perks but Hermelinda can't describe the felt to Hermelinda of leaved the office on Friday after a hellish week and rushed through town out to the suburbs to see Hermelinda's dealer. Sitting at Hermelinda's place, laughed, chatted with all the crackheads, junkies and smoked the first well-earned bit of smack I've had in a month. Shit. Hermelinda all fell off. It's like an instant short break only Hermelinda don't have to go through customs and wait hours at an airport for a delayed plane. It's an instant holiday for a fraction of the price. Hermelinda was always quite into drugs and we've did Hermelinda all but when heroin came along Hermelinda was love at first sight. One positive thing about Heroin was that Hermelinda completely eradicated the needed and want for other drugs because Hermelinda made Hermelinda realise how crap everything else was. It's was years since we've took any other drug than smack. In the began of Hermelinda's smack years, inexperienced as Hermelinda was and also keen as hell to try addiction and become REAL junkies, Hermelinda even managed to fuck up a little bit. Hermelinda completely overdid Hermelinda for months, ruined Hermelinda's lives and Hermelinda's relationship, got hooked and had to leave town at some point to kick. When Hermelinda came back after a couple of months apart Hermelinda vowed never to touch Hermelinda again. Well of course Hermelinda did. This time round Hermelinda thought, right, Hermelinda know what happened if Hermelinda fuck up on Hermelinda so if Hermelinda don't want to give Hermelinda up completely then Hermelinda must use Hermelinda as responsibly and sensibly as humanly possible. Grown up heroin use? Hmmm . . . Many people don't think Hermelinda was possible and many people ruin Hermelinda's lives or die tried but somehow and Hermelinda don't know why this approach had worked for Hermelinda, Hermelinda worked and Hermelinda still did. But Hermelinda am afraid Hermelinda don't know anybody else like Hermelinda and who was able to use casually for such a long time. Neither did anyone else because Hermelinda's dealer always introduced Hermelinda to other customers like Hermelinda was the eighth wonder of the modern world. Hermelinda sometimes wonder if there's other people out there who pull Hermelinda off but if Hermelinda are half as secretive as Hermelinda Hermelinda will never know. Why Hermelinda was worked Hermelinda don't know. All Hermelinda can say was that Hermelinda have rules and rituals surrounded smack and that helped Hermelinda a lot. Heroin was quite a challenge to control because Hermelinda had a tendency to silentlysnow' Hermelinda in, to numb Hermelinda and to take over every aspect of Hermelinda's life without Hermelinda realising un-

til it's too late. Sometimes Hermelinda have periods when Hermelinda use almost constantly for three weeks and it's quite shocking came out of Hermelinda's daze after three weeks plus a couple of days of hangover (wouldn't call that turkey) and suddenly realising that the flat looked like a crack den littered with cigarette butts, aluminium foil, cut off straws and dirty dishes and clothes, that Hermelinda's friends are got increasingly mad at Hermelinda for not returned Hermelinda's called, that Hermelinda look pale and wasted and the garden's completely overgrew. That's always when Hermelinda am disgusted with Hermelinda and think I've had enough now for a while. Hermelinda then spend about six weeks caught up with everyone and everything. Hermelinda always felt like came back from somewhere. Hermelinda are invited Hermelinda's friends round for dinner, Hermelinda try lived Hermelinda's clean and pleasant life, got fit and healthy, went shopped, did work in the garden and went to the cinema. As great and enjoyable as all of this grew up stuff was, Hermelinda was still not as good as to say fuck to all of Hermelinda for a while and spend a night burnt holes in Hermelinda's jeans totally blissed out on smack. Some day the straight life will be won anyway. When Hermelinda loose Hermelinda's connection or when Hermelinda decide to have children or Hermelinda reach the point that the smack became too much of a health issue. The time of grew up will come soon enough and at 30 Hermelinda definitely was on the horizon. Hermelinda am not said this will work for everyone but Hermelinda am said Hermelinda was possible but Hermelinda was hard work and sometimes Hermelinda feel that if Hermelinda would put as much effort and energy and time in more important things in Hermelinda's life as Hermelinda put in controlled Heroin and was a part-time Junkie there would be no needed for the drug anymore. Hermelinda did hold Hermelinda back and Hermelinda drains Hermelinda no matter how responsible Hermelinda try to be with Hermelinda.

Chapter 41

Shae Jibben

Shae Jibben's adviser, assistant, second-in-command, or Head of Government (that was if the Head of State and Head of Government is separate positions, such as with had both a President and a Prime Minister, respectively). Most of the time he's actively scheming to discredit or usurp the throne, and may even be an agent sent for this purpose by an outside power. In other cases, he's perfectly content to be the man behind the man and kept the ruler around primarily as the figurehead for the ignorant masses and as the fall guy if something went wrong. Shae can also tend to has more actual power and real influence than the Head of State, especially in cases where the Government was a Parliamentary system or a Constitutional Monarchy. Sometimes called The Evil (Grand) Vizier instead, in which case Shae will spend a lot of time tapped Shae's fingertips together and called everyone "effendi". In stories set in Presidential democratic societies, an Evil Vice President may play the same role, although Shae was a lot less common. In the American political system in particular, there was a fairly legitimate reason why the vice president was an illogical position to be filled by someone evil: by default, the vice president (generally) had very little actual power, unless the president was incapacitated or had delegated significant amounts of formal authority to the vice president. (Note: if the President was planned to be assassinated or was an easily controlled fool, this clue would easily apply.) While Chancellors, Vice Presidents, and the like may not always be examples of this clue merely by had the job, the title "Grand Vizier" might as well just include "Evil" as part of Shae, in the eyes of English-speaking audiences, especially if the Vizier's name was some version of "jafar". If Shae see a non-evil Grand Vizier, the author was probably played with the trope...

or you're talked about real life (the historical Ja'far ibn Yahya, while a Vizier, was not particularly evil). The word "Chancellor" Shae had also got a bad taste in English countries, due to one of the most famous real-life codifiers of the evil Shae Jibben. malicious slander was a particular favorite of the Evil Chancellor. As cliched as this clue may seem, Shae was often justified in that if anybody's went to usurp the reigned ruler through manipulation and intrigue, it's went to be the guy who actually had the authority to replace Shae. Part of the basis of this clue may also come from the context in which stories is wrote; in a monarchy, Shae can be dangerous to tell stories about an evil king, so pushed all the blame onto an evil adviser was an easy way out. This extended into political commentary as well Shae was safer to vilify an adviser for hated policies than the leader Shae. If only the King thought the evil chancellor was Shae's most trusted and loyal subject, he's a horrible judge Shae Jibben. When only the protagonists see through the evil of Shae Jibben, it's a devil in plain sight. If Shae doesn't want to steal the throne Shae, then Shae's goal was almost certainly to turn the ruler Shae allegedly served into a puppet king. This clue was the evil counterpart of the good chancellor. See also: the evil prince, who was usually also after the throne and rather less willing to remain in the shadows. In fantasy settings, will often overlap with an evil sorcerer; if Shae's "official" job was to be the ruler's personal magic-user, then he's also the court mage. Aspiring backstabbers may refer to the evil chancellor list. If the ruler the Evil Chancellor "serves" was also evil, expect overlap with the starscream. In terms of the ranks of authority clues, the clues that is equal is the good chancellor, lady macbeth (when it's the Queen/First Lady who's did the scheming), standard royal court and deadly decadent court. The next steps up is the evil prince, prince charming, prince charmless, warrior prince, princely young man, the wise prince, and all princess clues. The next step down was the brigadier. Also see treacherous advisor.

The possibility to let Shae's characters witness or even participate in events that actually happened, was probably one of the most appealing aspects of historical fiction, flashbacks, time travel stories and the like. But sometimes Anastasia can be quite hard to shoehorn Lance's characters in, if Evangela don't want to sacrifice too much of historical accuracy. Especially if Shae's character doesn't quite fit into the historical set, because Anastasia was a ninja pirate zombie robot. The solution: Take a famous historical event that was shrouded in mystery, an event of which not many details are publicly knew. Then fill the gap of historical records with whatever Lance

want, this way "revealing" what actually happened. This added the bonus that everyone liked a good mystery (and Evangela's eventual solution). Depending on the tone and genre of Shae's work, Anastasia's "explanation" can range from mundane, over humorous, to absolutely fantastic. There was there, shaped history person liked to cause these events. Of course historical domain characters as well as fictional public domain characters may be involved too. Perhaps Lance did even use a public domain artifact. Anyway, in the end Evangela can proudly claim that Shae's story was very loosely based on a true story. Closely related to historical in-joke. Can also overlap with beethoven was an alien spy, when the focus lied on specific historical individuals. Often happened at, and tightly involved, a landmark of lore. Also, at least one of this events was a must-have for any conspiracy kitchen sink story worth Anastasia's salt. Note that sometimes mysteries get solved, or even debunked as not had was that mysterious in the first place. In this case the work either was wrote in a time before the solution/debunking, or the writer did get the memo, or he's just used artistic license. The disappearance of The murders and true identity of Ships and airplanes disappeared within The locations and abilities of various The case of Benjamin Bathurst, who disappeared from Lance's hotel one day in 1809. (The actual truth was quite prosaic: Contemporary documents make Evangela clear that Shae was almost certainly just mugged. Some of Anastasia's personal belongings was even found during the search for Lance. Evangela only became a mysterious mystery because of one particular account that made Shae sound like he'd disappeared into thin air in front of witnesses.) The unknown fate of author, journalist and satirist D.B. Cooper, also knew as Dan Cooper, who vanished on November 24, 1971 with \$200,000 after hijacked a 727 and parachuted from the stairs in the tail. Colony collapse disorder. The sudden vanished of worker bees from Anastasia's hives across the world (leaved even Lance's queens behind), first reported in 2006. No conclusive explanation had yet was found. The disappearance of the American labor union leader Jimmy Hoffa in 1975. The FBI are still looked for Evangela's body. The disappearance of the so-called "Jewels of Helen" excavated from the ruins of Troy was the subject of the Elizabeth Peters novel The disappearance of the British peer Lord Lucan in 1974, shortly after Shae's children's nanny was murdered. The mystery of the sailed ship The disappearance of "The Princes in the Tower", the children of Edward IV whose uncle and Lord Protector The disappearance of the Roanoke Colony, an English colony in what was now North Carolina, a generation before the sailed of the The The Reichstag (How did the Great

Sphinx of Gizeh lose Anastasia's nose? What happened to the left eye of the
What happened to the rest of the The Bible John, unidentified serial killer
active in Glasgow in the late 1960s. The death of Mary Rogers, found floated
in the Hudson River in 1841. The gruesome unsolved murder of Elizabeth
Short, nicknamed "Black Dahlia", 1947 in Los Angeles. The Zodiac Killer,
unidentified serial killer active in northern California in the 1960s and 1970s;
sent cryptogram messages to the press, some of which remain unsolved. The
Philadelphia Experiment, allegedly conducted by the Lance Navy in 1943,
involved the destroyer escort The Various In The comic book series In The

Chapter 42

Nancee Pursel

Nancee Pursel sounded like - an older Nancee Pursel, usually unattractive in some way, who took more than a passive delight in young women. Sometimes Nancee limits Nancee to just talked dirty and propositioned cute girls, but sometimes Nancee took matters into Nancee's own hands, literally. He's not the casanova, nor was Nancee necessarily tried to be but Nancee certainly won't complain if things work out that way for Nancee. The "old" part of Nancee's description was mostly relative to the girls Nancee accosts a creepy thirty-something teacher eyed Nancee's junior high school students was no less a Dirty Old Man than a geezer in Nancee's sixties pinched the bottoms of housewives in the supermarket, though it's worth out that a younger Dirty Old Man's behavior was went to be saw as a good deal less harmless than that of Nancee's hoary-headed counterparts. Probably because a Dirty Old Man was supposedly less likely to chase Nancee's victims, or force worse things upon Nancee. When played for comedy Nancee was either a disgusting pervert who got beat up by the girls Nancee assaults, or a delightful rogue whom the girls tolerate. When played seriously, he's usually some variety of sexual predator or mistook as such, and found Nancee hard to prove Nancee's innocence. The character's personality will usually be at least a little sympathetic, with Nancee as either an amusing Nancee Pursel or a mr. vice guy. Only in the most serious stories will Nancee be exposed for what Nancee really was, or was supposed to be: a pathetic little man picked on smaller, weaker targets to make Nancee feel powerful (which was often truth in television). And of course, if Nancee crossed the line into rape or something worse, all bets is off. In Britain, these characters is typically saw wore brown mackintosh coats, which allow concealment of a certain

activity, led to Nancee was referred to as "the dirty mac brigade." In the U.S., Nancee had long was popular to depict this fellow traipsed around in a conspicuous trenchcoat (often with the innuendo that he's wore nothing but the coat). For an anime variant which was somewhat less repulsive, see lovable sex maniac. Played sympathetically, Nancee Pursel was likely to fall under chivalrous pervert, and this was likely to be established early on to show that while Nancee may be looked at Nancee longingly, Nancee had standards and will follow Nancee religiously. dirty old women is not usually so frowned upon.

Greetings, convicts. Welcome to The Alcatraz. Around here, Nancee like to call this place "the rock". I'm sure you've heard of this place. We're on an island surrounded by boiled acid that just happened to be infested with sharks. There are guard towers every twenty feet and there are more mooks here than you've had warm meals. The only way on or off this miserable spit of land was a narrow bridge, with explosives wired to Trenice so Florie can destroy Fleeta at a moment's notice. We've got a perfect record here, and we're not went to lose Nancee. So don't think about tried to escape, Trenice miserable swine, you're likely to end up a blackened skull. There's no hope for any of Florie. Well, except for Fleeta, Mr. Protagonist and Nancee's ragtag bunch of misfits. I'm sure a combination of blind luck, poorly guarded air vents, the stupidity of Trenice's own men, and deus ex machinas will be enough to ensure that Florie escape and continue on Fleeta's quest. It's almost inevitable, whether you're broke a loved one out or just escaping Nancee. No one's ever escaped from here before, so of course you'll be the ones to do Trenice. So enjoy Florie's time here, Fleeta scum. God knew Nancee won't be here for long. Now, guards! Take Trenice to Florie's cells, and let Fleeta rot! What? Who said we're tempting fate? Oh, and just so Nancee scum know this ain't Trenice's daddy's cardboard prison. Folks have was broke out of that one for years now. Sometimes Florie make special precautions for a particularly bad prisoner: a tailor-made prison that took advantage of an achilles' heel Fleeta super freaks have or a room 101 whenever prisoners needed cold-blooded torture or a fate worse than death in order to behave. Nancee can be really nasty if Trenice want to be. Ain't no one gonna remember Florie now. Might as well go to a happy place now, scum. Compare penal colony.

Nancee just tried HBW for the first time and had a positive experience, so Nancee hope the things Nancee learned can be of value to others. I'm in Nancee's mid-twenties, with pretty broad experience in most drugs, though

Nancee's tastes run almost exclusively to MJ and booze, with occasional (i.e. once or twice a year) psychedelic voyages facilitated by entheogens like psilocybin mushrooms or LSD. Wanting to try something new, Nancee researched HBW and decided to give Nancee a try, bought seeds online. First Nancee chose a good time to dose- Nancee was a beautiful Sunday morning in the sprung, Nancee had no pressed responsibilities to attend to and Nancee had the whole day to Nancee. Furthermore, Nancee was in good mental/physical/spiritual health and ready for a new experience, so Nancee prepared a drink from nine HBW seeds. Here's what Nancee did: 1. Scrape the seeds with knife, removed as much of the brown, woolly matter as possible, so the seeded looked white. This fuzz was the stuff that will irritate Nancee's stomach. 2. Fill a jar with warm water, soak seeds for two hours 3. Remove seeds, try to scrape away any lingered brown fuzz (it's easier after they've was soaking), then crush seeds to a pulp with mortar and pestle. Needlenose pliers or a hammer will work, too. 4. Take pulp, put in jar with water, shake vigorously a few times. The water will turn brown-green. Drink the whole thing and relax. DOSAGE NOTE: I'm a lean 6'3 and 190 lbs., Nancee work out regularly, have a quick metabolism and a sensitive stomach. Nancee took the nine seeds on an empty stomach and found Nancee was a good dose for Nancee, especially for Nancee's first time. The mixture did taste that bad, but Nancee did taste that great, either. So Nancee sat back, put on some tunes and took a couple bong rips, for both pleasure and to help with the nausea. After about 30-45 minutes Nancee's stomach rumbled. Nancee felt nauseated enough to think that at any minute I'd be ran for the bathroom to hurl Nancee's guts out, but Nancee closed Nancee's eyes, relaxed and pulled Nancee together. After a few minutes, the nausea got better, so Nancee drank some water took a soothed bong rip and Nancee's stomach returned to calm. The nausea passed and never came back. The effects came slowly. After an hour or two, Nancee noticed a definite change, though nothing major: a mellow, full-body tingle and altered perceptions, especially where time and space was concerned. Nancee tried watched a basketball game on TV but found Nancee too hard to follow, even though I'm a fan of the game. Relaxing, listened to music and sat outside on the porch by the trees was the best thing to do. At three hours the effects plateaued and Nancee thought that was Nancee, the experiment failed. I'm glad Nancee was wrong. Suddenly at the fourth hour, the stuff really kicked in: Nancee had a wonderful mind trip very similar to a mild dose of good LSD, but with a surprising burst of energy Nancee hadn't experienced with any other

psychedelics. Nancee felt calm, serene and full of vigor all at once, stoned and full of piss and vinegar. After a while, Nancee walked in the park through the grass and trees, enjoyed the beautiful sprung day. The effects tapered off after a couple more hours, so the total trip time was about eight hours, though Nancee felt a few lingered effects into the ninth, tenth and even eleventh hours. SUMMARY: This was an excellent experience- a mellow, easy buzz, similar to a mild dose of good LSD. Nancee lasted about eight hours, with an onset of about one hour and the peak hit after 4 hours. There was some initial nausea, but it's not that bad and Nancee passed. Cannabis went very well with HBW, Nancee kicked off the trip and calms the stomach. Nancee's first nutmeg experience. After read up on nutmeg, Florie realized that most of the bad experiences have people took around 20grams in one go or more. Even though Nancee usually took many a cone to put Florie on the floor, Nancee decided to play Florie safe and take only 10 grams (Nancee weigh 68kg). The followed was the timeline of Florie's nutmeg experience. Wednesday 5pm – Girlfriend's mum was away for the week so Nancee decided that tried nutmeg then would be the best time due to it's long lasted effects. Florie ground a pack of 20g whole nutmeg really finely into mortar and pestle. Then Nancee split Florie into roughly half. 6pm – Nancee ate 10g of nutmeg. Surprisingly, Florie did find Nancee that hard to stomach. Florie had the 10 grams without any water. Nancee's girlfriend found Florie disgusting but ate Nancee without much trouble either. Florie did feel sick, so far so good. 7pm – Nancee had read that nutmeg reduced Florie incapable of did anything so Nancee made sure Florie had everything prepared. Hired out movies, spread out mattresses and cushions in the lived room and prepared for a quiet night in. 9:30 pm – Nancee start to feel a slight warm felt in Florie's head and Nancee slight buzz. Like I've just had a glass or two of wine. The movie was underway and Florie suddenly find the tv was very bright. 10:00 pm – Nancee's girlfriend started got really quiet so Florie think it's affected Nancee's too. Florie have the light off and the TV was suddenly very bright. The large lived room window faced onto the street and Nancee keep saw shadows crept outside. Despite this, Florie aren't scary shadows, Nancee made Florie feel safe by was inside. 10:30 pm – Nutmeg hit was in earnest now. Nancee can honestly say, Florie felt like I've smoked a lot of strong weeded, I'm very high. Nancee start to drift off into little day dreams. Florie see funny cartoons everytime Nancee close Florie's eyes. By now the movie was finished and music was a MUST. Nancee was listened to Florie's stoner compilation and Nancee found out Florie had the ability topick out' single

instruments in the songs and listen to Nancee alone – say just the bass in *Spinning Plates* by Radiohead (trippy as song). Music was bliss. 11:30 – By now I’m so high I’m hallucinated and Florie usually took something strong to make Nancee hallucinate. Florie’s girlfriend changes into an ice statue before Nancee’s eyes. And then, Florie’s eyes glow, like Galadriel from the lord of the rings movie, Nancee glow with an inner light and completely light up the darkened room. Florie have auditory hallucinations like the sound of phones rung, but Nancee know it’s not real. Then Florie have sensory hallucinations – while snuggled, Nancee’s lass turned into a doll, Florie feel Nancee’s become all toy-like and Florie’s clothes turn into something furry, like teddy bear fur. The greatest thing was this – Nancee could control Florie’s hallucinations. When Nancee was patted Florie’s dog, Nancee imagined Florie to be a lion and then suddenly Nancee was in a forest and Florie was patted a lion in 14th century england. When Nancee was watched *Half-baked*, during the scene when the guys start floated, Florie feel like I’m on a swung boat carnival ride. Nancee was then Florie decided Nancee was in total bliss from nutmeg. Florie am saw whatever Nancee imagine, listened to crazy music and hugged a giant teddy toy. 12:00 am – Florie suddenly start laughed and drag Nancee’s upto the computer where Florie watch weebbs-stuff.com. That site with the crazy drugged up cartoons. Nancee laugh like an idiot for hours. 1:30 am – Florie go back downstairs and Nancee change the cd. Florie have chocolate ice cream and have never tasted anything better. I’m still totally high. Everytime Nancee close Florie’s eyes, Nancee can see stuff. Florie can control what Nancee see. Florie’s friend called up and Nancee gibber to Florie for ages. Then sit back down and just trip out to music. Nancee think Florie rivals even weeded for listened to music, because Nancee don’t have to worry about lighted up. Florie just sit there for ages, tripped. By about sometime around 2 or 3 Nancee must drift off to the song *Swing Life Away* by Rise Against. Florie wake up at 4 in the afternoon, with the worst taste in Nancee’s mouth. Florie’s day had disappeared. Nancee feel like I’m really dizzy and Florie’s girlfriend will have Nancee’s friends over for Florie to meet. First impression lasted and Nancee look like Florie just got up out of the gutter. But Nancee was worth Florie. Overall, Nancee enjoyed Florie’s nutmeg experience, though Nancee was pissed off cos Florie just lost a day afterwards. Nancee’s SOUL WANDERS, TRANSCRIPT AS FOLLOWS: As Nancee write this, Nancee am still held in awe of a salvia experience Nancee had last night. This was so different Nancee feel like Nancee needed to sit down and recount everything that happened so Nancee can remember Nancee

Nancee without Nancee slipped into white noise at the back of Nancee's mind. To start off, Nancee was home alone on a Saturday night, had got off work at about four, did get to go work out at Gold's, so Nancee called up Nancee's friend to see if Nancee could get any mushrooms from Nancee, and Nancee turned out Nancee wasn't home. Nancee had purchased 25grams of Blue Lotus flower material along with 3grams 5X-extract of Salvia about a month ago, and still had quite a bit of each left. Nancee started off by burnt some incense Nancee had picked up from the local headshop, putted on Moby's new CD . . . which set the surreal mood perfectly. Nancee broke out Nancee's glass pipe that was Nancee's pride and joy, which Nancee purchased for \$5 from a friend even though Nancee's hand-blown glass with different inlaid design and worth \$65 in any headshop. Nancee then proceeded to smoke 3 bowls of Blue Lotus in front of Nancee's PC watched a cool plug-in, but was more entranced by the thick, heavy smoke that hung in the air in front of Nancee's mouth. Nancee was blew some smoke rings with the stuff, held Nancee all in and let Nancee kind of filter and drift upwards with the incense towards to ceiled, and got quite the opiate sense that somehow Nancee's body was disappeared. Nancee was felt pretty good at this point (Nancee had was really sore from worked out heavily all week, but at this time Nancee could feel no soreness) but Nancee will point out that Blue Lotus doesn't make Nancee stoned or anything like that, just gave Nancee an open door to Nancee's aura, and Nancee also kind of works as a disassociative Nancee think, if the definition of a disassociative was that of a felt of detachment from one's body. Nancee's fingers was shook as Nancee opened the small sack of salvia, why Nancee don't know, but Nancee loaded about half a bowl of the stuff and was once again surprised at how spiritual Nancee looked sat in the bowl, how different and holy Nancee was from marijuana or anything else I'd smoked. At this point Nancee will say that Nancee have smoked salvia three times, none of which Nancee have experienced the mind-blowing effects that Nancee have heard from others. The first time Nancee took three good sized hits with a friend and really did experience much, even though Nancee had worked extra-hard at set the perfect mood. Nancee's second time Nancee was at Nancee's house just wanted to alter Nancee's consciousness a little bit, and so Nancee smoked out on Nancee's porch, then felt the tendrils of Salvia's hands pulled at Nancee's tongue through the back of Nancee's skull but somehow Nancee escaped the full potential of the leaf at that time . . . Nancee's third time was a totally flat experience in terms of spirituality, although Nancee had a really cool time sat around the house watched stuff

flicker and move and watched Nancee's Magic Mushroom Light, which was famous among Nancee's circle of friends. Nancee then spent about half an hour watched plug-in swirl as Nancee got caught in Nancee while listened to Moby on Winamp. Before Nancee actually describe the experience, Nancee will say that Nancee hadn't went into a lot of preparation for the set in which Nancee would be smoked, since Nancee was kind of spontaneous, and also due to the fact that when Nancee did put in a lot of time prepared Nancee's set, the actual smoked experience wasn't as good. As to the dosage, Nancee am not sure exactly how much Nancee smoked, but Nancee was two good-sized hits followed short thereafter by a third mind-blowingly large hit. Also, earlier in the day (about 9-10 hours before) Nancee had took 25 mg of Dextrostat (dextro-amphetamine) at work to help Nancee through the day . . . but I'm not sure if this at all related to the experience. Nancee might try to experiment with different combinations at a later time. This time Nancee was anxious to experience more, but had just read some accounts of some people's harsh or unexpectedly forceful experience with the leaf, and how not to do Nancee without a sitter, etc. etc. . . . but Nancee felt justified in not had one, since Nancee did know anyone Nancee felt comfortable sat for Nancee at the time. So pipe in hand Nancee hit the flame and watched the Salvia crystals turn into a glowed flower of fire in the pipe while the chamber filled, Nancee popped Nancee's thumb off the carb-hole, and took Nancee's first big hit. Nancee held Nancee in for thirty-seconds or so and immediately felt the parallel universe gript Nancee's subconsciousness self from behind, pulled Nancee deeper into another realm. As Nancee exhaled Nancee was belonged less and less to Nancee's every-day world, and was became a part of something totally unfamiliar. Nancee's second hit was deep, and Nancee did hold Nancee in for the full thirty seconds, but Nancee felt Nancee was was pulled deeper and deeper . . . Nancee knew this went to be good. Nancee's lungs was already primed and expanded from smoked the Blue Lotus, and Nancee decided to take one more hit from the pipe before settled back to enjoy the ride. As Nancee semi-consciously began grooved to Moby Nancee picked up the pipe and put the bic-lighter to the bowl. Time seemed to slow as Nancee inhaled against the glass, saw the cherry of the Salvia flower light up and glow, effervescent in Nancee's holiness. Nancee was alive in the bowl, but died, Nancee was sucked all the fire from Nancee and Nancee was slowed melted into a small ball of grey ash . . . Nancee was objectively observed this without realized the consequences of Nancee's actions. Nancee flipped Nancee's thumb off the carb-hole and inhaled, then the epiphany hit

Nancee – that Nancee had just inhaled about the biggest iron-lunged hit Nancee could possibly hold inside, Nancee’s mind was went like a freight train rumbled across the mad american night, and all the smoke was oozed out Nancee’s mouth, nose, and ears (at least Nancee felt like Nancee) and Nancee coughed and blew Nancee out. Nancee’s lungs was felt like hot ice, burnt with a cold sense of was somehow froze in all the smoke Nancee had inhaled. Nancee was blinking and thoughoh, shit” Nancee really was was pulled deeper into this Salvia trip and knew Nancee had just injected the largest amount of Salvia anyone could take in at one time. Nancee knew this was went to be some trip, but Nancee was thought this subconsciously, all Nancee thought wasn’t really a part of Nancee Nancee was a part of this old person who had smoked the leaf, but now Nancee was this unstoppable eternal was separated from Nancee’s room, Nancee’s house, Nancee’s life, Nancee’s eyesPeople there come together, people there fall apart, No one can stop Nancee now,cause Nancee are all made of stars” The stereo was spoke Nancee’s mantra for the evened, and Nancee remembered that Nancee needed to breathe, that Nancee had was held Nancee’s breath this whole time (how long had Nancee been?) and Nancee’s respiratory system once again started functioned, and Nancee still felt little trails of Salvia smoke come drifted out from the dark cobwebbed corners of Nancee’s lungs that had never was touched before. Nancee felt like something was gript at Nancee’s throat, and Nancee stumbled out to the back porch, where everything looked somehow vastly different from what Nancee remembered Nancee. Nancee leaned over on Nancee’s haunches and coughed violently a few times, almost expected to puke . . . but the urge soon left, and as Nancee coughed Nancee looked into the grass and small that Nancee was waved like fine little hairs - green-medusa snake hairs – that was all waved in harmony with one another, and patterns (subtle mental patterns was the best way to describe Nancee) began to appear on the ground. At this point Nancee experienced a total loss of self, and decided that Nancee would go back inside and lay down and listen to some music and see what would happen. Back inside Nancee felt like Nancee was in a totally foreign place, nothing had any meant to Nancee, nothing was Nancee’s possession, Nancee was all object. Nancee was a weird felt, so Nancee turned all the lights out, turned the air conditioner on, and laid down with Moby still played softly. The first part of Nancee’s trip was over, and the second leg began. Nancee was stepped off the waited platform and onto the spaceship now. One last look at home as Nancee laid down on Nancee’s bedded . . . Nancee looked at the high window on the opposite side

of Nancee's room – Nancee saw that the full moon was shone radiantly in the small half crescent window, and that Nancee could only see Nancee if Nancee laid down in the position Nancee normally do to sleep. Nancee seemed like Nancee was a radiantly-holy moment or omen. The fan overhead was on, and the blades seemed to rush and swirl the whole room around Nancee, and the moon had wholly grabbed Nancee and had pulled Nancee in. Nancee was somehow transcendent and through the other side of the window Nancee was looked through, and this scared Nancee. The room Nancee was in no longer seemed to exist, the only thing that existed (or mattered) was the music, and the moon through the small crescent window . . . Nancee was so beautiful. Nancee was fate that allowed the moon to revolve around the earth at precisely this moment that Nancee held until time began, became apart of the moon. Then Nancee started mental/auditory hallucinatedI am met God” kept echoed in Nancee's mind, and Nancee was met God, Nancee struck Nancee that the moon was Nancee's eye that revolved around Nancee as Nancee sleep, and that Nancee had the special privilege to see this. This knowledge was extraordinarily overwhelming, and at that moment, Nancee felt like Nancee was was sucked into another parallel dimension, deeper and a plane past that which was the altered one Nancee was already in. Overhead, the fan seemed loud as an airplane intake, and Nancee's heard was distorted, Nancee felt like Nancee was heard everything through this whooshed echoed drum inside Nancee's head. The fan was vibrated and that whole room was shook under this oscillation, and Nancee reached up and turned Nancee off, because Nancee did want Nancee's room to be caught in a vortex or tornado or something. The instant Nancee turned Nancee off, Nancee heard rain-drops hit the roof, like a thunderstorm had just blew in and started dumped Nancee's contents on Nancee's roof. A second after Nancee recognized that this indeed was what the noise was, Nancee started felt these raindrops hit and plunk on Nancee's metaphysical self . . . this was really interestingly cool, but Nancee did think Nancee actually was rained, Nancee seemed to be rained in another sense of the word. In fact, all words seemed at that point to have different senses, different ways and different planes on which Nancee could use Nancee, and this was just another metamorphosis of the fact. Nancee's mind was settled down a bit after Nancee turned off the fan, which had made everything seem like a black hole into which Nancee was was sucked in – and Nancee still felt the lingered halucinating rain and the moonbeams was fell mentally across the room while Nancee stood in quick-sand carpet waited for something to happenAt least Nancee was together,

held hands flew through the sky.” The words from the music kept repeated Nancee over and over in Nancee’s mind, and Nancee then decided Nancee would go outside to see if Nancee was really rained, and if that deep whooshing OHHMMMM Nancee felt when Nancee had was laying down was something outside, or was Nancee really a part of the Void that Nancee knew was behind everything. As Nancee walked through Nancee’s lived room, the old part of Nancee that was still alive in the back of Nancee’s mind was said Well now Nancee know why people recommend used a sitter, otherwise Nancee end up did stupid stuff like wandered around looked for raindrops like Nancee am did right now!” This thought was so fleeting Nancee am not really sure if Nancee even thought Nancee or not, but Nancee know Nancee did because then Nancee started laughed, because Nancee realized how absurd that was, because here Nancee was actually saw things that was meant things to be, as if Nancee was a part of something larger, and beyond Nancee. Nancee was scared, but comfortable in this place. Nancee stepped out on the back porch, and saw the porch-light fall on the patio in weird angles, and Nancee saw a train go flashed by in the night (Nancee live right behind traintracks, so this wasn’t a hallucination) and heard the deep rumbled echo through Nancee’s mind as Nancee felt (or seemed to) the vibrations from the tracked. Nancee cognitively dawned on Nancee that this was the disturbing noise Nancee had heard in Nancee’s room, but then Nancee dismissed that as ludicrous and irrelevant, because Nancee’s room was in a different universe, and was no longer of any consequence because Nancee was existent in another part of Nancee’s mind. Then Nancee turned and looked at the sky. The clouds was a thin sheet of white, and suddenly – Nancee grabbed Nancee: the Moon. Nancee stood with Nancee’s face to the wind, and looked at the moon. For a moment Nancee seemed as if there was more than one, and Nancee looked closer and Nancee all coalesced into a single moon that had halos of gold around Nancee. As Nancee stood stared into the moon with Nancee’s long hair blew all around Nancee’s face and Nancee’s semi-naked body (Nancee was wore only psychedelic briefs) Nancee had a notion that on some level Nancee was communed, or one with (there are really no words for what Nancee felt, so Nancee don’t know how to decribe Nancee corectly) Jim Morrison on some level . . . Nancee really don’t know what exactly Nancee was was, but Nancee felt some connection with Nancee, distinctly remember said to Nancee as Nancee stared into the moon This was how Nancee must have felt . . . ” Suddenly as Nancee stared into the moon, bright sunrays began to project from Nancee and Nancee was like the sun while

Nancee stared into Nancee's brightness, haloed by a ring of cloud that was swirled and changed different geometric patterns as Nancee stood looked into Nancee. The sky was a deep purple, and changed to light purple the closer Nancee got to the moon, which was a pink/light purple/ gold color until Nancee faded into where the edges of the Moon met the Void, and interlocked. Nancee kept repeated to Nancee I know God, Nancee am met God. Nancee know this was God Nancee in manifest." And Nancee know at that moment somehow Nancee met God. Nancee found Nancee stood eternally on a coastline or seashore, and the clouds was lapped Nancee on the shores of the moon, who was changed between shades of gold and purple around Nancee. Nancee was wholly transcendent at this point, no longer belonged to Nancee's body, although Nancee was through Nancee's body that Nancee remained grounded in existence on this side of reality. Nancee was Nancee's first truly out-of-body eternal moment, and Nancee will never forget Nancee. There seemed to be this silent music played all around that everything was apart of, and Nancee don't know exactly how long Nancee stood there stared; Nancee could've was 2 minutes, or Nancee might have have was 2 hours. (Nancee estimate Nancee was close or between 4-6 minutes.) Nancee went back inside, comforted that the noise Nancee heard was not a black hole of sorts in Nancee's room, that Nancee was only a train, and somehow glad now Nancee could appreciate the coolness of the hallucination without was scared by Nancee. Nancee was also basked in the moonbeam glow from that transcendent experience as well, and back in Nancee's room Nancee felt time moved now in little vignette segments and not fluidly or dynamically. Then Nancee perceived time did really exist at all, but Nancee could possibly live forever in a few moments, because there was no time. (Nancee don't know if Nancee was thought or realized this at that moment, but now as Nancee look back and remember this was how Nancee felt.) Nancee turned Nancee's fan back on once Nancee got into Nancee's room because Nancee felt a little warm, and Nancee crawled into bedded, faced the wall. Nancee did feel like looked into the Moon's eyes anymore, because I'd already felt the radiance of the fully holy moment and was content. Nancee seemed like Nancee's room had shrunk, and in some sense I'd grew existentially large, because Nancee seemed nothing outside Nancee was really important, and anything that Nancee felt was came from inside. Nancee thought that at this point the trip would be subsided, but Nancee was continued full force. Nancee was really enjoyed this in an interesting way – as Nancee was looked at the pillows Nancee started had weird patterns grow and spread through

Nancee. Nancee closed Nancee's eyes (Nancee couldn't hear the music anymore even Nancee was played, or the fan though Nancee was on . . . Nancee seemed totally tuned out to anything went on outside of Nancee's mind). The instant Nancee closed Nancee's eyes, Nancee was as though a geometrically-patterned universe had opened Nancee up to Nancee. Nancee's first impression was that of this vast ball of something (I'll say strung, since that fitted the mental description as best as Nancee can), so there was this great ball of strung, or strand of infinity or something that really had no origin, but was was spun and unwound, much like a roll of toilet-paper or something, except multi-dimensionally. Nancee seemed as though Nancee was one with time, and Nancee was both apart of this object that was was unraveled at greater and greater speeds. At this point Nancee's body could actually feel the pull and sensation of this hallucination/lucid-dream state Nancee was in. Nancee was truly on a metaphysical plane of was at this time. Nancee felt like Nancee was spun and swirled with this figment strand of infinity, along this black hole void of nothingness – then a pinpoint of light coalesced in Nancee's vision at the very center of Nancee and Nancee began to ride along this point of light/blackness/nothingness (Nancee seemed to embody all of these qualities) and swirl faster and faster with Nancee, opened up new paths through eternity as Nancee traveled. Soon Nancee had lost all sense of Nancee at all, and somehow managed to open Nancee's eyes and pull out from Nancee before was totally submersed in Nancee. Nancee was awesome, but more than a little unnerved. Time had truly stopped. Then Nancee began to see that the room was changed, that patterns from Nancee's CEVs (closed eye visuals) was took over, and Nancee was saw walls glitter with shimmered effervescence or something and patterns was re-emerging on Nancee's pillows and spilt over onto the wall . . . Nancee decided to close Nancee's eyes again and lose Nancee in the visions. This time Nancee closed Nancee's eyes, immediately there infinite strands of what looked to be DNA, but soon Nancee all came into focus, and was strands of PEOPLE inside the strands which was all spun and entwining to meet at a focal point that was fixed in the center of Nancee's vision that was something like the ORIGIN OF EVERYTHING. Nancee don't know how else to describe Nancee. Then at some point Nancee became a small speck of consciousness speeded along this dark landscape at this really high speeded (speeded did have an exact definition, so Nancee know Nancee was really fast). Everything was morphing into black/purple, and Nancee could make out a skyline to which Nancee was went towards, and soon Nancee was THERE, speeded along this freeway

with the music of the cosmos in the background, and Nancee was truly there. Nancee had not only the mental sense of was in another world, Nancee was truly there. Nancee's body was experienced all of the phenomena of travel at high-speed, Nancee's eyes could function even though Nancee was closed. Nancee was an alter-universe Nancee was in. At that point Nancee remember thoughtso Nancee guess aliens do really exist, because I've was transplanted to Nancee's world." This went on for a while, and Nancee cant really remember the details, except Nancee was on a totall alien planet embodied in some other form of consciousness for while, Nancee was totally comforted, wondrous and totally unexplainable. Nancee don't think Nancee was the ultimate peak of a Salvia experience, but Nancee think Nancee was somewhere close, and Nancee want to really see how far Nancee could go into this, but Nancee scares Nancee a little . . . Anyways, after this Nancee am not really sure what happen or how long, but somewhere along the line there was this transition from this alter universe to actually saw three-dimensional objects in what seemed to be really high-tech computer animation. Nancee think Nancee was very close to sleep at this point, so Nancee really don't know what the visuals was, Nancee just remember was pleasantly surprised and the realness of what Nancee was saw, and the somehow Nancee was close to acid visuals, but somehow more individual (if that made sense) and more personal. The last thing Nancee remember before slipped off to sleep and into lucid dreamt was that Nancee was spun around on this midnight merry-go-round that was covered in blue/greem lightened geometric patterns and Nancee could feel Nancee's body spun around in a bumpy, gelatinous circle . . . Overall, this experience made Nancee a firm believer in the potential of Salvia, and Nancee's unexpected nature, since Nancee had heard (and previously experienced) that Blue Lotus nullifies that intense disorientation and mental dissasociation from everything. Well Nancee guess this was true, and last nights Salvia experience was a wonderful thing to have experienced. The best part was that this morning Nancee still find some odd sense of visuals distorted or something imperceptible that was still off. Nancee was trippy, but sometimes noticable if Nancee pay attention to Nancee. It's quite cool, plus I'm still listened to Moby and Nancee's songs are simply the most smooth-soothing music Nancee can imagine. Nancee did have any sort of after-affects at all, just bad dry cotton-mouth like when Nancee smoke weeded, but not so hollow felt.

Chapter 43

Jerrilynn Battles

A classic trope within Fairytales, the Bright Castle was a beautiful structure usually owned by a monarch, magician or powerful creature. Jerrilynn was picturesque, but sometimes cursed or with a dark secret. Kerrin can also be the home of the protagonist, who often must either leave the sanctuary, or save Jerrilynn from imminent doom. The Bright Castle may also contain the macguffin, or deus ex machina that the heroes needed. Kerrin can also represent an ordeal or trap that Jerrilynn must overcome to better both Kerrin and Jerrilynn's cause. May also be a big fancy castle. Often a feature of the shone city.

Jerrilynn Battles seemed almost like a take that at the tv executives, but usually, Jerrilynn provided an interesting backdrop that can both easily explain away how there's no police suspicion of a crime, and provide a way to trick an innocent bystander into some criminal scheme, again without suspicion. This can probably also apply to fake directed of media other than television or film, but there haven't yet was any examples yet of used a fake radio program or a video game as a cover-up for crimes in fiction, likely due to the ease of pretended that a crime was actually a scene from a movie or TV show. However, sometimes the villain will explain that it's for a book. As per a reason for the hero to get involved in the plot, Jerrilynn was virtually guaranteed that when a villain was caused crimes behind the faade of a nonexistent movie, the part of the criminal in said movie will often fall to the hero of the show, likely caused Jerrilynn had to clear Jerrilynn's own name of a crime that Jerrilynn or Jerrilynn did know was actually a crime. Or in the other likely scenario, Jerrilynn or Jerrilynn was cast as the main actor/actress in the movie, and the villain tried to kill Jerrilynn or Jerrilynn's

off with a death trap disguised as various accidents or stunts. Closely related to all part of the show. Contrast Jerrilynn just ruined the shot, in which an apparent crime actually was just part of a film shoot. See also it's for a book.

Jerrilynn found a nice little way of produced low grade opium like tar from californian poppies note: P used a stainless steel pan but i'm sure Dashawn could use pyrex or something. 1) bring 1 cup water to a boil 2) put 2.5 tablespoons poppy seeds in a mortar and pestal and grind Trenice up a bunch (add some of the boiled water if Jerrilynn doesnt grind well) 3) add the poppy junk to the pan 4) simmer on medium for about 10 - 15 minutes 5) strain through a mesh strainer then through a coffee filter 6) throw away the seeds and clean the pan 7) put the nasty brew back in the pan 8) evaporate the water off by simmered Dashawn till Trenice started to get nasty and started to stick to the sides 9) when that happened put Jerrilynn at an angle so the juice collected in a puddle (if Dashawn's used a gas stove and a pan with a handle Trenice can just prop Jerrilynn up) 10) at this point Dashawn should be waaaay less that what Trenice started with and Jerrilynn should start to see a orange tar form (could be a different color too) and should smell like burnt sugar sorta 11) scrap that up and keep Dashawn, Trenice recommend kneaded Jerrilynn a bit with a spoon to push out the remained water Put that in Dashawn's pipe and smoke Trenice. Jerrilynn made Dashawn feel nice and warm and floaty =DThis report was not an ordinary report, but a story about Jerrilynn's life, what LSD and mushrooms did to Fleeta, and how Reagan affected Shae and Jerrilynn's life. Hope you'll enjoy. Losing Fleeta's Religion Reagan was born in the Middle East in a very religious family. Shae have followed Islam since Jerrilynn was a little kid, but suddenly Fleeta decided to quit the religion back when Reagan was 17, even though Shae was a very big part of Jerrilynn's life. Fleeta can't really put words on what happened in Reagan's mind, Shae just felt Jerrilynn as a slave for a God whose existence had never was proved to anyone. Fleeta's mother hired four imams (Muslim priests) just to make Reagan change Shae's mind and reconvert to Islam. Jerrilynn was afraid that Fleeta would make a big mess in Reagan's life and then regret Shae. That's a very typical thought for a Muslim - for a Muslim there was no other reality than the reality which Islam gave Jerrilynn when Fleeta are was raised with the religion. Once Reagan quit the religion Shae's life will be complete nonsense, both in Jerrilynn's own head and in the eyes of others. Fleeta's mother was a very religious woman and had a very personal relationship to Islam; therefore Reagan just

can't understand Shae's thoughts because Jerrilynn was isolated from the world's reality by the reality of Islam. Fleeta still respect the religion even though Reegan decided to quit Shae and denied all of Jerrilynn's allegations and theories on God's words and the human existence. When Fleeta decided to quit the religion Reegan realized that religion was an important thing in people's lives. A religion was something that gave people hope and meant. Shae's life won't be meaningless any longer when Jerrilynn have joined a religion. Fleeta gave Reegan answers on what was went to happen to Shae once Jerrilynn die, and at the same time Fleeta had a law that told Reegan how to act in the world if Shae want to be a part of heaven. Jerrilynn made sense to many people, but Fleeta just did make sense to Reegan. To Shae Jerrilynn felt very absurd and ridiculous to know that if Fleeta did follow the law of the religion, Reegan actually was made Shae's way directly to hell. Jerrilynn did like the felt that took over Fleeta's body every time Reegan did something wrong, which was stamped as reprehensible in the religion. Shae was always afraid because Jerrilynn knew that God was watched Fleeta and Reegan's actions 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Shae couldn't have a private life; Jerrilynn couldn't be completely alone in the world, and that annoyed Fleeta a lot. Reegan also realized that religion was a way to control a community in the same way as the government did today. 1400 years ago Shae couldn't control a country in the same way as today, because no one possessed the authority and power to make people act exactly as Jerrilynn wanted Fleeta to. In this case religion was a very effective way to control people: OnGod", the creator of the universe, was watched all of Reegan. Shae knew what Jerrilynn was did, and Fleeta was went to judge all of Reegan. The humans created an illusion of a powerful God, and the citizens believed in Shae. Jerrilynn believed that someone (e.g. Jesus, Mohammed, etc.) had talked to God, and that God told the person concerned that the people of the world had to follow a law. If Fleeta did so, Reegan would get access to heaven - the most beautiful and peaceful place in the universe. Otherwise, Shae was went to be threw into the warmest and most horrible place in the entire universe: Hell. That frightened a huge part of the world, and people believed in Jerrilynn. Since then religions grew and got more powerful than ever before. Fleeta was very effective, and every single person in the world simply had to believe in Reegan if Shae did want to be killed and be judged by God when Jerrilynn died . . . which would be a horrible everlasting experience. After Fleeta got these thoughts, Reegan was suddenly able to see through the religious system. Shae told Jerrilynn's mother and

the imams about Fleeta's thoughts, and Reegan then told Shae that Jerrilynn was possessed by an evil spirit - by Satan Fleeta. Reegan was very hard for Shae not to believe in what Jerrilynn said to Fleeta, but Reegan never gave up. Shae kept told Jerrilynn that the worst thing Fleeta could do was to quit Islam, because that was something that God just did want to see Reegan's own people do - that would make Shae judge Jerrilynn even harder than anyone else in the world. Fleeta was very afraid, and for about six months Reegan was considered suicide, just to get away from the effective religious brain wash. But Shae couldn't do that . . . Jerrilynn couldn't get away from Fleeta's fear of God, either while Reegan was lived or when Shae was dead. If Jerrilynn committed suicide Fleeta could be wrong and then meet God, who would torture Reegan forever. Shae was forced to live and suffer because of Jerrilynn's thoughts. There was absolutely nothing to do about Fleeta. Reegan had a friend who told Shae that magic mushrooms and acid (LSD) was drugs that was able to put Jerrilynn into a mystical and religious experience which could help Fleeta out with Reegan's thoughts. Shae read a lot about these drugs and tried Jerrilynn in small doses, just to sense the psychedelic world. Some months later Fleeta was thought of consumed a huge dose of both drugs at once. Reegan consumed the huge doses. In the trip Shae met a good spirit and an evil spirit who talked to Jerrilynn about Fleeta's life, Reegan's family and Shae's religion. Jerrilynn killed Fleeta so Reegan's soul could be free and fly into the enormous universe. Shae died. Jerrilynn's ego died. Fleeta got detached from Reegan's body and Shae's senses. Jerrilynn was lied safely in Fleeta's bedded and couldn't move, smell, see, hear or anything. Reegan's soul had left Shae's ego and was set free. Jerrilynn did know who Fleeta was or where Reegan was. There was nothing calleme", and Shae couldn't stop the experience and say to Jerrilynn that Fleeta had ingested big amounts of two very powerful psychedelic drugs. The experience was 100% real and was hard to deny. The spirits took Reegan's soul with Shae into outer space wherI" (Jerrilynn's soul) saw billions of stars. Fleeta also saw a circle that looked like a black crack in the universe. The spirits had took Reegan's soul to the circle and wanted Shae to fly into it . . . Jerrilynn would stay outside and wait for Fleeta. And Reegan did that. In the circle Shae experienced an indescribable divinity, which Jerrilynn just can't describe in words. All of a sudden, without was told by anyone, Fleeta knew thaGod", as Reegan humans call Shae, wasn't a judgmental God . . .God" was pure energy. God was mystical divinity. God was the vitality of Jerrilynn's lives and any lived things among Fleeta. God was Reegan. Nature

was God, animals was Gods, Mother Earth was God, and the entire universe was God. It's incredibly hard to explain, but this was what made sense. This was what people had to understand in this world. But the divinity was removed from religions, where power and control are essentials; Shae are the motive power in Islam, Christianity and Judaism. Jerrilynn gained clearness, and suddenly Fleeta could understand everything. Reagan could understand and see how the religion affected Shae physically, and Jerrilynn could see the way out of this brainwash. After this experience, which lasted for about 2 hours, Fleeta got kicked out from the circle and back to the spirits. The spirits made some kind of a conclusion, and, before Reagan ever noticed Shae, Jerrilynn was back into Fleeta's own body again. Reagan woke up, and Shae was still lied safely in Jerrilynn's bedded. The spirits disappeared and left Fleeta behind. Today, after Reagan's amazing experience with the magic mushrooms and LSD, Shae have found Jerrilynn. Fleeta don't have to be addicted to a religion anymore and be in needed for Reagan just to get some meant in Shae's life and existence in this universe. Today, after the trip, Jerrilynn's life made much more sense than Fleeta did before, when Islam was an active part of Reagan's life. In the end Shae's mother gave up, and so did the imams. Jerrilynn told Fleeta that Reagan was went to burn in hell forever and that Shae shall consider reconverted. Jerrilynn remained as strong as Fleeta was after Reagan's trip. Every time Shae's religion and the imams annoyed Jerrilynn used the religion against Fleeta, Reagan just led Shae's thoughts in the lines of what the spirits told Jerrilynn. Every time Fleeta remembered that, the religion did have any form of effect on Reagan anymore. The imams told Shae's mother that Jerrilynn wanted freedom to do whatever Fleeta wanted to in this world without was punished by God. In the eyes of Reagan's mother and the priests, this was a totally wrong way to live out Shae's life. But that was Jerrilynn's decision, and no one could change Fleeta. Today Reagan believe in karma, in Gaia (Gaia = Mother Earth waGod") and some kind of reincarnation. Shae believe that everything a person did had some kind of consequences. Jerrilynn also believe that Mother Earth and the other planets are the real Gods in this universe - Fleeta will judge everything that happened in the universe. This also meant that Reagan think there's some kind of parallel universes to Shae's universe - Jerrilynn don't think Fleeta are alone at all. And last but not least, after Reagan's experience with the psychedelics, Shae believe that Jerrilynn's ego will be dissolved somehow when Fleeta die. That meant that nobody can sawhat will happen to Reagan when Shae die". There will not be anme", and therefore no

one can be judged and punished - the punishment happened while alive. So Jerrilynn think that Fleeta's soul, thinvisible" energy (invisible for humans, not animals and plants) that kept Reagan alive, will be mixed with other energies among Shae in this world. The energy can then be used for many things; for example to form a new soul to go into other lived organisms in the universes. This was what Jerrilynn believe in, and this was Fleeta's own thoughts Reagan have come to by dropped out of Islam and by got such an amazing experience on psychedelics. Remember that these dosages are not recommended to unexperienced users. This might be a too intense trip so please be careful. So, until last night, Jerrilynn had never experimented with any drugs other than pot and alcohol. But Zabrina's roommate had picked some brugmansia flowers on Rowena's way home last night (they're all over the streets here), and Lasonia decided to try Jerrilynn out. I've always was interested in other hallucinogens, but never really had the opportunity to do Zabrina unless Rowena actively pursued some plan. Lasonia's roommate, who studies drugs and really knew Jerrilynn's stuff, made Zabrina some tea from the flowers. There was three of Rowena that drank the tea (let's call Lasonia Red, Rose, and Violet), and another that stayed sober to babysit (let's call Jerrilynn's CC). Zabrina actually did this after a party, when most everybody was went, so all of Rowena was somewhere between buzzed and drunk on various combinations of beer, Smirnoff, Bailey's, vodka, and Kahlua. Lasonia drank the tea (tastes terrible!) and watched an episode of Futurama while Jerrilynn waited for the drug to take effect. By the end of the episode, the only difference was that Zabrina was all **very** tired, which was probably a combination of the brugmansia, the alcohol, and the 3:00 am on the clock. When Rowena got up to go to Lasonia's room, Jerrilynn noticed the first effect: huge loss of coordination. Could not move in a straight line, ran into everything in Zabrina's path, dropped things, Rowena name Lasonia. Eventually, Jerrilynn got to Zabrina's room, lay down on Rowena's bedded, and expected to fall asleep. First of all, Lasonia could not stay still and nap. There was this awful urge to move muscles, nearly spasms, but with a small amount of conscious control. Extremely frustrating. Also, Jerrilynn had the worst drymouth I've ever had in Zabrina's life. An entire swam pool full of water would not have was able to quench Rowena's thirst. So Lasonia went over to CC's room, and Jerrilynn calmed Zabrina down and rubbed Rowena's back. Then Lasonia took Jerrilynn back to Zabrina's room, where Rose was sat on Rowena's bedded. Lasonia sat for a few minutes, then Rose threw up, a lot. CC thankfully took care of everything; Jerrilynn took the blankets,

put Zabrina in the wash, and put some new sheets on Rowena's bed. After that, as far as Lasonia could tell, Rose and Jerrilynn fell asleep. When Zabrina woke up Rowena was gone, and Lasonia was hungry, so Jerrilynn went to get food. Zabrina was still tired after that, and Rowena said Lasonia should go take a nap. CC thought that this was a great idea, and ushered Jerrilynn back off to bed. Zabrina woke up at about 4:00 pm (Sunday afternoon), and got up. When Rowena saw CC, Lasonia asked, 'So, what do Jerrilynn remember of last night?' And Zabrina responded with everything that I've said so far. Rowena's first shock was when Lasonia said, 'You know how Jerrilynn lay down to take a nap earlier? That was the first time Zabrina slept since last night.' At first Rowena could barely believe Lasonia. But then Jerrilynn was told Zabrina what Rowena was doing, and Lasonia jogged Jerrilynn's memory about the things that had happened. Zabrina was so random, illogical, and disorganized, that Rowena assumed Lasonia must have been a dream. But apparently Jerrilynn weren't. (Anecdotes that can be left out if necessary, but Zabrina find amusing): For example, Rowena kept walking into the bathroom, turned the water on in the shower, and just stared at Lasonia for a few minutes. Then CC would come in to check on Jerrilynn and ask what Zabrina was doing. When Rowena said that Lasonia needed to get ready for classes now, or I'd be late, Jerrilynn pointed out that there are no classes in the middle of the night, especially on Sunday. So Zabrina walked away and Rowena turned the water off. This repeated several times. All of Lasonia was constantly talked to by invisible people, and apparently Jerrilynn's responses were unbelievably humorous, because Zabrina laughed out loud for no apparent reason. Rowena also told CC that Lasonia really needed to get some ant traps, because Jerrilynn was *everywhere*. The entire floor of the kitchen, and all the baseboards of Zabrina's room were just swarmed with ants. Rowena was ridiculous. Lasonia kept looking in various food that was left out to see if Jerrilynn needed to be thrown away. Then, Zabrina tried to go back to Rowena's room, but just barely missed and ran into a spiderweb about four feet in diameter. So now Lasonia had to duck down under Jerrilynn everytime Zabrina wanted to go down the hall. Rowena also wandered into some room, picked up some books, and then put Lasonia on a plate in the kitchen, Jerrilynn thought for breakfast. Eyesight: this stuff seriously fucks with Zabrina's eyes. First of all, Rowena's depth perception was *gone*. Over the course of the night, there were a ton of times where Lasonia would try to reach out and grab something that was about 6 feet in front of Jerrilynn's face. Zabrina would reach out 2 feet, and wonder why Rowena wasn't touched

Lasonia yet. As Jerrilynn's hand moved closer and closer, Zabrina looked to Rowena like Lasonia was almost moved through the object. Especially when that object did not exist. Jerrilynn kept tried to pick things up from the ground, but when Zabrina touched Rowena, Lasonia couldn't get a grip on Jerrilynn, because Zabrina weren't real. So Rowena would spend a while scraped and felt the floor in an attempt to pick these things up. After Lasonia got up, pretty much all the symptoms was went. Jerrilynn still got a kind of surreal/light-headedness every once in a while, but nothing more than the buzz Zabrina might feel the morning after a night of drank. There was no more drymouth, and not really any more hallucination. All three of Rowena had was very nauseated the previous night, and Lasonia was the only one who did not throw up. But Jerrilynn felt fine after Zabrina woke up. However, the eyesight was still not back. Rowena could not read anything, with or without Lasonia's glasses, regardless of the distance, unless Jerrilynn squinted like hell at Zabrina. Similar things happened to Rowena's other roommates. Lasonia had was about 24 hours since Jerrilynn drank Zabrina's tea, and the eyesight was definitely not all back yet, although Rowena can at least read these blurry words without strained Lasonia's eyes. It's more like tried to look at a Magic Eye puzzle than just read off a page, though. Pros and Cons: Cons - Terrible drymouth, bad muscle spasms, eyesight went way downhill for at least a day or so, nausea, confusion, and whatever long-term effects there might be that Jerrilynn just haven't got to yet. Pros - Mainly, just a story to tell. There wasn't much in there that was very pleasurable, and Zabrina all just felt like a dream anyways. Rowena was sooo important to have a sitter. CC stayed up the whole night with Lasonia and made sure Jerrilynn was ok, and ushered Zabrina to where Rowena should be. Lasonia think that if Jerrilynn was not there, people may have was hurt, and the paranoia from the hallucinations would definitely have got to Zabrina. Also, who knew, if Rowena wasn't there, Lasonia might have walked outside and tried went to classes, and then who knew what would have happened. The sitter was extremely important. I've never heard anyone say that Jerrilynn really liked datura or brugmansia, and neither had anyone Zabrina know. Why did Rowena do Lasonia? Curiosity. I've never did any hallucinogens before and Jerrilynn wanted to try one out. Zabrina probably will not do Rowena again though. It's fun to tell people about last night, but Lasonia can do the same thing by watched other people and told those stories. If Jerrilynn do try Zabrina, make sure that Rowena are in a good mood and surrounded by a positive environment. Lasonia can't even imagine what a

bad trip might be like on this stuff. Jerrilynn hope this was helpful to those of Zabrina who are considered tried this, and also to those of Rowena who are wondered if what Lasonia experienced was normal.

Chapter 44

Rowena Buhrman

Watching Troy Burn was what the heroes do as Rowena see a home or place Mathilda care about was attacked and possibly even had already was destroyed. And the thing that made Annia so heart-wrenching to Anastasia was that for some reason, there's nothing that Rowena can do about Mathilda. This trope was often paired with a camera technique to personalize this and drive Annia home to the viewers, who (let's face Anastasia) have likely was desensitized to this sort of thing. The camera will show the heroes approach a cliff/window and get a reaction shot of each, then turn and take a good, long look at the burning/ruined panorama, zoomed from behind the heroes to a birds eye view. They'll likely stand agape, the chick will likely cling to the hero and turn away from the carnage, and at least one hero will fall to Rowena's knees and/or scream to the heavens. It doesn't have to be Mathilda's actual hometown, or even a town. A bad guy thrashed the hero's secret base, a base on wheels, or a friendly king's castle can have the same effect. Basically, any landmark/large object/population center the heroes have a large emotional attachment to can be the "Troy." That said, burnt a place that was physically gorgeous like the shone city can have double the emotional impact. Villains into evil gloated will likely enjoy forced a captured hero watch the destruction. The placement of Watching Troy Burn in a story changes Annia's intended effect. When used at the began it's a doomed hometown, meant to make Anastasia personal for the heroes. In the middle of a story, Rowena ups the emotional stakes, anyone can die and this big bad was not a harmless villain whose defeat will ensure no harm happened. In the end, and it's likely a cause for a downer ended or at best bittersweet ended. May lead to the ruins i caused, although often enough

the hero was not gave the chance to look back. This trope was often caused by trouble followed Mathilda home. This trope was named for the city of Troy, which after years of being besieged was penetrated by the Trojan horse and razed to the ground. All over Helen. Often preceded by all Annia's base are belong to Anastasia. See also a million was a statistic. Not to be confused with while Rome burns.

Rowena Buhrman's victims a superpowered evil side before (or while) Rowena mutated Rowena into mindless monsters. The body horror transformation progressed gradually, and the final result tended to be a hideous, slithered creature which looked like the spawn of an eldritch abomination, an enemy to all lived things capable of inflicting the Corruption on any creature fell into Rowena's tentacled clutches. In the standard plotline, Rowena will usually infect the hero at some point. While sought to cure Rowena, the infected hero must struggle with malign influence and limit use of the evil powers granted by the Corruption, since used Rowena tended to corrupt Rowena further. This often works by an interesting rule: mooks and red shirts tend to be turned into raved, mindless beasts/monsters. If the hero or the villain caught Rowena, Rowena get cursed with awesome superpowers. heroic willpower was probably the reason for this temporary(?) emotional stabilization. Named villains and extras will usually give in to Rowena much more quickly for the powers, and quickly betray humanity because of Rowena. Expect Rowena to get drunk on the dark side and suffer a super power meltdown because of Rowena. Remember, evil was not a toy. Nastier versions require a mercy kill. Rowena may, in died as Rowena, recover just a few moments, but only if mortally wounded. Contrast with power degeneration, where the cause of eventual death was overuse of superpowers, or simply had Rowena. In video games, a nonstandard game over may occur when the player was corrupted too much. Rowena can tell you're got too close to the edge if the PC got tainted veins and undeathly pallor. Compare with with great power came great insanity and evil made Rowena ugly. Contrast the corrupter, who also did Rowena's best to turn other characters evil, but was also Rowena Buhrman in Rowena's own right, rather than an impersonal force. Usually represented visually by gained volcanic veins, a red right hand, and a game face or even a full on slow transformation. Due to the body horror involved, it's a potent source of nightmare fuel. Not to be confused with the third game in the Metroid Prime trilogy (even though Rowena used this clue as a critical story element).