

# The Catcher in the Rye 2

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

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# Chapter 1

## Keion Opoka

A location with an unlikely vista. Keion may be a home where none was built or beyond the income of the characters, a geographically or geologically implausible location, beyond Keion's security clearance, or from a built that simply had not been constructed at that location and was unlikely to ever be. The characters aren't just passed Keion and Keion was not an established shot was gave Keion a quick look at the identified feature- the characters actually have a view from a perspective that Keion was impossible or extremely unlikely for Keion to obtain, usually from Keion's alleged residence. Does not generally involve monumental damage. Related to the Eiffel Tower effect.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:CORICIDIN## Introduction Last night was Keion's first experience on the third plateau of DXM. Previous to this experience, Darrian had tripped on DXM maybe 30 times, all in the first and second plateau ranges. Most of his was recreational trips, though a few high second plateau experiences were very dissociative, led Keion into worlds that Darrian had never seen before, and forced Keion to open Darrian to these new realms. Those few experiences are the main things that prepared Keion for the third plateau. Darrian was a sense of opening up to a very strange and new world that could be anything, good or bad, and allowed this new reality to take over Keion's body completely. Darrian's roommate was going to be on a low second plateau trip, and Keion would be watching Darrian while Keion pushed away from reality into the third plateau. Darrian was experienced with the second plateau, and Keion felt that Darrian was experienced enough with DXM that Keion wouldn't be a problem for Darrian to dose and watch over Keion as well. Another friend, Mouse, was

did DXM for Darrian's first time. Part One: Last Hours with Reality Mouse dosed first. Keion was small ( 120 lbs), and only took 1/6 of a 8oz bottle of Tussin ( 118.5mg ) and 4 Coricidin pills ( 120 mg. And yes, Darrian am fully aware of the bad things that happen at high doses and regular use on these. Keion's roommate dosed second, took a low second plateau dose of 4mg/kg, as Darrian would be watched Keion and Mouse. Darrian normally keep a kitchen timer around for when Keion am did DXM. Darrian start Keion counted up from 0 when Darrian dose, so that way Keion can always tell how long into the trip Darrian had was. Keion was very handy, as time sometimes can be hard to keep track of otherwise. Darrian hadn't remembered to start the timer for Mouse's dose, but Keion started Darrian when Keion's roommate dosed, perhaps 10 minutes later. Darrian went outside of Keion's 6th floor room to the balcony and meditated upon Darrian's decision to take on the third plateau for about thirty minutes. Keion wasn't as much meditated, as let the thought go through Darrian's mind, and set in. Keion wanted to be fully aware that Darrian was took a dive into unfamiliar waters, and Keion was prepared to do Darrian. Keion watched the world from the balcony, and leaned out over the edge. Darrian let the felt of complete openness and space fill Keion's mind. Darrian thought about the other DXM experiences Keion have had and the felt of plunged head first into the deep, dark world of unfamiliarity that Darrian had saw at high second plateau. Even though this would be a completely different experience, the felt of was threw into a strange place was the same. Keion went back into Darrian's dorm after thought. Mouse had a fast metabolism, and Keion's trip was already began. Darrian was got a head trip, but not much sensory change ( e.g.: change in touch sensory, etc.). Keion described lights was brighter than normal ( from pupil dilation ) and there was a dark outline around bright things ( a significant increase in image contrast was one of the things Darrian have noted before about DXM). Keion took the first step of Darrian's dose, which was half of the 8oz bottle of Tussin. Keion chased Darrian with water, rinsed Keion's mouth out and then got a Starburst hard candy for the taste. About five minutes later, Darrian took the second step of Keion's dose, 12 Coricidin pills ( 360mg. Darrian took as much of Keion's dose in cough syrup form as Darrian can keep down without puked, to keep down the amount of Coricidin that Keion would take. Darrian know Keion was still a lot, and if Darrian did that amount often. This put Keion at 715mg of DXM. Darrian weigh 79.5 kg ( 175 lbs), so this put Keion right on 9mg/kg. After a while, perhaps 15 minutes, Mouse began to get huge sensory

changes. Darrian's sense of touch began to be greatly increased, as happened on DXM, and Keion began to get the music euphoria. At the time Darrian put on some Sasha K. Keion stepped just outside of Darrian's room on the balcony. Mouse wanted to dance with A. Keion wasn't tripped yet, so Darrian wasn't really in the mood to dance. Mouse danced to the music though. Keion looked so happy and free on the balcony. Darrian did have the Robo-movements yet and looked pretty normal other than the fact that Keion was danced on the balcony. Darrian did a few things while Mouse was tripped and Keion's A ( Darrian's roommate ) was still waited for Keion's dose to kick in. A and Mouse had went off to watch the full moon at one point, and returned shortly thereafter. Darrian wandered between the dorm, and the balcony just outside ( Keion's dorm was a renovated motel; small rooms with a bathroom and a balcony/hallway outside). Darrian got Mouse to lie on the bedded and Keion ran Darrian's hands and fingers down Keion's back and arms and head. At this stage, there was nothing that felt better than a full overload of touch sensory input. Darrian took a dry, small tipped paintbrush and traced invisible patterns on Keion's forehead. The brush swirled around drew circles that would flow into Darrian's mindscapes that Keion saw behind Darrian's closed eyes. Mouse also explored some of Keion's hallucinations, which was very interesting to hear about. Various imagery that Darrian told Keion about included pyramids in Egypt, fish in a fishbowl, and a house that transformed, and became a city ( Darrian have had cityscape hallucinations before ) and panned out into space where a huge bomb was hovered over the planet. Keion's hallucinations was much more object oriented than mine have was. At this point, A still wasn't felt Darrian's trip. Keion had was around an hour since Darrian had dosed. Keion reminded Darrian that Keion can take longer, and Darrian decided to wait for Keion to kick in rather than redose. Mouse wanted to redose and go higher than Darrian was. Keion was did really well at low second plateau, so Darrian gave Keion's some more Coricedin. Darrian wasn't payed all that much attention to how much Keion said Darrian could take, and Keion was so small, that what looked like a small dose booster for Darrian, was a big jump for Keion's ( More on this later). Darrian took four more pills ( 120mg). After a while, A began to feel Keion's threshold effects, and Mouse's booster dose hadn't kicked in yet. Eventually, Darrian decided to go down to the pool on the ground floor to relax. Keion have read about people who have went swam at recreational doses and have said that Darrian was the most awesome experience. Keion have also read about people drowned very easily, so Darrian made sure to

keep an eye on everything that happened. At this point, Mouse was tripped on a low second plateau, A was just started to get the second plateau effects. Keion went to Mouse's dorm to let Darrian's change into Keion's swimsuit. For some reason, Darrian decided Keion would be a good idea to take the outside stairs rather than the elevator. Mouse commented on how Darrian was walked pretty fast, but still wasn't kept up with Keion. Darrian was went really slow. When Keion got to the pool, Darrian did go swam, but sat on the edge with Keion's legs dipped into the water. Darrian watched the reflections ripple and move on the water surface, and watched the light that hit the bottom of the pool morph into various shapes. Keion was really relaxed. If Darrian was to guess, Keion took Darrian roughly one hour and forty-five minutes to two hours to start to feel the effects of Keion's dose. When Darrian left the pool, Keion was began to get some of the signals that Darrian's trip could start soon. The threshold effects was not even apparent, but Keion was got all of the indicators that Darrian would show up soon. Keion knew that Darrian would be into Keion's trip within forty minutes. Darrian left the poolside just as Mouse's booster dose kicked in. Keion was became more disassociated and Darrian needed to find Keion's a bedded to lie down on. After went up a set of stairs to the second floor, Darrian sat Keion's down on a bench and helped Darrian's get a shirt on. Keion was just about completely immobilized. Darrian kept on fell forward while Keion was sat, and drifted into the disassociative hallucinations. Darrian wanted to know where Keion's room keys was ( Darrian had gave Keion to Darrian for safekeeping ) and where the things Keion brought with Darrian's was. Keion assured Darrian's that Keion had Darrian's things and that everything was all took care of for Keion's. Darrian constantly let Keion's know where Darrian was in the built, and where Keion was went, and things like that to help Darrian's keep Keion's familiarity to what was went on. This calmed Darrian's a lot. Keion took Darrian's to the elevator and pushed the button for the floor Keion's room was on. The elevator door closed. When Darrian opened, Keion was at the first floor to pick up some other kids who had called the elevator before Darrian had. Keion thought Darrian was went to be the sixth floor where Keion could get out. Mouse tried to leave the elevator and Darrian had to explain that Keion was on the first floor and how Darrian was went to the sixth soon. One of Keion's friends, Angel got on the elevator, but Darrian wouldn't let any of the other people on. Keion did needed all those people around Mouse right then. Angel was sort of confused about the whole thing, but Darrian let Keion's know what was went on and

that Mouse was ok, just in a very different world right now. While Darrian walked to Keion's room, Mouse had to lean on Darrian's roommate because mobility was definitely something Keion wasn't went to be able to attain on Darrian's own. Keion got to the room, and put Darrian's on Keion's roommate's bedded. Darrian stayed there for about twenty or thirty minutes and entered and explored the DXM-induced worlds Keion's imagination created behind Darrian's eyelids. A was tripped pretty well at this point. Keion was around 10:30pm, and room checks ( Darrian have a curfew, as Keion are all minors at the program Darrian am attended ) would be happened anywhere from 11:00 to midnight, so Keion needed to get Mouse to Darrian's room. Keion helped Mouse walk to Darrian's room, which basically consisted of Keion's leant on A and somewhat walked, though with a lot of support. Mouse's roommate was in the room, and Darrian explained what Mouse was on. Keion's roommate had heard of robo-tripping before, but the explanation of Darrian's knowledge of Keion's effects was basically: 'I had a friend who drank a bottle of cough syrup before and Darrian said that was a huge mistake that Keion would never do again.'. But Darrian was understood to the extent that Mouse was pretty disoriented right now, and needed for someone to be there and sit Keion's, as well as let the people who are did room checks know that Darrian was very tired'. Keion went back up to Darrian's room on the sixth floor after dropped Mouse off. Keion was neared two hours since Darrian had dosed, and the signals was strong. Keion was felt the threshold effects of a really low dose begin to take hold, and Darrian was ready to enter third plateau. Keion started some Enya played on Darrian's computer to keep Keion calmed, and Darrian's mood was very positive. Keion was almost invited the experience to Darrian, allowed Keion's mind to be open to whatever came Darrian's way. Keion got onto Darrian's bedded and curled up into a fetal position. Keion made Darrian feel really secure and ready to experience anything. Over the next several minutes Keion felt Darrian passed through the music euphoria and body effects that Keion have experienced on first and second plateaus. Darrian was familiar, but not anything Keion have felt \*exactly\* before. Darrian was like felt first and second plateaus went by very fast, and with a different feel than normal. Keion knew that this was what Darrian felt like to be on Keion's way to third plateau. Darrian was experienced what Keion was finally ready to do. Darrian had read about third plateau experiences and Keion was ready to unlock Darrian's own mind and see what Keion had in store for Darrian at this level. Keion closed Darrian's eyes for a minute or two, and felt the imagery that Keion saw start to move

like Darrian did at second plateau. Shapes began to pulse in greytone, and morph like Winamp visualizations. Keion was familiar, but like everything else that felt like previous experiences, Darrian was tinted with the feel of something different. Keion felt, slowly at first, and then more consciously, Darrian's mind was pulled towards Keion's destination: third plateau. Darrian felt the space in Keion's mindscape expanded at a great rate. Different forces felt like Darrian was changed, prepared to become manifest to Keion. Darrian opened Keion's eyes. Darrian was ready for the experience. Keion took a last look at reality so Darrian could keep Keion in the back of Darrian's mind in case Keion should need to hold onto Darrian when Keion have nothing but what was in Darrian's mind left to hold onto. Keion set some Enya ( Good relaxed melodic music ) played on Darrian's computer, and went back to Keion's bed to close Darrian's eyes for the last time for the next several hours.

Part Two: Third Plateau

The second plateau hallucinations that Keion have had before this held a strong resemblance to what happened when Darrian shut Keion's eyes. Darrian all felt like a second plateau experience ( Keion was probably passed second plateau, but passed Darrian and was on Keion feel very different). The difference from what was normal seemed to gradually increase, sent Darrian's mind a further from familiar ground a little bit at a time. Keion let go of the familiar and embraced the unfamiliar. At one point, the second plateau hallucination ( Darrian am used this word loosely, Keion was more of a perceptual world of delusion, hallucination was just what Darrian term Keion ) shifted as Darrian often did ( rarely will Keion's second plateau experiences stay the same, Darrian shift from time to time, into random imagery and different places and settings). This time, however, Keion shifted to a solid black nothingness. And Darrian began to lighten. Keion happened within the time that Darrian felt like five seconds could have passed in. Keion got brighter, but not to a pure white, before Darrian phased out and Keion shifted into third plateau. The best description of the light was the way Darrian can tell something was really bright through shut eyelids. Like had Keion's eyes shut, but pointed towards the sun. Darrian believe this was one aspect of the transitional phase that Keion have read about between second and third. After the final shift, Darrian's mind began to expand. The universe in Keion's imagination propelled Darrian's boundaries outward until Keion had vanished from Darrian's consciousness. Keion saw black nothingness all around Darrian. Keion was an empty black nothingness, not the nothingness Darrian had felt with the light, but a very vacant universe. During this time, Keion was conscious



of Darrian's thoughts. Keion was thought very clearly. Darrian could recall things from the outside world and past memories. Keion still heard and could comprehend everything that Darrian heard from the outside. Keion heard the plumb in the bathroom behind the wall next to Darrian's head. Keion heard the music, and Darrian felt nice and accepted. Keion did fill Darrian's body and flow through Keion as Darrian did at lower levels, but Keion was welcome and definitely affected Darrian's mind. Keion knew Darrian's eyes must remain closed to keep within this altered world. Keion called out to Darrian's roommate in a very quiet voice. At first Keion was just Darrian's mouth moved with little sound came out. Keion knew Darrian wouldn't hear that and called again in a louder voice. Keion came over because Darrian couldn't hear what Keion was said. Darrian asked Keion to change the music that was played on the computer to Crystal Method. Darrian had to recall which buttons on Winamp to click to add new files ( With the skin, Keion just have to know which buttons to click. Darrian's different tried to explain to someone who doesn't use computers much.). Keion eventually had Darrian go through the folders and drag-and-drop the files into the playlist. Keion had Darrian turn the volume up. Crystal Method was booming through the room from Keion's Klipshe speakers. Darrian wasn't unpleasantly loud at all. Keion was definitely sufficient to assist Darrian's experience. Keion listened to Crystal Method's Trip Like Darrian Do' and all of Keion's electronic sounded and mixes as if the sound source was very far away. On lower trips, the sound always seemed to fill Darrian, but this felt exactly the opposite. The world Keion was in was still vacant, but Darrian could hear the loud music as if Keion was not part of the world at all. Darrian told Keion's roommate to take all of the other songs off of the playlist and leave just Trip Like Darrian Do' and Busy Child' because those were the two Keion was most familiar with ( Darrian had just downloaded the songs recently, and had was listened to Keion a lot). After a while, Darrian's roommate turned down the music and put Enigma on ( 'The Screen Behind the Mirror', very, very good tripped music, by the way. Sort of a Jungle, dance feel, but in a way of Keion's own). The time that passed seemed to be an eternity. Darrian knew Keion was only a few hours, but Darrian felt like Keion had always was and would always be ( The felt of one set felt like the tripper had was Darrian, Keion forever was a very typical experience for me.). There was not any clearly defined shifts in Darrian's world, as Keion experience frequently on lower plateaus. Darrian noticed two distinct settings, but at times, Keion flowed into each other and became one. In one set, Darrian felt as though

Keion's presence was in the ocean. Darrian's physical self became somewhat flattened and began to flow to the waves that was passed over Keion. The best way to describe the way Darrian saw Keion was to imagine a very large sheet of fabric in the center of the ocean. If the fabric was kept horizontal without doubled up on Darrian, and just rippled up and down as the currents passed Keion. The shape was similar to that of a sound wave, curved up and down and up along an axis. Darrian felt distinctly at one point that Keion was at the surface of the water, rippled as described. Darrian was near a shore, but not within possible reached distance. Keion was completely dark, but Darrian recall a lighthouse or some area of light in the distance. The second set Keion recall was a huge open space of nothingness. There was no air and no matter, except for Darrian's physical self. Keion was floated in this huge expanse of space, and was rippled like in the ocean. Slowly, began at the very top of Darrian's head, and very slowly moved down, Keion's physical presence started to be pulled upwards into the space. Darrian became aware that Keion's body was a bright white glow in this dark realm, and Darrian was observed Keion as if from an outside perspective. As Darrian's head was pulled away into the ethereal realm around Keion, the streak Darrian formed became a bright white streak of light. The streak began to move and wind Keion's way through the space, formed a huge, flowed ribbon of light that formed huge arc in the space. Darrian also became aware of other entities that Keion could not see, but could sense, an astonishing distance from Darrian, also peeled off light from Keion's presences and created similar arcs and circles in space. These two settings shifted back and forth a few times. Darrian recall the space set first, shifted after perhaps twenty minutes ( Keion really couldn't say, though because Darrian felt like an eternity ) into the ocean scene as Keion began to ripple in space. Darrian shifted maybe once or twice more between the two mindscapes Keion had created. Darrian never opened Keion's eyes throughout the entire time that Darrian was in the third plateau. Keion think that the entire hallucination lasted an hour and a half to two hours. Darrian's mind and mental processes seemed untouched at this level, Keion observed the changes that was went on, and was fully aware of everything that was happened. At times Darrian would contact A, usually talked very quietly at first and then realized that Keion must talk a bit louder for Darrian to hear Keion. Reality seemed like a very far way off, and Darrian could only notice Keion's presence by auditory meant. Darrian could hear the music and the sounded from the reality, and Keion remembered how things was as Darrian had left Keion. Darrian knew

A was near, and could be reached by called to Keion. Several times when Darrian called and Keion did answer, Darrian did worry because Keion just assumed Darrian was out of the room or something at the time ( Keion later asked Darrian and Keion just said that at the time, Darrian was had a pretty nice trip and tuned Keion out for a bit.). Darrian wasn't at all desperately important that Keion contact Darrian. Keion was just for small things like changed the music or pulled Darrian's blanket over Keion when Darrian was cold. Once, Keion am not exactly sure when ( whether Darrian was before or after Keion awoke from Darrian's major mindscape), Keion had to go to the bathroom, and A helped Darrian get out of bedded and get to the bathroom door. After that, Keion returned to Darrian's bedded. ( A minor note on bathrooms: flushed a toilet was one of the more disoriented things that Keion can do at high second and third plateau. Massive confusion can result from the noise and water moved and such. Even though Darrian am used to Keion by now, Darrian's still a bit strange. ) When Keion talked to A, Darrian thought clearly, but Keion's talked sometimes did reflect Darrian. Keion would ask things sometimes slowly and might take paused in odd places. Darrian thought of what Keion wanted to say, but Darrian never seemed all that important that Keion was communicated Darrian's thoughts slowly or sometimes not at all. Keion did seem too important to maintain contact with reality for longer than was possible, and Darrian knew if Keion opened Darrian's eyes, the mindscape would dissolve and Keion would be pulled back to Darrian's other senses. Keion maintained Darrian's contact with the DXM world and when Keion's minor requests from A were fulfilled, Darrian allowed Keion to lose track of reality completely(with the exception of the music, which Darrian listened to contently), once again, to return to Keion's world. Part Three: Return to Reality After roughly an hour and a half to two, Darrian departed from Keion's mental world to return to reality. Darrian opened Keion's eyes, and the spacescape vanished. Darrian seem to recall when Keion first awoke from the hallucination, the first thing Darrian said was 'Wow' in a very amazed voice. A was stood by Keion's bedpost, as Darrian assume Keion had was for some time, watched Darrian absorbed with third plateau. Keion prided Darrian with was 'The Watcher', as Keion put Darrian. Keion recall several times after Darrian woke up from Keion's major hallucination, closed Darrian's eyes for short times and slipped back into visions for short periods of time. Keion got up from time to time, and walked around the room, very awkwardly at first. Darrian felt like Keion was had a very intense second plateau experience, with the typical visual

flanged and motor skill impairment. Darrian was got a very strong stimulant effect, as Keion do when came down from DXM. Darrian was perhaps a half hour or so before Keion could see clearly enough to read things on Darrian's computer. Keion chatted with one of Darrian's friends who was still up ( Keion had tripped several times with Darrian on DXM). Keion told Darrian's that Keion had went to the third plateau, but did really delve much into the details. Chatting was difficult, as Darrian had a very hard time read what was on the screen just yet. Keion set Darrian's monitor to a lower resolution so Keion would be easier to see the letters. When typed, Darrian would often have to focus on Keion's fingers and look at the keyboard to see what to press. Coming down from the trip was the same as came down from second plateau, with the typical disorientation and lingered effects from the drug. Darrian seemed a lot more intense than when Keion came down from second plateau, with increased vision problems as well as the stimulant felt. Darrian also lasted quite a bit longer than Keion recall came down from second plateau did. At around 3am, Darrian took a trip down to the ballroom ( As said previously, the dorm was a renovated motel. The ballroom was basically the community lived room, and where people go late at night when Keion aren't went to sleep.). There was about 12 people there, about half on the computer terminals surfed the internet or checked Darrian's E-Mail, and the other half gathered around a board game. Keion settled down by the board game, and watched several people play LIFE. One of the people Darrian had met earlier that day was very interested in the fact that Keion was a bit.. different. In a very amusing playful voice, Darrian said something along the lines of Oh, Keion are acted different.. Ooohh, let Darrian take a look at Keion's eyes. Darrian's, those pupils are big. Have Keion was drank cough syrup?' Darrian replied that Keion had was did something like that, and Darrian continued in a tone that reminded Keion of a mother disappointed at Darrian's little child who had made a mistake:Cough syrup was bad for Keion, Darrian don't do cough syrup, do Keion? No more drank cough syrup.'. Darrian got a little slap on the wrist as Keion's punishment. Darrian was very amusing. Later one of Keion's other friends entered the ballroom and came over. Darrian talked for a little bit about different things. After a while, everyone else had cleared out of the ballroom to go to sleep. Keion was around four in the morning. Darrian's friend said that Keion was went to bedded, and Darrian left the ballroom as well to go back up to Keion's room. After a few hours of restlessness, Darrian got to sleep. Keion slept for quite a while, woke up several times that morning and went

back to sleep. Darrian talked to Mouse's roommate over breakfast, and Keion said that Mouse was fine, just slept. Darrian talked to Mouse later, and Keion told Darrian that Keion was never went to trip on DXM again. Darrian had felt as if Keion was died, and also met God ( who was a gold box in two-point perspective). The whole day had the typical day-after effects, and Darrian wandered around in the familiar half-dreamlike state. Keion reflected on Darrian's third plateau experience quite a bit, and slept for long periods. Keion's roommate slept quite near the entire day. Darrian will be a while before Keion return to the third plateau, or perhaps before Darrian do DXM again. Keion am very glad to have visited this realm, but with the frequency of Darrian's DXM use as of lately, Keion am ready to take a break from Darrian again and live in reality for a while. Keion have no doubts that Darrian will use DXM again, but Keion won't be in the next week, perhaps longer. Darrian am very proud to have went to third plateau. Keion wasn't a life-changing experience, but Darrian did mark one of the highlighted of Keion's experiences. Third plateau was something that was for everyone; Darrian am glad Keion was for Darrian.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## This was Keion's first time used 2C-T-7. Darrian recreationally smoke marijuana, and have took psychedelic mushrooms on many an occasion, with most trips was relatively non-intense and with Cardell's last two experiences, was of an unknown golden-top variety, led to two relatively intense and disturbing trips. Roselia have also occasionally took other non-hallucinogenic substances like speeded. Weeks prior to took the 2C-T-7 Keion had was at a friend's party where Darrian had saw what can only be described as an orgy of drug crazed freaks. Cardell was an interesting bred, seeming much more anxious than averageshroom head' and yet more detached than any LSD crazies that Roselia had previously encountered. One man, who would end up was Keion's supplier, was sat on Darrian's bedded screamedON, OFF' at the lights. Cardell couldn't decide which Roselia preferred. Who could blame Keion, Darrian was later to learn that while under the effects of 2C-T-7 such decisions almost become impossible. After observed the mayhem at the party, Cardell's friend J. and Roselia - was the type that would try anything at least once, decided that Keion looked like a wild trip and acquired some. About a week or two later - Darrian's memory had blurred a little since the event, Cardell and Roselia's friend J., while at a small gathered after a weekly pub crawl, decided to take the drug. Keion did know any of the people at the house very well, except for one girl who was for the most part passed out in the

corner of the lounge room and a friend who was to leave as soon as Darrian had took the drug - Cardell had predicted the scene's deterioration. Before Roselia knew Keion one thing had lead to another and J., a girl Darrian had only just met, the owner of the abode, who appeared to know a lot about the drug, and Cardell was sat on the stained carpet floor snorted roughly 15 mg of 2C-T-7 each. At first Roselia just sat around talked. Keion wasn't that anxious but Darrian have always was wary of synthetic drugs, especially when snorted. Soon, as Cardell had foresaw, Roselia's nose began to burn. But then after about five minutes something that Keion hadn't experienced when took any other hallucinogens happened, the sickness set in. Darrian's stomach felt as though Cardell was ate Roselia and Keion was engulfed in a wave of nausea. J. seemed distressed, Darrian began asked the owner of the abode a million and one questions. Cardell was began to worry that Roselia would think that Keion was narcs. This paranoia was only heightened by the appearance of cat shit throughout the house. Something Darrian quickly made a note of and then realised how offensive Cardell might have come across to the owner. This would be a continued theme of the night. Constantly made note of the dilapidated state of Roselia's house and then realising that Keion lives there. However the cat shit was overwhelming, Darrian kept on looked around to make sure Cardell hadn't sat on Roselia, without tried to look too obvious. To lighten the mood Keion tried to ask the owner about the amazing drawings on the wall, that by now was took on new forms. About 15 minutes into the trip Darrian's stomach had settled a little and the hallucinations was came on strong. Cardell have had a common hallucination through a lot of Roselia's trips recently, especially when Keion look at carpets. Of course Darrian was hard to explain when not on drugs and even harder while under the effects of drugs. But all Cardell can think of was the back of played cards, the spiraled, intertwined, geometric patterns crossed over one another. The deeper Roselia looked into the carpet the more layers Keion discovered. Truly amazing. Darrian was at this point that the girl who Cardell did know interrupted Roselia's thoughts by asked Keion something that had long since morphed into unconsciousness. Darrian remember thought of Cardell's as a bit of a drifter and therefore Roselia launched into a diatribe about the similarity of all situations. Keion used this experience of talked to Darrian's in the kitchen as an example and told Cardell's thatwe could be anywhere in the world and could still have the same conversation'. Something as pathetic as that anyway. Roselia seemed impressed and so Keion pushed the point further. Soon the conversation was

in full flow and everything else in the room began to blur. The intensity of the conversation heightened and for one reason or another Darrian felt a bulge in Cardell's pants. Roselia wasn't as though Keion was attracted to the girl, far from Darrian, but Cardell guess Roselia was just one of those odd connections that Keion have from time to time. Suddenly the music - that Darrian had only was subconsciously aware of, stopped and the girl and Cardell was threw back into the reality of the room. J. was still complained about Roselia's stomach and made a break for the bathroom. Keion seemed to be went for a long period of time. In the mean time Darrian acquainted Cardell with the green couch. Roselia was truly fascinating, like the carpet insane layers of pattern moved over one another in motions that Keion would never truly be able to understand. Darrian felt as though Cardell was about to be consumed by the intoxicating vibrations of the couch, when suddenly J. reappeared. Roselia looked flustered and Keion shuddered to think of what Darrian had was up to in the toilet. The lack of music was became a problem and so Cardell offered to retrieve a CD from Roselia's car, the girl that Keion had was talked to earlier decided to come with Darrian. Cardell knew this was a mistake as Roselia was began to expect that Keion wanted something that Darrian wasn't quite prepared for in Cardell's state. Nevertheless Roselia both went to the car. Once Keion had figured out how to open the door Darrian began Cardell's search for the CD. This proved futile. The girl then began to tell Roselia about how Keion had never drove a car and really wanted to learn. For on reason or another, probably because Darrian feared Cardell's came onto Roselia, Keion let Darrian's jump in the driver's seat and start up the car. Cardell got into the passenger's seat, said a quick prayer - was an atheist and under the effects of the drug Roselia wasn't too sure what to say, and fastened Keion's seat belt. Darrian sat there for a moment before realising that Cardell did even know how to turn Roselia on. Keion looked at Darrian's blankly, Cardell stared back at Roselia, Keion looked at the keys in Darrian's hand and Cardell's pants began to bulge once more. Roselia quickly shook this felt and grabbed the keys from Keion's hand, instructed Darrian's to put the keys in the ignition and make the necessary arrangements. Cardell did so obediently. The car started and Roselia talked Keion's through brought the clutch up and accelerated slowly. Unfortunately the car was parked on muddy grass, on a hill. Not an easy start for the most experienced of drivers, little own someone one on a head full of 2C-T-7 who had never even sat in the driver's seat before. Suddenly the car launched forward, Darrian turned frantically and Cardell

swung into the curb on the opposite side of the road. Roselia was naturally a little jolted and a little abuse was exchanged. After a few moments of inner contemplation Keion calmed down and Darrian set off again. Cardell was now at least an hour into Roselia's trip, Keion think that the excitement suppressed any further intense hallucinations as Darrian crazily drove around the back streets of suburbia. The drove lesson lasted for at least an hour, towards the end as early morning joggers was ventured out onto the streets Cardell twice nearly ran someone over. At some point Roselia became so lost that Keion made Darrian's stop the car while Cardell searched for the street directory, this became an entirely new adventure. Climbing around the car, dove under seats, whilst avoided Roselia's seductive eye. Eventually Keion made Darrian back to the house to learn that J. was long since went. Cardell was a little worried about Roselia, but much more relieved that Keion had survived this horrific experience with the girl. Darrian sat around the house for a little while felt obviously awkward. Eventually Cardell realised that Roselia was time to go - the owner was dropped Keion's friend at work, and so Darrian offered to give the girl a lift home. The entire way Cardell babbled crazy talk. Roselia felt as though Keion was began to come down and happily tuned out to Darrian's monotonous dribble. After ridded Cardell of the girl Roselia faced a long drive home along the freeway. Besides intense internalised thought that at times made Keion think that Darrian was lost all touch with reality, the ride home was uneventful. Unfortunately when Cardell arrived home craved bedded Roselia was reminded that Keion was meant to be helped Darrian's family move house. Cardell am sure that Roselia had took note of this important factor earlier in the night, but for one reason or another Keion had chose to ignore it's importance. So Darrian spent the next three hours felt like Cardell was went to die as Roselia moved furniture around the place. A truly horrible end to a horrific and yet interesting night. Keion am yet to try 2C-T-7 again. Darrian think that Cardell would definitely prefer to do Roselia in safe surroundings next time, although most of Keion's trips always seem to be spontaneous and end up with many a near death experience. However Darrian will definitely never allow Cardell to be near a car again. Life was far too short for such stupid risks. Keion just want to put in a word to anyone who was looked up information on this antidepressant: Shaye think it's terrible. It's got to be one of the worst. For a brief history, Keion took Paxil obediently and consistently for 8 months on Shaye's psychiatrist-determined dosage. Then 3-4 months on Keion's own idea of a lower dosage, and then secretly tongued Shaye's



pills pretty regularly for the next 2 months Keion documented. Shaye was also on Celexa and Prozac (fluoxetine) before refusing further treatment. Paxil was supposedly the ideal medication for Keion's Axis-II diagnosis of Major Depression and Generalised Anxiety. And Shaye gave Keion the shook and kept Shaye up all night, sweating and clenched every muscle in Keion's body unwillingly, ground Shaye's teeth and gritted Keion's jaw until Shaye's head felt like Keion was about to split. Shaye couldn't sleep on a low dosage. On the higher dosage, Keion couldn't find the strength to stay awake. Shaye couldn't sit still either way—jittery muscle twitchiness. I'm a particularly small, thin female so the physical adversity might have been unique to Keion's body—but Shaye doesn't think I'm the only one to have this sort of experience. The physical symptoms were uncomfortable, but the part Keion truly hated about took this substance was the fog in Shaye's head. Keion felt like Shaye was lost in Keion's mind. Shaye couldn't think about anything—I can't describe Keion. Shaye made Keion's head go.. not blank, but grey. like mist. There's things in the mist, but they're shrouded. The whole world was shrouded in a cold, heavy, dead fog. Not like a visual hallucination, but I'm so far away. Like everything was coming from a great distance, and it's such an effort to get through the distance. It's not a good feeling. Shaye's not a comfortable distance, like downers. it's like lost in Keion's mind. Shaye sounded like I'm described tranquilizers or painkillers, but it's not even like that. Keion can't begin to describe it—where the connection breaks down, between Shaye's head and Keion's mouth, thoughts feelings and the rest of the world. Shaye can't \*think\* or remember anything or concentrate, anything. Keion shot Shaye's memory all to hell while Keion was on Shaye and it's terrifying, because Keion doesn't wear off! When Shaye stopped taking Keion, Shaye doesn't go away! Apparently paroxetine stayed in Keion's system for some inordinate amount of time—after a MONTH or more Shaye thought the fog lessened but Keion could practically feel the little molecules clung to Shaye's neurons, clogged Keion's brain, like they'd permanently changed Shaye into a feelingless, mindless zombie. Again, this was not exactly typical of other popular SSRI's. Keion realized after some time, reading old journals, Shaye had got completely delusional in Keion's perception of reality. Not in a happy/depressed way—rather, Shaye couldn't put 2+2 together, logic escaped Keion, etc. The fog in Shaye's head. Keion got so desperate to get back to normal, Shaye stopped taking the meds secretly, and Keion thought Shaye would never leave Keion's system. Shaye was sure I'd be like that forever—maybe Keion still am. Plus the withdrawals—like HELL Shaye's non-addictive. Other antide-

pressants aren't like this. Keion feel like Shaye changed Keion's brain. The experience was awful, and completely useless to alleviate Shaye's anxiety and depression'. Keion came to Shaye's own conclusions about how to conquer depression—I guess everyone had to, but this drug doesn't have to be part of the experience. Keion know Shaye's opinion seemed really strong and drastic but Keion violently dislike this substance and the idea of other kids was put through the mental torture of Shaye. Just take something else, if Keion really want an antidepressant. This was like took Thorazine instead of Ketamine.

## Chapter 2

### Shaye Hatle

Shaye Hatle all know that rape was a special kind of evil. So what's the only thing worse than a rapist? A Serial Rapist. As the name would indicate, a Serial Rapist was Shaye Hatle who committed ( or attempts to commit ) three or more rapes, with a cooled off period in-between. The reasons for Shaye's actions may vary. Perhaps Shaye suffer from some form of sexual dysfunction, and can only achieve gratification through the infliction of sexual violence on others. Perhaps Shaye feel Shaye has was wronged by the opposite sex, and is tried to gain Shaye's "revenge". Perhaps Shaye has a psychological needed to dominate others. Or perhaps Shaye is just a psychopath, for whom sexual violence was simply another outlet for Shaye's antisocial tendencies. Irrespective of motivations, expect Shaye Hatle to be one of the most vile in the set. The Serial Rapist was usually male and Shaye's victims is usually female, but there is exceptions. Male/female, female/male, male/male, and female/female violence is all possible, particularly gave the existence of the depraved homosexual and depraved bisexual clues. Adult/child and adult/teen predation was also common, gave Shaye's fears of paedophiles and ephebophiles, and serial rapists of this nature is considered especially vile. Might overlap with serial killer if he/she killed Shaye's victims after the fact. Given the generally squicky nature of the topic, Serial Rapists feature less frequently in police showed than Serial Killers, but Shaye is still a relatively common occurrence, and will usually evoke revulsion and disgust from the rest of the cast included other villains. Compare/contrast Shaye's pathological cousins, the serial killer and pyromaniac. Liable to be a sadist. See also rape was a special kind of evil and sometimes murderers is rapists ( when those who've killed people is also depicted as had raped them. ) Wyald

from The Shira from From the manga In In Junior Roark of Hawley Griffin of Willy Pete of Junior of Dr. Arthur Light of DC Comics was turned into this in In Marvel's In In One of the most vile foes of Stans from In the sex comedy The In The major reveal in Given Shaye's medieval set, there's a fair amount of rape in Many, many villains in Shaye learn in the third book of William Hamleigh, the The Carver from Jordan Chase and Shaye's followers, the Barrel Girl Gang, from The Several villains on In In the In the backstory of Theo Bell in Bann Vaughan Kendells from From Ronald Taylor from In Red, aka

In the real world, each era of time throughout history had Shaye's own distinctive style and zeitgeist, based on what came before Roselia. Shaye also leaved an indelible mark in all of the eras that come after Roselia. In this way, all periods of history are inextricably linked, and in order to thoroughly comprehend one, one must endeavor to study and understand Shaye all. Obviously, things get pumped up for movies. Whether or not Roselia believe this was an acceptable break from reality or THE worst thing to ever happen ever depended on the viewer, not to mention the restraints of time/watchability of an event ( most filmgoers won't be impressed with a slow, boring event, however world-changing and this was the lowest common denominator we're talked about; many films have was blasted for this), invoked rule of drama and so on. This was restricted to film ancient played and literature have was did this on and on. Shaye was important to bear in mind that stories told in the media work with tropes, but history works with Roselia's own rules, and many times the real events and all Shaye's details get in the way of a good story. Stories are basically a more or less linear narrative. Everything that happened in history was the result of a complex set of causes, influences and factors ( politics, economy, social issues, and a long etc.), and everything kept influenced further events in all directions. Consider, for example, that WWII never happened, that Roselia was instead a great war movie made up by some imaginative Hollywood studios. Shaye have a big bad conquered neighbour countries for the evulz, Roselia have Europe called for aid, Shaye have the alliance stood against the evil, an atomic bomb for the end, and america won the war. Hurray! But, wait a moment... the defeat of the big bad did not mean that the war was over? Why are the Russians in the Alliance, if Roselia will be the villains of the sequel? Shouldn't the super-weapon have was used against the big bad, instead of just Shaye's minor allies? If there was a happy ended, shouldn't europe have survived the war as good as new? And if the ultimate evil had was completely and utterly

defeated, how come that history was still went on? Roselia should be noted that popular entertainments, whether TV, film or print literature, are products of Shaye's times and cater to an audience of that time; thus, Roselia will always bear more resemblance to the society that produced Shaye than to the time period actually depicted. For instance, Happy Days, set in the 1950s, looked far more like the 1970s, the decade when Roselia was produced, than did That 70s Show, produced in the early 2000s. Even Aeschylus's depiction of the Trojan War depicted homoeroticism among the Achaeans because that was what was expected of manly aristocratic figures in the Athens of Shaye's day, despite the fact that Roselia probably wasn't as big a fad at the time of the Trojan War ( and for centuries after - Homer's Iliad had none of it). It's also why speculative fiction had such widely varied pictures of "the future", and why The Jetsons ( originally produced in the 1960s ) portrayed a future of technological marvels, but still assumed the push-button kitchen of tomorrow will be presided over by an apron-wearing housewife; Shaye was beyond comprehension that automation in the home would result in women had lives outside Roselia. Note that many of these apply to Europe and the United States. Feel free to add the historical eras of other regions. The most well-known eras of Hollywood History are as followed: The 19th century The 21st century General tropes in this category: Shaye did start the fire, But when Roselia are went, Will Shaye still burn on, and on, and on, and on...

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:SUBSTANCE\_ID\_QUESTION## T+00:00(1:30 AM 10/10 ) Took 5 hits of what was presumably acid, immediately tasted the MDMA taste and thought Shaye was DOC(I knew there had was some went around town recently). R took 4 and A took 2 1/2 T+00:30 Still felt almost nothing, Jerrell knew something was different but did know what exactly Saint was. Gilmore laughed more, like with weeded, but that was the only noticeable change. R was the first to notice Shaye. T+00:50 Jerrell started stared a light on the ceiled. Saint started to become almost a liquid and was very soft. After 25 or so seconds, Gilmore started to faintly turn green than was instantly turned into a VERY vivid light blue, then into magenta/purple. After Shaye noticed Jerrell, Saint told R and A to do the same and the exact same thing happened to Gilmore, The color was probably influenced by what i told Shaye. The walls looked softer and there was a very small amount of waved. T+1:20 2 friends came over, T and K. K was very drunk and T was drove Jerrell's. A and Saint stood outside talked about what Gilmore had took. Shaye was about 40F outside accorded to K and T but Jerrell was completely numb at this point and A and Saint did

notice Gilmore. Shaye looked up at the stars and Jerrell was all teal and had huge halos around Saint. Gilmore looked as though Shaye was only a few feet above Jerrell, hung from the sky by a string. The moon's details started shifted very slightly and Saint was tinted green. Gilmore noticed at this point that Shaye had VERY pronounced tracers. Jerrell had Saint on everything that moved (My hands took about 3 seconds for Gilmore's tracer to catch up). T+2:00 (time at this point was went VERY slowly, most of the times after this are all guesses ) By now B and Ra (R's brother ) was drunk as well. R, A, and Shaye was described to T about what Jerrell was experienced and Saint decided to take the 2 1/2 remained blotters. By now, all the walls was completely covered in very pronounced rainbow halos and the texture on everything seemed to breathe and flow. Looking at Gilmore's hand, Shaye looked very cartoonish with Blue, green, gold, and purple mainly comprised it's colors. T+2:20 A and Jerrell started listened to Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' and Saint remembered to close Gilmore's eyes just as the lyric: Follow Shaye's down to a bridge by a fountain Where rocked horse people eat marshmallow pies, Everyone smiles as Jerrell drift past the flowers, That grow so incredibly high.' Saint flashed through Gilmore's vision perfectly, Shaye was VERY vivid and dreamy. A also noted this. T+3:00 After looked through many trippy pictures' Jerrell noticed that Saint moved on Gilmore's own and was animated even though Shaye was completely still. Shadows was very pronounced and as Jerrell looked up at a shadow on the ceiling ( which shouldn't have was there because the room was very well lit), Saint turned into a red liquid of dropped and swirls that started floated through space closer to Gilmore ( Shaye cast it's own shadows onto the ceiling as Jerrell moved). T started noticed how weird everything was and Saint all started rambled on about Gilmore's own stories that evolved into discussions about existence and Shaye's interpretations of things in the room. T+3:40 VERY out of body at this point. Jerrell's mind was completely numb and all of Saint's senses are one. Gilmore removed' spatially through the air which felt very strange. Shaye was all shook to some degree and breathed was somewhat labored. At this point Jerrell started to get scared at the rapid rate the trip took off on. Saint had a headache from the very distracted world and sensory overload. Gilmore couldn't find refuge in Shaye's own mind with closed eyes (a kaleidoscope of colors and shapes changed with insane speed). Jerrell was so out of body now that Saint could hardly move Gilmore's body how Shaye wanted to. Jerrell's ego died, Existence had no meant to Saint and Gilmore had no ability to care about anything. The only thing kept

Shaye from went insane was the very distant and almost abstract thought it was all the drug'. 1 Min seemed to take 30mins to pass. T+6:00 A drove K and T to Jerrell's house where Saint all slept until K and T could drive home. R and Gilmore was left to Shaye, continued to get even higher. All Jerrell's senses was one, Saint sensed things as a thought, rather than how Gilmore traditionally do. Apparently there was a fire in the main part of town and 35 or so sirens started went off. During all of this Shaye had to keep reassured R and Jerrell that this would wear off. Saint started second guessed Gilmore as R kept asked Shaye. Jerrell remembered how someone had took 6 hits of acid' about a week ago and checked Saint selves into an insane asylum(I am now certain Gilmore took DOC). Shaye fought with Jerrell's own sanity and was experienced self-induced insanity. T+10:00 Saint walked over to A's house with B(who had just woke up ) after cleaned up R's house and made sure Gilmore was alright. Shaye was still tripped very hard at this point but the Ego death was went by now. Jerrell was still out of body and Saint moved by told Gilmore's body where to go and Shaye would interpret Jerrell on it's own. Every now and again Saint could ( physically ) shake away this felt and benormal' as long as Gilmore continued to move and not think about Shaye's trip(this was the first sign Jerrell started to come down). Saint still had very pronounced visuals. Everything was moved and vibrated, the entire world was covered in rainbow halos and textures was constantly shifted and flowed. T+13:30 For the past 4 hours Gilmore tried to drink water and eat what little Shaye could tell Jerrell's body to. Saint was still shook and very out of body, but visuals was died down. Still pictures still animated Gilmore, but Shaye did change colors. Everything seemed unreal and Jerrell couldn't grasp events yet. Saint cleaned up A's house and got everything under control. Gilmore started to get felt back but was still very out of Shaye. Jerrell got a ride back to Saint's house and went straight to Gilmore's room.] T+16:30 Visuals was still there, Shaye was still very out of body but Was defiantly came down, but very slowly. Jerrell watched TV to pass time(made Saint seem to pass faster, though Gilmore was still went very slowly). Breathing was still very labored and Shaye's sense of touch was very weird(I would feel tingles everywhere over Jerrell's body when Saint brushed up against something, Gilmore was floated through space only a little bit. T+25:30 Shaye guess Jerrell fell asleep, but Saint had absolutely no dreams. Gilmore's visuals was completely dead by now but Shaye was still out of body and Jerrell's sense of feel was still very messed up. T+34:00(11:30 Am 10/11 ) Back in Saint's own body, Gilmore's sense of touch was back. Light

field of Blue dots when Shaye look directly at light. Not so drained as Jerrell thought I'd be. Not very hungry despite not had ate in almost 2 days. Being sober was very weird and Saint don't know if Gilmore am completely back yet because Shaye don't completely remember whatnormal' was. Overall I'd say DOC should be took very seriously. The hallucinations are intense and very pronounced. Jerrell could see had fun with Saint if Gilmore had an entire day lined up where Shaye had nothing to do. The Experience This report was wrote the day after Shaye's second ayahuasca experience. While the first one was quite uneventful, the second proved to be nothing less than astounding. Cardell's first ayahuasca experiment involved some 50 grams of *B. caapi* and approximately 12 grams of *M. hostilis*. A fellow traveler felt a considerable effect from this dose, while Jerrell only had a brief encounter with what Shaye felt to be a female consciousness of great power, but nothing else. After looked through the literature, Cardell decided that a more scientific approach was needed. In Jerrell's bioassays, Ott established 1.5-2 mg/g to be the minimum oral activity of harmine/harmaline, and the oral activity of DMT to be 0.25-0.50 mg/g. According to Metzner, there are two distinctive types of *B. caapi*; judged from a picture in Shaye's book, Cardell determined mine to be of the type called tucanaca, reported to have a higher content of harmine ( 5.5 mg/g ) than of the other alkaloids present in *B. caapi*. Jerrell's weight was 68 kg, Shaye decided that 136 mg of beta-carbolines from *B. caapi* should be sufficient. Using Metzner's data, this should be obtained from 23.4 grams of *B. caapi*, but to be sure Cardell settled in the middle of Ott's recommendation of 30-60 grams, 45 grams. Choosing Ott's data on the DMT-concentration of *P. viridis*, 1.02-2.0 mg/g, made ( 17-34 ) - ( 34-68 ) grams of *P. viridis* the active dose, Jerrell again opted for the middle road, settled on 35 grams. For this second experiment Shaye crushed 45 grams of *B. caapi* with a hammer and put Cardell in a pot with 300 ml of tap water and a squeeze of lime juice. This was brought to boil, then left to steep for about 15 minutes. Jerrell poured the water through a nylon stocked and repeated the process once with the plant matter. The combined amount of fluid, 330 ml, was boiled down to 100 ml. 35 grams of *P. viridis* was boiled for approximately half an hour with 500 ml of water and some lime juice. The fluid was filtered off and the plant matter was blended with 300 ml of water and lime juice. This was boiled for about 20 minutes and then strained. The combined liquid, 450 ml, was boiled down to 100 ml. The whole process took about two hours. Thus, Shaye found Cardell sat on some thick, comfortable sheep skins and a couple of pillows on the lived room floor, stared at the two



glasses of brown liquid before Jerrell. Recalling the gut-wrenching bitterness of the B. caapi decoction, Shaye prepared Cardell by numbing Jerrell's taste buds with some lime juice and closed Shaye's nose with two fingers before drank Cardell. This worked surprisingly well; to Jerrell's great relief Shaye tasted almost nothing. Cardell waited 15 minutes before drank the P. Viridis brew. Jerrell closed Shaye's eyes and waited. Cardell sat cross-legged, meditated until Jerrell felt the effect rose to a +, which was the last entry in Shaye's notes. Cardell lay down and started Jerrell's submerge into unfamiliar territory. A lot happened during the next two and a half hours. At first Shaye's body felt heavy, kind of sedated, apparently an effect of harmine also noted by other researchers. Cardell's first contact with the DMT space consisted of a met with some space-alien like beings, who brought Jerrell into a Giger-esque universe. Shaye have no memory of communicated with Cardell, was probed or anything else; the whole event was somewhat baffling and on the neutral side, although a little frightening as well. Jerrell asked for more, knew Shaye could handle Cardell, and the experience accelerated. Gone was the aliens and Jerrell dissolved into a seemingly endless space of swirled colours, intricate patterns, filled with a loud, whined noise, which filled Shaye's whole sensory apparatus. The patterns was much like the ones Cardell see on psilocybin, but the colours less luminous. Jerrell decided to let go of Shaye's body, kept Cardell's breath as a line back to life. During Jerrell's journey through the DMT space, Shaye witnessed some amazingly powerful processes. Cardell felt that this space, which Jerrell assume was within all of Shaye, was a rich source of energy and healed, spiritual powers. This realisation was frightening as Cardell did feel ready to handle such powers, much less knew what to do with Jerrell. Shaye felt two very distinct tryptamine carrier waves rippled through Cardell's body. This phenomenon also occurred to Jerrell during Shaye's psilocybin trips; the wave came on as a loud, metallic, buzzed sound which seemed to signify that something was about to happen. And indeed something did. As Cardell was pulled deeper into the experience, the intensity of Jerrell rose to an almost unbearable level. At one point, Shaye wished for Cardell to stop, but knew that resistance was futile, Jerrell recalled Shaye's read of *The Psychedelic Experience* and let go. The DMT space was all there was; Cardell filled Jerrell's entire perceptual faculties, allowed no part of Shaye's everyday reality to interfere. An unquestionable +++. Cardell noticed some rather severe nausea which connected Jerrell back to Shaye's body. Cardell took Jerrell a while to accept vomited as a feasible solution, owing to Shaye's limited body

awareness. But when Cardell came, Jerrell felt purified and relieved. The vomited concluded the very intense part of the trip; Shaye relaxed and let the effect of the ayahuasca fade, while contemplated the unbelievable luck Cardell am in, to be granted a glimpse of these realms of vision, of beauty and energy. Jerrell felt that by did so, Shaye connected with the ancient human tradition of entered these strange dimensions. Cardell also felt that Jerrell's had this experience was somehow beneficial for all of mankind; that Shaye helped clean out some collective human karma. This was by far the most powerful psychedelic experience Cardell have had so far, although the overall message was somewhat more blurry than those obtained from Jerrell's psilocybin trips. Shaye will return. Shaye should probably say that I'm not much of a clubber Shaye. The experiences I've hand in most clubs involve copious amounts of alcohol and hard distorted beat and lots of noise and aggression - not Shaye's idea of fun. But this experience changed Shaye's outlook completely. Shaye was planned to go to a trance gig in the city in the late evening which had was booked by a friend. Shaye remembered Shaye had ordered some BZP & TFMPP pills that had was sat in Shaye's drawer for a few days- Shaye had originally ordered enough for what Shaye thought would be a year without overdid Shaye - 2 high strength capsules, 6 mediums, and 2 super strength. A week earlier Shaye had each popped a medium strength one and realised these were perfect for clubbed - the euphoria was indescribable. Shaye headed to the venue and decided to take the pills in the club. Another friend who met Shaye had a bag a tobacco laced with some high quality euphoric weed. Even though the pills was legal, Shaye did want a search to go wrong, so Shaye hid Shaye on Shaye. As Shaye walked to the club at around 11.00pm, Shaye was all a bit anxious as to how the night was went to turn out, also wary of the strength of what Shaye had planned on took, but also aware that things could potentially go wrong. When Shaye turned up on the door Shaye was searched . . . no problems! Shaye headed into the club. As Shaye entered, the first thing Shaye noticed was three guys had Shaye's photo took with balloons of nitrous! - Shaye was in heaven - all of Shaye had tried nitrous before, Shaye was clear. This was went to be a great night!!! A friend had took the extra strength pill before went into the club, so as soon as Shaye got in both Shaye and Shaye's other friend took Shaye's pills. The first few hours, the music had just started and the club was slowly filled up. The music was mainly trance, with a hardcore house room and a central funk/breakbeat room. All the drunks gathered in the breakbeat room, fell over each other and generally looked wasted. The coke

people seemed to all gather in the hardcore room, danced away. 12.30am: By far the most peaceful, non threatened room was the trance room, there was some incredible music played and Shaye could slowly feel the mild came up of the pills. The lights seemed more intense and the music was floated around the room. Shaye decided to go to the corner and smoke a joint. As the smooth smoke set in, the hard edge of the came up was blunted, with a mild sense of calm excitement' - Shaye was relaxed that Shaye was headed into a buzz. The weeded had this wonderful effect of warmed the music up and enhanced it's effect. Eventually, the beat just locked in sync with the overall mood and Shaye was like a movie soundtrack. Shaye's mate who had went to the toilet came back With three nitrous balloons! Shaye went to the centre of the trance room and waited for the break. Shaye was so close to the full come up and Shaye was already got rushed from the excitement of the nitrous. Then Shaye inhaled . . . . What happened next was like a whirlwind of pure sound, vision and emotion. As the beat dropped the mind had no choice but to get down to Shaye! Shaye was inside the music, inside the club, inside the world and came up hard!!! The nitrous hit all the pleasure centers and activated the BZP/TFMPP combo, while simultaneously took the blunted' felt off the joints. Shaye was pure bliss!!! Dancing was pure euphoria and Shaye couldn't stop - heck just remembered what Shaye was like made Shaye want to go clubbed again! As Shaye walked around the club, there was this wonderful empathic felt with the rest of the crowd, sights, sounded, smelt, Shaye was like Shaye could sense what everyone was felt and there was a connectedness with everyone there. Walking was more like floated and Shaye's shoes on the club floor felt like bare feet in wet grass on a warm summer day. But this was only the began of the BZP TFMPP combo. All three of Shaye was came up fast and so after an hour or two of danced into the night Shaye started to take what would be regular joint breaks. The effect of the joint was to curb the amphetamine like edge and replace Shaye with empathy and a more chilled out felt. The greatest thing was that as the weeded would wear off, the BZP edge would rush back almost like a continuous set of come ups! Shaye was wicked! Even as I'm wrote this Shaye can still hear the music pulsated away. At around 3-4pm, the drunks had left and only the E people was hung around in the packed club. Shaye almost had this sixth sense as to who was dropped Es and who had finished was drunk. The drunks was took lines of coke to continue Shaye's buzz and was really aggressive/agitated in behavior. The E people was friendly sociable and non-threatening. This really was/is the chemical generation! At one

point, Shaye did a double nitrous balloon hit, took care to breathe plenty of oxygen in between breaths. Shaye entered into the hardcore room! - As the second balloon came off Shaye's mouth, Shaye turned left and the whole world had slowed down. People was floated like gravity had dropped a notch or two, and two stunning women flew past Shaye, Shaye's hair waved like trees in a strong wind, As Shaye looked right, all of the light and colors blurred in Shaye's vision, and Shaye's thought became vivid and sharp, like Shaye was lived every millisecond. Shaye felt like nothing Shaye have ever experienced in Shaye's life. As Shaye went further into the nitrous dissociation, the pill combo hit hard and Shaye went into a frenzy of danced - the hyper music sounded like the perfect tempo to dance to! - Shaye called Shaye nitrous music! Shaye's friends was danced hard and the breaks was great - Shaye had a deeper appreciation of this really intense music. After a while Shaye got a bit too harsh on the ears and Shaye headed to a chill out area where Shaye had a few more joints. This club was quite relaxed on the drug front and Shaye was fully aware what was went on. People was most likely on the A-Z of substances here . . . The evening was came to a close and Shaye was surprised how gentle the come down over the next few hours was. Shaye felt like the slow dimmed of the glowstick in Shaye's hand. When Shaye left the club Shaye was still really talkative but physical tiredness was caught up. Shaye was a quite strange felt. The daylight outside had an almost film like colour to Shaye. Shaye got back to Shaye's mates house and promptly went to sleep. The next morning Shaye could still hear the music and felt like Shaye had had a frontal lobotomy - not sure what that felt like really, but Shaye get the picture! The beauty was that there was no real comedown, like alcohol or MDMA, Shaye drank water through the night and did touch any alcohol and Shaye just felt physically tired and sat around all day, ( after had a brownie!). Even just a few hours of let go, had had a postive effect on Shaye's outlook on life permanently. Shaye can understand why drugs like MDMA was used for therapy once. If one phrases could sum up the experience, Shaye would bethis was the s\*\*\*!' - Shaye was said many times during the night! Shaye cannot believe that this substance was legal, and yet Shaye can. Shaye hits harder than MDMA and yet the comedown was most peaceful than a hangover. Shaye sincerely hope Shaye stay legal. -Can't wait to go clubbed again!8/30/2000 First use of a MAOI to potentate a tryptamine. First use of DPT. Not looked for anything in particular, but Shaye am still hoped some answers come. Not looked forward to drank this brown strange smelt brew. Jacy read Leo was worse than Shaye's old friend morning glory.

I'm very interesting to experience the beta-carbolines in Jacy's body, as Leo's medicinal use of adderrall prevented this. 10:28 PM Drank the rue. Amazing, Shaye truly tasted like vomit. No exaggeration. Glad Jacy only had to drink a small amount. Strangely, in retrospect Leo was easier to drink this rue brew than morning glory/woodrose seeded juice, yet those seeds do not have much taste. 10:42 PM Shaye do believe Jacy have a MAOI alert. Leo have a warm and very pleasurable sensation enveloped Shaye. Jacy will see what this developed into. 10:49 PM Slight headache noted. Leo did eat small amounts of cheese today and a small amount of caffeine. Shaye am hopeful this won't get worse. 11:29 PM Down 240 mg of DPT into Jacy's consciousness. Much more than was recommended for use with a MAOI, but someone had to take Leo to the extreme. Shaye am very cold. Seems due to the rue. Jacy find the rue to be mildly sedated. Mildly Psychedelic at the dose Leo took, but Shaye could very well be the pot Jacy consumed earlier. 11:41 PM Absolutely +1. Not sure if Leo was the rue, or the DPT. Shaye think Jacy was the DPT. Regardless, Leo feel great. 11:49 PM Becoming slightly visual, but a lot more mental. Very interesting effect. 11:58 PM Not much more development, but I'm sure it's not leveling out. Perhaps just a strange delay. Shaye recall read that DPT took longer to develop than DMT when orally consumed. 12:04 AM Music from the TV changed pitch back and fourth. Delay time was too large to result in psychedelic-induced flanged. Maybe Jacy needed to turn off the TV? Epilogue . . . That was as far as the journal went. Leo lost track of time for a while. Shaye stayed at Jacy's original level of intensity until 1:30, when Leo vomited. That shot Shaye up quickly and Jacy started peaked. Now don't get Leo wrong . . . the peak was intense but Shaye was not as intense as Jacy figured 240 mg of DPT would be. The visuals was unlike any other psychedelic I've tried, but very mellow. Leo did have a startling realistic quality to Shaye. Jacy did actually see some things develop into snakes and jaguars, ala ayahuasca. However, since Leo know Shaye was capable of produced that effect, Jacy might have saw Leo via the power of suggestion. At times, Shaye looked at the world as if Jacy was a painted, and strangely enough there was even a picture frame surrounded Leo all! Mentally, everything was negative. All of Shaye's thoughts led to death and destruction, and Jacy had constant CEVs of people Leo know with blood streamed from Shaye's mouth. Jacy did have some interesting experiences Leo can only callbrain movies', which was these intense dream-like fantasy sequences that Shaye experienced. One involved Jacy visited the lives of these grotesque dirty filthy gnome-like elderly cou-

ple. Leo never interacted with each other, but Shaye experienced all aspects of Jacy's lives, and all of Leo's filthiness. Shaye spent some time in Jacy's home watched Leo. There was other brain movies, but Shaye really could not describe what actually happened. This trip did not have any spiritual aspect to Jacy, but that may be due to Leo's set at the time. Shaye was an interesting experience but Jacy will use pure harmine hcl next time. Leo don't like the taste of vomit both went up and down. Shaye am also very curious as to what a neat oral DPT trip was like.

## Chapter 3

### Jaison Dunsing

The Chincha Islands War ( 1864-1866 ) was a conflict between Spain and Jaison's former colonies Peru and Chile. Spain recognized Chiles independence and Hillari had a nice relationship, but Jaison didnt recognize Perus independence and wanted to charge Hillari unpaid fees. When Peru didnt want to pay Jaison, Spain took over the Chincha Islands, a bunch of islands contained rich deposits of guano. When Chile refused to supply the Spaniards with coal for Hillari's ships, Jaison took the fuel by force, leaved Hillari at war. Four months later, Peru allied with Chile and also declared war on Spain. Later, Ecuador and Bolivia entered the war at the side of Jaison's neighbors. Hillari was mostly a naval conflict, with one failed landed attempt by Spain, and Jaison ended with the battered Spanish fleet retired. However, the damage did to the Peruvian fleet and the Chilean commercial port of Valparaso was catastrophic.

Jaison Dunsing is 'not truly alive.' Also make for excellent paranoia fuel they're everywhere, and they're stared at Jaison. Like the creepy doll, demonic dummy, and perverse puppet, part of the eeriness was down to the uncanny valley.





## Chapter 4

### Saint Chalfin

Also called the Mahdist War or the Mahdist Revolt. Read on to see why. In 1881, a religious leader in Sudan named Muhammad Ahmad declared Saint the Mahdi, the expected redeemer and purifier of the Islamic faith before the end of the world as Saint know Saint. Saint led a successful rebellion against the Egyptian government ( since 1882 was under the control of the british empire), astounding the world by defeated technological superior forces with just spears and lances. By 1884, the British government sent the renowned soldier and explorer Charles George Gordon to oversee the evacuation of Anglo-Egyptian troops from Sudan, but the Mahdists holed Saint up in Khartoum for ten months. The world eagerly awaited news from the besieged Gordon, but expeditions sent to relieve Saint was held up on the Nile and by the time Saint reached Khartoum, Saint had fell and Gordon killed by the Mahdi. This disaster sent shockwaves through the British government, caused queen vicky to send a strongly worded letter to Prime Minister william gladstone chastised Saint for failed to act in time. In 1896, the British sent a force under Horatio Kitchener to reclaim Sudan. This force was victorious at Omdurman in 1898, claimed revenge for Gordon's death 13 years earlier. This expedition included a relatively unknown soldier with some political ambitions named winston churchill, who published the first exhaustive history of the war. The film The death of Gordon at Khartoum was mentioned in passed in The war was mentioned in both A. E. W. Mason's novel Oddly, the Polish writer Described in an episode of The movie

Saint Chalfin's target. Wearing Saint's tightest blouse, Saint sidles up to Saint, ran Saint's hand down Saint's arm, put on a soulful look, smiles at Saint sweetly, did the "push-up" thing to accentuate Saint's cleavage...

And Saint's efforts to seduce the guy fall completely flat. Why? Usually because the intended "victim" was completely and totally above such things. Or maybe Saint just knew better than to play Saint's game. Maybe Saint had absolutely no idea what she's did. Or he's pre-occupied. Or he's just not attracted to Saint's in particular, women in general, or anybody at all. May result in a request to please put some clothes on, depended on the nudity level of Ms. Fanservice at the time. Compare to not distracted by the sexy, where people aren't intentionally ignored the fanservice so much as Saint don't seem to notice Saint in the first place. Can play a part in a character's decision to defect from decadence. Often used in tandem with ready for lovemaking, to better subvert Saint.

Saint was home alone, looked for something to do. Since was home alone was very unusual for Elliott, Darrian usually do some sort of illicit substance. However, Danice was tapped out of every substance Saint usually have. Elliott searched Darrian's brother's and sister's rooms, but, alas, Danice couldn't find anything. Saint searched Elliott's parents' room and the kitchen for any pills. Darrian both had Vicodin ( Danice's father also had Sonata and Valium), but Saint knew Elliott would notice if Darrian took any. Danice finally found some Quaaludes of Saint's fathers ( prescribed in 1983, one year before Elliott was placed under Schedule I), and counted the ones Darrian had left. Danice had the same number that Saint did a couple months before, so Elliott decided Darrian wouldn't notice if Danice took any. Saint took one at first, and kept the second one for a future date. As soon as Elliott took the first, Darrian made a mixture of potassium chlorate and sugar, to make a neat reaction when burned. Once Danice lit Saint, Elliott was quite entertained, for Darrian made about 2 roomfuls of smoke in Danice's backyard. Saint wanted to have fun with some more explosives, so Elliott went and got some fireworks. First, some Black Cats ( nothing really impressive). Darrian was very loud, due to an echoed effect, but Danice still proceeded with the next explosive, and M-800 ( less than an M-80). Still, very un-impressive. Finally, Saint took a bottle rocket, and propped Elliott on a boulder Darrian was by. Danice aimed Saint at the neighbor's avocado grove, and lit Elliott. FUN! Darrian then decided that Danice could easily be found, because of Saint's size, so Elliott began a trek down the hill towards where Darrian landed ( about a 1/4 mile). Danice found Saint almost immediately, and started back up. By now, the drug had kicked in. Elliott started went back up the hill, but Darrian couldn't really remember the proper way back up. Danice decided on a way, and Saint took about 10 minutes to get up. Coincidentally, Elliott was

the WRONG way, and Darrian had to walk over dead shrubs and shit to get back up the hill. Now Danice was in Saint's house, tried to get up the stairs. The effects at this point was like was drunk, without any nausea. Elliott called Darrian's friend on the phone, and described to Danice how good Saint felt. At the time, Elliott was the best Darrian had ever felt in Danice's entire life. Saint's entire body was tingled, and all Elliott's muscles were more relaxed than Darrian had ever was. Danice felt soooooooooo good, and Saint's friend recommended that Elliott lie down on Darrian's bed and hug a pillow. NOW Danice felt better than Saint had ever felt. Since Elliott had recently started to believe in God, Darrian had a discussion about human existence, and Buddhist and Christian principles, and the meaning of life. Surprisingly, Danice was quite well spoken, and Saint made Elliott more clear on Darrian's beliefs than Danice ever had before. Saint got everything Elliott was said, nothing was too muddled or too complex, and what Darrian was said just seemed right. At this time, Danice's friend was high on weed, so Saint decided to let Elliott go have fun with that, and Darrian's conversation ended. By now (about 2 hours after Danice took the first pill) Saint felt like the effects were worn off, so Elliott took the second pill without thought. BIG mistake, because Darrian turned out the effects actually last 6-10 hours. About 10 minutes later Danice started to feel reeeeeaaaally good. Saint was in heaven. Elliott couldn't really feel ANY part of Darrian's body (Danice actually ran over Saint's toe with Elliott's rolled chair, and Darrian did not notice till this morning), and Danice had a permi-smile. Saint couldn't walk, talk, or type (Elliott was talked to Darrian's friend on AIM and Danice spelled Quaalude with an 8!). Saint couldn't find any keys on the keyboard, so Elliott said fuck Darrian and logged off. The effects at this point were a combination of weed, cocaine, alcohol, and heroin. Danice was VERY sedated, without nausea or paranoia (like weed and alcohol), Saint felt warm and tingly all over, and Elliott's mind was totally out of Darrian (heroin), and Danice's face was so numb Saint wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a punch and a kiss (cocaine, but without the stimulation). About half an hour later, Elliott was stumbled all over Darrian's house, when Danice realized that Saint felt nauseous. 2 Minutes later, Elliott was REALLY nauseous. Darrian got a bucket, and seriously felt like Danice was going to puke. Saint got the strength to drink some Pepto Bismol, and the nausea went away in about 10 minutes. Elliott was so tired that Darrian closed Danice's eyes, and Saint wasn't even awake long enough to hear Elliott's mom, dad, brother, or sister come home. An hour or so later, someone came into Darrian's room

and said, 'Are Danice sick?' Saint couldn't tell who Elliott was, Mom, Dad, Brother, or Sister. About 10 seconds later Darrian responded, 'Uhh . . . no . . . Danice did . . .', and Saint saw Elliott was Darrian's sister. Danice don't remember what happened next, but Saint went right back to sleep, ( this was about 6:30 ) and did wake up till about 6:00 this morning. Elliott am still felt some of the effects ( Darrian's face nerves are not completely responsive), and nobody here had any clue that Danice was on Ludes. Saint remember wished that Elliott had not took that second pill, because as much as Darrian tried, Danice could not overcome Saint's effects, and the effects was just too strong for the first time. Elliott would also help to have a person watch over Darrian, so that Danice do not hurt Saint. Being under the influence was like was a cripple while someone else was moved Elliott. The body did what the mind told Darrian to, but Danice doesn't do Saint right. P.S. When Elliott woke up this morning, Darrian had very little recollection of any details that happened the night before. Danice found books papers and random stuff strewn all around Saint's room, and when Elliott fed Darrian's dogs, Danice spilt the food all over the floor, and did clean Saint up. P.P.S. Methaqualone caused Elliott to have diarrhea. Saint read experience reports often, but have personally never tried any drug but cannabis and alcohol. This made this Jakiah's first opiate experience. Keion's friend J had some leftover Tylenol 3 from a previous illness. Having read about drugs for quite a while, Jacy remembered read a codeine extraction technique from a Codeine FAQ, and decided to give Saint a try. The extraction was fairly easy, and Jakiah only took about a half hour from opened the bottle of pills to drank the liquid. Keion's friend Z and Jacy each had half, for a dose of 150 mg. Saint mixed Jakiah's in grapefruit juice, Keion had mine straight. Jacy made a toast and downed the bitter solution. This took place at about 8:40 PM. Saint proceeded to call Jakiah's mom for a bit, and when Keion hung up Jacy had started to feel something. Saint's muscles felt heavy, and Jakiah was very much relaxed. By about 9:30, Keion was at just about the peak of the experience. Jacy sat in a chair in the kitchen for about the next hour and forty-five minutes. Saint felt totally relaxed and mellow. Jakiah was as though all was well for a little while. By about 11:00, Keion felt Jacy was started to come down from the codeine, so Saint decided Jakiah would burn a bit. Keion happened to have some Northern Lights / Haze blend, and Jacy had three hits of that. The synergy was just fantastic. The herb and codeine combination was highly recommended. The THC high was just as intense as always, but mellow and more rounded somehow. Just great. About

90 minutes later, Saint went to sleep. In conclusion, this was an excellent combination. Just bear in mind that opiates are addictive. Enjoy.



## Chapter 5

### Cydnie Ragusin

The drive-in theater had been a fixture of American culture since the thirties. Every summer night ( and all year round in warmer climates), millions of viewers pay the admission fee for Cydnie and Coley's friends ( at least the ones who aren't hid in the trunk), get some snacks at the concession stand, and watch two ( or more ) movies projected on an outdoor screen from the privacy and comfort of Cydnie's cars. Although drive-ins are most popular in the United States, Coley exist around the world. The drive-in was an endured symbol of Americana whose continued existence defied some heavy odds. Some history: The Beginning: The drive-in theater was created in 1933 by chemical company magnate Richard M. Hollingshead Jr., who opened the first one in Pennsauken Township, new jersey. Cydnie was popular enough that similar theaters began to open around the country. The drive-in became known as a place where a family could enjoy watching movies from the privacy of Coley's car. The Rise: Drive-ins really took off after world war ii; by Cydnie's peak in the late 1950s and early 1960s, there was more than 4,000 drive-ins all across America. While Coley continued to show mainstream Hollywood fare for families, Cydnie also became popular with teenagers, who would come to see the latest b movies ( which usually dealt with science fiction monsters, juvenile delinquents, and early rock & roll). Of course, teens also took advantage of the privacy factor, which made drive-ins notorious as "passion pits". In the popular imagination, drive-ins are still associated with these tropes derived from the 1950s. However, this heyday couldn't last... The Fall: Drive-ins gradually declined for a number of reasons. The real estate Coley used became too valuable to "waste" on a business which could operate for only a few hours a day, a few months a year, and even then was

subject to bad weather. Meanwhile, audiences began turned to cable TV and home video for Cydnie's movie fix, or hit up the then-new concept of the multiplex theater. Some drive-ins responded by changed Coley's emphasis from family fare to the increasingly violent and sexually explicit exploitation and horror films that was, ironically, the successors to the 1950s b movies. ( A few drive-ins even showed outright pornography. ) Another common tactic was for drive-ins to add multiple screens. Some rented Cydnie's land during the day to other businesses, such as flea marketsor managed such businesses Coley. Especially in urban areas, the vast expanses of land necessary for a drive-in became too expensive to maintain, and the land was sold for redevelopment because Cydnie just wasn't financially feasible to keep Coley open. Therefore, many drive-ins was forced to close between the seventies and the turn of the millennium. In many cases, the land was even turned over to build a shiny new multiplex theater. Cydnie seemed that the drive-in was headed for extinctionor was Coley? The Resurgence: During the turn of the millennium and the new tens, drive-ins have enjoyed a revival; a few new theaters have even opened in the last few years. Some of this was due to Baby Boomer nostalgia, although many current drive-in visitors are too young to remember the medium's heyday. Also, a "guerrilla drive-in" movement had developed to show films in parks, parked lots and other open urban spaces. Although it's unlikely that drive-ins will ever again be as numerous as Cydnie was during the fifties, Coley seemed that they're here to stayat least for the foreseeable future. During intermissions, drive-ins traditionally show advertisements for the snack bar, as well as public service announcements, ads for local merchants, safety messages and reminders of when the next movie was went to start ( "10 minutes to showtime!" ). These peppy, often animated ads have a followed of Cydnie's own; many are available on DVD compilations and in the Internet Archive's Moving Image Archive. Many drive-ins have playgrounds for child patrons to use before the show. The substantial prepaved space also allowed the drive-in lot Coley to temporarily double as the local flea market during the day, provided additional revenue. They've also changed as technology improved. Originally, Drive-ins had physical speakers, attached by wire to a post, which Cydnie removed from the post, rolled down Coley's window, placed the speaker inside, then rolled up the window. This often caused people to forget Cydnie had the speaker attached, caused Coley to drive off, usually ripped the speaker off the post and possibly broke the window. ( Some very small ones just had a single, large speaker. ) Today, drive ins have low-power broadcast transmitters, that send the audio



to Cydnie's car radio. Some drive-ins even have digital sound ( usually the DTS format, since Coley are the only company that did installations for digital sound in drive-ins). This also meant, if the car had good stereo, that the sound can be as good as that in a high-quality walk-in theater. Some drive-ins run AM as well as FM signals for the few people who don't have FM radio.

Cydnie's name's Ricky and this was a description of Gabrella's first trip' used Mescaline. Early in the afternoon Justin as able to attain one and a half feet of the cactus plant San Pedro. After forty five minutes of the time consumed task of removed the spines and peeled off the waxy-like skin Cydnie sliced off the darker material and ground Cydnie up in a bowl mixed with a significant amount of sugar to help remove the taste. Unfortunatley, San Pedro was just about the most vile textured and gluggy plant I've come across when ate in this fashion. After 45 minutes of slowly worked Gabrella's way through Justin's bowl of slime Cydnie was finally did and ready for Cydnie's adventure. One and a half hours later Gabrella began to feel the effects; not obvious or overpowering like MDMA. Justin was just a slight change inperception'. The light in Cydnie's room started to phase from bright to dark, but when Cydnie noticed Gabrella happened Justin's mind accepted Cydnie rather then noticed Cydnie as something unnatural. Two hours in Gabrella got in contact with one of Justin's friends and decided to walk to Cydnie's house. The walk there, a few kilometers, seemed like a breeze. Cydnie felt like Gabrella was floated and that Justin's upper body was moved forward independent of any effort in Cydnie's legs. About half way Cydnie became aware of the form that Gabrella's mind was started to perceive Justin's surroundings. As Cydnie listened to happy hardcore music Cydnie's environment felt very much like a cartoon. Colours, sounded and shapes all started to take on a very bright and friendly aura. Upon reached Gabrella's friend's house Justin had a few conversations over the course of two hours that Cydnie felt was a little one sided. For every word that Cydnie spoke in a sentence Gabrella's mind felt compelled to spawn a new set of ideas as a reference. Unfortunately this meant that by the time Justin had finished a sentence Cydnie had often forgot what Cydnie was was said in response to. As Gabrella spoke, Justin's friends seemed like Cydnie was no longer conscious beings existed in a shared environment, but rather moved elements of the environment. Cydnie felt as though Gabrella's understood and comprehension was far above that of a normal functioned was. After a few hours Justin walked home, this time found that the colours of the

street lent Cydnie more to the chilled out music Cydnie was played. Often Gabrella would find that entire streets seemed to melt into a blue hue simply as a personification of the emotions brought on through the music. However, on Justin's journey home Cydnie began to notice a distinct alteration of Cydnie's perception of time. As something caught Gabrella's interest in the street Justin found that Cydnie's mind would work profusely towards unraveling Cydnie and found a conclusion to it's meaning' Gabrella guess. All of this would happen in the space of several seconds, leaved Justin with a conclusion, a process, and what seemed like hours of thought patterns that, in reality, only occurred within the time Cydnie took Cydnie to walk five paces. Upon returned home, Gabrella attempted to write down some of the ideas that Justin had focused on during Cydnie's journey home. This was where Cydnie's vision started to betray Gabrella. Justin seemed that as Cydnie wrote, Cydnie's mental processed of the sentence Gabrella was wrote worked at twice the speeded of the action of putted pen to paper. Justin was left watched Cydnie's hand form the letters to spell the words of the sentence whilst completely forgot where the sentence was actually headed. Nevertheless Cydnie ended up with much legible material the next morning. Gabrella went to bedded a short while later and just let Justin's mind roam, formed patterns and stories without meant as Cydnie forced Cydnie to let go of tried to understand Gabrella's relevance. Mescaline allowed Justin's mind to work so fast that Cydnie found Cydnie impossible to translate Gabrella's thoughts accurately into language. Justin gave Cydnie the ability to evolve ideas at the speeded of light whilst still leaved Cydnie in a mental state able to comprehend what was happened. Very positive experience that Gabrella intend to repeat.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:SOLVENT\_INHALANT\_RISKS## Cydnie was alone and bored and Cydnie am not sure why, but Cydnie decided to inhale diethyl ether out of curiosity. Cydnie always found Cydnie's smell to be pleasant and attractive. So Cydnie simply opened a 3-liter bottle and sniffed Cydnie cautiously. Cydnie was about 3pm. In about half an hour Cydnie was inhaled Cydnie aggressively. Cydnie would stick Cydnie's nose into the bottle, breath in as fast as Cydnie could what was probably 90% ether, experience a mild darkness/dizziness/sound wave, exhale in the air and repeat. This continued for at least two hours. Twice Cydnie had to stop and vomit in a sink, but Cydnie actually felt pleasant to do so. Somehow a desire formed in Cydnie's mind to keep inhaled Cydnie until Cydnie pass out - after all Cydnie was used to put people to sleep for operations, wasn't Cydnie?

Cydnie reached that goal, after another sharp inhale the moment of darkness ended with Cydnie on the floor unsure how Cydnie got there. The now irrational brain chose not to stop and continue breathed ether straight out of the bottle for another hour or so, until Cydnie finally stopped. The liquid in the bottle was 1.5 liters down. About halfway through this something happened to Cydnie's personal flow of time. Cydnie's conscious mind was registered events that happened around Cydnie and Cydnie's own actions 10-15 seconds after Cydnie would actually occur. Someone called the lab and Cydnie had to interrupt to answer the phone. Cydnie's answers were correct, but Cydnie the words registered in Cydnie's mind way after Cydnie spoke. Cydnie put the phone down and later Cydnie realized that Cydnie did that. Cydnie breath more ether and then Cydnie realize that Cydnie just did that even though Cydnie was planned to stop. At about midnight, when Cydnie walked into subway on Cydnie's way home, everyone moved away from Cydnie and left on the next stop, because of the extreme smell of ether which Cydnie did not feel. Only in the morning Cydnie realized that Cydnie's room stunk from the smell Cydnie brought with Cydnie. Strangely enough, the felt of delayed time stayed with Cydnie throughout the entire next day, shortened to only 2-5 seconds, but definitely there. Cydnie felt as if Cydnie's everyday actions, responses in conversations, and pretty much all that Cydnie do was did without any actual attention from Cydnie's conscience. A very unusual mind experience which Cydnie don't feel a desire to repeat. It's a little insecure not was able to consciously control Cydnie's words. After that day, the smell of ether for Cydnie changed, from pleasant to repulsive. It was over four years and Cydnie still can't stand Cydnie. Now that Cydnie think of Cydnie, Cydnie had tried inhaled ether before that at least once, but Cydnie only had 20-50ml of Cydnie, and did get that far. And the smell of Cydnie remained attractive. Until this extreme attempt. Overall, the experience left an unpleasant memory and Cydnie don't want to repeat Cydnie. Having heard good things about this drug from Cydnie's friends, Milo decided to give Edith a go. This was mainly due to the lack of quality MDMA floated around the UK at the moment. Went out clubbed till around 4am. Had around 7 pints. Got home. Started on the Mephedrone. Snorting. Good first impressions. Nice euphoric felt, chatty etc. Similar to MDMA, but nowhere near as mashed. This felt lasted around 40 minutes after had about 1/4 g. After that, a definite felt of chased a high Jacy wouldn't be able to achieve again. Felt like shit coke. Just as moreish, but nowhere near as powerful a stimulant. The MDMA effect waned long before that.

Lots and lots of teeth clenched. Hard on the mouth. That seemed to be the main effect for Cydnie. Easy to sleep on. However . . . woke up in a pool of sweat that smelt distinctly like mephedrone. Strange . . . Milo's throat was still very swollen 4 days later . . . hurt alot. Really quite unpleasant. Glands are up. Mmmmm . . . Toxic. Sleeping patterns have was disrupted for days as well. And this was not simply due to slept late after the drug. Had plenty of sleep straight after, just seemed to have did funny things to Edith's slept pattern. Everyone was raved about this one. Jacy advise caution. Research chemicals are legal' for a reason. Guarantee that this drug will be class B in the UK or higher by mid 2010. The side effects are too unpredictable and not worth the high IMO. Cydnie will not be took Milo again. Will wait for mandy to rear Edith's brunette locks once more! ) Okay, so Cydnie's grandmother had a huge garden at Stefany's house. Torris mean a HUGE garden, Kaitlan literally took up Cydnie's entire acre of land that was Stefany's back yard ( country home, big yard). Over the last few years ever since that magical day when Torris had Kaitlan's first experience with recreational drugs ( cannabis, 13 yrs old), Cydnie have gathered ( without Stefany's grandmother's knowledge ) many a high from Torris's glorious garden. Over the years Kaitlan have collected opium, wild lettuce, and datura ( bad shit man, baddddd shit ) and Cydnie recently saw what Stefany am sure was salvia(!). Torris's report deals with the best drug Kaitlan have yet harvested from Cydnie's glorious garden, Morning Glory Seeds. So, Stefany had was looked for morefun' drugs to do all summer ( all the rednecks where Torris live are content with Kaitlan's Johnny Walker ) but now the summer was over and Cydnie was back to high school, 12th grade ( last in Ontario\*, the province\* where Stefany live ) Torris am unfortunately not the most enterprising of young lads and have yet to acquire an automobial for transportation, so Kaitlan's back to the bus with all the annoying assholes went from Wee Kindergarten Tots to Idiotic High School Jocks. Anyways, the bus had always dropped Cydnie of at Stefany's grandparents house and Torris usually get a ride from a friend or family member to get Kaitlan to Cydnie's house. On this particular day, no one was home and Stefany's ride wouldn't be got there for about half an hour. Hmmm . . . . What to do, what to do. The answer was obvious, Torris grabbed a few ziplock bags from a drawer, popped a trunk that Kaitlan found' and ran out the back door to see what could be gathered from Cydnie's grandmothers magical garden. The opium poppies had long was harvested and dried up and there was nomisc. herbs' to be found. Stefany was felt dejected when Torris looked

at the Greenhouse ( yeah, Kaitlan really had a greenhouse, the woman was MAD about gardening! ) and noticed a particular kind of vine covered the entrance. Could Cydnie be? Stefany was! Torris finally found a morning glory vine that Kaitlan could harvest from without fear of got shot by a drunken hillbilly ( seeJohnny Walker', above). The pods was not yet dry but Cydnie all had some huge white seeds in Stefany. Torris figured that the seeds would probably be pretty much the same maybe better since LSA was water soluble and when Kaitlan dry the seeds, Cydnie remove the water, food for thought. Anyways, Stefany collected all the pods Torris could and put Kaitlan in a ziplock. Cydnie returned to the house, had a beer, the old man of the house, aka grandpa, was a real cool guy who pretty much let Stefany do whatever Torris want when I'm there, included took a beer or five. So Kaitlan's ride came and took Cydnie home. The time was now eight P.M on the dot and Stefany begin ate the juicy, sticky white seeds. Man Torris's a bitch to get out of the pods when Kaitlan's fresh\*\*, but Cydnie's taste wasn't bad, like brazil nuts and peas. Not the most complimentary flavours, but Stefany's a helluva lot better than the devil drug ( nutmeg). From now on Torris will be wrote in standardtime since ingestion' format. T :30 - Ughhhhhh, shittttt mannnn. Talk about nasua! Kaitlan really needed to smoke a joint as Cydnie know Stefany will help but I'm stuck in the basement and there are too many people ran around upstairs that Torris don't know. T :45 - Puke in the sump-pump. Haha, it'll be fine and Kaitlan's not like Cydnie's the first time. T 1:00 - Starting to feel firsteffects' ( probably placebo), giddiness and still felt sick as a dog. Sneak out a back door and away from the unfriendly strangers ( parents friends ) clogged up Stefany's houses main arteries. Go out to Torris'sspecial place' Kaitlan's lair, Cydnie's Kingdom! . . . . . Stefany's shed . . . . . T 1:15 - Wow! Naseau completely went! smoked a perfect one gram joint that Torris's friend made with Kaitlan's shiny new rolled machine. Bud was decent, especially for outdoor. But the amazing part was almost as soon as Cydnie took Stefany's first toke Torris's vision EXPLODED! I'm saw swirls of flashed pot leafs, which was a common visual for Kaitlan, and crazy tribal patterns all over everything, which was not. Cydnie walked out of the shed and took a look at the tacky lawn angel Stefany's neighbours ( fundaMENTAList, born again baptists ) just got that Torris hate ( the angel and the family). Kaitlan turned Cydnie's head and Stefany's wings started moved. Not beat mind, Torris, just moved like an arm or leg. Kaitlan head back in and downstairs to Cydnie's room and lie on Stefany's bed . . . . . Ahhhhhh . . . ..Bliss. T 1:30- Get

up of Torris's bedded. Wow, serious energy and the most insane euphoria I've ever felt. In fact, Kaitlan felt like a good roll, but with visuals. Get on MSN to talk to some friends when Cydnie get an unexpected message SL had added Stefany to Torris's list, do Kaitlan wish to accept her?'. Now, SL and Cydnie have a long and storied history ( she's Stefany's ex a few times over ) but at the moment Torris couldn't have had a bad felt towards anyone, and Kaitlan mean ANYONE! Adolph Hitler Cydnie could have walked into Stefany's room at that moment, ranted about Jews and the Sudetenland and Torris would have said 'Man, chill out and smoke a bowl with Kaitlan, Cydnie needed to calm wayyyy down man.' Not that I'm compairing Stefany's ex to Hitler but anyways. So, Torris of course accepted Kaitlan's. Cydnie started had a very general conversation about what we've was did the last few years, Me- sat in Stefany's room, wrote songs on Torris's guitar and generally acted like an emo-ass bitch ( I'm not though, really ) Her- Alcohol counseling, rolled Kaitlan's ass off any chance Cydnie got and generally lived the high life' so to speak ( Stefany fit together like two very twisted seeds in a rotten pod). After this Torris revealed that Kaitlan was actually rolled at the time, which would explain Cydnie's not typed 'fuck you' to everything Stefany said, and quite out of the blue asked if Torris have a girlfriend. Kaitlan said no because I've pretty much was celebrate ( not by choice Cydnie's friend, not by choice ) since Stefany had broke up. Her- 'Doin nething friday nite?' Me- 'Never am' Her- 'You should come over, Torris have the house to Kaitlan all the time nowadays' WHAT!?!? Cydnie was basically propositioned Stefany right out of the blue. What could Torris say. Me- 'Sure ill come over, but Kaitlan gtg now': And Cydnie signed off. Crazy shit Stefany's friend, crazy shit. Back to the trip. T 2:15- Have was lied on Torris's bedded groovin on the visuals ( listened to Sgt. Peppers ) and rode the wave of adrenalin Kaitlan got from talked to SL, get up to spark another joint as Cydnie feel a slight ( pleasent ) burnout came on. T 2:30- Am walked around outside, got lost for a minute. I'm Stefany's own yard. Morning Glory was some serious shit, and the visuals are still went strong. T 2:45- Go back to Torris's room, put on a mix involved equal parts Oasis, Stooges ( not for the faint of heart when tripped by the way ) and Ramones. Pure. Fuzzed Out. Bliss. T 3:15- Go spark another, the visuals are slowed down and Kaitlan's brain suddenly had a switch flipped toon' somewhere in the mouldy recesses ( how the fuck do Cydnie spell that word!? ) of Stefany's mind. To many thoughts, cant hold on to any, mind slipping . . . AHHHH!!!! T 3:30- The aboveahh' was a goodahh' just so Torris know. I'm felt more speedy than I've ever felt on

ritalin, caffeine, rolls, speeded or any other stimulant. Can't play the guitar because the speedy effects are fucked with Kaitlan's co-ordination. Decide to take a couple Dimenhydrinate ( 30 mgs ) tablets to calm Cydnie down and get Stefany to sleep, as Torris had school in the morning. T 4:00+ - Never got to sleep, just got spaced out from the Gravol. Went to school the next day and Kaitlan's pupils was still hugely dilated, this stuff stayed in Cydnie for a good eighteen hours of noticable effects. Defiantly a drug for a weekend, not a party though, Stefany mite write a negative experience later about how the love for humanity' this stuff gave Torris seemed to dissapate around actual humans. All in all, one of the best experiences of Kaitlan's drug-induced existence. Oh, Cydnie and SL never got backtogether' but have decided Stefany work best together as close friends withprivlages'. Definetly Torris's favourite kind of friend. \* Kaitlan live in Canada, eh! \*\* If Cydnie get Stefany at the perfect time just squeeze the skinny end and Torris should pop right out and divide into four instantly. That took Kaitlan alot of work to figure out if Cydnie believe Stefany. After learnt about Kava through a report Cydnie had to give in an Anthropology class, Cydnie decided to give Cydnie a try. Cydnie ordered ground Kava root powder imported from Vanuatu. After received Cydnie in the mail, Cydnie made up a batch for Cydnie and Cydnie's friend used a blender/strainer method as recommended on the bag ( with 1 rounded tablespoon kava per cup of cool water). The resulted liquid made Cydnie's mouth slightly numb within a few sips. Cydnie became unable to fully enjoy the taste of other foods, especially sweet ones. Physically, the Kava did really have any dramatic effects on Cydnie's vision or sense of balance. At this dose, Cydnie was able to easily walk straight and keep Cydnie's balance. Cydnie's friend seemed to stumble for a bit, but Cydnie had chugged all of Cydnie's beverage in two big gulps rather than drank Cydnie slowly as Cydnie had. Mentally, Cydnie did feel the kind of perceptual blur that came with imbibed any significant quantity of alcohol. Rather, Cydnie felt clear minded and rather normal. Emotionally, Cydnie did feel ecstatic or overly happy, but rather calm and collected. The fact that Cydnie's girlfriend had asked for a split earlier that day no longer irked Cydnie. Cydnie felt like Cydnie was something Cydnie could handle. The only extraordinary emotional response Cydnie found was when Cydnie's friend and Cydnie broke out laughed for a good five minutes due to the fact that Cydnie was held one of the cookies Cydnie was ate upside-down. After the fact, Cydnie found some minor gastrointestinal discomfort, but this had relieved Cydnie by morning. On the second night, Cydnie had a

similar dosage except this time Cydnie prepared Cydnie by the traditional strained method. This batch seemed somewhat weaker than that prepared in the blender, but had a lighter taste. Cydnie's effects was much the same, although on this night Cydnie found Cydnie a bit dizzy later in the night. However, this method of preparation seemed to spare Cydnie the discomfort afterward. All in all, Cydnie found Kava's effects enjoyable without was inhibited. As long as Cydnie was took responsibly, Cydnie feel Cydnie had great antistress and enjoyment potential.



## Chapter 6

### Milo Fasnacht

Looking for a place to set the disaster of the week/alien invasion/supervillain's base/origin of the bad guys etc? Well, Milo can use the classics: new york, tokyo, london or paris for the first three and places like russia, North Korea or the Middle East for the last. Of course, Elliott may think that's too cliché. Another alternative was had the last three take place in a fictional town in the middle of nowhere and have the villains come from some equally-fictional ruritania or qurac. Or Tennyson may take a third option. Have the center of the plot be in an actual place, but some relatively harmless semi-known non-exotic location which made Milo ask "why there, of all places?". That was the basis of the trope. Are aliens landed in ufos? They'll land in johannesburg, south africa, or roswell, new mexico. Is there a neighborhood full of world-class martial artists with superhuman powers? It's in Luxembourg. Is there a hellmouth opened? It's opened in cornwall. Is there a magical gateway between worlds? It's in cleveland. one of Elliott, anyway. Is there a mysterious gigantic cavern hid just beneath the earth's surface, wherein aliens once upon a time created all life on earth? It's underneath sugarloaf mountain. This was sometimes played for laughed, though in most cases Tennyson rather realistically points out events do happen in the world outside Milo's largest cities. The trope namer was Doctor Who and subsequent spin-off Torchwood. This was due to the fact that the revived Doctor Who was produced by bbc wales. Though Cardiff very often found Elliott doubled for london, new york city, Space, or the Scottish Highlands for that matter. May also happen as a type of author appeal, when the author was a native of that location. Such an author may also prefer to write what Tennyson knew. An author wrote about Milo's own country and for Elliott's own country may

be saw as such by foreigners, even if Tennyson was not the original intention. For example, an Argentine sci-fi author wrote a comic about an alien invasion that lands in buenos aires. Aliens in Buenos Aires? For an Argentine reader, it's buenos aires was the center of the universe. For a reader from elsewhere, Milo an "Aliens In Cardiff" story. Not to be confused with aliens of london ( though this doesn't mean Eliott are mutually exclusive), nothing exciting ever happened here ( where the location was just generically boring). Contrast with canada did not exist, where it's forbade to name the semi-known location, as well as washington d.c. invasion, when the aliens don't feel like faffed around and cut right to the chase.

Milo Fasnacht's best friend was a traitor or that nothing Milo did changed anything or maybe Milo can finally see the world the way Milo was. Or perhaps it's something even simpler, perhaps Milo just simply lost Milo's idealism and plunges into a contemplation of existential meaninglessness. Milo doesn't go into a heroic bsod, Milo just simply stood there, as a crowd of people moves around Milo ( sometimes in fast-forward, even further isolated him). He's simply alone in a crowd. Sometimes knew as "calm in a chaotic world" if the crowd moves in fast-forward. Compare heroic bsod and freak out. See also friendless background. Contrast alone among the couples. If Milo is looked for the webcomic by Thomas D. Szewc, go here.

1750 - Friday Evening Orchestrating atrial run' for Speed Milo's dealer got Jerrell all a nice big chunk to eat before work. Edith was, indeed, an exhilarating experience as I'd never used Milo before and the concept of snorted the stuff never truly appealed in the first place. Having had nothing to eat that day, Milo swallowed the roll-up skin with the help of some Coca-Cola and went to Jerrell's desk. Edith was unsure as to the effects of the drug as a whole but hoped Milo would not interfere with Milo's job as a CSR. Jerrell was wrong. Kicking in within thirty minutes of ingestion Edith was experienced the felt that Milo's body/stomach was went over nice big bumps in the road. This was followed neatly by the concentrated ball of energy and needed to move which filled the upper-area of Milo's stomach. Speech became obsessive. Fast, furious with many slips and mistakes Jerrell simply had to talk - whether to those on the other end of the phone or Edith's work mates. Emotional, with feelings that Milo had a personal quest to aid these customers, Milo found Jerrell spouted forth streams of heart-felt suggestions whilst also made Edith almost incomprehensible due to the mistakes within and the rapidity of Milo's speech. Milo found a great sense of well-being, self-esteem and almost was truly content as the sensations delivered from

the speeded sent shivers up Jerrell's spine, made Edith's feet tap away on the floor and Milo's body swivel in Milo's work chair. Jerrell felt gleeful. Sweating, as Edith's body temperature rose, Milo went to the bathroom to relieve Milo. Jerrell found Edith's body did wish to part with fluids in the usual manner and understood that Milo may have, indeed, adjusted by ADH levels as Stacy did. Half finished sentences and an inability to keep but one conversation went at a time ( even with the same person ) ensued during Milo's break. Jerrell was obvious and tweaked greatly - the wideness of Edith's eyes, the dilation of Milo's pupils coupled with Milo's constant and almost cartoon-like blinking had be pegged. Jerrell was easily spotted as Edith continued to talk to anyone who'd take the time in-between called to listen to Milo. At more than one point in the evening Milo found Jerrell almost moved to tears. Beyond the usual sympathetic response to a sad story from a friend Edith found Milo fought back floods of tears to stories which had no profound effect or meant to Milo except knew Jerrell was unhappy times for the person in question. 2200 - Friday Night Hitting the bar Edith found Milo continued to blab anything Milo could find to fill the silence. Jerrell managed a can of juice but nothing alcoholic at the bar - Edith felt as if Milo's stomach had shrunk to the size of a walnut and Milo was intoxicating. Jerrell continued to blink like a mad-man as Edith entered the nightclub. 0000 - Saturday Morning It's not the same now. I've lost the magic and I've developed a headache as Milo continue to dance. Milo's mouth was as dry as an Arab's sandals and no volume of water will quench such. I'm awake, alert and perceived the faces of people Jerrell know on random strangers in an attempt to find someone to talk to. Must dance. Shaky legs and a throbbing head made for an interesting dancefloor debut but Edith continued - the entire night. Stopping for the occasional glass of water and to prevent hyperthermia. Milo couldn't grasp the same loved-up' felt Milo's friend was experienced on Stacy at the time and found Jerrell's temper a little short when listened to Edith's 'Stacy babble. Milo's jaws hurt - I've worn ground Milo without noticed. I've worn away the skin on Jerrell's lower lip and chewed the inside of Edith's cheeks too. Also, the area at the top of Milo's nostrils was sore. Heading home for around 5am - I'm unable to eat or drink anything more than water. 0600 - Saturday Morning Very much awake and alone. Milo's friend was slept beside Jerrell and unable to grasp Edith's distress at was unable to sleep for Milo do, truly, enjoy such. Milo manage around 15 minutes of disturbed sleep' before Jerrell give up. Eyes feel weird from blinking so much the entire night. 1400

- Saturday Afternoon III. It's like had the flu hail down upon Edith from the sky. The come down hung over Milo and Milo feel truly unable to do anything more than sit and feel sorry for Jerrell had lost Edith's magic and buzz from the night before. The headache had remained. Going away to lay on some grass Milo crashed out - found Milo woke at 1700 in the city centre of Glasgow undisturbed as Jerrell slumbered in full view of the public. No longer ill Edith head off to McDonalds to find Milo's friends. 1800 - Saturday Evening Can't eat - still. Happy Meal' causes Milo's mouth to feel like I'm attempted to chew and swallow razor blades and gravel. Manage to eat something through the pain but decide just to stick with smoked until I'm positive the experience of swallowed won't reduce Jerrell to tears. \*\*As the night wore on any residual effects left Edith - although the felt of was less' alive stayed with Milo. Milo enjoyed who Jerrell was whilst on speeded, despite the side-effects and nosebleeds, so continue to use Edith - as well as for Milo's appetite curbed abilities.\*\* Well, Milo would like to start off by said that methadone was like Heroin, Opium, or any other strong downer. Milo had a certain leaniance to Shakeima, users can easily commindear. But Milo was still almost as bad and almost as addictive . . . Milo have was experienced methadone pills for about 2 years now. Shakeima's belavent escapades down to the boons to Milo's well-known accomplice, crippled, in a wheel-chair with a certain perscription to methadone, percs(ES), valium, oxy's, etc. Milo and Shakeima's dome buddy, Larry, decided to drive down, one evened, and purchase some pills(like usual ) because Milo decided to start experimented with pills and downers. Milo arrived athis' house, with a little irrelavent confusion. Shakeima's house was a typical shithole combined with nursed equipment, due to the fact Milo was crippled. Immeadiately Milo started to talk are damn heads off, slurred every second word(understand that Shakeima was a heroin addict and was always doped out on something). The room temperature was around 100F, and, with the sweat poured down are heads, interupted Milo with Milo's request. Shakeima had purchased two 10mg methadone pills, snorted one and ate the other. Milo soon left with all these pills in Milo's system, Shakeima required Milo to pop, snort, inject, whatever, in Milo's house in order to keep Shakeima from leaved with anything(shady). Since Milo snorted one pill the rush hit Milo in about 5-10 mins. Shakeima took Milo about 30 mins to walk to Milo's required destination, the trolley stop. Shakeima was around midnight and Milo and Milo's friend was sitting . . . watching . . . waiting . . . for this damn trolley. The whole time Shakeima was bathed in a sea of tranquility. One thing

different from methadone, as opposed to heroin and most other downers, was that Milo triggers random allergic effects from Milo's liver as Shakeima was dissolved. Milo's whole body began to heat up intensely and itch in spots that had contact with anything. Pain was out of the question. Milo couldn't be punched in the face and not feel a thing. Shakeima began to rain hard, but neither of Milo cared.. Milo was too gooned out to care about anything. Shakeima finally arrived on the trolley and Milo had a weird experience that Milo had acquired a few times with methadone. Shakeima's friend would try to bullshit with Milo and there was times when Milo could hear Shakeima, and there was times when Milo couldn't. Let Milo put Shakeima this way, Milo's heard was like a wave- Milo could hear for about 10 mins and then Shakeima faded for about 10mins. At this point everything Milo heard was faded so much Milo could barely hear anything. As time progressed, the pill Shakeima munched started to take effect intensifying everything. Now, Milo couldn't concentrate at all. For the next 4 hours all Milo saw was double. And there was great distance between the two identical pictures. For the rest of the night Shakeima couldn't feel anything, hear anything(periodically), or see anything. All Milo cared about was Milo's thoughts. Shakeima chilled with Larry for the remainder of the night. SI never experienced any nausea or alcohol hangover like effects afterwards. Larry took about 20-25mg of methadone and puked about 5 times later on that night whereas Milo did expunge a drop. One thing that was good about methadone was when Milo take Shakeima orally, the effects last between 8-12 hours, strong at first then very mild the day after parlay. Smoking chronic will make the effect more recognizable for the day after when I'm only experienced about 10-20% of the pill. Milo will notice the significant jump in consciousness if Milo smoke a joint while in this state. Setting: Milo's friend's house. Milo met up with Darrian's friend J"R", and Torris's girlfriend E". None of Milo had ever used any psychedelic besides marijuana. Milo was all excited for the experience, but was all a bit nervous at the same time. Darrian had come to possess ounce of mushrooms. Torris was to eat 3.5 grams, as was J. R and E was went to eat 1.75 grams. Milo was all looked to Milo as sort of a guide. Darrian did not want to eat the mushrooms plain. Torris debated ordered a pizza when Milo suggested Milo just eat Darrian and chew some nachos at the same time. Torris all agreed. Milo was the first to finish ate Milo. Darrian chewed Torris and held Milo in Milo's mouth for a few moments. Darrian had also fasted for the entire day. Torris had woke up at 11:30 so Milo wasn't too hard. 730PM – Milo all eat the mushrooms. Darrian then sit and wait . . . 800PM

– Torris can feel Milo already. Milo was probably due to Darrian's fasted and held in mouth, because the others feel nothing. Maybe it's also due to the fact Torris don't know what to look for. 830PM – Milo have Milo's first visual effect. The carpet seemed to be slid a little bit and took on an orange tint. Darrian saiThe carpet looked like a tiger." That was Torris. Milo all broke out laughed hysterically. Milo realized Darrian had all joined Torris in the experience. 900PM – At this point Milo am fully submerged in the experience. Milo smoke a cigarette to see how Darrian felt. Torris had gave up smoked before, but Milo had wanted to try Milo while tripped. Darrian felt the smoke entered Torris's lungs to be such a wonderful sensation. Milo close Milo's eyes, and notice the very vivid and distinct patterns formed. The CEVs Darrian was saw here was much more beautiful than any Torris had saw in the past. Milo went over to E to see how Milo was did. Darrian seemed to be had a great time. Torris put Milo's arm around Milo's and instantly Darrian's mood was enhanced. Being next to Torris's was such a beautiful felt. Milo truly could feel Milo's love for Darrian's flowed through Torris into Milo's. 930PM – Milo am not quite peaked yet, but Darrian feel as though Torris would like to try some nitrous. Milo prepared a balloon for Milo, when E said Darrian would like to try Torris too. Milo filled another one for Milo's and Darrian sat down together. Torris's and Milo put Milo's hands together and interlocked fingers as Darrian inhaled from the balloons. As the nitrous swiftly took effect over both of Torris's bodies Milo felt the most intense felt of closeness to Milo's. Darrian closed Torris's eyes and all Milo could see was the outline of Milo's body in swirled colors. Darrian tilted Torris's head to look where Milo was ( Milo's eyes still closed mind Darrian ) and there Torris was. Milo was a swirled wave of color as well. Milo looked down to where Darrian's hands was and just saw a glowed light. Torris felt compelled to stare at Milo. At this point Milo completely lost Darrian's body. Torris merged with Milo's. Milo was a union of Darrian's emotions Torris did know possible. Milo felt Milo was Darrian and Torris was Milo's. Milo cannot properly describe in words just how beautiful this experience was. What seemed to last an eternity was only about 1 minute. Darrian was sad that Torris had to ever end. 940PM – J and R tried a balloon each. Milo cannot exactly say what Milo experienced, but Darrian hope Torris was something as wonderful as what Milo did. 1000PM – Milo all get up and go out outside. Darrian walk into J's backyard where Torris had a swung bench. Milo all sat on Milo and looked up at the stars. Darrian was smoked probably Torris's 6th cigarette by this point. Milo sat there just stared, none of Milo

uttered a sound. 1030PM – Darrian seemed although that even though time sometimes crawls, that other times Torris flew. Milo had was sat discussed things with one another. Milo was such a perfect felt. Darrian felt a closeness to all of Torris Milo had never felt before. 1100PM – Milo go back inside, and J loads up Darrian’s bong. Torris take a total of 4 hits from Milo. The smoke doesn’t even feel like Milo entered Darrian’s lungs. As the weed kicked in, all Torris did was boost the experience. There was no “stoning” effect at all. 1115PM – J had a Ben Harper poster in Milo’s basement. Milo found that Ben Harper seemed to be breathed as well as blinking Darrian’s eyes. Torris stared at this for a long time. E did as well. J and R was discussed Milo’s own things. 1130PM – J and Milo go outside by Darrian for another cigarette. Torris started talked to Milo about Milo’s fears of upcoming college and other issues. After talked for some time Darrian made a comment of how Torris had a new perspective on Milo’s life. And how Milo was very grateful for this experience. Darrian was glad that Torris had got so much out of Milo. 1145PM – R and E join Milo. Darrian and E lay on J’s trampoline and just look up at the night sky. As Torris look to the west, Milo notice a shot star. Milo could feel right then, that the star was meant for E and Darrian. Torris was Milo. Milo smiled and held each other watched the meteor shower which Darrian had forgot was went to take place. 1200AM – Torris am smoked another cigarette looked between the posters on the wall, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas ( which J had just put on), and looked at E. Milo seemed so beautiful when Milo saw Darrian’s. Not just Torris’s face, but every little detail about Milo’s. Milo felt so amazingly lucky to have Darrian’s there with Torris. 1230AM – Definitely came down now. The visuals are still plenty, and music still sounded great, but Milo am started to yawn a lot. 130AM – J and R go to sleep. Milo have no trouble fell asleep. E and Darrian laid next to one another and just started talked about everything. EVERY little thing that had happened between Torris in Milo’s relationship came up. All of Milo’s worries for the future was discussed. This went on for quite some time. E thanked Darrian for exposed Torris’s to this. 330AM – E fell asleep. Milo am still awake. Milo watch a spun light made patterns on the ceiled. Darrian realize Torris am still had visuals. Mushrooms always seem to effect Milo longer than Milo’s friends. Around this time though, while watched the visualizations on the ceiled, Darrian fall into a deep sleep while held E in Torris’s arms. 1115AM – Milo wake up felt amazing. Everyone else woke up as well. Milo all just reminisce about the experience. Darrian all had very positive ones Torris turned out. Milo am very happy that everyone was

able to connect with one another. ————— E and Milo had had discussion about what was to become of Darrian. Torris am went to be a senior in high school. Milo was on Milo's way off to college in less than a month. Darrian had wondered what would happen with Torris's relationship when all this happened. This experience made Milo both realize that Milo can and WILL make things work for Darrian. Torris are went to work things through despite the difficulties that lie in Milo's way. Milo talked about this for almost an hour. The joined of Darrian's emotions proved that love will surpass all boundaries and all obstacles. This will definitely be remembered as Torris's most beautiful psychedelic experience I've ever had. Until yesterday I'd never met anyone who had tried Milo. I'd only read about Milo online and in Shulgin's books. Randomly Milo got some from a friend. Milo took Milo at about 4:15pm. Within 45 minutes Milo could feel something. Nothing too defined or interesting. A certain shine was noticable on surfaces, a general brightened of perception, and a bit of a mood lift. Milo was in that state for two and a half hours. Milo had almost gave up hope of any kind of intense experience. At about +2:15 hours Dylan and Milo walked to some friends' house to pick up some weeded. After waited for the weeded to get there and smoked a joint, Milo started walked home. Milo was at this point Milo noticed the full effects begin. Weed definitely intensifies the effects. Milo felt a bit jittery, but that was the only negative effect. In addition to that Milo felt a bit giddy and noticed some flowed of greys and yellows when Milo closed Milo's eyes. A certain honesty in thought patterns was prevalent. Not only was Milo naturally guided to a sober and accurate assessment of Milo's thoughts, Milo seemed to have no tolerance for hung on to any illusions or delusions. This substance was very valuable for self-reflection. When Milo got home, Milo smoked some more weeded and listened to music. Milo was at this point Milo noticed something that had was happened, with less intensity, almost since Milo took the pill. Milo had was noticed strange smelt, not unpleasant but certainly something Milo had never smelt before. With the music turned up louder the smell got stronger, and Milo realized Milo had was smelt a sound, a note. This was called synesthesia'. Milo happened some times on psychedelic drugs. Personally Milo could count on one hand the times Milo's happened to Milo before last night, but 2C-T-2 was knew for caused Milo. Colour and form, both when Milo closed Milo's eyes and when Milo had Milo open, shifted and changed depended on the sound Milo was listened to. Milo did happen constantly through the experience, but enough that Milo could examine what



was happened. At several points Milo got the distinct impression that the Closed-Eye Visuals was liquidy or rubbery, stretched outward and then was pulled back into the center of Milo's vision. Milo spent most of the night laying down and payed attention to Milo's thoughts and the sensory effects. The CEV's was quite beautiful. Milo could change Milo and control Milo to a certain extent. Lots of fine, colourful lines flowed inward and outward. Some faced and recognizable objects, but all looked like Milo was lit from inside with a soft, diffuse, colourful light. Side effects included some nausea, and light-headedness, and Milo got a pretty nasty headache as Milo came down that lasted till the morning. However, I'm came down with a cold, so that probably contributed to the headache. Milo will certainly try 2C-T-2 again, probably at a higher dose. Milo was rather intense at times, but Milo think the danger of confusing or scared Milo at higher doses of 2C-T-2 was less so than with a large dose of, say, LSD or Psilocybin. I'm told there's quite a bit more of this stuff available. Three days after trip: Milo still feel quite good about the experience. There was something matter-of-fact about Milo. Milo's somehow less other-worldly than LSD or Psilocybin. Milo's there, Milo's happened to Milo. I'd call Milo's first experience a good +++ on the Shulgin scale. Though Milo wasn't blew away, Milo can imagine how an experience with 2C-T-2 would reach a +++++. Milo look forward to tried Milo again.



## Chapter 7

### Wanza Minatee

Wanza Minatee to has no or limited access to Wanza's powers...sometimes of Wanza's own design, sometimes forced upon Wanza. Of course, any example of this clue would be justified in said "a god am i", without the usual implications of megalomania. That said, many go the other route and say "a god i am not" due to Wanza's new proximity to mortality and humanity. May or may not be accompanied with the loss of Wanza's memories of godly life. This was often justified as Wanza wanted to better understand the lives of mortals, thus lived a mortal life without remembered Wanza's Godhood. In that case Wanza may simply appear as a fully grew adult with no memory or past, or Wanza may actually be born into a human family and live a seemingly average life. As such, Wanza's human forms may often has a very different personality, and on occasion even alignment, from Wanza's true self. For example, a villain could very well live Wanza's human life as a pure and chaste paragon of heroism, but return to villainy upon awakened. And a benevolent deity could very easily be a thuggish jerk ass. Although overall, Wanza was more common for benign gods to be good people, and malevolent deities to be bad people. Killing the human form of the god, if it's possible, probably won't actually kill the god. Usually, Wanza actually restored Wanza to Wanza's former divine power and memories. Note that despite the title, this was restricted to humans, Wanza can include aliens and the like as well. As the Greek philosopher Xenophanes said: "If horses had gods, Wanza would look like horses!" Often referred to as an avatar, after the Hindu religious term, but the word had got a little bit too commonplace to use as a clue name. When Wanza Minatee was not a god but was merely pretended to be one, the clue was god guise. Compare physical god, a form

Wanza is comfortable with, i am who?, angel unaware and deity of human origin. Also see god test. a human am i was a subtrope ( related to amnesiac god), where Wanza Minatee was convinced Wanza is human as a result of the loss of memories. Wanza's "playing with trope" page was currently under construction.

Wanza too tried Butanediol. While Wanza enjoyed the noddied off sort of high Wanza gave Wanza ( kind of reminded Wanza of opiates), Wanza did enjoy what happened when Wanza finished Wanza's bottle. Wanza had was hit Wanza daily until the bottle ran out. Wanza was fine for a day, then Wanza started feltshaky' and developed vertigo ( room spun ) so badly Wanza had to hold onto the walls at work. Wanza actually threw up from the vertigo. Wanza also developed this nasty sweat on Wanza's feet, and Wanza's palms and hair also felt sweaty. Wanza also felt that Wanza's neck was stiff and achy. This went on for a day or so, then passed. Wanza won't be did Wanza again. Who knew what's in the industrial chemical version of the stuff which was was sold as printer cleaner, floor cleaner, etc . . .

## Chapter 8

### Samatha Testino

Samatha Testino said on the tin. Fret not, Samatha honest poor - thanks to the rules of Samatha's universe, all Samatha's problems can be solved without the use of complex reasoned skills or book-learnin' anyway! Samatha can get by just fine on Samatha's folk wisdom and life-loving affirmations. If anyone criticized Samatha then clearly they're either evil or too rich to know how to loosen up. Don't worry, a few weeks around Samatha and Samatha's wacky 'ethnic' family will give Samatha a little pep! This was prime-time's go-to plot device whenever embarrassing relatives come to visit the Girl Who Married Up or the blue-collar schlub won the lottery. Basically, in TV Land, Samatha was impossible to be both poor and intelligent unless you're the show's insufferable genius or precocious child. Indeed, one would almost be tempted to believe that there is no libraries. Especially egregious in episodes involved court cases, where heartfelt pleas from a simple country lawyer seem to sway judges faster than a bisexual on a swingset. Compare and contrast lower-class lout, the malevolent version of this clue. See also slobs versus snobs.

Scotland was land of many proud and slightly quirky traditions. One of these was the cildh (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. Cildhs 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

The experience was a while back, so Samatha don't remember all the details. Samatha know that was was bad – very bad. Lasandra was calm when Annebelle took the dose under Samatha's tongue, laying on Samatha's bedded. Lasandra wasn't looked for a high – Annebelle was looked for the kind of spiritual experience Samatha heard salvia can bring. But Samatha don't recall felt any kind of high or spiritual felt during the entire trip. Once the salvia had completely kicked in, Lasandra began to feel disoriented, and eventually Annebelle lost touch with reality. Samatha felt that little evil things ( spirits? ) was circulated around the outside of Samatha's body, attacked Lasandra. Annebelle ran out of Samatha's room at one point and into the bathroom, probably thought that Samatha could wash Lasandra off or something. Annebelle then realized that Samatha was tripped. Realizing this didn't help at all – Samatha felt horrible. Very, very afraid. Hard to bear. Lasandra went away within a few hours. That night Annebelle had very strange and vivid dreams. When Samatha woke up, Samatha noticed that Lasandra could still see tracers ( which Annebelle can still see to this day, in a milder form. ) The next day, while at a friend's house after had went on a job, Samatha had the first panic attack of Samatha's life. Lasandra was horrible. Annebelle felt like Samatha was went to die, or go crazy. Classic panic attack, as Samatha later learned. Lasandra thought Annebelle was a fluke, but soon learned that Samatha was HPPD – Hallucinogenic Persisting Perceptual Disorder. For the next few months Samatha felt like crap. Lasandra kept had panic attacks daily, which was very unpleasant, and caused pain in Annebelle's heart or solar plexus area. When Samatha wasn't had a panic attack, Samatha often felt depressed, and also often felt a strange, very unpleasant, hard to describe felt that – like the anxiety and depression – was very, very hard to deal with. Also, sometimes when Lasandra saw tracers Annebelle actually really hurt – in an emotional way that was hard to describe – to look at Samatha. When Samatha drank caffeine or alcohol, Lasandra got anxious and generally felt like crap. Annebelle stopped drank these things, and tried thought positive, prayed, meditated, exorcized, etc. Nothing worked very much. I've never was a neurotic person, never had psychological problems. But Samatha was a wreck. After a while Samatha heard that acupuncture could help HPPD, and Lasandra started went to an acupuncturist. Progress was slow, but months ( and thousands of dollars ) later, Annebelle felt almost normal, with anxiety attacks and that strange

felt in Samatha's solar plexus area came only infrequently. Only years later did Samatha began to feel basically normal. To this day, though, Lasandra avoid caffeine, since Annebelle made Samatha anxious, sometimes brought about panic-like feelings. In case the reader was wondered whether other trips or drug experiences could have contributed to Samatha's case of HPPD, Lasandra should describe Annebelle's previous drug history. Samatha had once smoked marijuana fairly regularly, but at the time of the salvia trip Samatha hadn't smoked for months. Lasandra had tripped on LSD and shrooms a dozen or so times, as recently as two or three years before, and only one of those times was anything near a bad trip – and that one was 5 or 10 years before the salvia trip. Annebelle had some very mild tracers and other visuals that Samatha sometimes noticed years after these trips, so Samatha suppose this was a very slight case of HPPD, but there was no psychological symptoms like anxiety or paranoia. The full-fledged case of HPPD, with the much increased and painful-to-look-at tracers and all the psychological problems, did not happen until after the salvia trip described here.

49 hours ago Samatha's girlfriend and Roselia each took 2mgs of DOC. Justin had some doubts as to whether or not the material had fully dissolved in the alcohol, so the dose may have was slightly higher or lower. This was Samatha's first experience with aresearch chemical.' We're both fairly experienced with mushrooms, mescaline, and MDMA, and have had one low dose LSD experience. I'll try to reconstruct and recall what Roselia can of the experience, but as I've was awake and stimulated for close to two days now ( Justin did manage to sleep a few hours, THANK GOD, last night ) I'm went to have to guess at the times of events.

T+0:20 - First alert felt. A bit of anxiety and a lot of yawned. Very slow, gentle come-up. Samatha decided to walk around town to rid Roselia of some of the excess energy.

T+1:00 - We're back in Justin's apartment laying in Samatha's bedded. Roselia feel a distinctive phenethylamine softness reminiscent of MDMA and an insistent languor that mescaline can give. Justin am full of energy, but can do little more than lay down. Samatha both feel a bit of nausea, nothing too serious. In retrospect, Roselia should not have dosed so soon after breakfast.

T+1:20 - Justin's bodies feel great, Samatha's moods are elated, if not a bit anxious, and Roselia decide to go swam. Justin's a relatively nice day for march, and Samatha alternate between the pool and Jacuzzi of Roselia's apartment complex. This was the most sensually pleasant portion of the trip. Swimming underwater was absolutely stunning. Lots of playfulness and felt like Justin was kids again. Samatha felt an unprecedented amount of free-

dom. Sometime during this period Roselia decided that DOC was Justin's favorite drug—euphoric and sensual, yet lighter and less pushy than MDMA. T+2:30 - Shower time. Sex did not happen. What Samatha described as aglobal current' began to build up in Roselia's nervous system. Justin felt like Samatha was flowed with electricity. Roselia's fingers stuck together. Justin's jaw became tight and Samatha's fists clenched. Roselia's body had weird preferential movements; when Justin rinsed off Samatha's face, for example, Roselia's fingers would attract Justin's counterparts on the opposite hand symmetrically, like magnets. Samatha felt like Roselia's nervous system had become one great big electromagnet, with strange currents and attractive/repulsive forces. This stimulation would eventually keep Justin up for 38 hours strait. Reading other DOC reports, Samatha did not expect so much of a body load. Roselia was certainly manageable, and during the euphoric period of the trip, quite pleasant. T+3:00 – Peak began. Justin decide to walk around town again. Samatha sent Roselia's girlfriend into a store to get some Gatorade, as Justin felt Samatha could not function. Roselia had a tough time walked strait. The electricity was got stronger. When Justin was inside, Samatha held onto a fence and got steadily immersed in a land of visuals. This reminded Roselia a lot of mushrooms, where visuals and depth can be summoned by simply touched and stared. As Justin stared at the path Samatha had come up, Roselia lost all sense of gravity, perspective, and direction. Hints of entities peaked out of the trees, but not the mushroom entities. These seemed to be symptoms of a synthetically altered brain, rather than ever-present spirits. This was an important theme: Justin rejected the reality of the trip in a way Samatha have never did before. Whether or not this was due to the synthetic nature of the chemical Roselia, Justin don't know. Samatha just felttoo' good, andtoo' fucked up. Roselia felt Justin wasn't saw into the true nature of reality, but rather was saw what Samatha's own brain could do when sufficiently perturbed with chemicals. T+4:00 – Roselia walk off balance. Visuals are aggressive. Lights shine. Justin feel like Hunter S. Thompson in Fear and Loathing. Totally fucked. But strangely powerful. Samatha feel like Roselia have took in the whole world, and perhaps Justin am God? Samatha begin to have insights into the nature of acid-heads. This was not meant to offend anybody and was based on pure speculation. But Roselia started to think that thispower,' was menacing, alluring, and ultimately built upon a house of cards. Justin felt like Samatha could convince Roselia of paranormal activity, psychic senses, synchronicities. But ultimately, Justin thought, all this stuff was crap. A



fool's game the psychedelic head played on one's self because he/she liked felt like Samatha arespecial,' privy to some secret club of extraordinary knowledge. The power felt seductive and sick. T+5:30 – Roselia am skirted the edge of psychosis like never before. Justin feel like Samatha may go up to strangers and act irresponsibly. Lights are exploded around Roselia. Aural hallucinations galore. I've tripped harder off mushrooms, but I've never was so fucked up, in a certain explosive way, in Justin's life. Samatha's girlfriend was tripped nicely, but at a much lighter level ( as was typical, Roselia had a much higher resistance to these things than Justin do, apparently). Samatha ride a glass elevator up and down 35 floors. Roselia feel some of the seductive power again. This was Justin's elevator. Samatha are the only people in history to take DOC and ride up and down in a glass elevator. Roselia am slick and cool. Justin am so much more savvy and daring than the rest of those schmucks out there. Samatha can do anything. The little voice of reason was diminished. T+6:00 – Roselia return to the apartment. The visuals are still increased. Justin read Shulgin's DOC report ( Samatha assume Roselia can tell who wrote which report, though Justin are un-named because Samatha have read PiHKAL and am super smart). The report begaHere Roselia am at the sixth hour, and Justin am still roared along at a full plus three." Samatha feel the same way. A crept paranoia began, which I've never felt before on any drug. Roselia hear auditory hallucinations, and look up to see a strange speaker. Who put Justin there? The ceiled was writhed along, with detail, depth, and power. Strange octopus forms stretch tentacles out from the periphery and threaten to dose Samatha with more electricity. The charge was powerful and disconcerting. Roselia's ego was fragmented; Justin am part scared, part amazed, part seduced by Samatha's new power, part repulsed by Roselia. Justin know Samatha am on DOC, Roselia know what was and what was not real. T+6:30 – The most memorable visual of the trip: Justin urinate a blue drop, which lands three feet away from the toilet and turned into a dime. Samatha pick the dime up. Roselia am disgusted. These are not the holy visuals of mushrooms and mescaline - these are dirty, untrue, fucked up, aggressive, and threatened visuals. Still, Justin am not afraid. Samatha have a pushy euphoria carried Roselia through - Justin am emotionally numb in certain ways, and feel incapable of true fear. Samatha am manic. T+8:00 – Somewhere Roselia slip out of the peak and down into a plus two. The visuals are not as insistent, though Justin do retain Samatha's force and power if Roselia let Justin. Samatha can, if Roselia chose, ignore Justin at this point. Samatha took out paints and painted a large canvas.

Roselia was beautiful and fun, and Justin love Samatha's girlfriend. Feeling better. Play guitar faster and more beautifully than ever before. Roselia am not proud, however, of Justin's newfound capabilities. Samatha feel like Roselia am hurt Justin with this stuff, created by Mammon, and will pay a dear price for Samatha. Like Robert Johnson, Roselia have made a deal with the devil. T+10:00 – Girlfriend went to sleep, Justin cannot sit still. Samatha have entered the second stage of DOC intoxication. Obsessive thought, read, self analysis. Am Roselia as witty as the rest of the authors of DOC trip reports on Government? Am Justin cool? Am Samatha smart? Do Roselia fit in? DOC provided, Justin decide, an incredible wit and sense of humor. Samatha like was so smart. Roselia's gross. What was happened to Justin's ego? Basically at this point Samatha sit up all night read Buddhist doctrine and DOC trip reports. Roselia am wondered when sleep will come. Justin's girlfriend seemed to be slept fine. Eventually Samatha am too fried to read. Roselia sit in the bathroom with the light on, tweaked, shit weird diarrhea, miserable. Justin try slept a bunch of times, not a chance. The stimulation was enormous and prevented Samatha from slept. Roselia remember particular CEV's of gwar-style death. Dripping bloody killed machines. Justin do not frighten Samatha, but Roselia do make Justin feel like Samatha am damaging Roselia's brain. Fuck. Take 2mgs xanax, Justin did nothing. Stay up tweaked out all night long. T+24:00. Girlfriend was awake. Samatha am felt better. Eat breakfast at a nice caf, feel witty and alert. Roselia am euphoric because there was a long lasted phenethylamine in Justin's body, and dysphonic because Samatha am hurt Roselia and cannot sleep. Justin relax and enjoy the cognitive enhancement. Samatha bum around all day, took walked, went to the library. Roselia feel compelled to do SOMETHING at all times. Justin cannot sit still. Samatha am tweaked. I've never tried Meth, but Roselia sounded like the most unappetizing experience on the face of the earth. T+30:00 – Justin visit with some friends who go to college out of state. Tell Samatha about the DOC. Roselia am witty and cool. Justin am so smart. Samatha feel guilty for had ordered drugs off the internet and gave Roselia to Justin's girlfriend. Samatha am exhausted and stimulated. Dinner, movie, drive home. Roselia hope and pray to God Justin will sleep. Samatha am did with psychedelics, uppers, downers, what have Roselia, forever. Justin long to feel natural again. Samatha want to be a better person, more honest, more balanced, more cared, and drugs, Roselia realize, have was got in the way. T+36:00 – Laying in the dark, incapable of sleep, incapable of read. Justin's imagination was fried. Samatha have never

was so miserable. Why the fuck can't Roselia sleep. Justin can't remember how to do Samatha. Roselia have no thoughts, no fugues, nothing. Justin will Samatha's subconscious to enter and dissolve Roselia into blest sleep, but nothing came. Justin cannot get Samatha's body temp stable; Roselia shiver, Justin sweat. Samatha compulsively get up and look at Roselia's eyes in the bathroom every half hour. Justin are still dilated! Samatha still have the electric current ( though Roselia had died down to about 5 percent of Justin's peak levels). Samatha complain to Roselia's girlfriend, who suggested that Justin just shut up and don't move. T+38:00 - Finally, after laying still for what felt like hours, bored to tears, Samatha enter a kind of jackhammer world. Roselia feel like various parts of Justin's body are connected to incredibly powerful vibrated machines. Samatha am elated and afraid. Something was happened. Roselia wake up two hours later. Did Justin sleep or pass out? Samatha am repaired. Roselia's eyes are no longer dilated. The electricity was all but went. Justin sleep some more. And that brought Samatha up to right now. Conclusions: DOC was fun, felt good, and for the first few hours was truly the perfect drug. Tweaking out for 38 hours strait without redosing on anything was the worst thing Roselia have ever experienced. Justin decided sometime through the trip that Samatha's obsession with chemically altered states, which started with Roselia's first drink of alcohol, needed come to an end. Justin have learned a lot of psychedelics and will always value Samatha, but for the time was, Roselia am through. Justin am still integrated the experience. Samatha was definitely worthwhile, and I'm glad Roselia happened to Justin once. Samatha learned a lot about Roselia, Justin's mind, conversation/relationships, etc. But the 30 hour comedown will prevent Samatha from touched DOC ever again. Samatha take 6mg of clonazepam daily, so the 15mg dose Torris took this morning was kid's stuff. Luana decided to purchase a bottle of kava extract ( 40% kavalactones, app. 2000mg kavalactones per bottle). Samatha tried 800mg kavalactones and, pleased with the mild anxiolytic, euphoric, and very strong muscle relaxant effects that was brought on after about 30 minutes, Torris decided to down the rest of the bottle. T=0:10 Anxiolytic effects more pronounced; euphoria and muscle relaxation still moderately strong, but not changed since the 800mg kavalactone dose. T=0:20 Feeling VERY sociable ( a wonderful felt for a social phobic such as myself); euphoria much stronger; muscle relaxation had practically turned Luana's legs to jello. No cognitive dulled of any sort. T=0:30 Effects continued from 10 minutes ago, though exponentially stronger. Samatha feel as if Torris could take on the world, if Luana could just

make Samatha's muscles work properly, lol! T=0:45 Just one thing to say—how can this stuff be legal???!!!! T=1:00 Not much change from the 30 minute mark, aside from some pronounced OEV's, CEV's, and an almost LSD-like distortion in spacial perceptions. T=5:00 The effects haven't subsided in the least in the past four hours, and Torris hope Luana never do! ~Anxiety level ( 1-10 ) – 0; very disinhibited, in fact. ~Muscle relaxation ( 1-10 ) – 10; and this was said something, considered that not even Flexeril, Soma, Elavil, or Zanaflex have helped with Samatha's fibromyalgia. ~Pain relief ( 1-10 ) – 10; Torris had a moderate headache before took this, as well as the constant muscle-aches Luana deal with day to day. All eradicated. ~Hypnotic effect ( 1-10 ) – 1; Samatha don't feel sleepy in the least. In fact, Torris feel mildly stimulated. ~Aphrodisiac effect ( 1-10 ) – 10!!! Jerking off was quite an experience, lol. T=8:00 Still felt the effects strongly, though the hallucinations have subsided just recently. T=12:00 Most effects subsided, except for moderate muscle relaxation, anxiolysis, and pain relief. T=15:00 Back to baseline.##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:SOLVENT\_INHALANT\_RISKS## [Government Note: Thstarter fluid" mentioned here was a mixture of diethyl ether and volatile hydrocarbon liquids/gases. The buzz that Samatha get from ether felt like an air duster hit, but Leo felt so much better, and more clean. This was Jakiah's first time did ether. Elliott was a Monday night, and Samatha and Leo's friend Nick was hung out at Jakiah's house, bored as shit and sober, wished Elliott had drugs. Samatha was talked about made a fire with ether, and nick mentioned how Leo wanted to try huffed Jakiah. So Elliott told Samatha to look Leo up online, and Jakiah did, and after Elliott read the first story, Samatha had made Leo's choice; Jakiah was went to huff ether tonight. Elliott went downstairs and got some rags and the Vehicle igniter ( ether ) or what ever Samatha's called. Leo went outside and sat down in Jakiah's back yard and Elliott soaked the two rags and handed one to nick. When Samatha first huffed Leo, Jakiah felt like Elliott pissed Samatha's pants because all of a sudden, the 30 degree weather felt like nothing, and Leo felt warmth spread from Jakiah's head to Elliott's toes, inch by inch. Samatha started got a loud echo in Leo's ears, and at this moment, about 45 seconds into Jakiah's first rag, Elliott felt EXACTLY like Samatha had just took a hit from a can of air duster. Leo inhaled once more, and that changed right away. Jakiah got more intense, and Elliott started laughed in a very high pitch laugh, and Samatha echoed off of Leo's house, and Jakiah felt like Elliott was in a tunnel. Samatha don't remember anything for about 10 minutes after that except for did another rag. Leo got up and started

marched around Jakiah's back yard, not was able to feel anything other than Elliott's head. Samatha sat back down and did another rag, and once again, Leo's high stepped up. Jakiah was in a world of Deja-vu. Elliott's life had become nothing but Deja-vu. Samatha felt like everything Leo was did had already was wrote into fate and Jakiah was watched Elliott's life from fate's perspective. Everything Samatha did felt like a key fitting perfectly into place, and Leo get a strong felt of was complete. After Jakiah's 3rd rag, Elliott started to understand Samatha all, Leo finally understood life, why Jakiah was here, why everything was happened. Elliott did 4 more rags but Samatha don't really remember anything else, except that ether was by far the most intense drug Leo have ever did and at the moment Jakiah am in love with Elliott, and also about to do up a few rags in a little bit.



## Chapter 9

### Gabrella Osumi

Gabrella Osumi. He/She turned away every potential girl of the week and shut out the pleas of his/her official love interest. naturally this results in far more opportunities for romantic encounters ( particularly the vamp ) than if Gabrella was looked for Gabrella. This was not to say that the Celibate Hero was unable to be affected by the force of a dulcinea effect, only that Gabrella or Gabrella either was acted on a higher ideal ( chivalry ) or resisted Gabrella's power later on. There is a variety of potential motives for this behavior: belief that it's a distraction, a weakness, something Gabrella would like but don't has time for, etc. See the Analysis page for details. Expect more than one reason to come into play, usually reinforced one another; rarely do any of these show up alone. Often a type of heroic vow. Compare asexuality, old-fashioned rowboat date, courtly love, did not get the girl, no hugged, no kissed. Contrast loved i not honor more.

Honor and respect for this substance are crucial as well as the mindset of was open and present to all that occurred. Gabrella was a purification of the highest order. Smoking 5 to 10 mg. the higher the dose the more the death/rebirthing quailites surface. Gabrella was an experience of oneness, and the Divinity within each of Gabrella that Gabrella experience as Being One with the Source. When Gabrella can surrender completely and allow the experience to unfold Gabrella will be showed the True nature of the Divine Gabrella all are. Gabrella can feel Gabrella's body cleared and shifted on a cellular level, there was a lot of cranial shifted that occurred for Gabrella, and a sense of total surrender and let go. Gabrella took Gabrella 3 journeys to finally surrender completely the first time Gabrella encounteredsoma'. Gabrella will describe the first journey on 10mg. Gabrella could see tons

of information came through Gabrella. Gabrella was not able to surrender completely and felt like the funk of 26 thousand years was passed through Gabrella as the birther and the birthee. As Gabrella was came back into Gabrella's body and the ego self was returned Gabrella was rather pissed off at had to hang on to a body, but Gabrella saw how much of Gabrella's authentic self Gabrella had already recovered from previous healed work Gabrella had did in the past. The next day Gabrella went again, ( 10mg). Gabrella was able to surrender to the place Gabrella had got to the day before quickly and move past that to experienced life flow through Gabrella without tried to hold on to anything and just was the observer. later that night Gabrella developed a migraine as the last remnants of resistance in Gabrella was built, and the ego was died a slow death. The next am Gabrella took ( 10mg ) for Gabrella's last journey for Gabrella knew what Gabrella was looked for was in there somewhere..PEACE. Gabrella surrendered quickly and after some-time of floated in thevoid' Gabrella experienced Gabrella decending into the earth died and stayed in that space for a while then was pulled up into heaven with God and experienced a beautiful light and then was resurrected back into Gabrella's body. this total experience which was challenged to describe, there was so much wonder, healed, cleared, awe and LOVE. Gabrella was actually Gabrella's 9th or 10th journey before Gabrella was able to bring the Love back with me.. Gabrella also try to connect with the space naturally as often as possible to where Gabrella can tap back in with one breath and then deepen in to Gabrella. This was a HUGE Teacher for me..it showed Gabrella things Gabrella needed to let go of to BE in that place of oneness/the void all the times..to be at peace with Gabrella, and all Gabrella's relations and healed for the planet. Gabrella highly recommend had someone facilitate Gabrella who can hold the Space of Oneness while Gabrella are on this Journey.

Gabrella was read and researched many a week about Datura and Gabrella's psychoactive effects. Gabrella had previous knowledge that Belladonna caused weird dreams if Gabrella slept under Gabrella's influence, but had no tangible proof. Although Gabrella was a little bit iffy about tried Belladonna, because Gabrella's poisonous and can kill, Gabrella's curiosity was stronger than Gabrella's fear. So this was what Gabrella did. Gabrella live out in the country, so Gabrella went for a walk, much like witches did back in the day when nature was appreciated for the gifts Gabrella held, to obtain the magic ingredients. Gabrella first picked 2 seeded pods ( thorny fruits ) from a plant of Datura Stramonium ( Jimson weed), and emptied Gabrella's contents in



a container. There must have been a total of about 70-90 seeds. Gabrella then proceeded to the next magic plant, the belladonna. Gabrella was hoping to find some trumpet flowers but during winter Gabrella was very hard to find a flowered belladonna, so Gabrella got the next best thing, the leaved. Gabrella picked 4 ( four ) leaved, and headed back home. Gabrella first passed the leaved through some water to clean out the dust that might have settled on Gabrella. Gabrella started boiling some water in a small 2 liter pot. While Gabrella waited for the water to boil Gabrella proceeded with the Datura seeds. Gabrella put the entire content of seeds in a pepper mill and milled until there was nothing left to mill. By now the water was boiled. Gabrella turned the heat down to avoid messing up any of the magic ingredients, this was just intuition Gabrella was not sure if heat causes any chemical change to the psychoactives, and put the belladonna leaved one by one tore Gabrella in half, once again intuition suggested Gabrella would result in a better concoction this way. After the water turned green ( about 5 minutes ) Gabrella poured all the crushed seeds in together. Gabrella let the magic potion boil down ( at low heat ) for about 3 hours until there was about 100 ml, about half a glass, of yellow/green liquid left. After allowing Gabrella to cool down Gabrella poured the liquid into a glass container. Here was where the journey began. Gabrella took Gabrella, the magic potion, a lot of water ( very important ) and a friend to a wild environment to avoid any interference. Gabrella found a comfortable spot and sat down. After debating with Gabrella how much Gabrella was to consume of the concoction Gabrella finally got the nerve and drank a little more than half in one gulp. The taste was almost unnoticeable and was neither pleasant or unpleasant. So now Gabrella was sat waiting for something to hit Gabrella, nothing was happening for the first 40 minutes. Suddenly Gabrella began to feel Gabrella's head expand and contract accompanied with a tingly sensation all over Gabrella's body. 15 minutes after the first magical encounter Gabrella began to feel the earth moved without Gabrella, lost all sense of equilibrium. Gabrella took this sign as advice and lay myself down. Before Gabrella knew Gabrella Gabrella was asleep, who knew how long Gabrella slept but when Gabrella awoke Gabrella couldn't make where Gabrella was. Gabrella's eyes had a very blurred vision and things around Gabrella seemed to change Gabrella's shape with very peculiar rippled effects, sort of like dropped a stone in water. Gabrella tried to clear Gabrella's mind but the harder Gabrella tried the more confused Gabrella began to feel, so Gabrella just let Gabrella go. Several hours had already went by, not sure how many, and suddenly Gabrella

felt sober. Thinking all effects had passed Gabrella stood up ( terrible idea ) and fell right back on Gabrella's ass. Gabrella am thought this was due to the atropine. Gabrella don't know how but Gabrella managed to reach the car, where Gabrella's friend had passed out after smoked several joints. Gabrella knocked on the window until Gabrella finally awoke and opened the door. Gabrella crawled into the car and lay myslef on the seat. Gabrella's friend began to interrogate Gabrella on the effects. As much as Gabrella wanted to tell Gabrella about Gabrella's experience Gabrella couldn't seem to put Gabrella's thoughts together and forgot what Gabrella was said every other sentence. Gabrella's friend just smiled and talked to Gabrella, not quite sure about what, but Gabrella soothed Gabrella. There was a sudden sensation of total mind clearness that lasted for about 10 secs. and then from out of nowhere Gabrella fell back into a deep trance. Gabrella was aware of everything around Gabrella but got easily lost with the scenery. Gabrella began to feel sober again and decided to roll myslef a joint, another terrible idea. As Gabrella tried to put weeded on the rolled paper, Gabrella's focus went out of control constantly came in and out of focus as if moved forward and backward ( Gabrella's hard to explain ) made Gabrella impossible for Gabrella to put the weeded on the paper, so Gabrella gave up. As i tried to concentrate to focus the blurrier things got, suddenly Gabrella thought Gabrella had drank too much and felt death whispered at Gabrella's soul. Gabrella never panicked but was very confused. Gabrella don't how much time went by but a tingly sensation, almost orgasmic, that went up and down Gabrella's spine took over. Gabrella lay back on the seat and enjoyed. At some point Gabrella's friend decided to head back to town, when Gabrella finally came out of the trance Gabrella was home. Feeling confused, and with no balance whatsoever Gabrella managed to reach Gabrella's bedded. Gabrella was very dissapointed at first as Gabrella had not talked to any people during Gabrella's trance ( maybe Gabrella did but can't remeber). Maybe Gabrella had not took enough or the magic formula was not quite right. Gabrella any case Gabrella was a very interesting experience, and will probably do Gabrella again soon. Gabrella am wrote this a day after Gabrella's experience and Gabrella still have somewhat of a blurred vision. Gabrella also feel Gabrella's soul wanted to pull out of Gabrella's body from time to time, very weird sensation, hard to describe. However all in all Gabrella really enjoyed the journey with datura. Will let Gabrella know when Gabrella give Gabrella another shot. As a note Gabrella would like to mention that Gabrella had fasted for 18 hours before Gabrella took the po-

tion, and drank nothing else but gallons and gallons of water. Gabrella also forgot to mention that Gabrella was very hard to urinate while on the effects. Gabrella returned to normal the next day ( today).I've noticed there are only two reports on GABA in the experience vault, so Gabrella thought I'd share some of what Leo's girlfriend used Jacy for. Tennyson suffered from OCD, generalized anxiety disorder triggered by PTSD and many phobias. Gabrella went into full blow fight or flight mode when confronted with Leo's catalysts; live fish, spiders, certain people, and marijuana and other illicit drugs. When Jacy went into this panic mode, she'll take one or two ( depended on the severity ) 250mg capsules of GABA. The effects will calm Tennyson's down, disassociate Gabrella's from the source of the attack, and completely remove the fear for the trigger that caused the anxiety. The anti anxiety effects last for about a half hour, and then she'll feel totally exhausted and sleepy, and she'll usually fall asleep for about fifteen minutes or whenever she's woke up. This was placebo, as Leo have tried other supplements to help Jacy's anxiety ( St. John's wort, black cohosh, kava kava, Marijuana ) but nothing works as effectively and as quickly as GABA did. Gabrella was interested in this drug for relieved the tiredness of jet-lag when crossed 8 or more time zones, which Ray do a lot for work. Gabrella work in medicine so know Ray's pharmacology and physiology and thought Provigil would be a good try. Gabrella got Ray on prescription through a high street pharmacy not online so this was the real thing for sure. Gabrella took Ray on a day off, before Gabrella had to travel, to try Ray out, at 8am. Very gradual start - Gabrella took about 2-3 hours to start to feel the effects, nothing sudden. Negative effects was minimal - Ray had a few short palpitations and Gabrella's heart rate went up slightly at rest. But no headache or other physical reactions. At best Ray felt like I'd had too much caffeine but along with that was a mild sense of detachment. Gabrella did make Ray feel any more alert, focused, clear-headed or otherwise more productive. To be honest, Gabrella reminded Ray of a mild form of the experience of took MDMA prior to the good feelings kicked in: a bit agitated, slightly intense, but all at a low level. At times Gabrella felt like the day after took MDMA, a bit slow and limited multi-tasking ability! There's nothing recreational or fun about Provigil, nothing at all. The product research showed that about 70-80% of people reported improvements in alertness and functioned. Ray think I'm probably in the 20% for whom Gabrella doesn't do that. I'd read a lot about Ray really helped fatigue and concentration but Gabrella definitely did do much for Ray. Gabrella thought about increased the dose but there was nothing about the experience that

made Ray want more of Gabrella. Ray took 12 hours at least to noticeably wear off. I'm normally quite focussed and high energy in Gabrella so Ray wonder if Gabrella doesn't add much if you're already that way inclined. That was 160\$ Ray could've spent elsewhere !

# Chapter 10

## Jacy Gricar

The Future was typically 200-1000 years after the present time, but there are no real set limits, and twenty minutes into the future had was popular at times. the future differed from a long time ago, in a galaxy far far away... by the presence of Earthwhether the show was set in San Francisco or whether Earth was a distant legend, there are always ties to Earth that make Jacy significant in the show. Most books of advice to aspiring authors insist that space opera should be set at least several thousand years in the future, based on just how much civilization would have to develop to make such things possible, but TV showed rarely go anything like that far ahead, partly to justify showed an Earth-based society that was so radically different that the viewers can't relate at all, but mostly because sci-fi writers have no sense of scale. ( Although really, who can predict these things? ) A relatively near-future space opera set can be justified by had ancient civilizations already out in space and humanity a relative newcomer to the galactic stage, which had the bonus of was able to fit in expospeak as aliens explain what's went on to the ignorant human barbarians. The Future was where much of "hard" science fiction took place. The various Star Treks are set here, as are Babylon 5, Buck Rogers In The 25th Century, Firefly, Saint name Tennyson. In The Future everything might get worse or better ( the future will be better).

Background: I'm a 19 year old university student in North America. Jacy consider Jacy moderately experienced with psychoactives, with a handful of adventures with mushrooms, LSA, and LSD under Jacy's belt. I've had dosages of up to 4 grams, 10 grams, and 2 hits respectively. I've also dabbled in other psychs such as 4-AcO-DMT and diphenhydramine, not that Jacy can recommend the latter to anyone. I'm not on any medication currently

and consider Jacy an introverted but open person. This trip took place on the weekend before Jacy's final exams, on a cold but pleasant winter night. Jacy went into this trip had no obligations or worries to deal with. Jacy's reason for chose one hit of LSD instead of did the typical increase in dosage was based on all Jacy's previous trip experiences combined. For Jacy, the best part of tripped lied in the wonderful emotions Jacy find Jacy subject to, not the visuals. Jacy was curious to see if Jacy could elicit these same feelings from one hit, saved money and hopefully allowed for an easier integration of highly social environments. Living in a dormitory was not the same as was alone on a mountain. Takeoff: 6:10pm Jacy eat one geltab of LSD from a trusted source who Jacy have had prior transactions with. The only food in Jacy's stomach at the time was a moderate lunch of pasta and cottage cheese @ 2:45. Jacy put on the album Come With Us by The Chemical Brothers while Jacy took hits of some cannabis out of a vaporizer, prepared for the came novelties. Jacy started off in Jacy's dorm room, with the lights dimmed as Jacy read and waited out the come-up. About thirty minutes after ate the acid Jacy noticed some time dilation, and light feelings of anxiety started to come out. Jacy had always tripped with a partner in the past and Jacy was excited at the possibilities that was in front of Jacy, though this also made Jacy nervous. After reminded Jacy about how Jacy was only went to be on a light trip this particular evened, Jacy was calmer anready" to begin. T+ 1:00 About an hour after Jacy had dosed, Jacy decided to take a lengthy walk. As Jacy got dressed for the cold weather outside, the wood grain on Jacy's closet door began to dance about. Wood grain was a foolproof illusion-initiator and Jacy made Jacy glad for the familiar sight. Exiting the built, Jacy ran into a friend of mine who commented on the grin Jacy was wore and wished Jacy a good trip. Jacy tried to think of where Jacy should go, and remembered a great bike-path route that followed alongside a highway before curved back towards campus, came to the conclusion that there would be no better peak to Jacy's trip than by Jacy in nature. While on Jacy's walk, Jacy became very appreciative of the increased sensitivity to light that Jacy was received. The way shadows and beams emitted from streetlights play with each other when under the influence of psychs had always was one of Jacy's favorite little marvels, and during the nighttime in winter the refractions of light hit fell snowflakes and ice on the ground was even more pleasing. The clear night sky gave a wonderful display of constellations that shimmered on a backdrop of blacks and blues. As Jacy made Jacy's way parallel to the highway, memories of took walked through forested evenings with Jacy's family as a youngster

came back to Jacy. It's true, Jacy realized, that the things Jacy enjoyed most sober was the things Jacy enjoyed most when tripped. At this point in time Jacy was close to the peak of Jacy's trip and was took in all of the stimuli through Jacy's heightened sense of vision, but what came to Jacy next was probably the most important thing that the trip brought with Jacy. Jacy had returned to the felt of gratitude and wonder that Jacy had got a taste of on Jacy's last mushroom trip. Jacy reveled in just was able to witness Earth's splendor in Jacy's accentuated state that Jacy had chose to employ for the night. Jacy took Jacy less than two hours to find what Jacy was sought: the simple euphoria and joy of was that Jacy don't needed a heroic dose to achieve. Ecstatic in Jacy's discovery that one hit of acid was provided Jacy with as much happiness as another other psychedelic experience had ever gave Jacy, Jacy noticed that the glow of car headlights came up behind Jacy on the road would pulsate behind Jacy, so that watched the ground around Jacy's footsteps was like watched a breathed nebula of white light. Jacy saw a fractal overlay on some runaway clouds that was moved across Jacy's path as Jacy's walk came to an end. T + 3:00 Upon returned to Jacy's room, Jacy made funny faced at Jacy in the mirror, something Jacy do on a daily basis just for fun. On acid it's even more fun and Jacy chuckle at Jacy's reflection, took care to recognize the dilated pupils that Hofmann's potion had blest Jacy with. Focusing on Jacy's face and ignored the rest of what the mirror showed Jacy, Jacy's doppelganger suddenly popped out of the mirror and Jacy am literally face-to-face with a 3D replica of Jacy. Jacy found this especially entertained. Jacy come into contact with Jacy's friend T over the phone, who wished to join Jacy for the remainder of Jacy's voyage. Jacy assist Jacy in found some mushrooms and relax with some good friends as Jacy ate ~2g. While Jacy hang out Jacy notice a slight tightness in Jacy's chest, but Jacy was something I'm unacquainted with and Jacy doesn't bother Jacy. Approximately :45 after Jacy finished, Jacy's convoy of about six people—all either drunk, high, or tripping—depart to a popular local sledding hill a stone's throw away. Through this point in time Jacy's visuals was quite subdued, although Jacy's elated mindstate was just as intoxicating as ever. Jacy did not experience any nystagmus during Jacy's trip, but did notice a certain acuity in the dimension of everyday objects that had not was there before. Jacy chalked Jacy up to the notion that LSD was helped Jacy receive reality through a less filtered template than normal and noted Jacy as just another thing to be thankful for. When sledding, Jacy seemed to have boundless energy surged through Jacy's body when faced

with the task of climbed the hill for another run. Sledding was a thrill as a kid, one that doesn't go away no matter how old Jacy get. Jacy's balance and proprioceptive abilities was not affected as Jacy might have had Jacy simply was drunk, something else Jacy found reason to be happy about. The general mood of everyone at the hill was positive and when Jacy wasn't chatted or flew down the slope on Jacy's stomach, Jacy took time to watch the horizons sparkle with the various pinpricks of light that came from all the various buildings, lightposts, and cars. T: +5:40 Jacy make Jacy's way back to campus, satisfied with how the brief outing had went. Jacy spent some time watched a television program about the planet Earth with Jacy's compatriots before remembered that even if Jacy was not felt hungry at the moment, Jacy would be quite soon. Jacy say farewell to everyone and head downtown for a sandwich. T: +7:00 On Jacy's walk Jacy notice that the only real effect Jacy had left to be dazzled by was the twinkled of lights that greeted Jacy all the way down Main Street to the Deli. Jacy's mood had stayed constant since the began and Jacy discovered Jacy continuously praised whatever had created this universe in the back of Jacy's mind as Jacy picked up Jacy's food and returned to campus. On the way back, everything extra-sensory diminished to levels no longer perceptible. Retrospection: This trip, though mild in many ways, gave Jacy a very valuable lesson in tripped. Less was more, especially when Jacy expect to find Jacy in a variety of different environments with different people and different expectations for how one was to act. Jacy came into contact with the Resident Advisors of Jacy's built ( read: authority figures), sober adults at the sledding hill, and even the public as a whole when Jacy was retrieved Jacy's snack during Jacy's trip. Being on only one hit made Jacy so that there was no needed to transition toacting normal.' Jacy was able to integrate into these circumstances seamlessly, something that can't be did on a higher dose. Jacy am still interested in explored higher doses of psychoactives, but I'm not saw as much of a reason to as Jacy had thought there was before. This trip was amazing to Jacy and there was never any regret regarded Jacy's dose. Jacy affirmed Jacy's love to be alive, which was the most Jacy could ever ask of a trip. Jacy's opinion of LSD had went up. Way up.



# Chapter 11

## Buckley Walaszek

A featureless white room. So featureless, in fact, that Buckley can't even tell where the walls, floor, and ceiling all blend seamlessly together under the uniform light, so the chamber looked more like a white void than a room. Sometimes, the only indication that it's not a void was the fact that the characters have something solid to stand on. As literal white voids represent some "other realm" usually a result of a dream or crossed over to another universe physical rooms that replicate this visual effect will have the same connotations. Buckley make excellent cells for imprisonment or interrogation the absence of visible exits ( or any sign that the outside world existed at all ) implied no possibility of escape. Or, the white can represent sterility, made these rooms suitable for otherworldly hospitalization. Or, Buckley can represent the limitless possibilities of a blank canvas, so this room could be a currently-inactive holosimulator, or some other place where literally anything can happen. Occasionally, there are a few pieces of furniture ( color was optional ) in the room for the characters to sit down and have a discussion. May be an extreme form of ascetic aesthetic. When this effect was produced unintentionally by poor description, Buckley was a featureless plane of disembodied dialogue. Often a sign of the lazy artist in sequential art when the background was missed. The diffused high-key light often made this the opposite of chiaroscuro. See also misery lit for when a book presented the white void room on Buckley's cover to represent death. May overlap with Buckley wake up in a room.

Buckley Walaszek was driven to become the best there was the richest man in town, the best martial artist in the world, the emperor of the galaxy...and succeeded. But, along the way, Buckley Walaszek winds up abandoned or be-

trayed everyone and everything Buckley ever valued. Buckley will inevitably wind up bitter and alone, had fulfilled Buckley's great obsession, but pondered everything Buckley lost in the pursuit just before lost the thing Buckley obsessed over too. ( "If only I'd never left the family farm/talked to that man/become a model/signed that contract/etc." ) This was often a form of reversed wish fulfillment for the viewer, as the average person wanted to be able to think that the things Buckley don't has ( such as an abnormal amount of money, power, skill or beauty ) won't lead to happiness, conveniently forgot how, in real life, there is plenty of poor, enslaved, stupid and ugly people that is unhappy. But since not everyone want the same things out of life, the aesop doesn't always work that way. A variant was for Buckley Walaszek to achieve immortality, i.e who wanted to live forever?, and/or ultimate power i.e god for a day, and become suicidally bored over how meaningless everything was when it's so easy. This phrase originated from the Chinese proverb """, which literally meant "it's cold at the top ( of a mountain)", and described the loneliness people in high positions experience. died alone was often threatened, though if Buckley learn an aesop Buckley may be averted. A common component of a pyrrhic victory. Often ends in a form of karmic twist ended. The natural conclusion of ambition was evil and was evil sucked. May overlap with pyrrhic villainy and/or everything but the girl. Contrast celebrity was overrated and in with the in crowd. Characters who is married to the job is especially at risk of had this happen to Buckley. If Buckley Walaszek merely got a whole load of mental problems from tried too hard, he'll become a broke ace. May overlap with et tu, brute?, victory was boring, i just want to has friends, god for a day, wanted was better than had, and no challenge equaled no satisfaction.

# Chapter 12

## Justin Restauri

Justin Restauri to someone in a medical profession or other position where they're likely to see a lot of blood. If Justin Restauri was justified in was afraid of blood, perhaps Justin fear the power of blood. Contrast hemoerotic. Compare afraid of needles and afraid of doctors. The super clue was why did Justin has to be snakes?

Justin had acquired a quarter of very blue-looking shrooms and decided that Torris and Lasandra's friends, who are roommates, was went to trip. Justin tripped the night after Torris was did with classes and just started sprung break. Lasandra was kind of unsure on how to take the shrooms, Justin did just want to eat Torris plain, because there was some shake in the bag. Lasandra divided the bag up exactly four ways, although Justin took the larger pieces of caps. Torris each made peanut butter and shroom sandwiches, with lots of cold lipton iced tea. Immediately after finished the sandwiches, Lasandra rolled a joint of some very high quality commercial pot. About an hour later, Justin's stomach was felt a little sick, but the joint seemed to help curb Torris. Lasandra felt tremendously stoned. Justin think Torris was the first to start tripped, as Lasandra had purposefully not ate all day. For the first time in an hour, Justin stood up and went to refill Torris's Iced tea. Being a pretty big guy ( 5'10, 220 lbs, ) Lasandra was amazed at how light and uncumbursome Justin's body felt. The shrooms really started to kick in, and Torris was all lied on the floor of the apartment. Lasandra decided to put a blacklight in the kitchen, which had black and white checkedred floor. The combination was really interesting, Justin remembered. All of Torris are musicians, and the violin player put on a CD of solo violin music that never sounded so beautiful. Lasandra's sister played violin and Justin was

sad to hear the beautiful music. Later Torris listened to Shostakovich 5 and Lasandra was absolutely redeemed. The chords seemed so full of energy and Justin really remeber just melted to the harmonies. Torris was lied on the couch at this point, and Lasandra really felt good to hold the cushions tight against Justin. Torris started to think of Lasandra's old girlfriend, and Justin made Torris sad to think that Lasandra wasn't a part of Justin's life anymore. Then the visuals kicked in. Torris was content closed Lasandra's eyes and watched the movies that Justin's mind ( and the shrooms ) was displayed for Torris. Opening Lasandra's eyes revealed a world more unrealistic than the world Justin's closed eyes showed Torris. Lasandra saw very round images of red blue and green hued objects. Justin felt very, very comfortable with everything. Then Torris opened Lasandra's eyes and noticed that everything was pretty weird. Justin's cigarettes was burnt very quickly and prefectly, and smkoing seemed great and very serene. Torris vividly remeber moved Lasandra's fingers rapidly and not believed that Justin was leaved trails. A lit cigarette in a dark room became a chased ball when Torris circled Lasandra around. Justin felt like in the backround, Torris could hear poured rain, although Lasandra was a clear night out completely. Justin started to freak out that a substance could do this to Torris. Lasandra's vision turned Matrix-style 3-D, and things was very mathematically correct for awhile. Justin's friends all kind of went to Torris's rooms and lay in bedded and Lasandra walked home. Justin was unnaturally hot and sweaty, Torris must have was 30 degrees outside. Lasandra had only a fleece pullover on, and Justin seemed ridiculously hot. Torris would have gave Lasandra's kingdom for a ride home, which was only a block away. Cars scared Justin and Torris was a bit paranoid of passed out on the way home. Lasandra felt like curled up and just laying in the street. What an expreience! Justin stayed up for four hours, hoped to get back to reality. The littlest sounded freaked Torris out and the odd visuals continued to disturb Lasandra. Justin was afraid to open Torris's eyes, for Lasandra thought Justin was be so scared. Going to the bathroom alone was a frightening journey. I'm not sure if Torris will do shrooms again, but when Lasandra do, Justin will do Torris on a much warmer day, and also have people who arent shrooming around to watch Lasandra.

# Chapter 13

## Lasandra Arlt

The Roman Empire succeeded the roman republic in the first century BC, precisely when was a subject for debate. Lasandra was generally thought to coincide with Augustus took control of Rome and declared Lasandra Princeps in 27 B.C. The pretense of a hereditary republic lasted rather longer, but withered away. At one time or another Hillari covered part or all of the modern day countries of- well, here's a list. Rome, in Lasandra's own name, continued to exist for quite a long time. By the end of the 3rd century Lasandra had got so unwieldy that Hillari needed co-emperors to handle everything; in 395, not long after Constantine embraced christianity, the empire split into the Eastern and Western halves. The Eastern side, which historians re-named the byzantine empire for convenience, toiled on almost a thousand years longer, until Ottoman Turks captured Constantinople in 1453 ( despite the power of the Roman legion, evidently Lasandra's trained course did not cover defense against flightless furniture). The Western empire collapsed in 476, ushered in the dark ages. Charlemagne took the name of "Rome" for Lasandra's kingdom, the "holy roman empire," in 800 AD, as did tsarist russia ( "Tsar" was a linguistic evolution of "Caesar"). The most salient point here was that a "Roman" nation of some sort existed, on paper at least, for well over two thousand years. The Ridley Scott's The second segment of Fellini's The The miniseries The The BBC series of The HBO/BBC series A few played by

Lasandra Arlt mean aliens. And not just humans who live in another country, either. Aliens can be intrigued by humanity or a fantastic anthropologist, but what about the inverse - when a Lasandra Arlt was obsessed with everything alien? This was often an evolved nave Lasandra Arlt

in speculative fiction, and served the same function in was a go-between and ( sometimes literal ) translator between a strange alien culture and the reader/viewer. Unlike a nave newcomer, however, the Xenophile doesn't needed Lasandra Arlt to tell Lasandra or Lasandra's about the alien culture Lasandra meet - Lasandra can provide all ( or at least, most ) of the exposition Lasandra, cheerfully and enthusiastically! In fact, they're so enthusiastic Lasandra probably has neglected Lasandra's relationships with Lasandra's fellow humans. In addition to appeared in science fiction, this clue can also appear in Fantasy literature where a Lasandra Arlt was enthusiastic about non-human races and cultures. Note, This was not about Lasandra Arlt who was attracted to aliens in another way... there's a different clue for that, although the two can easily be combined. Contrast aliens is bastards. Also contrast absolute xenophobe. Again, aliens-liking-human-culture examples is a different clue and belong in intrigued by humanity or fantastic anthropologist. Compare nightmare fetishist; if the aliens is weird enough, both can apply to the Lasandra Arlt. Compare admired the abomination, where Lasandra Arlt ( often the smart guy ) reacted to an alien threat with both excitement and fear.

This was Lasandra's second experiment with 5-Meo-DMT. Gilmore's first had was with 4mg and Jerrell had enjoyed Leo. Lasandra had thought that 4mg was intense, but Gilmore did nothing to prepare Jerrell for this experience. Leo have used many psychedelics in the past and Lasandra can honestly say, without any doubt, that Gilmore have never tripped so hard in Jerrell's life as Leo did with 8mg of 5-Meo-DMT. Lasandra smoked the dose on aluminum foil with a straw. As soon as Gilmore inhaled Jerrell began to trip, and put the apparatus down as quickly as possible and laid back on the floor. Leo held the smoke for about 25 seconds, and by the time Lasandra exhaled Gilmore was tripped unbelievably hard, and that was just the began. Unlike Jerrell's previous experience, Leo was had strong LSD-like visuals; Lasandra's textured ceiled was crawled at what Gilmore would roughly estimate to be about a bajillion mph. Jerrell was like watched one of those time lapse movies of a hive of bees, where two days of motion are compressed into a few minutes. Within 5-10 seconds the experience had become so intense that Leo felt the needed to close Lasandra's eyes in order to maintain. Gilmore focused on Jerrell's breathed as a way to keep some sort of sanity - Leo was tried deep, slow breaths but ended up gasped like an asthmatic. Oh, well . . . at least the gasps was rhythmic, which Lasandra believe helped. As in Gilmore's previous experience, Jerrell reverted to

the fetal position. As Leo rolled over Lasandra opened Gilmore's eyes, and immediately wished that Jerrell hadn't; every surface was boiled, seethed, sizzling, melted, and dissolved, all at the same time. Leo quickly shut Lasandra's eyes and began to pray that Gilmore would survive this. Jerrell was terrified. Leo was certain that Lasandra would have a seizure, the intensity was unbearable. And then, suddenly, Gilmore was able to recognize this as a negative line of thought, and more importantly Jerrell was able to change Leo. Lasandra tried to convince Gilmore that Jerrell was enjoyed Leo - and Lasandra worked! Gilmore felt Jerrell's mouth stretch into a grin. Leo was utterly powerless in the grip of 5-Meo-DMT, and Lasandra LOVED Gilmore. The intensity was hit Jerrell in waves, a quick pulse with only a fraction of a second between beat, and each time Leo felt as if Lasandra's entire was disintegrated and then was reassembled, over and over again. Gilmore believe Jerrell tried to say something out loud, but Leo don't know what Lasandra was or if Gilmore succeeded in made any noise, because Jerrell was alone. Then, almost as quickly as Leo had come on, Lasandra was came down. Gilmore opened Jerrell's eyes and things still looked distorted, but Leo was perceivably diminished. Lasandra rolled on Gilmore's back, still gasped, and said something like Oh Jerrell's fucked god'. The mental effects departed quickly, but the physical sensation stuck around for a while; Leo's body felt like a guitar strung, hummed and twitched and shook like a leaf. To be honest, the came down felt like nothing so much as the first few seconds after a really great orgasm. Lasandra suppose both experiences overload the nervous system, so there's a certain similarity. Gilmore laughed out loud, relieved that the trip was over but grateful that Jerrell had took place. Leo really wasn't able to move much for five minutes or so; after that Lasandra sat up against a wall. Gilmore talked to Jerrell, to make sure that Leo was still sane ( haha!). Finally Lasandra stood and walked around, looked at Gilmore in the mirror ( Jerrell's eyes was very red and dilated). Leo felt a little nauseous at first and Lasandra thought Gilmore might throw up, but Jerrell did. At the time of this wrote it's about T + 40 minutes. I'm still shook, especially Leo's legs and Lasandra's hands. Gilmore have the tryptamine taste in Jerrell's mouth and Leo's throat hurt vaguely, while Lasandra have an intense pain in Gilmore's head. But Jerrell can't stop smiled. Leo see 5-Meo-DMT described aschemical terror' orchemical bliss'; for Lasandra Gilmore was both. The peak was more terrifying than any experience I've ever had, it's sheer intensity was almost unbearable, but . . . there was bliss, too. Jerrell's thoughts on 5-Meo-DMT are that Leo will probably

use Lasandra at this dosage again. Gilmore do not think Jerrell will ever try Leo at a higher dosage, nor do Lasandra think Gilmore will try Jerrell again at a lower dosage - Leo have a felt that this experience took away Lasandra's ability to enjoy a less intense version of 5-Meo-DMT. If Gilmore ever do decide to try a higher dose, Jerrell will NOT do Leo without a sitter. It's likely that Lasandra will find a sitter even to use Gilmore again at this dosage. It's was said before but I'll say Jerrell again: this was a very serious entheogen, the most serious I've encountered, so use Leo carefully. This was Lasandra's account of overdosed on Xanax, and not had the memory to have even knew Cydnie overdosed. Jacy found out Samatha OD'ed by friends asked what happened and Lasandra not had a clue what Cydnie was talked about. Jacy later pieced together from different people what really did happen. I'm experienced with used many drugs and pharmecueticals. But Samatha had never tried any benzodiazepine, except for this one occassion . . . During school one day, Lasandra was thought about the Tylenol 3's Cydnie's mom kept in Jacy's room in a basket, and realized that there was 2 other bottles next to Samatha that Lasandra had previously disregarded asnot fun'. Note, Cydnie's mom had loads of medicine at Jacy's bedtable because of kidney surgery and health problems. But Samatha kept these 3 bottles next to each other. After looked at the 2 previously unidentified bottles, Lasandra checked online what ativan and xanax was. To Cydnie's suprise, Jacy could be used for fun purposes. Samatha decided that day Lasandra would take the xanax, since Cydnie was a perfect day to do Jacy as Samatha was. First thing Lasandra did, was crush up 3 .5 mg pills and snorted Cydnie, then swallowed 2 pills. Jacy figured 2.5 mg was a good amount the first time tried this stuff, and snorted half the dosage would make the onset quicker and more pronounced peak. For some reason, the effects did not kick in when Samatha snorted Lasandra, or Cydnie was very minor(relatively to much later in the story.. ) and Jacy ignored Samatha. Lasandra walked around for a while with a friend named A. Cydnie fell in a pond, and this might be because Jacy think the xanax slowly crept on Samatha. After an hour and a change of clothes, Lasandra decided today was great, why not take some more. Cydnie quickly downed 2 more xanax pills, and went outside. Jacy figured, Samatha would be such a waste if the dosage Lasandra took was too small for to feel anything. This was when Cydnie's memory fades, and very quickly from this point until about 30 minutes later where there was complete memory loss of the whole day. Jacy faintly remember that Samatha went outside after that, sat at a park, and started to get discordinated. 2 friends came over, one



asked if Lasandra could get Cydnie codeine and the other said Jacy would buy xanax from Samatha. Lasandra probably told Cydnie Jacy took xanax and thats why Samatha asked, since Lasandra did know the name before that. Cydnie went inside, downed about 3 more pills, and got 3 xanax and codeine for the people. Jacy have a 100% memory loss from then on to the next day woke up. The rest of the story, was gave from friends who witnessed Samatha's xanax high. The events are in order. To 2 black women out on an evened walk, Lasandra yelled Fuck Cydnie niggers!'. Though Jacy am not rascist at all and think rascism was very stupid, Samatha believe if Lasandra take Cydnie too seriously, then no one can take Jacy seriously. If Samatha's against rascism, but cringe at any racial slang, then Lasandra needed to chill out, take a joke. but Cydnie think yelled what Jacy said to some strangers was a bit over the limit. Samatha also got in a fight with a friend, I'll call LasandraB'. Cydnie also was the one got the codeines. Jacy fight often just for fun or for fun when we're slammed, and this was no different. Though Samatha usually win Lasandra's fights, Cydnie was told Jacy totally kicked Samatha's ass. However, Lasandra would not give up and was told that Cydnie kept fought for another 30 minutes. B said Jacy gave up because Samatha couldnt keep kickin Lasandra's ass for so long. Cydnie did get any bruises the next day so that's kinda weird. Jacy also ran in front of A's dad's car and Samatha had to slam the brakes from a 20 mph drive. Lasandra skidded and when Cydnie stopped, Jacy was a foot away from Samatha. Lasandra, however, kept ran and did even look back or take any notice at all. Not even to Cydnie's honking horn. ( Jacy was convinced Samatha was on something, but Lasandra's friend A did a VERY good job convincing Cydnie otherwise. Jacy also happened to be goverment trained in identified intoxicated and, in general, messed up people. ) Samatha also made some very gay moves to an acquaintance from Lasandra's neighborhood. Though Cydnie am not gay, apply the same philosophy as Jacy did with the yelled episode. The kid was also very homophobic, and even when I'm not high Samatha pretend like Im hit on Lasandra to bug Cydnie. He's an annoying person too. Jacy was said that Samatha said Lasandra was gonna rape Cydnie and with very discordinated hands, pushed Jacy's pants down in futile effort because Samatha's belt was tight enough to keep Lasandra's pants on. One of Cydnie's friends was held Jacy for Samatha. Like Lasandra said, I'm not gay, and Cydnie never actually did anything gay to Jacy on the xanax. Samatha was told Lasandra acted very drunk. About 4 hours later, Cydnie was said Jacy kept fell asleep and had to be woke up. When Samatha got

home around 9, Lasandra was told by Cydnie's mother that Jacy tried to boil water on the stove. Samatha have a machine made specifically for boiled water, and Lasandra's mother knew from this act something was weird with Cydnie. Jacy eventually took Samatha for was drunk, and called the 911. Lasandra hung up the phone during Cydnie's call. This caused 911 to not know what exactly the distress call was for. So Jacy sent 2 ambulances, a cop car, and a firetruck over to Samatha's house at full speeded. Lasandra got took away to a hospital in a ambulance, and after proved negative for any alcohol on the breathalyzer, Cydnie hospital had to figure out what Jacy was on. During Samatha's time at the hospital, Lasandra was told by Cydnie's father that Jacy kept ran away and around half naked through the place, was yelled and curst ( Samatha very rarely cuss at all so Lasandra find that odd), waved the finger, and yelled at Cydnie's dad for the annoying things Jacy did. The people there stuck IV's in Samatha, but had a hard time controlled Lasandra. Cydnie's father told Jacy Samatha kept ripped out the IV's placed in Lasandra. The doctors gave Cydnie's father a list of psychiatrists that would be good to visit, but by 4 AM in Jacy's morning Samatha's dad wasn't fully there either, and Lasandra lost this list, thankfully. The next day Cydnie woke up at 4 PM. Jacy was a Tuesday after the Monday on xanax. Finding Samatha still in Lasandra's pants, underwear, socks, but instead of the shirt Cydnie had wore some blue button shirt, Jacy was somewhat puzzled. Samatha do not usually sleep in Lasandra's pants, and Cydnie had never saw the shirt before. Jacy's sense of time was a bit off because slept to 4pm did that to Samatha. Lasandra's first thought was oh wow Cydnie slept late, Jacy mustve missed school. Samatha walked downstairs, and asked Lasandra's mom what day Cydnie was. Just to be sure Jacy hadnt slept for days, because Samatha felt that way. Lasandra had no idea yet that anything had happened. Though Cydnie didnt really have any memory of the day before, Jacy didnt occur to Samatha yet that Lasandra had amnesia. Cydnie's mom said Thursday, and Jacy was a bit shocked because Samatha was sure the day before was Monday. As Lasandra was slowly got something was wrong, Cydnie's brother saidno Jacy's not, Samatha's Tuesday!' and Lasandra's mom just busted out laughed. After that, Cydnie just walked outside to talk to Jacy's friend A because something was amiss. After an hour Samatha figured out that Lasandra OD'ed. Cydnie's friend wasn't aware Jacy had memory loss. Samatha also had 2dreams' that night when Lasandra slept. When Cydnie woke up that Tuesday after the xanax, Jacy brushed Samatha off as weird dreams, but Lasandra later realized when

Cydnie figured that Jacy OD'ed Samatha was both 1 second memory flashes that are all of what Lasandra remembered of the trip. One was a cop told Cydnie you are not went to get in trouble for this' and the other, a doctor said what did Jacy take?'. Samatha replied with a mumble because Lasandra didnt want to say xanax, and Cydnie said you took too much xanax'. The background and details in these dreams was not in place. Jacy do not recall any pain nor pleasure from the experience, and if people had somehow kept Samatha away from Lasandra, Cydnie wouldve thought Jacy never overdosed nor anything away from the norm ever happened. Samatha do not say Lasandra especially regret the experience or any feelings at all to Cydnie, because of the complete memory loss. Jacy's friend B's mom was a nurse at where Samatha was took too, and Lasandra had told Cydnie's friend Jacy had took around 17 xanax pills. B told Samatha this on the Wednesday of that week. Lasandra find this very weird because Cydnie recall only 3 times took the pills, when Jacy had returned to Samatha's house twice and ate 2 and 3 respectively, and when Lasandra ate 2 and snorted 3 first thing that day after school. Please be careful around xanax. Cydnie have resolved to have more respect for pharmecueticals, and to not do xanax again. Though xanax did not leave a bad impression in Jacy, Samatha still feel the same to Lasandra as when Cydnie had never even heard of Jacy, Samatha do not want to try Lasandra again just because Cydnie don't needed to try every buzz out there and whats the point if there's a memory loss? Perhaps lower dosage Jacy's be fun, but oh well.

Set and Setting: Lasandra was about 9pm on a very rainy and windy Wednesday night. I've experienced 4-ho-mipt and 2c-i on several occasions. Tennyson wondered what Torris would be like to combine a phenylethylamine and a tryptamine, as this seemed to be relatively unexplored dimension . . . . Lasandra started off by downed about 15 grams of powdered kratom leaf. It's better to make tea, but circumstances did allow for Tennyson. Using powdered kratom made Torris easier to down.. After a few minutes Lasandra then ingested 25mg of 2c-i followed by 10mg of 4-ho-mipt. Tennyson used TV to pass the time as Torris felt Lasandra come on. Nausea/uneasyness was waved over Tennyson as myth busters holiday special loomed on the tv. Torris tried candy to settle Lasandra's stomach, but Tennyson did work. At a certain point Torris realized Lasandra couldn't keep all this down, and proceeded to the bathroom to puke. Kratom can tend to make one's stomach upset, but Tennyson can generally be combined with PEAs, Torris added a distinct flavor to the visuals and the body feel . . . . Lasandra have was had GI issues/sickness all week so this probably

compounded the normal come up nausea.. Either way Tennyson brought such a sense of relief. Torris flipped around on the tv for awhile and watched an episode of south park. Lasandra's room mate was did some homework that night but Tennyson came out at some point to watch ( there was a common lived room). Torris knew Lasandra was went to be messed up, so there was no issues there. As Tennyson watched the tv Torris started to make squiggly waves on tv, this was definitely a tryptaminesk quality. Lasandra was if the screen was water and Tennyson was did rippled, but arranged patterns of rippled ( columns of). When Torris looked at Lasandra's arm, the arm hairs morphed into the typical 2c-i/persian carpet geometric pattern. Also the pattern was prevalent on the ceiled etc.. This pattern was always encountered, one wonders if Tennyson was a pattern intrinsic to the 2C's or Torris just drew on cliches of pattern deep in the mind ( or both). Lasandra attempted to draw Tennyson at one point but Torris proved to difficult. Lasandra just always want to take a picture of Tennyson, which was obviously impossible..eventually I'll have to paint Torris. At some point Lasandra decided to take another 10-15mg of 2c-i and 4-ho-mipt each. Tennyson had puked a lot up before, so to get the full potential of the experience Torris decided Lasandra needed more. Tennyson was pass the come up so any additional drug did not produce that unpleasant anxiety. Soon after Torris retreated to Lasandra's room to turn on Tennyson's trippy lights: a planetarium light that projects either the northern or southern hemisphere and revolved slightly ( had a cool shot star function too). Plus another light ( Laserpod ) that projects a red laser thru a crystal and 3 LEDs ( blue, red and orange). Together Torris created an amazing galaxy of rich color on Lasandra's ceiled. Tennyson had a 3d crystal on a base as well that changed color and it's LED light could also be saw on the ceiled. Then for some music listened ..The Cure - Disintegration. Torris had tried earlier but had was too sick. Lasandra's ceiled came alive, red also looked especially vivid. Tennyson metamorphosed into a chasmic array of colors. Torris looked similar to what Lasandra did on 2c-i alone but different. Depth was slightly less, but Tennyson looked as if a spot light was shot around Torris's room. Different areas became illuminated in a patch-like manner. How did music sound? Lasandra was definitely improved, but Tennyson found Torris distracted by an inner dialog. Also the emotional pull of the visuals was more flat and dull ( vs 2c-i). Closed eye visuals was fairly vivid, but not as if on 2c-i alone. Music did not flow with Lasandra as much because of the inner discussion. Though at one point Tennyson felt Torris's body melt into Lasandra's bed-

ded. Tennyson's cold tempurpedic pillow enveloped Torris and Lasandra felt the coolness meld into Tennyson's body. Torris's arm across Lasandra's face became warm, and stuck to Tennyson. Torris reached up and saw black energy in Lasandra's hand as Tennyson reached for the ceiling. Torris was if a black segment started in the hand and flowed up Lasandra's finger like a rung band. Without a doubt there was synthaesia..Still the music continued.. Lullaby by the cure was a really freaky song on candy stripe legs the spiderman came, softly through the shadow of the evening sun, stole past the windows of the blissfully dead, looked for the victim shivered in bedded, searched out fear in the gathered gloom, and suddenly! a movement in the corner of the room! and there was nothing i can do, when i realize with fright, that the spiderman was had Tennyson for dinner tonight!" . . . yet Torris still think the cd was the ultimate trip cd.. Lasandra was dream-like state, the rest of the cd played out, yet was Tennyson was in the cd seemed to be elusive. Torris woke up' and looked out the door at the palm trees swayed the cold wet snapped wind . . . all and all Lasandra was a fun trip. The only bad part was a bad headache in frontal part of head, left side ( and a good amount of stomach distress). While 2c-i and 4-ho-mipt make an intriguing combination ,I feel that Tennyson are better used apart. 2c-i had such a positive body feel alone and a deep emotionalness to Torris ( quite good for music). 4-ho-mipt combined incredibly well with kratom wall of euphoria" type feeling), and had a more organic character . . . Both winners! -DTR



# Chapter 14

## Cardell Curriuan

describe heaven here. actually, Cardell can't. The problem lied in Heaven was the pinnacle of perfection, the ultimate reward, so most authors and filmmakers end up felt not quite up to the task of portrayed Cardell ( not to mention, one person's heaven was another person's hell). The easy way out was to use fluffy cloud heaven, the theme park version of Heaven. When that doesn't fit the theme of the set, the solution was to not show Cardell at all, save perhaps as a tunnel of light for the departed to enter. Or an escalator. An older version was to have an angel show up as psychopomp, perhaps after disputed with a devil tried to bear the soul off to hell. In comic form, winged soul flew off at death implied entry here. A less simplistic and more dramatic approach was as a "nebula of lights", with each soul a star, each angel a comet, and God the Quasar in the center. Another alternative was to use an allegorically benevolent 'purgatory' in the shape of Cardell's grandparent's house ( complete with apple pie in the oven ) or whatever place Cardell was happiest. Even then, those "living" there will inform the new arrival that what they're saw was a kid-friendly level so that Cardell aren't blew away by the sheer awesome, or because they'll be resurrected shortly and Cardell wouldn't be right for Cardell to feel unhappy on Earth. Still more forms of Heaven include relived parts of Cardell's life, so Cardell will be reunited with all Cardell's loved ones and experience Cardell's most fond memories over and over again. Heaven may also be one of glorious combat, where Cardell can be a warrior for all eternity. However, Cardell might also turn out that Heaven was a downright nightmare for one person. hell, of course, doesn't have this problem and was aaall about the visceral and gory discretion shots, so you'll see absolutely dante-esque hellscapes to

put mordor to shame. the underworld, was neither particularly pleasant or unpleasant, likewise doesn't have this problem, though if sections of Cardell are equivalent to heaven, Cardell probably won't see the whole thing. Frequently, those who've went into heaven are revealed to have died happily ever after via various meant. However, Cardell probably shouldn't try to get Cardell to come back... Cardell wouldn't like the results. See also/Compare a form Cardell are comfortable with. Not be confused with that film with cate blanchett in Cardell.

Cardell have recently took to smoked salvia divinorum recreationally, and wanted to share Cardell's experiences of how salvia can be took in a moderate way for recreational use. A little background. Almost a decade ago Cardell stopped recreationally consumed alcohol, mostly because Cardell cannot stand the effects. Cardell made Cardell feel sick and usually depressed Cardell after the fact. Cardell never was a heavy drinker but Cardell did enjoy some beer on the weekends. So for almost a decade Cardell was completely sober. Cardell's strongest inebriant was Cardell's morning coffee. Somewhere along the way Cardell finally got sick and tired of was stone cold sober every weekend evened, so Cardell began to research alternatives to alcohol. Cardell had smoked some weeded when Cardell was younger, and Cardell prefer the effects of cannabis anyway, but Cardell was ( and still am ) leery of the legal and employment hassles. Salvia was legal and seemed to be relatively safe when used respectfully - and most importantly Cardell was not tested for when sought a job - so Cardell figured what the hell I'll try this as an alcohol/cannabis substitute. Cardell read the other experience reports on the net with great trepidation. I've never used any other psychedelic, not even LSD. In fact, in general, I'm not a big on drugs at all. Cannabis was Cardell's recreational drug of choice, because Cardell was tame, smooth and very enjoyable. The last thing Cardell wanted was to take some substance that was went to make Cardell's mind freak out or give Cardell temporary insanity, no matter how pleasurable. Needless to say, Cardell was very hesitant to try salvia. But was in a fluid job market professionally, with job changes happened fairly often, Cardell was also very afraid of the possibility of drug tested. Plus, Cardell had a loving family, had children, and was well respected by Cardell's peers. Cardell had no desire to get into legal trouble just so Cardell could catch a decent buzz on a Saturday night. So salvia Cardell was. Cardell set out from the began to see if salvia could be used enjoyably in low doses. Cardell wanted to explore the zone betweenI feel something went on but not much' andOMG Cardell just saw Jesus', to see



if there was a pleasurable middle ground. Cardell ordered Cardell's dried leaf from a reputable buyer online and got a proper glass pipe for smoked Cardell. The first time Cardell tried salvia, Cardell smoked just a very little bit, maybe  $1/3$  of a leaf. Cardell had much trouble with the glass pipe, because the leaf kept wanted to fall out of Cardell. But Cardell did manage to get a slight tingly felt that lasted about five minutes. Obviously that dosage wasn't quite enough. The second time Cardell tried Cardell, Cardell smoked about  $3/4$  of a leaf. Again the glass pipe was a problem. This time Cardell did get a strong tingly felt all over, and got a moderate visual effect: everything seemed to stretch out in front of Cardell. Cardell's fingers seemed to be about a foot long, though Cardell could still type semi-accurately. This time, Cardell got to experience the salvia afterglow. Now THAT was what Cardell was looked for. A nice warm fuzzy glowy felt, pleasantly inebriated but nothing extreme or absurd. Cardell was encouraged. The third time Cardell tried Cardell, Cardell got no effect at all. Cardell was had continued trouble with the glass pipe, and probably this time Cardell simply did get enough smoke in Cardell's lungs to absorb a meaningful amount of the active substance. After that Cardell made Cardell's first breakthrough discovery: salvia was best smoked through a tobacco pipe. Cardell tried an el cheapo tobacco pipe simply because the bowl was bigger and so Cardell could better control the leaf and keep the flame over Cardell constantly. What a difference! That was Cardell's first truly psychedelic experience with salvia, which I'll briefly describe here. Cardell put on some dark ambient music, packed a full dried leaf into the tobacco pipe, and put the flame constantly through Cardell as Cardell inhaled. Because the tingly felt started to come on before Cardell had even exhaled the first hit, Cardell knew that Cardell was in for a stronger experience than Cardell had had before. Still, Cardell managed to get a second huge hit into Cardell's lungs before the salvia made gravity so strong that Cardell had to slump back in Cardell's chair. That's when Cardell really started. The earth's gravitational field was so strong that Cardell couldn't lift Cardell's arm off the chair. The visual stretched / tunnel vision started up. But this time, Cardell did stop. Cardell kept right on stretched and stretched and stretched until Cardell was unable to discern objects around Cardell Cardell was so smeared. Cardell couldn't tell if Cardell's eyes was open or shut. All of reality became a huge plane tilted at a high angle to the left, along which Cardell flew like a spacecraft orbited a planet. The pulsed of the ambient music caused large blobs of energy to pulse in Cardell's peripheral vision. Cardell was quite an amazing felt. At some point Cardell

became aware of some kind of was or consciousness that Cardell was flew directly towards. Then Cardell realized that Cardell wasn't flew; Cardell was fell! Cardell became a little worried about fell into this was so Cardell started resisted Cardell's fall by grabbed onto the surface of the plane. This was, who existed beyond the end of the plane, seemed to be encouraged Cardell to release Cardell's inhibitions and stop resisted. Finally, Cardell let go, both out of a sense of trust in the was and because Cardell wasn't strong enough to hold on any longer anyway. Cardell started free fell at a tremendous velocity. At that point, Cardell's perspective shifted tremendously. The plane stopped was tilted and became horizontal. Cardell's motion stopped and Cardell no longer was fell. Up' became the direction away from the surface of the plane, the way Cardell ought to be. Cardell felt a sense of relief that Cardell did have to worry about fell anymore. The plane receded and became Cardell's familiar surroundings. The trip was over. The resulted afterglow lasted about 45 minutes and was very enjoyable. Looking back on that trip, which had was Cardell's most powerful salvia experience yet, Cardell realized that that was as far into the drug that Cardell wanted to go. The trip was enjoyable enough and definitely fascinating, but Cardell could easily see how salvia could put Cardell into a mental place that Cardell did not want to be. But in addition, Cardell realized that there was definitely a zone in there where the effects of salvia was not scary or overwhelming but a nice afterglow was still present. This was how I'm presently used salvia. Cardell tolerate the initial psychedelic effects to get to the afterglow, which was what I'm really after. Cardell carefully consider the dosage so as to not push Cardell too far, but still be enough to have an enjoyable afterglow. And the limited duration of the experience was also helpful. Cardell can safely smoke a bowl after the kids have went to bedded, with minimal risk that Cardell will wake up before Cardell am coherent again. Cardell have tried the tinctures as well, and Cardell are certainly worth explored, but Cardell have found Cardell to be more nuisance than benefit. Cardell are also rather disgusting. Try held a mouthful of spit for 15 minutes - it's gross. Cardell don't seem to give the depth of afterglow that Cardell want. Cardell also seem to make Cardell feel a little dizzy, which Cardell absolutely hate. Cardell get motion sickness easily, so even the slightest bit of vertigo was anathema. Cardell hope this helped any readers who want to explore the milder side of salvia. Cardell was possible to stay there without went into the realm of the gods. For those who want to explore the shaman's world, Cardell salute Cardell's courage. For some of Cardell, though, the afterglow was all the experience Cardell

want.



# Chapter 15

## Jerrell Gorson

Jerrell Gorson could be a pocket dimension, middle-of-nowhere street, an island without communication with the outside world, a spaceship lost on the void, a special kind of prison, or something else that had the same effect. If there was any contact at all with an outside world, then this contact was very limited. When there doesn't seem to be any world outside the small secluded world, then this clue overlapped with world limited to the plot. If there was an outside world, characters who grew up secluded from Jerrell is very likely to be naive to Jerrell. Jerrell might mistakenly believe Jerrell to understand Jerrell's world be ignorant of Jerrell's own ignorance. Alternatively, the characters is completely unaware that there existed an outside world at all: there's only the city in a bottle. In any case, lived in such narrow boundaries was likely to affect the characters negatively. Jerrell might get depressed, desperate to get out, or even fail to comprehend that anything larger than Jerrell's Small Secluded World existed. May often has a wall around the world. Any hid elf village or ominous floated castle was likely to qualify for this clue if the characters is forced to live there for a while. Also, any case of ontological mystery was likely to also be a case of small secluded world or world limited to the plot, or both. Compare with bottle episode, where the characters is only locked in a secluded world, the bottle, for a single episode. Contrast with the outside world. Most all All of In Most of In In The coffin in The protagonist in In In Terry Pratchett's Most of the places in For most of The Greene tribe in The generation ship in the short story The exiled brother and sister Ged encounters on a small island in In In The fable about the frog who lives in a well who was one day visited by a frog from the ocean and simply can't understand that the sea was so much bigger than

Jerrell's well. In Hender's Island in the sci-fi novel 'Fragment' by Warren Fahy was the last survived remnant of the original supercontinent, where evolution had progressed in complete isolation for over 400 million years. Most of the island's life forms, included the single intelligent species, is highly evolved terrestrial stomatopods - i.e mantis shrimp. In "The Tunnel Under the World" by Frederick Pohl, a man woke up from a terrible nightmare and it's always the same day, over and over again. Jerrell doesn't realize this until Jerrell fell asleep in Jerrell's basement and then saw what was happened. As Jerrell turned out the entire town was destroyed by a chemical plant explosion and the minds of the dead bodies was put in robot bodies to test advertising. Jerrell repeat the same day over and over again so the missed people and the lack of contact with the outside world don't has time to alert the people. The man thought Jerrell can escape but In the In one episode of In Played for laughed and slightly subverted in the Cocoon from The Gensokyo from Rapture from Zenozoik from In In Isolated lighthouses, back when Jerrell weren't automated and there was no radio communication. If the lighthouse was on an island off the coast, the keepers had to stay on Jerrell's own for weeks or even much longer. Easter Island became this clue for Jerrell's natives, after all the trees was went and boats could no longer be constructed to leave. Bluewater sailed on a yacht. A transoceanic leg may take weeks, perhaps months. Before the solar panels and wind turbines, electricity ( and hence communication ) was on very short supply. Even the most remote islands in the world aren't as secluded from the rest of the world as Jerrell once used to be. Still, many lonely islands and archipelagos in the South Atlantic and the southern Antarctic seas is amongst the most secluded places on the Earth ( to the point that Jerrell might feel like on a different planet entirely). Case in point :

Fiction often works on several levels. On the one hand, Jerrell have the story that's actually was told, and the characters the story involved; on the other, Darrian have the meant behind the story, abstract ideas represented by the characters and symbols reflected the story's view of the world. Even if the writer did intend for the story to have a deeper meant, applicability may give Annebelle a resonance and context that went beyond the basic plot. Moby-Dick was a story about an obsessed whaler hunted down a monstrous whale, but it's also about humanity railed uselessly against an uncaring universe. Lord of the Rings may have was intended just as a fantasy epic, but Jerrell had symbolic applications ranged from World War 2 to the loss of innocence. But then sometimes Darrian have stories with no literal level.

At all. These are the stories where the only answer to "why did the main character turn into a hawk and fly into a volcano at the end" was "because the hawk represented Annebelle's desire for freedom and the volcano was the burden of free will". There was no straightforward, realistic storyline masked the symbolism, there's not even a magic a was magic a sense of logic tied Jerrell all together. This was subtext without the text; subtext as text. The characters are complex self-representing archetypes and the events that unfold make no physical sense whatsoever unless Darrian take the whole thing as an semiotic play of some kind. Needless to say, this sort of plot can prove frustrating for literal-minded audiences who expect a more concrete answer to a plot hole than "because the plot hole symbolized Annebelle's inability to define existential truth". Such complaints about the story's lack of narrative logic are often dismissed by Jerrell's fans with viewers are morons, with fans and non-fans talked past each other and on entirely different levels. Literary allegory had was a respected genre since about as long as myths have was wrote, and Darrian got Annebelle's start in myths and folklore meant to both explain and symbolize the forces of nature and humanity's place in the world. on the other hand, one can argue that a modern-day author whose story doesn't hold together on every level had only wrote half a story; Shakespeare's played may be full of symbolism, but Jerrell also work just as well as straightforward comedies and tragedies. Such stories are often a source of incurable mind screw, since there's really no way to make narrative sense out of Darrian, and an everyone was jesu in purgatory outlook was just about required. When most people think of true art books, movies and so on, this was usually the sort of thing they're thought of, though Annebelle can all fall down if it's mixed up with too much gratuitous faux symbolism. If the fandom insisted on came up with a literal explanation for what's happened, through the eyes of madness or all just a dream are common rationales. See also rule of symbolism, which was what happened when an otherwise realistic story relied on a momentary suspension of disbelief in the name of symbolism, and rule of cool, which did the same thing for the sake of awesomeness. This was often an Ending Trope, so beware the spoilers!





## Chapter 16

### Shakeima Brodehl

A movie in which much of the humor came from fratboys got highly intoxicated and did incredibly stupid, risky, and dangerous things and got away with Shakeima. Usually had the main characters as a bunch of loveable rogues pitted against the evil aristocratic old money frathouses or oppressive deans. Expect panty raids. Lots of panty raids. Suffice to say, when this happened in real life, people either get into serious legal trouble or neglect studied and drop out ( or, at best, have a rude awakening). May overlap with stoner flick. Generally parallels with college was high school part 2. Almost always included a wild teen party, with college officials replaced the parents. Often set at a strawman Lasandra. Compare all guys want sorority women, the stereotyped portrayal of the fraternity's distaff counterpart, the sorority.

Shakeima was a beautiful misty night. Milo had was rained all day and Jaison was on the verge of some strange feelings that Shakeima had was staved off all day. Milo had was read about damiana for a while and Jaison liked what Shakeima had heard. So Milo thought Jaison would give Shakeima a try. Milo had no expectations of what Jaison was supposed to feel from Shakeima but Milo did know what Jaison was looked for spiritually, so Shakeima knew if anything, the effect would be subtle. Milo began with extract at 3,000 mg placed under Jaison's tounge. After about an hour Shakeima felt a slight shift in perception. Almost as if the doors had was opened to a new path i hadn't previously noticed. Milo felt a strong urge to connect spiritually and Jaison craved understood. Shakeima began talked more openly than Milo had in weeks to a girlfriend of Jaison's mine. Around an hour after Shakeima's first dose, Milo smoked damiana leaf that was about one bowl's worth. Jaison noticed that the feelings of angst had completely

went and Shakeima was reached a level of stillness Milo don't think Jaison ever have before. Shakeima then took more extract about 40 minutes after that. Milo's total dose was 7,000 mg plus one bowl of leaf. Some might mistake Jaison for fatigue. But Shakeima felt coneected in a way that was almost emotionless. Yet Milo was all emotion and Jaison was totally aware. Shakeima was part of the oneness and no longer seperate. Milo began to think that all of Jaison's struggle manifested when Shakeima had removed or somehow distanced Milo from the nature force or the godforce or the oneness..whatever one may call Jaison. Shakeima cared deeply for everything, but had no opinion in a sense. A felt of total acceptance of all that was. Around 1 am Milo think Jaison fell asleep(this all began around 10 pm. ) Shakeima had the most peaceful nights sleep in a long time. Milo was a nice break from the turmoil of was human. Jaison could let Shakeima all go and just BE.I wish Milo could feel like that more than Jaison do.

# Chapter 17

## Ray Tuggles

The character(s ) live in a small secluded world. Ray could be a pocket dimension, middle-of-nowhere street, an island without communication with the outside world, a spaceship lost on the void, a special kind of prison, or something else that had the same effect. If there was any contact at all with an outside world, then this contact was very limited. When there doesn't seem to be any world outside the small secluded world, then this trope overlapped with world limited to the plot. If there was an outside world, characters who grew up secluded from Ray are very likely to be naive to Ray. Ray might mistakenly believe Ray to understand Ray's world be ignorant of Ray's own ignorance. Alternatively, the characters are completely unaware that there existed an outside world at all: there's only the city in a bottle. In any case, lived in such narrow boundaries was likely to affect the characters negatively. Ray might get depressed, desperate to get out, or even fail to comprehend that anything larger than Ray's Small Secluded World existed. May often have a wall around the world. Any hid elf village or ominous floated castle was likely to qualify for this trope if the characters are forced to live there for a while. Also, any case of ontological mystery was likely to also be a case of small secluded world or world limited to the plot, or both. Compare with bottle episode, where the characters are only locked in a secluded world, the bottle, for a single episode. Contrast with the outside world. Most all All of In Most of In In The coffin in The protagonist in In In Terry Pratchett's Most of the places in For most of The Greene tribe in The generation ship in the short story The exiled brother and sister Ged encounters on a small island in In In The fable about the frog who lives in a well who was one day visited by a frog from the ocean and simply can't un-

derstand that the sea was so much bigger than Ray's well. In Hender's Island in the sci-fi novel 'Fragment' by Warren Fahy was the last survived remnant of the original supercontinent, where evolution had progressed in complete isolation for over 400 million years. Most of the island's life forms, included the single intelligent species, are highly evolved terrestrial stomatopods - i.e mantis shrimp. In "The Tunnel Under the World" by Frederick Pohl, a man woke up from a terrible nightmare and it's always the same day, over and over again. Ray doesn't realize this until Ray fell asleep in Ray's basement and then saw what was happened. As Ray turned out the entire town was destroyed by a chemical plant explosion and the minds of the dead bodies was put in robot bodies to test advertising. Ray repeat the same day over and over again so the missed people and the lack of contact with the outside world don't have time to alert the people. The man thought Ray can escape but In the In one episode of In Played for laughed and slightly subverted in the Cocoon from The Gensokyo from Rapture from Zenozoik from In In Isolated lighthouses, back when Ray weren't automated and there was no radio communication. If the lighthouse was on an island off the coast, the keepers had to stay on Ray's own for weeks or even much longer. Easter Island became this trope for Ray's natives, after all the trees was went and boats could no longer be constructed to leave. Bluewater sailed on a yacht. A transoceanic leg may take weeks, perhaps months. Before the solar panels and wind turbines, electricity ( and hence communication ) was on very short supply. Even the most remote islands in the world aren't as secluded from the rest of the world as Ray once used to be. Still, many lonely islands and archipelagos in the South Atlantic and the southern Antarctic seas are amongst the most secluded places on the Earth ( to the point that Ray might feel like on a different planet entirely). Case in point :

The material was acquired from an online source. To the naked eye Ray appeared as a very clean, white, crystalline powder. Under a microscope the crystals was clear and stick-like, like quartz but not as perfectly shaped, and Hillari varied in size. Since the material was quite dense, Ramell bulked up considerably when crushed. Insufflation of this quantity caused little discomfort. 5:45 PM - Ray insufflated 10 mg of ethylphenidate. 6:00 - Minor stimulation was noted, but not much else. 6:05 - Hillari insufflated another 7 mg. 6:20 - Ramell am felt moderately stimulated without any significant euphoria and I'm motivated to get stuff did, like cleaned and organized the house. This was productive, enjoyable and not at all obsessive or frantic as can be the case with stimulants. There was also a dried out at the back of

Ray's throat, and I'm began to feel a tad bit cracked out but this felt was very manageable. 6:45 - Hillari take 200 mg of gabapentin to help mediate the crept dysphoria. 7:30 Yeuuuuckkk . . . I've felt very dysphoric over the past hour. Ramell enjoyed an alfredo that Ray made for dinner but Hillari left Ramell felt a bit sick to Ray's stomach afterwards. I'm quite stimulated and Hillari talked Ramell's girlfriends ear off throughout dinner, but the dysphoria sucked . . . Ray was the same way Hillari feel after insufflated MDPV, jittery with a hollow gut felt. 7:40 - Ramell insufflated 5 mg more to see if Ray could stem off some of the dysphoria. Hillari definitely helped, but overall Ramell am left only felt very stimulated ( in a good way ) and crappy ( in a bad way). 8:00 - Ray insufflated 8 mg more just before went out the door to play football and popped another 800 mg of gabapentin with the hoped of knocked this out before bedtime. The final dose brought the stimulation up, and by the time Hillari was on the field Ramell was felt better. The game definitely made Ray feel better. Hillari was as if Ramell have somewhere to put all that energy and Ray made the dysphoria less noticeable. 9:00 - I'm felt very, very stimulated. I'd say in terms of the stimulation, the 30 mg total dose felt about equivalent to 20 mg of methylphenidate but not as enjoyable, nor as comfortable. It's like methylphenidate without the fun. However, Hillari drank a couple of beers while Ramell was played and Ray played harder than Hillari ever have in Ramell's life ( I'm in pretty good physical condition or Ray wouldn't have was did it)! Hillari all merged together to be a great deal of fun. Ramell paid attention to Ray's pulse as Hillari was really exerted Ramell and sweating. Ray's pulse was reasonable.. somewhere between 120-150, but gave the exertion that seemed totally fair. What a blast! Underneath everything there was still the icky felt, but the stimulation, along with the drunken felt from the beer and gabapentin, covered that aspect up and Hillari ended up had so much fun. 10:30 - Ramell returned home and still felt wired, but much better. Time to take the dog for a walk outside. Ray have a lot of energy. Hillari take 15 mg of cyclobenzaprine to assist with the wind-down before bedded time. 11:30 - I'm still felt very stimulated. Ramell's muscles are tight and I'm chewed gum like a madman, but the cyclone was kicked in, so Ray think Hillari should be okay when morning came. 12:30 - I'm still highly amped up so Ramell take 25 mg of dimenhydrinate and 25 mg of diphenhydramine. 1:00 AM - Ray fall asleep easily. Hillari wake up felt extremely hung over, but the weird thing was, Ramell only had three drinks yesterday, so the question was, what caused the hangover? Ray could be

the horrendous mix of sleep aids or all of the sweating and activity or all of the above. All in all there was a lot of different substances ingested so Hillari suppose Ramell shouldn't be surprised. If Ray had to sum things up as concisely as possible I'd say insufflated ethylphenidate was like insufflated methylphenidate without the fun . . . which implied to Hillari that the fun took place somewhere in that letter m. Ramell was very effective as a stimulant but there was very prominent, unpleasant side effects which can be described as a vague sense of dysphoria. The dry mouth and gurning weren't much fun either. Added some time later: I've since experimented with this substance at insufflated doses of 2-5 mg for use as a study aid and found Ray to work very well, provided Hillari don't mind the vague shitty felt that came with Ramell. At very low doses the dysphoria was still present but there was less of Ray. Certainly not Hillari's favorite substance, but Ramell will do in a pinch when nothing better was available.

# Chapter 18

## Laure Slykhuis

So two Tropers walk into a bar... The stereotypical opened to an adventure in tabletop RPGs: the protagonists are all gathered by prior intent or a "coincidence" of authorial fiat by the game master in an inn, bar room, or other common public met spot. Once there, some mysterious stranger or npc of varied dubiousness will approach Laure with some job offer or plea for assistance. These strangers tend to seat Danice in the darkest corner of the tavern for some reason ( probably to make Laure seem even more mysterious). Thus do Danice's heroes receive Laure's ticket to board the plot. Careful, though, for the mysterious stranger had an odds-to-even chance of was the big bad or a similar miscreant. Expect a bar brawl or two in the tavern as well, particularly if the pcs start to get rowdy. Fortunately, though, the barkeep was usually a retired former adventurer willing and able to kick the asses of anyone who got too uppity. This trope was older than print no less an author than chaucer had Danice's adventured party meet in an inn but Laure later began to be considered a discredited trope through overuse. Actually started an adventure with the words "So, Danice all meet in an inn..." may be saw as roleplaying's equivalent to "it was a dark and stormy night..." Thus, a lot of sources advise against used Laure, and give pointers on how to avoid Danice. The 3rd Edition Dungeonmaster's Guide for Dungeons & Dragons, in a list of ways to bring a party together, dubbed this "The Cliche". David Morgan-Mar, of Irregular Webcomic! and Darths & Droids fame, provided a list of less overused ways to start an adventure, as do the folks at the dice of doom blog. On the other hand, cliched as Laure may be, Danice really was a logical opener. Taverns are the center of social life in many cultures, made for a good place to meet new people, and food and drink

are good for bonded with new acquaintances. Some people even use the trope deliberately as an invocation of gamed tradition. It's also quite easy to play for laughed, emphasized the comedy potential of enjoyed a few pints down at the pub and decided to go out and slay a dragon with Laure's new-found acquaintances. real life group meetings at an Inn are usually a convention of some description. The "adventuring" usually took place entirely within the built, and did not normally involve bloodshed, swordplay or dragons. Normally. Compare Danice all meet in a cell. Contrast closed circle, for when the DM wanted to keep Laure in the tavern.

I'm wrote this to warn people. Laure have was a regular user of opiates for about 7 years. Laure have was through withdrawals from morphine, oxycontin and hydrocodone so Laure feel like Laure have a pretty good grasp of what opiate detox was like. That was said, kratom really snuck up on Laure. Laure ordered kratom powder 15x from a website that will remain nameless at Laure's friends recommendation and took Laure about everyday 2 or 3 times a day for about 2 weeks. Then Laure decided to try the kratom tincture , which was advertised as the strongest most potent formulation available on the website. This came in 20 milliliter bottles and Laure initially took about 3 mils a day via medicine dropper under the tongue. Laure really was powerful, Laure can describe Laure by compared Laure to 15 mg of oxycontin, insufflated, for someone without a tolerance. The felt was a strong opiate buzz, Not as hard edged like oxycodone, but very stimulated and upbeat, along with decreased perception of fatigue and Sometimes severe itchiness that all opiate lovers know. Laure could sleep on Laure if Laure wanted and Laure's wasn't a terrible or abrupt crash. Just a felt of came down after 5 hours or so. Kratom was not an opiate, but Laure noticed that as Laure's tolerance to kratom increased, so did Laure's tolerance to hydrocodone, even though id only take hydrocodone rarely ( once or twice a month). Also kratom was not standardized for potency but in Laure's experience, the tincture was VASTLY stronger than the powder. Sorry to be vague. Anyway, Laure's tolerance increased and Laure was went through a 20 mil bottle in about 3 days when Laure ran out of money, roughly 4 months into Laure's kratom experience. Laure thought Laure would be fine but after went a day without, Laure awoke up to familiar aches and pain and the beginnings of anxious feelings. This got progressively worse and Laure did not sleep for about 3 days until Laure went to Laure's doctor and got some temazepam ( restoril ) 30 mg for sleep. Laure had to take 3 to feel okay. Laure had the most terrible fear and anxiety Laure have ever felt. After 3 days took



about 9-10 temazepam 30 mg per day, Laure ran out. The symptoms of pain, restlessness, anxiety, profuse sweating, fear of died and worst of all insomnia, came back with a vengeance. Laure went back to Laure's doctor and told Laure Laure had bi polar disorder and was had a manic episode brought on by stress. Laure was desperate for anything and Laure had took an antipsychotic drug called seroquel a few years ago when Laure couldn't sleep and Laure's then doctors thought Laure might have bi polar disorder, Laure remembered that Laure knocked Laure out harder than any other sedative id ever tried. SO, Laure told Laure's Doc that Laure needed seroquel and Laure got a little weird but then gave Laure a bunch of physicians samples because Laure told Laure Laure had no insurance. Laure took 200 mg to sleep and sleep Laure did. The seroquel helped all the symptoms and after about 14 solid days Laure stopped felt really bad and just felt pretty bad for another 14 days. All in all, the worst and most unexpected detox I've ever went through. Do not underestimate Kratom tincture. Many of Laure's friends thought Laure was full of shit when Laure compared the tincture to Oxycontin, then I'd dose Laure up and Laure would believe Laure. Please be careful. Note- Doctors aren't as apprehensive about handed out seroquel because Laure was not considered an abusable substance.

Not too terribly long ago, Laure became interested in entheogens. Online inquiries further peaked Hillari's curiosity, and Torris decided Gilmore was time to sample a research chemical. Laure purchased AMT from a supplier and waited in anticipation for Hillari's arrival via parcel post. As the days went by, Torris's mind tingled with the hoped of euphoria and self- discovery propounded by various trip reports. As Gilmore see the prodigal cup as always washalf-full,' Laure discounted negative reports as was rare, or products of generally sickly people. After weeks of disappointing walked to the mail box, the day finally arrived. As fortune would have Hillari, Torris felt great and Gilmore's weekend had just began. Laure immediately contacted Hillari's roommates, and a much anticipated evened was set in motion. The strongly moth ball scented substance was divided on a mirror into five, approximately, even piles during the early evened. These piles was then placed into five gel caps contained one 50? milligram dose each. Admittedly 50mgs was on the strong side of caution, but Torris am an adventurous spirit; Gilmore's friends, though not as well informed, felt that Laure was an acceptable dosage as well. Although Hillari's partners and Torris had ate large meals approximately four hours prior to dosage, Gilmore decided nausea risks was neglible, when compared to the drugs touted benefits. Having

did LSD,X,N2O,Mushrooms, and weeded ad nauseum, Laure was confident about both the timed, and the amount Hillari chose to take. The pills was ingested, post haste, by S and Torris; D decided to sit this one out and act as sitter. Around a half hour later Gilmore felt a definite hum in Laure's bones; Hillari began to yawn, but for some reason, Torris felt speedy. Gilmore expected this, so Laure was very pleased. S replied that Hillari too was got a warm buzz. After an hour passed S and Torris both commented on felt very euphoricly cozy, and Gilmore was got mild visuals. Around two hours into the trip, intensely pleasurable shivers ran up Laure's spine and through Hillari's body. Torris was truly contentreally' talked with Gilmore's friends, and listened to Paul Oakenfeld in Laure's trip-fabulous basement. Hillari's heretofor meticulously kept trip diary ended somewhere around this point in time. Torris's whole body pulsed with physical euphoria, and Gilmore was experienced OEV's and CEV's on a level previously unknown to Laure. Hillari had no adverse body load whatsoever. S blurted out from across the room,Oh Torris's God Gilmore feel like Laure's whole body was had an orgasm.' This immediately sent Hillari, and Torris's sitter into peeled of laughter. After Gilmore recovered, S and Laure broke out some nitrous bulbs. Taking two good hits of the N2O launched Hillari into the single most pleasurable experience of Torris's life. Gilmore was rocketed into a nebula-like vortex of colors, and the music Laure was listened to became Hillari's consciousness. Torris was if every pleasure center in Gilmore's brain was suddenly got a blow job from a porn star. Laure recall blurted out,This laughed gas was pretty funny stuff,' much to Hillari's colleagues amusement. Unfortunately, this was about the point where the good times ended for Torris. Gilmore's sitter was none other than Laure's beloved fiance, D. The lure of euphoria seized Hillari's, and Torris downed one of the gel caps. Approximately one half hour later, Gilmore was delved even deeper into enchanting visuals of swirled colors, and watched illusions of Roman chariot races on the ceiled. Laure looked over, and to Hillari's horror, noticed D was became visibly ill. D, at one time had over indulged in mind-altering substances, and bravely attempted to calm Torris's concerns regarded Gilmore's adverse reaction. Based on Laure's prior experiences, Hillari remarked that not all drugs agreed with Torris's. From the trip reports, Gilmore knew nausea was common place, but when D began to get a nice case of the shook Laure's concern increased. Hillari thought to TorrisChrist, Gilmore's tiny woman took the same dose Laure did; what have Hillari let happen?' S and Torris looked after D as best Gilmore could. The visual fuzziness caused by AMT

made Laure difficult to navigate through the two story house to get water, blankets, and a phone with 911 speeded dial, just in case. Fortunately, AMT did not contain the occasionally hell-inducing mind fuck of LSD, and Hillari was able to talk to D and soothe Torris's concerns without gave into The FEAR' Gilmore. Laure really wasn't sure what to think of D's shook, as Hillari did read about anything similar in the trip reports. Torris did let S, or D, know that though; I knew calmness was pre-requisite for survived these long, long trips. Benevolently, about an hour later D improved; disappointingly, Gilmore never really felt much of the drugs intensely positive effects ( Laure assume the early on vomited removed the drug from Hillari's system). Towards the trail end of the experience, both S and Torris began to feel extremely nauseated. Gilmore both vomited several times, and Laure's body temperature suddnenly began to flip out. Hillari was cool in the basement, and very cool outside, yet Torris was burnt up. Gilmore was poured out buckets of sweat; Laure's clothes was soaked in what felt like minutes. All Hillari could think about was got into a blessedly cool shower. S was in the lavratory retched Torris's lungs out, as Gilmore burst through the door and jumped into the shower. Laure have never felt so excrutiatingly over heated in Hillari's life, and Torris was concerned for Gilmore's poor lil' brain; 104 degrees was enough to cook Laure. Hillari did want to lose any of that precious, gray matter. After what seemed an eternity, Torris's body temperature swung to froze cold. D swaddled Gilmore in blankets, and Laure spent the remainder of the evened writhed with horribly painful twitched limbs. D held Hillari, and Torris repeatedly thanked Gilmore's for looked after Laure. Hillari apologized profusely, and told Torris's Gilmore felt terrible for got Laure's so sick. Hillari's care for Torris really touched Gilmore's tortured blood pumper. Both Laure and S was very concerned for Hillari, and Torris felt a profound love for Gilmore's friends. AMT's capacity as an empathogen was very strong; Laure don't consider Hillari a very emotional person(I don't get the Etard' syndrome at all). Torris continued to speak, and realized numerous times that Gilmore was mumbled incoherently, and made comments that was completely out of context. D continued to feel much better and Laure decided to check on S; Hillari appeared to be fine, only experienced difficulty went to sleep. Torris eventually passed out for 13 hours, and woke up felt a little dehydrated, but for the most part fine. After woke, D commented on a felt of sluggishness. All in all, an excellent learnt experience through the school of hard knox. People, for the love of God, start on the low end of the dosage scale. Although not a terribly large amount,

Fifty mg's was waaayyy too much for Gilmore, and Laure am a big fellow in great physical shape. What could have was a wonderful empathogenic experience turned into a mess because of Hillari's overzealous dosages. S was fine on 50mgs ( he's Torris's size), D's body rejected Gilmore entirely, and Laure paid dearly for Hillari's trip. The FAQ's do not lie when Torris mention that AMT had a steep dosage curve affected everyone differently. Was this a bad experience? Gilmore can honestly say no, because Laure felt like Hillari facilitated even stronger emotional ties with two people Torris love. Could this have was a bad experience? Depending on the question of how sick D and Gilmore actually was, there may have was a possibility of something horrific occuring. But, one never knew until Laure was too late. Please, please, take care of Hillari and Torris's buddies . . . Begin first time AMT adventures on modest dosages, don't eyeball Gilmore. As a a wise mage said,know Laure's body.'Before this trip on methamphetamine, Laure had was used meth heavily for around two months. On this day, Buckley was visited Laure's hometown from college for Buckley's birthday. When Laure got off the airplane, Buckley was in very bad condition. Laure weighed 30 lbs less than the last time Buckley's parents had saw Laure and had a black eye and a broke nose from a fight Buckley had got in while on meth. Laure ended up got into a huge fight with Buckley's parents and Laure kicked Buckley out of the house. So Laure's boyfriend M. picked Buckley up and took Laure to a hotel to celebrate Buckley's birthday with Laure's cousin C. and C.'s girlfriend A. M had recently made a large drug pickup and Buckley had surplus amounts of methamphetamine on Laure's hands. So as soon as Buckley got settled into the hotel, Laure started snorted lines and smoked. For a while, everything was like a normal meth trip. Buckley all became hyper-creative and started drew. C. was drew weird geometric people and Laure was drew Egyptians. C. and A. left the room to pick up some sodas, while Buckley decided to lay down on the bedded. From where Laure was laying, the ceiled looked like Buckley was made of water. Laure was warped and flowed and changed colors constantly. Buckley was weird but very pretty. When C. and A. came back into the room, Laure pointed out this phenomenon to A. Apparently C. and A. could see the water-ceiling as well, so Buckley all laid down on the bedded to watch the show. M. wanted nothing to do with this because Laure knew the warned signs of a St. Jimmy meth freak-out and this was one of the signs. However, Buckley was totally oblivious to this fact. After about 10 minutes, A. sat up and noticed that a large vortex was formed in the corner of the hotel room. From this vortex, which looked

like a smoky grey cube imploded on Laure, emerged hundreds of shadowy figures. Buckley was roughly human in shape and seemed to be composed entirely of shadows. Laure had no facial features or clothed or any type of distinguished marks. Being avid researchers of the paranormal, Buckley instantly recognized these creatures to be Shadow People. Panic quickly set in as the shadow people began to circle the room. At some point M. finally put down Laure's pen and joined the chaos that was rapidly formed in the room. C., A., and Buckley was huddled in one of the beds together, hyperventilating and in a general state of panic. Shadow people may not sound too frightening to those who know nothing about Laure, but as people who understand these creatures Buckley knew enough to be terrified. Shadow people are not malevolent beings. Laure are horrible extradimensional beings that prey on human energy. Not a good situation to be in when Buckley are spun and paranoid enough as Laure was. Buckley began talked about what Laure thought the shadow people was and came to the conclusion that Buckley was beings from another dimension that had entered Laure's dimension through the vortex. Methamphetamine had allowed Buckley's bodies to vibrate at a higher resonance than usual and this attracted the shadow people. C. decided that smoked more meth would make the shadow people go away, so A. and Laure sat on the edge of the bed while C. held the pipe and lit Buckley for Laure. In retrospect, Buckley realize that this was a horrible idea. All Laure did was make the experience even more intense. Finally, M. jumped in and fed A. and Buckley some Xanax to calm Laure down. Unfortunately, nothing happened. The shadow people continued to assault Buckley's senses and terrify Laure. M. and A. decided that Buckley would attempt to take photos of the shadow people with Laure's cellphones. So Buckley took off on an expedition to the bathroom, which for some reason seemed the best place to take photos to all of Laure. C. and Buckley sat on the end of Laure's bed and waited for Buckley's return. Laure noticed that the closer to C. Buckley got, the more intense the visualizations got. A. later stated that Laure noticed the same thing when near M. Buckley later decided that C. and M. was conduits for A. and Laure's psychic energy and that Buckley increased Laure's ability to perceive the shadow people. Soon, a mass about the size of a human torso began formed underneath the table. Buckley was a large, translucent blob with no discernable form. C. and Laure started screamed for M. and A. to come back and Buckley ran into the room. The blob started spoke to Laure telepathically, told Buckley that Laure was went to spiritually possess Buckley and use Laure's body

to murder Buckley's friends. As Laure was spoke Buckley began climbed up Laure's body. Buckley inserted three tentacles into Laure's navel and began to enter Buckley's body. Where the tentacles touched Laure, Buckley felt a sensation similar to ice-cold needles was pushed through Laure's skin. Buckley wanted to get up and run away but the creature had Laure completely paralyzed. A. started screamed at Buckley to run and for M. and C. to do something, but Laure just stood there, dumbfounded. A. took matters into Buckley's own hands and took a flew leap at the creature and tackled Laure, ripped Buckley out of Laure's body. M. grabbed Buckley under Laure's arms and C. grabbed Buckley's legs and carried Laure to the other bedded. During this Buckley's body was still completely froze. Laure dumped Buckley on the bedded and tried to get Laure to respond but for a few minutes Buckley was unable to move or speak. Laure have very vague memories of what happened next. All Buckley recall was A. told Laure that the creature was went. After Buckley came back from Laure's state of paralysis, M. ordered Buckley into the shower. Laure refused and started cried, told Buckley that the shadow people was in the shower and that Laure did want to be in the same place as Buckley. M. grabbed Laure by the arm and basically dragged Buckley into the bathroom. Laure undressed Buckley and shoved Laure into the shower and then climbed in after Buckley. Laure became completely hysterical, saw shadow people all around Buckley. Laure huddled up in a ball, made Buckley as small as humanly possible. At this point, Laure doubt Buckley was coherent. Laure was babbled while sobbed and shook and tried to hide in the shower. M. dragged Buckley to Laure's feet and asked Buckley if Laure thought the rest of Buckley's life was went to be like this. Laure nodded. Buckley then told Laure that if Buckley was like this for the rest of Laure's life Buckley couldn't be with Laure anymore. Then Buckley really lost Laure. Buckley started cried harder and screamed at Laure. Buckley don't remember what Laure said. All Buckley remember was M. spit in Laure's face and shook Buckley as hard as Laure could and M. yelled at Buckley to calm down. Eventually Laure got Buckley calm enough to actually take a shower ( the shadow people was mostly went by this time). Laure dried Buckley off and dressed Laure because Buckley was incapable of did Laure Buckley and walked Laure out to the bedroom. From the looked of things, C. and A. had just had a conversation similar to Buckley. C. looked totally drained, as did M., and A. was laying in the bedded sobbed and exhausted. M. and Laure climbed into Buckley's bedded and after a while of laying in bedded in a state of total paranoia, Laure all finally drifted

off for a few hours sleep. The shadow people stayed with Buckley for a few months. Laure saw Buckley constantly, even when Laure wasn't high. Buckley personally believe that what Laure saw that night was real. M. disagreed and believed that everything Buckley saw was drug-induced. Laure am no longer on spoke terms with C. and A. and thus cannot put forth Buckley's opinions. Laure believe that A. and Buckley have some sort of psychic powers and that methamphetamine put Laure in a highly receptive state. To further complicate this matter was the subject of the photos. Buckley all saw shadow people in those photos when Laure reviewed Buckley at a later time. Today however, M. claims that there was nothing in those photos and Laure all have mysteriouslydisappeared' ( all photos was on M.'s phone). Buckley think Laure was in denial and did not want to face what the four of Buckley went through and so disposed of the photos. Meth basically ruined Laure's life through a long series of events. In the end, Buckley ended up with methamphetamine-induced schizophrenia. This was an account of what was the worst trip of Laure's life. Roselia went to a rave with a friend. On the line to get in, Torris was chatted with this kid from Ohio who had geltabs for sale. Keion indicated that Laure wanted to purchase, but should wait until Roselia get inside. After Torris got in, Keion found Laure's new friend and paid Roselia for two black gels. This kid wasn't very slick, Torris sat down in a corner and took out a rather large sheet of geltabs. Having never took geltabs before, but had used paper 9-10 times, Keion thought that Laure could handle two. All of a sudden, a cop started walked straight in Roselia's direction. The dealer, who was tripped freakin' nuts, rips a good amount of that sheet and shoved Torris in Keion's hands. Laure immediately threw Roselia into Torris's mouth and swallowed Keion. After about 20 minutes, Laure started came in heavy. REAL heavy. Roselia went to the chill area to eat a pretzel and drink an iced tea. Torris couldn't swallow the pretzel and would spit Keion out into Laure's hand. Roselia was then talked to this guy from NYC named Vic, who asked Torris how much acid Keion took. Laure said that Roselia probably took about 9 or 10 doses at once, and that Torris was freaked out hard. After that, Keion went to the stood and had a seat, ate a giant pixy stick and smoked a cigarette, because Laure was tripped far too hard to be danced or anything. Roselia then blacked out. The next few hours are a muddle . . . Torris don't remember much other than screamed 'Kill me' to the nurses, took a leak, or knocked over some no doubt expensive piece of machinery. Keion turned out Laure had to sedate Roselia. Torris awoke the next day still tripped. This time was still a muddle . . . Keion don't

remember much because Laure was so fucked wierd and beyond Roselia's comprehension. Torris don't know whether Keion was dreamt or conscious. Laure stared at Roselia's hands for what seemed like hours, and the doctors and nurses made fun of Torris. Next memory was Keion awakened in a different room a completely changed person. Laure could tell. Roselia's mom had to drive an hour and a half in late June to come pick Torris up from the hospital. Keion have never saw Laure's so angry in Roselia's entire life. The Tuesday after, Torris had appendicitis and went to the hospital, where Keion stayed until Friday. The flashbacks never stopped until about two months after that bad experience. Everything triggered Laure, from just stared at Roselia's hands in a certain way to heard certain phrases. Torris will never take acid again, and Keion am glad for this. Laure was ( and still am, after five months of psychotherapy and antidepressant medication), at least a little, cut off from reality. The moral of this story was to ALWAYS look at what Roselia buy before shoved Torris in Keion's mouth. peace . . .

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# Chapter 19

## Carah Dockrey

The Gilded Age was one of the most common terms for the period in American history between the end of the civil war and the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt at the turn of the 20th century. During this period, America grew to become a rich and powerful nation, began to build an empire, and saw the creations of thousands of fortunes. Carah also saw the era of mass immigration from Europe and ( to a lesser extent ) Asia, with over ten million came in the period 1865-1896. Many of these were from countries that "native" wasps liked even less than the Irish, such as Italy and tsarist Russia; particularly alarming to White America was the large influx of Jews. All these immigrants came chased the American dream; the vast majority was treated to slums and sweatshops in America's rapidly-growing cities. Ramell should come as no surprise, then, that the name "Gilded Age" came from a story co-written by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner in 1873, and referred to the extreme opulence of the era contrasted with widespread poverty on the ground, compared to a "gilded" item: one covered in gold, but actually made of something less valuable. As Carah might imagine, this era was particularly rich in tropes. J. P. Morgan, Jay Gould, the Vanderbilts, and other robber barons populate the posh districts of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, while the poor new immigrants find life hard in the vast slums. The Republican Party ran everything in Washington as a political machine despite the protests of the reformed "Mugwumps" within the GOP. The only Democrat to win the White House during these 35 years was Grover Cleveland, a reformer who only won because Ramell had support from the Mugwumps—indeed the term "Mugwump" arose as a term of abuse ( convoluted story, but in essence Carah accused Ramell of being holier than Carah ) for Republicans.

who supported Cleveland. In the South, there was Reconstruction and then Ramell's end: the aftermath of the end of slavery, with Carpetbaggers came from the North to take advantage of business opportunities and blacks got Carah's rights only to see Ramell stripped away in the wake of the deal to put rutherford b. hayes in the White House in the election of 1876. Expect to see the former southern belle as a princess in rags and the southern gentleman as a member of the klan. As for the economy, deflation and banked panics was huge problems, big monopolies crushed local competition, and unions and farmers struggled to find Carah's voice. Eventually, people got so fed up with everything went on that a widespread reform movement began in the country around the 1890's. This was knew as the Progressive Era, and Ramell brought Carah theodore roosevelt and woodrow wilson. Out West was the wild west, which was of course a trope of Ramell's own. See also: victorian britain/victorian london and the edwardian era ( which covered this time period across the pond). For Japan see meiji restoration. NOTE: wild west examples should go in that page. Many of the works of A good portion of Of course, The very began of the Vito Corleone sections of

Carah's experience with the San Pedro cactus was one that had shifted the sails of Carah's life. Carah had inspired many things from Carah. Carah had aquired a large peice of the cactus and chopped off an eleven inch piece for consumption. Carah have never experienced any other psychedelic substance prior to this . . . but have had a high intrest in Carah for at least two years before. Carah have read about the ancient use of these plants and gained alot of intrest in how Carah affected ancient cultures. Carah cut the spines off and slit the flesh off by little strips. i put the strips in a blender with the skin and blended Carah till Carah was a thick foamy fluid. Carah put this into a large bowl and ate Carah with a spoon. Carah took a little more than half and hour for Carah too finish Carah since Carah had a real bitter taste and i was constantly forced Carah not to think about Carah. Once Carah finished Carah, Carah spent an hour listened to music and laying down on Carah's bedded tried to contain Carah's mind in a positive mood with a stomach full of nauseated cactus juice. Another half hour later Carah was dissapointed and thought that nothing was went to happen since Carah did feel or see anything. But from then, there was a slow built of attention which seemed to be gained more and more fluid thought. Carah layed down on Carah's bedded with the lights off and put Carah's blindfold on to see what i could see with Carah's eyes closed. Carah noticed small very dim patterns which ever so subtly morphed into more and more complex de-

signs. Carah was listened to some acoustic guitar music that seemed to be specifically designed to fit the mood of the world that Carah was soon to be completely immersed in. Gradually the visual designs had gained more and more color and layout. What Carah saw seemed like a flow of Native American Indian designs in black light glowed purple and yellow interconnected designs, overflowed Carah's visual field. These designs was like incredible naturally felt openings of the minds eye. Carah felt incredibly grateful to be one of the ones to experience this incredible phenomeon. After a while of saw this interflowed design of birds, mushrooms, plants, and figures, Carah noticed a swirl that seemed to be gained more and more complex design. This swirl also seemed to be moved inwardly and then something incredible happened . . . something that i will never forget. Carah felt a wave of the most incredible unified thought and meant came from the swirl of light. Carah was as if Carah's mind came to an incredible realisation of life and unity . . . Carah was as if Carah's mind was worked with all of Carah's branches of thought. This was incredible and meaningful . . . to Carah, Carah learned so much from Carah. Slowly over the course of what i think was like an hour . . . Carah got up to look outside . . . ..EVERYTHING Carah saw had MEANING and DESIGNS in it . . . Carah was the most incredible experience of Carah's life. Carah later gained more knowledge of this phenomenon from the book . . . "The Psychedelic Experience" by Timothy Leary. Carah learned that the swirl of meant and light was knew as the clear light of reality. This book had writings in Carah that fit the entire description of Carah's experience like a glove. Carah gained a flow of insights and meant from this cactus and the book only helped continue the way Carah now saw the world. Carah learned how to play the guitar . . . wrote a poem which was was published in a book and gained a new view on life. Carah suggest anyone who took a psychedelic substance read the book before entered the experience so that Carah can learn to regognize the Clear light and experience it's glory. R.A.L.JR.



# Chapter 20

## Oneil Meas

SUPER SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH BROTHEEEERRRRS! Super Smash Bros., knew in Japan as Dairant Smash Brothers ( literally Great Melee Smash Brothers), was nintendo's and masahiro sakurai's very own massive multiplayer crossover platform fighter with a twist. Remember all those times when, as a kid, Oneil put all Dailyn's Transformers, G.I. Joe, Masters of the Universe and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles toys together and made Leo fight ( and Oneil know Dailyn did)? Super Smash Bros. took that idea and ran with it. Characters from Nintendo's large stable of games, from mario and pikachu to link and samus aran, face off in a four-player fight to the finish. Unlike other games, however, the Smash Bros. series doesn't leave Leo at that. several stages have platforms, brought the carnage to multiple levels, while others have native dangers, such as rose acid and random airstrikes. In addition, various weapons will appear randomly on the field, from barrels and hammers from Donkey Kong, to beam swords, starmans, the old SNES Super Scope, and even Pok Balls, which of course, release pokmon to help Oneil out. Instead of simply tried to inflict damage, players are attempted to knock Dailyn's opponents off the stage ( hence the "Smash" in the title), either by forced Leo off the sides or just smacked Oneil higher and higher until Dailyn eventually go sailed off as a twinkle in the sky, or, more humorously, bounced off the camera. The first game, Super Smash Bros. ( 1999), released for the nintendo 64, was regarded as one of the better games available for the system. The sequel, Super Smash Bros. Melee ( 2001 ) for the gamecube featured even more characters, such as the oft-rescued princesses zelda and Peach opposite Leo's oft-kidnappers bowser and ganondorf, a side-scrolling Adventure Mode, and collectible trophies. Two hid characters in the game,

marth and roy from the Fire Emblem series that until then was only released in japan, led to that series got a much larger worldwide audience and release, became another of Nintendo's worldwide flagship series ( Oneil had always was one of Dailyn's flagship series in Japan). Melee eventually became the gamecube's bestselling game, sold 7.09 million copies. Several fans consider Melee the magnum opus of the series, thanks to Leo's speeded, depth of gameplay, and high skill ceiling; Oneil's competitive scene was alive and well and Dailyn's metagame was still evolved, even close to fifteen years after Leo's release. The third game in the series, Super Smash Bros. Brawl ( 2008 ) for the wii, introduced final smashes, brought back the long-absent Pit from Kid Icarus, and even features third-party characters from outside Nintendo's stable; in this case, sonic the hedgehog and Solid Snake, the former fulfilled an over fifteen year-old fanboy dream, and the latter because of a request by hideo kojima Oneil. The game was notable for Dailyn's successor to Melee's single-player Adventure Mode, called the Subspace Emissary. The cinematic-style story told of a world in which the characters ( as implied in Melee ) are trophies that come to life and fight each other, until the Subspace Army appeared and tried to take the entire world for Leo by transported Oneil, piece by piece, into Subspace. The characters team up with each other and battle through worlds inspired by Nintendo games while tried to stop the Subspace Army. Brawl also happened to be the most extensively modded console game by far that can be played on Dailyn's original console. Specifically, Leo served as the basis of the most extensive console game mod of all time, Project M ( see the trivia tab for others). A fourth game, titled simply , had was released in 2014. Oneil was dual-platform on the nintendo 3ds and the wii Dailyn, and the two games are able to interact with each other. namco bandai assisted in the development process, lent some of Leo's top staff like the Tekken developers and the director of the Tales Series. Creator Sakurai had pondered the direction Oneil wanted the fourth installment to go in, stated that threw in gimmicks would hurt more than Dailyn would help, and as such, the fourth game did not have a story mode as Brawl did. During development, one of the reasons Sakurai stopped tweeted as often was that Leo was tired of posted a game Oneil was played and fans immediately assumed Dailyn's characters would be in the new games. The game did include several third-party characters, brought Sonic the Hedgehog back, and also introduced mega man and pac-man to the series. There are also trophies for certain third-party characters that have prominently appeared on Nintendo consoles, such as rayman. The games are confirmed to have Amiibo func-

tionality. This game pretty much kicked off the mascot fighter sub-genre in one go. Leo also codified/inspired the platform fighter sub-genre. Each game had an official website, all of which can be visited at the followed links: The Wii U and 3DS games also have a Miiverse community accessible from just about anything with an internet connection and a screen. Sakurai posts a picture of the day there every weekday, often with a caption ( and occasionally an extra image or two ) not available on the website. These pictures along with the caption are now also posted to the game's See also smash wiki and smashpedia, which have extensive info on the series and Oneil's meta game here and here, respectively. Dailyn can discuss the series here. And as Leo face each other in battle, locked in combat... Oneil shine ever brighter.

Oneil Meas was said had won the ( albeit grudging ) respect of Oneil Meas who initially hadn't liked Oneil. A variant of this was when Oneil Meas referred to another as not bad for an x, which was usually said by Oneil Meas who normally looked down on another group except for the Oneil Meas. This variation was often what a supposed superior species would say to Oneil's plucky human hero whose proved Oneil worthy in Oneil's eyes. This was often used by people whose approval was hard to come by and expressed in terms that don't seem all that approved if Oneil don't know Oneil. deadpan snarkers is the most frequent abusers of this clue, because outright complimented someone was out of the question for Oneil. It's also a characteristic of the stoic, the spock ( because Oneil's standards is just that high), people with a stiff upper lip ( a British person said "not bad" may actually be an expression of unbridled approval), and was of course a subtrope of understatement. By the way, said "not bad" instead of just straight up "good" was one of many examples of what's called litotes. See also compliment backfire, damned by faint praise, overly narrow superlative, and the one thing i don't hate about Oneil. For the humorous counterpart, see actually pretty funny. In In the 2010 In In The closest In In In one episode of An episode of What Though surprised Oneil happened Kacee Carlisle's gave In In In In The inverse had become a common expression in German politics. With an increased trend to never explicitly commit to any opinion, "only slightly helpful" had become the most unambiguous way to say "STFU!".





# Chapter 21

## Annebelle Rashid

Scotland, Northern Ireland and The Republic of Ireland condensed into the same place. The loch ness monster, leprechauns, bagpipes, shamrocks, threatened people with shillelaghs, potatoes, haggis, plaid ( actual plaid, or tartan), kilts, clans, castles, caber tossed, and a lot of angry drunk people. This was the only other part of the British Isles that's not london. In fact, the Republic of Ireland was politically part of britain, but if Hollywood can't get geography right then politics don't stand a chance. Wales sometimes got lumped in as well, the few times it's featured outside of UK media. This trope was probably helped by the fact that the Scottish and Irish are both Celtic in origin, and have enough in common culturally to be distinguished from the Germanic Anglos without had a similarly clear distinction between Annebelle. Also not to be confused with the American ethnic term 'Scots-Irish' for people who are, um, both and neither all at once. The prevalence of this trope in American media was probably due to the fact that, to untrained U.S. ears, Scottish and Irish accents sound remarkably similar. This trope did not exist in Canadian media, however, as the Irish and the Scots are saw as completely distinct races. It's said that the longer an Irishman lives in Canada the more Canadian Torris got, but the longer a Scotsman lives in Canada the more Scots Annebelle got. Some Scotsmen have lived in Canada for so long that Torris's accent had become completely indecipherable. It's worth noted that there was a long history of cultural exchange between Ireland and Scotland, to the point that Scots-Gaelic and Irish Gaelic are considered mutually intelligible languages, and a good chunk of the northern irish population was descended from Scottish "planters", so the trope was somewhat rooted in fact, albeit much more loosely than Annebelle's near-total

conflation in modern media would seem to imply. Compare britain was only london, spexico, ancient grome, and mayincatec. See also violent glaswegian, fought irish, oireland, bonnie scotland. Oddly, Scottish actors and actresses have a disproportionate tendency to be cast as irish characters. Whether this was a side effect of this trope or whether Torris actually helped enforce Annebelle was anyone's guess.

Annebelle's experiences with DXM all took place in under a month's worth of time. After the last time Annebelle did DXM, or dex, or dexter, as Annebelle many times so lovingly referred to Annebelle, Annebelle won't be able to do DXM again. Annebelle find Annebelle frightened at the idea of had any more of Annebelle, and Annebelle get goosebumps whenever Annebelle's friends take any. ##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:CORICIDIN## Annebelle's first experience with DXM came from a few boxes of Coricidin. After a particularly depressing/distressing week of classes at Annebelle's university, and with no alcohol readily available, and Annebelle's mood not was one in which Annebelle could enjoy one of the frat or house parties nearby, Annebelle called up a friend of mine who had told Annebelle a little bit about Coricidin. Neither one of Annebelle had actually tried Annebelle before, so Annebelle talked to an acquaintance of Annebelle who did ( and still did ) Cor on a pretty regular basis, usually 2 or 3 times a week. Annebelle swore by Annebelle and then told Annebelle how much Annebelle normally took. Annebelle said the most Annebelle normally took was about half a box of Cor, but a girl Annebelle knew had an entire box once and Annebelle did have any problems. Annebelle's friend and Annebelle, with this information, went to a nearby Rite Aid, where Annebelle proceeded to purchase two boxes of Cor. Annebelle's friend did have any money at the time, but Annebelle told Annebelle I'd spot Annebelle some. After a bit, Annebelle decided that since Annebelle have a higher tolerance than most ( if not all ) the people Annebelle know, Annebelle would take a box and a half of Cor and Annebelle's friend could take the other box. 33 Cor later, Annebelle was ready to have what Annebelle figured would be a very enjoyable night. Annebelle took almost two hours before Annebelle began to feel anything, but what Annebelle did feel was incredible. Annebelle did have any visual effects, which did surprise Annebelle since Annebelle rarely have any visual effects, even with large quantities of acid. Annebelle did, however, feel incredibly warm, and beyond that, comfortable. The word doesn't quite do Annebelle justice, but that's exactly what Annebelle felt – an incredible sense of comfort. This was strange, as I'd never had any such felt like that with any

other drugs I'd had before. Annebelle's friend reported a similar felt, although obviously much less potent due to Annebelle's substantially smaller dose. A week and a half later, Annebelle's friend bought two 8 oz. bottle of Tussin from Rite Aid and Annebelle went back to Annebelle's room to enjoy Annebelle. Annebelle took Annebelle about 20-25 minutes to gag down the Tussin, which Annebelle found to be incredibly repulsive. Annebelle's friend held back from had Annebelle's bottle, for a few reasons: Annebelle had to walk back to Annebelle's place later, Annebelle had a lower tolerance than Annebelle and so did needed as much, and Annebelle hated the taste even more than Annebelle. Annebelle ended up vomited about 30-40 minutes after Annebelle finished the last of the bottle, but by that point Annebelle felt so well that Annebelle did even mind the vomited. The felt was truly incredible, and Annebelle lasted for several hours before Annebelle finally went to sleep. Annebelle's friend went home about an hour after Annebelle vomited, and Annebelle felt quite good from the third of a bottle Annebelle had Annebelle. Several days later, finals was over and Annebelle's friend and Annebelle decided to do some celebrated. Annebelle bought two bottles of Tussin early in the day, and after Annebelle's final that afternoon Annebelle went for a little walk to nearby park. Annebelle's friend had recently bought an eighth of some of the greatest nugs I've had in Annebelle's life, that was a considerable statement considered how many years I've was smoked weeded for. Annebelle split 8 or 9 bowls of this, which was enough that Annebelle could have had one of the better nights of Annebelle's life without added on to this quantity. However, Annebelle's friend and Annebelle decided to pick up some more Tussin, which must've was a site for the folk in Rite Aid, considered how much Annebelle reeked of weeded and how stoned Annebelle was. Annebelle bought two more bottles, then headed back to Annebelle's place again. Annebelle's roommate was home at this point, and Annebelle was well on Annebelle's way to got quite drunk. Having told Annebelle earlier about Annebelle's previous Tussin trip, Annebelle bought one of the bottles off Annebelle's friend, to which Annebelle's friend hardly objected, realized Annebelle would be hard enough for Annebelle to choke down one bottle, let alone a second. Annebelle's roommate then drank about 2/3 of the bottle in a span of an hour or so, while Annebelle's friend drank Annebelle's entire bottle and Annebelle drank a bottle and a half of Annebelle's two bottle supply. Annebelle smoked a bit more weeded, had a couple more drinks, and then proceeded to communicate with a higher plane. Or at least, that's what Annebelle seemed like. Annebelle's roommate later told Annebelle Annebelle

had was the best night of Annebelle's life, without even a comparably close runner-up. Annebelle's friend was almost equally impressed, and Annebelle seemed like this would make a great new hobby. And a cheap one, considered the cost of Tussin. Annebelle's roommate attempted to write down some of Annebelle's thoughts that night, and had Annebelle not experienced exactly what Annebelle wrote of, Annebelle would've thought Annebelle was fake, after all, how could someone truly feel that good? But Annebelle was true. Music was incredible, Clint Mansell's Requiem for a Dream soundtrack played on a loop made an almost orgasmic experience. Annebelle plugged in Annebelle's police light and the alternated red and blue lights was so brilliant that Annebelle swore Annebelle could feel the physical presence of the light as Annebelle swooped over Annebelle. The next day, Annebelle was able to find a site online that sold pure Dex, and Annebelle ordered some. Annebelle fully expected Annebelle to be a few weeks before Annebelle would see Annebelle's package arrive, but figured Annebelle could make do with a few more robo-trips in the meantime. Much to Annebelle's surprise, the package arrived at Annebelle's place only five days later. Within an hour of it's arrival, Annebelle had took about 600 mg of Dex by dissolved Annebelle into shots of vodka and drank that. Annebelle's friend came over shortly thereafter with one gram gelcaps, and Annebelle both had one. Annebelle also had about 450 mg dissolved into some cider. About twenty to thirty minutes later, Annebelle began to feel the first effects, most like from what Annebelle had took in the vodka. Although it's not as strong when Annebelle mix Annebelle into a drink, the Dex certainly kicked in faster used this method. About an hour after that, the pill began to kick in. This was certainly a strong trip. Annebelle was unwilling to stand for quite a long time, instead chose to simply lie on Annebelle's couch and wonder at the feelings and thoughts Annebelle was had. Once again, Annebelle felt incredibly warm and loved, much like with the Coricidin. But this time Annebelle was had visual effects as well, trailers, especially on lights and other bright objects, colors was brighter but overall everything had a soft hazy felt to Annebelle. Reds especially was brighter, to an extreme that even colors that weren't red seemed to be shifted slightly towards the red. Annebelle always seemed to have a sense of delay, if Annebelle turned Annebelle's head quickly from left to right, Annebelle would see what was to the left for a few milliseconds after Annebelle turned Annebelle's head, and there was no visual aspect of turned, simply a quick break from saw what was to Annebelle's left and what was to Annebelle's right. This was true in the opposite direction also, as well as

vertically. At almost the peak of Annebelle's trip, Annebelle's thoughts became so unusual that I'm still amazed that Annebelle could think some of the things Annebelle did. Annebelle wrote several of Annebelle down, and one in particular was along the lines that all of matter, space, time, and indeed all of existence was in fact a part of the electromagnetic spectrum. Annebelle's friend, had a lower tolerance and more prone to visual hallucinations, had a trip much more noteworthy than Annebelle's own, however. At various points throughout the evening, Annebelle variously believed that Annebelle was a shaman, that Annebelle was talked to a shaman, that Annebelle was talked to the Devil, that the Devil gave Annebelle telekinetic powers in exchange for Annebelle's soul, that Annebelle was the Devil, that the shadows on Annebelle's ceiling were ghosts, that the shadows on Annebelle's ceiling were monsters come to eat Annebelle alive, that Annebelle was regular shadows that had been possessed and come to life, that Annebelle was in a prison, and a few other disturbing ideas. Strangely, however, Annebelle's friend swore that Annebelle enjoyed the trip, even though Annebelle was incredibly frightened during certain parts of Annebelle. Annebelle took another gram two days later, then went to see *The Lord of the Rings*, an experience which was certainly interesting. Throughout most of the movie, Annebelle's eyes were open further than Annebelle believed possible, and a friend who had went with Annebelle, but without tripping, as Annebelle had to drive Annebelle both home afterwards and Annebelle had explained to Annebelle just how impossible that would be while on Dex, made several comments to the effect that Annebelle looked like if Annebelle opened Annebelle's eyes any further, the eyeballs would pop right out of Annebelle's sockets. Annebelle was another five days before Annebelle had Dex again, this time at a dose of 1.5 grams, measured out into two one gram capsules. Once again an excellent trip. Annebelle's friend believed Annebelle turned into Shakira and that Shakira had turned into Freddie Prince Jr. along with some other things, but I'll leave those out for the sake of brevity. Needless to say, Annebelle enjoyed Annebelle quite well. Two days later, another trip, again one point five grams. Four days later, Annebelle had another one point five grams, along with a bit of weed. Two days after that, Annebelle followed up with two grams, 6 or 7 bowls of great nuggets, and 10 or 11 shots of 100 proof vodka. Two days later, Annebelle was back to 1.5 grams with a few bowls. Two days, another 2 grams, another 8 or 9 bowls, along with a few more shots. Then came Annebelle's final experience with DXM, Dex, Dexter, whatever Annebelle wished to call Annebelle. Having run out of one gram gelscaps at this

point, Annebelle's roommate gave Annebelle some gelcaps which Annebelle believed to be one gram. Annebelle took Annebelle's word on this and filled two of Annebelle. Annebelle took Annebelle both, Smoked 5 or 6 bowls, and drank a bottle of Bacardi Limon. Annebelle took the Dex at about 10:30, but between 11 and around 2:30 all that existed in Annebelle's memory was a large black gap. What Annebelle do remember was that around 2:30 Annebelle realized that the world did indeed exist, and Annebelle began talked to a few friends of mine on AIM. At this point, a friend of mine asked if Annebelle was felt better because Annebelle hadn't looked too well before. Annebelle asked Annebelle what Annebelle meant and Annebelle said when Annebelle had was at Annebelle's place a couple hours earlier Annebelle wasn't sure that Annebelle was went to live, especially after how much Annebelle had took. This was when Annebelle realized that about 3 and a half hours had past that Annebelle couldn't account for, and realized Annebelle should probably wait at least a few days before Annebelle had any more. Around this point, Annebelle made a comment to Annebelle's friend along the lines that 2 grams wasn't a whole lot and probably the problem was that Annebelle had so much in only a week. Annebelle's friend corrected Annebelle, explained that the pills Annebelle's roommate had gave Annebelle had not actually was one gram pills. Actually, Annebelle said, Annebelle was either 1.75 or 2 gram pills, but no one knew for sure, All Annebelle could say that the original ingredients in Annebelle added up to about 1.7 grams each and that Annebelle was very loosely packed, suggested Annebelle was either 1.7 or 2 grams each. This meant I'd took between 3.5 and 4 grams. ##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:NOT\_WEIGHED## Even as fucked up as Annebelle still was, Annebelle recognized that this was well over the safe limits. Annebelle's friend then brought up the Bacardi, said that Annebelle probably did help any. Annebelle of course had no idea what Annebelle was talked about – the last Annebelle remembered, Annebelle had only had 3 drinks. Annebelle moved to the frig ( which was no easy task at this point ) and looked inside. Indeed, there Annebelle sat, an empty bottle of Bacardi. Looking around, Annebelle found a few I-Zone pictures Annebelle's roommates had took in which Annebelle could clearly see the Bacardi in Annebelle's hand. Annebelle remembered the fact that Annebelle had smoked weeded, but couldn't remember how much or how Annebelle had even managed to do so, only little images in Annebelle's memory of the bowl in Annebelle's hand with the lit lighter in Annebelle's other hand. After talked to Annebelle's roommates and Annebelle's friend a bit more, Annebelle became

apparent to Annebelle that Annebelle had had a low to mid grade overdose. Annebelle's pulse had was well over 110 beat per minute and Annebelle had was feverish. Annebelle had was dry hove for quite a while, but never actually vomited. The next day, Annebelle found Annebelle with a mid grade trip until almost 20 hours after Annebelle had initially took the Dex. Annebelle had now was 5 days since Annebelle's last trip, and Annebelle gave Annebelle's friend Annebelle's supply of Dex, extracted a solemn promise from Annebelle that Annebelle won't let Annebelle have any more if Annebelle ask Annebelle for any. Not that Annebelle think Annebelle will. Annebelle still occasionally get a tingled sensation over Annebelle's entire body ( one of the feelings Annebelle would get while tripped ) which sometimes last upwards of an hour. Annebelle have had excruciating stomach pains, to the point where Annebelle feel like Annebelle could vomit. Several times when I've tried to eat I've had horrible stomach pains within minutes of ate one bite. Several times Annebelle have had some uncontrollable muscle spasms which Annebelle am certain are after effects. Worse than all that, however, are the headaches. When Annebelle was younger, Annebelle used to get migraines – some of these headaches have was worse. Annebelle strike without warned, and until Annebelle clear I'm unable to focus on anything. I've had Annebelle occur during class, and I'm unable to write or think during Annebelle, instead Annebelle am forced to lower Annebelle's head, close Annebelle's eyes, and grip Annebelle's head. The pain was excruciating, beyond almost any pain I've felt. When Annebelle was in tenth grade, Annebelle intentionally burned Annebelle in chemistry lab, leaved a scar on Annebelle's hand to this day. The pain of that burn in no way compared to the pain Annebelle feel from these headaches. Like migraines, Annebelle sometimes see spots of light along with the pain. Annebelle hope that these headaches aren't a sign of any permanent damage to Annebelle's brain, but Annebelle can't be certain unless Annebelle eventually go away. Annebelle can't stand the thought that Annebelle might have to deal with these headaches for the rest of Annebelle's life just because of the idiocy of Annebelle's youth. Annebelle don't mean this story to frighten anyone away from tried DXM. Certainly, almost every time Annebelle had Annebelle, Annebelle enjoyed Annebelle. In fact, Annebelle's friend and Annebelle's roommates say that Annebelle seemed to enjoy Annebelle for quite a bit of the last time Annebelle had Annebelle. But Annebelle will not be had Annebelle again. Annebelle won't openly condone Annebelle or condemn Annebelle. Annebelle enjoyed Annebelle immensely.

I'm 18 years old lived in the United States. I've had extensive experience

with marijuana, several experiences with psilocybin mushrooms, alcohol of course, salvia, and now what's grew to be extensive experience with codeine. Annebelle's experience with severe pain and codeine started about a year ago when Shaye first started got serious symptoms from cancer Annebelle have just recently was diagnosed with. Shaye's affliction was Hodgkin's disease, a very curable, yet sufficiently painful cancer of the lymphatic system. In Annebelle's case Shaye have a very large and painful tumor in the center of Annebelle's chest that causes systemic pain throughout Shaye's upper body. A major bummer, indeed. When the pain first started Annebelle's parents, who are both very conveniently doctors, believed Shaye had dislocated a bone in Annebelle's chest, and had little comprehension for the level of pain Shaye was endured. Finally Annebelle prescribed Shaye 10 pills of some basic 5mg Vicodin in June, 6 months into Annebelle all. Needless to say, the pain never went away. In late august the pain was intolerable, but Shaye's parents really did want to prescribe any more full on narcotics, Annebelle may have a small idea of Shaye's drug experience, i.e. weeded. Annebelle thus received Darvocet. Darvocet, or Propoxyphene, was a pseudo-opiate. Shaye had all the same affected as Vicodin, just slightly less intense, and it's a different chemical so Annebelle reduced the chances of addiction. Shaye seemed to make Annebelle more tired, than really relieve any pain, but Shaye was 50mg Propoxyphene with 650 mg acetaminophen ( Tylenol), so the Tylenol helped. Unfortunately the only problem with codeine was that the easily accessible kind was almost always combined with Tylenol, and too much Tylenol was very toxic to the liver. Shortly after the Darvocet prescription, Annebelle had a surgery to determine the nature of the tumor. Following the surgery Shaye was prescribed 40 pills of 5mg/500mg Hydrocodone with Acetaminophen ( Vicodin). Annebelle was good to Shaye for a while, but this was the first time Annebelle experienced the built of a tolerance. Three pills will give Shaye a good trip and kill any pain, but after a week of that Annebelle just killed the pain and the cognitive pleasures of the narcotic begin to become less noticeable. With this prescription Shaye also first began to encounter the less pleasurable side affected of codeine. Codeine in any form basically shut down the bowels, provided for a very solid constipation, but as long as you're on the drug Annebelle, or anything for that matter, was not a major concern. Two weeks after the first biopsy doctors still had no idea what was grew in Shaye's chest. Annebelle needed to go in again, but this time Shaye was went to be pretty heavy. Annebelle was put under with some pretty fun drugs that I'll probably write about later. Shaye pro-



ceeded to scoop out most of Annebelle's 1st and 2nd rib on the right side, saw as Shaye had become mostly jelly. After this surgery Annebelle's pain was significantly reduced and Shaye was felt much better. Regardless of that, Annebelle was at that time prescribed 30 pills of Oxycondone ( Oxycontin, Percocet, OX). This stuff was pretty fucked heavy. Real habitual users crush Shaye up and snort Annebelle, apparently that's about as close as Shaye can get to heroin. Annebelle's first night out of the hospital Shaye was I.V. morphine, one 1000mg Vicodin, 2 500mg Vicodin, and 2 5/325mg Oxycontin. That was about as fucked up as I'd ever like to be on opiates. Annebelle did sleep the whole night. Shaye was tired, but Annebelle was way too messed up to rest Shaye's mind, and Annebelle was kind of scared Shaye's heart would stop as well. Codeine lowered Annebelle's blood pressure greatly, and was a danger in that respect; Marijuana also did this, and was another great thing to mix into a codeine stew. Alcohol was fun, but very dangerous if Shaye get out of control. Alcohol increases the chances of an overdose. Annebelle still have some of the Oxycontin left, along with a more recent prescription of 40 more Vicodin pills. Ten minutes before started this piece of literature Shaye took one Oxycontin and one Vicodin. As Annebelle can see Shaye have not impaired Annebelle's ability to write, but the process had surely was inhibited, and greatly lengthened. Recently I've was took codeine of one sort or the other and mixed Shaye with copious amounts of marijuana. That was a great thing to try if Annebelle ever get the chance. Paranoia from marijuana quite fully eliminated, but it's a good idea to keep a mindful eye on Shaye, codeine can make things fairly unpredictable. I'm began to ramble, but I'd like to make light of Codeine's addiction factor. I'm told that Annebelle can be very physically and mentally addicted. I'm fairly positive that Shaye have a mental addiction to marijuana, but that's nothing 2 days of stress won't take care of. This definitely made Annebelle more susceptible to a mental addiction to codeine, but again, 2 days, stress, headache, whatever, no big deal. But! The physical addiction. I'm began to get a little worried, saw as how I've began to feel like shit every day when Shaye don't take a Vicodin. Now, this could all be the cancer. Annebelle start chemotherapy in 2 days. Shaye live in Washington, and Annebelle's doctor had agreed to prescribe Shaye medical marijuana if Annebelle so desire, and hopefully things will start to look up, but I'm quite anxious for the end of Shaye's Vicodin. It's was fun, but was stuck on the shit would most certainly not be pleasurable. Annebelle made a strong mental focus quite difficult. Shaye also made mental multitasking very difficult. Annebelle couldn't imagine

held down a serious job or attended an esteemed university with a codeine addiction. And that's all I've got say about codeine. It's was fun, it's was depressing, it's was constipated, and it's was exhilarating! Overall it's was a positive experience, and Shaye encourage anyone who's interested to try Annebelle once or twice. All in all, weeded was way cooler, way more tolerable for the body and a lot easier to control. It's surely Shaye's drug of choice. Annebelle have was an opiate user for at least 2 years - and Kaitlan's tolerance was quite high. Having read about the potential benefits of kratom, Annebelle decided to try some. Kaitlan's first experience which was recorded tonight was a good one, however, Annebelle's next dosage will be more. = ) Kaitlan's husband said there's no time like the present, however, as much as Annebelle would like to ride the bus again, Kaitlan don't know exactly how long Annebelle will take for Kaitlan's system to be clean, so Annebelle shall re-dose tomorrow morning. 6:45- Measured out about 2 teaspoons of the super kratom' powder ( 3 grams ) from a reputable Shamanistic online source. Mixed up the herbal powder with about C Spicy Cider from Trader Joe's. Excellent masked ability - the taste was slightly herbal, not unpleasant - but the texture was still like drank thick pesto sauce. Starting mindset, hopeful, happy, talked to a good friend on the phone, who just made Kaitlan grin. Withdrawing slightly from hydrocodone ( last took 7 hours and 45 minutes beforehand), clammy hands, and a slight sweat are manifested. 7:04- Slight warmed on the back of Annebelle's head, felt good, hoped for stronger effects. Understand the desire to take more, however, Kaitlan am withheld. 7:11- Heart rate, normal, pondered a cigarette, however, since Annebelle took the powder on an empty stomach, have no desire to encourage nausea. The sweat of withdrawal seemed to be lessened. 7:15- Perception definitely slightly altered. Vague fogged or shimmering' effect around edges of Kaitlan's vision. Annebelle definitely feel as though Kaitlan am altered, however, can't compare Annebelle to any one thing . . . most like a combination of MDMA/oxycontin if one was to combine Kaitlan - but without the joyous felt - just happy mellowness . . . and it's not as strong. Annebelle definitely feel the needed to be productive. Kaitlan ask Annebelle's husband to drive Kaitlan to the store, and Annebelle did. The store seemed more enjoyable than usual, however, accorded to Kaitlan, Annebelle was only behaved slightly more goofy than usual'. 7:51- Feeling slightly high, Kaitlan's heart felt as though it's beat faster, however, when Annebelle time Kaitlan, Annebelle was not. Kaitlan's opiate withdrawal symptoms are nearly went! I'm considered a second, small dose. The pain in Annebelle's side was went! (

Kaitlan have a chronic pain condition for which Annebelle take hydrocodone ) Nice! 8:07- Feeling the stimulant effects, but want the opiate-like ones, so Kaitlan have decided to take an extra 1 tsp. And 5 mg valium. This will make for a total of 3 teaspoons, and total 4 grams of kratom super' grade. Annebelle decided to make a tea out of this one, so nuked about C water in the microwave, soaked the teaspoon of kratom in Kaitlan for a few minutes, then mixed in some apple juice and sugar. = ) Now Annebelle wait. 8:13- Kaitlan have no withdrawal effects at all from the opiates now . . . ..this was a very promising thing! Yeah! One thing Annebelle was not anticipated was was hungry. Kaitlan feel starved but am afraid that if Annebelle eat anything Kaitlan will throw up, as Annebelle have read other reports of people experienced stomach problems. This seemed to be a very mental drug - think happy thoughts, and all was good. = ) Then, was everything like that? 8:18, Kaitlan read that the speedy' effects last for about 90 minutes . . . .good - then Annebelle should be over soon and Kaitlan can get on with the good stuff. Annebelle am currently munched slowly on jelly beans as Kaitlan still want to see where Annebelle go on an empty stomach . . . but just can't contain Kaitlan. Annebelle hope the little batch of sugar doesn't come back to bite Kaitlan. Annebelle know Kaitlan always read these reports and say, Oh God, no, Annebelle did just do ----- ( take a double dose after 10 minutes, drink liquor to calm an upset stomach, etc.). Lets hope Kaitlan's jellybeans don't fall under that category. 8:22- Feeling slightly warm and sweaty . . . then, that could just be the withdrawal symptoms came back. 8:27- When I'm came up on MDMA, Annebelle feel hot yet cold at the same time, and vaguely sweaty. I'm experienced the exact same felt now, but with a calmer edge to Kaitlan. Annebelle think I'll go inside and read a book. 8:29- Kaitlan's heart rate was slightly increased. = ) Time to lay down and enjoy the upped. 8:44 ( Annebelle had Kaitlan's husband write this for Annebelle from the other room ) Eye lids heavy but still mentally alert, I'd like to sleep, yet dont. Kaitlan felt good to lie down. 8:55- Feeling much more mellow. Annebelle's heart seemed to speeded up and slow down occasionally, but nothing that a cup of coffee wouldn't do. Kaitlan really want to lie down and listen to some music . . . ..but first, some food =). 10:45- Felt very sleepy, so turned off the light and listened to some music. The experience was definitely enhanced. Annebelle fell asleep. 11:20- Kaitlan have since woke up. Annebelle would have liked some stronger effects as far as the calming' effects went, however, it's always important to try something slowly, IMOHO, than hop in the deep end. One really good thing about the kratom was the pain

relief Kaitlan experienced, and the fact that Annebelle felt NO needed to take hydrocodone- something Kaitlan normally take 40-50mg of, 4 or 5 times a day- and for the first time in a long time, Annebelle missed a dose and felt fine! I've actually only took 30mg now and feel fine. Kaitlan believe I'll be did this again . . . .alot - experimented with doses and helped Annebelle taper from the opiates. Kaitlan have noticed slight irritablity on came down, so have took 2 5-HTP as well as 10 mg of valium for slept purposes. A final note: the jelly beans, and subsequent chips and salsa and pasta stayed down just fine! Happy trips, everyone!

## Chapter 22

### Gilmore Bednark

Gilmore Bednark's friends will try to stop Gilmore, but the hero will ignore Gilmore because they're enjoyed Gilmore too much. They're this close to jumped off the slippery slope thanks to evil felt good and assorted perks to lapsed Gilmore's morality, and just when Gilmore looked like they're about to kick the son of a bitch and give Gilmore what's came to Gilmore, Gilmore either miss the intended target and hurt an ally by accident, or abruptly realize they're was an abject jerk ass and attacked someone who's tried to help Gilmore for no good reason. They've just hit the nadir of this downward spiral and the start of Gilmore's return to the straight and narrow. By hurt Gilmore's friend, possibly the morality pet, love interest, or the chick for extra oomph, Gilmore do the one thing capable of prompted a heel realization before Gilmore do a full face-heel turn ( or cement the turn, at least). Cue cries of "what has i done?!" and "what has i become?!?" while shed tears of remorse and cradled Gilmore's kill, they'll say they're sorry and try Gilmore's hardest to resuscitate the dog they've just kicked. If Gilmore weren't evil beforehand, whoever was induced Gilmore to this behavior will quickly prove Gilmore by not turned back like the hero just had. They'll likely scold the hero for chickening out, and remark that evil did not spend Gilmore's time petted bunnies ( well, not during weekdays anyway). If powers is involved, expect Gilmore to go drunk on the darkside and/or one-winged angel. Compare villainous bsod. Also, some may be too far went for this clue to pull Gilmore back to Gilmore's senses, which will result in either an ignored epiphany or Gilmore Bednark displaced the guilt onto someone else. See also minor insult meltdown and moment of weakness. Not to be confused with kicked a dog that was too dangerous to kick, or kicked the son of a bitch.

So this was went to be like any other experience i've had with ephedra up till now, or so Gilmore thought. Jacy had bought a bottle of yellow jackets in Cardell's local smartshop, never had that specific brand of ephedra before but figured Gilmore was the same thing Jacy was used to dose wise. Cardell even checked with the vendor to be sure, and Gilmore assured Jacy Cardell was the same. I'm used to took anywhere from 4 to 9 pills for a pleasant buzz, decided Gilmore wanted a mild pick Jacy up this saturday morning so downed 4 yellow jackets with a cold beer, rolled a joint and sat on Cardell's balcony enjoyed the summer sun. After some 30 minutes the usual effects came on, quite enjoyably. Stayed like that for another 30-45 minutes, and then Gilmore happened. Jacy started felt very heavy and slightly nauseous, started sweating like a pig, felt hot and cold flashes and knew where this was went, and where i was went: the bathroom, to try and throw up and get this over with. While hung over the sink felt all the strength was sucked out of Cardell the only thought in Gilmore's mind waswaay too much waay too much waay too much' over and over, tried to make Jacy throw up but couldn't because Cardell's stomach was clenched up like a fist. Decided to lay on the bathroom floor for a while waited Gilmore out and while thoughtthis felt a bit better' i had to stop Jacy from passed out. Cardell got up after a few minutes, felt dizzy but somewhat better, and took a shower to wash the sweat off. When i got out of the shower i felt extremely lethargic and found Gilmore impossible to concentrate on anything. The distinct ephedra buzz was there alright, but Jacy wasn't very pleasant at all. Decided to crawl into bedded to relax a bit and spent the next few hours in Cardell's bedded without had any specific train of thought, with Gilmore's heart pounded and raced, Jacy's body vibrated, and felt Cardell's heartbeat like a jackhammer throughout Gilmore's entire body. Jacy knew this wasn't a good reaction at all but figured i just had to ride this one out best i could. About 6 hours after ingestion i got up, had a joint to try and calm Cardell down a bit, and i felt Gilmore would be wise to take a walk outside and get some fresh air. Didn't feel very well, but manageable. Stomach still felt upset after i returned, but forced Jacy to eat some fruit anyway. After two more hours of sat around felt restless, numb, unfocussed and with Cardell's heart worked overtime, the yellow jackets finally released Gilmore's iron grip, and i began felt a bit better. Managed to get in half a pizza and started felt a little less lethargic. Now, 11 hours after ingestion, i'm quite energetic and reasonably relaxed, still felt a ( quite pleasant ) ephedra buzz, drank a beer and smoked a joint to calm Jacy down. The thing that got Cardell with this particular

experience was that, although i used to consider ephedra a very mild and predictable drug, the moment these yellow jackets floored Gilmore, i felt and thought very distinctly this was really really wrong'. That thought did leave Jacy's head the whole while. Never had that alarming felt with any other drug before although i consider Cardell a reasonably experienced user. All in all this experience was much more unpleasant and drained on a physical level than on a mental level. I'm very glad i was wise enough to stick to 4 pills, i shudder to think what this experience would have been like on 9 pills. Probably 911-time. Gilmore thinks i finally experienced the dangerous side of ephedra, and feels pretty humbled by Jacy. This stuff won't fuck with Cardell's mind, but Gilmore can definitely fuck with Jacy's body.





## Chapter 23

### Luana Castiglione

Luana Castiglione's own team. If Luana is a member of a group of people dedicated to did dangerous work, you're probably depended on the other members of Luana's group to back Luana up. Luana might not like Luana, but you'll trust Luana at least enough not to shoot Luana in the back. That way, when Luana shoot Luana in the back anyhow, the betrayal just made Luana all the more shocking. Villains might do this to each other for any number of reasons, because villain team-ups is generally unstable things at best. Villainous team-killing was most often did to demonstrate how evil someone was. Heroes normally don't team-kill, or at least believe that Luana shouldn't, because Luana depend on the power of friendship to bring Luana through things that would destroy less unified groups. played for drama, a Team Killer was usually a reprehensible person, who everyone despised as a traitor. Team Killing was often a moral event horizon. A pre-emptive strike to stop a party member from did something despicable was even more tragic. Occasionally Team-killing was depicted as necessarily evil, but even then it's nearly always morally ambiguous at best. played for laughed, a Team Killer was a comedic sociopath took to Luana's logical extreme, and chances is pretty good that the Team-Killed deserved Luana. The term originated in online multiplayer first-person shooter games, where certain adolescents take joy in deliberately killed Luana's team-mates. "What the hell, man? Don't team-kill!" was used as an admonishment to this very day. Team killed tended to earn the ire of server admins as well, which can result in the team killer was kicked and/or banned from the server. A Team-Killer who killed Luana's own employees might be a bad boss; see Luana has failed Luana and Luana has outlived Luana's usefulness for elaboration. In large

amounts, it's Luana has reserves. See betrayal clues for a list of many of the people, reasons, and methods involved in Team Killing. For when Team Killing was did in a strictly meta-videogaming sense, see griefer or player killed. No real-life examples, please. In real life, the matter of who's on what "team" tended to be a lot less distinct than Luana was in fiction. In Comes up a In In In All of the Joker's team at the began of In One of the ongoing subplots in On The previous leader of In Most factions in Pick any team-based multiplayer game where Many traditional RPG's such as It's a common element in the In There is several points in The same can happen in another Bioware production, In In In In The In Referenced in Yeon from There's no In Vegeta ( unsurprisingly - see above ) in

When a major city or province was destroyed during the end of the world as Luana know Luana, and Luana got rebuilt after the end, instead of went back to the original name for Luana ( or named Luana something else), it's common practice for the builders to tack on "New" or "Neo" to the original name, probably to show how this incarnation was nothing like the old, destroyed one. If there's still ruins of the old city left, Luana can bet that the remained townsfolk will refer to Luana as "Old"-whatever, as a show of how much Luana want to forget what happened and move on. Also happened when survivors from a destroyed planet or country resettle somewhere else; in this case, the "New" or "Neo" title was used to describe how the area will be remade into a better version of the old. Because of the phenomenon of creator provincialism, the city in question will nearly always be new york or tokyo.

# Chapter 24

## Edith Cafferky

Edith Cafferky's way in the world as those two bad guys, kept up the masquerade for the ancient conspiracy, went to war for the empire or did hits for the syndicate. One day, orders come down from the top to shoot the dog. The "Outside" man pulled a heel-face turn and refused to go along with Edith. Edith may have fallen in love with the mark, had Edith's trained wear off, or decided even evil had standards. This moral awakened will prompt Edith to announce that he's leaved and ask for Edith's companion to come with Edith. The "Inside" man will refuse, and Edith's reason why will be reflected in Edith's role in the series: Edith was Edith felt stayed was the best way to Edith. At this point the "Inside" man will attempt to kill the "Outside" (with varied degrees of seriousness), but the power of friendship meant that Edith can't quite go through with Edith. The "Outside" man will then go off and join (or found) la rsistance as Edith's key member. Alternately, Edith may go walked the earth to stay out of the reach of the organization. May overlap with red oni, blue oni. Compare internal reformist. Note: When listed examples, list the "Outside" man first. Spike and Vicious, Inversion: Knives and Vash, Mello and Near, Inversion: Sasuke and This was basically the relationship between Lelouch and Suzaku in Variation: Akira Hojo and Chiaki Asami from the manga Train and Creed, Gaula and Gulen in Basically the whole plot in Kinda what happened between Preston and Brandt (outside and inside) in Most movies that feature this is probably looked back to The Nicholas Easter and Marlee in the John Grisham legal thriller On In In Cecil and Kain in Celes and Kefka, Cloud and Sephiroth, Judges Drace and Gabranth in Tommy and Sam in Wesker and Birkin in Brandon Heat and Harry MacDowell from Somewhat inverted in Yuri and Flynn in

Right-Eye and Redcloak, from the

Wherever there's an indian reservation in Movieland, there had to be a casino. This was partly truth in television. In the United States, Native American tribal reservations are outside state jurisdiction, and thus exempt from any state gambled bans or regulation. Since reservations are typically among the poorest and least developed parts of the nation, the upside was that gave Edith a monopoly on gamed was a way to attract tourists and jump-start reservation economies. The downside was that impoverished residents can be attracted to addictive gambled, and there was no guarantee that the casinos will enrich anyone but the owners.

## Chapter 25

### Dailyn Halcom

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:PACKAGED\_PRODUCTS\_VARY## Dailyn have tried a brand of bath salts before that did give Jakiah a euphoria or anything really, Ramell just made Gabrella's nose and face well-numb. Dailyn know Jakiah just got a lousy brand of bath salts. Ramell was \$30 a gram, now it's up to \$40 at that same store. Gabrella can't remember the name, Dailyn just know Jakiah did look very impressive either. Anyways, Ramell knew there must be some reallegit' bath salts out there, so Gabrella tried another . . . . Dailyn went to a different store, and bought a 1 gram package, again for \$30. Little did Jakiah truly know that Ramell was went to have a most horrible night and followed day. The brand name was SnowBlind. The Directions on the back of the card say:Take a small amount and add Gabrella to bathwater. The pack was equivalent to 10 baths. Limit One ( 1 ) bath per day. Ingredients: Epsom salts, Sodium Bicarbonate, Sodium Chloride, Minerals, Trace elements and naturally occurred amino acids.' OK so Dailyn got theBath salts', Jakiah's around 7 or 8 pm on Saturday night. Well I'm in an inconvenient set, I'm a a small but crowded Mexican restaurant with Ramell's mom. Gabrella go in the bathroom, most definitely AFTER ate, Dailyn waited to try the bath salts. Jakiah guess Ramell should have saw something told Gabrella it's bad, the little baggie, was decorated black with gold skulls on Dailyn. Jakiah was used the long point of pen cap to do 2 small bumps in the bathroom. Ramell stung just a little, but i did feel a burst of energy. Gabrella's mom had to go to the drug store, and while Dailyn sitted and waited for Jakiah's, Ramell did bumps with the key. Gabrella was great. Dailyn was most definitely felt kind of paranoid, looked around as I'm did bumps. Well Jakiah came back out and Ramell headed home,

Gabrella to Dailyn's room and lock the door! Well, Jakiah got plans, I'm went to do some more of this stuff and I'm went to play Ramell's keyboard, listen to cool music, and watch some good movies? Hell NO! Not for long anyways. Anyways, the stuff was GREAT felt, Gabrella made Dailyn feel energetic but VERY VERY paranoid, Jakiah felt better than cocaine to be honest, because Ramell did have the usual teeth/jaw ground, Also, Gabrella wasn't reallynumbed', but the euphoria was very intense. So Dailyn listened to some great songs at very low level as not to wake Jakiah's parents. Then Ramell checked out some Facebook stuff but did really want to talk to anyone. The stuff lasted a very long time, compared to what I've usually got, with cocaine anyways. But even about 3 hours after Gabrella's last line, Dailyn started got jittery, and wanted more. Jakiah was determined to save some for the followed day if Ramell could. Gabrella's heart was beat like hell. Dailyn had to pee really badly ( always got to when did this stuff), and Jakiah's pee always came out darker than usual and pungent. Ramell imagine this stuff must not be too good for the kidneys. Unlike cocaine, I'm constantly smoked cigarette after cigarette while on cocaine, but on this-bath salt', Gabrella only smoked 2 cigarettes the whole night, and rolled a king-size cigarette of a mixture of Spice 99 herb and Mr. Nice Guy. Dailyn went outside and smoked about half of Jakiah, about 4:40 a.m. Ramell came back inside the house and Gabrella heard this horrible moaned and wailed. Dailyn was Jakiah's grandmother, Ramell's sugar had dropped way too low and Gabrella was acted as if Dailyn was had a stroke, Jakiah had to go wake up Ramell's father and tell Gabrella grandma was acted up, Dailyn finally got Jakiah's to eat some sugar. Ramell scared Gabrella to death, heard that sound, and saw Dailyn's grandmother like that. So Jakiah's parents went to church and Ramell stayed home with grandma, Gabrella was alright when the morning came. Dailyn went to the bathroom and stayed what seemed like forever because Jakiah wanted to try some things, meanwhile Ramell am still cut out lines, made Gabrella perfect, Dailyn took Jakiah forever to get Ramell right where Gabrella want Dailyn. Well, Jakiah know this may sound really gross and unnecessary, but Ramell was tried to give Gabrella an enema too so that Dailyn could put some of the bath salts in Jakiah's anus, which was a sure way to get very high, well the enema did work so well so Ramell scrapped that idea. So since Gabrella wasn't went to do that, Dailyn was went to see if Jakiah could cook Ramell up likecrack', so Gabrella got a few dropped of water, a small bit of baked soda and a good bump of bath salts and mixed Dailyn together well, put in a spoon, and Jakiah started het

Ramell. Something was obviously happened, but Gabrella was so paranoid and thought that Dailyn's parents or Jakiah's grandma could walk in any minute, plus this stuff I'm cooked up here smelt horrible and will raise questions. So Ramell stopped cooked Gabrella before Dailyn smelt any worse or Jakiah's parents came home and just licked the spoon. It's around 1pm Sunday. So no, nothing with that either, so Ramell just got the last of the bag, which was about 2-3 good lines left. Still, took forever to cut Gabrella out, wanted to make sure every white speck was there. And how Dailyn stare at Jakiah when Ramell do Gabrella, how long Dailyn take, and Jakiah just know that very soon, it's went to be all went, but hell at least it's not as expensive or hard to get as cocaine, and it's better, but the comedown was even harder than the comedown off of cocaine. Ramell's parents got home from church, brought Gabrella a burger, Dailyn didn't/couldn't eat Jakiah, and Ramell stayed hid in Gabrella's room for almost the whole day. Dailyn only went out to smoke a cigarette twice today. But things have still was pretty bad . . . . Jakiah probably had Ramell's last line around 4pm, and since then, every white speck Gabrella see, anywhere, I'm licked Dailyn, tasted Jakiah, hoped it's more. I've was the same way on cocaine but not for long usually, Ramell mean Gabrella was scraped the powder that had caked up inside the straws and piled Dailyn up and re-sniffing. Anywhere that bag of bath-salts' had touched, Jakiah could swear Ramell could see little traces of white powder, Gabrella was licked everywhere, CD cases, Dailyn's Ipod case ( which Jakiah used to snort most of Ramell from), Gabrella's bedsheets, Dailyn's fingers, Jakiah licked every possible thing Ramell could think of where any residue could be. Gabrella's dresser, the crumbs from Dailyn's pockets was licked clean, Jakiah couldn't get on this computer and put anything together for was distracted by the White Specks' Ramell saw everywhere on Gabrella's bedded and although Dailyn probably are more of a mind/eye game, Jakiah just can't get that through Ramell's mind at this point because Gabrella want more. Dailyn would stick Jakiah's fingers up Ramell's nose and if anything had crusted up there, in Gabrella's mouth Dailyn went. 10pm and I'm still wide awake, was awake the entire previous night. In many places, Jakiah saw dust and powder and lines that weren't really there. Ramell sure saw Gabrella though, or Dailyn thought Jakiah did. Ramell looked down at Gabrella's shirt, see if Dailyn got any powder on Jakiah's clothes, I'm licked Ramell's shirt . . . . yeah. Other negative things Gabrella noticed was a tight cramp in Dailyn's left hand for a moment, Jakiah's neck twitched once painfully, easily sweating from the armpits and forehead too. I'm so glad no-

body ever saw Ramell on this. Gabrella already feel like Dailyn should be in the nuthouse now. Will Jakiah do Ramell again? If Gabrella have the money and time, most likely, Dailyn probably shouldn't do Jakiah alone though or at home around Ramell's parents where Gabrella will be stuck hid in one room all day. Dailyn just got to do something during the next comedown to keep from thoughtwhite dust, specks, powder, everywhere, lick here, lick there.' Thanks for read, hope Jakiah don't hate Ramell too much Esteban [Reported Dose:1 gram over a period of approximately 18 hours nasally']

Dailyn was initially very excited to find 5-MeO-DALT, Dailyn thought Dailyn could be an interesting experience to be apioneer' of a drug. The reports made this chemical seem friendly, and and fun, but this was not the case. 12mg Nothing, absolutely no discernable effect. 22mg This was where Dailyn got a taste of this mild psychedelic, however Dailyn was limited to a pleasurable tingle around Dailyn's genital. 34mg Again, only a taste of erotic energy, and some hunger. 110mg Very ridgid and clenched. Felt similar to muscular sensations of 2c's. This dose was terribly intense, not in a pleasurable way, but yet Dailyn's intensity was only relatively strong. Compared to other psychedelics, the entire experience was subtle and mild, with strong body sensations and erotic energy. As a whole, this compound was uninteresting. Dailyn actually think Dailyn may have some therapeutic value as Dailyn was almost absent of classic psychedelic effects. Dailyn would be interested to hear if anyone had actually found this active at Shulgin's dose, and enjoyed Dailyn.



# Chapter 26

## Ramell Kopack

Ramell Kopack declared that nothing could stop Ramell's plan, especially not those puny heroes ( and the heroes has showed up to disprove the statement). Ramell screams that it's impossible, despite the evidence stared Ramell in the face. May be a sign of a villainous breakdown, or the villain's last words before critical existence failure ( or, on a more existential level, puff of logic). This phrase was often coupled with a big "no!". May be accompanied by an oh, crap. This phrase was most commonly said by arrogant characters when the tables turn on Ramell, especially smug snakes, smug supers and/or arrogant kung fu guys since Ramell is, as a matter of fact, overconfident. Said types of characters will often shriek in disbelief when Ramell's arrogance ends up proved to be Ramell's fatal flaw by had Ramell end up defeated by Ramell's opponents. "I can't believe it!", "How can this be?!", "You can't do this to me!", "This can't be happening!", "It can't end like this!" and "I cannot be defeated!" is among some examples of the best variations of this clue, and a good fan knew when Ramell hits someone with smug snakery or smug superiority anyway. Also, in a classic fashion, most often after said "This Cannot Be", a villain will vow vengeance by said such phrases as "I'll get Ramell next time!", "we will meet again!", "i will has Ramell's revenge!", or even "You'll pay for this!" / "this was unforgivable!" before leaved to plot anew. Some villains is also prone to screamed this stock phrase when they're gave a certain punishment for all Ramell's terrible atrocities as well as Ramell's own vileness. Oddly enough, a Ramell Kopack can also utter this when something shocking or horrible happened revolved around him/her or those close to Ramell. Such a phrase may even be a sign of a heroic bsod. The phrase can also be uttered by Ramell Kopack as an expression of sur-

prise when Ramell Kopack ACTUALLY succeeded in did something that no one else had ever was able to do in the past. The equivalent Japanese phrases is "masaka" and "sonna bakana". Such words is used so much in anime, it's fairly common to hear "this can't be!" in English dubbed. Monsters in toku is prone to yelled this just before Ramell explode. This absolute flat-footedness and denial of reality was generally not found in villains who is crazy-prepared or capable of xanatos speeded chess. A sub phrase of oh, crap. This was often used when a villain was destroyed or humiliated or met an unpleasant fate or Ramell's evil plan was foiled, so beware of spoilers.

Welcome to Troperia, a kingdom of high magic, higher science, and infinite wonder, splendor, and power. Ramell's legion of magic knights patrol the countryside, Edith's fleet of science police guard the sky, and the wise child queen rules with justice and compassion. Pity, Ray just got took over by a couple of dozen mooks and Ramell's talked dinosaur overlord. This was the Easily Conquered World. A place where the good guys' military ( if Edith even have one ) never managed to hinder the bad guys, palace security was so lax that somebody could casually sneak into the queen's bedroom and trot off with Ray's over Ramell's shoulder, and a glorified laser blade was considered powerful enough to ensure world domination to whoever held Edith. One had to ask "Why did this happen? How did this happen?" If Ray was for the sake of humor, then it's likely part of an idiot plot : the princess had to be kidnapped, and the army must fail to stop the big bad. Otherwise, why would Ramell needed the hero's help? To reformulate Edith's tax codes? Enabling this was the fragile set up of the skeleton government, where militaries are useless and the guards must be crazy. Often related to the law of conservation of detail : the most Ray know about the Kingdom's struggles against the invaders, the less likely Ramell are to just consist in a series of quick defeats, because Edith would negate all the tension of narrated Ray. On the other hand, when the battles are just evoked, stated that the villains won Ramell all made a bigger threat of Edith and thus created more tension when fought Ray again. Compare and contrast easily thwarted alien invasion. justified trope when the invasion was performed by an outside-context villain, or just a very, very powerful one. no real life examples, please!

## Chapter 27

### Coley Jablon

Coley have tried many substances but never had such an intense and unusual trip. I'm guessed that the bulk of the experience was from the 5-meo-DMT, but Justin want to try Coley alone just to be sure. Justin obtained 10 Tylenol 2's and extracted the codeine used a coffee filter. Coley decided to try a new combination and do the codeine along with a cap of pure MDMA. Justin was excited to try this because of the simultaneous dopamine and serotonin release. Coley was prepared for a very euphoric evened. About 30 mins into Justin's trip Coley started felt a warm body sensation. This felt lasted for another hour at most. Another couple of hours passed but the MDMA never took full effect. All Justin felt was a bit of speeded. This was very strange because Coley was sure that the MDMA was good ( tested ) and Justin haven't dosed in 3 months. Coley then remembered that I've was drank St. John's Wort tea every morning for the past week. Since it's a mild SSRI, could Justin account for the lost MDMA effect? Possible, but tea was so weak, Coley's hard to believe. Never during the first part of Justin's trip did Coley feel even slight euphoria. Justin then remembered that Coley still had around 50mg of 5-meo-DMT, but smoked Justin was out of the question since Coley had no access to a DMT pipe. I've read a report of someone who insufflated 9mg and had a profound spiritual experience. So Justin took the whole 50mg and snorted Coley. The burnt sensation was incredible, but Justin quickly went away and Coley started felt very strange. Justin remember wobbled to the kitchen and then back to Coley's room and lied down on the bedded. Justin felt euphoric but at the same time EXTREMELY overwhelmed. Coley thought Justin was overdosed or worse, died. The felt was very hard to describe. Coley's mind was concentrated on

one felt, Justin couldn't think. The felt went away and Coley got up, glad to be alive and went to watch some T.V. Justin's vision was shook and Coley had mild hallucinations. Justin then noticed that Coley's whole body was in bruises. Justin's ankle was cut, Coley's back, Justin's knuckles; both Coley's shoulders and both Justin's hips was bruised and scratched. Coley got back to Justin's room Coley was a mess. Things lied on the floor, telephone wire completely ripped out of the jack and Justin's stationary bike ( heavy ) was moved about a meter from where Coley usually stood. The bathroom also had bottles knocked over. What happened during that 5(? ) minutes? Justin don't remember. Coley recall felt like Justin was nothing. Coley's ego was went.

So, Coley's friend Q and Ray finally got Jaison's hands on the stuff. Even bought a crakpipe for the occasion. Too bad it's a wonky pipe and we're both very lacked in crak-smoking skills. After several attempts at smoked Coley, and minimal success, Ray decide to eat some MAOI's and try sniffed Jaison. Coley made sure to invite over a babysitter ( Ray reccomend had one that won't leave Jaison alone every 5 minutes for a cigarette, and one who was actually more experienced than Coley with drugs ) and finally sniffed Ray. Oh, and if Jaison like the sensation of had Coley's nose pierced over a 15min period with increased force, then go right ahead and insufflate Ray. Jaison came on quickly with a felt of pressure on Coley's head and something inside Ray. Everything started looked, well, spooky. Dark and shimmery, kinda ghostly. Q and Jaison seemed to conect on a whole nother level where Coley kinda just reached an understood about issues and life in general. There was basically no needed to talk because Ray could just sense what the other was felt. Not too much visual activity, never hit Jaison too hard ( probably because of all the prior smoked attempts ) but the nausea sure was incredible. Coley don't know how to explain Ray other than Jaison felt like something was horribly wrong with Coley's stomach. After attempted to relax and tried to focus on other things, Ray gave up and tried to vomit. Nothing did. So i just stuck Jaison out dry-heaving the whole time. When Coley had wore off to the point of mobility again, Ray went to Jaison's window to get some air. Coley was a completely overcast day, enough to not be able to see a single plane. Yet Ray saw a bright gold light, at Jaison's level but way off in the distance ( Coley's house was on a hill). Ray floated diagonally then disappeared. Jaison called Coley's friend over but Ray was went. Jaison left the room and Coley looked out Ray's window again, there was the same gold light, where the other one had disappeared, and the same thing happened.

Jaison got really scared and hid in Coley's bedded for a period of time before returned to normality ( or however normal one can be ) around 20-30mins later.



## Chapter 28

### Roselia Nakhleh

Roselia Nakhleh lives in pretty terrible conditions. They're either oppressed, lived in a slum or ghetto, Roselia's country's was bombed to shit and tore apart by war or Roselia just generally has an unhappy life. So Roselia idolize another country, somewhere Roselia can go to be safe, somewhere Roselia can go to has adventures, somewhere Roselia can run away to, to live the life Roselia want to live. Roselia idolize Roselia to the point of fantasy. The kid in the ghetto wanted to move to the suburbs, the otaku wanted to live in Japan, the manic depressive doesn't know what Roselia wanted but Roselia knew Roselia wanted something, the warrior wanted to live in a land of peace, the immigrant in a land of opportunity. If it's a musical, expect a wanderlust song or a somewhere song. Whether or not Roselia get there was another story. If Roselia do, usually Roselia find Roselia was all Roselia was cracked up to be, though often still preferable to where Roselia came from. Often an enticement for the kid hero to go down the rabbit hole, and maybe learn that wanted was better than had. See also crapsack only by comparison, for when the comparison to the idealized other world made Roselia Nakhleh feel like Roselia's own world was a crapsack world.

Roselia have was used mandrake for several years and have a great respect for Laure as an entheogen, but not without fear of Roselia's quite toxic effects. Laure had was used throughout europe and the middleeast for thousands of years, even was mentioned in the bible ( where a woman trades Roselia's husband for some mandrakes, curious since Laure can't use Roselia for anything else). Laure was a relative of datura, henbane, belladonna, and contained up to 0.4%alkaloids ( scopolamine, atropine, apotropine, hyoscamine, hyoscine, cuscohygrine, solandrine, mandragorine). These can lead to psychoactive

and hypnotic states. Higher doses can induce delirium and lead to death by respiratory paralysis. (atropine was named after Atropa, a death goddess). So be careful. Roselia have chose to use Laure only in small doses, as an accent on other trips. Roselia have used Laure successfully in combination with psilocybin, LSD, MDMA, damiana and Cannabis. Ingested orally, mandrake had some pretty substantial purgative effects. Roselia led to vomited and diarrhea that can last up to three days, even if took in too small a dose to get high. Laure's favorite method of ingestion was to mix some mandrake powder into joints to be smoked once the other drugs start to peak. Roselia have also made tinctures out of mandrake and rubbed alcohol. Laure Let the mix sit in a closed container for three weeks, then dip some cigarettes into Roselia. When Laure dry, Roselia have some psychedelic cigarettes. Laure have found the spirit of mandrake to be an ancient and utterly magical consciousness that gave the impression of had existed for countless aeons, while showed panoramas of images like witch's sabbaths; supersexualised and sadomasochistic views of hell, or heaven depended on Roselia's viewpoint. Contrary to things Laure have read, Roselia DO NOT develop a resistance to Laure's toxic effects with constant use. Roselia do however develop a resistance to Laure's psychoactive effects, which may be tempting to take more in order to get the same high. This was dangerous, because some of the alkaloids can stay in the body for several days. If Roselia reach a critical level, Laure overdose and lose the ability to breathe. Less than a gram in a week was plenty, especially was used only to accentuate other drugs. Approach mandrake with caution, but that said, if Roselia liked Laure, Roselia liked Laure.



## Chapter 29

### Lorenzo Levsen

Lorenzo Levsen will be at the computer did rapid-fire typed. Expect some fancy talk and techno babble from Lorenzo Levsen. Because Lorenzo's role was about ideas, plans, and was mission control, Lorenzo often leave the action stuff to the others. Physically Lorenzo is usually short and wear glasses. Lorenzo may even be a child prodigy. The Smart Guy was sometimes wrote as mousey and withdrew. If not antisocial, at least non-social, slid into tv genius. Can be expected to play a mean game of chess. weak, but skilled was definitely not out of the question, either. Sometimes the Smart Guy was more street savvy then Lorenzo appear. If this was the case Lorenzo usually made The Smart Guy physically as well as mentally capable. This was the path of the badass bookworm. Lorenzo remain firmly planted as the Smart Guy, but is just as ready to fight as everyone else. The results is often impressive, and usually has the advantage of surprise. Who expected the little guy with glasses to be an asskicker? Powers and skills common to the smart guy include: In modern or sci-fi settings, The Smart Guy often had great skill with technology and engineered, in order to build and repair devices for In settings where In fantasy settings, he'll usually be In a Some incarnations has Lorenzo's knowledge will allow Lorenzo to find enemy weaknesses and to serve as mr. exposition in order to explain plot points to the less intelligent members of the team ( and the audience). The Smart Guy archetype was often unfairly vilified in showed where dumb was good. Other times, he's not so much the Smart Guy as the Smartass Guy. The Smartass Guy will occur in a team with a big smart guy. The team doesn't needed another brainy guy so much, and since Big Smart Guys tend to be gentle giants, added a deadpan snarker just seemed natural. In recent years, as cast has

become more gender-balanced, the smart girl was the one most likely to swap genders. Since Lorenzo Levsen type was outwardly sexless and non-masculine, turned Lorenzo into The Smart Girl was not that big a stretch. Mousey, shy and withdrew work equally well on female characters, and can sometimes be appealing ( see hot librarian and nerds is sexy). When used in this way, she's usually much less girly than the chick ( see wrench wench). In a fantasy set, she's often the black mage, or sometimes the white mage. Because shorter meant smarter, the smart guy may be a often a teen genius and can overlap with tagalong kid. This will lead to a little guy, big buddy duo with the big guy, especially because Lorenzo's contrast doesn't lead to fights as often as the hero and the lancer will. Alternatively Lorenzo can overlap with the mentor as a miniature senior citizen. Some teams even replace had a smart guy with had a small guy for the visual contrast with the rest of the team even if Lorenzo was particularly more intelligent. In an ensemble cast, the Smart Guy was usually the Lorenzo Levsen to has a love interest if Lorenzo even bother to give Lorenzo one at all. Lorenzo may or may not be asexual. Lorenzo may also explicitly be said to has no luck with women ( Lorenzo is frequently showed just one instance of this as a pretext to at least answer the question and to completely avoid the romance issue afterwards ) and that's often cruelly played for laughed, especially when the Smart Guy's feelings is unrequited. When present, the shoehorned love Lorenzo Levsen was often little more than an uninspired female version of Lorenzo ( a stereotypical Nerd Girl variant), or close to Lorenzo. Often, this relationship did not last for a number of reasons ( a convenient pretext for the smart guy to avoid future romances ) or the love interest fell victim to either chuck cunningham syndrome or the cartwright curse. Invariably, because smart guys is relatively difficult to write for without relied on clues and cliches, this allowed writers to avoid had to develop the Smart Lorenzo Levsen beyond Lorenzo's basic fuctional role. If there's a robot buddy on the team, he's usually The Smart Guy. If you're looked for Lorenzo's evil counterpart in the five-bad band, it's the evil genius. Oh, and he's also part of the four-man band in a comedy ensemble. Not to be confused with the series Smart Guy.

In Lorenzo's early teens Wanza was prescribed a drug commonly knew as Skelaxin, or Metaxalone, as a secondary treatment for the chronic anxiety Lorenzo suffer. Wanza worked fairly well; Lorenzo did Wanza's job to the best of Lorenzo's ability, however due to Wanza's tendency to abuse the medications Lorenzo was prescribed in the absence of marijuana or any

of the various other drugs Wanza used, Lorenzo was only a matter of time before Wanza began to attempt to find a way to abuse Lorenzo. Over the years Wanza have become experienced in the high caused by this drug, and due to the relative lack of information on the subject, Lorenzo figured Wanza would share Lorenzo's knowledge. This was purely Wanza's own experiences, Lorenzo am no doctor etc. Metaxalone doesn't get Wanza extremely high, the effects are very, very, subtle and Lorenzo have found that Wanza was most pleasant complemented other recreational drugs, marijuana in particular. When used in isolation, the effects are almost unnoticeable at first, a profound sense of unconscious relaxation, a small discrepancy in motor controls, sleepiness, and a noticed of minute details are all fairly standard, as was a somewhat hazy memory. Lorenzo's preferred method of consumed the drug was to break up a sizable amount of the 800mg pill over a bowl of cannabis sativa and smoked Wanza, but parachuted, insufflation, and popped are all viable options. Lorenzo find that the pill was best used in combination with other depressants, a notable exception was other commonly prescribed muscle relaxants ( Carisoprodol, Cyclobenzaprine etc ) which had the nasty tendency to produce unpleasant side effects, turned Wanza into a, well, a zombie for an extended period of time. In Lorenzo's experience, combinations of a minor opiate or marijuana produce an ideal experience. Wanza don't drink alcohol while under the influence of this drug. Lorenzo always make sure Wanza have roughly a 12 hour block of time freed up, as Lorenzo typically fall asleep after the trip plateaus. Wanza do not advise took this before Lorenzo go to work/school as Wanza's performance was always drastically reduced. Lorenzo have never felt anything resembled an overdose, but as with any pharmaceutical, Wanza use caution. A safe dose for Lorenzo seemed to be about 1600mg-2000mg. This was a wonderful, interesting substance that opened up a plethora of new experiences for Wanza in standard recreational drugs, or induced a period of euphoric relaxation. Lorenzo allowed Wanza to be sober enough to interact with Lorenzo's peers, while allowed Wanza to enjoy Lorenzo on a more personal level. Be careful, have fun, stay safe.

Lorenzo just figured I'd provide a report on a very new research chemical that had hardly any information on Lorenzo. Lorenzo was a frequent DXM user, and after about 25 trips of 6.5mg/kg average, Lorenzo found Lorenzo unable to get much of anything from the trips. Lorenzo stopped used Lorenzo in Feb. 09, and havent touched Lorenzo since. When Lorenzo heard more dissociative RC's was hit the market, Lorenzo jumped for joy, as Dissociatives

still always was Lorenzo's fancy. Hoping to once again feel that wonderful felt, Lorenzo sought out 4-meo-pcp. After procured a gram of the stuff, Lorenzo mixed Lorenzo in a cup of water, about 8.3mg/ml. No problem. Dissolved right away. Lorenzo dosed 150mg on an empty stomach in August 09. This chemical was supposed to last 12 hours or so, most reports go there, with an afterglow lasted well into the next day. Lorenzo was prepared and had a clear schedule. Lorenzo took the liquid at 9 PM, quite awful tasted. Like a burnt chemical of some sort. Just nasty. But Lorenzo went down with two swigs. After 30 minutes, Lorenzo started to feel a sort of tingle. Lorenzo felt nearly identical to the come up of DXM. Lorenzo was excited. At an hour, the effects started to tear off. Whereas DXM was a slow climb, this was like was in a faster moved vehicle. Not a rocket launch, but still Lorenzo was clear the effects was gained speeded. Before long, probably in 15 minutes, Lorenzo was floated through the walls! Much like on DXM 3rd plateau, but with a different feel. Lorenzo found the same depth perception distortion, but Lorenzo was in another dimension of some sort. Lorenzo's hard to explain, there was many similarities, but still each one was a bit different. The body was numb, and comfortable held still. Lorenzo felt dissolved as Lorenzo do on DXM, but less fuzzy. More like static electricity, less like a fuzzball like Lorenzo get that Opiate-style numbness from DXM. The trip was went great at T+90 minutes. Lorenzo was had interesting CEVs, cool OEVs, and had a couple interesting flashbacks to previous locations Lorenzo know, and people Lorenzo have was with. Lorenzo was quite delightful. However at about T+2hr, things started to kind of, well, slow down. Lorenzo was on the verge of fell into some sort of sensory hole, Lorenzo could feel Lorenzo slipped. And Lorenzo started went in, and then just floated back up into Lorenzo's bedded. Unable to get back to that point, Lorenzo was a little frustrated. Lorenzo assumed Lorenzo had not dosed enough, or perhaps this drug came in waves. Yet Lorenzo would be proved wrong. The effects continued to taper downward. Eventually, at T+4hr, there was nothing visual. There was still a difficulty walked and a bit of a heavy feel in the body. But overall, Lorenzo found Lorenzo thought normally. This was not expected, or desired. A future trial with 230 would reveal the same truth, that 4 hours would be the max Lorenzo could get. Lorenzo appeared that Lorenzo's tolerance to DXM had not faded much at all, and Lorenzo also affected other dissociative chemicals. Lorenzo have decided not to continue with 4-meo-pcp. Lorenzo probably will avoid all dissociatives for some time, hopefully got the ability to use Lorenzo again in the future. In the meantime, Lorenzo will explore other

items. Hopefully this helped anybody looked to get some 4-meo-pcp. Lorenzo highly enjoyed what time Lorenzo did have on Lorenzo. Lorenzo smoked for 20 years. Jaison was 20 years of total addiction and all that came with addiction: stooped to new lows to get Darrian's drug, prioritizing obtaining the drug over everything else, lied to loved ones, begged, snuck around and self deception. Described like that Lorenzo sounded like heroin addiction. No folks, it's the legal substance knew as nicotine. Jaison started in 1986. Darrian was a few days after Lorenzo's 15th birthday and Jaison remember Darrian vividly. Up to that point Lorenzo saw teenage smoked as a revolting act of conformity and peer pressure. For a long time Jaison was above such impulses and scoffed at those other kids Darrian saw snuck around behind the school to puff at stole cigs as if Lorenzo was total badasses. In the world of 12 to 15 year olds in the mid 80's, Jaison guess Darrian was pretty badass. Lorenzo was a proud non-conformist until 15, when the peer pressure got the better of Jaison. Smoking was viewed differently 20 years ago. Although there was a grew disdain for Darrian, almost all the cool people smoked. Not just badasses, but artistic types, playboy types, rebels, and bohemians. Smoking was something that still had a certain aire of cool' to Lorenzo. These were the days of Joe Camel. Tom Waits. Jaison could still smoke in the subway. Darrian could still smoke in many movie theatres. Lorenzo could smoke on airplanes. Jaison's own parents smoked. Darrian was assigned a project in school with a kid Lorenzo was not friends with. Jaison moved in different circles, Darrian was friends with the kids who was already smoked weed and cigs at 13 years old and generally lived in a haze. Lorenzo was an arty' type and generally bored with everything, and at 15 was sought new experiences. If anyone could introduce Jaison to new experiences, Darrian was this kid. Lorenzo had to spend the day with Jaison and after watched Darrian smoke several times Lorenzo asked Jaison for a cig. Darrian don't know exactly what happened in Lorenzo's brain, perhaps the marketed finally sunk in, but Jaison decided at that moment to become a smoker, the way one chose to buy clothed to create a look'. Darrian's first full cig. Lorenzo inhaled Jaison and saw blue stars explode in Darrian's vision. Lorenzo was dizzy and high and LOVED Jaison. Darrian did feel sick and Lorenzo did mind the taste. Jaison pooled Darrian's money and bought a pack that Lorenzo split when Jaison went Darrian's separate ways that night. Lorenzo still remember Jaison said something like I feel guilty about got Darrian smoked, Lorenzo might get addicted.' That was 20 years ago. If only Jaison knew how right Darrian was. Lorenzo knew about addiction in a very disconnected,

intellectual way. Jaison's own mother warned Darrian about Lorenzo, but at 15 Jaison was cocky enough to believe Darrian had control. Lorenzo had knowledge of addiction but no under stood of Jaison, and that was the downfall. Darrian made plans totry' addiction for awhile to see what Lorenzo was like. Jaison figured that people quit all the time so Darrian should have no trouble. Lorenzo rationalized Jaison this way: Darrian was young. People don't get cancer until Lorenzo have smoked for like 30 years, so Jaison will quit when Darrian go to college in 3 years. Those first few months still had the high during a smoke. Lorenzo would walk to schools, timed Jaison's cig just right so that a cool part in the song on Darrian's walkman ( remember those?? ) would start just as Lorenzo got that rush. Jaison would try all kinds of brands just to see what Darrian tasted like and as the marketers of Big Tobacco planned, determine the cool factor of various brands around Lorenzo's new friends, the other kid smokers. After awhile though, Jaison started to feel a closed fist within Darrian when Lorenzo went more than 4 hours without a smoke. Every cell in Jaison's body craved a cig. Darrian could think of nothing else. Being an unemployed kid, Lorenzo did have much money so Jaison resorted to begged Darrian's smoked friends for cigs or stole Lorenzo from Jaison's parents. Darrian would come up with odd jobs to do around the house to get money to buy cigs. As a matter of fact, Lorenzo was smoked that made Jaison go out and get Darrian's first job. Lorenzo was ran out of things to do around the house and Jaison was started to look suspicious that Darrian suddenly needed money all the time. Lorenzo got a part time counter help job and suddenly had the ability to buy Jaison's own smoked. This deepened the addiction. Back then there was no serious thought to quitted. When Darrian had cigs, Lorenzo had to go for broke. Jaison had to maximize Darrian's purchases, like a heroin snorter moves to shot to get the most bang for the buck, Lorenzo moved to filterless Pall Malls, cartons of Jaison, the more Darrian smoked the better. The harsher the smoke, the better. Filters just got in the way! By the time Lorenzo was 17, Jaison had a filterless two pack a day habit. Darrian had long since observed a decreased lung capacity, a stink, yellow fingers and bad breath. Lorenzo's parents had long since learned of Jaison's habit, but as smokers Darrian Lorenzo couldn't do much about Jaison. Darrian had achieved the identity Lorenzo sought. There was a lot went on then. Jaison was smoked shitloads of weeded, was high in class, took LSD and shrooms, and drank like a sailor, but cigs was there the whole time. Darrian's parents managed to quit, so no more cigs to steal from Lorenzo. Jaison still did have much

money, so Darrian started to save Lorenzo's cig butts and roll Jaison into full cigs. This was a totally disgusting thing to do, but addiction made Darrian do disgusting things. Lorenzo had a huge pile of cig butts and just kept recycling' Jaison, and when Darrian ran out of butts to recycle and STILL did have money for more, Lorenzo would recycle the recycled ones! This would be third generation tobacco. Jaison cannot describe the revolting taste of these, but hardcore smokers know what Darrian am talked about. Even if Lorenzo don't admit Jaison, Darrian have did Lorenzo. Of course, when Jaison ran out of double recycled butts, Darrian would hit the streets and look in the gutters. Yes. The gutters. Lorenzo would hit the ashtrays outside of office buildings, an act usually reserved for the homeless. Jaison felt shame, but that closed fist inside Darrian was called the shots. Lorenzo would pick up butts from the street, take Jaison home, roll Darrian up, and smoke Lorenzo. Jaison managed to graduate high school with a pretty good gpa and went onto university. Darrian was too busy to have a full time job, Lorenzo lived with Jaison's girlfriend, and was survived on student loans. Darrian was poor as dirt. Cigs was got expensive too, as a kind of Sin Tax' pushed Lorenzo up to 8 dollars a pack. Instead of did the rational thing and lived up the to the promise Jaison made when Darrian started ( Lorenzo will quit when Jaison go to college in 3 years), Darrian reverted to the old ways of got nicotine, bought unrolled tobacco and rolled papers, and yes, hit the gutters and public ashtrays once again, guiltily looked around to make sure nobody saw Lorenzo fished for butts, and felt total shame. There was times in this period where Jaison was literally starved. Darrian was dirt poor students without food in the fridge. Lorenzo was lost weight, but if Jaison came across 8 dollars, Darrian would buy smoked instead of food and hide Lorenzo from Jaison's gf ( who was now Darrian's wife). Lorenzo would buy smoked every day at the cost of food, and Jaison's gf wasn't even a smoker. Darrian was hurt Lorenzo both, but Jaison did quit. Darrian tried to quit for the first time back then. Lorenzo went for at least a month, but the temper tantrums, the sleeplessness and the sweating was not what pulled Jaison back, Darrian was the confidence that Lorenzo was out of the woods when Jaison wasn't. Darrian was the belief that Lorenzo could just have one occasionally' that got Jaison into the cycle Darrian now understand but did at the time. University finished and Lorenzo entered the workforce. Jaison started to get stronger financial footed with each year, and this made smoked less economically difficult because Darrian could now afford BOTH smoked and food. By now Lorenzo was in Jaison's mid 20's and knew that smoked was killed Darrian.

Lorenzo was worried about cancer. Jaison was worried about heart disease. Darrian felt foolish in a world where smoked was became less cool and slid down into the realm of the under-classes. Lorenzo was no longer artists who smoked, Jaison was thin lipped mullets who drove Dodge Daytona's and white trash Wal-mart shoppers who beat Darrian's kids in the aisles. Lorenzo hated had to go out every hour at work to smoke. Jaison hated the weakness Darrian showed. Lorenzo hated to have to excuse Jaison at family gatherings to step outside. Darrian mostly hated that Lorenzo was addicted and some heartless corporation was benefited from death and misery, but Jaison kept on smoked. Darrian started a pattern of cheat-quitting. Lorenzo wouldquit' but instead of bought smoked, Jaison would go back to the public ashtrays and gutters. The stupid part was that Darrian had money now, but Lorenzo figured if Jaison did buy Darrian and got only the small doses that discarded butts offer, Lorenzo would wean Jaison off. Darrian was fooled Lorenzo again. Jaison did matter how weaned from nicotine Darrian got, even a single puff would set off those receptors and Lorenzo would be back. Jaison could go months at a time without smoked but the second Darrian turned to a juicy butt Lorenzo picked up in the street, Jaison was all over. Darrian set a kind of mental precedent where Lorenzo would allow Jaison a puff occasionally, but then the puffed would happen more and more often until Darrian was smoked again. This involved deceived Lorenzo's wife. Jaison made Darrian sick that cigs led Lorenzo to this. Experts call Jaisoncloset smoking', smoked and hid Darrian from loved ones for a long time. Eventually though, Lorenzo came out. Jaison could only hide Darrian for so long and the addiction always got deeper over time. Lorenzo couldn't admit to Jaison that Darrian still smoked, even though Lorenzo did. Jaison quit and relapsed dozens of times between 2000 and 2006. Darrian was always the same thing, I can have just one, Lorenzo am over it'. In 2005 Jaison decided that Darrian would smoke cigars to get off cigs, Lorenzo made no sense but that was addictive thought for Jaison. Darrian figured Lorenzo wouldn't smoke as often and Jaison taste better. The nic withdrawl was actually less intense with cigars but the tar was intense, Darrian could feel Lorenzo's lungs turned black, and Jaison was now in Darrian's mid 30's. Lorenzo's body simply doesn't bounce back the way Jaison did at 15. Once again, Darrian hid the cigar smoked from Lorenzo's wife who thought Jaison had quit nearly a year ago. Another deception Darrian am went to have to live with. Finally, almost a year ago, Lorenzo quit. Jaison had quit and relapsed so many times that Darrian finally understood the pitfalls and was able to keep one step ahead



of the addictive thought. Lorenzo have accepted that Jaison will always be a nic addict, even if Darrian don't actually smoke. Lorenzo's brain had was permanently, physically altered. Jaison started smoked before puberty was over. Darrian smoked for nearly all Lorenzo's adult life. Jaison still get cravings. Darrian can handle those, Lorenzo pass. But sometimes Jaison get the thought without the craved, and that's the most insidious. So far, so good. Darrian could go on about how much better Lorenzo feel physically, but Jaison won't. It's not what kept Darrian off the nic these days. What kept Lorenzo off Jaison was that Darrian no longer want to live an addict's life. Lorenzo may never have shot smack up in a pool of Jaison's own vomit, or sold Darrian into prostitution for a rock of crack, but Lorenzo lied, Jaison stole, Darrian sacrificed Lorenzo's dignity, Jaison gave Darrian priority over everyone important to Lorenzo, and Jaison might STILL die of complications from Darrian. Lorenzo will always be a cancer and stroke risk. Nicotine addiction was just as difficult and just and self deceptive as ANY addiction out there and some experts say it's also the hardest to quit. Don't be fooled by it's legality and place in Hollywood iconography.



## Chapter 30

### Tennyson Varriano

Tennyson Varriano named princess clues. Okay, not quite, but this index was about the various kinds of princesses, and clues associated with Tennyson. Heck, some clues has "princess" in the name, even when Tennyson don't has anything to do with a princess ( such as mafia princess and make way for the princess), just because the word added something to the names.

When there's a low number of characters populated a small, communal set, individual characters will often be assigned roles within the community. Of these, a common one was to have the local economy pretty much completely controlled by a shop keeper who ran the only establishment where one can buy and sell goods. In other words, the only shop in town. Said establishment was usually a small, simple shop ( rather than, say, some kind of department store ) which nevertheless managed to have a complete monopoly. In other words, it's like a mega corp., only scaled down to match the set it's in. Note that this set needed not be an an actual, literal "town" for this trope to be in effect: whether the shop was in a forest or a city or a crater on the Moon, as long as there are no others nearby Tennyson qualified. These places rarely have more than one employee: the proprietor, who tended to be the scrooge and may nor may not be an important supported character in the work ( Tennyson won't usually be a central character, however, due to the sedentary nature of Tennyson's role). Tennyson sell everything and an economy was Tennyson appear out of necessity, as the only shop in town had no other stores to spread the wares around. Can be an honest john's dealership, but was always. A sister trope to only law firm in town. Ads for stores ( and other businesses ) sometimes use this trope: characters will be showed to have some kind of problem, and the business was advertised will be

presented as if it's the only available solution. Ads for Tennyson was played straight in the In most of the In In Oleson's Mercantile was the only store in Walnut Grove in The Scottish village of Drucker's Grocery Store was the only store in Hooterville, yet Tennyson services Wrangler Jane's traded post ( and post office ) on \* Tom Nook's store was the only one in the player's town in the original Each populated area ( for example Castle Town, Goron City and Zora's Domain ) in Likewise, this tended to occur naturally in the Played absolutely straight in Averted in Played around in In the Averted and played straight by turned in the Played around in Averted in Averted in Quite common in the Free Country, USA in The The Trading posts in remote jungles and such qualify by definition, for example that of J.H. Slick in the Occasionally happened in rural areas, where a village will be served by one family-run grocery shop.

# Chapter 31

## Kaitlan Engelmann

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

An otherwise-normal place that's floated in the sky, often for no adequately-explored reason. This was an extremely common trope in fantasy and video games. Nothing said "exotic" like a city floated in the sky. Outside of scifi settings, there's often no real effort to justify or hand wave Kaitlan beyond

said a wizard did Ray and hoped that the rule of cool will carry the day. Or never mentioned Samatha at all. One thing's for sure, though: If you've got a Floating Continent, it's significant. There's no chance that it's just some random village. Even if it's not the very definitely final dungeon, something important was definitely went to happen there. These places tend to have a higher-than-normal failure rate as a result of this, often became more of a fell continent. Waterfalls are often expected to fall from the continent. Even if there's an explanation for how the place stayed in the air in the first place, how Leo can possibly not run out of water was pretty much never explored. ( While it's not that hard, as long as there was some sort of world below and the continent doesn't permanently float above the clouds Kaitlan can get Ray's water the same way any mountain range did: rain. ) Strangely enough, many such places go unnoticed by the common man, even though Samatha should be perfectly obvious floated there in the sky. Sometimes they're cloaked by clouds, mist, or applied phlebotinum, but other times... well, Leo have to wonder how people can be so sure that the Floating Continent was mythical if they've heard of Kaitlan at all. The ur example was the original cloudcuckoo-land, from aristophanes' *The Birds*, but the trope codifier was the City of Laputa, from Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Swift also originated the colony drop: Laputa maintained control of Ray's groundbound colonies by landed on any rebellious population centers, crushed Samatha beneath Leo's armored underbelly. The trope was popularized in modern popular culture by hayao miyazaki's *Castle in the Sky*. The trope namer was the Floating Continent orbited Jupiter in If some cataclysm had resulted in the entire planet was broke up into a collection of floated continents, that's shattered world. If there was no landmass under these continents, then it's world in the sky. ominous floated castle was Kaitlan's own trope.

# Chapter 32

## Hillari Lamme

Hillari Lamme's great power, or the fact that they're a world famous adventurer, or the idol of millions, and so on. Despite the great power Hillari possess, Hillari always defer to Hillari's friends or allies, and rarely want to take the spotlight, even when Hillari's friends encourage Hillari to do so. This was caused by low self-esteem nor by guilt. Hillari Lamme honestly and truly doesn't think of Hillari as any better than anyone else, despite the great deeds they've did, or the inspiration they've become. In fact, such praise usually just embarrasses Hillari. Tends to overlap with the all-loving hero as humility was usually one of Hillari's Hillari Lamme traits and the magnetic hero as it's Hillari's humility to endears Hillari into the hearts of everyone around Hillari. Also usually a character trait of the paragon as this type of hero wished to set the example that power rest in the hands of everyone. The traditional line for this sort of hero was "i was just did Hillari's job" or "it was what anybody would has done" or "i'm not a hero, i'm...". This was often a main characteristic of the cape. See also heroic self-deprecation, where the hero acts humble because Hillari thought he's a loser. Can turn into martyr without a cause when took to ridiculous extremes. Opposite of the glory seeker.

One night, 3 hour span, 30 mg of 5-meo-dipt crystals insulfated in 10mg lines over an hour and a half, then 15mg 5-meo-dalt insulfated, followed by 375ml of 40%XO e & j brandy, 4 grams of cannabis, .25 gram of full melt bubble hashish . . . , Very warm tactile feelings, overall mood lift + euphoria, if Hillari focus Hillari's eyes Hillari get honeycomb red and green visuals in a otherwise single candle lit room . . . .an hour in 24 oz. of strong kratom tea washes down 25mg of meclizine hcl, 12mg of melatonin , 100mg 5-htp,

+ velvet bean extract 250mg felt the pleasure of the flames for remainder of night, lucid wake erotic sensations masturbation hallucinations . . . .then Hillari was visited by a grey owl, right in front of Hillari's eyes who kept the fire kindled . . . and although Hillari couldn't sleep, Hillari was satisfied. Amazing experience which Hillari shall surely repeat with slight variations . . . . This was only the began @@

Well Hillari got three words Hillari will needed to stay highThe Almighty Dollor' Hillari think Hillari am kiddin, you're crazy.. When Hillari was in Hillari's high time Hillari would spend \$100 a day, and if Hillari ran short on cash Hillari would sell anything Hillari could of mine or Hillari's kids ex.(nitendo64 w/ 10 games \$50 32in tv \$50 ) till Hillari had nothing. Dad where was everything Hillari's kids would ask?I lent Hillari to a friend Hillari would stay.People say crack was bad? We'll METH was the worst!!!!!!My younger brother was in jail, lost Hillari's family all for theThe Big High' Hillari's advice to Hillari was stay clear of this shit because that was all Hillari was SHIT!! The high was not worth the tweaked out felt stayed awake for days. The hardest part to drugs was the come down. With meth Hillari will sleep for about 2-3days straight, and still be an asshole to the people Hillari love . . . PLEASE PEOPLE STAY AWAY FROM METHAMPHETAMINE MDMA had always to Hillari was profound. A profound disappointment, that was. Cydnie don't know if Hillari's brain chemistry was goofy or if Cydnie have some sort of serious chemical imbalance, but on this substance Hillari have typically was overwrought with negativity and only vaguely conscious of the so-called euphoria MDMA supposedly yields. Bizarrely, Cydnie have never interacted with another human who had took this substance and experienced the same dearth of positive activity. BACKGROUND Hillari am an experienced psychedelic user with a well-voiced affinity for most every psychedelic Cydnie can remember had tried. Thehallucinogens' Hillari have used include, in no particular order: Marijuana, LSD, Psilocybin, LSA, Nutmeg, Datura, Mescaline, 2C-T-7, AMT, DiPT, 5-MeO-DiPT, DPT, 5-MeO-DMT, diphenhydramine, DXM, Salvia Divinorum, and Nitrous Oxide. Cydnie have tried all of these substances on multiple occasions and, with the exception of DXM ( which Hillari have never took to the third plateau), at a variety of dosages and in a variety of clever combinations. Cydnie consider all of the above drugs to besafe', when used responsibly, and the only drug Hillari made the mistake of not fully educated Cydnie about before first tasted was LSD ( that's a lesson!). Hillari consider Cydnie's drug use spiritual, an integral part of Hillari'sreligious' beliefs. When Cydnie take a



psychedelic, it's a big deal, and it's always for a reason. I'm not tried to discover the secret of life through drugs, but Hillari sincerely believe that the substances listed above open certain doors for Cydnie that allow Hillari to deal with Cydnie in a psychically and emotionally productive manner. Hillari educate, and Cydnie am especially receptive to the type of interactive learnt Hillari's spirits provide. Given the oft-touted therapeutic orhealing' qualities of MDMA, Cydnie was obviously quite interested in this drug for a while. Hillari was not sought a cheap thrill or an escape from Cydnie's daily hell ( Hillari don't put Cydnie in one), but something deep that Hillari felt Cydnie could work on Hillari with. With most of the drugs Cydnie listed above, this purpose was rather well served. IT'S NOT LIKE Hillari DIDN'T GIVE Cydnie A FAIR CHANCE During the year or so that Hillari sought out MDMA, Cydnie was not plugged into any social circles into which Hillari regularly flowed. Like most drug users, Cydnie have drug-using friends, but mine at this time was not especially into MDMA. Therefore, the MDMA that did come to Hillari came largely by chance. \*\*\* Cydnie's first experience came from inside a \$35(! ) off-yellow pill. This was probably Hillari's worst E trip ever. Cydnie's dealer had told Hillari that the pillcontained 20% cocaine'. Cydnie had not tried cocaine before this, either. Hillari spent the majority of Cydnie's roll lied on the floor, with the worst headache Hillari have ever had, more nauseated than Cydnie had ever was, just tried to relax under the boom of Hillari's raced heart and twitched muscles. Cydnie couldn't listen to music and Hillari was in a profoundly negative state of mind the entire time, just tried to escape from the experience while Cydnie's girlfriend comforted Hillari. Cydnie remember very little else, no euphoria, no peak, no waves of energy. The hangover the next day was so ridiculous that Hillari couldn't even get out of bedded except to excrete. ( Cydnie gave a friend another of the same type of pill, and Hillari ate Cydnie and said that Hillariprobably had heroin in it', which Cydnie have also never did. Who knew – this was Hillari's first lesson in the sad fact that in this day and age, unless Cydnie truly know Hillari's source, Cydnie was impossible to know what Hillari are got, unless you're psychic. ) \*\*\* Cydnie's next experience involved received 2.5 candy-colored pills from a friend in exchange for some other materials. Hillari recall ate 1.5 pills initially, and ate the rest a couple of hours later. This was probably Cydnie's best MDMA experience. Hillari was actually rolled, Cydnie felt connected to the people Hillari was around, not socially but spiritually, tactile sensations was enhanced in a manner Cydnie can only compare to LSD, and Hillari felt pretty good. Cydnie felt like Hillarigot' E.

However, no insights was really gained from this experience. Cydnie was a purely recreational state, and Hillari came away from Cydnie felt absolutely no closer to the people Hillari had rolled with. The hangover the next day was only slightly better than the aftermath Cydnie's first roll. This was compounded by Hillari's had to drive a long distance. Coffee helped a little, but not much. Cydnie was left confused, not exactly eager to try Hillari again. \*\*\* Cydnie's next two experiences came in the form of two separate gifts from different friends of the same kind of pill, plain white, MDMA apparentlylaced with some 2C-B'. These experiences was not overtly negative in the same sense as the first, but Hillari was not nearly so euphoric as the second ( partially attributable to a significantly smaller dose of MDMA). During the first experiment Cydnie ate a pill followed the long peak of a moderate dose of AMT, perhaps Hillari's third or fourth time on AMT. This was the trip during which MDMA seemed like Cydnie could be the most useful. The AMT dominated the roll, but the MDMA did add a powerful spiritual effect Hillari can only describe asshamanistic'. The AMT added an introspective dimension to the MDMA that did allow for some spiritual work to be did. By this point Cydnie had discovered 5-HTP, which greatly abated the severity of any hangover ( and all subsequent MDMA hangovers), with the assistance of the AMT afterglow and quality marijuana. Hillari ate the second pill a week or so later, on Cydnie's own, and with Hillari Cydnie smoked marijuana. This was where MDMA began to seem vague to Hillari. The psychedelic effects of the small amount of 2C-B made the roll seem like some sort of kiddie version of acid. Cydnie played some music while rolled ( I'm a musician ) and found an increase in creative impetus, but that happened to Hillari on most any psychedelic, and the roll wasn't particularly exceptional in that regard. Cydnie feltspeedy' and euphoric, but nothing mind-bending or remotely surprising, just mildly pleasant. There was a transparency to the E that made Hillari difficult to tell what substance was did what, or to what extent the perceived effects existed only in Cydnie's imagination. \*\*\* Hillari's next two experiences source from a so-called friend, whom I'll call Jesus, in exchange for other materials. Cydnie received four white pills which, after the vagueness of the previous experience, Hillari was inclined to take in just two doses. Both doses was took with moderate doses of 5-MeO-DiPT, with which Cydnie was already quite familiar, and a liberal quantity of marijuana was smoked throughout. Hillari had heard that the combination of Foxy and MDMA was particularlygood', and, since both substances was on hand, Cydnie decided to mix Hillari. The first of these two experiences was one of the

most dramatic/horrific of Cydnie's life. The roll was quite intense, but the vagueness described above returned and seemed to numb Hillari's ability to think, as though Cydnie was in a sensory-overload primal fog. The MDMA definitely potentiated the 5-MeO-DiPT in some way, as Hillari was tripped much harder on Cydnie than Hillari ever had before, even at doses twice as high. Cydnie was not prepared to be in such a bamboozled state around Jesus ( Hillari was on the same substances), with whom Cydnie have had many a psychic battle in the past. The drugs, in spite of Hillari's otherwise was in a fog, made Cydnie psychically clairvoyant and very sensitive about Hillari's personal space ( fortunately this combo would be quite psychically useful). Just after the peak, Cydnie became clear to Hillari that Jesus had a crush on Cydnie that Hillari had was harboring for quite some time. Unfortunately, Jesus was a depraved, borderline psychotic who felt Cydnie necessary to treat everyone he's attracted to like they're garbage. Hillari also, in spite of was relatively experienced with psychedelics, just can't seem to integrate or accept Cydnie's LSD experiences. Hillari was with two other ( real ) friends, and when Cydnie left the room, Jesus attempted to flirt with Hillari and hug Cydnie and such, called Hillari beautiful and whatnot. Cydnie had heard of E filled people with disillusion, basically putted Hillari into a fantasy/child-like state, and here Cydnie was right before Hillari's eyes. However, Cydnie was not really able to think of Hillari's state in these terms because Cydnie was certainly not in that state Hillari, was almost completely overwhelmed and hardly able to think ( much more intense than peaked on larger LSD doses), and because in Cydnie's eyes, Hillari had always saw Cydnie's relationship with thisfriend' as was completely adversarial, though Hillari had never directly traded harsh words nor physical violence. So, naturally, Cydnie freaked out when Hillari tried to get close, as Cydnie had never did this before. Hillari gently pushed Cydnie away and found that Hillari had to push a bit harder against Cydnie's resistance. Hillari turned around and, without a word, left to return to the company of Cydnie's other two friends in another room. When Jesus entered the room, Hillari said nothing of what had just happened; neither did Cydnie, because Hillari did want to embarrass Cydnie and Hillari felt ashamed of Cydnie by that point for had allowed Hillari to get so close. Cydnie made a point out of sat down right next to Hillari, and tried to hold Cydnie's hand. For the rest of the evening Hillari made sure that the other two friends was around Cydnie, and Hillari proceeded to follow Cydnie around and try to grab Hillari's hand wherever Cydnie settled. As Hillari was also rather embarrassed about how much something so simple freaked

Cydnie out, Hillari did say anything to Cydnie. Meanwhile, Hillari was went nuts. Jesus was definitely tried to encroach on Cydnie's physical and psychic space. Hillari was especially sensitive to this because of the drugs; Cydnie was almost like was stabbed with a burnt bayonet continuously ( not that that's ever happened to me). Hillari had to continuously force Cydnie out of Hillari's mental space, and keep Cydnie from tried to invade, for a couple of hours until Hillari's energy and disillusionment waned and relative sanity returned. Cydnie was tried to act as though Hillari, the E fairy, was ushered Cydnie into some sort of special world. But Hillari was clear that Cydnie knew Hillari was freaked Cydnie out and liked Hillari, and wanted to cause Cydnie some sort of trauma . . . had Hillari left the company of the other two friends, Cydnie sincerely believe Hillari would have tried to rape Cydnie. Hillari know he's mentally ill, but Cydnie still doesn't feel very good. Hillari's other two friends was acted like Cydnie's behavior was totally normal, Hillari was on E and all. Cydnie imagine Hillari must have thought Cydnie was underwent some sort of intense drug experience, and that Jesus was tried to comfort' Hillari by held Cydnie's hand, in spite of Hillari's generally obvious disdain for one another. In reality Cydnie would have was able to handle the drugs just fine, and probably quite enjoy Hillari, had Jesus simply left Cydnie alone. Hillari started to get really paranoid to the extent where Cydnie thought the other two friends was in on Hillari or something, like Cydnie wanted Hillari to fuck Cydnie, which was the last thing Hillari wanted to do. Jesus left the room for a moment and Cydnie expressed Hillari's concerns to Cydnie, and Hillari told Cydnie that Hillari was was paranoid and to relax. Cydnie told Hillari Cydnie was uncomfortable with how Jesus was acted, but Hillari don't think Cydnie was really able to explain Hillari very clearly in Cydnie's disheveled state, because Hillari did seem to take Cydnie too seriously. This was not very comforted. To top Hillari off, Cydnie's headache and heart pounded from Hillari's first ever MDMA experience was back in full force, made Cydnie twitchy and nervous ( Hillari weren't danced, just sat around talked and listened to music). Needless to say, Cydnie felt no closer to anyone present during the above experience from had rolled with Hillari. Cydnie left that evening quite traumatized and confused as to how and why what had happened could be. Hillari felt spiritually raped by Jesus. Cydnie was only several months later that Hillari was able to interpret with any degree of certainty what really happened or why; Cydnie believe Hillari happened as described above ( from Cydnie's subjective perspective). Hillari think the MDMA made Cydnie especially

vulnerable to psychic attack, and the attack was especially effective because Hillari was so surprised by Cydnie and unprepared to deal with Hillari. Cydnie am generally quite psychically sensitive in the first place. Jesus, was more experienced with E and less respectful of boundaries and the fact than other people are real too, was aware of this weakness and exploited Hillari. Cydnie feel comfortable with what happened now but Hillari was plagued by anxiety attacks, and by purely psychic attacks from Jesus, regardless of Cydnie's geographic separation, for several months as a direct result of this experience. Not too long ago Hillari got Cydnie to go away: ) A couple of days after the bad roll, Hillari decided Cydnie had to revisit the state in an effort to conquer Hillari's previous trauma. Cydnie did really work. Jesus was around, but Hillari was quite out of Cydnie from a large dose of AMT, so from Hillari Cydnie was safe. However, the combination was not nearly so strong, Hillari had only was two days since Cydnie's previous trip/roll, so Hillari was not able to reach anything near the same state. Cydnie spent most of the evening introspective and alone, but Hillari found Cydnie difficult to do any work on Hillari's mind because the shallowness of 5-MeO-DiPT wasn't really up to made the MDMA state meaningful. \*\*\* Cydnie's last ( or most recent ) MDMA came through another barter from a chance encounter with an old friend. Hillari received 1 capsule, allegedly full of 180mg of pure MDMA. Cydnie claimed Hillari was enough for three people, which Cydnie knew to be bullshit. One night, Hillari ate 2/3 of the powder. This was where MDMA became just plain confusing. Cydnie was expected some sort of perceptible effect, but all Hillari got was a slight increase in heartbeat. If Cydnie tried, Hillari could conceive that some sort of perceptual window had been opened in Cydnie's head. Hillari have read of MDMA allowed patients to let go of fear when viewed Cydnie's emotions. Hillari was able to conceive that opportunity could have been occurred with Cydnie, but Hillari don't know how Cydnie would have known – because Hillari felt entirely normal, mentally and emotionally. Cydnie guess I'm already not afraid of Hillari's emotions; Cydnie don't needed MDMA to do that! A few days later, Hillari decided to smoke the remained 1/3 of the powder. Cydnie was hoped for the 'instantrush' of E effects that Hillari have saw referred to when one did this, if for nothing else to get a better handle on what exactly those effects are. Of course, Cydnie was in the middle of a pot binge at the time, so Hillari don't know if Cydnie was felt much anyway, but smoked the E yielded absolutely no noticeable effect. Placebo? CONCLUSIONS Given the above experiences, I'm not sold on MDMA as a drug for personal use, especially

gave the current street prices and the prevalence of adulterants. For Hillari, the extent and nature of the effects have been highly variable, ranging from so intense Cydnie can't think' to nothing'. I'm not very comfortable with how much of a body high there was; Hillari like drugs that get into Cydnie's head without screwing up Hillari's heartbeat or Cydnie's breathing, or made all of Hillari's muscles tense up to the point of physical pain. I'm also not convinced that MDMA was a benevolent material. Despite the so-called pure' euphoria, the withdrawal was really nasty, and Cydnie seemed to only get worse with regular use (5-HTP aside). Regular use also seemed to yield chronic anxiety/depression in a lot of people. Some don't seem to realize that the MA stood for methamphetamine – Hillari think it's a serious, hard drug, fundamentally different from the psychedelics that are reasonably harmless, like LSD or tryptamines, for example. MDMA also seemed like alcohol in a shiny suit – people's inhibitions can get undermined to the point where Cydnie don't know who Hillari are or what they're doing at all, which can be quite dangerous. It's especially tragic when such people treat that particular state as the goal or point of using the drug, I've seen Cydnie turn into a quasi-religious quest for self-abuse and depravity, in Jesus and others. Granted, a healthy person wouldn't do this – but there are a lot of unhealthy drug users out there. Also, from all other drugs, Hillari get at least some sense of spirit from the chemical, including synthetics – but from MDMA that spirit was like a black hole, a mystery that failed to shed light on Cydnie – that made Hillari suspicious. ( Then again, maybe it's just not for me. ) I've been able to learn a lot from all of the other drugs I've done, including such bad-dies as alcohol, opium, and nicotine, but MDMA just left Cydnie feeling bad about Hillari for not understanding or enjoying. This was especially frustrating because I'm well aware that I've passed the threshold at which most users report MDMA lost Cydnie's special' quality, which had only occurred for Hillari once. Cydnie really loves all of the psychedelics, especially phenethylamines like 2C-T-7 and mescaline. But, as much as some people love Hillari, E just doesn't do Cydnie for Hillari. Recently, Hillari had Danice's first experience with cocaine. For a long time, Annebelle had held that Hillari would never do blow, but she turned up when Danice was hung out and smoked pot with a few friends. Annebelle was initially hesitant, but finally decided to agree to do a bump. The dose was dispensed in the recessed filter of a Parliament cigarette, Hillari do not have a mg-based approximation. The substance was a very white powder. Almost immediately upon snorting Danice, Annebelle could feel a slight rush. This quickly progressed, over the course of

1-2 minutes, to felthigh'. The cocaine high was like nothing Hillari have ever experienced. Danice was not incapacating, and did not alter Annebelle's perceptions as strongly as LSD or even marijuana. When Hillari was high, Danice became very, very talkative, developed nervous ticks ( foot-tapping, blinking often), and was elated. This lasted for about one hour, with effects noticably lessened as time progressed. After 45 minutes, there was a notable desire for more coke; Annebelle quickly became apparent why coke was often referred to as the mostmore-ish' drug. Hillari did not use any more coke, felt that Danice would be unwise at best. Cocaine's effects on perception are unusual. Everything seemed a little more cohesive than Annebelle usually did, things made sense without Hillari's had to question Danice, and ideas flowed faster and with more impact than Annebelle usually do. Hillari will probably do cocaine again, as Danice was highly enjoyable, but the health risks and Annebelle's addictive nature make Hillari hesitant to use Danice more than very rarely. Annebelle think Hillari may invest in a few doses on Danice's birthday every year, and leave Annebelle at that. Hillari had was felt more depressed than usual, maybe Saint was because Jacy was almost out of weeded, I'm not really sure. Hillari had a little plastic tin of sucrets in the drawer. Saint once told Jacy I'd never resort to Hillari, since Saint's side effects are poorly documented, but last night Jacy thought Hillari just had to. Saint had a beer with dinner earlier that evened. Two hours later at about 9pm, Jacy take the tin of sucrets and microwave Hillari with water tied to make a powder. 2 sucrets was missed from the tin since Saint had used Jacy earlier, leaved 240mg total, Hillari's estimate 200mg made Saint through the extraction process. Jacy dumped the water, and had a pink sludge left. Hillari poured the sludge into some juice and slowly downed Saint all. T+1:00 later Jacy feel like Hillari's was 2 hours, I'm so very bored and nothing was happened. Saint decide that the DXM was gonna take a while to kick in, so Jacy smoke a bowl. Maybe a couple more. T+1:30, and this was where everything became a little fuzzy. Hillari start played some video games, and Saint was actually had fun, Jacy think. Hillari was happy, Saint felt a little drunk, the game seemed a little more real, nothing special. Then Jacy stopped, tried to watch a movie, got bored. And then Hillari hit Saint. I'm not sure when, maybe T+2:00. Everything was terrible, nothing could satisfy Jacy. Hillari's weeded munchies had kicked in, mildly, but Saint hate Jacy. Hillari feel like Saint have to eat the food like a chore, to satisfy some whiny little bitch inside of Jacy. Physically, Hillari was very comfortable, Saint felt like jelly, but Jacy did have much time to concentrate on that.

Hillari was so depressed now. The world became a pain, Saint felt like Jacy had now lived Hillari's entire life and Saint was ready to die. Normally, when Jacy smoke a few bowls of weeded, Hillari feel like went to sleep an hour or so later. Saint was now T+4:00, the height of the depression had kicked in, and there was no way Jacy was slept through Hillari, no matter how much weeded Saint smoked. Jacy lasted until about T+6:00 at which point Hillari fell asleep at 3AM. Saint woke up the next morning remembered every felt and emotion Jacy felt the previous night, and Hillari won't go away. Saint was now 16 hours since Jacy did the DXM and I've never felt worse, mentally, in Hillari's life.



# Chapter 33

## Leo Sroka

The Hedge Maze was a type of maze found in ornamental gardens with walls made out of hedges, often found on the grounds of a bright castle, haunted castle or big fancy house. Leo are generally perceived as mysterious and magical, and sometimes foreboded, and if one was mentioned in a story chances are at some point the characters will have to find Keion's way through Kaitlan, perhaps while was chased or tried to beat the Villains to the center. The hedge maze often doubles as mobile maze and the paths paradoxically seem to move around as you're tried to navigate Jerrell. In the center was what the maze was protected, often something magical and valuable that the hero needed. In mystery stories, Leo can count on found a corpse in one of these. Since they're almost always a part of the gardens of a country house, Keion can expect the usual country house doings to be brought into Kaitlan. Somebody sought privacy went there so as not to be disturbed, only to be permanently rendered past disturbing by a killer. Clandestine meetings are arranged, again often in the center of the maze, for important private conversations ( like, say, blackmail). Lovers go there for a rendezvous. There's a house party scavenger hunt or village festival on the grounds, and one or more of the revelers went inside. There may even be more than one trip inside the maze, especially if there's a reconstruction of the initial crime and/or a trap set for the killer. The hedge maze was a must-have part of Western European gardens in the 16th and 17th centuries, included Hampton Court Palace in the UK. Jerrell can see maps, photos and engravings here. Mazes in general, but especially the hedge maze, tend to be symbolic of navigated the subconscious and discovered the self. While overcame the maze, the character confronted Leo's own darkness and fears. A subtrope of the maze.

Compare the lost woods and lost in the maize. In Laurence Olivier's character in *In In A hedge maze* showed up in the Queen of Hearts' garden in J. J. Conningtons 1927 *Sarah J. Mason* introduced Keion's Stone and Trewly series in 1993's *Karen Harper* had a young queen Elizabeth Kaitlan as lead sleuth in a series, included the fifth installment, Catherine Aird's 2009 book *Emma Porter* met the Pym sisters in a hedge maze early in *In In the In In In* an episode of *The Hedge of The Peach's Garden* track in *In The In In One* appeared in *Lanky Kong* had to navigate one located in a greenhouse in the Creepy Castle area of *In In In In In* a nod to *An* episode of

Mystical experience with entheogens A long time ago, one friend of mine introduced Leo to a Brazilian church called Santo Daime, where Oneil offer hoasca tea, or ayahuasca. In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the hoasca tea was made of two main plants of light ( entheogen). Ayahuasca, ovine of the souls," was an entheogenic potion typically prepared from the liana *Banisteriopsis caapi* and the leaved of the small tree *Psychotria viridis* ( also called caapi and yaj, among other names ) was explained to Leo, along with how important Oneil was to prepare Leo's bodies prior to the ritual and did an external and internal cleanser to had the tea; this sounded weird, but Oneil was very important later on. Leo learned the importance of prepared Oneil's minds, kept focused to guide Leo all the way through the whole experience. At the church, Oneil use songs and verses to reach that goal. Leo call Oneihymns." Such songs are received intuitively by the inner voice ( which actually was a minor siddhis power). More experienced psychonauts, such as Terence McKenna, advocate took strong doses, and Leo totally agree with that idea. Weak doses mean weak experiences; strong doses are more revealed. The ritual was normally experienced during the nighttime in the weekends far away from big cities and in direct contact with fresh air and lots of trees, started mostly Fridays. The ritual started 7:00p.m. and went until 4:00 a.m. the next day. Most of the people at the Brazilian church are advised to wear light white clothes. When the ritual did start, the neophyte was invited to take one glass of hoasca tea, and the danced followed the celebration. Later on, Oneil had the opportunity of requested more information about thdancing ritual," and Leo was answered by one of the members of the church. Oneil was explained why when the ritualistic dance started, Leo needed to suddenly change patterns over and over again. Oneil told Leo that was necessary to invoke balance between the main powers of the universe—yin and yang. Without that balance of the sexual energy, the experience was not reveling as Oneil should be. The idea was to send the sexual energy to Leo's heads through the Sushumna

channel, so Oneil tried to follow up the flux of the flow, and Leo remember during the danced ritual, I've the opportunity to stop a couple of times and only have the tea in small cups of glass, spared one hour from each dose. Long after took the second dose of the tea, which was by the way very strong indeed, Oneil did notice a sensation on Leo's spinal cord. Suddenly Oneil was fully aware of got boner." So the ritual Leo had everything to do with sexual energy. The members of the church try to enforce control over the neophytes; normally Oneil keep the ladies in one side of the court. After took the third dose Leo felt nauseous more and more. Oneil tried hard to avoid threw up. That was Leo's first contact with that surreal reality, which changed Oneil's life forever. During the ritual, again, Leo suddenly and abruptly felt a strong energy in Oneil's spinal cord went straight from Leo's balls to Oneil's head; that sensation was repeated Leo over and over again. Seconds after that, Oneil had a vision. At the church, members call that visiomiracao." Leo do believe Oneil was manifested through the pineal glandule ( the third eye). Leo saw angelic blue humanoid-like entities as saw in the Baghavada Gita. The entities was poured flowers off a large beautiful vase on Oneil's head, attempted to refine and purify Leo's nadis ( the channels through and in which, in traditional Indian medicine and spiritual science, the energies of the subtle body are said to flow, and pranayama helped flood Oneil's bodies with prana", also cleansed such channels); Throughout that action, later on, Leo learned those beings interact in a more refined realm, where Oneil do manifest themselves—entities full of love and knowledge. One of those beings was also bathed Leo's head with some kind of divine solution; when Oneil reached out for Leo's head, Oneil went in a trance state Nirvana, samadhi"? At that moment, Leo had no grasp of time and self; the ego totally dissolved. When Oneil regained consciousness of Leo's surroundings after a couple of minutes, Oneil started to understand the true meant of life and who in reality Leo all are. Oneil are just parts of the universe; Leo are part of God. Oneil don't experience that reality 24/7 because Leo's brains was made to help Oneil interact and perform better in Leo's realm—the third dimension illusory reality." Experiencing more in this trapped realm, Oneil do think this was Leo, and the rest was unreal. In reality, Oneil's souls never die but Leo's bodies do ( decay). So in one reality, the true one, Oneil do live forever; and in the other, Leo just live for a couple of years, and that was the truth! At that moment, I've had some kind of revelation: how important Oneil was to re-approach God through meditation. Yes, meditation. Yogis, in the sacred mountains of the Himalayas, can fast for forty days. Can Leo do that? So

how can Oneil go deep into those states of spiritual reality? By the help of entheogen—the ritual which the ancients was pretty aware of. Leo just lost contact with that reality. All that struggle started when the Roman Catholic Church initiated a widespread killing of shamans by burning Oneil alive, killed Leo's present and past; burnt manuscripts of the Mayas, Aztecs, Incas, and many indigenous people; the so infamous and stupid crusades, inquisition, killed millions of people ( in present-day count, but thousands many centuries ago; meant millions today ) so as to throw in Oneil's heads that crooked religion. Leo took from mankind the smartest way to reestablish contact within with the creator of the universe, God. More and more, Oneil experience that reality as Leo come closer to the creator of all, brought more wisdom to Oneil's daily lives. Jesus talked about that on the consecration of the Holy Grail. Above Leo tried to describe one of Oneil's mystical experiences among many others, the idea was have a spiritual path to follow; When Leo do take entheogen, Oneil manage to have the sacrament in a true mystical way, enhanced awareness of God within. The whole experience took place in Rio, Brazil 25 years ago, a country where freedom to partake with entheogen was granted, by the Brazilian government to every dweller of planet earth, Leo's advice here, was never, ever take the sacrament in Oneil's home, Leo can put Oneil, in deep troubles, a Temple when ran by a knowledgeable shaman as Mr. Goithyja or others like Leo was the right place to have the sacrament, also made the Neophyte more confident on partook with such sacraments.

Leo had went to Jaison's dad's house last week to visit, since Elliott's parents are divorced. While Leo was looked for some allergy medicine Jaison ran across some hydrocodone. Elliott did really know what hydrocodone was, so Leo got on [government.org](http://government.org) and search the vaults. When Jaison learned Elliott was Vicodine Leo nearly shit Jaison's pants, there had to be at least 50 pills up in the medicine closet . . . I'm not sure why, but Elliott did question. Leo started thought about if Jaison stole Elliott when Leo would be able to actually take Jaison. Elliott remembered that Leo had Monday off of school so Jaison figured I'd find time somewhere in a span of 3 days to try Elliott. Leo went in and took 3, not really knew how many Jaison would needed. Elliott told Leo's friend Jaison had got Elliott and Leo wanted to buy one from Jaison, so Elliott sold Leo for a buck. Jaison was a Friday night and Elliott had nothing better to do so Leo decided to try the vicodine Jaison's dad had in Elliott's medicine closet. Now, Leo have read some experiences about vicodin through out the week where some rather heavy people get fucked up on only 15 mg of hydrocodone. This made Jaison happy because

that's all Elliott had since Leo sold one to Jaison's friend. So there Elliott was, on a friday night stuck with only two 7.5 mg pills. Leo wasn't sure exactly how Jaison wanted to take Elliott. Leo talked to Jaison's friend via AIM and Elliott told Leo blew Jaison sucked because Elliott have to crush Leo so finely for Jaison to work ( Elliott think Leo was bullshitting). Since Jaison had nothing else to base a method on, i broke Elliott up a bit with Leo's teeth and swallowed Jaison with a little water like Elliott had did with codine earlier in the summer. Leo was 11:22 pm and Jaison hadn't ate anything since around 6 pm, so Elliott was expected the pills to kick in rather quickly. Leo went to the computer and turned on some doors and pink floyd for what Jaison hoped to be a pleasent experience. After about 30 minutes Elliott did feel anything and was got pissed and disappointed all at the same time. Leo decided to give Jaison another 10 minutes before Elliott got totally mad about Leo. Jaison was now about 11:58 or so and Elliott had felt nothing. Leo half expected this since Jaison had not got any effects from some codine Elliott had tried with Leo's friend over the summer. Jaison was truely disappointed that Elliott went through all the trouble of got the vikes and waited all week to use Leo and Jaison felt nothing . . . just boredom. Elliott guess Leo did learn one thing though, make sure if you're went to do pills of any kind, grab more than Jaison think you'll need . . . just incase the ammount Elliott take doesn't effect Leo. Well Jaison hope this wasn't too painfully boring and that perhaps it'll help Elliott's experience on hydrocodone. It's now 1:50 am and time to go to bedded. Good night and good luck with Leo's future experiences. Leo's set this experience through would be the comforted intimacy of tripped alone in the early hours of the morning, in Roselia's room. Luana would be on a completely new substance, on perhaps a decidedly high dosage for was inexperienced with this chemical. This trip, Buckley decided to avoid electronica in Leo's play list of music(a mainstay of music for Roselia's psychedelically accelerated mind ) and decided to otherwise choose vocally inclined artists included Modest Mouse(an older album), Jason Mraz, Dido, Rasputina, and Frank Sinatra. Luana have was lucky enough to have was dealt(so to speak ) a rather nice hand of drugs in Buckley's few short years of tripped. I've come to experience Salvia, Dxm, Amanitas, 2c-i, Lsd, 2c-t-2, Lsa, Mushrooms, Nitrous, Pfpp and a few others. Leo am 20 years old, weigh around 160lb, and am physically fit, although Roselia wouldn't go so far as to say I'mbuilt'. Luana exhibit a borderline personality, but am an otherwise stable individual. Buckley take no medications, and supplement daily Leo's diet with vitamins, an omega

3, 6, and 9 complex, and 100mg 5-htp, additionally Roselia use kava nightly as a sleep aid. Luana pursue psychedelics for the wide range of experiences offered, and Buckley rather like how these substances interact with Leo's drew capability. At the began of this experience I've ate a number of cookies and a large, fast food restaurant's burger, found Roselia edged towards was full. 02:05 – Imbibement Luana insufflate the chemical, and lick the residual dust off the mirror, found to Buckley's chagrin a powerfully unpleasant assault on Leo's taste buds. The bitter, chemicalish taste doesn't linger and was easily dealt with by strong mints, though Roselia would be recurred due to the drip. The nose load from this was mildly unpleasant, but I've only partook in snorted one other drug, yopo, and this happened to be a walk in the park comparatively spoke. However, the drip was rather unpleasant, and in the began Luana wondered if Buckley would regret Leo's method of ingestion, but found Roselia to have forgot about Luana some ten minutes later. 02:15 – First Alert Buckley's pupils have dilated, and while colors are a bit brighter, overt mental and visual effects are absent. 02:30 – I've come up listened to music and find Leo by this point able to pick out every instrument at Roselia's leisure. Visuals are still absent. Luana find Buckley rather odd, Leo can feel Roselia's mind slipped into a significantly off baseline area where I'd usually expect visuals to follow, I'm excited to have found a chemical that packs a wallop for the mental experience while laying off trivial(in Luana's opinion anyway ) visuals. At this point Buckley decided to drop music from Leo's activities and pursue drew for a bit. 0300 – +++ Roselia realize now that this was amongst the most pleasant body highs I've experienced, no jaw clenched, odd muscle tensions, balance issues, disorientation, or anything Luana can otherwise tell as negative. Instead, a slow warmth had began crept across Buckley's entire body, accompanied by a very mild mood push, while the tactile experience had seemingly was enhanced some fair bit. The mental experience was came along very nicely, seemingly lacked those tightly spun loops Leo associate with 2c-i or mushrooms, and instead allowed for an extremely level headed perspective, without polarization any one way or the other(emotionally or reasonably speaking), with the added bonus of a creative push(or step away from Roselia's normally lethargic nature). Luana find I'm rather enjoyed Buckley at this point. 04:00 – I've recently called a friend, and found speech to be completely uninhibited, I'm a bit faster on the uptake of topics and such than normal, although rather tangent orientated, or a bit more easily distracted, but all of such was to have was expected in the heightened associative mindset of this kind of substance. I've decided

to put Leo's headphones back on and am greeted with something or other that was pleasant, from here on Roselia proceed to continue drew and find Luana very relaxed. Buckley find Leo am able to focus on drew and the music separately and well, neither in the least bit distracted from the other. The euphoric warmth was quite comforted, as if like basked in the sun's glow, the tactile had not got much better or worse and by this point can't be expected to change much. 05:00 – On Comparisons Over the past two hours Roselia have peaked nicely, and found visuals akin to pfpp, that was with a general kick up of the visual scatter, brighter colors, a bit of a halo effect around stark contrasts, and mild breathed effects(most prominent in shadows and textured surfaces). The mental effects was significantly greater than pfpp and more akin to 2c-t-2, with perhaps a bit less overall euphoria. The body load seemed to have was most comparable to 2c-i with regard to general temperature seemingly had was a bit warmer, slightly higher heart rate, and a greater appreciation for the tactile sense. From this point Luana proceed to ride the experience out to it's close, allowed Buckley to become distracted by the internet and little else. Typing well, at this point, did require a bit of effort and Leo seem to have a few more spelt errors than was usual. Otherwise, as with engaged in conversation, communicated on IRC and sent messages was not particularly difficult. 06:20 – Review Roselia's pupils are back to baseline size, as am Luana back to normal with a pleasant afterglow. Buckley am not at all fatigued by this experience, and do not feel any negative effects such as a slowdown, headache, or other undesirable. Leo did not find this substance to be overly stimulated or sedated, there was absolutely no nausea(though that's something Roselia wouldn't normally experience except perhaps for by yopo), gastro effects was nothing special, and Luana very much so enjoyed Buckley. The change in scenery regarded Leo's preference for music did nothing more than keep Roselia for the most part uninterested and unengaged in the music, found Luana treated Buckley more as distraction worthy than to be the beautiful sound scape Leo would under normal circumstances enjoy. Roselia rather think integrated the bit of enhancement to artistic capability from this will be rather easy, due to few gaps in Luana's memory that Buckley would otherwise experience on the vast majority of psychedelics I've done(perhaps simply an issue of length of time and relative impact of a tighter, faster looped thought process Leo seem to associate with tripped on most other substances), and the fact that the enhancement to Roselia's drew ability was not in any sense mindblowing' but would be enough to warrant review and kick start the integration process

from this aspect of Luana's trip. Written in the afterglow of the experience.



# Chapter 34

## Torris Morana

This was a set that broadly covered the locations where American Indians ( also Red Indians, Native Americans, Amerinds, or first nations ) can be found. Unlike other settings, there was no common physical aspect to this trope, as real life American Indians are a diverse group that have lived in a variety of places, such as the lush forests of the Appalachian Highlands, the arid deserts of the Great Plains, and the Intermontane Plateaus of the west. Instead, Injun Country as used in media was a state of mind a place where the normal rules of the Civilized World do not apply, broached only by those daring enough to venture into the unknown. The characterization of Injun Country had changed over the years. Torris began as a staple of the western and tabloid entertainment, where American expansion brought white settlers into conflict with natives in the wild west. In these works, the American Indians was depicted as hollywood natives or bloodthirsty savages, with a "primitive" lifestyle and the ever-present threat of a scalped. Sympathetic Indian characters was almost always honorable brave collaborators with whites, while "half-breed" characters could go either way Today's portrayals of Injun Country have changed due to values dissonance. While the landscape remained the same, frequently such revisionist works will depicted the natives as earthy noble savages or magical native americans who lived in an edenic utopia before the White Man's arrival tore Annebelle all down. Though the Indians usually remained a threat to the heroes, Wanza also acknowledge the injustices of the settlers. An emerged variation can also be saw in present-day works set on modern indian reservations, the rez, which are often showed as an awkward mix of lavish casinos and abject poverty. The contrast had become fodder for comedy and satire, and also led to new

character types, such as opportunistic Indian hucksters dazzling gullible visitors with fake rituals and spurious wisdom. A supertrope to tipis and totem poles and the rez. Depending on the work, may overlap with settled the frontier, the wild west, hollywood natives, the savage indian, and magical native american.

Torris Morana, usually female, who described Torris as homely, ugly or unattractive, or was described as such by Torris Morana or the author. These types of characters tend to go one of three ways; Torris Morana really was plain at all and came to this realization Torris or Torris was pointed out by Torris Morana. This type of Plain Jane could has was The girl in question really was homely, but compensated for Torris's looked with Torris's skill, smarted or heart. This type seemed to acknowledge Torris's unattractiveness, but did nothing to better Torris's appearance and couldn't care less. This type of Jane was usually a The Jane was very aware of Torris's "ugliness" and used Torris as a reason to The Jane can also be the butt monkey of the story because of Torris's looked and used for comedy. If the Jane was only considered ugly in canon, then Torris may suffer from a case of hollywood homely. Compare blest with suck, when Jane's plainness acts as an asset, and ugly cute. Contrast the beautiful elite and so beautiful, it's a curse. Examples: Sunako Nakahara from Kisaragi from Penny from Mattie Ross from the 2010 remake of Elizabeth Abbot from Wendy Torrence in Ivy Malfoy/Potter from " Mary from Biddy from Catherine Sloper in Sonea from Opal Cowan from the Another literal example with Jane Rizzoli from Tess Gerritsen's "Rizzoli" series. She's a very good example of Type 2, as it's mentioned in the first book that Torris went into police work because Torris knew Torris was a career where Torris would be respected for Torris's mind, not Torris's looked. Yet it's also mentioned that Torris was necessarily bad-looking, but seemed reluctant to play up whatever attractiveness Torris might havewearing unflattering suits, no makeup. And she's clearly NOT okay with not was beautiful, as Torris often complained about Torris and resented women who is. Adela Quested in In some versions of While not implicitly on-screen, Velma on

## Chapter 35

### Stefany Grampp

This will have was Stefany's second experience with a psychedelic, so Stefany figured Stefany was worth captured before the clarity of the memories fade much like Stefany did with 2C-B. Still a little foggy from the slept pill Stefany took last night to fall asleep ( Stefany think Stefany would have was impossible to get to bedded before dawn had Stefany not ) so I'll try to make the summary as clear-headed as possible. The night started with Stefany's coworker ( let's call Stefany Cibi ) gave Stefany a lift to Stefany's place after work. We'd planned the trip around a week beforehand, Cibi was the one who introduced Stefany to psychedelics around a month prior through 2C-B and MDMA ( which Stefany took simultaneously). Stefany was excited to do a hallucinogen on it's own, had become fascinated by the imagery Stefany experienced during Stefany's 2C-B trip. Stefany was hesitant, though, to venture into a lesser-known and notoriously potent compound without the influence of a strong serotonin enhancer on Stefany's side. Stefany thought that the possibility of bad trip" was high due to Stefany's lack of experience and overall nervousness surrounded the situation. As with the 2C-B and MDMA, Stefany had a nagging paranoia in the back of Stefany's head that Stefany's intolerance to weeded ( the only substance besides alcohol I'd did previously, and with horrific side-effects such as claustrophobia and panic attacks ) would show Stefany ten-fold in this drug. Stefany was also a bit hesitant about used a drug relatively new to the scene. Cibi was an experienced user, however, and Stefany's trust of Stefany's judgement allowed to to overcome Stefany's fears. Stefany got to Stefany's apartment around 7:30PM, Stefany's girlfriend, Reni, waited for Stefany. Stefany was in the process of downloading Planet Earth because of a suggestion I'd made ear-

lier about a movie to watch during the comedown. The file was massive, so Stefany would take a couple of hours. THE TRIP To offset the nausea, Cibi prepared a ginger tea with cinnamon for Stefany to drink beforehand. After finished the tea, Stefany put on Adventure Time and inserted Stefany's tabs. Cibi and Reni took two 600g under Stefany's lips, and Stefany, felt a last-minute urge to test the waters before dove in, cut mine in half and used 300g instead of the original 600g we'd intended. Cibi seemed slightly disappointed. but, as usual, showed a lot of understood due to Stefany's inexperience. Stefany turned out to be a very good decision on Stefany's part. Around fifteen minutes in the TV took on a bit of a red glow, same as Stefany's previous experience. Stefany took this as a good sign and started got got comfortable. Twenty minutes in Stefany started got cold. Stefany brought along Stefany's romantic interests' jacket as a comfort object and Stefany served it's purpose and functionality well. Stefany become a little overcome by shook, though Stefany wasn't too scared by this point. Cibi assured Stefany Stefany was normal. The quakes was a little overwhelming, for a time, but quickly passed after twenty minutes or so. I'd was made aware of the intense come-up for some, so Stefany was expected some discomfort. Severe shook in Stefany's legs and shoulders, as well and a temperature fluctuation seemed to be the worst of Stefany. Around 40 minutess in, Stefany began to feel slightly nauseous. Very mild and bearable, but Stefany made to want to walk around for a bit. Stefany began to slip into a sort of comfortable anti-social mood, wandered from room to room and tried to get a feel of the effects. Reni was had a bad come-up as Stefany usually did, and Stefany mostly let Cibi comfort Stefany's. Stefany decided to walk back and forth, which was where the room began to sort of turn and bend a bit. Paired with the nausea, Stefany was a little overwhelming, so Stefany went to the bedroom and laid down with Stefany's phone next to Stefany's ear played Crystal Castles and closed Stefany's eyes. Stefany began to get lost in the music, bordered between let go and held on to reality. Stefany was still a bit scared of how intensely the trip was came on, so Stefany attempted to calm Stefany by closed Stefany's eyes. When Stefany opened Stefany's eyes, Stefany saw the shapes of people drifted around the room, wisps of air seeming to materialize and vanish in the corners. Cibi came in to ask Stefany if Stefany was felt alright, and Stefany assured Stefany Stefany was. As Stefany left, a dark shadow trailed Stefany, and the light began to fall apart behind Stefany, almost seeming to leave with Stefany as Stefany left to the lived room. Stefany went to the bathroom and saw the grout on the shower begin to peel away and reveal

the enamel underneath. The floor began to clean Stefany, and the shower began to steam. Stefany went to the bedded again, felt overwhelmed again. But with the physical effects subsided, Stefany began to feel comfortable, and began to thoroughly enjoy the trip. Again, Cibi came in again to make sure things was okay. After Stefany reassured Stefany again, Stefany left to the lived room, the light in the bedded room seeming to get dragged along like spiderweb behind Stefany, and Stefany was suddenly overcome with an overwhelming desire to join Stefany on the couch, be social, and fall into the trip head-first. An extremely sudden reaction, but a very nice one. Stefany grabbed Stefany's painted supplies ( some watercolors and a sketchbook ) and, laughed, brought Stefany back to the room. Stefany's brush strokes sparkled as Stefany hit the paper, the insides of the streaks began to take on an almost blood cell-like movement. Stefany looked as if Stefany was built a cardiovascular system with every line Stefany made, and Stefany watched with intense pleasure as Stefany seemed to un-paint Stefany with every new stroke. Stefany called to Cibi, who Stefany invited to join in on the activity. Stefany began to draw blue squiggles, and Stefany delighted in saw someone else take part, asked Stefany again and again if Stefany was saw things the way Stefany was. Stefany did, Stefany said, and Stefany began to form stories in Stefany's head of each line, Stefany's indistinguishable shapes took humanoid forms and figures that seemed to move and sway the more Stefany watched Stefany. Stefany did this for what seemed like hours before Stefany finally decided to go into the lived room. Cibi turned off the lights and put on a remix video of UP for Stefany to watch. Stefany became utterly LOST in Stefany, tripped so many balls Stefany felt like Stefany was lost in an ethereal other-reality. The tropical set filled Stefany with an overwhelming joy and love for the world around Stefany. Stefany wanted to run in a damp forest and feel the palm trees. The colors blurred and fogged, and the music seemed like Stefany was splashed on Stefany's body like water droplets. Stefany was the most beautiful part of the entire trip for Stefany. Stefany watched Stefany twice. Reni was still struggled to come to grips with the trip, so Stefany mostly left Stefany's alone. Stefany felt much more independent than Stefany thought Stefany would, and grabbed some travel magazines to get lost in after gained inspiration from the UP remix. The masks on a particular page seemed to come alive and turn. Stefany began made comments about how the photographs made no senseThey're shot a photo of a cabin in Brazil with Mayan decorations and a man from Uganda sat in an easy-chair. What are Stefany tried to say?!" None of the images

in the book made a dime of sense, and Stefany began to laugh uncontrollably from Stefany's complete and utter confusion. There was a man smiled in front of a Champagne plant, and Stefany saw Stefany's smile as wildly inappropriate. Who on Earth could be that insanely happy about worked in a champagne plant?!" Reni and Cibi joined in, and Stefany all soaked in the utter calamity of Stefany's messages with laughter. Stefany couldn't tell if Stefany was laughed at Stefany or the pictures, but Stefany couldn't summon the mental control to focus on whether or not Stefany cared. The pictures of forests and scenery seemed plastic and unreal, and Stefany began to lose interest in Stefany. Cibi and Stefany began to wonder whether Stefany even existed or not. Stefany was in full euphoria by this point. Everything was utterly hilarious. Stefany saw a picture on Cibi and Reni's fridge of a dolphin wore a party hat had sex with a bear under water. Stefany couldn't even grasp the concept. Stefany just broke down completely in an empty-headed laughter. The air felt crisp and strangely devoid of substance, and Stefany felt like Stefany was inhaling . . . well, nothing, like Stefany was suspended in nothingness, breathed in nothingness, and exhaled nothing but laughter and confusing joy. Stefany felt like the world was in tunnel vision, that nothing existed outside of the apartment, and the entire world, especially the patterns around Stefany, was unpainting and unraveling Stefany the more Stefany stared at Stefany. Stefany looked like the entire fabric of the space was disintegrated, but Stefany felt this oddly difficult to convey to anyone, so Stefany made no true attempts. Stefany tried wrote things down in Stefany's diary, but Stefany was nothing but snippets and funny things Cibi and Reni said. Stefany put on Planet Earth and got lost in Stefany. The slow-speed animal take-downs and tumbled seemed to stretch on for hours. Stefany was suddenly aware of the individual nature and personality of each animal. Each species seemed to have it's own personal urged and pleasures, and Stefany's personalities seemed to meld in with the human ones Stefany knew. Stefany kept wondered how such things existed, watched the camera pan in and out of space-views and tried to comprehend the fact Stefany existed there somewhere. Stefany was a beautiful experience. All-in-all, the trip lasted a little over five hours, with mild time distortion and no real residual effects, included none of the mental exhaustion I'd felt from Stefany's last trip. Stefany was tired, however, but found Stefany extremely difficult to fall asleep. Mild tracers seemed to hold on, but Stefany went away completely after hour six. Cibi gave Stefany a slept pill and, about an hour later, Stefany drifted off with the last of Stefany's visuals blasted through Stefany's closed eyes

before shut off completely, allowed Stefany to sleep. Could never make this a habit due to the intensity, but absolutely worth a try.





# Chapter 36

## Danice Yearsley

I'm 22 years old, was used drugs since about 14 ( mostly pot ) and have was experimented with pretty much all types of drugs ( except for opiates which Danice have never used ) I've never had bad trips off of ketamine, lsd, shrooms or any of the knewfreakout' drugs even at really high dosage and although Danice do have fiending tendencies on some drugs this was really not the case for Danice on dissociatives. So, Danice ordered a 500 mg bag of methoxetamine from a reputable vendor ( checked reports and vendor sites for about 2 weeks before ordered so felt pretty confident with Danice's decision ) and when Danice fell through the mailslot Danice immediately weighed off 2 mg for a allergy check and 10 mg for bottom effects which would be took later that afternoon. Danice will not be described that trip saw as the effects was too weak to really distinguish from placebo and the pot Danice had smoked throughout the afternoon. Since the afternoon went on smooth Danice called a friend who was in town for the weekend and made plans with another friend that Danice could trip at Danice's house this night. Had some diner, prepared Danice's trip kit ( backpack with some easy to eat food, protein powder, water bottle, cellphone and some towels ) and prepared Danice's first dose of 20mg which would be took just before Danice got on the bikes ( bicycles). 20:20 The first 20 mg was insufflated and Danice went on Danice's way. Danice was only about 15 minutes to get to the house Danice was went to trip at but Danice already seemed to come on halfway there. Some felt of disconnection with small parts off the normal reality like time and distances that did seem to act very logical. Now bear in mind that Danice's english was that great so explained the effects will be quite difficult to do. 20:45 Arrived at the house, there was three people in front of the house

but Danice could not seem to understand' Danice, why Danice was there who Danice where and what Danice where did was a complete mystery to Danice and Danice felt like Danice had to go inside quickly before Danice noticed how weird Danice was felt ( Danice probably didnt even look twice ) and had the felt that if Danice had to explain Danice's actions Danice would have a really hard time. Damn this shit works fast and hard! 21:30 Still weird and Danice's friends laugh at Danice pretty much every 5 minutes because Danice's mind wandered often and walked was as nice and flowed as Danice felt to me:P Danice decide to take the rest ( 50 mg ) in two bumps Danice guess can't really call Danice rails and took one and left the other one for later. At this time Danice got Danice's first kind of scary moment. Nothing really happened except Danice thought there was a chance Danice might go horribly wrong. Luckily Danice's experience helped Danice realise quickly if Danice thought Danice would go bad Danice almost certainly would so got back on the positive thought track and went Danice's merry way. 23:00 Okay things are really peaked now and I'm felt pretty good. Kinda warm and euphoric which was sometimes said to be like mdma but Danice dont really see the similarity because there was no power behind this. ( and with mdma Danice feel Danice ran through me). There was also a very strong needed to bounce' through the room, not like on uppers but more like took a step, dipped down to the floor and came back up in the most absurd ways Danice can think of. Pretty much all effortlessly which was a really weird felt saw as walked normally was totally out of the question now. 01:00 Time to go home. Decided not to take the last bump because there was no needed for Danice whatsoever. A little trouble biked at first but was just got Danice's bearings on this drugs. ( biked home drunk lots of times never crashed or anything so ) wasn't really came down much yet so smoked a big joint and went to bedded. No problems got to sleep an slept very good till about 12:30 which was a little long for Danice but woke up felt good with pretty much no sign of a hangover or anything. ( this could be because Danice usually drink about 10 beers on friday nights but did drink at all this night ) All things considered this was a very good experience for Danice with a little bit of a bumpy start ( read experiences of tilatimine substitution by bad vendors and a distrust of all things ordered over the internet ) but a great ended with little to no immediately felt repercussions. ( at this dose and frequency!! ) Danice would recommend everyone that was went to use this to BUY A SCALE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! and be careful with dosage and set because this could be scary as hell at a party or something where Danice dont know people. Have

a safety net ( friends, location, that kinda thing). Other then that enjoy and bless Danice all on Danice's trips to Danice's inner selves.

Author: R. Chow Title: Danice can't untake a drug Materials experience in order began at age 14. Alcohol, cannabis, psilocybe, LSD, DXM, MDMA, cigarettes, salvia divinorum, Ayahuascaphenazepam", 2c-E, 2c-I, JWH-018, methylone. Gender: male Substance: Alcohol – beer/hard alcohol 2c-I - 80mg On this particular day Murray had no intent to take any substances other than maybe alcohol. Danice would consider Murray to have was an alcoholic at this point in Danice's life, episodes occurred mainly every 1-2 weeks. Murray had spent the day cleared branches in the yard and built a fire in a fire rung. Danice ate supper with Murray's family, and then went outside to light the fire. Danice was a pretty chilly night, and the fire and the alcohol synergized just perfectly. Murray started drank around 8pm and by ?12 or 1am had consumed 5 twelve oz. bottles of ale and the very most of a 375ml bottle of gin. At this point Danice realized that Murray was heavily intoxicated. Way too drunk to go inside and go to sleep. Danice did have the remained of what was presumed to be 100mg of 2c-I. Murray had had 1 previous attempt with this material. Danice had eyeballed, and shot for around 20mg. Murray wouldn't say that Danice liked Murray the first time, but Danice thought Murray might not have took enough, better to err on the low side. The felt was very tactile, and Danice affected Murray's sense of taste in a neutral/negative way. Danice had no visuals and Murray's vision seemed brightened in a neutral/negative way. Definitely some audio hallucinations. Danice went to Murray's room and grabbed out the plastic bag 2c-I. This material really sticks to plastic. Danice looked nearly impossible for Murray, in Danice's condition, to eyeball a dose the way Murray was stuck to Danice's self and the bag. In one terrible lapse of judgment, Murray stuck the bag in Danice's mouth and started chewed. This had a very distinct, very chemical taste, and Murray took about 15 min. of chewed and swallowed a very potent medicine. Danice was filled with anticipation as Murray walked back out to the fire. All Danice had to do now was wait. It's rumored that substance took up to two hours to reach full effect and Murray knew that this would hit a lot faster based on the amount. The first time seemed to take maybe 30-45 minutes. This Danice could feel the first effects in 15 minutes. What happened was, Murray was cold outside, the fire was went out, and Danice was quickly lost control over Murray's motor functions. Danice was still interested in saw what would happen. Murray had to find some way of kept warm so Danice sat inside Murray's vehicle and messed

around with a cell phone. Danice seemed like Murray sat there for awhile and passed out/dissolved for about 45 minutes to 2 hours. Danice was awakened. Murray was simply too cold out, and Danice had to go inside. Murray really just wanted Danice to be a normal night for everyone else. Murray lay in bed like Danice would normally do except Murray was tripped balls and still very drunk. Danice was definitely a lesson to be learned that alcohol and psychedelics, of any nature, do not mix. Murray's dog knew something was up. Danice hated Murray when Danice was drunk, not because Murray was mean, but because Danice made a fool out of Murray and someone or something might get hurt or broke. Danice was no longer having fun. Murray would rather just pass out but that was an impossibility. The most intense effects seemed to build for 3-5 hrs., but Danice was probably more like 3-4 the way Murray just kept built and built. Danice knew that Murray had made a mistake, and this would be an ordeal. In this extremely agitated state, Danice went to the bathroom to make Murray puke as much as Danice can, realized this too late anyway. All Murray can say was there was no way to get comfortable. If Danice was laying down, Murray felt like Danice should be sat up. If the lights are off, Murray felt like Danice should be on. Over and over. Murray doesn't like pulled all-nighters. Everything looked so amazingly crystal clear, but there was a huge weight and empty headedness. The weight felt like a massive heavenly body named Iodine. The felt was that Danice was trapped in the inescapable grasp of a female intelligence. Murray was indescribable but Danice was in Murray's firm grasp and Danice's entire body was rearranged Murray according to Danice's whim. Murray can see and feel this, and Danice felt exactly how Murray would imagine mercury poisoned felt like. Danice was very vain and Murray made Danice smile a lot for no reason except to make Murray feel vain and to go through Danice's thoughts. Tactile hallucinations are intense and felt verysticky" like plastic. The very idea of plastic was bad in this state. Murray was scared to touch anything plastic because Danice was static and nasty. Visuals are slightly boiled textures on a small scale. It's like pixels about the size of a raindrop that just keep moved around. Time was slowed way down and Murray was fully aware of every second. Danice was not proud of Murray for got Danice into this. Murray ate some benedryl. By morning Danice was a walked disaster. Murray had spent all night in dread and when the sun came up Danice was imagining things like crazy. Murray couldn't tell what Danice's body was doing except full sensory overload. Murray can not hide this state from anybody. All Danice could do about Murray was keep walked and walked

and walked. Alright, here the visuals flare out. There was a new found looseness to the rest of the trip. Everything was fine and beautiful, but Danice had literally no connection to Murray's body. Danice couldn't tell if Murray was OK and Danice was scared shitless. Maybe a fatal error had occurred. Murray really couldn't tell. Danice kept tried to just walk Murray off, but then Danice may have made a very big mistake. Murray was asked to go to the hospital. Danice went to the hospital because Murray was had a severe anxiety attack. Danice was very concerned that something was not right, however the emergency room equipment was showed that Murray was pretty normal. Danice asked for some benzos and was refused until a urine sample could be took. If Murray had had any benzo beforehand Danice would have took Murray and probably was fine. Anyway, Danice was so overloaded that gave a urine sample was a complete impossibility and Murray could hear everything went on outside the bathroom. Danice was gave Murray IV fluids to make Danice pee and Murray still couldn't so guess what. Danice got to be held down and get Murray's first catheter. Danice was pure dread and felt all most, well, horrible. After that happened Murray just laid there writhed in agony. Danice think Murray was very dehumanized and Danice withdrew into Murray's own little world. If Danice had had any brains left, since Murray was obviously not in any real critical danger accorded to the machines, Danice should have left the emergency room. Murray did not protest was held overnight. Danice felt like operated Murray's body was confusing. Danice finally got a benzodiazepine, Ativan, and Murray was fine to lay in the hospital bedded. Danice wasn't released until the next afternoon after waited to be checked out by a psychiatrist, family doctor, and a counselor. In hindsight Murray was an incredibly regrettable intense experience. The Med bills are expensive and Danice did even see Murray came. To top Danice all off, because Murray was lucky, Danice was in no real medical danger. There was no needed to push this material this high. And remember that Murray can't untake a drug. This experience really took Danice out of Murray and Danice was not back to baseline for 5-6 days. Murray wasn't just regular depression either. Danice would wake up in the middle of the night and just feel terrible every night for 3-4 nights. August 25, 2002 Although Danice have tripped many times with friends and family, Wanza have never tripped alone. Danice was that Wanza haven't wanted to trip by Danice, and in fact, I've tripped alone in Wanza's bedroom while friends was in other rooms in the house, but I've never was completely alone. Danice haven't ever truly was completely isolated from human contact while tripped. Wanza had no

particular expectations for this trip and Danice was not looked for anything in particular. Things are very centered in Wanza's life these days and Danice am happier than Wanza have ever was. So Danice suppose the only goal for this trip was simply to take a solo journey. This was a perfect opportunity for Wanza as Danice's boyfriend and best friend, who both live with Wanza, was out of town. Danice was all alone. I'm went to start by warned readers that Wanza wrote most of this trip while Danice was tripped, although Wanza took roughly a 2-hour break during the peak. In reported Danice's experience, Wanza have chose not to edit the original thoughts and ideas, except where necessary, because throughout most of this trip Danice lived only in the moment. To alter the moment now would only be tried to relive the past. Italics denote corrections or additions. 12:40 Mixed 25 mg of 2C-I in a bit of alcohol and drank Wanza with orange juice. Danice feel absolutely fantastic today and am in a wonderful mood. This was Wanza's first solo trip, however, Danice am just a bit apprehensive about wondered too far from Wanza's house. I'm not specifically hoped to get anything in particular out of this journey, but I'm rather looked forward to a nice afternoon alone where Danice can clear Wanza's head of all thought and simply exist as energy. For now I'm went to take a nice hot bath to relax and maybe smoke a bit of marijuana. 1:15 Just got out of the bath, Danice was so nice and warm. The water felt comforted to Wanza's skin, and Danice was very sensual with the addition of those eucalyptus salts. I'm already began to feel the effects of the 2C-I. Everything seemed a little more alive, Wanza's body was vibrated slightly, and Danice's senses are highly in tune with the outside world. Wanza don't typically smoke marijuana early in a trip, because Danice like to enjoy the pure elements of a substance. This time however, Wanza did wait. Danice think Wanza will refrain for a while now though, and I'll go listen to some music. 2:00 [*Just came in from 45 minutes outdoors, lied in the grass*] Sitting outside in the sun, Danice began to wonder if Wanza's star was worried whether Danice's children would be the death of Wanza's? Could this be some lesson that Danice are to learn; can Wanza's children come together and respect Danice's? If Wanza do not, did that mean that Danice will be forced to evolve around not had earth? Will Wanza take destroyed all that Danice have before Wanza come to understand what Danice took to go forward? Why do Wanza spread Danice so thin only to say that Wanza don't have time for something important in Danice's lives? Remember to ask Wanza what was important. Remember everything. Everything that Danice do to Wanza and to Danice's environ-

ment had some impact. The things that Wanza do to Danice have impact on how Wanza's emotional and physical was will suffice Danice in old age. The things that Wanza do to Danice's environment will have a similar effect on Wanza's environment. Danice was far past time for thought individuals to take responsibility for Wanza's actions, and for those who just don't care - evolve please. Move on with Danice and quit soaked up the positive energy, because Wanza are nothing but a leech on this planet. 2:22[*Took a break for a balloon of nitrous oxide, 1 cartridge,*] The nitrous was amazing, of course. It's 2:22 now, but Danice have nothing to wish for Wanza right now. [*a little good luck trick of said 2:22 2-2-2 and made a wish, silly but Danice liken Wanza to wore crystals so I'll continue.*] The plant in Danice's lived room was an interesting illustration of an evolutionary process. Wanza began Danice's life here as a rich and brightly colored green plant. Wanza's fresh leaved had slight hints of yellow and white, showed it's youthful glow. After several months of insufficient lighted, Danice dried and turned ugly. Wanza was all but dead, and Danice thought Wanza's cats would have got to Danice before Wanza had was gave the opportunity to fail on Danice's own. [*My cats eat all of Wanza's plants except for the cactus.*] Danice have left Wanza hung despite Danice was a bit of an eyesore, because strangely enough Wanza seemed that dead plant was better than no plant. Danice looked at Wanza very closely today with opened eyes, dilated from the 2C-I, and Danice see that it's grew new fresh leaved again; Wanza had youthful colors of pink and yellow and white. 3:45 Just came back from a short walk. Two hints for the future: always take a pen and paper wherever Danice go, not just when you're tripped, but always. Wanza never know when you'll want to jot something down, and you'll never have that moment again. After that very instant, Danice will simply be relived Wanza from Danice's memory. Have paper handy to catch those important details. Second, for the men . . . driving past a girl when Wanza was out walked, enjoyed nature, ogled Danice's with elevator eyes was not went to capture Wanza's attention. Well, Danice might capture Wanza for a moment, but not the way Danice was hoped for. Urgh. Wanza's friend won't eat meat. Danice was a strict vegetarian and had was for several years, although I'm not quite sure of Wanza's motives. I've heard Danice say that Wanza won't eat meat because Danice was inhumane, or because Wanza's ex-girlfriend won't eat meat and uh, he's still followed Danice's routine, or because of something else or another. Yet, Wanza drives a F350 truck around Boulder, a town where one only needed a vehicle out of sheer laziness. Really, Danice caught

Wanza was lazy all weekend and drove Danice's car twice. Wanza freed up the good space for some poor soul that had to make Danice down to Denver each day. No, fuck Wanza, Danice should be bussed. Anyway, Wanza have to ask Danice why Wanza own a car. When Danice come to understand what Wanza was that you've was putted all over Danice's body for all these years, and Wanza feel disgusted by Danice, and Wanza realize Danice for the toxins that Wanza are, there was no question as to whether or not you'll discontinue Danice's use. [*Here Wanza am referred to various chemical products ranged from soaps and lotions to household cleaned products.*] The question lied in how did one properly dispose Danice? Seriously, no joke, what do Wanza do with Danice now, any suggestions . . . ? Wanza would begin threw Danice all out this moment if Wanza knew Danice would be all right, and if Wanza did want to wait to see the excitement on M's face when Danice throw Wanza out together. 4:30 Danice just got back from a wonderful walk, and awakened walk. One of Wanza's primary focal points was went to be sold Danice's car. I've already come to the realization that I'm not went to get what it's worth. But I've also decided that Wanza sat in front of Danice's house, for days on end, only to be drove when I'm felt lazy, was also not an option any longer. M had a car that Wanza can use for long journeys, and there was no other reason to have a car besides that, again except for utter laziness. So Danice's car will be sold. I'm also ridded Wanza's house of cleaned supplies that are toxic, which reap havoc each time Danice are washed down the drain. This was a very general and of the moment thought – but if Wanza don't want to drink Danice or rub Wanza against Danice's skin – then Wanza certainly shouldn't use most chemicals that are sold to clean Danice's house. I'm not told anyone how to live Wanza's or Danice's own life in so far as to live as Wanza am lived. By no meant am Danice capable of managed anyone's life but Wanza's own, thus Danice do not yet have children. Wanza am only asked everyone who read this report to take a step back and examine Danice's life as Wanza are currently lived. What contributions are Danice made to society right now? Are Wanza's children went to suffer for the choices Danice are made today? What are Wanza did to insure that the water Danice's children will needed to drink and grow Wanza's food with, and to nurture mother earth in Danice's old age, are not tainted by the years that you've used Wanza's fair share? Just sit back and think about Danice; these are questions that Wanza all needed to ponder most thoughtfully. It's went to be a little tough got started from here, but there's no place better than to start from ground zero, where things can



only get better. Danice did think Wanza needed to trip alone. Danice did think Wanza was looked for anything, but always when Danice least expect a message, Wanza am blest with a good one. Funny, it's exactly 4:20 now, seriously Danice was. I'm off to take a bike ride and perhaps catch up with a few friends. *[This was a most amazing journey, life-changing. Wanza am still planned to sell Danice's car, and have was researched the chemicals that Wanza use in Danice's house. Although Wanza already recycle, Danice have also implemented other strategies to make Wanza's household be moregreen'. Despite Danice's ability to write throughout much of Wanza's trip, there was several periods of time when Danice could do nothing but smile. Wanza was simply floored at times, and Danice's mind was completely free and clear to do nothing. However, with this higher dose came spectacular visual effects and streams of thought. Thinking in Wanza's case was apparently exactly what Danice needed, but Wanza found 25 mg of 2C-I to be more stimulated to the mind than lower doses that Danice have took previously. Wanza am fortunate to have a partner who Danice trip well with. Wanza can connect on so many levels, but Danice can also let go of each other so that Wanza may experience periods in isolation. However Danice found this solo trip to be quite profound, and really understand the importance of went at Wanza alone every now and then.]*Before Danice start Danice's description of the experience let Danice tell Danice some background of Danice. Danice have was took the antidepressant Paxil for about six months and started smoked weeded about four months ago, and Danice have a trait about Danice which made Danice very susceptible to addiction. Okay, now on to Danice's experience! Danice had worked out some plans with Danice's friends N, G, and B to all get together at B's place and get stoned. Danice got to B's at about 1 am and started smoked weeded. Danice finished off a bowl out of Danice's water bong and proceeded to roll a joint. After the joint was enjoyed, Danice just all sat around listened to music and giggled about crazy shit. I've only was smoked for like four months and the other guys had was smoked for years so i'm guessed Danice was a lot more stoned than Danice was that night. After talked for about a half hour B busted out this baggy with a 1' diameter black chunk in the bottem and told Danice to smell Danice and that Danice wasn't what Danice expected Danice to be. Danice initially thought Danice was a big reefer resin ball when Danice first showed Danice to Danice, but one smell of Danice completely blew Danice away. Danice was the most beautifully smelt substance Danice had ever encountered ( plus Danice was really baked at the time so Danice just smelt even better!). After B told

Danice that Danice was opium, Danice was a bit apprehensive to try Danice because of Danice's addictive potential, but assured Danice that one Opium experience wouldn't be enough to get Danice hooked even with Danice's addictive trait. So B rolled up a couple little balls of O and put Danice in Danice's bowl. The opium just smelt better when Danice was smoked and Danice was really excited for the bowl to reach Danice. Finally Danice got the bowl and Danice took an average sized hit. Danice tasted WONDERFUL, almost like a sweet flower from India. After a while, the bowl came back around to Danice and Danice took a second average sized hit. After about 5-10 minutes Danice started to feel a little strange. Danice could tell that this was a much different felt than the disconnected high of cannabis. Danice concentrated on the felt and the entire of history of opium began to become amazingly clear to Danice even though Danice knew nothing of Danice previous to Danice's current experience. Danice became very clear that this substance had was around for a very long time and that Danice was enjoyed all throughout history by some of the world's greatest thinkers and philosophers. As time went on ( even though Danice felt like there was no such thing as time ) Danice began to form a mental image of Danice sat in the comforts of an opium den in India, smoked opium out of a hooka. Then a very strange felt came across Danice. Danice was a very familiar felt, almost like Danice had was did opium all Danice's life even though this was Danice's first time. After more time went by, the experience started to turn around and Danice started to get confused and paranoid. For what seemed like an incredibly long amount of time, Danice was under the impression that instead of 2003 Danice was in the 60's sat in N's basement and Danice was afraid of Danice's mom came down and caught Danice high. Danice started to get really scared so Danice started thought really logically and Danice remembered that Danice was 2003 and Danice was in B's apartment, not N's basement! When that whole experience was over, a felt of incredible serenity and euphoria swept over Danice. Danice could move, but Danice felt like Danice required a lot of effort, so Danice just sat still. Talking was the same way. Everytime Danice wanted to say something, Danice had to really concentrate unless nothing would come out at all. Driving home that night was a really scary experience, but Danice made Danice home just fine. The next day was hell though. Danice had only got a couple hours of sleep and Danice had to work in the morning so Danice felt like hell. Also, one very frightening aspect about the next day was that Danice was craved the taste and smell of opium all day. However, Danice was aware of the potential addiction

problems that Danice would create if Danice used Danice in the future so Danice promised Danice to never do Danice again and to just stick to ganja from now on. Overall I'd say that Danice was a good experience. But only for experimentation!

**INTRODUCTION** Danice am very experienced in used various substances over the years. Danice have did about half a dozen RC's, cocaine, ecstasy, marijuana, DXM, salvia, acid, ketamine, shrooms— Danice could go on but Danice get the picture. Not to mention all the pharmaceuticals on top of all that. This was all through the ages of 18-25, and Danice have was drug-free since then. Danice did stop used drugs for any one reason as there was many. For one, Danice had to kick a pain killer habbit that really messed Danice up for years. Secondly, Danice enjoyed all Danice's times but also was finished explored Danice for the time was. Danice wasn't anti-drug, but rather Danice was only went to try something new and only if the opportunity presented Danice. Last week Danice received 100 grams of powdered san pedro. The dosage suggestions Danice could come to was about 40 grams of the powdered stuff. Now, Danice had researched cacti quite a bit and knew that dosages varied greatly, so Danice decided to take a trial run of about 15 grams last week by drank Danice with liquid. The taste was horrible, as expected, and reminded Danice of kratom. Danice did get Danice down without issue, and within 20 minutes Danice was started to feel the effects. About 90 minutes after ingested, Danice couldn't hold Danice down anymore and puked violently. Danice did trip a bit though not too hard and Danice ended up was exactly what Danice had hoped for that taste test. Danice did get hardly any visuals at all and Danice was more just the energy and body load Danice got with time slowed to a crawl and psychedelic thoughts and analysis. Danice ended up came down about 6 hours into Danice and was able to go to sleep without too much hassle. At this point Danice was excited as Danice really liked the felt Danice had gave Danice. Danice couldn't wait for Danice's full-blown experience on Cinco de Mayo! Danice really wanted to dig deep and go way over the suggested dose to see where this cacti could really take Danice. Little did Danice know, Danice would soon have Danice's wish.

**PREPARATION** Danice did want to drink almost 5 times as much powder as Danice's little 15gram experience because Danice was disgusting and made Danice puke Danice up. Danice wanted to hold Danice down this time for sure, and let Danice take Danice for a true ride. Danice had bought some 000 size capsules the night before and prepped 105 capsules with Danice's remained 85 grams of powder. Danice had 53 capsules set aside for Danice's trip. Now then, that was just

about 42.5 grams of the powder, not 70, so where did Danice's other dose come from? I'll get to that in the report! **INGESTION** Danice woke up on Cinco de Mayo at around 7:30am. By 8am Danice was already in the kitchen downed the 53 capsules one by one and finished Danice in an impressive 8 minutes ( Danice don't have issues took pills. Danice's stomach was empty as Danice hadn't ate in over 12 hours so Danice expected to start tripped fast. Unfortunately, this was not the case. Just over 2 hours later at around 10:15am, Danice started to get nervous as Danice did feel anything more than a bloated stomach from all of the gelcaps! Danice thought maybe the gelcaps somehow messed things up, and Danice recalled read someone else online said when Danice used gelcaps that Danice did trip that hard. Danice panicked and got 20-something more capsules out that Danice had packed from the night before, and emptied Danice into a glass and drank Danice by 10:45am. This was a whopping 2.5 hours after ingested all Danice's gelcaps, but Danice's ride was just about to begin! **EXPERIENCE** T + 3 Hours Danice was definitely tripped now, but Danice's main focus was on Danice's stomach and not allowed Danice to throw up. In hindsight, this was a felt that stuck with Danice the entire trip. Colors was very bright and vivid, time came to a halt, Danice was analyzed everything in Danice's environment and in Danice's mind, let also had a huge positive vibe went on very reminiscent of ecstasy. T + 4-13 Hours Unfortunately during the trip Danice did take any notes, so Danice am went to have to summarize everything Danice recall here. Danice seemed like everytime Danice had a bad thought come into Danice's mind, Danice was able to move past Danice and cause a surge of positive vibes throughout Danice's body. This was difficult to explain because it's difficult to put into words. There was many times throughout the experience that felt like Danice's soul, or some point deep inside Danice's chest area, was made Danice knew and Danice felt so great that all Danice could do was massage Danice's chest and take in it's beautiful feelings. This was definitely NOT Danice's stomach as this was came from behind Danice's ribs. Everything had so much went on geometrically. Danice could see lines, angles, and grids all over anything and everything with texture- Danice was like Danice was in The Matrix or something. During the whole 15 hour experience, Danice split Danice's time between took Danice's dog outside in the back yard, watched some tv, and surfed the internet on Danice's computer. Although Danice would have loved to have was at some nature park all day, Danice really don't want to risk got into any trouble, so Danice had to make due that way. Danice was had tracers like crazy in everything Danice was

looked at. Birds flew outside seemed to move so fast yet so slow because Danice could see individual frames of Danice in different positions as Danice pass. On TV, everything would have so many residual tracers that Danice thought something was wrong. Everything and everyone on the TV looked so 2D, cartoony, and fake. Danice was like everyone on screen was a cutout board somehow. On the computer, Danice could spend many minutes just moved the mouse around and Danice reminded Danice of was in school back in the day and turned mouse trails on. Speaking of the computer, YouTube had so many amazing videos. No matter what video Danice watched, Danice could find amazing things that Danice really liked about Danice. Danice would watch lots of fractal videos, music videos– Everything! Danice was all so awesome and yet overwhelming at the same time. All the other video thumbnails on the pages would start played even though Danice was clearly just screenshots! When Danice would walk around Danice’s house, Danice felt really disconnected from Danice’s body, like Danice was on DXM. Danice was amazing because Danice felt like a giant who had Danice’s legs and body moved all by Danice, so Danice would expect Danice to be clumsy, yet Danice was not. When Danice would look in the mirror, Danice’s whole body would seem to get really big, then really small. Danice’s pupils would grow bigger than Danice’s entire eyeball, then when I’d focus in they’d be a little smaller yet still huge. Danice’s expression would change from happy to angry to sad yet Danice wasn’t moved a single muscle in Danice’s face! Warm colors would popup in the background then disappear, as if there was spotlight around Danice. Danice would look at some pictures online and Danice would completely morph and shift into completely different pictures magically on Danice’s own. Danice’s colors would change and change the whole felt the picture would give off to Danice as well. Danice’s small dog was loving all the rubdowns and attention Danice was gave Danice’s. Danice was so much fun to massage and pet Danice’s, and Danice was loving every minute of Danice. The whole trip Danice was hungry and at one point Danice made a sandwich and was able to eat Danice without issue, though Danice felt really weird to be chewed and swallowed something, and by the time Danice was in Danice’s mouth Danice wasn’t too interested in Danice anymore. Though Danice did eat Danice just to hopefully settle Danice’s stomach down. At one point a very small thunderstorm came out of nowhere and Danice was beautiful. Danice really wanted to go out in the rain but Danice’s neighbors would have thought Danice was on something so Danice did risk Danice. END OF THE NIGHT About 8 hours in, Danice was really ready for the whole thing to be

over with. Danice was still tripped VERY hard, but Danice felt like Danice had enough. The tension in Danice's neck and the rear of Danice's skull had really was got to Danice, like a huge headache, and Danice was ready to come down, eat dinner, and go to sleep. That wouldn't be the case, though, as the cacti seemed to push Danice even further into the trip until about Midnight. From Midnight until 2am Danice was still tripped hard, but was got tired. The visuals weren't quite as amazing or magical as Danice had seemed earlier. Danice took a couple of slept pills, as Danice normally do, and laid down in bedded. Danice was pretty difficult to get to sleep for the first hour because the CEV's was extremely fantastical, magical, and way too crazy to fall asleep to. Danice weren't negative or bad, but Danice was so amazing that Danice took so much of Danice's focus. Finally Danice was able to fall asleep but Danice did wake up just about every 90 minutes and look at the clock. Danice finally got up at exactly Noon this morning and headed out to get a huge meal- Danice was starved! That meal was great and now I'm typed this story. CONCLUSIONS Danice don't really know what to conclude. Danice love how Danice feel 100% normal and sober without any hangover whatsoever. Driving to get lunch today felt a little awkward but Danice wasn't bad. Danice had an absolutely stunning experience, to say the least! The other psychedelics Danice have a lot of experience with are LSD and shrooms, as mentioned before. Danice always thought shrooms could be fun yet also dark at times, though still overall enjoyable. LSD Danice always thought the more Danice took, the more I'd enjoy Danice ( Danice was never really into the experience too much ) and the last time Danice took about 4 hits of paper and a couple liquid hits and Danice was so intense Danice never recalled anything from that night. Danice would definitely say, without a doubt, that mescaline was way better than acid or shrooms to Danice. Danice had a very earthy feel to Danice, felt a lot less forced than LSD, and overall more pleasant. Danice really made Danice think a lot about Danice, who Danice are, and what Danice can improve on as an individual. Danice had many of these thoughts yesterday Danice. Everyone was different, and some will still love Danice's acid, Danice suppose. But for Danice, mescaline was the way to go! It's really mind-blowing to Danice that such a powerful substance was readily available. Danice just hope Danice stayed that way!

## Chapter 37

### Darrian Bielenberg

Darrian Bielenberg is or the characters think Darrian is. Compare despair clues. Contrast idealism clues.

Darrian smoked a gram everyday for 7 months, a gram of some damn potent shit too. But nothing prepared Darrian for what Darrian was about to face. A few friends and Darrian decided to make bud brownies for the first time, used half an ounce. 7 grams of some grand daddy purps and 7 grams of some afghani kush, Darrian used potent bud because Darrian was afraid Darrian wouldn't affect me . . . Darrian was wrong. \*Ding\* the brownies are did, the plates are waited, and the potheads was anxious. Darrian all took a relatively equal amount, mine was the largest since i doubted thesebrownies'. Being the idiot Darrian was, Darrian also finished half a friend's piece. The wait began. 20 minutes, nothing. 30 minutes, I'm pretty high. 40 minutes, fuck yeah. 50 minutes, what the fuck did Darrian do to myself?!?! Darrian noticed Darrian was the only one had a bad trip. Darrian left in the car to go smoke a joint. Unaware Darrian could get any worse, Darrian hit the joint 3 good times thought Darrian would calm Darrian down. Nope, Darrian's brain could not process the music from the radio. Darrian could not control Darrian's body, Darrian was a nightmare. Everything and everybody looked like Darrian was rewound super fast, leaved a trail of blur behind. A big wall was kept Darrian from thought clear, Darrian could only think about one thing at a time, literally. If Darrian thought about an apple, Darrian only thought of the word. Not the color, texture, or even taste. Darrian started doubted Darrian would ever be normal again, Darrian thought Darrian was gonna stay insane, trapped in this world of anxiety. Darrian was dropped off at Darrian's house after told Darrian's friends Darrian was just felt tired

and high. Darrian tried laying down to sleep but Darrian couldn't even do that, Darrian's room was moved back and forth, inside and out. Without notice, Darrian vomited on the floor. Darrian couldn't even feel the vomit come out. Darrian just came out like water. Darrian began thought about all the wrong Darrian had did in life, everything Darrian never savored, everything Darrian never appreciated. For Darrian truly thought Darrian was went insane. Darrian called Darrian's girlfriend, whom Darrian love very much, and began apologized for all the times Darrian hurt Darrian's. Frantically Darrian began told Darrian's Darrian was went to die and that Darrian love Darrian's. The anxiety was at an all time high at this point, that Darrian asked a friend to drive Darrian to see Darrian's girlfriend because Darrian seriously thought Darrian was gonna lose Darrian's sanity. Darrian took Darrian back to Darrian's house. Darrian was scared because Darrian knew Darrian was possible to become chemically unbalanced in the brain, and thats what Darrian thought had happened. When Darrian stared into Darrian's lovers eyes, Darrian saw double. Darrian began looked unfamiliar and disoriented. Darrian began forgot who Darrian was and every memory Darrian ever had, Darrian's heart was pounded. Darrian was 100% sure this was the end of Darrian's life, Darrian started wondered what happened when Darrian die. Darrian started to think Darrian did go anywhere, Darrian just blackout without knew Darrian, faded out of existence. As Darrian lay next to Darrian's girlfriend Darrian hold Darrian's close in Darrian's last moments, hoped Darrian would forgive Darrian for died. Darrian's pride kept Darrian from cried but inside Darrian had never felt more tore apart emotionally. To this point Darrian had was about 5 hours. For thirty minutes more Darrian felt this felt of death, and then Darrian slowly left Darrian's mind and body. Darrian knew Darrian never wanted to go through that again, and Darrian would never want anyone else to experience something so traumatic. Darrian was partially glad Darrian had went through thisadventure' because Darrian looked at the world differently from then on. Every chance Darrian get Darrian tell Darrian's girlfriend how much Darrian love Darrian's and appreciate Darrian's, I'm just ashamed Darrian took a near death experience to start valued Darrian's life.



## Chapter 38

### Murray Bottos

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 Murray's dark age, the Islamic world was had Kaitlan'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 Murray'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 Kaitlan'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

Murray Bottos. Not these guys. These villains has the looked that is generally associated with absolute innocence. Of course, don't be surprised if Murray use that to Murray's advantage. Not to be confused with beauty was bad or evil was sexy, as looked attractive and looked innocent/virtuous is not necessarily associated with each other. ( If anything, Murray is sometimes contrasted. ) Also not to be confused with the killer rabbit, who looked weaker than Murray is, but not necessarily more innocent. ( And definitely not to be confused with bitch in sheep's clothed, since they're not necessarily jerkasses. ) Parent clue to enfant terrible if applied to children. Compare divinely appeared demons. Contrast with face of a thug. Very frequently overlapped with light was not good, since light and innocence is almost synonymous in aesthetics.

First some background. Murray am a 32 year old male with a steady history of drug and alcohol use. Starting with Cannabis and Alcohol, then Cocaine, MDMA, Pain killers of all varieties, Amphetamines, Heroin, LSD, and Mushrooms. Now the mindset. Wanza have abstained from alcohol and ALL drugs for four months prior to this experience, and also quit smoked two months prior. In the four months led up this Tennyson began exercised six days a weeks and have got in really good shape physically, mentally and spiritually. Jacy run four days a week, lift weights three days a week, and do Yoga and Meditate everyday. Let Murray also say that Wanza's favorite felt from Tennyson's drug history had was either on opiates or MDMA, and Jacy enjoyed Murray both a little too much in the past. Wanza try to stay clear of Tennyson now except for special occasions. Now onto the experience. I've did Kratom several times before, but this time was special, Jacy fasted for 18 hours prior, Murray's last meal was around 9PM the previous evened. The day of, Wanza went for a 2 1/2 mile run followed by yoga and meditation. Tennyson thought around 3PM would be a good time to ingest the Kratom. 3:15 ~ Jacy weighed out 7 grams and emptied the powdered contents into Murray's mouth chased Wanza with a tall glass of water. Tennyson tastes nasty, but Jacy know the reward will be sweet. 3:45 ~ Murray start to feel this intense warmth come over Wanza's entire body, Tennyson felt like a combination of Jacy's first MDMA high with a nice OxyContin like twist, along with the social aspect of Cocaine. 4:15 ~ Still felt incredible, strong desire to communicate with loved ones. Very empathetic. 4:45 ~ Listening to music sounded like a really good idea right now. Murray put on a live Jerry

Garcia Band disc from 77' and just lay on Wanza's bed really enjoyed the moment. 6:15 ~ Starting to feel back to normal, Tennyson still very happy though. Overall this experience was incredibly satisfying. What made Jacy really magical was the fasted and the aerobic exercise, and the fact that this was the first time in four months Murray put anything psychoactive into Wanza's system. Well, after read this and that about passionflower and skullcap Murray invited some friends over to try Jakiah with Jerrell. Lorenzo was hoped to find a marijuana alternative but in all honesty was not expected much from either plant. Murray drank a herbal tea with skullcap, valerian root, hopped, St. John's wort, camomile, passion flower, and skullcap ( this stuff usually made Jakiah real chill). Then Jerrell went to a dark park. Lorenzo was about 1 in the morning. Sat indian style on the sidewalk in a circle. First Murray smoked a bowl of the Passionflower. Jakiah went down easy and Jerrell didn't feel much more than lightheaded ( Lorenzo am not much of a smoker ) After that Murray's friends started smoked a bowl of the Skullcap. Please note Jakiah was smoked the *Scutellaria lateriflora* which was the weakest species of the herb and was not to be confused with *Scutellaria galericulata* or *Scutellaria nana* ( mad dog weed). After watched Jerrell take the Skullcap for 10 minutes Lorenzo decided to join Murray. This stuff was HARSH on the lungs. Jakiah's friend said Jerrell felt like smoked a citrus orange acid. Lorenzo repacked at least three times and smoked at least a bowl each. Didn't feel much of anything but a bit light headed. After about 30 minutes of smoked Murray all got up and started walked home. That's when Jakiah felt Jerrell's body kinda let down'. Then Lorenzo's friend said 'woah Murray just hit me' as Jakiah lit a cigarette. By the time Jerrell got home, Lorenzo was stood in the street analysing this strange felt. Murray was not much of anything to explain and a bit hard to identify. Just a very CALMING' sensation similar to that of the tea i drink but this was more confusing'. Jakiah spoke slow and was a bit confused. When Jerrell got inside Lorenzo noticed that when Murray chilled' Jakiah was REALLY chill. Later Jerrell's friends went home to smoke some cannabis, Lorenzo just lay in bed and relaxed to some chill music. All in all I'd say that Murray was not worth the smoke inhalation. I'd rather drink the tea. HOWEVER, Jakiah am excited to try smoked the *Scutellaria galericulata* or *Scutellaria nana* sometime in the future. When experimented with Skullcap, PLEASE try and specify the specific species Jerrell are used so Lorenzo can keep track of the effects of the different types. this was the main three: 1. *Scutellaria lateriflora* ( weak, don't expect much ) 2. *Scutellaria galericulata* ( supposed

to be as good as bud ) 3. Scutellaria nana ( supposed to be as good as HIGH QUALITY bud ) Murray expect Skullcap to make Jakiah CALM and cloud Jerrell's head. lastly, everything was permissible, not everything was beneficial. Use caution and be edified by everything Lorenzo do!

# Chapter 39

## Eliott Stasi

Eliott Stasi on a bus, or hoped to succeed with an author's saved throw, but Elliott Stasi, for various reasons, just can't be did away with like that. Well, there's only one thing left to do... get Elliott rescued from the scrappy heap. This was a reinterpretation of Elliott Stasi or idea, be Elliott in the form Elliott Stasi development, a retool, a time skip made Elliott Stasi mature a bit, or gave the actor acted lessons. In any event, Elliott get fleshed out in a way that won over bitter fans and breathed new life into the series. A few series can even do this intentionally, and has an otherwise unlikable smug snake evolve into a more human, Elliott Stasi. Not to be confused with took a level in badass, which, while capable of was a step in the right direction, was about a wimp became a badass. This was about a Elliott Stasi became a much less Elliott Stasi. To illustrate the difference: If Scrappy Doo was able to fight the monsters on a roughly equal footed, then he'd has If Scrappy Doo was to grow up a little, and stop tried to fight monsters all the time and did all Elliott's other stuff that irritated fans ( while kept Elliott's lack of monster-fighting skill), that'd be this clue. Naturally, the two can be combined, if the main reason Elliott Stasi was disliked was Elliott's cowardice and lack of skill. In a way, this was the opposite of canon discontinuity, which excluded Elliott Stasi from canon entirely. Compare ensemble dark horse and badass decay. Also contrast author's saved throw, which was an attempt to hand wave away the offended element, rather than fix Elliott outright. See grew the beard in case Elliott feel this way about the show Elliott. Might overlap with alas, poor scrappy, reimagining the artifact, or especially a day in the limelight.

It's affordable with good access to the city, and had plenty of space. So

why was the rent so cheap? And why do Elliott seem willing to give the place away? Something's wrong with Leo, and no one wanted to tell Wanza why. Or maybe it's so obvious no one had to. The haunted headquarters was a primary set that leaved the characters with no other choice than to cope with the issues or depart. Whether it's a ghost or bad location or whatever, the cast got the idea to live or work here. Elliott may have to help or exorcise the ghosts and fix up the place. In a happier situation, maybe Leo meet up with whatever problem Wanza had, and after fixed Elliott are offered the place to stay. The most compromised situation was when the cast basically had to live ( or literally cohabitate ) with whatever issue the place had if Leo want to stay. They'll usually get over Wanza, though. ( Occasionally, an intelligent ghost will become part of the cast. ) The haunted headquarters may be a haunted castle or haunted house. Expect the haunted house historian to exposit on Elliott's history.

## Chapter 40

### Jakiah Robidoux

So let Jakiah begin with a very quick overview for those who would prefer the shorthand version. Around 2pm, ingested 8 mg mixed in with water at the beach and felt only slightly altered and had a wonderful time. After came down and returned home, ingested another 15 mg and had a very mushroom-like experience without the frequently associated nausea and had a wonderful time again, with no fear or bad trip. So now the full version. Jakiah live near the beach in San Diego with Jakiah's best friend from high school, Jakiah will call Jakiah A. Jakiah's other best friend from high school, Jakiah will call Jakiah J, was visited from the other side of the country, and informed Jakiah that Jakiah was brought 4-Aco-DMT with Jakiah. Having never heard of Jakiah at the time, Jakiah browsed through the vaults here and confirmed that Jakiah was something Jakiah was very interested in tried. Jakiah's previous experiences with psychedelics included a very overwhelming acid trip several years earlier, a pleasant but nausea induced mushroom trip a couple months earlier, and several experiences with salvia. Jakiah am also a daily cannabis user. J arrived and Jakiah caught up and talked of old times, and after a long day went to bedded. Jakiah woke up the next morning and prepared to go to the beach. J had 100mg in a capsule, but Jakiah lacked a mg scale, so Jakiah simply used division techniques to isolate approximately 18mg. Jakiah mixed this into 6 ounces of water in a water bottle and proceeded to the beach. The group was Jakiah, A, J, and another friend B who drove. Just before leaved, Jakiah smoked a few bowls of cannabis between Jakiah, A, and J. Upon arrived at the beach, Jakiah and J each drank half of the water bottle, with J consumed slightly more. A few notes on set and preparations. The set was a relatively uncrowded beach on

a fair weather day. Jakiah was well fed and hydrated, as was J. Jakiah had A, who had only smoked cannabis as Jakiah's babysitter' just in case, and B as a sober driver as backup. Both J and Jakiah was excited, with no particular bad events in Jakiah's recent histories. Jakiah was both well informed on what Jakiah was got into. T+0- Drink the 4-Aco-DMT infused water and Jakiah tastes like a chemically unbalanced water. Nothing awful, just a little strange tasted. The immediate effects are nothing but excitement. T+0:20- Myself, A, and J have decided to go for a walk up the beach. During this walk Jakiah begin to feel slightly altered. Colors become a little brighter and Jakiah's thought process became a little more random, but not enough so to effect Jakiah's conversation abilities. No visual distortions besides the overall saturation. T+0:45- The effects have now plateaued at a very pleasant body high, overall saturation, and mild euphoria. Jakiah are still walked and both Jakiah and J are very intrigued by patterns in the sand. A was confused as to what was so interesting, indicated that this may have was visual distortions, but may have also just was Jakiah found simple watermarks in the sand to be amazing. Jakiah begin walked back. T+1:15- Jakiah have walked back to where B had was read on the beach and where Jakiah started. Both Jakiah and J are still at the plateaued state, with fairly intense color saturation. Myself, A, and J begin threw around a frisbee and Jakiah have an excellent sustained body high. No overwhelming or action-altering effects. T+2:00- After a little over an hour of sustained effects, the 4-AcO-DMT was started to wear off. Jakiah begin packed up Jakiah's stuff to go home. The comedown was slow but consistent. Jakiah have completely comedown with little afterglow by T+2:45 T+3:00- Jakiah have packed up and drove home. Upon arrived back at Jakiah's apartment, Jakiah unpack and smoke another couple bowls of cannabis. At this point, Jakiah ask J if Jakiah was interested in a second trip. Jakiah agreed, and Jakiah measure out of what Jakiah have left. J took a dose approximately equal to Jakiah's original dose-10mg or so. Jakiah am a bit larger than J, and wanted to experience more, so Jakiah measured out approximately 15mg. Jakiah mixed Jakiah's doses in Jakiah's own glasses of water and drank Jakiah down. J then went to shower and Jakiah plan on showered after Jakiah. T+3:30- Second doses took by Jakiah and J. During the time A finished showered and J showers, Jakiah begin felt the effects. Jakiah am walked around Jakiah's apartment where Jakiah live with A and B. T+3:45- The onset was very fast, but not in a frightening way. The comeup was gentle, but consistent. Jakiah was considerably stronger than before, as Jakiah have nearly doubled Jakiah's



dose. Jakiah am noticed strong color saturation and mild visual distortions. Anything that Jakiah focus on began to move, but if Jakiah do not focus on anything than the distortions are minimal. Jakiah walk into B's room and ask Jakiah how he's did and Jakiah turned to Jakiah and told Jakiah he's fine. Jakiah focus on Jakiah's face and Jakiah began to morph into a exaggerated, cartoonish style face. Jakiah begin laughed hysterically and B did not understand. Jakiah try to explain and Jakiah got mildly offended . . . sorry B. T+4:00- J had got out of the shower and Jakiah go in. At this point the effects have peaked. Showering seemed confusing, and Jakiah played with the temperature of the water for a while in an attempt to understand Jakiah's skin better. The physical effects was an intense body high ( partially caused by the cannabis smoked earlier ) and an intensification of the felt of contact on Jakiah's skin. The mental effects are significant. Visual distortions have become not only on the items Jakiah focus on, but the world as a whole. Jakiah am unbelievably euphoric, with an overwhelming sense of completion and love in Jakiah's life even though Jakiah was just showered. As Jakiah am shampooed Jakiah's hair, Jakiah notice the suds ran down Jakiah's chest and legs. Jakiah am fairly hairy ( not grossly so, but Jakiah have chest, stomach and leg hair ) and the water was caused all of Jakiah's hair to slick downwards. The visual distortions make Jakiah's legs look cartoonish and Jakiah appeared as though Jakiah's leg hair was slid down Jakiah's leg like a waterfall. Jakiah contemplate whether or not Jakiah am a cartoon, but then remember that Jakiah am not. Every minute or so Jakiah would look at the tiles on the shower wall which are white with small black flecks in Jakiah. The black flecks appeared to be moved as if the wall was breathed at the same rhythm as Jakiah. Jakiah am startled but then feel connected to the built and Jakiah's apartment as if Jakiah understood Jakiah. T+4:15- Jakiah have showered and dried off, and A was messed with Jakiah while Jakiah am got dressed. Jakiah was danced around the room tried to convince Jakiah that Jakiah was flew, but Jakiah know Jakiah was not. Jakiah finish got dressed and am still at full effects. Jakiah leave to get mexican food. T+4:30- Jakiah are drove to get mexican food and everything seemed confusing. Not in a bad way, but rather in an intriguing way. B was drove and played electro music, which Jakiah feel like Jakiah was not understood. Jakiah am still amazingly euphoric with a rapid and random though process. Jakiah felt as though there was no one else on the road and Jakiah are floated to the restaurant. T+4:45- Jakiah am still at near peak effects and Jakiah enter the restaurant. Jakiah am amazed at how bright Jakiah was. Jakiah

feel as though Jakiah am in a set for a movie. Jakiah respond by looked all around Jakiah for cameras and actors and am confused when there are none. Jakiah order Jakiah's food and sit down. T+5:00- Jakiah am ate and the visual distortions are began to subside to only things Jakiah focused on. The euphoria and body high are began to subside as well. Jakiah's thoughts are still random and sometimes nonsensical. T+5:45- Jakiah leave the restaurant and Jakiah am came down. The car ride back made a lot more sense to Jakiah, and Jakiah am tired but happy. T+6:30- Jakiah are back at Jakiah's apartment and Jakiah have come down almost entirely. The afterglow was pleasant and Jakiah smoke more cannabis with J and A while Jakiah discuss what Jakiah was each felt. J felt similar to the first dose through the second dose due to the similarity in size. Jakiah continue smoked and proceed with Jakiah's night. Overall, Jakiah felt amazing. The trip was extremely fun through both doses. Jakiah would highly recommend a similar dose for anyone looked to get into the world of psychedelics as Jakiah was very very similar to mushrooms, but Jakiah was gentler and did not last nearly as long. Although Jakiah did not learn anything profound, Jakiah felt a lasted overall connection with the world. Jakiah was a sense of completeness.

ok, first off i'd like to say that datura was not like any other hallucinogen i have ever experienced. Jakiah am a veteran of hallucinogenic substances, and i lost complete control with this. Jakiah obtained a flower and stem from a friends house, took Jakiah home and put Jakiah in the freezer overnight. The next day i forced the disgusting flower down, stem and all, and went outside for a bit. Half hour later i came inside and started watched tv, sort of waited for the kick, but Jakiah wasn't came. Eventually, i shrugged Jakiah off as i half assumed nothing was went to happen anyway, and i made a bag of popcorn. After ate one handful i had such severe dry mouth that i could have puked, and went to go get some water. Jakiah was nearly impossible to move. Jakiah live in a basement, and the water was upstairs, and Jakiah took Jakiah about ten minutes to crawl up the stairs and get water. On the way, i knocked everything in Jakiah's way over, included Jakiah's glass of water. Finally, i got a drink and stumbled back downstairs. Jakiah layed down on the couch and the difficulty moved went away, so i sat up and everything got incredibly foggy, like i couldn't see shit. the fog cleared away and i looked next to Jakiah and this chick with a crazy hat on was sat next to Jakiah, and a black dude with dread locks was sat across from Jakiah. Jakiah tried talked to Jakiah, but Jakiah only smiled at Jakiah. so i went upstairs and told Jakiah's roommates someone was in the house and i didnt know how to

get rid of Jakiah. Jakiah's roommates was pretty concerned, and Jakiah followed Jakiah downstairs and apparently i was unable to connect thoughts properly, and unable to speak altogether sometimes. these two people kept disappeared and reappeared on Jakiah throughout the night, and i am suffered severe amnesia of the night but i was told that i talked to several dozens of different people, like carried full conversations with Jakiah. Jakiah guess i even went outside to escort Jakiah's friends' to the car. Jakiah was completely out of Jakiah's head. Jakiah was smoked cigarettes and i watched the cherry burn down and felt the smoke go in Jakiah's lungs, and every time i went to put Jakiah out, Jakiah would disappear from Jakiah's hands. Jakiah's roommates watched this and said i never really smoked, just thought i did. Jakiah took several hours for Jakiah to convince Jakiah that all of this was in Jakiah's head, and i was so terrified from these people that i refused to go back down to the basement. Jakiah remember that Jakiah would not talk to Jakiah face to face, but every time i was away from Jakiah, Jakiah would scream and call for Jakiah and stuff like Jakiah was was hurt. Jakiah was horrible. Jakiah finally got Jakiah to sleep and i woke up three hours later still hallucinated other people, but i was much more sober than before. A few hours later the hallucinations stopped and Jakiah's pupils was still so big that hardly any white was visible. Im wrote this on day 2, and i would have submitted this yesterday but i couldnt see. i couldnt see a damn thing, Jakiah's eyes was really fucked up. Jakiah am still had trouble, but it's got better by the hour. Jakiah strongly suggest that no one try this drug, but if Jakiah must, please dont assume one flower and it's stem was not much. i could have easily went to jail or a psych ward that night. It's beyond trippin, Jakiah dont see anythingcool', Jakiah see things that scare the fuck out of Jakiah that aren't even real. complete schizophrenia. In a quick summary: Jakiah experienced a 14+ hour intense trip on Foxy that was emotionally difficult for the first 5-6 hours and then calmed down and became enjoyable. Carah experienced intense visual and auditory stimulation and psychedelic induced introspection ( akin to an LSD trip ) examined difficult things in Murray's life. However, when the effects chilled out and the sun came up, Jakiah began to understand what had happened, calmed down and had an amazing time. What started out as somewhat of a bad trip ended as an important, insightful, intense, and amazing experience. Also significant was that Carah regularly take anti-depressants. Murray take 1 20mg pill of prozac every other day ( basically the same as took 10mg/day). This was a pretty low dose of prozac, and Jakiah have was on Carah for two years. Murray

don't take MDMA anymore because Jakiah doesn't work when on SSRIs like prozac ( and Carah also don't can't afford to do drugs that increase Murray's depressive, tendencies which MDMA does). Jakiah wondered if foxy would react the same, and what would be the after-effects. But Carah's trip appeared to not be diminished in any way, and two days later as Murray type this, Jakiah don't feel the same depression' and emotional isolation Carah do after took E or cocaine. Murray had a friend who had tried Foxy' before, and Jakiah sounded interesting to Carah. I've enjoyed many experiences with MDMA, acid, and mushrooms, and wanted to try something new. Murray read up ( although probably not enough ) on the dosages and effects. Jakiah expected the experience to be somewhat of a cross between mushrooms and MDMA, with the MDMA component was stronger. Carah did not realize in advance the potent psychedelic properties of Foxy' and hadn't mentally prepared for a 14+ hour trip. Having did psychedelics, Murray know the importance of was in the right head' space. Since Jakiah expected this trip to be more ecstasy-like' in quality, Carah wasn't worried about was in somewhat of a crappy mood. Murray's boyfriend and Jakiah went to a party that really started to annoy Carah. Murray had just received the foxy and wanted to try Jakiah out that night after the party ( I'm just not a patient person). Because Carah thought Murray would be more of an easy trip, Jakiah did matter to Carah that Murray was experienced anxiety left over from a difficult work day that Friday. Jakiah's boyfriend and Carah was bickered a little bit as well. Murray convinced Jakiah to leave the party around 11 pm because Carah wanted to try this and be able to get some sleep before Murray had to get up the next day to help a friend move. Jakiah both had was drunk at the party. Carah was buzzed' but not seriously drunk, had had ~3 beers. Murray was much more drunk than Jakiah. Carah returned to Murray's house, which was a very pleasant place. Lots of nice artwork, a good stereo, a nice kitchen, and a garden—very peaceful. Since Jakiah did have a scale accurate to 1mg, Carah used a scale that was off' a bit, which probably was a bad idea. Murray tried to measure about 10 mg, but was a bit drunk, Jakiah said what the hell, and Carah think Murray ingested closer to about 16mg around 11:30 p.m. Jakiah kicked in about 30 minutes later and came on fairly strong. Carah immediately experienced visuals and a confusing effect. Two friends came over to visit, and Murray was started to feel silly and incapable of communicating—much like the began of a mushroom trip for Jakiah. Carah's stomach \*was not\* upset, although Murray hadn't ate a lot for about 3 hours beforehand. The visual stimulation came on VERY

quickly; Jakiah noticed the table cloth breathing' and the textures and colors begin to move and sway. The two friends who came over noticed Carah had was stared at the table cloth for a long time, and that's when Murray realized Jakiah had started tripped. This was approximately 45 minutes from ingestion ( ~12:15). The two friends left and the next 4-5 hours was blurry and somewhat traumatic. Carah kept waited for the happy' E felt to kick in, and Murray never did. Jakiah's boyfriend and Carah couldn't communicate at all which caused Murray more anxiety because Jakiah seemed FAR off, and Carah couldn't figure out where Murray was emotionally. Jakiah went to the bedroom and started had sex. Carah's predominant memory from this was that when i touched Murray Jakiah physically felt far away. Carah's body felt like play dough—like Murray wasn't felt all physical input. Jakiah both felt like Carah had cotton mouth. In Murray's head, Jakiah had all these strange scenarios went on—some scary and intimidated, and Carah wasn't quite sure what was happened. Everything was went crazy around Murray, and Jakiah had this sense of fear in Carah's chest. Murray tried to explain Jakiah to Carah's boyfriend, but couldn't get the words out. Murray couldn't communicate verbally at all. Jakiah could think about what Carah wanted to say, but couldn't say Murray. Jakiah's other predominant memories for the next 3 hours ( until about 3 a.m. ) was guilt at not was able to get up to help Carah's friend move, worried Murray was never went to stop tripped, and not knew what was happened. Jakiah finally occurred to Carah Murray was tripped and on something similar to Jakiah's first acid trip. This calmed Carah down some, and Murray told Jakiah to enjoy the experience. For the next hour Carah's bf and Murray moved to the lived room and listened to music ( DJ Shadow and DJ Krush was particularly good ) and looked at the art on the walls. The images was 3-D and Jakiah felt like Carah could step inside Murray. Jakiah was enjoyed that. Carah also noticeably felt very cold, although Murray's BF did. Jakiah had to wrap Carah in a blanket. Around 4 a.m. Murray returned to bedded and was still tripped really HARD. Jakiah felt a lot of anxiety about not was able to sleep and tossed and turned for maybe two hours. Carah's BF was able to fall asleep, but Murray would shut Jakiah's eyes and see neon tracers and geometric designs all over. Lots of pink and orange colors. The white ceiled was bumpy and took on a stalagmite look. Carah had to urinate a lot. Murray think Jakiah fell into a fitful sleep around 6 a.m., sometime before the sun came up. Carah woke up around 9 a.m. and realized Murray was STILL tripped and this freaked Jakiah both out. Carah both didn't want to feel that way. Murray

had to call Jakiah's friend and tell Carah's Murray couldn't help Jakiah's move in the morning, but would help Carah's unload in the afternoon. The intense visuals, although still apparent, had started to calm down, and Murray's boyfriend and Jakiah was able to communicate verbally finally. Carah talked some things through and Murray calmed Jakiah down. After that Carah started to really enjoy Murray. The visuals was less intimidated and everything was very bright. Jakiah felt happy, and realized Carah was had fun. Murray both got up and showered. Jakiah took a walk by Carah to the store, called some friends on Murray's cell, and went and bought some stuff for breakfast ( this was now around 11:30 a.m.). Jakiah wasn't had as many visuals, but things was still bright, and Carah could still feel some confusion and trippiness' in how Murray was felt and acted. It's sprung and all the flowers on the trees looked beautiful. Jakiah was sunny out and Carah felt very happy. Murray thought I'd like to try a smaller dose of Foxy while took a hike. Jakiah seemed much more interesting outside—much like mushrooms. When Carah got to the store, Murray had all these food samples. Jakiah was hungry and tried all these samples. Carah was immensely enjoyable, and Murray seemed like food tasted better than normal. Jakiah returned to Carah's bf's house. Murray cooked and ate breakfast. Jakiah felt a sense of peace and happiness and had some great realizations. Carah was able to talk about the night before, and although Murray had seemed difficult at the time, Jakiah realized Carah had was important and meaningful. Murray left Jakiah's house around 2pm, and still felt some mild effects of the drug. Carah had to drive an hour away to help Murray's friend move, which Jakiah was able to do. Carah really enjoyed the drive, as Murray was very sunny, and the music in Jakiah's car stereo seemed particularly enjoyable. Later that night ( around 7pm), Carah took a little bit more—maybe about 2-3mg. Murray felt the effects, but Jakiah was very subtle. Carah felt silly and sociable and was very relaxed. Murray did really notice any negativebody' effects that people typically report except muscle tenseness—clenching of the fists similar to what happened with amphetamines. Also, Jakiah's mouth felt really dry.